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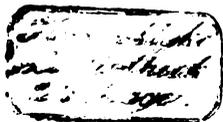
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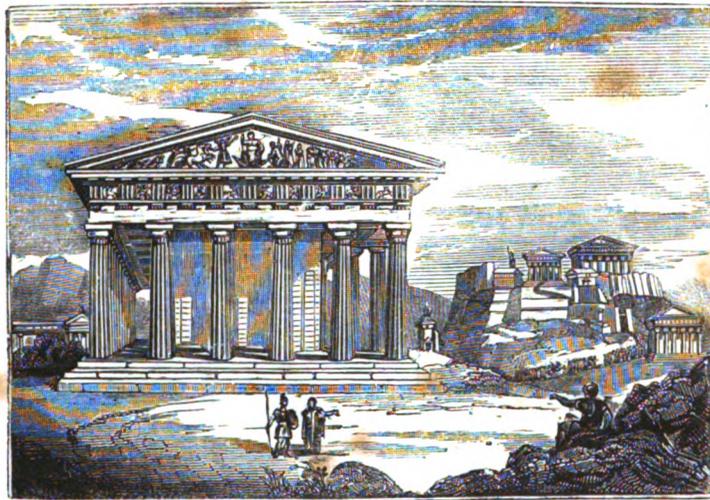
OF

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JANUARY TO JUNE,



1863.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

LITERATURE.

Shakespeare Commentaries. By Dr. G. G. Gervinus. Translated, under the Author's superintendence, by F. E. Bunnett. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Dr. Gervinus's work represents the present impression of Shakspeare on the German mind. The Doctor knows not only all about Shakspeare, but all that has been said about him in Germany and England by every description of critic, from the most unqualified encomiast down to that unhappy Mr. Birch who stigmatized the Poet as an atheist. With an industry only equalled by his immense erudition, he has done for all Shakspeare's plays what Goethe did for 'Hamlet' in the best-known episode of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and proved in detail, what has long been generally conceded, that Shakspeare is as much an artist as a genius, and that in every one of his pieces a certain unity prevails which was overlooked by those who dwelt on his supposed irregularities. We are not sure that Mr. Bunnett has improved the original title of the book, which was simply 'Shakspeare,' by adding to it the word 'Commentaries.' Dr. Gervinus certainly comments, and that very elaborately, but he does a great deal more. He gives a succinct biography of the Poet; he takes a comprehensive survey of the condition of the English stage before the appearance of its greatest contributor; and he endeavours to show that Shakspeare so exactly represented his age, that if he had been born half a century sooner or later his peculiar sphere of operation would not have presented itself. The 'Shakspeare' of Gervinus is a massive work, and looks well with a massive name.

The opinion that Shakspeare has been more highly appreciated by the Germans than by the English has long been current in some parts of the world; it appears once more in Dr. Gervinus's Preface; where, to make us some slight amends, it is accompanied by the supplementary observation that Handel is in a nearly analogous predicament. If, on the one hand, Shakspeare has been so completely assimilated to the German mind that he has deprived it of delight in much other poetry, and led it to doubt even the greatness of Goethe and Schiller, on the other hand, England has been more just than Germany to the greatness of Handel. At the same time, he admits that the English have not suffered themselves to be robbed of their great poet in the same manner as the Germans have been robbed of their great musician.

This predilection of the Germans for Shakspeare is, in the belief of Dr. Gervinus, extremely advantageous to the national character, and he wishes that it were accompanied by a corresponding fervour for Bacon, who would be a most wholesome counterpoise to Teutonic Idealism. German poetry, now romantic and fantastic, now homely and domestic, and German spiritual philosophy, have failed in preparing "for life as it is, for that life in which exclusively the words of policy are concerned." It was not by chance, the great critic thinks, that this particular poet and this particular philosopher, Shakspeare and Bacon, were cast upon the land of political supremacy; but the same national spirit, the same practical, hearty sense of life which has created the English State and English popular freedom, has also fashioned a poetry full of life and a philosophy rich in experience. From these premises it follows

that the more the Germans cultivate feeling and delight in such mental productions, the more will they ripen towards a capacity for fashioning the active life into conformity with that of their emigrated forefathers. The last expression, which Mr. Bunnett has not correctly rendered by "departed forefathers," is, in the mouth of Dr. Gervinus, full of significance. He is one of the foremost of those German thinkers who would always point to England as the head of that Teutonic race, the members of which should be bound together by a common nationality. No one has more thoroughly carried out the work begun by Lessing, when he pointed out to his countrymen the superiority of the English to the French poets as models of imitation. In fact, Dr. Gervinus and the writers of his school consider us English as the proper chiefs of the Teutonic race, and England as the proper home of its highest literature, philosophy and law.

On the other side, they hold that if the highest literature of that race has been produced in England, it has been best appreciated in Germany. Perhaps this result was inevitable: it certainly is undeniable. We had in this country no criticism on Shakspeare worthy of the name before Lessing and Goethe taught us how to understand and admire. It would be idle to assert that we have anything, even now, to compare with the commentaries of Tieck, Schlegel, and Gervinus. The truth is, that in England Shakspeare had not, up to a recent period, won much attention from the higher race of critics. Coleridge was the first real poet who paid any attention to his plays critically, and Coleridge drew his inspirations from a German source. Up to that time, Shakspeare was mainly in the hands of the antiquaries,—very respectable old gentlemen, full of learning and goodwill, but deficient in brightness, humour and penetration. Hence arises a question full of interest. How was it that the Germans got the start of the English in an appreciation of Shakspeare, when the revival of his plays had taken place in both countries at the same time? The work that was done by Garrick in London was done by Schroeder in Germany, and both artists seem to have been actuated by the same principle of choosing a play on account of the effectiveness of a single part. If the two nations were simultaneously familiarized with a previously-neglected poet, how was it that an opportunity turned to so much account by one was comparatively slighted by the other?

The answer to this question must be found in the name of Lessing, to whom indeed we are led back as to a fountain-head, whenever we would trace to its source any department of German literature. Shakspeare's plays had been already known as well adapted for "starring" purposes; but it was Lessing who first decided on the Poet's supremacy, and endeavoured to prove that he accorded with the precepts of Aristotle. Now as the English were governed by the French taste, just when Lessing was freeing his countrymen from the Gallic literary yoke, the first advance made by the Germans is easily explained. Fortunately, too, the teachings of Lessing were followed by a revived passion for nationality in those choice spirits among the German youth of whom we have such memorable types in Goethe's autobiography. From our knowledge of the remains of Leng, one of the most prominent of the set, we may, however, reasonably doubt whether the admiration felt by these youths for Shakspeare, whom they read through the medium of Eschenling's translation, was always regulated by an appreciation of his beauties, and whether

it did not in some measure correspond to the views of those "fast" young men of our own time who regard Shakspeare as "slow." As to our own hopeful youths, with whom burlesque is the region of freedom, Shakspeare seems a conventional writer,—so to the *Burschen* of the storm-and-passion period Racine and Corneille were the conventional poets patronized by hateful courtiers, while Shakspeare was to them the dashing innovator. When we find Leng especially admiring the quibbles of the Clown, and evidently regarding an incessant change of scene not only as permissible, when subservient to a high purpose, but as in itself desirable, we cannot avoid the conclusion that he would have perfectly agreed with the French critics, that Shakspeare was rude and irregular, with the addition that he particularly liked him on account of his irregularity and rudeness. However, the veneration for Shakspeare which prevailed among the Strasburg youth was the concomitant of that revived longing for a national literature which led to great results, and is therefore to be remembered with respect, whether based upon true or false principles. We may look upon the merry set by whom Goethe was surrounded as part of the crude mixture out of which the mature Goethe was himself to be distilled, and accept the famous critique on 'Hamlet' in 'Wilhelm Meister' as the precious essence emanating, no doubt, from a world of chaotic nonsense.

When Shakspeare became the object of serious study in Germany, the manner in which he was there studied was diametrically opposite to that pursued in England. The earlier English critics treated their national poet much as a philological scholar treats Sophocles, laboriously striving to expound or amend his text, without troubling themselves much about his inner meaning. For this preference of the dry-as-dust realities of text, they have been visited by the German Romantics with a scorn which, as Prof. Gervinus justly remarks, they did not deserve, inasmuch as they paved the way for more spiritual exponents. The Germans, on the other hand, wrote no critical notes on the poet, but translated him, and, reading a text unaccompanied by any mutation whatever, rather chronicled the beauties of entire works than of separate passages. For much that they wanted the translation of A. W. Schlegel was amply sufficient, and so far made an epoch in the history of Shakspeare in Germany that it rendered the plays of Shakspeare a German book, just as 'Don Quixote' became an English book through the medium of Jarvis's version. The process of verbal criticism and antiquarian comment is still carried on in England, while a higher appreciation of the great poets is, perhaps, traceable to a reaction from Germany.

So far so good. It cannot, perhaps, be denied that literary Germany takes a more lively interest in Shakspeare than literary England. But there is one fact of which Prof. Gervinus, as a foreigner resident in his own country, cannot be aware to its full extent, and that is, the unsophisticated love of Shakspeare existing among the English populace. By persons who move in educated society the classic poets of a country are often praised as a matter of duty. One does not wish to be thought indifferent when one is born to admire. But when we descend in the social scale we come to a class to which this law does not apply, and it is precisely among this class that the most zealous worshippers of Shakspeare may be found. In fact, the Poet is not so much a fashion of our class-room as a necessity of our nature. During Mr. Phelps's admirable management of Sadler's Wells it was

worth while to visit the theatre, if only for the sake of observing how heartily the humour of passages written two hundred and fifty years ago was relished by the gallery; and we are informed, on competent authority, that the great tragedies of Shakspeare (say 'Hamlet' and 'Othello') are always found attractive when performed even at the humblest provincial houses. If Shakspeare ceases to fascinate the West-End public, except with the aid of new adventitious charms, it is because the taste for the poetical drama in general has declined. No one in London dreams of preferring any other dramatic poet to Shakspeare; but the love of poetry on the stage has been superseded, in some degree, for the passing hour, by a taste for works of a more frivolous or realistic kind.

It is worthy of remark, that Prof. Gervinus prefers the English mode of performing Shakspearian comedies to that which is common in Germany. Speaking in evident reference to 'Twelfth Night,' he observes that the German actors miss the English tradition, and, above all, the ease of movement and the absence of all artificial and affected histrionic action. "On the English stage, even at the present day," he says, "all is in the most lively action, and every player appears in his simple, easy nature. As no prompter suggests, the actor is compelled to possess himself of his part, so that, as it were, he lives rather than acts that which he has to perform. The protraction of the answers, the heavy lengthening of light scenes, which ought to pass on rapidly, thus cease; the answer of the one addressed interrupts the last word of the speaker; the exit off the stage is so that the speakers pass off with the last syllable; with their departure one scene changes and a new one begins; the intervals of the different acts last but a few minutes: thus, such a piece passes quickly before us and carries us with it. The exact delineation of any single situation is, nevertheless, stamped deeply on the soul."

We are somewhat curious to know what was the cast of 'Twelfth Night' when thus satisfactorily performed in the presence of the learned Professor, and the exact date indicated by "the present day." To those who are acquainted with the demerits of our theatrical companies the above must seem rather an ideal description, though, doubtless, the general assertion is correct, that the English are quicker in their movements than the Germans. From the absence of a prompter's box in the middle of the stage, the Professor hastily inferred the non-existence of a prompter. Alas! Prof. Gervinus, we have a prompter, and though he modestly conceals himself behind one side of the proscenium, his office is no sinecure, as the author of a new play frequently discovers to his cost.

Extremely interesting is the chapter on English "Dramatic Poetry before Shakspeare," not so much from the facts which it contains, since this was more or less familiar to any literary Englishman, as from the lucid manner in which Gervinus shows how the Poet, while soaring high above any one of his predecessors, availed himself of their labours, and in a certain manner turned to account the peculiarities of them all:—"No great dramatist," says the German critic, "of any other nation has met with a foundation for his art of such enviable extent and strength, with such a completeness of well-prepared materials for its construction as ancient traditions and present practice proffered them to Shakspeare,—from the Mysteries, the necessity for epic fullness of matter,—from the Moralities, the ideal ethical thought,—from the Comic Interludes, the characteristic

of realistic truth to nature,—from the Middle Ages, the romantic, epic-poetic, and historical literature,—from the present, the strong passions of a politically-excited people, and of a private society deeply stirred by the religious, scientific and industrial movements of the age."

To show that Shakspeare was pre-eminently a man of his age is, as we have already shown, one of the Professor's objects. When the Poet flourished Italy had exhausted the luxury of her inward powers, and Spain all the exuberance of her outward strength, while in the Northern German lands, under the influence of a free religion, free political schemes were developed, and a civilization which promised long continuance. But even here, everything seemed to turn in favour of England alone. Germany was exclusively occupied with religious matters; the Netherlands were absorbed in their struggle with Spain; whereas England, under Elizabeth, enjoyed the blessings of peace and endured the horrors of war, and as representatives of every species of eminence could point to Bacon, Spenser, Sydney, Raleigh, Burleigh, Camden, Gresham, Howard and Drake. Important, too, is the fact that Shakspeare came at the moment of mental freedom which followed the struggle with Catholicism and preceded the fanaticism of the Puritans. Whereas the fathers of modern German poetry in the last century were born in an age of rouge and powder, of hoops and wigs, of stiff manners, rigid proprieties, narrow ideas and cold impulses, the age of Shakspeare maintained a happy medium between crudeness and vitiated taste. Life was not insipid and colourless as at present; men still ventured to appear what they were; there was still poetry in reality.

The parallel between Shakspeare and Bacon, which is implied in the Preface, is elaborately carried out in a section on the age of Shakspeare,—Prof. Gervinus observing that, as the Poet interpreted the secrets of human nature, those of lifeless nature were interpreted by the philosopher. As Shakspeare went from instance to instance in his judgment of moral actions, so did Bacon avoid leaping from an experience to general principles. As Shakspeare balanced the one-sided errors of the imagination by reason, reality and nature, so did Bacon lead philosophy from the one-sided errors of reason to experience. As Bacon is linked on the one hand with the natural science of Greece and Rome, and on the other with the latter period of philosophy in Western Europe, so does Shakspeare's drama stand in relation to the comedies of Plautus and to the stage of his own day. Shakspeare bids farewell to conceits and effete phrases, Bacon to the old formal logic and syllogisms; yet, at times, one fell back into the forced wit of the Italian, the other into the subtleties of the old school. Bacon banished superstition from science, and Shakspeare banished it from art; both, too, have been dubbed infidels, one by Le Maistre, the other by Birch.

In arguing the question of Shakspeare's adherence to rules, Prof. Gervinus takes a moderate view, explaining that Shakspeare did not so much forsake as enlarge the Aristotelian law of unity, in compliance with the exigencies of the times; but there is this essential difference between the Shakspearian and Aristotelian theories of dramatic poetry, that, according to the latter, character is secondary to action, whereas, according to the former, the reverse is the case. Hence, his elaborate reviews of the single plays are essentially refined descriptions of character, and the unity he would establish is that of the combination of various figures, by means of similarity and contrast, into one harmony.

Mr. Bunnett's translation of this valuable book has been made under the superintendence of the author, and contains much that will not be found in the German edition of 1849. Possibly the additions have been made by Prof. Gervinus for the express use of the English public. Certainly no English library ought to be without it.

No Name. By Wilkie Collins. 3 vols. (Low & Co.)

'No Name,' which for some nine months past has fixed and retained curiosity in no common degree, is finished. Magdalen, the perverse heroine, whose heart-wrongs and strong desire to right a cruel injustice caused by her and her sister's illegitimacy led her into crime, falsehood, imposture, to the verge of theft even, is let off with a punishment gentle in proportion to the unscrupulous selfishness of her character: a period of agonized remorse and admitted failure—an illness which brings her to death's door; but she is then dismissed to restored fortune, and marriage with a man worth ten thousand of the fickle and feeble creature on whom her affections had at first fixed fast. This may be all right enough so far as the novelist's aims and ends are concerned, so far as the maintenance of suspense till the final hour of relief has been his purpose;—whether it be "true to truth" is another matter, far less easy to decide in a phrase or two. The novel is, however, and in one sense deservedly, a great success, if not altogether a sound one; and this, not because of its total disregard of the artificial laws of poetical justice, but from certain faults and flaws which we shall attempt to indicate. Meanwhile, it is only fair to credit the author with increase of vigour and brightness. Passages of the story are admirably told, with a succinct clearness not to be over-estimated. The characters, if not always probable and too seldom agreeable, are painted in livelier colours than any in the former novels of Mr. Collins, *Count Fosco*, in 'The Woman in White,' excepted. The work, in brief, is a work of Art; and doing, as we do, every credit to its author's skill, to his steady and unflinching continuity in the contrivance and arrangement of incident, it is for the interest of artists that it should be looked into with a closeness of scrutiny which it would be absurd to apply to the heap of novels of its class which so rapidly accumulates at the time present. It would be superfluous minutely to trace out the story, point by point, while offering a few remarks which bear on the amount of its permanent value.

'No Name' must be pronounced incomplete as a work of Art if the character of Magdalen (which is, virtually, the book) fails to interest those who read the tale. Her deeds and expedients pique curiosity;—her good qualities, exhibited, not described, resolve themselves into beauty, great talent for personation, and indomitable will. She begins in the hour of prosperity by mimicry, in private theatricals, of the sister whom she loves most dearly. She chooses for her lover a weak pretty youth, that her fancy may deck and garland him, and her obstinacy take his part. She makes herself wretched on his account, because the event of her father's death, with its revelation of her illegitimacy and consequent pauperism, sends him away from beneath her protection. Friends are raised up for her: she will accept none of them. She will struggle out into action and revenge for herself; she will employ her beauty, her theatrical adroitness, her courage, to grasp back a fortune. In order to carry out her purposes she enlists into her service an unblushing

scoundrel, whom she knows to be such. In reckless determination to carry through her purposes, she remains this man's associate and pupil for months, reckless of the agony she has caused to the affectionate sister and friend from whom she hides herself. She connives at every conceivable cheat and imposture to entrap into marriage a man whom she loathes as though he were a reptile. There must be surely coarseness, as well as meanness, in one capable of such actions and expedients as these. It is true that Mr. Collins indicates, and very powerfully, the inward repugnance which convulsed her during her solitary hours. The scene before her marriage, when she approaches the idea of self-destruction as an alternative, is most forcible. But her persistence in her evil purposes can only be explained by admitting that there existed in the heroine's character hard and (we repeat) coarse elements, which deprive her of our sympathy. Nor is this all. On being widowed, and finding the fortune, to regain which she had sacrificed her purity, placed beyond her reach by the machinations of craft and cunning more potent than her own, she degrades herself by entering a family in the disguise of a menial, with a settled purpose of discovering and carrying away a document, which, if found, might still enable her to protract the struggle. It is true that she fails, lamentably; that she does all but pay the penalty of her recklessness with her life: but this is to bring about her regeneration, in the love of an honest and nobly-natured man, who suddenly appears for her rescue at the moment when she is over the edge of the precipice. Supposing such a change possible—supposing such a return from wilful and hardening guilt to those habits of mind and feeling which make an honest woman worthy of an honest man could be,—it is here disproportionately abrupt. Mr. Collins delights in the intricacies of incident. More than two-thirds of the tale are devoted to Magdalen's stratagems, with all their hopes and fears. The "favour and prettiness" with which it closes are too rapid, too unchequered, to be natural: even though a good novel, like every other good thing, must come to an end at last.

It may be suggested, then, that Mr. Collins has been so possessed with his story as to be unaware that its necessities give his heroine a colour and a character which he neither intended, nor may be able to perceive. More certain, however, is the fact, that too many of his leading characters are detestable. Capt. Wragge, though spiritedly hit off, is at the outset too transparent in the confessions of scoundrelism, made by him to Magdalen. His huge, half-witted wife, with her slatternly ways, her love of fine clothes, and her tender heart, is good. But too much time is spent with these people, and with the parties they are engaged to cozen and to blind,—Noel Vanstone, the weak miser, and Mrs. Lecount, his diabolically prudent housekeeper. Too small is the amount of healthy air let into the picture. The lovable characters—Norah, Miss Garth, and Kirke, Magdalen's redeemer,—are little more than sketches. Among the minor persons, Mazey, the tipsy old sailor, is the best.

Now, as to construction and incident. Few, if any other, novels could be named in which unforeseen death is so frequently appealed to as an incident necessary to carrying out the author's purpose. There are no fewer than five such catastrophes, each indispensable to the author's illustration of the conflict betwixt good and evil in Magdalen. It was necessary, perhaps, to avoid too long-drawn a strain on the woman who had contaminated herself by leaguering with a confessed scoundrel to carry out her

plans of vengeance—and yet worse, by seducing into marriage and will-making the relative she loathed and had cause to loathe—that that man should be moved away, in order that a new argument for her wilfulness should be found in the failure of her purpose to possess a share of his fortune of which she had been despoiled. But are outlets like these broken so opportunely in real life? Mr. Collins being all for truth (as his Preface tells us), and being so largely true in many points, must bear the question, What is every man's experience? Do the husbands, to whom women sacrifice their truth and purity by fearful sale and barter for money, set their slaves free as soon as did Magdalen's husband? Did not Mr. Wilkie Collins make a summary end of Noel Vanstone because he felt that his wife could not have endured the consequences of her crime in wooing and wedding him, had he lived longer than to make the first will as she chose he should do, and the second one as her enemy the housekeeper, Mrs. Lecount, insisted on his doing? There are other "sensational" effects than the stage ones of the 'Colleen Bawn' and the 'Peep o' Day'; and among these is the too profuse employment of the Destroyer. Mr. Collins pays sedulous attention to the weaving of his plot, and therefore, on reflection, or when weaving his next, may possibly feel that the amount of timely catastrophe is too large for the ease (which implies perfect credence) of the reader. We have a right to look to him for advance and progress, because, in his case, the earnest spirit of an artist is combined with no common creative and constructive powers.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. An Account of their Forests, Rivers, Coasts, Gold Fields and Resources for Colonisation. By Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N. (Murray.)

The public mind is gradually becoming bewildered about our new West American colonies. Some accounts represent British Columbia and Vancouver Island in the most glowing colours and with a great future before them; whilst others, apparently written with equally good faith, paint the gloomiest picture of their actual condition, and prophesy misery in days to come. Care should be taken to inquire into the antecedents of those who tender information. A person who, mistaking the meaning of "surface-digging," flattered himself that by merely scratching the ground for a season he could pick up nuggets enough to make him comfortable for life, and has just discovered his mistake, can hardly be in a proper condition of mind for a calm survey of a settlement in which he has experienced such mortification. Yet it is emphatically from disappointed gold-diggers and similar sources that we have received complaints. Those most familiar with the nature of the new countries are unanimous in thinking that, for the last century at least, no finer territory than that under consideration has been offered for British colonization, or is better suited to the genius of our race. The climate closely resembles our own, the soil is fertile in the extreme, and either covered with magnificent timber or clad in a garb of park-like scenery difficult not to believe the work of art. All our fruits, vegetables and cereals flourish, all our domestic animals thrive. The rivers and adjacent seas abound in fish, salmon of superior quality being the staple food of the Indians, whilst game of every description is everywhere met with. Wood, water, grass-land and snow-capped mountains make up landscapes scarcely surpassed in grandeur in any

part of the world. Coal is plentiful, gold abundant. An acre of good land may be bought for four shillings and twopenny, paid in instalments spread over three years, in any part of the colony the new settler may fix upon. By a timely proclamation most of the errors which the Australians committed in dealing with the land question are avoided. The right of selecting land before it has been surveyed by Government, for which the people of New South Wales fought well-contested battles, is here conceded in the very outset, and the miserable dealings of unscrupulous land speculators, by which in the States and Australia large tracts of country fell into the hands of people who only held them to get their per-centage out of the poorer immigrants, are nipped in the bud by the judicious provisions that no pre-emption land can be legally sold or mortgaged without the owner having previously expended at least ten shillings on the improvement of every acre. On surveying all these conditions, and moreover bearing in mind the geographical position of the country, the magnificent strait dividing Vancouver Island and British Columbia, and communicating by deep inlets and large rivers with the interior, one cannot escape the conclusion that none of our colonies, not even excepting the United States, ever had a fairer chance of success or held out more favourable prospects to any new settlers who bring with them stout hearts and a strong arm. Nor does it require the eye of a prophet to predict that the rise of our youngest offsprings will be rapid in an unprecedented degree. Emigration from Europe never ceases, and the tide, unable to flow at present to the States and New Zealand, will set towards British Columbia and Vancouver Island; and ere long Victoria, Esquimalt and New Westminster will outstrip in size, population and wealth many a large town in the Old World where at present their very names have scarcely been heard.

There is only one thing that looks like a formidable obstacle to the rapid rise of these new countries. The sea passage, from England, round Cape Horn, and thence to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, is both long and tedious, and will probably deter a good many faint-hearted souls from embarking on it, whilst an overland journey through British territory is for the present impracticable; indeed, whatever facilities may exist for building a railway from Canada to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, the most trustworthy explorers hold out no hope that it can ever be taken over or through that great barrier unless works are undertaken similar to those of the Soemmering or Mont Cenis. Those who wish to shorten their sea voyage at present go *via* New York to St. Louis, and thence through the Humboldt territory and the dominions of Brigham Young to the coast, or they go by way of Panama. The overland route by New York, St. Louis and Deseret is recommended as the safest for passengers and letters, and has been subsidized in preference to the Panama one. So far so good, but it must be remembered that both these lines are in the hands of Americans; and it is much to be regretted that, in the event of a war, our communication with two of our rising colonies may be cut off at any moment the enemy chooses by our not having a road of our own or there not existing a general highway of nations to the Pacific. During the late Trent difficulty our Government was unable to communicate with the new colonies for more than six weeks, because there was a chance of despatches being intercepted. Surely such a state of things ought to be remedied. If we cannot for the present establish a communication across our own North-American possessions, then we ought

to take into earnest consideration the scheme so energetically advocated by Capt. Pim, of opening a highway across Central America.

War with America may arise any moment the civil strife in the States is terminated; and there is a hornet's nest at the very entrance of British Columbia. By a treaty concluded in 1844 between the English and American Governments, it was set forth that the boundary line between our West American possessions and the States should follow the parallel of 49° lat. to the centre of the Gulf of Georgia, and thence through the channel which separates the Continent from Vancouver Island to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The first part of this stipulation was clear enough, but that relating to the channel gave rise to serious misunderstandings. The fact is there are *three* channels. Were the most eastward meant, all the islands in the Gulf would belong to Great Britain: were the most western intended, they would fall to the United States. The American General Harney, acting on the principle that possession is nine points of the law, boldly occupied San Juan, one of the largest of these islands, and unpleasant consequences have for the present been averted by quartering a mixed garrison of British and American soldiers on the place. Commander Mayne was engaged in the survey of these troublesome islands; but he informs us that certain reasons prevent him from making any remarks on the merits of the dispute. Such over-prudence was surely out of place when he once made up his mind to write. His volume is simply a narrative of these surveys and the labours of the Boundary Commission, and a plain unbiassed statement of both sides of the question was due to those who have waded through his book in search of definite information.

The great attraction in these parts are, of course, the Cariboo gold-diggings, at present reached with difficulty by the Fraser river, and thence over a mere apology for a road. Hopes, however, are entertained of finding a more ready access to them by means of some of those deep inlets on the coast, and explorations for that purpose have been undertaken. Should a more practicable route be discovered, the centre of gravity would at once shift from Victoria and New Westminster to more northern ports. Commander Mayne did not visit Cariboo; but he penetrated a good distance up the Fraser, and one of the most readable passages in his book gives a description of how the American captain overcomes the difficulties of its navigation:—

"Upon one occasion, when I was going up the river in the *Enterprise*, no less than three times after we had struggled past the snag the strong current caught and swung us broadside across the stream; and it was only by running the vessel's bow into the muddy bank without a moment's hesitation, and holding her there by the nose, as it were, until she recovered breath to make another effort, that we escaped impalement. There was something very exciting in this struggle between the forces of steam and water. Each time, as we hung by the bank, the engineer might be heard below freshening his fires, and getting up as much steam as the boilers could, or might not, bear for the next effort. The wheel-house in these vessels is situated forward, so that there is almost direct communication between it and the engine-room. By the helm stands the captain. 'Ho! Frank,' he hails down the tube, 'how much steam have you?'—'So many pounds,' is Frank's reply.—'Guess you must give her ten pounds more, or we shan't get past that infernal snag.' And then more stoking is heard below, and the unpleasant feeling comes over the listener that the boilers lie just beneath his feet, and that, if anything should happen to them, there can be no doubt about his fate. But, presently, Frank's voice sounds again.

'All ready, cap'en: can't give her any more!' The skipper loses no time; 'Stand by, then!' is his response. Then, to the men forward, who have made a rope fast to some stump on the bank to keep the boat from dropping off, 'Let go!' and she falls off for a second or two; her bow cants out a little: 'ting! ting! ting!' goes the engine-room bell, the signal for full speed ahead; every timber of the lightly-built vessel trembles. We watch the trees on the bank eagerly to see if she moves ahead. Presently she drops a little, but her head is still kept up; then the stream catches her on one bow. 'Stand by with the trip-pole!' is heard, and, as she swings round, 'Trip!' is shouted from the wheel-house. Into the swift shallow water the heavy pole plunges, and perhaps she is brought up by it and run into the bank again."

We wish we could find more passages as amusing as the following:—

"In a book on Americanisms, published last year, a Baltimore young lady is represented as jumping up from her seat on being asked to dance, and saying, 'Yes, sirree; for I have sot, and sot, and sot, till I've nigh tuk root!' I cannot say I have heard anything quite equal to this; but I very well remember that at a party given on board one of the ships at Esquimalt, a young lady declined to dance a 'fancy' dance, upon the plea, 'I'd rather not, sir; I guess I'm not *fixed up* for waltzing';—an expression the particular meaning of which must be left to readers of her own sex to decide. * * Perhaps one of the most whimsical of these curiosities of expression, combining freedom of manner with that of speech, was made use of to Capt. Richards by a master-caulker. He had been vainly endeavouring to persuade the captain that the ship required caulking, and at last he said in disgust, 'You may be liberal as a private citizen, captain, but you're mean to an almighty pump-tack!'—in his official capacity, of course. Again, an American gentleman on board one of our mail-packets was trying to recall to the recollection of the mail-agent a lady who had been fellow-passenger with them on a former occasion. 'She sat opposite you at table all the voyage,' he said.—'Oh, I think I remember her; she ate a great deal, did she not?'—'Eat, sir!' was the reply; 'she was a perfect gastronomic filibuster!' One more example, and I have done with a subject upon which I might enlarge for pages. The boys at the school at Victoria were being examined in Scripture, and the question was asked, 'In what way did Hiram assist Solomon in the building of the Temple?' It passed two or three boys, when at last one sharp little fellow triumphantly exclaimed, 'Please, sir, he *donated* him the lumber.'"

Paragraphs like these are few and far between, and those who take up the book for amusement will be disappointed. The greater number of chapters are heavy reading, though valuable to those who make these two new colonies their special study or future home.

The Land of Inheritance; or, Bible Scenes Revisited. By Lady Tobin. With Illustrations. (Quaritch.)

THE number of travellers who visit Egypt and Palestine from year to year is constantly increasing, so that we may soon hope to be as familiar with cities and interesting places as with those of Italy. Few, however, add much to our existing knowledge. The Relands, Robinsons and Eli Smiths are rare; while the Bonars and Buchanans are common enough. Lady Tobin traverses well-known localities, and has given a light and readable narrative of her personal adventures—what she saw, heard, thought and felt, as she moved about. Her book contains nothing new. It is in the form of a journal, in which the occurrences of each day are carefully recorded. She is too minute in her descriptions; and therefore the reader is liable to lose his interest in the narrative unless he peruses the volume piecemeal. Nor are her powers of description

great. The painting is not graphic, and leaves no vivid impression. It is not unpleasant at the time, but soon passes and is forgotten. It is a pity that there is no Table of Contents—nothing to indicate the route taken and places described. An Index was hardly needed; but some outline of the contents might and ought to have been prefixed. The illustrations are lithographic and few, having no particular excellence to recommend them. The work is got up in an expensive style of type and paper, large size and gilt edges, as if it were meant for aristocratic readers or drawing-rooms. Beyond the circle of the fair author's friends and those who partake of her peculiar views of the prophecies relating to the future of the Jews, we should not think that it will attract many readers. Its general tone and spirit are good; but there is a pervading tameness which the size of the book materially increases. We are not so enthusiastic or confident about the conversion of the Jews as the fair authoress. Though we do not sympathize in her Millenarian opinions, which are, indeed, very modestly kept in abeyance, yet we readily allow that her mind is of a deep and warm religious cast. Lady Tobin and her husband went to Alexandria and thence to Cairo, sailed up the Nile, traversed a part of the peninsula of Sinai, including, of course, a visit to Jebel Mousa, entered Palestine at Beersheba, and went on to Jerusalem, from which various excursions were made. From the capital of the Holy Land she came northward to Damascus and Beirut, returning home by Malta. An extract will give the reader a general idea of the character of the book:—

"Friday, January 11th (1861). A little girl of seven years old, perhaps, stood trembling on the bank (of the Nile) this morning—an irresistible feeling of curiosity had brought her there; but in vain did my readily-accepted gift of a small copper coin and a string of beads serve to allay her fears. The poor child's terror was extreme lest we should carry her off as a slave. Her only garment was a leathern fringed girdle round the loins; and throughout Nubia it is customary for young unmarried females to appear everywhere thus scantily attired; while their persons are thickly smeared from head to foot with castor-oil to protect them from the burning heat of a tropical sun. When these women marry, they always wear a long, wide shirt of coarse blue cotton cloth. We had not far to go in visiting the temple of Esné, whose splendid portico cleared out by order of Mohammed Ali Pacha is all that has yet been excavated. It is very much to be lamented that the whole of this fine building has not long ago been brought to light. The elegant though massive columns of its portico—each 17 feet in circumference at the base—and the elaborate, well-executed sculpture with which the lofty walls, and these beautiful columns also, are completely covered, afford undoubted evidence of an architectural grandeur that ought not to lie forever buried and concealed. A zodiac that once adorned the ceiling of this portico has been removed to France within the last few years. That these sculptures were originally embellished by rich and vivid colouring, is still quite manifest through every portion of them. The subjects represent dedications and offerings to Kneph, the presiding deity; and wherever these do not occur, the space is filled either by a *cartouche* or a row of sharply-cut hieroglyphics. The present Viceroy has sufficient wisdom to forbid desecration of this magnificent portico, by its being any longer used, as heretofore, for a common granary."

Lady Tobin chronicles some curious notions, which she evidently believes because told her by a genuine converted Israelite, Prof. Levisohn, respecting the Samaritan Pentateuch, such as, "omissions in the Hebrew copies of the Mosaic law of prophecies which foretold, in clearest and most emphatic words, the Saviour that should come into the world. One of these momentous passages occurs immediately after the delivery

of the law upon Mount Sinai, &c. He declares his firm conviction that in reality the Samaritans are nothing more than Hebrews of the tribe of Ephraim, and agrees with them in considering Mount Gerizim as the place where Abraham was commanded to offer up his son Isaac for a burnt-offering, founding his belief upon the name—Moreh." All this is baseless, and of the same nature with "Mr. Reichardt's (another converted Jew) theory of accounting for the Ark of the covenant and many other things connected with Israelitish history never having yet come to light in these latter days" . . . "they are intended by the Almighty to remain hidden from mankind until our blessed Lord's second advent draws nigh, when they will all be brought forth as indisputable evidences of the truth of Holy Writ, which even the most sceptical of human beings will not dare to gainsay or deny."

Had the matter been condensed into half its present bulk, and many minute details been omitted, it would have possessed more interest for the reader. At present, it is rather overloaded with little circumstances. Still Lady Tobin is a pleasing writer, possessing a cultivated mind, good taste, simple faith in the facts of Christianity, a fair amount of knowledge derived from the perusal of books elucidating the history and geography of the countries she travelled through, and a tolerant spirit. The peculiar circumstances of sorrow which led her to revisit the hallowed scenes of Scripture story, and induced her to yield to a husband's request in writing out her notes for the press after returning home, demand sympathy, and will, we trust, receive it.

The Tropical World: a Popular Scientific Account of the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms in the Equatorial Regions. By Dr. G. Hartwig. With Plates and Woodcuts. (Longman & Co.)

ENCOURAGED by the success of his popular description of 'The Sea and its Living Wonders,' Dr. Hartwig has ventured to publish a familiar account of 'The Tropical World,' which, first appearing in German about two years ago, is now before us in an English dress. Dr. Hartwig has apparently never been in the Tropics, and relies for his materials solely upon those found in well-known works of travel; nor does he seem to have arrived at any general results or ideas in dealing with the parts he collected. But he is undoubtedly an able compiler, possessing the gift to cull the most telling extracts from the works at his command, and, like a skilful reviewer, arrange them in such a manner that the reader obtains a fair insight into the subject under discussion.

The work is divided into three parts, viz., Aspects of Tropical Nature, Tropical Plants, and Tropical Animals. After explaining the diversity of climates in equinoctial regions, the author takes us to the Llanos of South America, so ably described by Humboldt and Schomburgk, and thence to the high tableland of Peru and Bolivia, and the sand coasts of those republics, where Tschudi becomes the chief guide. By way of contrast, we are then introduced to the Amazon, the largest river of the torrid zone, where

"the magical beauty of tropical vegetation reveals itself in all its glory to the traveller who steers his boat through the solitudes of these aquatic mazes. Here the forest forms a canopy over his head; there it opens, allowing the sunshine to disclose the secrets of the wilderness; while on either side the eye penetrates through beautiful vistas into the depths of the woods. Sometimes, on a higher spot of ground, a clump of trees forms an island worthy of Eden. A chaos of bushrope and

creepers flings its garlands of gay flowers over the forest, and fills the air with the sweetest odour. Numerous birds, partly rivaling in beauty of colour the passifloras and bignonias of these hanging gardens, animate the banks of the lagune, while gaudy macaws perch on the loftiest trees; and, as if to remind one that death is not banished from this scene of paradise, a dark-robed vulture screeches through the woods, or an alligator rears, like a black log of wood or a sombre rock, on the tranquil waters. Well he knows that food will not be wanting; for river tortoises and large fish are fond of retiring to these lagunes. * * If the Nile—so remarkable for its historical recollections, which carry us far back into the bygone ages—and the Thames, unparalleled by the greatness of a commerce which far eclipses that of ancient Carthage or Tyre—may justly be called the rivers of the past and the present, the Amazon has equal claims to be called the stream of the future; for a more splendid field nowhere lies open to the enterprise of man."

From this exuberance of vegetation we are transported to Africa, to regions successfully explored by Anderson, Livingstone, Barth, Burton and Russegger. Finally, a virgin forest, the Mexican table-land, the slopes of Sikkim, and a mangrove vegetation, are delineated.

The second part includes chapters on giant trees, palms, the spicy nutritive plants, sugar, coffee, cocoa, vanilla, cotton, caoutchouc, spices and vegetable dye-stuffs; whilst the third part, opening with an account of the insect tribe, embraces descriptions of all the most prominent and popular animals. The frontispiece gives a spirited illustration of condor-catching in South America, effected, as the author correctly describes it, by allowing these birds of prey to gorge themselves to such an extent that, unable to take wing, the Indians hasten to surprise them by throwing either their ponchos or lassos over them, and thus conduct them in triumph to the village. But the author does not believe that condors will ever attack man; we know, however, several well-authenticated accounts of men being attacked whilst exploring the lofty summits of the Andes. Dr. Pickering, of the United States Exploring Expedition, was not the only one who had to fight for his life with these kings of birds. Mr. Bollaert, a trustworthy English traveller, has given us full particulars of the peril in which the condors placed him and his companion: so that we should be sorry to see the paragraph that condors are "contemptible cowards" copied into a guide-book to the Andes.

Those who from glowing descriptions have a longing for the tropics should carefully read the long list of annoying insects which render life in some of the most beautiful countries a perfect torment. We have been subjected to the irritating operations of every one of those Dr. Hartwig enumerates, and fully agree with him in the following conclusions:—

"Among the plagues of Guiana and the West Indies we must not forget a little insect in the grass and on the shrubs, which the French call *bête-rouge*. It is of a beautiful scarlet colour, and so minute that you must bring your eye close to it before you can perceive it. It abounds most in the rainy season. Its bite causes an intolerable itching, which, according to Richard Schomburgk, who writes from personal experience, drives by day the perspiration of anguish from every pore, and at night makes one's hammock resemble the gridiron on which St. Lawrence was roasted."

Dr. Hartwig's work will be read with interest by that great body of the public who desire to learn something about the strange habits of tropical animals and plants when conveyed in a popular garb, and who will gladly welcome the numerous woodcuts in which this English version abounds, though they may have done

duty on previous occasions. We notice, especially in the second part, a good many misprints of scientific names, and might point out several minor mistakes, such as that Cocaine was discovered by Wohler, and that Peireskia is the only genus of Cactuses having true leaves, did, we think it worth while to look more closely into a popular book; but we have not noticed any such glaring mistakes as might be expected from one who derives his knowledge of the Tropics from the accounts of others, and therefore have no hesitation in recommending the book as a readable and instructive publication.

Daniel Manin, and Venice in 1848-49. By Henri Martin. Translated by Charles Martel. With an Introduction by Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P. 2 vols. (Skeet.)

Two years ago, the collection of memorials published by M. Planat de La Faye enabled us to trace the career of one among the great men whose virtue, honour and endurance have adorned Italy. The words and the deeds of Manin, whether in expectation, in action or in retirement, were without a flaw. He rose superior to the passion, the bitterness, the desire for self-assertion, which too often mar the efforts of those devoting themselves to their country's good. He could wait as well as act. He was earnest, without rashness; hopeful, but not visionary; high-minded in modesty and achievement. When misconstrued by his inferiors, he was not petulant. Success never tempted him into arrogance, nor failure into complaint. He had the courage of a martyr, without a touch of fanaticism. Such a life and such a death as his claim from the world its best reverence. Their influence, as also their glory, is undying. The man of meditation or the man of action, who is girding himself up to take a serious part in life's business, be the form and the scene of his effort what they will, cannot but receive strength, instruction and encouragement from such a story. What the name and recollection of Manin must be to every worthy Italian, is hardly to be expressed in language. The country of Dante and Michael Angelo has one sacred household word more. The brightest, if also the saddest, page of the story of Venice is that on which is written the tale of his heroic resistance, and his long-drawn death in a strange land.

The above are no vain words, but the expression of convictions which we are too seldom allowed to entertain, especially when the object is a political leader, and when the time present brings into prominence those personalities and failings which must partly fade out of sight and recollection before the historian for posterity has to take account of great and generous deeds, and gladly overlook the weaknesses of poor humanity. This book, by M. Henri Martin, however, is merely a reminder; calling for a repetition of that which in reverence and sincerity was expressed when the former tribute to Manin's heroism came before us. It has the advantage of being more readable than its predecessor, and though containing little, if any, new matter, cannot be laid down by those who take it up, let them be ever so familiar with its subject. M. Martin's style is good, and he has found a judicious translator. The introductions prefixed to the two volumes, by Mr. Butt, add value to the work, as concisely outlining some of the features of the Italian movement, and calling attention to that which is so little understood abroad, the limits and views of British policy as regards sympathy and intervention. What is said, either by our countryman as annotator, or M. Martin as biographer, will fail to satisfy the Red party, or those, if

such there be, who still cling to the dreams of Socialism as a panacea for misery. But the book, though moderate in tone, is not cold. Having thus characterized it, there cannot remain here much to be said unless our extended narrative derived from the former work were to be repeated. We have already pointed out the rare union of sobriety with enthusiasm which distinguished the advocate destined to play so remarkable a part; his abhorrence of intrigue, conspiracy, of every mean and mistaken practice, which gives to the Despot, not merely a show, but a substance of excuse for coercing those who attempt to work out new ideas by the old machinery of barbarous times. The story has already been told of his hearty household affections for the warm-hearted wife who brought him children; for the afflicted and gifted daughter, to whom he clung all the more dearly because of the strange malady which wore her life away. But here are Manin's Emilia and Teresa, to tell their own feelings at the great moment when Venice fondly thought she was free:—

"We find in the notes of Emilia Manin a page which, amid the narratives of this happy day, resembles a knell sounding sadly among festal chimes. The poor child, analyzing her feelings with a singular vigour of thought and expression, expresses remorse at not being 'filled with an ineffable joy' when she found herself, for the first time after his deliverance, under the majestic arches of St. Mark, in presence of her father, proclaimed liberator of his country. 'I ought to be at the summit of happiness, but a weight continually oppresses my heart.' This burden never left her for a moment except when she saw the battalions of the civic guard, called into existence by her father, defile past in imposing array. All the emotions of the daughter found their echo in the heart of her father. Manin never passed a day of unmingled happiness.—We place in connexion with the daughter's notes a letter written by her mother, which, although different in sentiment, is not inferior in character.

"Teresa Manin to Madam C.—

"Venice, 3rd April, 1848.

"Dear Friend,—The delirium in which we have lived for some days past, and from which we have not yet escaped, has not permitted me to occupy myself with anything, and this has delayed my replying to you. Everything, even my own family, of which I generally take such care, has been neglected. Thinking of the marvellous events which have delivered us from a tyranny of thirty-three years has been my only occupation. These events are like a dream; our present position is like a vision. Oh! dear friend, understand our felicity! To rise from our bed *slaves*, and return to it at night *free*! If that does not seem like a dream, what can be so? Dear friend, why are you not here on this day of our redemption? Such days never occur twice in the course of one human existence. I suffered much before this day of recompense arrived, for I knew perfectly well to what dangers my husband exposed himself. But I never said to him—Stop! And yet, I assure you, seeing him almost beside himself from the great pressure on his mind in meditating on the form of government it would be advisable to adopt, I have sometimes trembled for his reason. But my anxiety and terror were greatest when he informed me that Venice might possibly be bombarded that day..... When I saw him write to the different consuls to protest against this measure, and when I heard him call George, and say to him, 'Come with me to the arsenal!' what I suffered at that moment you can imagine much better than I can describe. I think few women would have conducted themselves as I did. I embraced neither my husband nor my son, so that I should not delay them. What hours were those, from one till five! I felt sure that if either of my beloved were killed, the other would certainly share his fate. At last, at about five o'clock, the shouts of a great crowd approaching our house delivered my heart from its anguish. I

distinctly heard cries of *Viva Manin!* From this moment I felt sure of success. *Viva San Marco!* *Viva la Republica!* I cried in my turn, for I was sure that my husband would not return until he had proclaimed the Republic in the Square of St. Mark. For the second time in five days I saw my husband brought in triumph to his house. Twice in five days! that was too much for my nerves! Still I sustained myself in my joy as I had done in my grief. I embraced my husband as the liberator, the chief among all, of my country. I embraced my son, who, at the age of sixteen, had displayed the courage and coolness of mature years..... And I was proud of both. I have a thousand things to say, but have not time. I read your letter, and that of citizen Louis, to my husband, and he was greatly moved. For your son also, he bids me tell you, a great and glorious career is opened in our Republic. Whoever combines honesty with talent, will find honour and recompense. That is indisputable. The future of your son is therefore assured, dear friend. I must conclude.—Your TERESA."

The above is Italian, every line of it—Italian of the best kind; and it will be found doubly impressive in all the glow of its truth and pride and participation when the fate of its writer is recollected. Teresa Manin survived for only a few days that departure from Venice which followed on the capitulation of the city, and its fall back into the hated chains of Austria. She was stricken with cholera at Marseilles:—

"She was wounded to the heart upon abandoning her country, as is shown by a touching letter written two days before quitting the sacred hearth, which neither herself, nor her daughter, nor her husband, were destined ever again to see. 'All is over, all is lost, save honour! I am going to a foreign land, where I shall hear a language not my own. My beautiful language, I shall never hear it again; never more!' She had no resource to bear up against that plague which had no pity either for broken hearts or exhausted frames. On the 12th of October, on returning from the funeral ceremony where friends unexpectedly found among strangers had assembled to attend the exile to her tomb, Manin wrote the following letter to Dr. Baral, a surgeon of Marseilles:—'Pray accept, monsieur, yourself and the other noble hearts who have associated themselves with you in your generous action, my warmest thanks for all that has been done to preserve the mortal remains and honour the memory of the cherished companion who has shared all my long sufferings. Accept my sincerest gratitude, which proceeds from the depths of a heart broken by innumerable misfortunes: wounded in its sincerest affections, both in country and family. I did not deceive myself when I chose France for an asylum. She is ever the land of noble sentiments and generous efforts. Adieu, monsieur; permit me to press your hand as that of an old friend!'"

The daughter lingered longer, worn out by exile and disease,—beloved in proportion as clouds gathered round her and decay spread, and as her father wrestled with dejection, exile and misconstruction, to cheer the few painless hours which her epileptic malady left her.—

"A letter from Béranger shows the impression this painful condition produced upon the mind of the great poet, who gave so many proofs of his sympathy for Manin, and who preceded his daughter but a few weeks to the grave. 'What most affects me is Manin. I have seen his unfortunate daughter in a state which it is impossible to describe. It pained me too much to describe it to Bretonneau. Can you imagine the mind to remain intact amid such sufferings? Can you picture to yourself this poor girl thinking of the pain her disorder gave her worthy father, clasping him with her withered hands, and asking his forgiveness for the martyrdom she caused him?'"

The death of this beloved invalid in Paris, under the eyes of her father, who wearily earned his bread there as a language-master (he who had held St. Mark's City as none before him had done!), would be almost too melancholy a

catastrophe to be endured when contemplated, had not there been some mitigation in the abiding friendships which the exile attracted to himself in Paris. With the name of Emilia Manin is united for ever that of Ary Scheffer. She was not laid in the grave of the stranger when her wasted life at last died out, but sleeps in the family tomb of that great painter, where he too and her father are also lying. But Manin's ashes will be one day borne home to Venice as sainted relics.

The Handbook of Autographs: being a Ready Guide to the Handwriting of Distinguished Men and Women of every Nation; designed for the Use of Literary Men, Autograph Collectors, and others. By Frederick G. Netherclift. With a Biographical Index, by Richard Sims. (J. R. Smith.)

"Running-hand" was an accomplishment which could not have existed when men wrote on oyster-shells, sheets of lead, or, like the Arab chroniclers, on the shoulder-blades of sheep. The amorous shepherds must have pricked their fingers when they wrote their songs with thorns on straps of leather. The masters who introduced the fashion of writing with iron bodkins, or stiles, on tablets of wax, were not thanked for the facilities they afforded in the attainment of caligraphic excellence—their refractory pupils turned on their instructors and gave them a couple of inches of the sharp end of their stiles under the fifth rib. The waxen tablets were called "pugilares": that name seems to have been quite as applicable to those who wrote on them.

Pen, ink and paper are three simple things; but in combination, and in the hands of a true master, for the time, they have been powerful agents. We do not mean masters like Peter Bales, who was a teacher of writing in the reign of Elizabeth, and wrote the whole Bible in a little volume which he put in a nutshell, and which nobody in the world could read. From the earliest period, England was famous for her writing-masters. Secretary's hand, fine Italian, whatever the character, few could equal, none surpass them as instructors and as manual writers. They challenged each other, wrote, instead of fighting, single matches, and sometimes held tournaments, whereat they tilted with their pens for lances; and great was the glory of him who came off conqueror, where there was a host of competitors, and every man a master, but only one master of the masters.

Of the lithographed specimens of handwriting which Mr. F. Netherclift has brought together, those of authors are often the best for clearness and beauty, even when hurriedly written. Addison's is as sharp, graceful and legible as Horace Walpole's or Mrs. Piozzi's. Akenside, too, wrote a hand which must have excited some respect for his character in every office where his "copy" penetrated. There is sensibly felt the value of a readable handwriting; and occasionally one that cannot be rendered familiar to the compositor, even by constant practice with it, will arouse a feeling akin to mutiny. Perhaps the worst "hand" ever written by author was that of the late Rev. Mr. Mitford. Lady Morgan's was copper-plate, beauty and lucidity, when compared with it. In the *old* office of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Mitford's "copy" was constantly to be seen and never to be understood. Apprentices shook their heads at it, as though it were something in the Ogham character written by a crazy Druid. The more experienced attempted to set it up with reluctance, and were generally half wild before their

attempt had perhaps partially succeeded. At length, at sight of the well-known hieroglyphics, more uninterpretable than ever, the compositors united in declaring that they would prefer resigning their posts to losing their senses over the reverend gentleman's pot-hooks.

Occasionally the literary men are loose in their orthography, and even so careful an individual as Ayscough spells *references* with three *r*'s; and writers in the last century, quite at sea as to the use of capitals, inserted them capriciously, depriving nouns of their dignity by omitting them, and conferring them on mean little adjectives, and upstart prepositions which look pert and pretentious by their aid.

We do not attach much value to the system of detecting personal character under handwriting, though clever impostors have made a tolerable living by it. It is easier, knowing the character, to find some relation to it in the writing. The tremendous power in the "down-stroke" and the light grace in the "hair-line" in the writing of Richard the Third remind one of the determination of his character, and the refinement, when he chose to assume it, of his manner. So here, in a few words written by Admiral Blake, to the effect that "you will be pleased to advance twenty pounds unto him," there is a look of confidence in the letters, some of which raise their heads like pike-staves, while the *y* in the "twenty" dashes off excentrically, like a rocket which intends to strike somewhere, but the whereabouts being less certain than the fact.

There is plain matter of fact in the writing of Burns—a plainness not without a sort of pride in the simple sentence of his writing, which says, "I have not the most distant pretensions to what the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a Gentleman,—

*My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through secondals since the Flood;*"

and to this he appends a bold "Robt. Burns," as if he were proud of the descent and eager to acknowledge it.

On the other hand, Braham scrawls through an excuse for not singing, and the words seem dying away in feeble quavers, the *m* in his name having hardly strength to assert itself. Again, almost the only capital in the subjoined note after the first letter is given to the word France, the National Assembly therein not being deemed worthy of the distinction:—"Will you be kind enough to contradict the report of my intention to become a candidate for a seat in national assembly of France. Believe me yours, Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. King Street, the 20th of March, 1848." A month afterwards, the writer was a special constable in St. James's Street on the famous intended day of the Chartists, when he is said to have playfully prophesied to one or two lords, his fellow-constables, that the end of all these things will be the Empire, with a friend of yours for Emperor! And speedily he became a member of that despised National Assembly; and the little account disappeared from Farquhar's books, and, subsequently, "Believe me yours" became exactly what he had prophesied, in spite of the honesty and the ridicule of Changarnier.

In the hundreds of samples here given there is much matter for speculation and amusement; and there is much usefulness in this volume as a book of reference to test the genuineness of autographs, those here published being warranted as authentic! Mr. Sims has, in a few concise words, given a biographical outline of each writer, and thereby added considerably to the value of the volume.

History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans. By T. L. Kington, M.A. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

UNTIL the publication of Dr. Milman's 'History of Latin Christianity,' there existed no work in our language which enabled the English reader rightly to comprehend the character of the greatest of the German Cæsars—Frederick the Second. Slight notices of him were, indeed, to be found in Hallam's 'History of the Middle Ages,' in Mill's 'History of the Crusades,' and in a few other works of a similar kind; but these served only to render more evident the void in our historical literature. The subject of Dr. Milman's work was, of course, too extensive to permit him to enter at length into the details of any particular subject; and, moreover, since he wrote, two valuable documents—'The Chronicle of Fra Salimbene' and the 'Chronicon de Rebus in Italiâ Gestis' (discovered in the British Museum by M. Huillard Bréholles)—have been published, and tend to throw considerable light on the events of Frederick's reign. The ground, therefore, which Mr. Kington has taken possession of in the present volumes may be fairly considered unoccupied, and the work deserves a warm welcome from the historical student. The author has evidently sought out with the utmost diligence and industry every available source of information; and the style, though somewhat diffuse, is vigorous and flowing. Had Mr. Kington, however, studied condensation a little more,—had he omitted petty details, in themselves unimportant,—had he concentrated his attention more on the great Emperor himself, and less on his accessories,—the book would, we think, have been improved. Few great monarchs have received so scant an allowance of justice from posterity as Frederick the Second; nor is it difficult to account for this result when we consider that he was the most formidable antagonist the Papal power had ever encountered, that he died while still under the ban of excommunication, and that the writers of the immediately succeeding age were, for the most part, warm partisans of the Papal as opposed to the Imperial party. The commencement of the thirteenth century has always appeared to us one of the most interesting periods of mediæval history, and one fraught with many instructive lessons to the modern student. Then it was that the last great struggle took place between Rome and the Empire, and that Lombardy made its most desperate effort to recover that independence which it was not destined fully to obtain till our own days. Important as were the events, the men were worthy of them. Innocent the Third, perhaps the ablest pontiff who ever filled the Papal chair, having finally established that temporal power which the feebleness of his successors seems likely soon to destroy, proceeded to arrogate to himself universal supremacy; and so powerful was his influence, that almost every European kingdom was awed by the mere threat of a Papal interdict. Rome's power was now at its zenith, when it suddenly received an unexpected check from the daring hand of Frederick the Second. One might almost call the House of Hohenstaufen the hereditary antagonist of Rome; and the support which Innocent afforded to Frederick in his efforts to obtain the Imperial crown was the one great error of that Pope's policy. It is difficult, even with the ample means supplied to us by Mr. Kington, to form a just conception of a character so strange, and in some respects contradictory, as is that of Frederick the Second. From one point of view, he appears closely to resemble his grandfather Barbarossa. Like him, he was a brave soldier,

a stern disciplinarian, cruel in revenge, of boundless ambition, patient and hopeful even under defeat, and jealous of every particle of the authority he believed to be vested in him. But, on the other hand, he was what his rough grandfather never had been—a model of knightly courtesy, an ardent cultivator of the "gay science," an enthusiastic patron of those arts which were destined to render Italy famous, and the brightest ornament of the most luxurious and intellectual Court of the Middle Ages. These qualities, however, he shared with others, for they were characteristic of the age. But Frederick was something more than a model of chivalrous attributes: he was in advance of his age, and that to an extent which appears at first sight almost startling. As a legislator, we find him in Sicily aiming at the abolition of the more oppressive feudal burthens, simplifying suits, rendering the process of law more economical and accessible, watching scrupulously over the purity of the judges, and, to use his own words, "watering the domain of justice with the streams of mercy." He lightened taxation as far as possible, and, what is still more extraordinary, gave to his Southern kingdom a representative form of government many years before the Commons of England first met at Westminster. "It is just possible," suggests Mr. Kington, "that Simon de Montfort, who is known to have visited the Imperial Court, may have borrowed his famous improvement on the old English Constitution from an Apulian source." Frederick was, moreover, an active and shrewd trader, and seems to have had a thorough comprehension of the advantages of unrestricted commerce. His ideas of toleration were peculiar. To Jews and Saracens he extended the most complete protection; but of heretics he was a merciless persecutor. It has been suggested by Dr. Milman that this arose from the fact that the better known schismatics of that age, such as the Paterins and Catharists, were remarkably common in Lombardy, and that Frederick may have punished them as rebels rather than as heretics. One of the noblest points of Frederick's character was the encouragement he gave to education by establishing seminaries of learning in various parts of his dominions. He founded the University of Naples, and took a deep interest in the famous medical school of Salerno; and even the University of the Guelfic city of Bologna received gifts of books from him for its library. He accompanied his present, in 1232, with the following interesting letter, which we quote from Mr. Kington:—

"We have always [he writes] loved knowledge from our youth; whatever time we can steal from State affairs we cheerfully dedicate to reading the many volumes stored in our library. We have stripped the works written by the Greek and Arabic philosophers of their old garb; we have had them translated by chosen men, maintaining faithfully the virginity of the words. We do not wish to keep them all to ourselves; you are the first to whom we send them, since you are the illustrious nurslings of philosophy, who skilfully draw new waters out of old cisterns. Do you make them public for the use of students, to the glory of your friend Cæsar."

Such is a faint outline of the character of this man. "Troubadour," to use Mr. Kington's words, "Crusader, Lawgiver; German by blood, Italian by birth, Arab by training; the pupil, the tyrant, the victim of Rome; accused by the world of being, by turns, a Catholic persecutor, a Mohanmedan convert, an Infidel free-thinker: such is Frederick the Second." The two objects of the Emperor's policy were to combat the ambition of the Popes, and to reduce to submission the independent republics of Northern Italy. Most men must

sympathize with the gallant fight which Milan and her sister towns made for liberty, and we heartily concur in Mr. Kington's expressions of admiration for the sturdy Lombard citizens who contended against such overwhelming odds for their hereditary immunities. Still we must recollect, in justice to Frederick, that the Lombard towns were by no means model republics; that anarchy and internecine strife had become chronic among them; that the burghers were fierce, rude and uncultivated; and that the oppressive spirit of feudalism was everywhere exerting its baneful influence. It might be almost necessary, therefore, that the transition period of despotic rule should be gone through, so that by this means public order might be restored, the evil-working power of the nobles might be crushed, and a foundation laid for a more liberal and peaceable government. Might not the example Frederick had set in his Sicilian dominions be considered a sufficient guarantee for his adoption of a liberal and progressive policy in other parts of his vast possessions? Although the hereditary feud existing between the Papal and Imperial parties was undoubtedly one cause of Rome's continued persecution of Frederick, still the lukewarm support he gave to the Crusades added fuel to the hatred borne to him by the Popes. His unwillingness to enter on the Holy War probably arose from two distinct causes. The first was a natural fear of the consequences which might result from his absence in the East. In Lombardy, the revived factions of Guelf and Ghibelline were engaged in perpetual strife. Town waged war with town—Genoa with Milan, Venice with Genoa, Mantua with Cremona, Ravenna with Ferrara; and the Emperor feared that if his watchful eye were removed, still more disastrous events might ensue. Such appears to us the political reason which for a long time prevented Frederick from fulfilling the pledge he had given, at the time of his coronation, to Honorius. But there existed a religious obstacle also. Infidelity was a common charge made against Frederick in his lifetime. The Christian world was scandalized by the number of learned Saracens and Jews who surrounded the Emperor in his Sicilian Court, and by the interest which he himself displayed in Oriental studies. "The Guelfs," says Mr. Kington, "denounced him as an Epicurean, who searched the Scriptures in the hope of upsetting the existence of a future state." In the preceding century, in Languedoc, and in a Court second only in brilliancy and refinement to that of Sicily under Frederick, we find existing the same intercourse with the East, the same liberality of sentiment, the same toleration, the same animosity to the clergy, and the same spirit of scepticism. And we imagine that the causes which produced the Albigenian heresy were in action, though in a modified form, in the Court of Apulia. The daring defiance of Rome contained in the Letter to the King of England, written by Frederick at Capua, in 1227 (and which might, from its tone, have been the production of the German reformers of an after-age), is a proof of the prevalence of a particular style of thought at the Imperial Court. This curious document is given by Mr. Kington, and we here extract it entire:—

"Take warning [he says] by the past: did not the Pope hard press the Court of Toulouse and others by an unjust excommunication, until they bowed before him? Did not Innocent the Third stir up the English Barons against King John as being a foe of the Church? As soon as the King had crouched like a coward and handed over his realm to Rome, the Pope, who only hungered for the fat of the land, gave the Barons up to misery

and death. The Roman Church is like a leech: she calls herself my mother and nurse; but she is a stepmother, and the root of all evils. Her legates go throughout all lands, binding, loosing, punishing; not to sow the seed of the Word, but to subdue all men and to wring from them their money. Neither churches nor hospitals are now spared. This Church was founded on poverty and innocence at first, as its catalogue of saints proves; but other foundation can no man lay than what Christ has laid. Now she wallows in riches; and it is to be feared that riches will overthrow her. All the wicked are eager for the fray, and hope to riot on the ruin of the kingdoms of the earth. Unite yourselves, then, and overturn this unheard-of tyranny, this danger common to all. Remember that when your neighbour's wall is on fire, your own property is at stake."

It could not be expected that a monarch holding such opinions should be very enthusiastic in regard to the Crusades; and the advantageous treaty which he concluded with the Sultan of Babylon, and his own coronation at Jerusalem, would seem to prove that zeal and ardour are not always requisite in order to command substantial success. The year 1248 may be considered the turning-point of the Imperial fortunes; the disastrous defeat at Parma being the first signal of the fast-approaching downfall of the great Suabian House. The defeat and captivity of Enzo, his favourite son, was another crushing blow administered to the Emperor in his latter days, and tended most probably to hasten his death, which took place at Fiorentino on the 13th of December, 1250.

Genealogical and Historical Diagrams, illustrative of the History of Scotland, England, France, and Germany, from the Ninth Century to the Present Time. By William Graham, LL.D. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Malcolm's Genealogical Tree of the Royal Family of Great Britain. (Malcolm.)

Dr. Graham's Genealogical and Historical Diagrams are lucid in arrangement and sufficiently accurate; but it may be questioned if good would follow from their general introduction into schools, which is the object of the arranger. "Even our greatest historians," says Dr. Graham, "have felt the value of such tables; Hallam and Lingard have had recourse to them, and Dr. Arnold recommends them as necessary to a clear view of certain periods of history." All this the reader will admit; but it does not follow that pupils should have the tables put into their hands ready made, when one of the most useful historical exercises to which an intelligent boy can be put is to draw a genealogical chart or chronological diagram from facts contained in the text of the book which he is studying. We admit the utility of such tables, but we think the student should make them for himself.

Mr. Malcolm's Genealogical Tree is a picturesque work of art. From a grass-covered plain, on which appear the rose and the thistle, a few shamrock-leaves and three leeks (washed, and all ready for eating) rise up above a company of fruitless stems, the three grand trunks—Rogwald, Egbert, Kenneth the Second,—of the mighty tree, whose topmost leaf is Albert Edward Prince of Wales. A marriage is indicated where two leaves lap. When a leaf lies across the trunk or limb of the tree, the name on it is the progenitor of the next higher name or names; and when the green leaf does not lie across the trunk or limb of the tree, no descent (or rather, ascent) is traced from it. A leafy tendril-twined framework separates this picture of an unbraveous forest-king from the white margin of the liberal sheet; and at proper points are emblazoned the arms of England,

Scotland, Ireland and Wales, while down either side are notes referring to the principal leaves of the tree. There is, however, one serious and flagrant error in the chart,—an error of such magnitude that until it has been removed by hewing down a very handsome piece of timber, the rest of the tree should not be admitted into the school-room. Misled by the famous false pedigree of the Cambridgeshire Stewards, Mr. Malcolm gives Oliver Cromwell a royal descent, and justifies himself for doing so in a marginal note that runs thus: "He was, on his mother's side, descended from the Lord High Steward of Scotland; but it was in no wise owing to this circumstance that he attained the highest position in the nation." Thus laughably does this hoary genealogical fiction ever and again peep out like a rat from its hole. It never sneaks or runs out from its lurking-place without exciting derision and being summarily knocked on the head; but neither laughter nor blows kill it. Once upon a time, Mr. D'Oyly Bayley did his best to destroy the absurd creature, which wanders about the world to put heralds to the blush, and be a satire on that family arrogance which invariably is a feature of the vulgar. In the *Athenæum* (No. 1782) we had occasion to expose the fabrication, which doubtless will be brought forward again, before six months have passed, as "a fact." Mr. Malcolm may see the exact nature of his blunder, by reference to the *Athenæum* article, and to Mr. D'Oyly Bayley's paper on 'Genealogical Fictions,' in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1846. By all means let Cromwell have a statue in Westminster Palace, and an equestrian statue in St. James's Park; but to endow him with a royal descent is beyond the power of the historian, and even of the genealogist.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The Earth and its Mechanism: being an Account of the various Proofs of the Rotation of the Earth. By H. Worms. (Longman & Co.)—This is one of those books for which the Greek *monobible* would have been altered to order, if it were not that, as often happens, the adjective in "holy bible" has walked off, leaving its meaning imbedded in the substantive. So we are introducing the word *monograph* instead, and it means a complete handling of some one single branch of a subject. In a monograph we expect to find fuller development of the single point selected than can be given in a polygraph; and on this point we are well satisfied with Mr. Worms, who gives everything, from Galileo to Foucault, in all his phases. He has accordingly produced a work which must be at hand to any one who desires to study the rotation of the earth. But should a second edition be required, we recommend the able author to reconsider his general notion of physics and his historical accounts. He should not reject anything, however improved, as "incompatible with the dignity of true science"; it was this dignity notion which operated strongly against the motion of the earth. When he tells us that Riccioli "states" that "the celestial bodies are carried round daily by intelligences called angels," he gives a very inaccurate idea of what Riccioli says in the page cited, and which he perhaps never saw. Riccioli states this opinion as the most common one of all time, namely, that the stars are moved "intelligentiis, seu ab angelis," for which he quotes Aquinas, Bonaventura, Scotus, Durandus, and many others. But worse than this is the view given of the purpose of Copernicus. Mr. Worms cannot find room for Ptolemy's name when speaking of astronomers "combining different eccentric and epicyclical motions, so as to represent the phenomena of the heavens." He says, "the bigotry of the Middle Ages accepted and protected willingly these heathen notions, rendering it most dangerous to confute them." He represents Copernicus as writing gently to refute these opinions. Now, whether it would have been dangerous to refute

epicycles, no one knows; certainly neither Copernicus nor Galileo attempted it. Copernicus changed the centres of the epicycles. We take a chance opening of his great work, and within two pages of it we find "inquirendum nobis jam est, in quâ sint rationes epicyclus primus ad secundum" (folio 111). Let Mr. Worms stand informed, not only that Copernicus used epicycles, but that the astronomers of our day use twenty where Ptolemy used one: but not under the old name, nor precisely in the same way. With these objections to its historical accounts, we dismiss a good book.

Recollections of the Conversation Parties of the Rev. Charles Simeon. By A. W. Brown, M.A. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—These are recollections of conversation parties, but are not sufficiently conversation recollections to enable us to present Simeon as he was. Those to whom they are dedicated, the Cambridge men who, as undergraduates, attended the parties, will clothe the notes here presented with their own recollections, and will find them very valuable resuscitators. To all the rest of the world they might be, for the most part, extracts from Simeon's note-book, but not from his diary. Nevertheless, now and then, we find such bits as the book ought to be full of. Simeon was a character who especially wanted a Boswell: a full account of his doctrines and labours, with the personal character and manner omitted, might as well be his contemporary Rowland Hill as Simeon. Both had a point in common,—eccentricity of the form of thought, and a certain occasional jocularity of manner. But no two men were more different. Simeon lived through an age which began by calling him a crack-brained enthusiast, and ended by acknowledging him as the leader of a recognized and influential religious party. The work before us gives, to use a common idiom, a *notion*, but not an *idea*, of his character of mind. We have, for instance, much of his Attic; but we want more of his Doric.

Through Algeria. By the Author of 'Life in Tuscany.' (Bentley.)—Why Miss Crawford could not print the pleasant record of her travelling adventures,—one which may safely be commended as an acceptable fireside book,—without tilting at a windmill, by way of preliminary exercise, it would be hard to explain. Her apology for single women who prefer foreign travel to aimless home-gossip, her depreciation of their being thought ridiculous, are simply superfluous and uncalled for. Assuredly, no man with any humanity in his composition will like the idea of his female relatives and friends rushing into real peril, and gratuitously exposing themselves to mischance, for the gratification of restless curiosity. There may be something more inconsiderate than heroic or admirable in the desire to gratify a roving propensity; and the woman who will force her way, in spite of proprieties, relying on her sex as an excuse and protection, thereby unsexes herself; but beyond these old truths the voice of society has never gone in denunciation of roaming spinsters or widows, and Miss Crawford has solaced herself with the notion of a grievance which has no existence. Her book, we have said, is a pleasant one. She has seen more of Algeria than the generality of women contrive to see—not being repelled by the frightful orgies of the Aissoua, not deterred by the difficulties of land-travelling in districts where rest at night was little better than a bivouac, and where panthers sat by the way, like *Pope* and *Pagan* in Bunyan's allegory, waiting for pilgrims to come by. Nevertheless, a good moiety of life as it exists in so rude a land cannot have come under the ken of any woman, be she ever so intrepid. This fact limits the value of the book, though not its amusement.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the Author of 'Recreations of a Country Parson.' (Strahan.)—In other words, a volume of sermons, with a picturesque and pensive sort of preamble, showing that side of the "Country Parson's" talent which we like the least—namely, the presence of a certain egotism and affectation which are not pleasant, even if they be assumed for the purpose of amusing and retaining an audience. True, a volume of sermons is a pill which may be thought to require some gilding; and yet the discourses of

Robertson, Maurice and others, put forth in all simplicity, have not lacked readers. These sermons, too, stood in no need of a symphony. They are earnest, interesting, practical rather than profound, and with just that touch of intimacy in appeal which, by endearing the preacher to his audience, gives weight to every word, adds persuasion to every suggestion. Their writer has wrought in the spirit of the good Methodist preacher whose device was, "Never provoke those you aim to profit."

The Meaning of History: Two Lectures. By Frederick Harrison, M.A. (Trübner & Co.)—Of these two lectures, which were delivered to what the patrons of Mechanics' Institutes term "mixed audiences," the author says, with equal modesty and truth, "It will be seen that they belong to the most elementary kind of popular instruction, and they will have little interest for the general reader, much less for the regular student of history." Mr. Harrison speaks with the confidence which becomes a popular lecturer; but we are inclined to think that five minutes' brisk cross-examination would reduce him to confusion and uncertainty as to his own views of the "meaning of history."

Three Years in Melbourne. By Clara Aspinall. (Booth.)—Three years' residence in Melbourne with an affectionate brother doubtless gave Miss Aspinall many and sufficient causes for the gratitude which she expresses to him for "his more than brotherly kindness"; but she has done wrong to offer her Australian experiences to the public in a volume that neither instructs nor amuses,—that says nothing of Melbourne life which has not been better said over and over again. In her concluding pages Miss Aspinall prints the bill of fare of the steam-clipper on board of which she made her homeward voyage, and also one of Dibdin's best and most popular sea-songs. These portions of it excepted, there is not a line in her book worth reading.

Problems in Human Nature. By the Author of 'Morning Clouds.' (Longman & Co.)—'The Source of Vanity,' 'The Decline of Sentiment,' and 'Disappointment in the Religious World,' are the titles of three essays in which, with equal modesty and thoughtfulness, the author of 'The Romance of a Dull Life' places before the world opinions which, even when they are superficial or erroneous, arouse the reader's sympathy for the simple and earnest mind from which they flow. Of the source and nature of vanity all that is said is mere scratching on the surface of metaphysical knowledge. In the second paper the writer takes ground which we are so happy as to deem untenable. We do not believe that "sentiment of almost every kind is becoming faint and feeble." Schiller's words were but a repetition of one of those "vanitas vanitatum" cries, which from earliest history to the present time have been ever and again wrung from poetic minds, sorrowing over the wide chasm that separates the "actual" from the "ideal." Modern literature—the literature to which Schiller contributed vast treasures, that met with enthusiastic appreciation from the hard work-a-day world—proclaims the sentiment unjust and false. The writer of 'Morning Clouds' must look more at the sunshine and less at the dark masses of rolling vapour, and must form her estimate of human nature from its highest, not its inferior, representatives. 'Disappointment in the Religious World' would be an excellent essay if it could be relieved of its needless despondency. We would encourage its author to be more hopeful, and have more lively confidence in the wisdom that governs the affairs of men.

Italy, &c.—[L'Italie en 1861: Politique, Littérature, Biographie, Beaux-Arts, par Charles Grün]. (Brussels, Kiessling & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)—This is a heavy book, with much pretension on the part of the writer, who would fain be acute, profound, sarcastic and prophetic. What reader of the day, be he ever so superficial, has not made acquaintance with the third-class French literary traveller, who fills off grave questions without a misgiving—who sets right mistakes in reputation with the confidence of a *Minos*—who is ponderous or plaintive, should he meet a dinner cooked accord-

ing to other canons than those of the Palais-Royal—who is satisfied that every English "Miss" drinks rum, and that London's *Milord Maire* can send our sovereign "to the right-about" whenever he pleases? But there is a companion even more lightly heavy and more heavily light than Monsieur Aristide: this is the German trying to be French when travelling in foreign parts—such a German as this is M. Charles Grün. In politics he may have seen to the centre of every movement,—he may have laid his fingers on every leader's pulse; but in place of offering new facts or arresting conclusions, he treats us to the veriest commonplaces. Any reader of last year's newspapers (even German ones) is as wise regarding Italian affairs as M. Grün can make him.—In Arts and *Belles Lettres* he is not less oracular.—The glories of the South, whether they be ancient or recent, are dismissed by him with the proper show of enthusiasm or rapture, but with a want of tact and truthful observation which is made doubly tiresome by the affected vivacity of his style. Take one specimen of this. While hard at work on his description of Pisa, "The gas," says M. Grün, "shines by its absence in the streets." *Madelon* and *Cathos*, themselves, could not have turned the phrase with a more brilliant ingenuity.—The entire book sparkles with sallies no less happy than the above, and may be accordingly commended to those whom they suit.

The subjunctive mood is only a part of Latin grammar, and not the whole of this part is discussed in *The Functions of Si and Qui, with Special Reference to German Theories*, by Gavin Hamilton. (Hamilton & Co.), which is nevertheless a volume of considerable size. Nearly the whole of it is devoted to a refutation of the views of others, rather than the enunciation and establishment of those entertained by the author on the much-vexed question under discussion, which, so far as we can see, remains pretty much in the same position as before. Surely Mr. Hamilton does not suppose he is the first to point out that the indicative mood in Latin is employed to express actual fact, and the subjunctive what is only conceived in the mind, and may or may not be matter of fact. Much as he insists upon the necessity of discovering a common affinity in the different usages of the subjunctive mood, it does not appear to us that he has advanced beyond this general principle, which is to be met with in any grammar. He finds great fault with Carson's rules for the use of the subjunctive, after such phrases as *sunt qui*, but does not give any of his own, though he lays down laws for other usages of that mood. It is a pity he should have spent so much time and strength in the negative operation of confuting others, and still more so that he could not have written in a less discursive manner and a more sober tone. He is perpetually wandering from his subject for the sake of bringing in some anecdote, saying or allusion, which seems to serve no other purpose than to display his smartness,—a quality rather out of place than otherwise in a work of this nature. Wit and brilliancy are very good things, but are hardly in keeping with a discussion about the use of the subjunctive mood in Latin.—*An Elementary Latin Grammar*, by H. J. Roby, M.A. (Macmillan), is a school grammar derived from the best sources, and drawn up on a superior plan. The author acknowledges himself indebted to Madvig, Donaldson, Key, Kennedy and Morell. From Madvig he has derived the facts of the accidence, and from Morell assistance in expounding the syntax according to the analysis of sentences; but the arrangement as well as the selection of his materials is entirely his own, and the work is to all intents and purposes an original production, differing materially from all others. Our only fear is, that it may be found almost too hard for those who have not already acquired some familiarity with the laws of language.

Of religious publications, we have to announce *The Model Church*, by the Rev. L. B. Brown (Freeman),—*Conscience for Christ: a Lecture*, by the Rev. W. Roaf (Freeman),—*Is the Pentateuch Historically True?* by J. B. Marsh (Simpkin),—*The Nemesis of Excess in Faith and Worship: a Sermon*, by the Rev. J. Jackson (Skeffington),—*Hints for Open-air Preaching*, by One who has

Proved Them (Faithfull).—*The Fatherhood of God*, by the Rev. T. Griffith (Hatchard & Co.).—*Forgiveness after Death: Does the Bible or the Church of England affirm it to be Impossible? A Review of the alleged Proofs of the Hopelessness of the Future State*, by a Clergyman (Longman).—*A Few Words with Bishop Colenso on the Subject of the Exodus of the Israelites and the Position of Mount Sinai*, by Dr. Beke (Williams & Norgate).—*Speech delivered by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli in aid of the Oxford Diocesan Society for the Augmentation of Small Benefices* (Rivington).—*"The Workmen, they are of Men": A Sermon on behalf of the Lancashire Distress*, by the Rev. T. G. Hatchard (Hatchard & Co.).—*Bear ye One Another's Burdens: a plain Sermon on the Lancashire Distress*, by the Rev. J. G. Cowan (Skeffington).—*What is the New Book of Bishop Colenso's against the Bible? What are the Bishop's Objections? Have they been Answered? Or Can they be Answered?* (Pitman).—*A Review of the Rev. H. Venn on St. Francis Xavier and Christian Missions* (Burns & Lambert).—*England under God*, by the Venerable Archdeacon Evans (Smith, Elder & Co.).—*The Pentateuchal Narrative Vindicated from the Absurdities charged against it by the Bishop of Natal*, by J. C. Knight (Bagster & Sons).—*Hints for Internal Unity: a Sermon*, by the Rev. J. E. Kempe (Skeffington).—*The Teacher's Office an Administration of the Spirit: a Sermon*, by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford (Parker).—and *The Bishop of Labuan: a Vindication of the Statements respecting the Borneo Mission, contained in the last Chapter of 'Life in the Forests of the Far East'*, by Spencer St. John, late H. M.'s Consul-General in Borneo, by the Author (Ridgway).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bonar's (H., D.D.) Family Sermons, cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Deene's Christmas at the Cross Keys, post 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Duda's Prayer that teaches to Pray, 18mo. 2/6 cl.
Entomologist's Annual for 1863, fc. 8vo. 2/6 bds.
Farrar's History of Free Thought, Hampton Lecture, 1862, 8vo. 16s.
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Garrod's Nature and Treatment of Gout, &c., 2nd ed. post 8vo. 15s.
Howe's Works, new edit. Vol. 4, 8vo. 8s. cl.
Hubbuck's The Mistakes of a Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Hudson's Secret of Free Thought, Hampton Lecture, 1862, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Hughes's Prayer and the Divine Order, cr. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
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Yates's After Office Hours, new edit. fc. 8vo. 1/6 swd.
Zschokke's Handbook of Family Devotion, from German, 8vo. 8/

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—MISS COULT'S CLOCK TOWER.—A NEW VOLUME.—THE BUILDER, an Illustrated Weekly Journal, addressed to all Classes, conducted by Mr. GEORGE GODWIN, Architect, F.R.S. is published every Friday Morning, price 4d., or per post, 5d. The First Number of the New Volume will contain fine Engravings of Clock Tower, Bethnal Green—The National Provident Institution, Gracechurch Street—Stained Glass Windows for Garrison Church, Woolwich—Numerous Papers—Halicarnassus Restored—Errors in our Memorials—New Materials for Lives of Sculptors—Cottage Building—News from the Provinces, from Ireland, Scotland, Paris, Italy and elsewhere.

MAGNETO-ELECTRIC LIGHTHOUSES.

Northfleet, Jan. 1, 1863.

MAY I ask your permission to offer a few observations on the notice of the magneto-electric light which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 29th of November last? The details therein given were correct at the dates referred to, and the well-wishers of the light cannot but welcome so clear and concise an account of the application of the invention to lighthouses; but the time which has elapsed since has been occupied in perfecting the efficiency of the light, and it is hoped that you will allow the result to be recorded.

The improvement has arisen from using a different lamp. That instrument is no longer a deli-

cate piece of complicated clockwork, but so simple an affair that the movement of the carbons is entirely accomplished with one wheel and one pinion; and the lamps which have been in use at Dungeness for nearly seven months, and for some time before that on my own premises, have never been even opened to be oiled. When to this is added the fact that the light, if arbitrarily extinguished, will now instantly re-light itself, a certainty of action has been arrived at which leaves little to be desired. The liability to sudden and spontaneous extinction has also disappeared. The light was burnt every day in the International Exhibition from half-past one o'clock to five without once going out; and there is reason to believe that at Dungeness a steadiness and continuity practically complete has been obtained.

The only element of interruption that remains arises from certain impurities, silica or metallic residuum, in the carbons; and when they have decomposed to a point where iron or antimony occurs, there is a slight change of colour, an absolutely momentary flicker (not an extinction), which, though it would cease to exist if carbons could be obtained quite pure, is practically of no consequence whatever.

This improvement in the lamp has of course altered the relative simplicity of the two systems of oil and electricity enormously. There is really nothing now to look after in the latter that the customary attendant on a steam-engine could not learn efficiently in a few hours; and the chance of break-down to that which has now become ordinary mechanism is no greater than exists every day, without (as a rule) occurring, in every engine-room in the kingdom, and is, of course, less than a sea-going steam-vessel risks with impunity for months together. If, in addition to this, it is considered that oil, although in a sense simple, is liable to an adulteration very difficult to detect; and that in proportion to adulteration is the necessity for frequent trimming; and that, with the best oil known, every four-wicked lamp must be trimmed at least once every night, during which time,—from five to fifteen minutes,—the only light in the lantern proceeds from the hand-lamps of the keepers, it follows that the Magneto-Electric Light is preferable to the oil-lamp on account, amongst other things, of its unbroken continuity. The question of expense, even if that were very much greater than it is, is one that could hardly affect its use in a country which, from its wealth of life and merchandise afloat, has such need to employ the best light that can be had; but, although where the large and very costly apparatus and lantern for the oil system have been already procured, there would be no set-off to the cost of the small engine and the magneto-electric machine itself, yet at a new station, where the whole thing had to be done from the beginning, the saving in the difference of size of lantern and of apparatus, and the easiness with which the machinery could be placed in the light-house tower immediately under the lantern, so that no more than the customary two men would be necessary, would reduce the excess of outlay to a minimum: the proportions being for the magneto-electric light,—first cost, about one-sixth more, and for maintenance about half as much again. When there were two lights adjacent, a portion of the machinery necessary for one could be applied to both, and the working expenses would then be, for the two lights, in the proportion of 1:142 magnetic to 1:000 oil, or thereabouts.

The great questions involved are quality, intensity, and efficiency of light. Regarded from this point, the magneto-electric is very much the cheaper; that is to say, it gives a great deal more for the money. Moreover, the intensity and penetrative power of the light can be increased indefinitely, at a very small ratio of increased cost.

If space could be afforded to me, I should have no difficulty in showing, by considerations of pure science, that from the very nature of light itself, the magneto-electric light must be enormously greater in penetrative power than the flame of the oil-lamp; but it is sufficient for the present to express my thanks that through the medium of your pages the attention of the general public has

been directed to the facts by which this is being practically proved. F. H. HOLMES.

THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

January 1, 1863.

I am always unwilling to obtrude myself upon public attention with regard to any personal matter; but I venture to trouble you with the statement of a few facts connected with the subject of the Postage-Stamp.

In the *Athenæum* of December the 13th you gave an extract from Dr. Gray's 'Hand Catalogue of Postage-Stamps,' in which he says, "I believe I was the first who proposed the system of small uniform rates of postage, to be prepaid by stamps." Some remarks upon Dr. Gray's statement having been made in the *Athenæum* of the 20th, by Sir Rowland Hill, Dr. Gray, in a letter of the 27th, enters into an explanation to this effect:—that "in the year 1834, when the Newspaper Postage Act was under discussion, the idea occurred to him that as the postage of newspapers was prepaid by means of stamps, the readiest mode of applying those stamps would be by means of stamped covers"; that he "came to the conclusion that the new system of newspaper postage should be extended to letters also"; and that his idea was "in fact, the mere application of the system used with regard to newspapers to letters in general."

I have first to observe, that "the new system of newspaper postage,"—that is, as I understand the expression to mean, the system of paying the postage of an unstamped newspaper by a stamp on its cover,—did not come into operation at all till 1855, when it was enacted that "it shall not be compulsory (except for the purpose of free transmission by the post) to print any newspaper on paper stamped." A really new system was then inaugurated, which is now universally adopted.

Secondly, upon referring to Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, I find no record in the five volumes for the year 1834, that in that year "the Newspaper Postage Act was under discussion." But I do find in Hansard, and also in the 'Mirror of Parliament,' a Report of a debate on the 22nd of May, 1834, upon a resolution moved by Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, "That it is expedient to repeal the Stamp Duty on Newspapers at the earliest possible period." In that debate, Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, then Member for Hull, in advocating the payment of a penny upon an unstamped newspaper sent by post, said as follows: "To put an end to any objections that might be made as to the difficulty of collecting the money, he would adopt the suggestion of a person well qualified to give an opinion on the subject,—he alluded to Mr. Knight, the publisher. That gentleman recommended that a stamped wrapper should be prepared for such newspapers as it was desired to send by post, and that each wrapper should be sold at the rate of a penny by the distributors of stamps, in the same way as receipt stamps." (Hansard, vol. 23, p. 1214.)

I have to add that the recommendation alluded to by Mr. M. D. Hill was made by me in a private letter to Lord Althorp, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In 1837, in their Ninth Report, the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the management of the Post-office recommended "the free circulation of letters by the *two-penny post* under stamped covers." Mr. Rowland Hill was examined before these Commissioners, having then published the second edition of his celebrated pamphlet, disclosing his project for penny postage. In that second edition (to which Dr. Gray refers in his last letter) is the following statement: "A few years ago," says Mr. R. Hill, "when the expediency of entirely abolishing the newspaper stamp, and allowing newspapers to pass through the Post-office for a penny each, was under consideration, it was proposed by Mr. Charles Knight, the publisher, that the postage on newspapers might be collected by selling stamped wrappers at a penny each. Availing myself of this excellent suggestion, I propose the following arrangement: Let stamped covers and sheets of paper be supplied to the public from the Stamp office or Post-office, as may be most

convenient, and sold at such a price as to include the postage: letters so stamped might be put into the letter-box, as at present."

CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL VILLENEUVE.

January 1, 1863.

THE accusation brought by some persons against Napoleon, that the death of Admiral Villeneuve must have happened with his sanction, "and even under his very orders" (which has been rejected by Sir Edward Cust), would receive a strong contradiction if the letter, said to have been written to Napoleon by the Admiral when detained at Rennes, were genuine, as the following extracts from it will show:—

"Sir,—You ought to recall to your recollection that when Latouche died at Toulon, I held the command at Rochefort, and hesitated to take his place. I was at that time fully convinced that, whosoever might have to execute the dangerous and badly-conceived plan of operations for the combined fleets of France and Spain, he would be disgraced as well as defeated, should his unlucky star cause him to outlive an action (almost inevitable) with an enemy who were accustomed to conquer, and whose cruisers covered every sea. . . . On the orders which were given me the 24th of September last, to return to Toulon with the combined fleet (and we were watched by the English fleet), I replied that these orders should be executed; at the same time I reminded the Minister of my first resignation, and of my fears of the doubtful results of any engagement by sea; and I informed him of my resolution, whether I should prove to be victorious or vanquished, to retire for good from a post of danger, which my principles and your harsh and impetuous character would not suffer me to hold. . . . When, in the midst of your fortunate and ambitious operations in Germany, my report was laid before you, did you not, with your usual warmth and rigour, exclaim: 'I see it is absolutely necessary to make an example of this French Byng before victory will become the order of the day with my fleets'? A thousand voices have repeated these harsh expressions—this sentence of death pronounced upon a French admiral by a foreign and savage usurper, while my despatches are kept behind, and have, perhaps, never been read at all: despatches containing some unpleasant truths, which would not have added to the lustre of your military and nautical talents, but which would have shown that the same incapacity, the same ambition, which had caused the loss of one French squadron at Aboukir had also caused the loss of another squadron at Trafalgar. . . . During the four years which your tyranny has lasted, my country and its allies have already lost a greater number of war-ships than the royal marine possessed during a great part of the long reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; and if France should long remain under your iron rule her marine will go the way of her commercial marine; and we shall find in our seaports only infamous pirates and ruined merchants. . . . The tone of this letter will convince you that the writer is beyond the reach of your vengeance, and has no reason to fear your dungeons, chains or executioners. The order given me by your Minister not to come near Paris without your express permission has deferred the moment of your punishment and the deliverance of the human race. I was resolved not to survive the ruin of the French Navy, and I had decided to kill you before destroying myself for having been your instrument, and for having contributed, by forgetfulness of my duty and my birth, to my own personal dishonour and the disgrace of my profession. . . . As you are one of the greatest criminals on the earth your death will be sudden and terrible. An avenger or executioner will put an end to a career of atrocities which to the shame of our age you have too long pursued. In order that future generations, who may blame some parts of my life, may not be ignorant of the sincere repentance and patriotic feelings which I feel at the hour of death, copies of this letter have been sent to several officers of the French Navy.

If your death had preceded my suicide, not only the present generation, but all future time would have proclaimed me a liberator and revered me as a deliverer. Altars and statues would have risen in memory of me. Tremble, tyrant! You are abhorred, and the curses of mankind will follow you to the grave!"

This letter is copied from the 'Tableau de l'Histoire de France,' vol. ii., pp. 484-487, published in 1815; but I do not find any notice of it either in the 'Biographie Maritime,' by Hennequin, published in 1837, nor in the Article 'Villeneuve,' written by Hennequin in the 'Biographie Universelle,' in 1827; nor in the 'Annales Maritimes,' nor in the work of Admiral Julien de La Gravière; nor is it noticed by the 'Sergent Guillemard,' though it must be confessed that such a testimony would be very questionable, since the statements he made respecting Villeneuve's reported assassination, enlarged upon by Ladier in 1825, are allowed by the same Ladier to be false, together with his own embellishments, in a letter he wrote in 1830, which is published by Hennequin in the 'Biographie Maritime,' vol. iii. p. 508. The story reported by O'Meara, in 'A Voice from St. Helena,' vol. i. p. 56, on the authority of Napoleon, of Villeneuve's having studied anatomical drawings, in order to ascertain the exact position of the heart, and of the "spiggle" he used, does not appear of much weight; but some might think it singular that Napoleon should make no mention of the above letter, nor of that written by Villeneuve to his wife, which proclaims the same intention of committing suicide, a copy of which is given by Hennequin in the 'Biographie Maritime,' and is said to be taken from the registers of the police. The former letter indeed Napoleon might not have been inclined to notice, but why ignore the latter? Are they both forgeries? Is the story of the six wounds true? It is remarkable that, though Hennequin mentions the letter to his wife, and admits the suicide, he speaks of the Admiral's death being caused by "six coups de couteau"; there is, therefore, a difficulty in reconciling these statements and omissions; but if either of the two letters of Villeneuve be genuine, it will suffice to establish the probability of his death having been caused by his own hand.

GARDNER WILKINSON.

BISHOP COLENZO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

Brandon Towers, Belfast, Jan. 1, 1863.

OF late I have frequently heard the remark made by thoughtful men, that many of the replies to 'Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch' are calculated to do more harm than good. It strikes me this is the case with the letter which appears in your last number. Your correspondent, Dr. Forbes, affirms that the Bishop "has demonstrated a consistency in error pervading every part of the Exodus narrative which absolutely forbids our accepting its arithmetic in the form in which it is now presented to us"; but he avoids the conclusion, that "the narrative is therefore *unhistorical* and *uninspired*," by a theory which, though certainly ingenious, receives no support from the Bible or from the history of the Hebrew text. It would have been well had both he and Bishop Colenso examined the Scripture passages, and the facts and numbers recorded in them, with a little more attention, ere they charged them with error. I have no hesitation in affirming that a sound and searching criticism will be found triumphantly to establish the authenticity of the whole Pentateuch in spite of all the arithmetic of Bishop Colenso. Your Correspondent instances three points in the sacred narrative which the Bishop has proved to be positively and palpably erroneous. Truth and justice demand that we give them a full and fair examination before we agree with him.

The first point is, "the improbability, not to say impossibility, of seventy souls multiplying in the course of 215 years into a population of about or over two millions." I maintain that there is no impossibility here; and I also maintain that there can be no error in the numbers, because the whole tenor of the narrative leads us to expect an enormous increase.

Let us look at a few facts. We are told that a

special blessing of vast increase of his seed was repeatedly promised to Abraham (Gen. xii. 2, xv. 5, xvii. 6, xxii. 17), and renewed to Isaac (xxv. 23) and Jacob (xxviii. 14, xxxii. 12, xli. 3). We are told that this blessing rested specially on the Israelites in Egypt (Exod. i. 7). We are told that "Joseph saw Ephraim's children of the third generation; the children also of Machir, the son of Manasseh, were brought up upon Joseph's knees" (Gen. l. 23). Joseph was about 34 years old when his sons were born (Gen. xli. 46-50), and he died aged 110 (l. 26). Hence it follows that in this instance the fourth generation was born, and four generations were alive together, only 75 years after the descent into Egypt. We are told (1 Chron. vii. 22-27) that Joshua was the tenth in descent from Joseph; that is, there were ten generations within the 215 years' residence in Egypt. Again, Nahshon, who was prince of the tribe of Judah at the exodus, was of the sixth generation, and not through the line of eldest sons (1 Chron. ii. 3-10). We have many incidental proofs that the Israelites married very young, and that three and four generations were often alive together (cf. Num. ii. 18, Exod. xvii. 8-16).

These facts prepare the way for a true estimate of the Israelites at the exodus. We are not to form our estimate according to what is probable or usual under ordinary circumstances, but according to what is possible under such extraordinary circumstances. Now suppose that the Israelites remained in Egypt only 215 years. This will give seven generations of nearly 31 years each. Suppose that each man had, on an average, four sons at the age of 30; Benjamin had ten before that age. Suppose further, the number of the males who went down, and afterwards became fathers, to be 67. Calculating upon these data, the number of souls at the exodus would amount to 2,195,456. And this does not include the descendants of Jacob's servants, who were doubtless numerous, nor does it take into account additional children born after the father attained the age of thirty, nor the more rapid increase of those born before that age. In many cases besides that of Joshua there may have been ten generations instead of seven. Bishop Colenso cannot deny that this is possible, nor can he deny that the whole tenor of the narrative warrants us in supposing an enormous and even unparalleled increase.

The second point supposed to "demonstrate" an error in the sacred narrative is the estimated size of the camp in the wilderness,—"not much inferior in compass, we must suppose, to London." It is assumed that the whole two millions of people were grouped close together in a camp. This is opposed alike to the whole tenor of the narrative and to common sense. Any one who has had an opportunity of visiting the great Arab tribes of the Syrian desert can see that the Bishop's difficulties are here purely imaginary. The Israelites had immense flocks and herds (Exod. xii. 38); these, from the necessity of the case, and like the flocks of the modern Bedawin, were scattered far and wide over the peninsula, and probably over the plain northwards. On one occasion I rode for two successive days in a straight line through the flocks of a section of the Anazeh tribe, and the encampment of the chief was then at a noted fountain thirty miles distant at right angles to my course; yet the country was swarming with men and women, boys and girls, looking after the cattle. In like manner the great bulk of the Israelites would be scattered over the desert. The camp would thus be a mere nucleus; large, no doubt, but not approaching the exaggerated estimate of Bishop Colenso. Yet, being the head-quarters of the nation, containing the Tabernacle, the priests and the chiefs, and forming the rallying-point for the warriors, it was the only place with which the sacred historian was concerned. This view, which is natural, Scriptural, and in accordance with the universal practice of Oriental nomads, sweeps away a host of difficulties conjured up by the imagination and then supported by the arithmetic of Bishop Colenso.

The third point is thus stated by your Correspondent:—"But the climax of inconsistency between facts and figures is reached, when we come

to the notice by the Lord to Israel contained in Exod. xxiii. 29, 'I will not drive them (the nations of Canaan) out from before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beast of the field multiply against thee,' and are reminded that by the present numbers (without reckoning the aboriginal Canaanites, 'seven nations greater and mightier' than Israel itself) Canaan would be as 'thickly peopled as the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex' at the present day. It is impossible not to see that on the very face of the narrative a population is pre-supposed widely at variance with the numbers at present existing in the text." It was with no little astonishment I found such an acute writer indorsing this argument of Bishop Colenso. The argument is,—The Israelites numbered *two millions*. Canaan contained only 11,000 square miles. To suppose that with such a population the land could become desolate, or the beast of the field multiply, is absurd. It is further stated, by way of illustration and proof, that Natal contains 18,000 square miles and only 150,000 souls, yet most of the wild beasts have been exterminated.

Here is at once the greatest and most inexcusable blunder in the Bishop's whole book. He takes his estimate of the size of the land from Dr. Kitto, and it is accurate so far as concerns the portion divided among the tribes by Joshua, but that is not the land referred to in Exod. xxiii. 29. Had he looked at verse 31 of that chapter he might have been saved from a blunder of which he may well feel ashamed. The boundaries of the land alluded to are there given:—"From the Red Sea unto the sea of the Philistines, and from the desert unto the river." They were defined before in the promise to Abraham (Gen. xv. 18):—"From the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." That land is 500 miles long by 100 broad, and contains about 50,000 square miles; or nearly *five times* Bishop Colenso's estimate!

Further, the population of that country at the present moment is about two millions, or about equal to the number of the Israelites at the exodus; and I can testify that *more than three-fourths* of the richest and the best of the country lies *completely desolate*. The vast plains of Moab and Esdrælon and the whole valley of the Jordan are without an inhabitant. In the plains of Philistia, Sharon, Bashan, Coelosyria and Hamath, not *one-tenth* of the soil is under cultivation. In one section of Bashan I saw upwards of seventy *deserted* towns and villages. Bishop Colenso says that though the population of Natal is so small, most of the wild beasts have long ago disappeared, and the inhabitants are perfectly well able to maintain their ground against the rest. He forgets, however, to thank gunpowder and the rifle for this. Had the people of Natal contended against the wild beasts as the ancient Jews did, with spears and arrows and slings; had the chiefs of the colony been forced to fight African lions as David fought the lion that attacked his sheep, when he caught him by the beard, and smote him and slew him (1 Sam. xvii. 34), the Bishop would have had a different tale to tell this day. Many of the wild beasts have disappeared from Syria, but many still infest the country. In the plain of Damascus wild swine commit great ravages on the grain. This is the case along the banks of the Jordan and in other places. On the sides of Anti-Lebanon I have known the bears to destroy whole vineyards in a single night. When travelling through some districts of the country my tent was surrounded every night by troops of jackals and hyenas, and more than once they have left me without a breakfast. With my own eyes I have seen jackals dragging corpses from the graves beneath the very walls of Jerusalem. Were it not that the peasants are pretty generally armed with rifles, the grain crops and vineyards in many parts of Syria would be completely destroyed by wild beasts.

The public will now see how very little Bishop Colenso knows of Bible lands, and how wise and good was the Divine promise, "I will not drive them out from before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beast of the field multiply against thee."
J. L. PORTER.

Edinburgh, Jan. 1, 1863.
WOULD you permit me a word of explanation in reference to my letter on Bishop Colenso in the *Athenæum*? I wish to state—lest I should mislead others to trust on what I myself was misled to place reliance, by finding repeated in so respectable a work as Carpenter's 'Scripture Difficulties,' the quotations from Sir William Jones and Diodorus Siculus made by the Author of 'Scripture Illustrated by Natural Science'—that on verifying these (which want of leisure had before prevented me from doing), I find that most of the quotations are inaccurate and cannot with fairness be adduced as lending much confirmation to the explanation suggested of the numerical difficulties. The strongest undoubtedly is the discrepancy between the two statements in Diodorus Siculus of 470 native kings from the time of Moeris and only 47 tombs, which are at once brought into harmony by cutting off the cipher from the larger number.

But let the argument be rested on the internal evidence derived from the Mosaic narrative itself, and the perfect consistency which the proposed explanation introduces into all the details, and I have no fear of the decision to which every candid mind will come.
JOHN FORBES.

ABRAHAM SOLOMON.

A few notes from a friend of Abraham Solomon, the clever young artist who died the other day at Biarritz, will be read with interest. He was born in London, of a respectable but not wealthy Jewish family, with artistic tastes; his brother, Simeon Solomon, and his sister, Rebecca Solomon, both being professional painters. Abraham Solomon was educated at the Royal Academy, of which he was a pupil. The pictures of his which are best known are 'The Rival Beauties,' 'Waiting for the Verdict,' 'The First and Second Class' (2), and 'Found Drowned.' His stay at Biarritz was partly to paint a picture the scene of which is in the locality, but more from the desirability of spending the winter in a warm climate. His health had been failing for some months from heart disease; but his death was unexpected at last, and occurred from a sudden aggravation of serious symptoms, with inflammation of both lungs. He was very much beloved by his private friends, being peculiarly sympathetic, genial and lively, and most peculiarly and remarkably modest; devoted to his art, yet always diffident as regarded himself, and cheerfully and heartily recognizing and proclaiming merit in all others. His conduct in all the relations of life was most exemplary. He leaves a widow to regret her irreparable loss, but no children. Subjoined are some extracts from a letter which he wrote on the 10th of November, in which he inclosed some admirable little sketches illustrative of Biarritz life,—almost his last letter and last sketches. The aspirations in it, and the way in which he speaks of his work in hand, have a deep and melancholy interest, when one thinks of the few days that passed between the date of that letter and the closing of his loved labours in death. "All, indeed, I look for is the *picturesque*, as I trust a large picture I am painting here may in some way testify. It will take me some time, as there are a great number of figures in it; and as we have only been settled here three weeks, it is not as yet more than commenced. The weather is so lovely (bright and sunny as possible, almost summer), that I hope it is likely I may make more way with my work than in London just now, in the midst of November fogs. I am wonderfully better, but still not quite well. I was so unwell on my return from Ilfracombe, that even with the advice I have respecting diet, &c. (which, I believe, is the principal), I can hardly expect to be quite rid of what you heard me complain of, and which, from my usually *robust exterior*, I fancy hardly called, or, indeed, could call forth the sympathy I craved for. I shall be only too glad to be quite well and say no more about it. We are capably housed, right on the sea, which is splendid here always,—earlier in the season, particularly, when one sees, as I hear, four to five hundred fair bathers inducted into the briny ocean something in the manner my sketches attempted to delineate.

I also send another sketch of 'How they teach the young idea,' not to shoot, but to walk. The construction is simple, and certainly not dangerous. The last sketch is the recollection of the only swell left here; I think her rather fine, and the costume might be imitated with advantage. The news here is not, as you may believe, plentiful. All the houses are 'à louer,' which scarcely looks cheerful; but as our art is all-interesting, it hardly affects us. With such wonderful weather, it is astonishing that the season should be over so soon. My wife finds no want of employment looking after me, obstinate as I am; wanting to work ten hours a day, when she will only let me do so half as much. Although the costume here is not specially remarkable, there is a great deal most suggestive, from which I trust to glean some little. The girls are very pretty, and most useful for my style of art,—very Spanish, which in my large picture I have to avoid. It must be essentially French; but I hope to use that characteristic in some smaller work."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A chance reference to the *Athenæum* for January, 1833, suggested a brief comparison of the things which excited attention thirty years ago with the affairs which occupy us now. We found the process rather amusing. In the first week of January, 1833, the President of the United States communicated a warlike message to Congress, in answer to a conditional declaration of independence promulgated by the Legislature of South Carolina on the 24th of November, 1832. The quarrel was soothed for the time by a compromise upon the terms of the obnoxious tariff; but the fire never ceased to burn. Thirty years hence, if, as seems likely, the present disunion should become permanent, historians will talk about the progress towards a rupture as if the struggle had been imminent since the time of Washington; but few indeed have been those who, in the years from 1833-60, have really looked upon it as a practical probability. Scott, Crabbe, Mackintosh, Goethe, Say, Rémusat, Spurzheim, are reported among the losses of the preceding year. We see mention of the names and writings of two who are still among us, Dr. Boott and Miss Martineau. We find materials for reviving, were it desirable, the details of a thing of former days, the withdrawal of the free admission from a dramatic critic, because a theatrical manager did not relish his remarks. On one point this journal—in the best of company—made a great mistake. It speaks of the "extinct Napoleon dynasty," and makes *nothing* out of the initials of Napoleon, Joseph, Hieronimus (Jerome), Joachim and Louis. Political prophecy is like a journey to Corinth—*non cuius contingit*. There is a remark upon Cowper which is suggestive. The reader is recommended to compare the first edition of the translation of Homer with the last, to see how often, by a fortunate touch, he communicated life and strength to a weak or obscure point, and how frequently he dismissed lines, rough but happy, for others more polished and harmonious. We have sometimes thought a useful collection might be made out of the rough drafts which have been published long after the finished work had obtained its fame. The *Livre des Cent-et-Un* is in its ninth volume, now. We hear of the first part of Charles Lamb's article 'On the total Defect of the quality of Imagination observable in the works of modern British Artists.' There are more artists now who can write than there were, and British Art has thriven well since thirty years ago, so that it can both attack and defend itself. Another little squabble was the abolition of the distinction of seats at the Philharmonic Concerts, and the anger of the exclusives thereat. The opening of the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide Street, with Perkins's steam-gun and other rarities, will now look like a forerunner of much more extensive Exhibitions. The eminent success of 'Nell Gwynne' at Covent Garden, by "Mr. Jerrold," is announced. In law the baptismal name is the name; we now begin to be aware that the surname is what a man pleases, even though the Lord Chancellor himself should declare it to be the Queen's prerogative.

gative. But in letters a man must win his way to his Christian name by sheer force of notoriety, of one kind or the other; and at the time we recall, we have no doubt that "— Jerrold, Esq.," was the address of many a letter sent to the author of 'Black-Eyed Susan.' In the *Athenæum* for January 5, 1833, No. 271, by which it is apparent that the journal had then existed 5 years and 11 weeks, there are 16 pages published at fourpence. Few serials had then beaten us in cheapness; but the journal of that day looks small, as to quantity of matter, compared with what it is to-day. Taking our issue (No. 1834) for December 20, 1862 (the day on which we are making these notes), we find 40 pages at three-pence. To this it must be added that our large-type columns are now 4 lines longer and 4 letters broader. No. 271 gives 37 columns of reading and 11 columns of advertisements; No. 1834 gives 52 columns of reading and 68 columns of advertisements. Thirty years ago our readers got 12 columns for a penny; on the 20th of December last they got 40 columns for the same sum.

We learn that it is the intention of several ethnologists of the more advanced liberal school to found a new Society, to be entitled the "Anthropological Society of London," upon the model of the Société Anthropologique de Paris. The support of many of our best ethnologists has already been given to the new plan.

Mr. J. J. Sheahan, the author or editor of 'A History and Topography of Buckinghamshire,' recently published by the Messrs. Longman, has placed in our hands some direct evidence on the question as to whether Mr. Disraeli was or was not connected with the *Representative* newspaper. Mr. Sheahan had to submit to Mr. Disraeli for revision a brief biographical notice, in which he had copied the ordinary books of reference as to that story. Mr. Disraeli replied: "I have made no additions, and have only taken the liberty of correcting and condensing what you have so obligingly said of myself. I have made it a rule throughout life never to attempt to correct a misstatement respecting myself, provided it did not impugn my honour; but when utterly erroneous statements are submitted for my sanction, I hope there is no egotism in my presuming to correct them—as, for example, the constantly-repeated story of a newspaper called the *Representative*, in which I never wrote a single line, and never was asked to write a single line, and others." Unless there is some error in this account, Mr. Disraeli's note settles the question, and puts an end, authoritatively, to a bit of contemporary gossip.

We hear from the best quarter that the complaint of our Dresden Correspondent as to the clause of the new Postal Treaty between England and Prussia raising the cost of sending London journals into Germany is founded on misconception of some kind. The German version of the Treaty may have been imperfect, or he may have read it hastily. It is true that the postage on books and papers for the German States must now be paid in advance; but for all papers under four ounces in weight, the rate will be 2d. This will be the case with the *Athenæum*. A twopenny stamp being affixed to it in London, the Prussian Post-office will be bound to deliver it to the subscriber free of charge.

Among the papers to be read next Thursday at the Royal Society, we notice one by Mr. Francis Galton, 'On the Theory of Cyclones,' an important meteorological question. Another by Dr. Pavy may be described as an attempt to answer the question—"Why does not the Stomach Digest itself during Life?" This is an inquiry which has long engaged the attention of theoretical and experimental physiologists; and we should be glad to see the answer established on some more definite and satisfactory proposition than that of the "protection afforded by the living principle."

But a few weeks since we announced the award of the Royal Society's Copley Medal to the Master of the Mint, for his valuable contributions to chemical science, particularly his paper 'On Dialysis.' A recognition of their merit and importance has just been received from across the Channel, in the form of a communication from the Institute

at Paris, stating that the Jeckers Prize has been adjudged to Mr. Graham. The Copley Medal, which Davy called the "ancient olive crown" of the Royal Society, is of small value intrinsically. The Jeckers Prize is five thousand francs.

The municipality of Florence have done honour to themselves and to the memory of Mrs. Barrett Browning by placing a marble slab in the wall of the house she occupied in that city. The slab bears an inscription in Italian to this effect:—Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived, wrote and died in this house. She was a woman who, with a woman's heart, possessed the wisdom of a sage and the spirit of a true poet, and made her poetry a golden band between Italy and England.

One of our letters from Rome has some gossip about the visit of the Prince of Wales. The Prince ran round the studios with the ease of a private gentleman. He bought only two pictures,—one from Penry Williams, the other from Rudolph Lehmann. At the studio of the latter an incident occurred which exhibits the thoughtfulness and goodnature of the young Prince. Mr. Lehmann was arranging his room, and whitewashing his lobby, when an Italian *valet de place* rushed in upon him announcing "Il Principe Inglese!" The artist was a little embarrassed; the Prince tried to put him at his ease by asking to see his book of portraits. Even that was at home,—not at the studio. Mr. Lehmann offered to go and fetch it. "How long will it take you?" asked the Prince.—"A quarter of an hour."—"Then I will wait with pleasure." The Prince lit a cigar, and Mr. Lehmann rolled home in the Prince's carriage. Louis the Fourteenth, under a similar trial, had to say "J'ai failli attendre." The Prince sat out the time, and bought one of the unfinished pictures on the wall; the artist returned, and had the honour of a sitting and an invitation to dinner. A portrait of the Prince of Wales has been added to Mr. Lehmann's remarkable book of contemporary heads.

The Indian Council have decided on a Submarine Cable across the Persian Gulf. They have not given over this national work, as usual, to any company, contractor, or *concessionnaire*. The management is intrusted to Col. Stewart, one of their own officers. The core will be gutta percha, made at the Gutta Percha Company's Works, Wharf Road. It will be tested by Reid's process of pressure equal to the depth of sea where the cable is to be laid. Mr. Henley, of North Woolwich, will make the iron sheathing, and our own Government ships will submerge it.

Mr. Huntly Gordon writes, again:—

January 1, 1863.

"My friend Mr. Murray, with his usual courtesy, has pointed out to me that "I was probably ignorant of the fact that the title of Scott's novel is 'Woodstock, or the Cavalier.' That is precisely the case. I never read 'Woodstock' except in manuscript before it was published, and then it had only one title; the addition of 'the Cavalier' must have been an after-thought. And at this distance of time I did not remember that the Parliamentary General Harrison was introduced and described in one scene, to which Mr. Borrow alludes. I am very sorry to have been "playing at cross purposes" with the Author of 'The Bible in Spain,' which has no greater admirer than the undersigned. But Mr. Borrow should call *things* as well as persons by their right names. If he had spoken of Scott's 'Astrologer,' would any one have guessed that he meant 'Guy Mannering'? I do not presume to enter into a discussion on the literary merits of 'Woodstock,' but it would be easy to prove that though one of Scott's "second-class" tales it exhibits many traits of genius, which I am sorry that Mr. Borrow cannot see.

"GEO. HUNTLY GORDON."

Mrs. Katharine Thomson, who died at Dover of gastric fever on the 19th ult., was the widow of the late eminent physician, Dr. A. Todd Thomson, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Byerley, of Etruria, in Staffordshire. She was known to the public as the author of many works of biography and fiction, the first of which, a 'Life of Wolsey,' was written for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Her first novel, called 'Constance,' was

published anonymously, and met with success—an animated picture of country life some forty years ago; it also paints the character of Dr. Parr, with whom the authoress was well acquainted. The next two novels published with her name were less popular, and Mrs. Thomson turned to biography. 'The Life of Raleigh,' 'The Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth,' were followed by 'Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.' The research and reading requisite for these works gave her material for a series of historical novels,—'Anne Boleyn,' 'Raglan Castle,' 'The White Mask,' 'The Chevalier.' In addition to these works she published 'Lives of the Jacobites,' and two novels, 'Tracy, or the Apparition,' and 'Widows and Widowers.' The death of Dr. Thomson, in 1849, put a stop for a time to her literary pursuits. On Mrs. Thomson's return to England, after some years' residence abroad, she published a novel, 'Court Secrets,' founded on the well-known story of Kaspar Hauser, 'Faults on both Sides,' and 'Memoirs of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.' Her later works were written conjointly with her son, and published under the *noms de plume* of Grace and Philip Wharton, 'The Queens of Society' and 'Wits and Beaux.' The 'Literature of Society,' only just given to the world, was Mrs. Thomson's last production. Her fellow-worker, J. C. Thomson, was accidentally drowned at Tenby whilst bathing.

The building for the Ottoman National Exhibition, which has for some time past been in progress on the Hippodrome, Constantinople, rapidly approaches completion; the roof, which is to be of glass, was expected to be finished by the current week. Many appointments have been made by the Government of officials, and arrangements for the distribution and disposition of space are being considered. A trophy of Albanian arms is to be placed near the entrance of the building, *vis-à-vis* to another formed of cannon and small arms of Turkish Government manufacture. Is this intended as a sort of political hint of the relative value of the two? A great deal of embroidery made in the hareems of the capital is expected, the ladies being reported as ambitious of medals and "honourable mentions." For the admission of ladies a special day will be set apart, when no male individuals will enter: in a like manner, the ladies are to be officially excluded on the remaining days.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* publishes two little poems by the late Ludwig Uhland, the last ones, it is asserted, which he wrote. However short, they are exceedingly beautiful (especially the one inscribed 'Auf den Tod eines Kindes'), and we cannot refuse ourselves the sad pleasure of communicating them to the English friends of the German poet:—

Am Morgen des 27. Mai 1861.

Morgenluft so rein und kühl,
Liesel! tausend allem Volke,
Wirst du dich am Abend schwül
Thürmen zur Gewitterwolke?

Auf den Tod eines Kindes.

Du kamst, du gingst mit leiser Spur,
Ein flücht'ger Gast im Erdenland.
Woher? wohin?—wir wissen nur:
Aus Gottes Hand in Gottes Hand.

—How fine, how sweet, how pure! What a touching evening chime of this noble poet!

Another attempt has been made to explain the mystery of the construction of the Pyramids. The present exponent is Mahomed Bey, a learned Eastern, who states that they were constructed with their present face-angles to receive the direct rays of the star Sirius, which was the Egyptian Judge of the Dead.

A very interesting account has been lately given to the Chamber of Commerce at Lyons of the success attending an attempt to grow cotton at Valence, on the Rhone. The pods are stated to have been remarkably fine, and the staple excellent. It is not generally known that an extreme south latitude is not absolutely necessary to grow cotton: during the long wars of the first Napoleon, the whole of Europe was supplied with Italian cotton, some of which was grown as far north as Tuscany.

Dr. Sighart, Professor in the Lyceum of Freising, has published the first volume of a History

of the Fine Arts in Bavaria, with a complete accompaniment of vignettes and illustrations. Bits of sculpture and architecture, old pictures in various churches and monasteries, are generally the subjects engraved; and as the first volume deals entirely with the earliest times, nothing more perfect could have been chosen. The book is more or less antiquarian, and goes with almost superfluous minuteness into particulars which do not bear very strongly on the main stream of artistic history. But, with the drawback of not being exactly readable, it has an unimpeachable value as a work of reference; and future writers on the art of those early times cannot be too grateful to Dr. Sighart for the facts he has collected, and the engravings with which he has illustrated them.—Another historian of Art, perhaps more widely known as author of a Handbook to Italy, Dr. Ernst Förster, has begun the issue of his Miscellaneous Writings with a series of letters from Italy in the years 1833 and 1837, and a few sketches of travels in England and Scotland during the Great Exhibition. Dr. Förster went to Italy to study the remains of Early Italian Art, both for sketching and historical purposes. The details he gives us of Italian thought and manners at that time contrast strongly with the present advanced state of the liberated nation: the bigotry and prejudice, ignorance of the greatest names in their churches and galleries, and thanklessness towards the strangers who discovered their treasures, show that the people was not yet awakened from its dream of servitude. In Padua, Dr. Förster discovered a series of frescoes in the Chapel of San Giorgio; but his discovery merely caused the people to abuse him as a "bizarro Ultramontano," and no thanks were ever given him by the town. "They even made me pay duty for the colours I got from Germany to restore the frescoes with," he observes. The most interesting part of the volume is the account of a journey through the Papal States during the cholera in 1837, when the peasants took up arms and refused a passage to every one coming from Rome, and patrols had to keep the roads open, and quarantine had to be performed in each village.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.
JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by living British Artists, is now OPEN daily from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES IN OIL, from Subjects in Punch, with several New Pictures not hitherto Exhibited, is OPEN every day from 10 till dusk, illuminated with Gas, at the AUCTION MART near the Bank.—Admission, One Shilling.—Will Close on the 9th inst.

THE GEORGE CRUKSHANK GALLERY, EXETER HALL, contains a Selection of over a Thousand of his PROOF ETCHINGS, SKETCHES, &c. embracing a Period of upwards of Fifty Years; together with THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.—Open daily, from Ten to Five o'clock.—Admission, One Shilling; from Half-past Seven to Half-past Nine in the Evening, Sixpence.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS to EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 5 o'clock.

SCIENCE

The Science of Home Life. By Albert J. Bernays. (Allen & Co.)—The idea of Dr. Bernays's book is excellent. What we really want is good books explanatory of the science of every-day life. Liebig's 'Familiar Letters on Chemistry' are an excellent example, but they start from too high a point. Our boys and girls cannot master the great first principles as he enunciates them. Johnston's 'Chemistry of Common Life' is much more attractive and readable. Dr. Bernays has evidently read these two books, and has conceived something between the two; but he has neither the philosophy of the one, nor the minute accuracy of the other. We feel, as we read his book, that we have met with it all before. The parts in which he excels are evidently those processes and details of home life with which he is practically conversant; but, in trying to deal with everything, he treats of subjects which he plainly does not understand. The great fault of all books on che-

tical physiology is the persistent conviction of all chemists, from Liebig downwards, that animal and vegetable bodies are but a congeries of chemical apparatus. Now, there is no doubt that the juices of plants and the flesh and blood of animals undergo chemical changes during their life; but this is not all, and however useful chemical knowledge may be, it is worse than useless to ignore other paths of inquiry, and lay down the laws of life upon chemical principles alone. But we should be doing Dr. Bernays an injustice if we left it to be supposed that he treated of chemical physiology alone. Candles and gas, soap and water, noble metals and base metals, atmospheric air and china, are amongst the subjects on which he discourses familiarly for the benefit of the family. It must not, however, be supposed that this or any other book of science will give information of permanent and practical value unless its teachings are illustrated by facts. In the hands of a class, with a good teacher such as we make no doubt, Dr. Bernays is, the book would be of value.

Treatise on Logarithms. By the Rev. J. Hunter. (Longman & Co.)—This is one of Gleig's School Series. It is a treatise, without tables, and is likely to be useful. It has plenty of examples.

Algebra made Easy. By T. Tate. (Longman & Co.)—This work, with its key, is a new edition of a useful beginner's book.

An Elementary Treatise on the Planetary Theory. By C. H. H. Cheyne. (Macmillan & Co.)—A small but sufficient commencement to a large subject. The planetary theory is one which especially requires to be cut down for beginners by a good hand; and Mr. Cheyne has done it well.

Mathematics for Practical Men. By the late Dr. Olinthus Gregory; edited by Prof. T. R. Young. (Lockwood & Co.)—This is the fourth edition of a well-known work. Mr. Young has presented it like a skilful editor; and this is all we need say.

The Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge. (Cambridge, Deighton & Co.)—This book, besides an account of the Colleges, contains chapters on University expenses, on the choice of a College, on the different courses of reading, &c. It is more to the purpose of a parent who has a son destined for Cambridge than the *Calendar*, though that is not by any means superseded.

Air and Water; their Impurities and Purification. By Henry B. Condy. (Davis.)—Mr. Condy was the fortunate introducer of the permanganates as deodorizing and disinfectant agents. He does not at first appear to have been aware of the real value of the agents he employed; but, by the aid of the experiments of a number of medical and scientific authorities, he has come to the knowledge of the real value of the substances he manufactures. The present essay is an attempt to show how the permanganates act in the purification of air and water. If the account had been correct, it would have been an interesting contribution to sanitary literature; but the author has too much an eye for the sale of "Condy's Fluid" to render his remarks of much value. At the same time, the permanganates present to the chemist a highly interesting field of study, for it is in the permanganic acid of which they are formed that the ozone of Schönbein really exists: for, although Professor Frankland, and those who think with him, can deny the existence of ozone in the air, they cannot deny its existence in these compounds. This active form of oxygen is as powerful a deodorizer and disinfectant as chlorine itself, and in its direct applications is much freer from danger; hence the value of the permanganates in a sanitary point of view. The beautiful and changeable colour of the solutions of the permanganates renders them ready agents as colour-tests; and for the detection of the organic impurities of water and air nothing more available has yet been employed. The theory of their rise is readily apprehended when it is known that the atoms of oxygen which exist as ozone in the permanganates are consumed or destroyed by contact with organic matters, the bright and beautiful permanganates being converted into dull and dirty manganates. From what we have said, it will be seen that these new salts possess properties worthy of being studied; and whilst we strongly recommend the substances

manufactured by Mr. Condy, we warn our readers that they will gain little by what he has written.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| Mov. | Entomological, 7. |
| Tues. | Ethnological, 8. |
| — | Civil Engineers, 8.—'Railway Telegraph,' Mr. Preece. |
| — | Royal Institution, 3.—'Air and Water' (Juvenile Lectures), Prof. Frankland. |
| — | Photographic, 8.—'Photography and Magic Lantern Educationally considered,' Mr. Highley. |
| Wed. | Geological, 8.—'Lower Carboniferous Brachiopoda, Nova Scotia,' Mr. Davidson; 'Gravel Deposits, Ludlow, &c.,' Mr. Curley; 'N. Extension of Upper Silurian Passage-Beds to Lindley, Salop,'—'Crustacean Tracts, Old Red Sandstone, Ludlow,' Mr. Roberts. |
| — | Royal Society of Literature, 8. |
| Thurs. | Royal Academy, 8.—'Architecture,' Prof. Spink. |
| — | Royal Institution, 3.—'Air and Water' (Juvenile Lectures), Prof. Frankland. |
| — | Royal, 8.—'Monamines V.,—Action of Iodide of Methyl on Aniline, VI.,—Transformation of Aniline into Benzoic Acid,' Dr. Hofmann; 'Synthesis of Leucic Acid,' Dr. Frankland; 'Theory of Cyclones,' F. Galton; 'Immunity enjoyed by the Stomach from being Digested,' Dr. Pavv. |
| — | Antiquarian, 8. |
| Fri. | Archæological Institute, 4. |
| — | Astronomical, 8. |

FINE ARTS

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

THE Arundel Society's publications for the current year appear with greater punctuality than heretofore, and are of unusual importance. The map-like outlines from portions of old works of Art, for a long time among the customary issues, are, we are glad to believe, not to be again employed; their value under any circumstances which permitted the use of another means of record is very doubtful, even if produced by some highly-skilled artist; while the process of tracing adopted for them is about the worst that could be devised. Instead of these wiry outlines, we get a clear and beautiful engraving, by Herr Schäffer, of a drawing, by M. Kupelwieser, from Fra Angelico's fresco 'St. Stephen distributing Alms,' in the Chapel of Nicholas V. in the Vatican. Of this and like works executed at that place by Angelico, Vasari says, "Many and various labours having rendered his name famous throughout all Italy, he was invited to Rome by Pope Nicholas V., who caused him to adorn the chapel of the palace, where the Pontiff is accustomed to hear Mass, with a 'Deposition from the Cross' and with certain events from the life of San Lorenzo [he should have added St. Stephen], which are admirable." About the same time, it would appear from the context, Angelico executed several fine illuminations, such as the Arundel Society published last year. With these and other works the Pope was so delighted that, finding the painter to be "a person of most holy life, modest and gentle," he desired to make him archbishop of his native city, Florence, which office Angelico escaped with some difficulty, and by recommending his friend the Frater Antonino, "a man well skilled in the art of governing others, a friend of the poor, and one who feared God,"—a recommendation so worthily answered by the event that about eighty years afterwards he was canonized by Adrian VI.

Angelico was certainly at the time (about 1446) this picture was painted in the most admirable and perfect possession of his characteristic power as an artist, for if it does not quite equal the splendid frescoes that still glorify the walls of St. Mark, at Florence, in spirit and largeness of treatment, this work may be accepted as expressive of the peculiarities of his style in general, more even than those works are. In the course of his visit to Rome the Frater painted two chapels, one of which only is preserved. This one contains five pictures, representing the lives of SS. Lawrence and Stephen. That of 'St. Stephen Preaching,' companion to the one engraved now, is full of expression and sweetness. The Society has already published similar engravings from this series representing St. Stephen before the Council, St. Lawrence distributing alms, the same before the Emperor Decius, together with the SS. Matthew and Bonaventura, by the same. In the work before us the Deacon is standing at the gate of the church; we see part of a Florentine street of Angelico's time, with the high-walled garden whose taller trees look over a group of rounded or angular towers and lofty four-square

palaces of the plainest form,—a street-view probably as well known to those who lived in the painter's day as the Strand is to us. In the 'St. Stephen Preaching' is a somewhat similar background; that of 'St. Lawrence distributing Alms' gives us a vista of the nave of a Renaissance church, with a semi-dome to the distant apex that is lighted with five high windows,—a locality doubtless as well known as the street-views were. The great charm about this work is the exquisite simplicity and naturalness of the expressions: the recipients come for their dole with the confident grace of people who are neither shamed nor degraded by the gift. Now-a-days it is hardly needful to say anything in honour of this marvellous and pure painter; but what was the state of public feeling about him sixty years ago may be guessed from a remark of Lanzi's, that "he was truly the Guido (!) of his age."

The Arundel Society continues to publish the scores of transcripts from the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, Florence; the present instalments comprise a chromo-lithograph from Masolino's double-subject picture of 'SS. Peter and John healing the Cripple, and St. Peter raising Petronilla,' well known for its grace, spirit, dignity and expressiveness. The two young Florentines, dressed in the fashion of the painter's day, who walk conversing through the street as if two miracles were not going on at their elbows, are charmingly beautiful in design and full of character. Their introduction, and that of similar figures, has a touch of pictorial satire such as the old painters delighted in, and no doubt often brought a thought of the lasting miracle of life to the minds of their contemporaries when they thus saw themselves painted as lost in the world and wrapped up in robes of pleasure: this motive is well expressed by the way in which the youths carry their arms folded under their mantles, while saints and apostles preach in vain. As in the foregoing, we are here given a glimpse into a Florentine street which is very curious. The self-coloured houses with the small, high-placed, and barred windows to the lower apartments, the glassless and shuttered windows, some open, some half and some wholly closed, the linen hanging over the sills, the two chained monkeys who gambol at the windows, the priest in black robes, the lady with the little child talking as they go, the people kneeling in the distance—for they afar off see the miracle—all make up a picture. Masolino da Panicale is said to have been one of the instructors of Masaccio, and was himself taught by Lorenzo Ghiberti, to whom one can see in such works as this the amount of his debt, and so trace the source of much of its character; it resembles in more points than one the panels of the famous Gates by Ghiberti.

The Brancacci Chapel deserves the attention the Arundel Society has given to its pictures from the fact that they were begun by Masolino, continued by Masaccio, and completed by Filippo Lippi, whose picture of 'St. Peter in Prison visited by St. Paul,' from which Raphael borrowed the 'Paul Preaching at Athens,' and 'St. Peter delivered from the Prison by the Angel,' form portions of this year's issue. The last is the most satisfactory of all the current transcripts. The Angel's grace of action and character of face are charmingly rendered.

We observe with much satisfaction that the affairs of this Society are in a flourishing state, and that beyond a doubt it will be able to preserve creditable records of numerous works of Art which time has long grudgingly spared, and which neglect is sure to destroy ere long. Not only this, but the fact that the Society is thriving indicates the existence and increase of a feeling for those noble and purest works in the art of painting which the world knows.

The thirteenth Report of the Society states that the following works are in hand: 'The Conversion of Saul' and 'Stoning of St. Stephen,' from the tapestries after Raphael in the Vatican, of which the original cartoons are wanting at Hampton Court. These are to be engraved. Chromo-lithography will present a copy from Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco at St. Gemignano of 'St. Augustine

Preaching.' Copies for future use and publication have been obtained from Perugino's 'Adoration of the Kings,' at Città della Pieve, and six frescoes by Mantegna, in the Eremitani at Padua: two representing the Martyrdom of St. Christopher, the others scenes in the lives of SS. James the Great and Less: also four drawings from frescoes by Cimabue, Buffalmacco and Simone Memmi, in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, the series of which is to be continued; together with copies of four frescoes by Luini, at Sorano, the best works of the master.—The Society has this year published a fine reduction, in plaster, from the head of one of the horses in the eastern pediment of the Parthenon.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—As usual about this time, some noteworthy pictures have been added to the Winter Exhibition at the French Gallery. These tend considerably to improve its character as a collection of interesting works of Art; there are still, however, a great many paintings that ought never to be exhibited at all. M. Trayer's *Dressing Dolly* (23) needs no description: it is a charming, childlike personation, showing good feeling for colour, a little more solid than the work of the artist generally is.—Mr. Linnell's *Windy Day* (64) is a landscape treated with a rich semi-Venetian warmth of colour, with glowing earth, overarched by deep blue firmament, wherein swim giant masses of white cloud.—Mr. J. C. Hook's *Rustic Courtship* (87), previously exhibited, is one of the best of his Devon studies: a glowing combe, upon whose verdant sides a shy girl and boy are chatting, while the silver-fleeced sheep stray idly by. Right across the sloping removed side of the combe goes a line of dark, grave pines, shutting in almost entirely the vista, and marking the landscape with a strong purpose, as of thought, beyond its richness and redundancy. *Arming the Chevalier Bayard* (246), by the same, is one of the painter's Venetianesque pictures, such as he wisely ceased to produce some years ago.—Mr. Creswick's *Tees, near Barnard Castle* (180), is somewhat mannered, but otherwise renders the swift rush of the river over its grey-stone bed, stark and bare of moss as that is, with felicity.—Mr. J. Campbell's *On the Way to the Fair* (156), two performers with "Punch" wending over a heath, and stared at with characteristic faces by some native children, has remarkable feeling for expression in the locality, actions and faces. Nothing can be better than the visage of the "short" man who bears the musical instruments, unless it be the lathy figure and lugubrious countenance of his companion, who carries the theatre itself. Mr. Campbell, who can draw and paint a face or a head with both care and beauty, and can enter fully into the phases of human character that express themselves in the cut of a man's hair, the turn of his wrists, the fold of his cuffs, the set of his neck-cloth or the wearing of his trowsers, is incapable of putting a man on his legs.—Mr. Hodgson's *Study of a Head, A Devon Man* (134), is well painted and full of character.—M. Duverger's *Broken Pitcher* (248), a boy lamenting spilt milk, has humour and excellent painting. Nothing can be better expressed than the grief of the blue-bloused youngster who rubs his eyes so vigorously. *The Juvenile Toilette* (246), by the same, is a charming little picture. A very juvenile Frenchman is seated on a chair, while he most sedulously and seriously ties his boots on. His gravity is admirably given, the action of the figure most truthful, the colour excellent in the rich low key the French *genre* school delights in. M. Duverger, always more solid in his manner of painting than M. E. Frère, produces works generally less obnoxious to the charge of "over-sweetness" or varnishy treatment than those by the last. In these instances he quite equals M. E. Frère in humour and character.

The Academy of the Beaux Arts, at its last sitting, elected as a Corresponding Member, Mr. John Pye, surveyor, of London.

The church of Bray, Berkshire, not unknown by association of ideas with the office of a certain Vicar, has been restored. A new roof has been placed; the walls heightened; intruding and un-

sightly walls so situated as to interfere with both sight and sound have been removed from the interior, and the edifice made stronger than ever by additional arches and buttresses. Other interior improvements have been effected; we do not hear, however, that the famous vane has been removed, or made to go more easily on its pivot.

Notre Dame, Paris, was, after being closed for "restoration," re-opened to the public on Christmas Day. The decorations are of the richest and most effective, if not the most perfect, order. The most remarkable addition to the edifice has been the monument to Monsignore Affre, Archbishop of Paris, who, in 1848, died upon the barricades with the words "May my blood be the last shed." A life-size statue of the Archbishop has been placed upon a pedestal. He is represented falling upon a barricade holding an olive-branch in his right hand and in the left the crucifix. On the side facing the choir is written, "Denis Auguste, Archbishop of Paris, born 28th of September, 1793; died, the victim of charity for his flock, the 28th of June, 1848." The design of the monument is quite out of character with that of the surrounding cathedral.

The Italian Government, desiring to mark its sympathy with modern progress in the Arts, and in the hope of completing one of the most famous architectural monuments in the country, has invited architects to send in by the beginning of the year (1863) designs for the completion of the west front of the Duomo at Florence. This invitation has not been restricted to Italians living at home or in foreign countries, but the competition, which embraces three grades of premiums, has been thrown open to the world, and several distinguished French architects are understood to be about to compete. Amongst the Englishmen are, we believe, Mr. Papworth and Mr. Burges, the last successful competitor for the Memorial Church at Constantinople, and, with Mr. Clutton, for the Cathedral at Lille. Mr. Burges is also known as the successful restorer of Waltham Abbey. The restoration of the Duomo at Florence, or rather the finishing of its west end, has been an architectural problem for several centuries. Arnolfo da Lapo began it in 1294, and before his death in 1300, probably, carried it as far as the springing of the vaults. The nave and smaller domes of the choir may have been built in the next twenty years. Arnolfo, after the fashion of Mediaeval architects, left no drawings to show how the work was to be completed. Brunelleschi took the work in hand, and covered in its magnificent "crossing" with the present enormous dome, an octagon. Mr. Fergusson suggests that Arnolfo intended to use an octagonal dome-tower, diminishing in stages and surmounted by a spire, the whole to be about 500 feet high, after the general fashion of Chiavalle, near Milan, a contemporary work. The proper method of completing the west front is open to much discussion, and will doubtless engage the attention of many architects.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CHRISTMAS PIECES.—Within the last half-century quite a new branch of literature has grown up in the shape of pantomimes and burlesques, which are now required in such numbers that the professional authors who regularly engage themselves in such compositions are greatly in request. Some of these writers are called on to provide more than one such work for the Christmas season. Mr. H. J. Byron, one of the most skilful of the punsters in burlesque dialogue, is the author this year of no fewer than four Christmas pieces. At COVENT GARDEN we meet with him as the author of a burlesque opening to a pantomime entitled 'Harlequin Beauty and the Beast; or, the Gnome Queen and the Good Fairy,' in which Mr. Byron has presented the public with an original and ingenious treatment of a familiar subject, which, assisted with some beautiful scenery by Mr. William Callcott, has proved very successful. At the ADELPHI, the same clever writer has allegorized the story of 'George de Barnwell,' as he has chosen to dignify the name of the youth who murdered

his uncle, as the introduction to a pantomime; and, throwing it, like John Bunyan, into a dream, has contrived to wring a better moral from the subject than Lillo found in it. At the STRAND, Mr. Byron has ambitiously travestied the romance of 'Ivanhoe,' modifying the characters "according to the spirit of the times," and has succeeded in producing a magnificent caricature, which is likely to crowd this little theatre nightly to inconvenience. And lastly, he appears at the ST. JAMES'S, with a fanciful extravaganza entitled 'Golden Hair the Good,' in three *tableaux*, which, for invention and delicate execution, merits literary distinction.—Mr. E. L. Blanchard has furnished the season with two excellent pantomimes, one at DRURY LANE, entitled 'Goody Two Shoes; or, Harlequin Cock Robin,' in which he has combined two nursery tales with his usual skill. It is illustrated with some really gorgeous scenery by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, and introduces a clever ballet by Mr. Oscar Byrne. On the first night it was triumphant. We may mention here that the house has been completely renovated, and the interior ornamented in the arabesque style of Louis Quatorze, imitated from the gilded trellis-work in the celebrated theatre of the Imperial Palace at Versailles. The boxes, too, have all been thrown open, and are now furnished with handsome velvet chairs that occupy the whole space even to the wall of the lobby.—At the PRINCESS'S, Mr. Blanchard's pantomime is an exceedingly pleasing production, somewhat ambitious in its aim, and enriching the dialogue with a fair sprinkling of puns. The subject is taken from Mother Bunch's tales, and relates the story of 'Riquet with the Tuft.' The production has had the advantage of Mr. William Beverley's pencil, and the action is illustrated with much exquisite scenery.—Mr. William Brough, at the HAYMARKET, has placed 'Rasselas' on the stage, and brought forward Dr. Johnson himself, in the person of Mr. Tilbury, to act as Chorus. The piece is well supported, and has proved eminently successful.—At the OLYMPIC, Mr. F. C. Burnand has chosen the popular subject of 'Robin Hood' for a burlesque, and treated it in a manner likely to make it permanently attractive.—Mr. Boucicault, at his new theatre, WESTMINSTER, has provided himself with a pantomime which reverts to the old style of discarding dialogue, and depending alone on the action and dumb show. The experiment has been successful. The subject is of the author's own invention, and the piece is called 'Lady-Bird; or, Harlequin Lord Dunderreary.' It commanded an overflowing house and great success on Boxing-night.—The SURREY pantomime is, as usual, so far as the scenery is concerned, exceedingly splendid. It is entitled 'Mother Goose; or, the Queen of Hearts and the Wonderful Tarts.'—The VICTORIA has chosen 'The Adventures and Misadventures of Edward the Black Prince';—the GRECIAN, 'The Spider and the Fox; or, Harlequin Number Nip';—the MARYLEBONE, 'King Hal ye Bluff, Anne Boleyn ye Fayre; or, Harlequin Herne the Hunter';—the CITY OF LONDON, 'Sing a Song of Sixpence, a Pocket-full of Rye; or, Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie';—the STANDARD, 'Cherry and Fair Star; or, Harlequin and the Dancing Waters, the Singing Apple, and the Little Green Talking-bird';—the PAVILION, 'King Silly-ninny, who sold his Wife for Half-a-Guinea; or, Harlequin and the Enchanted Princess';—the QUEEN'S, 'Harlequin Kenilworth; or, the Golden Days of Good Queen Bess';—and the EFFINGHAM, 'Harlequin and the Enchanted Prince; or, the Fairy of the Magic Grove and the Three Rummy Brothers of Bagdad.' To these may be added 'Harlequin King Humpty Dumpty; or, Simple Simon, the Maiden Blueize, and the Fairies of the Silver Dell,' at the NEW ROYALTY;—and 'Abon Hazzan, the Sleeper of Bagdad,' at the BRITANNIA.—The POLYTECHNIC, too, has a dissolving-view pantomime on the subject of 'Cinderella,' which is very clever. We have thus given the title of twenty-one Christmas pieces for the present year, but, we believe, have not quite exhausted the number. These represent the same number of theatres accessible to a London audience, and yet more are called for by the increased population.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Pantomime, not Music, is in the ascendant during the holiday weeks of the new year. 'Ruy Blas' (put forward as "a successful opera") is, we perceive, to be revived at Covent Garden Theatre,—a dreary preparation for the Transformation Scene. Among the announcements of coming entertainments, those of Concerts of National Music figure prominently. The string (especially as played on by the imitators of the Welsh Concerts) may be harped on till the sound becomes tedious. Meanwhile the revival is noticeable, as indisputably proving the very strong hold which melody has on the heart of Great Britain.—Mr. Kennedy is giving Scotch Entertainments after the manner of Mr. Wilson. While on the subject, we may call attention to the appearance of a neat and richly-filled volume, 'The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns, with the Tunes' (Chambers), by Mr. R. Chambers. The book is full of pleasant anecdote and comment,—though we must be forgiven for asking if its writer is not sometimes too goodnatured and acquiescent? Mr. William Chappell, at all events, would say so in regard to the much-discussed "Skene Manuscript." Another question—how comes anything ascribed to the Ettrick Shepherd to find a place among songs "prior to Burns"? The above, however, are mere specks. Many of the tunes are noted in versions which are not familiar to us: but various readings are, as all the world knows, among the most characteristic and interesting features of national music. Often as the ground has been gone over, this book is still a welcome one.

It is possible, we hear, that one if not more Concerts may be given during the season in aid of the Mendelssohn Fund, at which 'The Tempest' of the one Mendelssohn scholar will be repeated. It is worth remarking, that whereas the movement was originated in Leipzig more than a dozen years ago, the composer's friends and townsmen have up to this time done nothing beyond subscribing a few pounds, which have never, we are told, been applied or expended; a true example alike of promptitude and of enthusiasm!—Should the English fund be increased, there can be surely, under the circumstances, no necessary reason for connecting its expenditure with a town which has shown itself so discreditably backward in honouring one who was the glory and the pride of the place, and the last of the great German composers.

The 'Tempest' Music referred to in the foregoing paragraph was given last night at Manchester, at one of Mr. C. Halle's Concerts.

Among the good signs of the New Year may be noticed the revival of a taste for Bishop's music, proved by the rival cheap editions of his Glee—now made possible, it would seem, by the expiration of old copyrights.

At a late competition for the Westmoreland Scholarship, the Potter Exhibition and the King's Scholarship at our Royal Academy of Music, Miss Hodgson, Miss Brinmead, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Master A. Mackenzie were elected.

Mlle. Vaneri, whom we had imagined to be theatrically engaged in France, was announced to sing at a Choral Concert at Glasgow, on New-Year's Day, among other music, a new "Curler's Song" (with chorus), by Mr. Lambeth. As she is in this country, and English is her native language, worse things might be done than to offer her a hearing in opera, where a tragic lady is in request.

M. de Leuven, the well-known and clever writer of many of Adam's opera books, is the new manager of the Opéra Comique.—A new Concert Hall in Paris (where such a building is eminently wanted) was a few days since inaugurated by a performance of M. David's 'Christophe Colomb' Symphony.—The musical writings of M. Berlioz are in progress of translation into German by Herr Pohl.—M. Gueymard (among all tenors about the least fitted to the task) is to sing in the revival of 'La Muette' the hero's part, vacated by the retreat of Signor Mario. Madame Ferraris is to be the *Fenella*, there being small chance of Mlle. Emma Livry resuming her duties for a considerable time to come.—Mozart's 'Requiem' is to be performed on Monday next in the church of Notre Dame, the restoration of which cathedral is now com-

pleted.—Madame Pleyel is expected to play in Paris during this month.

The revival of 'Faust' at the Théâtre Lyrique is equivalent to a renewed lease of popularity in Paris, for that finest of recent serious operas. We are now assured for somewhere about the tenth time, that the work in its English version will be shortly produced in London.

'Gideon,' an Oratorio by Herr Meinardus, was produced for the first time at Oldenburg on the 5th of last month. Herr Hiller's 'Destruction of Jerusalem' has been performed during December both at Munich and at Bonn.

We are glad to hear that a charming composer, who has somehow let his life slip by with too little production to show, has re-appeared. This is Herr Dessauer, six Songs by whom are reviewed in the New-Year's first number of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.

The 'Loreley' of Herr Max Bruch is to be produced at Mannheim.

In Italy, as forthcoming Carnival novelties, we read of 'Bianca di Montalto,' by Signor Perelli, and 'Carmelita,' by Signor Pacini, at Milan, and of 'Orio Soranzo,' by Signor Zescovich, at Trieste.

For the two hundred and twenty-third anniversary of Racine's birth, his 'Mithridate' was revived at the Théâtre Français.—At the Odéon, M. Janin authorizes us to state, a new actress, Italian by birth, Mlle. Beatrix by name, has made a real sensation in a revival of the sickly drama 'Misanthropie et Repentir.'

MISCELLANEA

The Pope's Swiss Guard.—The Swiss gentleman who challenged Mr. T. A. Trollope's reference to the Pope's Swiss Guard writes, in answer to Mr. Anthony Trollope's rejoinder,—

"Jan. 1, 1863.

"Mr. A. Trollope has to a certain extent misunderstood the purport of my argument. On reading my former letter over again, he will find that I admit the Pope employing a limited number of Swiss among his soldiers. Nor do I dispute the Guard at Perugia having been under the orders of a Swiss general; in fact, in some Swiss families, such as those of Baldeggy and Pfyster of Lucerne, and others, the command of the Guards formerly in the pay of the Popes has for centuries been a sort of vested right. But what I object to is, that at the present day this Guard should be called a *Swiss Guard*,—an appellation which perpetuates the idea that the Swiss Government still grants subsidies to the Pope, or at least encourages and officially allows its subjects to enter the Papal service; whereas the contrary is the real fact. The Pope's Guard is called Swiss with about as much right as the suburban builder's architectural abortion with a verandah and thatch is called a Swiss Cottage.

"C. W. H."

Population of Spain.—For the first time, a general statistic review of the movement of the population in Spain has been published. According to this, the number of births in the past year was 571,886, of deaths 432,067, of marriages 120,893. The statistics published by the "Revista-General de Estadística" singularly enough fail to give the total of the population; it only records one birth in 27 inhabitants, one death in 33, one marriage in 129, according to which the total of inhabitants would be 15,500,000. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children in the country and smaller towns is 1 in 27, in the provincial capitals 1 in 33. Of deaths in cases less than one year old there are 101,170; less than five, 108,627; less than ten, 20,906; less than twenty, 20,151; less than thirty, 24,031; less than forty, 25,096; less than fifty, 25,291; less than sixty, 29,638; less than seventy, 36,830; less than eighty, 27,069; less than ninety, 11,610; less than a hundred, 1,560; above a hundred died 88 persons.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A. M.—Fairplay—C. B.—W. D.—W. S. B.—A. W.—Suum Cuique—F. L. B.—Sincerity—Pax Vobiscum—E. W.—J. C. H.—M. A. B.—received.

Erratum.—P. 846, col. 3, l. 21, for "veros" read *vero*.

* The Title-page and Index for our half-yearly volume are given with the present number, on a separate sheet, as a Supplement, *gratis*.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1863.

LITERATURE

Tractatus Theologico-Politicus. By Benedict de Spinoza. (Trübner & Co.)

Essay on Religious Philosophy. By M. Émile Saisset. (Edinburgh, Clark.)

THERE has been in this century a revival of fame for the lean and ugly grinder of lenses, Benedict Spinoza, who could live—unrespectable man that he was—upon a daily allowance of three halfpence worth of butter and milk and three farthings worth of beer. Not to make him out worse than the fact, it must be remembered that the little coins went a great deal farther than than now. He began life as a Jew, the worst beginning a man could make in that day. From heterodoxy in Judaism he passed over to heterodoxy in Christianity: Moreri says he was a sorry Jew and not a bit the better Christian for it. But he was honest, blameless, learned, acute, and charitable; and all these in high degree. What his opinions were on most things, it would puzzle your balancer of evidence to make out. He was an atheist, say Bayle and Voltaire; and the orthodox world thinks these working men ought to know. He was full of religion, says Schleiermacher, whose religion, though it is held in high repute by some, would perhaps not suit our Convocation. In our day he is recognized as a *pantheist*.

The time of Spinoza was very conspicuous for that phase of piety in which men join all the worst qualities of all noxious animals, and call the united spirit by the name of Christianity. The Greek word *panther*, which means "every wild beast," has been cut down, even by the Greeks themselves, to one particular kind of cat. But why restrict this universal word to a single ferocious animal, when the religious bigot, the true compound which the etymology demands, has no single and proper name of his own, but must be described, as the logicians say, only by genus and difference? *Pantherism*, then, was the cause of the measureless abuse which was heaped upon the writings of Spinoza, the handbooks that were to be of Lessing and Goethe. We have *Pantherism* still, in a mild form. It sits, like Bunyan's Giant Pope, behind the bars of its cage. The bars are effective so far as the laity is concerned: the monster can even yet, by making a long arm, lay hold of a straggling clergyman and get him, more or less torn, into its maw. But at each attempt Dr. Lushington tries the old bars with his hammer, and puts up a new one: so that the beast will soon have nothing to do but to bite his own nails.

The tractata now translated was the work in which Spinoza first announced his pantheistic views. It was published in 1670, with *Hamburg* in the title-page, though *Amsterdam* was the true place: this was one way of avoiding the claws of pantherism. It was republished in 1674, without any mark of place, together with a tract entitled 'Philosophia S. Scripturæ Interpres,' and the addition to both of "Ab autore longe emendatior." The second tract is evidently intended to pass for another work by the author of the first. Nevertheless, it is sometimes asserted to have been the writing of Spinoza's friend Louis Meyer. It is also said that the second tract had been previously published, 'Eleutheropoli, 1666.' We leave this point to those who are inclined to pursue it further; merely observing that the conflict with pantherism required every kind of evasion. Among other dodges—to use a word which must become serious English, for want of another—was that of printing false title-pages.

Thus Spinoza's *Tractatus* has been found hidden under 'Heinsii operum historicorum collectio I et II, Lugd.-Bat. 1673'; and also under 'Fr. Henriquez de Villacorta Opera Chirurgica omnia. Amst. 1673.'

Our readers are beginning to hear on all sides the word *pantheism*. They have—many of them—some idea that it must be bad, because it is so like *atheism*. There are those who look grave when they hear that a person is a *theist*; they suspect that he is six-sevenths of an atheist, and that with another letter he will be completely lost. We are under great difficulty in our explanations. We are not philosophers; that is to say, what is now called philosophy in Germany will not keep in English heads: it cakes up with other things, and, as the chemists say, forms insoluble compounds. There are among us, no doubt, those who claim to be vessels fit to hold the doctrines of the successors of Kant; but we doubt if their expositions be quite genuine as imported. German ingenuity has divided pantheism into two kinds. In one, all intelligence is part and parcel of the divine intelligence; in the other, there is no intelligence at all in Deity, which is not a person at all, but a kind of conglomerate of all things.

We might, on the other side, and in our English manner, distinguish three kinds of pantheism. First, that of the orthodox Christian bodies; our own Establishment, for example. The article says that Deity is *without parts*; the Athanasian Creed adds *omnipresence*. That is to say, *all* the Deity is everywhere; for some here and more elsewhere would imply parts. The omnipresence—to use Newton's phrase, who was quite orthodox on this point—is not virtual, but substantial. This doctrine cannot be that of the world at large: it is not even that of the clergyman in his public devotions. It must be remembered that the framers of our articles and creeds had not the least notion of the Kantian *subjectivity* of space. They looked upon the extended universe as a real and true objective existence; and they could not by any possible act of thought place the Divine person in any relation to it except either that of everywhere—or nowhere.

The second kind of pantheism is that which superadds to an omnipresent Deity an omnipresent and maintaining action. This pantheism knows nothing about Nature, or her laws either; but holds that the creative power and the maintaining action are undistinguishable by human intellect. The theologians have given their consent to Nature, as a working substitute for divine maintenance, or, if you please, as another name for it. But they take it in connexion with the doctrine that God *rested from his work*. They look coldly upon the belief that whatever creation may be, maintenance is of the same character, so far as man can form a notion; they begin to be afraid of contradicting, somehow or other, the rest of the seventh day. But they are more rational with children than with grown people. The little ones are allowed to suppose that He set the machine a-going, wound up for its appointed time, and safe in the hands of Nature, who had instructions how to proceed. The children are allowed to read or learn by heart the address to—

God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below
Doth send him round the skies.

The adult world gets hold of one of the arrangements—the revolution of the earth—calls it a *law*, because it recurs again and again, invents *Nature* to be the immediate source of the law, and sits down with a phrase which covers everything and explains nothing. Our second kind

of pantheism renounces Nature, and refers all her works, her arrangements, and her usages, to the same creative power which called into existence the mind of man.

The third kind of pantheism is the one on which M. Saisset's book is written. It is here viewed as it appears in Spinoza, as well as in Hegel and his congeners; and he compares it with the views of Descartes, Malebranche, Newton, Leibnitz and Kant. Framing objections to every view, he, M. Saisset, proceeds to his own meditations, and endeavours to extract from them the personal God to whom men look up as the moral governor, as well as physical creator, of the universe of mind and matter. We should be glad if we could announce to our readers that we had found anything to guide them through the maze of speculation; but we have not been so fortunate. Any person who is fully and clearly cognizant of two things,—first, Here I am; secondly, I did not put myself here,—has got, we think, as far as he will get by help of M. Saisset and all the predecessors whom he has examined. But we recommend the work for exercise. There is truth in the remarks which the translator has appended:—

"The claims of modern pantheism to originality are loud and exultant. Philosophy, according to it, has had two epochs, the Greek and the Germanic. The genealogy, in truth, is longer, less august and less heaven-born, than such assertions would imply. It runs something in this way: Hegel, which was the son of Sohelling, which was the son of Fichte, which was the son of Kant. As we trace up the older names on the tree, we find that the German has a dash of Leibnitz, his countryman, a good deal more of Plotinus, the Alexandrian, but most of Spinoza, the Jew. Convinced of this fact, M. Saisset spent several years in the study of Spinoza, tracing out the lines of filiation between him and modern Germany downwards, between him and Descartes upward. [We add, that M. Saisset is an editor of Spinoza.] Most volumes of philosophy are but meagre analyses of jarring systems. In the present book every line tends to one centre. . . . The task is performed in the first or critical portion of the preceding work with a learning and acuteness which leave nothing to desire. The constructive is seldom equal to the critical portion of metaphysical performances. Every able metaphysician seems to dwell for a while in a shrine, of which he is

The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain."

Well, but what is this pantheism after all? We have put it off, and off, and off, hoping to get a clear phrase or two by which to express it. Spinoza, say many, made God to be only Nature; but they do not tell us that he borrowed an old scholastic mode of distinction, and made Deity the *natura naturans*, not the *natura naturata*. Shall we leave off at this point, trusting those who can construe two Latin words together to get as much out of this barbarous concatenation as we can give them in any other way? We seem as if we were walking round a cloud, the character of which depends on the point from which we view it. Here it is *cumulo-stratus*; a little further on, *cirro-stratus*; then, *cirro-cumulus*; at last it seems like *nimbus*, which is a dark dense cloud, passing into a shower. And the shower is one of words, and of a mixed kind: warm rain from Spinoza, hail from Strauss, snow from Hegel. The following is M. Saisset's description:—

"According to pantheism, nature without God is but an effect without a cause, a mode without substance, a shadow without reality; and God without nature is but a cause without effect, a substance without mode, a power without life; from the bosom of motionless eternity, of infinite immensity, of the Almighty cause, of the being

without limits, there breaks unceasingly an infinite variety of contingent and imperfect beings, which succeed either in time, which are in juxtaposition in space, ever coming from God, ever aspiring to return to Him. God and Nature are not two beings, but the single being under a double aspect. Here unity multiplied, there multiplicity which unites itself again to unity. On the one side is the *natura naturans*, on the other, the *natura naturata*. The true being is not in the finite or in the infinite; he is their eternal, necessary and indivisible co-existence. This is pantheism. You may vary the formulas *ad infinitum*, as you take them from the East, or from Greece, or from modern Europe. You may say with one philosopher, that nature is an overflow of the absolute unity; with another, that God is the eternal coincidence of contraries; with a third, that nature is a collection of modes of which God is the substance; or, again, that the finite and the infinite, and contradictories, in general, are identical; but under every variety of formula, through all the changes and progressions of pantheism, analysis finds one single conception always the same, and that conception is, the necessary and the eternal co-existence of the finite and of the infinite."

If our readers understand all this, we have catered for them better than for ourselves; if they do not, they have it as cheap as we.

Pantheism, as a discussion, arose out of the new physics which came in with the seventeenth century. We will not say that

Philosophy, which leaned on heaven before,
Shrank to its second cause, and was no more;

but we feel that the sting of this epigram was due, as generally happens, to the truth of a proposition which the epigram, as generally happens again, both distorted and exaggerated. When link after link of the chain began to be joined on to each other, nature began to be personified in a more definite form. The old nature, which abhorred a vacuum, had a preference for circular motions, and so on, was a mythical hypothesis as compared with the new one, which seemed to work by a systematic and consequential train of operations. The old physics was one part of a system of which theology was another part: the new physics left all questions of ethics quite open, and theology looked on in sullen displeasure, muttering or proclaiming—as seemed most expedient for the time—a charge of atheism against each extension of view which physical science promulgated. But inquisitive minds were not capable of resting in a division of thought which contents itself with assigning God to Convocation, and Nature to the Royal Society. A few years after the Kings of France and England had given Nature her separate charter, the question of the connexion between theology and physics was agitated by Spinoza, and the discussion is alive in our own time. Spinoza's conclusions were as fully religious, as completely Christian, as any of his time. Bayle and Voltaire have followed the clergy in calling him an atheist; what does he say for himself? He admits the Scriptures as his rule of life and as the word of God. He believes in a future state of good or evil, according to the state in which the individual leaves the world. He proceeds upon a revelation by signs and doctrines, but with curious heterodoxy upon the nature of miracles and the way in which prophets were prophets. Are these the words of an atheist?—"Huc itaque nostrum summum bonum, nostraque beatitudo redit, in cognitionem scilicet et amorem Dei." The translator says, "Our supreme happiness, therefore, our highest joy, again resolves itself into a knowledge and love of God." M. Saisset says, "Whatever the age of Pascal and Bossuet may have thought, Spinoza is no atheist: Lessing had grounds for restoring him to his proper position, and Jacobi and Schleiermacher have

done a simple act of justice in ranging him among the mystics and the saints."

The plain truth is this. The nature and character of Deity are above our comprehension: all theories are equally insufficient. Hence the theologians, constructing a dogmatical account of the Creator out of the words of the Bible, have defended by evil speaking what they could not possibly explain, and have attempted to teach by curses what they could not possibly understand. But the history of philosophy tells us that any notions about the Creator may end in any system of religion, or of irreligion. Voltaire was a strict theist, the advocate of a personal God out of Nature; but he was not a Christian. Spinoza held a union of God and Nature which made Voltaire call him an atheist; but he was a Christian. These things begin to filter through the world at large, which, as we have often said, is gradually taking up theology. Such tendencies in England have a practical bearing; and the books which the feeble Convocation condemns are, with many other things, working towards a good end. The damatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed will not long be a vexation to the friends of the Establishment or a delight to its enemies. There is so much good machinery in this Establishment as it now stands, and so much power of better use, that we look forward with confidence to its existence, after many reforms effected from within. We fancy the distant time when few shall know which first disappeared out of the prayer-books, the "prayers at the healing of the king's evil" or the presumptuous prediction of the certain and everlasting perdition of all who do not receive certain metaphysical dicta upon the nature of the Deity. The point is gained so soon as the laity begin to make frequent allusion to the declarations which are to be withdrawn; the point is gained so soon as the clergy are frequently asked to say whether they do or do not believe the denunciations to which they have subscribed.

Fish-Culture: a Practical Guide to the Modern System of Breeding and Rearing Fish. By Francis Francis. With numerous Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)

WE are at length awakening to the importance of fish-culture. A few months only have passed since we noticed at considerable length a very interesting account, by Mr. Brown, of the results of the salmon-breeding operations at Stormontfield; and by the present publication we perceive that the system is spreading throughout Europe. In the course of a few years we shall probably see our rivers, lakes and ponds teeming with fish as they did in the olden time. At the extensive piscicultural establishment at Huningue, near the Rhine and Rhone Canal, the exportations of fecundated and partially-incubated eggs have increased since 1853 from one million a-year to sixteen millions, the eggs being sent not only to the various rivers of France, but also throughout Europe, as the French Government are by no means selfish in respect to the benefits arising from the art practised at Huningue. The yearly expenses of the establishment are about 2,200*l.*, and it is calculated that twelve live fish are produced for one penny. These facts are conclusive as to the value of pisciculture; though we are not quite prepared to indorse Mr. Francis's statement that two hundred acres of water will produce double the weight of animal food that two hundred acres of land will yield. It is, however, quite certain that our pleasure waters are extremely unfruitful, though many, with due attention

and care, might be made to yield very large supplies of excellent and wholesome food. But, as experienced brothers of the angle, we think it right to state at once that pleasure waters, in the comprehensive sense, cannot exist with profitable waters, and that, however pleasing may be the picture of a lake fringed by trees, nestling in a well-wooded vale, on the peaceful surface of which swans

—float double,
Swan and shadow,

we must not believe that such pleasure lakes are tenanted by a large fish population. We do not say that fish, and good fish too, are not to be found occasionally in sheltered lakes surrounded by trees; but we affirm that if you desire to have pleasure waters fishy, you must cut down the trees surrounding them and banish your swans for evermore. The philosophy of the case is this: the leaves shed by the trees become saturated with water, and sink to the bottom of the pond or lake, where they accumulate, decompose, and turn into thick, black and stinking mud. During and after their decomposition they discharge noisome gases and exhalations, which pervade and poison the water, rendering it pernicious to fish, and rendering them mud-flavoured and nasty. And with respect to swans, you have only to observe them in waters where fish spawn to become fully aware of their greediness and voracity for fish-spawn. A swan will devour a gallon of this daily, if he can get it; and such is the destruction by swans of spawn in the Thames that by a very moderate calculation, and supposing only 200 swans to be at the feast, they eat one hundred and forty millions of eggs annually in this river. So if you would have fish and will have swans, let them be made of copper, which, when artistically painted, will look quite as well—at a distance—as the real things. The objection to trees does not of course apply to rivers, and particularly swift streams; and indeed, here trees are very serviceable as covers for the large family of Ephemeridae, on which many fish, and particularly trout, live and flourish; but even in the case of rivers, where they are not rapid, too many trees on the banks are prejudicial. It will thus be seen that it is quite as necessary to prepare waters for fish-culture as land for grain or other crops, and that until this be done the labour of stocking lakes or ponds will be in a great measure thrown away. Our waters being duly prepared, Mr. Francis tells us in lucid and practical language how to proceed in our fish-culture. With great propriety, the place of honour is given to the salmon, whose rank as king of our fish is not disputed, and he shows that with really very little trouble and expense our rivers may be replenished by a large and almost overflowing population of Salmonidae. So easy indeed is it to rear salmon artificially that the operations may be carried on in a drawing-room; and we can assure our readers that there are few sights more wonderful and interesting than the development of salmon from the ova. The *modus operandi* for rooms is thus described:

"All that is required is a small cistern, capable of holding a few gallons of water, with a small stop-cock to regulate the supply. Around this cistern may be coiled, as it were, in lengths, a small permanent gutter, or way, about an inch or two in width, and neatly gravelled. On this the ova can be deposited. Each coil or length, of course, must be lower than the other; and supposing the apparatus to be square, a little fall could be contrived at each corner. This coil or gutter, after passing two or three times round the cistern, should end in a water tank; and if the water tank be surrounded with a cooler, and furnished with a small force-pump, the water can be forced up again into the cistern, and may be used again and again. If,

however, the house be one well furnished with water and large cisterns, a very small pipe to convey the water to the troughs or gutters, and another to carry it off, will then be all that is necessary. Of course, such an apparatus may be made as tasteful and appropriate to the place it is consigned to as the owner may please."

Mr. Francis has evidently paid attention to the very important subject of extracting the eggs from the female salmon, and gives directions for manipulating the fish and ova which appear to us to be full of sound sense. Indeed, he considers that with judicious treatment the ova of salmon may be transported to the antipodes, notwithstanding the fact that hitherto all attempts to convey salmon by means of ova to Australia have failed.

Mr. Francis devotes a chapter to the food of fish and its production. It cannot be doubted that the condition and size of fish depend almost entirely on the supply and nature of the food within their reach; and granting this, it will be evident that just as we acclimatize and foster agricultural plants for the sustenance of ourselves and cattle, it is expedient that we should encourage the growth of certain water-plants favourable for harbouring insects on which fish live and fatten, and eradicate others injurious to them.

It will rejoice fly-fishers to learn, that the result of a series of curious and interesting experiments on the food of trout showed that those fed on flies were the heaviest and in the best condition; those fed on minnows occupied the second place; while those fed on worms were in much the worst order of the three. But these results cannot be accepted as the rule, for all trout-fishers know that trout are often small in waters where flies are abundant, and large where they are rare, but where the fresh-water *Pulex* is common.

Our author discusses at considerable length the best kinds of fish for our waters; and precisely as no good farmer would think of putting a Southdown sheep on a Highland sheep-walk, nor a Welsh runt on a Hereford pasture, no good pisciculturist would put fish in waters unsuitable to them. Our varieties of fish are quite sufficient to give us abundant supplies; at the same time, Mr. Francis considers that some fish foreign to our waters might be introduced in England with advantage. Among these is the famous Black Bass of North America, — a very excellent fish, as we can attest from personal experience. The Maskinonge is also recommended; but this fish is so voracious, and grows to such a gigantic size, that it appears hardly adapted for our comparatively small lakes and rivers. It frequently attains the weight of 80 lb.; and we can assure our sporting readers that to hook a Maskinonge of even 40 lb. places the fisher in a very serious predicament; at least, we well remember hooking one of about this weight, when trolling with a huge spoon bait in one of the large lakes in West Canada, and being for a long time extremely doubtful whether, seated as we were in a frail birch-bark canoe, the fish would pull us into the lake or we the fish into the canoe; and that the monster was at length, after a fierce struggle, laid prostrate at the bottom of the canoe was assuredly more due to an experienced angler who was with us than to ourselves.

The latter portion of Mr. Francis's book is occupied by an account of our sea fish and fisheries; and here our author shows, in an incontrovertible manner, that if our ignorance of our inland fisheries is great, that of our sea fisheries is even greater. Formerly one of our most valuable fisheries was that carried on around Newfoundland. In 1745 this yielded close upon a million a year; and in 1814 the exports

of fish and oil amounted to nearly three millions. Now, in consequence of a treaty that was concluded between our Government and France in 1857, the most valuable part of the Newfoundland fisheries has passed from us. Our herring fishery, too, which from its great value should be most carefully nursed, is neglected by our Government; for while the most careful measures are adopted to keep this fish upon the Norwegian coasts, and to induce it to multiply, small-meshed trawl-nets are allowed to be worked round our shores, which are well known to be wholesale destroyers of fry; and as an instance of the destructive nature of shore nets, we may state that the small poket-net of a common shrimper on the Sussex coast is known to destroy thousands of the fry of soles, turbot, flounders and other fish.

Mr. Francis concludes his practical and useful book by a chapter on the cookery of fish. Prefacing his observations by stating a fact, patent, we apprehend, to most families, that of all the food cooked one-fourth is wasted, Mr. Francis states with great truth that there are many fish which we consider worthless that may be made, in the hands of good cooks, to do excellent alimentary service. Fish soups would be much in favour if they were better known; and in this matter we might take a lesson from the Jews, who, from the circumstance that they make considerable use of fish at their fasts, are great adepts in cooking them. A pailfull of young cuttle-fish, when they have emitted their inky fluid, is not a lovely sight; yet they are, as we can attest, excellent eating, and when they are fully grown and served delicately fried with buttered toast, they are a pabulum for a gastronome.

All Mr. Francis's remarks on cooking fish are very pertinent, and fitly conclude one of the best and most practical treatises we have yet had on the new and important art of fish-culture.

The Shoemaker's Holiday; or, the Gentle Craft.
 Edited from the Edition of 1618, by Hermann Fritsche. (Thorn.)

THIS is a German reprint of an old English play, from a copy preserved in the Town Library at Dantzic. Though cheaply, the work is creditably performed, according to the state and degree of the editor's knowledge, but he seems behindhand upon several points of importance: thus, he does not know the names of the author or authors; nor is he aware that there was any impression of the comedy anterior to the year 1610. On this side of the Channel we are aware that the piece was written by Thomas Dekker and Robert Wilson, and that it first made its appearance in print in the year 1600 — in a much more correct edition than that of 1610, 1618, 1631 or 1637: the number of times it was reprinted, more than two hundred years ago, shows its early popularity at that time. Yet, although the play is very curious, and was once very popular, it has nearly escaped notice from the modern critics. How can we blame Herr Fritsche for not knowing much about the drama and its authors, seeing that in the 'Biographia Dramatica' (our main authority in such matters, though one of the worst books of the kind in any language), 'The Shoemaker's Holiday' is attributed to one who was a little boy at school when it was published? The piece itself affords abundant evidence of native and manly genius, with a knowledge of London life at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth that could only have been acquired by long residence and acute observation. Dekker and Wilson were men of great experi-

ence, especially in all matters relating to our stage, in the time of Shakspeare.

Much necessary information regarding this comedy may be found in the Papers of the Shakspeare Society, published in 1849. The piece itself was one of several which that body intended to reprint at the time when it was prematurely dissolved. Had the Shakspeare Society continued to live and act, it would have put forth a whole *Corpus Dramaticorum*; for we will venture to assert that there is no existing play, printed or manuscript, anterior to the Civil Wars, that does not contain some curious or valuable illustration of the poetry, the stage, or the society of early times.

'The Shoemaker's Holiday' is one of the best of its kind in our language. It contains poetry of a high order, the plot is full of bustle and variety, and the characters are numerous, well distinguished, and capably sustained. It was acted by Henslowe's company very shortly before it was first printed, and it is one of the very few cases in which we know how the parts were distributed in an association of players, which was the great rival of the theatrical body to which Shakspeare belonged.

The first edition (a most rare production, and worth many guineas) is now before us, by the favour of a gentleman to whom it belongs. In noticing the play, we may first briefly refer to an instance of error, into which all copies, of any date, have fallen. It is in the first scene (though the performance is not divided into acts and scenes, and Herr Fritsche, omitting the acts, has separated the piece into twenty scenes), where Lord Lincoln is on the point of sending his cousin Lacy, the hero of the play, to the French wars: he exclaims—

Begone, begone! make haste to the Guild Hall;
 There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay;
 Where honour becomes, shame attends delay.

Here, we think, there is an error of the text, always repeated, and which we do not blame a foreigner for not correcting. The passage should surely read—

Do not stay;
 Where honour beckons, shame attends delay.

No doubt, in the old manuscript used by the first printer, "beckons" was written *beckons*; and hence the error. Again, just above, we have these lines: Lacy calls upon Honour, and says, Let it

So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
 As shall add glory to the Lacy's name.

—Here, "in pursuit of France," is almost nonsense, but because it is not quite nonsense a few of our elder critics would refrain from preserving the obvious couplet, so frequent in Shakspeare and his contemporaries; while we should venture to read—

So guide my actions in pursuit of Fame,
 As shall add glory to the Lacy's name.

The old printer's error arose from the fact that in the MS. "fame" was spelt with a capital letter. Here all the ancient editions are wrong.

Herr Fritsche mentions that the copy of 1618 in the Dantzic library is so worm-eaten and rotten at the end, that he was compelled to leave several lines incomplete. This is a pity; but of course, as he had no earlier impression to resort to, he could not be aware in how very many places the edition he used varied essentially from the true text, not merely as to words, but as to sentences and temporary allusions. We will here advert only to the former, as the latter would occupy too much space. The very last couplet in the comedy affords a proof of the carelessness of the compositor of the edition of 1618: it ought to run as follows, and it does so run in the copy of 1600:—

When all our sports and banquetings are done,
 We must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun.
 Here for "sports" the printer of 1618 put words,

which, if we had no older exemplar to guide us, we should not have run the risk of altering, inasmuch as the King might allude to discussions and explanations to follow the catastrophe of the piece: he, in fact, refers to the "sports" and entertainments to follow the marriage of Lacy and Rose. We will just notice two places where the alteration of a single letter is required to amend and make evident the meaning of the poet.

Firke, a journeyman shoemaker, is a wonderfully amusing personage, and when he is told to get his face washed his answer is, "Send for a sousewife, if you will have my face cleaner,"—a "sousewife" being a woman whose particular business it was to clean and pickle pigs' faces: the printer of the quarto of 1618 altered "sousewife" to *housewife*. Afterwards, in a more important case, because the corruption destroys the verse, there is another misprint. Hammon, in a soliloquy exclaims of Jane, with whom he is in love,

One only look hath seem'd as rich to me
As a king's crown: such is lovers lunacy.

This may be meaning, but it is not measure; and moreover, the alteration of *love's* (which is the oldest reading) to "lovers" (which is the reading of the edition of 1618) destroys an allusion to a well-known production of the time. This mistake occurs at the very commencement of almost as beautiful a love-scene as is to be found in our language; where however the situation is a little equivocal, because the modest and retiring girl is already married, although the man who courts her does not know of the fatal bar to his happiness. In this part of the comedy there are also several woful mistakes, but for most of them M. Fritsche is not responsible, since he could only work with the imperfect materials in his hands. He is nevertheless apt to commit one error, from not being aware of the ordinary pronunciation of our language, when words of only two syllables were used as three: to amend lines thus circumstanced he now and then inserts monosyllabic expletives between brackets, thus:—

In earnest mistress [for] I do not jest.

Here "for" is surplussage, because if "mistress" be pronounced as a trisyllable, *misteress* (which was formerly the case, as we could show in hundreds of instances) the line is complete. Before we conclude we may point out a place in which the edition of 1618 presents a better text than that of 1600: it is in a couplet by Lord Lincoln to the Lord Mayor, regarding his daughter Rose, the heroine of the drama:—

So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lives in my breast.

This must be right, the opposition being between "die" and "lives"; but the first edition has this misprint:—

And much care die, which now *dies* in my breast.

This sort of error was common with hasty old printers (and no productions were printed with greater speed than plays, brought out to satisfy an immediate call, and generally composed from copy surreptitiously obtained. We might find several analogous instances in Shakspeare, where the compositor's eye was confounded, and he mistakenly repeated a word which had just before passed under his observation. The fact is, that all the old editions of plays ought to be consulted in making a reprint; and not only so, but different copies even of the same edition; because blunders were sometimes set right, even while the sheets were passing through the press. In this way in 'Troilus and Cressida,' act iii. sc. 2, "Love's thrice-reputed nectar" became "thrice *reputed* nectar," to the wonderful improvement of the passage.

Poems: an Offering to Lancashire. Printed and Published for the Art-Exhibition for the Relief of Distress in the Cotton Districts. (Faithfull & Co.)

PRINTED without charge, by Miss Faithfull, on paper gratuitously furnished by Messrs. Richard Herring & Co., edited by Miss Isa Craig, and contributed without fee by fourteen different writers, the verses contained in this little volume aim at extracting aid for the Lancashire operatives from those who, slow to give to the cotton sufferers from motives of benevolence, will part with a few shillings for a pretty book. They are, in the parlance of trade, a makeweight to be thrown into the scale, where the satisfaction to be derived from doing good is something under a complete counterpoise to a crown-piece. In a world where good intentions are not too plentiful, the object of such a work, preserves it from the full measure of critical severity due to faulty rhyme, broken metre and empty jingle. But still, when all liberal allowance has been made for laudable motive, we cannot refrain from expressing regret that the 'Offering to Lancashire' too closely resembles the packets of "mixed tea" sold by cheap grocers, in containing an undue proportion of bad leaf to the slight sprinkling of what is good. For ludicrous inanity, the contribution entitled "In the Winter" surpasses anything that ever came from Mrs. Leo Hunter's pen:—

While the earth is full of fighting,
When men rise and curse their day,
While the foolish strong are smiting
And the foolish weak betray,
True hearts behind are growing,
The brave spirits work alone,
Where love's summer wind is blowing
In a truth-irradiate zone

Daily woven with our glory,
Sounding far above our strife,
In a time-enclosing story,
To a space-absorbing life,
We can dream no dream Elysian,
There is no good thing might be,
But some angel has the vision,
But some human soul shall see.

—What, in the name of common sense and uncommon poetry, is the meaning of "a truth-irradiate zone" and "a space-absorbing life"? Has the writer, moreover, no fingers on which to count his verses?

Mr. D. G. Rossetti's fifteen lines, in which he addresses a young lady whom he thinks he knew in former days, conclude with a cockneyism which even charity cannot justify in a practised versifier:—

Before may be again:
Oh! press my eyes into your neck.
Shall we not be for ever *lain*
Thus for Love's sake,
And sleep, and wake, yet never break the chain?

To give flavour to the mixture, of which the greater part is rubbish of the above sort, Mr. Monckton Milnes and Mr. Frederick Locker swell the offering with two short poems of higher merit. Mr. Milnes says—

Labour degraded from her high behest
Cries, "Ye shall know I am the living breath,
And not the curse of man. Ye shall have rest—
The rest of famine and the rest of Death."

Mr. Locker's poem, "The Jester's Plea," possesses the delicate humour and pathos which characterize his metrical productions, and is so good a specimen of the writer's style that readers will thank us for transcribing it:—

THE JESTER'S PLEA.

The world! was jester ever in
A viler than the present?
Yet if it ugly is . . . as sin,
It almost is . . . as pleasant!
It is a merry world (*pro tem.*),
And some are gay, and therefore
It pleasures them—but some condemn
The fun they do not care for.

It is an ugly world. Offend
Good people—how they wrangle!
The manners that they never mend!
The characters they mangle!
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday—
And many are afraid of God—
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

The time for Pen and Sword was when
"My lady faire" for pity
Could tend her wounded knight, and then
Be tender for his ditty!
Some ladies now make pretty songs,—
And some make pretty nurseries:
Some men are good for righting wrongs,—
And some for writing verses.

One tax our patience long has stood—
The tax that poets levy!—
I know the Muse is very good—
I think she's very heavy.
She now compounds for winning ways
By morals of the sternest—
I think that bards of now-a-days
Are painfully in earnest.

When Wisdom hails, I humbly try
And put a point on Folly:
If Pallas won't be civil, I
Away, and flirt with Polly.—
Who quit the goddess for the maid
Must certainly be losers;
But Pallas is a lofty jade,—
And beggars can't be choosers.

I do not wish to see the slaves
Of party, stirring passion,
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
Or piety "the fashion."
I bless the Hearts where pity glows,
Who here together banded
Are holding out a hand to those
That wait so empty-handed.

A righteous work!—My masters, may
A jester by confession,
Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,
The close of your procession?
The motley here seems out of place
With graver robes to mingle;
But if one tear bedews his face,
Forgive the bells that jingle.

—Such is the last piece of the volume, which, like a good epigram, keeps its best stroke for the conclusion.

Wanderings among the Falashas in Abyssinia; together with a Description of the Country and its various Inhabitants. Illustrated by a Map and Engravings. By the Rev. Henry A. Stern. (Wertheim & Co.)

It was with missionary objects that Mr. Stern visited the Falasha people, in Abyssinia. His starting-point was Boulak, the port of Cairo, whence he voyaged up the Nile to Korosko, above Assouan, thence across the Desert to Khartum, and up, by way of the Blue Nile, into Abyssinia. In the country of the Falashas, —who have hitherto been so little known that Dr. Jost, in his History of the Jews, doubted even their existence,—he sojourned, and preached freely; and his narrative contains many pleasant pictures of their primitive Christian life. The journey from Korosko across the dreaded wilderness was made under an armed escort commanded by a sheikh, and was formerly regarded as so perilous that it was actually interdicted by the Egyptian Government. Some European merchants, however, trading with Soudan, re-opened the route, and their camp-fires now regularly flame upon the sands. Only at one spot, five days distant from the river, are there a few brackish wells; but, instead of water, the traveller has the mirage to enjoy, with its visions of groves and lakes, its phantom flocks and spectral palaces painted deliciously in the sky. Thirteen days brought the party to Berber, all dust and sunshine; and thence, past tufted islands and shaded shores, a river-boat took them to the confluence of the Blue and White Niles; and here Mr. Stern was disposed to halt awhile, a guest of the Austrian Consul at Khartum. There was not much that was new to be seen in that rancid town, whence expeditions are despatched to catch negroes under pretence of hunting elephants; but all places are novel to a stranger, and a

day or two was not lost in the bazaar, the epitome of Eastern manners. Arrived at Kedarif, far deeper in the savage realm, the travellers found considerable excitement existing; a new and wonderful law having been promulgated, that all boys above thirteen and all girls above nine should marry within a fortnight, or be severely fined and whipped. Immediately all the place was in a whirl of hymeneal festivity, and little brides and bridegrooms abounded. The aspect of the region beyond became more barbarous and desolate at every step, until the road entered the dominions of His Majesty King Theodoros of Abyssinia, whose troops were then on the march to crush a rebellion, and whose martial pageant, as it cavalcaded down a mountain slope, was really imposing; the warriors all being mounted, and armed with swords, spears and shields, but followed by a footsore multitude of young women and girls, laden with baggage. At length, a cleft in the mountain opened upon the gaudy camp of the king: next day an audience was granted; the missionary held a conversation with his royal host, obtained permission to wander and preach among the Falashas, and was thoroughly content with his reception.

King Theodoros is not a personage of great fame in Europe. He is known to the Arab and the Galla, on the Nile and the Red Sea; but, beyond those limits, he must be regarded as obscure: and yet he is no ordinary man. Originally a poor boy in a reed-built convent, he became first a chief of freebooters, then a conqueror, and at last the sovereign of an extensive territory. His life has been a long struggle, and his throne was not reached without a series of sanguinary battles; nor does Mr. Stern conceal the fact, that he consolidated his power by very questionable means—as when, ambitious of reigning in peace, he heard of a rebellion in the province of Godjam, without remorse or mercy he immediately burst upon the insurrectionary population, slaughtered, tortured and ravaged, and perpetrated so many and such frightful atrocities, that when, next year, his wife died, he publicly accepted it as a retribution upon his cruelty, and vowed never more to be ruled by passion. At the Court of this potentate the Missionary breakfasted, and betrayed an ignorance which proves him to be no citizen of the world:—

“During the repast, which, owing to the fast, consisted simply of teff cakes, *dillik*, and an abundance of fermented hydromel, I nearly lost the esteem and regard I had hitherto enjoyed, and that, too, through an unconscious offence against the etiquette of aristocratic life. According to the Abyssinian notion, every man who claims to be of patrician descent and noble lineage must possess a fine shama, lined with a deep red border, and be enabled to emulate the noise of a certain unclean animal whilst eating his meals. This elegant acquirement, which I had unfortunately not yet attained, drew upon me the frowns as well as the whispering censures of the guests. Unconscious of the cause of this unexpected notoriety, I asked Mr. Bell whether there was anything peculiar in my appearance or deportment that provoked criticism.—‘Certainly,’ was the rejoinder; ‘your conduct is so ungentelemanly, that all the guests think you must be a very low fellow, and quite unaccustomed to move in genteel society.’—‘And to what am I indebted for this good opinion?’ returned I.—‘To the mode in which you eat; for if you were a gentleman, you would show by the smacking of your lips the exalted station to which you belong; but since you masticate your food in this inaudible manner, every one believes that you are a beggar, and accustomed to eat in that ostentatious quietness which pretended poverty prompts individuals of that class to adopt. I assured them that my breach of etiquette ought to be attributed to the difference of the customs in my own country, and

not to the low motive they assigned, an apology which amply satisfied the most accomplished courtier in the royal tent.”

Immorality and dirt appear to be very conspicuous elements of Abyssinian civilization even under the sway of this enlightened monarch. Theodoros himself was held in high esteem by Europeans, who knew him for his honesty, purity and disinterestedness; but of his subjects Mr. Stern remarks, “that notwithstanding their physical and intellectual superiority to every other African tribe, they vie with all in truthfulness, cunning and depravity.”

Armed with the King's favour, Mr. Stern next solicited permission of the Aboona, or Metropolitan, of Ethiopia to proselytize among the Jew Falashas. That great churchman was at first suspicious; but his consent was ultimately granted, and the mission began, after a grand episcopal breakfast, a royal marriage, various acts of justice, and certain saturnalia in which the good Christians of Abyssinia still indulge. At the Feast of the Assumption, there were dances:—

“This national amusement, which the practice of the Church hallows, is more a gymnastic than a saltatory exercise. In these exhibitions there is nothing of the extravagance of the Egyptian *almé*, or the capering of the fashionable ball-room. A number of young people, brimful of gaiety and happiness, arrange themselves in a circle on the greensward, or under a shady tree, and, in a wild and pathetic strain, strike up a favourite ballad. As the notes become more wild and passionate, the whole ring divides according to the sexes; they then entwine their arms around each other's shoulders, and, in a graceful and picturesque attitude, sway their bodies backward and forward to the minstrelsy of their own voices. This continues for some time, when a dancer or *danseuse* advances into the centre, and gazes motionless on the mirthful group. The impassioned strains which now become more quick and lively infuse new fire into the cold and statuesque form, and in a few seconds that seemingly immovable piece of humanity quivers in every nerve to the melody of the tumultuous choir.”

Somewhat tardily Mr. Stern relates what he saw and heard of the Falashas, or the Exiles, as the Jews are designated in Abyssinia. Of course, these people have traditions, and, like the Jews everywhere, make out a magnificent pedigree for themselves. They came to Ethiopia, they say, in the reign of Maqueda, the Queen of Sheba, when she took home Menilek, son of herself and Solomon, from whom the kings of Abyssinia thus descended. These Falashas were once independent, and ruled by kings and queens called Gideon and Judith; but they are now a subject race, scattered over five provinces, where their settlements are invariably distinguishable by the red pot on the apex of their place of worship:—

“Claiming a lineal descent from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Falashas pride themselves on the fame of their progenitors and the purity of the blood that circulates in their own veins. Intermarriages with those of another tribe or creed are strictly interdicted, nay, even the visit to an unbeliever's house is a sin, and subjects the transgressor to the penance of a thorough lustration and a complete change of dress before he can return to his own home. Their stern uncompromising sectarian spirit has been highly beneficial in excluding from their community that licentious profligacy in which all the other inhabitants of Ethiopia riot; and it is generally admitted that Falasha men and women seldom, if ever, stray from the path of virtue, or transgress the solemn law of the Decalogue.”

The Falashas do not encourage early marriages; the age appointed for men being from twenty to thirty, that for girls from fifteen to twenty. “The troth once plighted, no priestly power can ever annul.” They denounce polygamy, and do not immure their wives and

daughters. They offer atoning sacrifice at their altars; their churches are built in three divisions, with an entrance opening from the east. Their ideas of purification are singularly austere: the dying must be removed to the unclean hut, erected on the outskirts of every Falasha village:

“Particularly in the hour of dissolution, when the sweet expressions of friendship and love are so soothing to the agonized soul and anguished frame, the dying Falasha has no affectionate hand clasped in his, and no words of comfort from beloved objects whispered in his ears. The inflexible law forbids the last offices to the weeping relative, and the helpless sufferer is in death's agonizing convulsions dragged from the weary couch into the open air, where the polluted and unclean remove him from the bare ground to the tainted and lonely hut.”

Altogether, they are a peculiar people; and it surprised the Missionary to find that they held commerce in disdain:—

“Exemplary in their morals, cleanly in their habits, and devout in their belief, the Falashas are also industrious in the daily pursuits and avocations of life. Husbandry and a few simple trades—such as smiths, potters and weavers—constitute the sole occupations in which they engage; commerce they unanimously repudiate as incompatible with their Mosaic Creed, and it is quite a disappointment not to find a single merchant among a quarter of a million of people, the lineal descendants of those who are supposed to have acquired a taste for traffic and riches on the very eve of their emancipation from Egyptian servitude.”

Of course, it was difficult to pass the boundaries which separate the Falashas from all other men in Abyssinia, as in the rest of the world. Their creed is to despise and abhor all other religions, especially as idolaters abounded around them; and the Abyssinian Church itself grew, in the course of ages, ineffably corrupt. However, Mr. Stern overcame the obstacle, and at once proceeded to visit a Falasha village, where their welcome, if not hearty, was courteous.

The Mission, established on the pasture-land of Genda, almost in the centre of the Falasha tribes, was carried on with no inconsiderable success, and Mr. Stern's anticipations for the future are satisfactory. But the whole condition of Abyssinia, Christian and Jewish, is discouraging; and it will probably be long before any definite progress is made, for the work to be done is immense, and the temptation to do it not very overwhelming. Still, the prospects of any country partially Christianized and civilized, and remaining so in the midst of a continent of barbarism, may be pronounced comparatively hopeful. Among his last protests against the caprices of savage life, the Missionary has the following:—

“Fond as the Abyssinian women are of embroidered garments and other fineries, it is strange that they should never try to gain even a slight acquaintance with the use of the needle. High and low alike depend upon their male friends for every stitch in their dress. Tastes, of course, vary in different countries; but I confess that it always provoked me to see a tall, bearded fellow acting the dress-maker, and a slender girl performing the functions of the groom. Several times I tried to introduce reform among our own people, but the very attempt to allot to each his own proper work produced such a storm of discontent, that I gave up the matter in despair. But if it is provoking to see a man pilfering the needle, it is still more aggravating to see him monopolize the laundry. It is true, the Abyssinians have as strong a prejudice against clean linen, as against a clean face; still, whenever, during the course of the year, the shirt or shama requires a little scrubbing, a big fellow, far better adapted to plough the field, performs the agreeable job. * * This kind of work, which is the heaviest the men perform, admits of no comparison with the more onerous duties devolving on the poor women.

In a large household, where a good number of females are required, some go early in the morning to collect wood, and others to fetch water; while not a few busily employ their hands in cleaning the stables, or in preparing bread, *shiro, dilik*, and *wotz* for breakfast. To remove the husks from the grain before it is washed and ground, is regarded by all as a most tiring job. We usually employed two to relieve each other at this occupation; but the unfeeling natives, who have no such consideration, sometimes force their female servants or slaves to stand over the rude mortar till their arms become almost paralyzed, and they are ready to drop from sheer exhaustion and fatigue."

An agreeable, informing narrative of travel and adventure is this book by the Abyssinian Missionary, which will probably interest many readers in the religious Embassy to the Abyssinian Jews.

A History of the Kings of Ancient Britain, from Brutus to Cadwaladr. Abridged from the 'Collectanea Cambrica.' With Notes. By Manley Pope. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

We have been much in doubt what to make of this book. The title certainly does not give us anything like an exact idea of the book itself; and the author's notion, that by it he is "supplying a deficiency in the educational resources of this country," and that his book will "be found not unsuitable for the purpose of elementary instruction," appear to us equally incomprehensible. As far as we can see, he has merely published an English translation, perhaps a little abridged, of the Welsh translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's 'History of the Britons.' This Welsh translation differs from the original chiefly in Welshifying Geoffrey's Latin names, in adding to some of them certain ridiculous epithets, such as calling the classical Æneas, "Æneas Whitefield" (as here Englished), and in adding some very foolish additional fables. Geoffrey of Monmouth has long been given up by all sensible historians; but if Geoffrey's history is fable, the Welsh additions to it are absolute trash. As a sample of the additional matter, we may venture to transfer to our columns the following story. In the time of King Lludd,—

"Three calamities, such as had never hitherto been known, fell upon Britain. The first of these was that of the Coranians, who had such intelligence, that not a word could make impression on the air but they knew it; and therefore it was impossible to effect anything against them. The second was a shriek, that was heard over every hearth in Britain on the night of every May-day; and so struck man and beast to the heart, that the men lost their strength, the women miscarried, the youth of either sex became senseless, and the beasts and trees unproductive. The third was, that whatever store of provisions were brought together, in any of the great houses of Britain the whole disappeared so as never after to be found, saving what was used on the first night."

The calamities were strange enough, but the remedies were not less extraordinary. Lludd went to Gaul to ask the advice of his brother Llefelys, who was king there, and who, against the first grievance, "ordered a long tube to be made, through which they might so converse that the air should not convey the sound to the Coranians." This was certainly a very ingenious expedient.—

"By this means they began to communicate their secret thoughts, but soon found that neither could hear anything but confused and indistinct sounds; whereby Llefelys perceived that a dæmon had lodged himself in the tube; he therefore ordered it to be washed with wine, and then their words became perfectly distinct and intelligible. Llefelys then gave Lludd worms of a particular kind, which he desired him on his return to bruise and put in cold water, and then to assemble the people indis-

criminally, both Britons and Coranians, and sprinkle them all with the water; and that such would be its efficacy as to kill all the Coranians without doing any injury to the Britons."

The causes of the other calamities, and their remedies, are equally absurd, if not more so, and we will abstain from repeating them out of consideration for our readers. At the end of this Welsh edition of Geoffrey of Monmouth, another individual, whom Geoffrey mentions as his authority, is introduced, making a rather singular statement: "I, Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, translated this book from the Welsh into Latin, and in my old age have again translated it from the Latin into Welsh." Such is the trash which Mr. Manley Pope seems to think it desirable to introduce into our "elementary instruction." He seems to have been living in happy ignorance of all that has been written upon the subject of Geoffrey of Monmouth and his history, and to imagine that he has found something quite new, which only wants to be known to be duly valued and appreciated. The Welsh translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth has been to him a great mare's-nest.

Mr. Pope's want of knowledge on the subject of his book is especially displayed in his notes, which are very droll for their quotations. He talks of such writers as "Godfridus de Malmesbury"; and he supports his statements on such authority as the following:—

"There is also extant a testimony of some importance in an epitome of the History of Britain, extracted from the *Olis (sic) Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury, and to be found in the library of St. Martin's-in-the-Strand."

We would only ask, did Mr. Pope find it there? The very first note on the popular name given to Geoffrey's British History involves a very gross blunder. Brut, he says, was "originally the same as the French word *Bruit*, and is used synonymously with *Chronicles*." Does Mr. Pope not know that the name *Brut* was given to the book because it begins with Brutus, the progenitor of the British line of kings? He clearly believes in mermaids (p. 159). He believes, further, that the giant Gogmagog was thrown from a rock; and he hazards thereupon a new theory on the use of Cromlechs.

Lancashire and Cheshire Wills and Inventories, from the Ecclesiastical Court, Chester. The Third Portion. Edited by the Rev. J. Piccope, M.A. (Printed for the Chetham Society.)

TAKEN as a whole, this collection of Wills, extending from the period of Elizabeth to the reign of Charles the First, is less interesting than the previous Portions published. The documents themselves are less rich in illustrations of life and manners; but, on the other hand, for lack of remarkable incidents, we make acquaintance with remarkable personages. Strange circumstances, or what would seem so now, occur, however, without abounding. What gratitude would a right worshipful county magistrate confess to, in the present day, if a friend bequeathed him *6s. 8d., upon trust*, that he might prevent the testator's children squabbling over the terms of the will? We doubt also if any legatee would feel particularly ecstatic at having bequeathed to him a couple of stone troughs, or as many forms and one table, to be preserved as heir-looms in his family for ever. Even a devise of all the glass in the windows of a house must have less pleased than puzzled the heir of the brittle inheritance. A squire would probably declare himself to be more "bothered" than benefited, were his husbandman Giles to "desier his worshipfull landis-lord" to be the supervisor of Giles's testament.

It is to be observed, however, that aquires, on their side, sometimes required similar offices from their helps, like Tatton, of Withinhaw, who names as executors of his will a brace of Cheahire "Esquires," and with them, "my trusty servant, Owen Barton, gent."

Generally speaking, legacies are awarded for service rendered or affection paid, but here is one devised as a stimulant to the legatee to help himself. A good old parson, amid many evidences of good judgment and liberality, gives "to Henry Bury, of Wenaley, my other silver-pot, then to be delivered unto him when he can read and write and cast accounts, but not before." The testator, "Bury of Bury, clerk," looks to the future in other things: he leaves funds for a school and free library, and advice how to further the end, which he thinks may be accomplished, for "the library at Ipswich is thought to be worth 300*l.*, and yet began but awhile ago," in globes, and maps, and books. He does not give us a catalogue of the latter, but probably, like those of the Rev. Christopher Goodman, who *does* name "Musculus upon the Comon Plases," they were only suited to "such of my kindred that give themselves to learning, especially to divinity, for which my books best serve." Goodman and Bury are equally thoughtful of the poor as well as of their kin. The former gives "50*l.* towards the relief of the distressed citizens of Geneva, whereof I am a member,"—that is, a follower of the faith there publicly upheld. Bury remembers the poor nearer home, and says he, "Let the sexton have four times as much for making my grave as he hath for other men."

There is one especially curious incident in the will of this learned and liberal cleric,—namely, "I give unto Mr. Ralph Ashton, that religious gentleman, my eagle-stone, which I lately lent him for his wife." Mr. Piccope does not much enlighten ignorant readers by referring them to Raines's Stanley Papers, if they wish to be made acquainted with the nature and properties of this once supposed mighty and implicitly trusted talisman. The Eagle-stone belonged to no particular genus of fossils, as some thought. It was variously described as the *atites*, a hollow *godes* of oxide of iron with silic and alumina, the whole in layers, with loose concretions in the centre, which rattled when shaken. The most valued in Mrs. Ashton's time was that formed of the several varieties of common pebbles. Old women who performed the office of constables held them sovereign for the discovery of thieves. Young women, who had stories how the lady-eagle used to carry these stones to their nests, believed in their efficacy, for other reasons, and rested their hopes of a happily-achieved maternity by the timely application of the eagle-stone to the surface of the body. If the superstition itself be singular, not less so is the fact that country clergymen kept these magic stones by them, and lent them out to the ladies of religious lords in the hour of their need.

Of other traits of a by-gone society we have traces in other wills. "I give to Sir Hugh Cholmondeley," says Widow Brereton of Stratton, "my best horse, if my landlord do not take him for 'harryotte,' and if he so do, then I give him my best yoke of oxen." Again, says Widow Halsall of Halsall, "I give to the right honourable my very good Lord, Henry, Earl of Derby, the best fat ox which I shall happen to have at the time of my decease." This last was, evidently, heriot too; and the widow only left what the Earl,—brother-in-law to the Lord Stourton who was hanged for murder, and son-in-law to that Mary Tudor who had been, for a brief period, Queen of France,—was sure to take when his time came.

Even the law itself has not altogether abolished old customs in counties and on manors. When a man purchases land he would do well to inquire what the customs of the place are with respect to inheritance. The Saxon custom of *Gavelkind*, whereby all the children inherit equally, and primogeniture is without a privilege, still lingers in Kent. In a few other counties, we may yet encounter the exercise of *Borough-English*, according to which the youngest son stands next heir to the estate. Could this have arisen from some *droit de Seigneur* rendering the paternity of the first child doubtful? With regard to *Heriots*, what may now be the custom in Cheshire and Lancashire we are unable to say, but they have not been entirely eradicated from Sussex; and yet as long back as in the time of A'Becket that ecclesiastical landlord denounced them as a device of the devil; and he restored to a widow a fine fat cow which he might have legally taken at the death of her husband, the ex-tenant of the land. We hope Henry Earl of Derby acted as generously towards the children of Widow Halsall. We fear that the other widow's best horse was seized by the landlord, and did not pass, as contingently devised, to Sir Hugh. On the death of a tenant, the owner of the soil had a right to seize "the best beast" on the premises; sometimes the "best cow" at others the "best horse" was specified. We have heard of a lord's bailiff lying concealed in the farmyard of a dying tenant that he might rush into the stable and take possession of the best steed there, as soon as the owner died. No one thought this cruelty; it was, and here and there is, the "custom." But we know of worse cases than the last; for example, a tenant occupied land that lay in two manors. He was dying; the bailiffs of the two lords of those manors watched at his door for his death, and then a struggle ensued between them as to which should seize the finest horse,—for the right of seizure was in both. There lingers, we believe, even worse again than this. Land in one manor may be sub-let, and in such case the lord may seize in both divisions when the holder dies. Finally, we have heard of an attorney purchasing, for a mere trifle, the lordship of a piece of land subject to heriot. He had heard that the tenant was dying, and he knew that the finest horse in the county, there being bred, would be his, by right of his lordship.

As in the previous wills to which we formerly directed the attention of our readers, so in these, not only do fathers acknowledge and make provision for children born before marriage, but wives receive them, and legitimate heirs, ere they die, bequeath wherewith to render comfortable some less happy sister, described as "base-born." There is also much homely affection expressed in some of these documents; as witness that of Tatton, previously noticed. Squire Tatton is desirous that his widow should have a more "convenient house to keep hospitality in than the mansion manor-house," which is unfit "for her to dwell in, and especially for as much as the same house is distant from her parish church two miles, she being not able to travel so far in her old years to hear God's divine service." And so the fine-hearted old squire leaves the good dame his manor-house at Withinshaw, where she might keep a widowhood cheerful with happy memories of him, with a bright hearth round which to assemble old friends, and the church close at hand—a mere short walk for her to calmly walk thither, and not likely to fatigue the vicar, who occasionally, we are quite sure, walked back with her to dinner. Widow Tatton, however, if she espoused the vicar or any other

suitor, was to surrender the manor-house. The idea of the aged lady who could hardly walk a couple of miles becoming the bride of another would have called back Squire Tatton to earth, even though he lay, like Squire Mainwaring of Nantwich, beneath the ponderous "marble pillars, and the great tombstone of marble that came out of Ireland."

We have spoken of personages as well as incidents of interest with whom we come in contact in these testamentary papers. Thus, the will of "Dame Lady Anne Fytton" (*Phyton*, the fair dame writes the well-known name), "widow," introduces us to two families—the Fyttons of Gawsworth, and the Gerards, their cousins. The son and heir of Lady Anne was Sir Edward Fytton, whose sister Penelope married Sir Charles Gerard. Fytton and Gerard! what a coil the men who bore these names made some years after Lady Anne was entombed at Gawsworth. Will upon will, lawsuit upon lawsuit—how fierce and foul the struggle, which began in one century with forgery, and concluded in the next with murder in Hyde Park!

They who now pass through Gerrard Street and Macclesfield Street, Soho, pass over ground where the son and heir of Sir Charles Gerard, first baron of that name, and subsequently Earl of Macclesfield, kept a gay house, surrounded by trim gardens, and a sulky French wife, whom Charles the Second forbade continuing her attendance on the Queen, because the lady let her tongue wag rudely against the Castlemaine whom Gerard himself received at his mansion. That lord, who gave up his command of the Guards for a doucer of 12,000*l.* from the king, who wanted the dignity for Monmouth, was a fine dresser, a false friend, a talebearer against Clarendon, and altogether not a man to be esteemed. His uncle, Sir Edward Fytton of Gawsworth, had died childless, entailing (it was said) his estates on a kinsman, William Fytton, who was succeeded in the possession by his son, the notorious Alexander. To oust the latter, nineteen years after Sir Edward's death and thirty after the entail had been confirmed, as alleged, by a deed-poll, Gerard produced a will which Mr. Piccope would look for in vain in the Ecclesiastical Court at Chester. It purported to be that of Gerard's uncle, Sir Edward, duly made in the nephew's favour. Hot, fierce, anxious, was the litigation that followed, with a Pelion of perjury on one side upon the Ossa of false swearing on the other. Fytton pleaded the deed-poll, but Gerard brought forward one Abraham Granger, who made oath that he had forged the name of Sir Edward to that deed under menace of mortal violence. Thereupon the judgment of the Chancellor was given in favour of Gerard, and the deed declared to be a forgery. Gerard, as soon as he heard the judgment pronounced, "rose up," says Roger North, "and went straight down to a shop in the Hall, took up his Lordship's picture, paid his shilling, and rolling up his purchase went off, desiring only an opportunity in a better manner to resent such an eminent piece of justice."

Then ensued the strangest part of this will story. Abraham Granger, impelled by remorse or liberal payment, or desire to escape a great penalty by acknowledging the smaller offence, appeared in court, and confessed that he had perjured himself when he swore that he had forged the name of Sir Edward. The confession, however, was unsupported, and Fytton, who was considered the responsible person, was condemned to fine, imprisonment and pillory. But that he was not a man to be kept from greatness by having suffered such degradation they know who are acquainted with

North, Evelyn, Pepys, Burnet, Hume, Ormerod and Macaulay. Alexander Fytton, turning Romanist, was patronized by James the Second, who made him Chancellor of Ireland and Baron Gawsworth, and who found in him a willing and unscrupulous instrument in James's Irish Parliament, and active in passing Acts of Forfeiture of Protestant property and Attainder of Protestant personages.

The family quarrel, as we have said, ended in blood. Gerard died in 1693, Earl of Macclesfield. He was succeeded by his two sons, Charles, who died, childless, in 1701, and Fitton Gerald, Earl of Macclesfield, who died, without heirs, in 1702. Ten years later occurred, in Hyde Park, that savage duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, in which both adversaries were slain. "It must be borne in mind," says Dr. Millingen, in his 'History of Duelling,' "that political animosities, which ran very high at this period, gave a peculiar acrimonious character to the transaction, the causes of which have never been satisfactorily explained." The causes, however, are known to us. Politics, indeed, embittered the affair, for Mohun was the Hector of the Whigs, and Hamilton was a Tory, whose recent appointment to be Ambassador-Extraordinary to France had given great offence to the Whigs generally. But there was a family quarrel, too. These two men, Mohun and Hamilton, were husbands of co-heiresses, who were disputing possession of the old Cheshire estates of the Fyttons; and when they went out to mutual murder on that dreary September morning of 1712, they brought to a sanguinary end the old Cheshire will case, which had given a zest to the legal controversies of two or three generations.

Rachel Noble's Experience. By Bruce Edwards. (Glasgow, Scottish Temperance League; London, Houlston & Wright.)

THAT the cause of temperance could be promoted by a prize-essay—one of the very worst forms of gambling—is the lamentable delusion of a single mind, for which eighty-three persons, to whom time is of some value, have been condemned to write a book, which is now complacently returned to them as waste paper. Does the prize-giver ever think of the injustice of having eighty-four specimens executed, when he proposes to take no more than one? Would he ask eighty-four tailors to send him in as many coats?

This tale, the best out of eighty-three which were sent to be adjudicated on, is the poorest of literary trash. The writer is, of course, wrong-headed on the vices of wine and ale. That was to be expected in a temperance tale. But he cannot write the English language, or reason from his own premises to their conclusion.

The heroine was a young lady who found it advisable to turn her talents to some profitable use, and therefore she answered an advertisement for a companion to a lady. Her first step was to obtain a testimonial as to her fitness; and the person to whom it was most natural for her to apply was a Mr. Virtue, who lived at the manse, and whose ministrations she had attended. And here she gives her first experience in the country where she made her start in life: "I did not then know how readily clergymen give flattering testimonials, probably from a mingling of official and personal kindness, in the spirit of that charity 'which thinketh no evil.'"

However, the testimonial, together with the recommendation of a physician, Dr. England, was partly the means of introducing her to a strangely blunt and rude family, named Mor-

gan. And she was informed by the eldest daughter, within two or three hours of her first entrance into their house, that her predecessor had plainly given them to understand that it was her opinion that they were rich and vulgar; and as for the daughter herself, that her nature was essentially vulgar. The predecessor told the truth, although it required but little discernment to perceive the fact. The brother, Mr. John Morgan, was to be a minister, and he made it his aim to be gentlemanlike. No doubt, he failed most palpably; but he was kindly and considerate. Their first conversation turned on intemperance, and the benefits of taking the pledge; and it also appeared in due course of time that the father of the family was a spirit-merchant, and Mrs. Morgan's ill health and need of a companion to superintend her household was owing to her devotion to ardent spirits. Miss Noble's duty, therefore, was to make Mrs. Morgan a teetotaller, to train the daughters and make a comfortable home for the father and sons. It does not appear why the eldest daughter should not have done all this, except that in that case Rachel Noble would not have been wanted. On Rachel's first introduction to Mrs. Morgan, whom she found in a state of intoxication, she became converted to total abstinence principles. She was confirmed in her conviction that that is the chief remedy, the oftener Mrs. Morgan eluded her vigilance and obtained possession of a brandy-bottle. Of course, it will occur to the reader that the wisest course would have been to keep a strict watch over the poor woman, and, when possible, to appeal to her sense of right and wrong. But Rachel Noble's experiences do not point to this method. In fact, they must have fully tended to convince both herself and her readers of the utter failure of total abstinence principles. Moreover, the 100*l.* offered by the Temperance League has been paid to a man who has missed their aim. In the tale, the pledge does not save its signers; the "sad examples" continue to be drunkards: Mrs. Morgan dies drunk; even Mr. John, the young minister, becomes a victim; and the only one who reaps benefit from "Rachel Noble's experience" is the inexperienced writer of the tale.

Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Translated into English Verse. (Nutt.)

Wilhelm von Humboldt's Studies of Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea—[*Wilhelm von Humboldt's ästhetische Versuche über Göthe's Hermann und Dorothea*]. Third Edition, with a Preface by Hermann Hettner. (Brunswick, Vieweg; London, Williams & Norgate.)

WHETHER Englishmen will, by any process of reasoning, be convinced that Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea' is a masterpiece of epic art, and that the homestead of mine host of the "Lion" is as important in its way as the residence of Priam or the camp of the Greeks, may seriously be doubted. Indeed, we suspect there are many honest men, by no means ignorant of German, and by no means destitute of poetical feeling, whose interest in the fate of young Hermann's wooing would reach that minimum point commonly expressed by a yawn, long before the nine books, named, like those of Herodotus, after the Muses, had been fairly read—not to say digested. "You must learn to love me," said the Bottle-imp to his victim, in Mr. Peake's once-famous melo-drama, rightly deeming that an affection of which he was the object must necessarily be an acquired taste. The same words might be addressed to the reader by the stolid hero, the strong-minded

heroine, the testy father, the kind mother, the medical *Philistine*, and the wise pastor, who figure in Goethe's idyllic epic, or epical idyl,—whichever form of expression the curious may prefer.

No doubt, to those who can appreciate it, it is a great work,—as olives, to those who like them, are delicious fruit; and when the anonymous author of the translation now before us asserts, in his Preface, that it is "a very pretty poem, full of artistic and finished pictures of middle German life as it was about the period of the first French Revolution, full of charming descriptions of persons and scenery,—full, in short, of interest and instruction of every kind,"—we feel that the tone of his commendation, warm as it is, is not sufficiently high. A work in which every character is a plastic individual, with peculiarities developed amid a primitive and monotonous life, unknown to great cities, or even to small towns, situate in countries that take a share in the world's politics,—in which so perfect a story is constructed on so simple a foundation,—in which the great event of the period, the French Revolution, is reflected without destroying the homely character of the picture, and in which realism never becomes vulgar,—is something more than a pretty poem.

We find we are almost talking in the words of Wilhelm von Humboldt. "The plain simplicity of the object depicted," says he, "and the greatness and depth of the effect produced,—these are the two qualities which, in Goethe's 'Hermann und Dorothea,' most powerfully and involuntarily elicit the admiration of the reader. Things so utterly opposed to each other, that they can be combined only by the genius of the artist, and by that only in his happiest moments, we find brought at once before our minds;—persons so true and individual, that they can only be derived from nature and the living present, and, at the same time, so pure and ideal, that reality can never attain them. In the mere delineation of a simple action, we recognize a full and perfect picture of the world and humanity."

The translation is, on the whole, faithfully and gracefully executed in blank verse; and its general style may be gathered from this passage, which we take at random from the book headed 'Euterpe':—

She went into the field
That, with its wide expanse, crown'd all the hill.
Still trod she her own ground, and joy'd to see
The crop of rye and nobly-waving wheat
That mov'd itself, like gold, along the slope.
Going between the ridges, on the path
She had the goodly pear-tree in her sight,
Which stood upon the hill,—the boundary
Of all the ground belonging to the house.
Who planted it, none knew. On all the place
It stood out large and broad [?]. The fruit of it
Was form'd; and underneath the reaper band
Resorted to enjoy their noontide meal,
And in its shade the herdsman lov'd to watch.

For refraining from an imitation of the original hexameter, the translator merits commendation. Whatever may be asserted on the subject, English hexameters are a bore, unsatisfactory to the classically erudite, and unintelligible to general readers. Scarcely more satisfactory are German hexameters; only it chanced that the founders of modern German poetry, Klopstock and others, showed a predilection for the ancient metrical form, and thus gained for it an early footing: whereas English poetry may be said to exist independently of hexameters, which merely appear as an occasional freak. And even with respect to Germany, it will be recollected how distasteful were Klopstock's numbers to the elder Goethe.

To the more resolute students of 'Hermann und Dorothea,' the reprint of Wilhelm von Humboldt's 'Studies,' with an explanatory Preface by Herr Hettner, will be very accept-

able. The essays may be regarded, to a certain extent, as the result of Humboldt's conversations with Schiller, and the views they embody belong to that state of thought which is represented in Schiller's philosophical writings. The author had before him the example of Lessing, who from the single group of Laocoon deduced an entire theory of the essential difference between poetry and plastic art, and endeavoured, in like manner, to propound a complete theory of poetry, while explaining the high qualities of Goethe's epic. Unfortunately, while Lessing's book is delightful, Humboldt's 'Studies' are dry to repulsiveness, as even his editor cannot deny. Dryness, however, will be scarcely a bugbear to those who are accustomed to the philosophical products of Fatherland; and, at all events, Humboldt's matter is good, however defective his form.

FRENCH NOVELS.

Lady Fortune—[*Dame Fortune*, par Paul Perret]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—So far as regards good intentions, 'Lady Fortune' is better than the general run of French novels, inasmuch as there is a recognition of moral obligation. There is no illicit love in it, nor unnatural sentiment: one might even say, that there is an aspiration after a nobler and better life than can be found in mere self-pleasing; a life of usefulness and of good to others is recognized as the ideal of human effort. It is true that the efforts to ameliorate the fate of the poor and miserable would drive a political economist fairly mad. The author's attempt to dispense a large fortune in works of beneficence reads like a child's dream; still, the aspiration is there, and the subject of the story is not the everlasting breach of the Seventh Commandment. The motive of the story is interesting, and opens out a rather complicated problem. A wicked old usurer dies, after accumulating an immense fortune by means of ingenious diabolical agency which the Father of Evil himself could not improve upon. By his will, the whole of his ill-gotten gains are bequeathed to a niece whom he has never seen. The mother and daughter are very cleverly drawn,—a piece of clear, distinct, wholesome workmanship. The discovery of the means by which the uncle had amassed the money comes with the inheritance; the young girl refuses to spend one farthing on herself, and devotes the money to the poor. In the description of the difficulty of this, the sacrifice, the temptation to keep at least some portion, are very well told; the weakness and cupidity of the lover are also very good, though too long drawn out, and made unreal by the treatment. Still, there is the germ of a good idea in the story; but when it comes to working out the details, it goes all to nonsense. Giving alms with both hands is the first idea of doing good; and the second is, to settle down on a young nobleman's neglected estate and reform his tenantry. Every work of benevolence being done in France by government machinery, a novelist has some difficulty in setting his heroine to work: there seems a want of organized voluntary charities to which spontaneous help may be brought and made available. The story of 'La Dame Fortune' is not very stupid, neither is it very entertaining; but it indicates a desire on the part of the author to get into a better track and a more wholesome choice of subject than is usual in French fiction at present.

The Trial of Handsome William—[*La Cause du Beau Guillaume Durant*]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This is an interesting story; it has a certain grace of nature which is very refreshing in the weary, theatrical, unwholesome scenes of French fiction. As compared with French novels, it may be almost called pure, both in intention and detail; though, of course, an uninitiated English reader would find it highly scandalizing. It is the story of a young man's first love, and there are the grace and truth in it which redeem all love which is true and loyal. The incidents rather remind one of George Sand's novel of 'André.' A young man brought up under domestic circumstances which bring out the feminine elements in a gentle, reserved and

delicately-organized character, settles on a small estate to live an idyllic life of patriarchal benevolence. Louis Leforgeur, the hero, has lived, away from Paris, a life of pure but dreamy domesticity: he has had no Casino or Cremona chapters in his life; but neither has he any strong principles, nor strength of any kind,—only great refinement and good intentions. He falls in love, for the first time in his life, with a charming young peasant on his estate, who lives with a brutal brother, a game-keeper; and she is betrothed to one of his friends, who goes by the *sobriquet* of "Le Beau Guillaume." Matters are complicated by the ill offices and coarse gossip of an old woman, servant to Louis. There is a great deal of very delicate and subtle human nature in the working of these various elements. The brother, angry at his sister's disgrace, ill-uses her worse than ever; for he does not know how steadily Louis contemplates marriage, although he trifles with the purpose, and will not be coerced by any appearance of threat or violence. The brother rouses the neighbourhood against Louis; Louis despises their hostility, and the poor girl is the victim: she is murdered by her brother and Le Beau Guillaume.—The story is worth reading, and although it is a painful one, it excites wholesome human pity. The characters are human beings, and not the pestilential exhalations of a morbid and impure imagination. The servant Euronique is very clever, and true to life,—a bad-natured, covetous, jealous old woman, but not at all one of the demoniacal caricatures of the present evil days of French fiction.

The Conquest of a Soul—[*La Conquête d'une Ame*, par Eugène Lataye]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This 'Conquest of a Soul' is a prose *In memoriam*; it is a tissue of that morbid self-analysis in which novelists delight, and in which, it must be confessed, they excel. The manner of the story is novel. It is the day of All-Souls, and a lover has been to visit the tomb of his beloved, who had died before their marriage. The image of her whom he had known so lovely decaying in the grave haunts him, and he returns home in a painful state of horror and depression: the spirit of the young girl as he knew her comes and sits beside him—he feels her presence, and his strong thought has the power to give it her shape. He converses with her as though she were once more his living companion, lending her words and speech,—to her, as though she had returned to him from beyond the tomb, he tells the history of his life, explains the misconceptions that separated them,—tells her the details of his life after their estrangement; and it seems as though she communed with him. In the end, he takes up the duties of his life again, whilst the love he has borne her is shut up in his heart, to be the cradle of all noble and good intents,—a living and ever-present thought stimulating him to become worthy of such a guest. There is true sentiment in all this, but it is figured by perpetual self-analysis. The writers of French fiction constantly stop to explain and scrutinize every emotion as it arises, until healthy spontaneous action has become impossible. The insidious growth of falseness that arises from taking note of every shade of emotion is the worst consequence of cultivating self-consciousness. Man is before all things an artist; he is impelled, by an instinct stronger than himself, to give a definite shape and design to all he undertakes. So long as he works on objects of merely mechanical skill, this is all very well; but when it comes to the "human soul by which we live," the "arts of design" render its spontaneity impossible, and simplicity of intention very difficult indeed: a habit of disloyalty of the lip to the heart is established—shades of feeling and trains of thought are going on which seriously modify the words uttered, guaranteed as they are by looks and tones which ought to signify truth. A Frenchman never lets himself go to his emotions with singleness of heart. There is always a residue of suspicion and doubt, even when he seems to confide the most; he considers that he owes it to himself to be beforehand with the possibility of deception—he has always an *arrière-pensée*. Hence there is a constant state of doubt—no genuine humour, no *abandon*. A profound weariness and dryness make themselves felt

through every page of modern French literature—self-esteem is the only sentiment that is allowed free play.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Handy Book of the Chemistry of Soils: explanation of their Composition and the Influence of Manures in ameliorating them. By John Scoffern, M.B. (Bell & Daldy).—It is not until the middle of this book is reached that any attempt is made to justify its title. The first 70 or 80 pages are on the science of chemistry, without any of that special reference to soils or to manures which the title-page leads us to expect. There is then a short chapter on the philosophy of vegetation, and this is succeeded by others of a rather fragmentary character on some points in agricultural chemistry. The work, which is thus both incoherent and incomplete, concludes with chapters on the Analysis of Soils, Guano, and other Manures. The book is not a manual for the student who desires thoroughly to master the relations of chemistry to agriculture. It is not even a complete handbook of any one department of that large subject. It appears to be intended for the increasing class of amateur agriculturists whose smattering of the scientific relations of the art they practise is a worthless substitute for the practical skill to which, and not to imperfect instructions in the analysis of manures or in the philosophy of vegetation, they ought to look for profit and success.

Notes of an Agricultural Tour in Belgium, Holland and the Rhine. By Robert Scott Burn. (Longman & Co.)—A small octavo volume of 240 pages, containing a great deal that is interesting and instructive to the English farmer. The descriptions of flax culture, of the elaborate rotations of cropping in which it has a place, and of the economy of manures as observed in Belgian agriculture, furnish many a lesson for the guidance of agriculturists here. Mr. Burn is well acquainted with those faults of our farm practice which in that of Belgium are corrected, and his descriptions of the detailed, elaborate and careful management of crops and of manures on soils and under climates very similar to our own are just the corrective we require of the wasteful, easy *want* of management which our farms and farmyards too often exhibit.

Lays from the Ingle Nook. By John Young. (Glasgow, Gallie.)—We can speak favourably, on the whole, of this unpretending collection. The best of Mr. Young's fireside pictures are very good—full of hearty, healthy feeling, brought home to us by touches of lifelike reality. That stage in baby life, for instance, when the little one for the first time scorns the help of the maternal skirt or finger, and, in the common phrase, "runs alone," is painted in the following extract with a truth and tenderness that all parents—mothers especially—will recognize:—

WEE BURDIE—A FAMILY PICTURE.

Tired wi' the labours o' the day,
An' drookit to the sark,
(Sair peltin' showers had held the sway
Frae early morn till dark.)
I push'd along to reach my hame,
That port frae worldly strife,
Sure to be welcomed to the same
By my ain wee guidwife.
Ere I had made my ain door-cheek,
Or o'er its threshold stap't,
She wi' her dumpy han' sae aleek
My shouters kindly clap't;
Syn'e roun' my neck her arms she flang,
Drench'd tho' I was wi' rain,
An' said, while to my breast she clang,
"Wee Burdie's gaun her lane."

Ere yet she spak I could espy
A flutterin' at her breast;
But whether 'twas wi' grief or joy,
I gat nae time to guess 't;
For grief or joy frae him she lo'es,
What wife can lang contain?
See out it cam wi' the blythe news,
"Wee Burdie's gaun her lane."

We'd ca'd her, in our fondness, "Burd,"
Our youngest lassie bairn,
Wha, an' ye'll tak her mither's word,
A genius was to learn;
Sin' ere Time, wi' his spankin' stride,
A towmon't's march had gane,
I'm tauld wi' a' a mither's pride,
"Wee Burdie's gaun her lane."

But noo the aulddest twa I
Enjoy themselves within,
Sae we maun in to share the cheer
An' see Wee Burdie rin.
An' sun'e's I caught the wee thing's
She stanchin' to me cam,
Grupt me wi' pride about the knee,
Syn'e look't o'er to her mam.
Or e'er I'd cuist my dreepin' coat,
Or to a bite sat doon,
I had to see Wee Burdie tot
Our biggin' roun' 'ar roun'.
An' when I saw joy's sunny rays
Illume my humble hame,
I sun'e forgat my dreepin' claes,
Nor heard my grum'llin' wame.
But Nature gars ane gie her heed;
Sae we to sup began,
While 'bout gaun tots, wi' railway speed,
The guidwife's clapper ran.
For miles aroud she kent ilk wean
(A' mither's best ken hood),
But ne'er a ane o' them had gane
Sae sun'e's her ain wee doo.

—Most of these poems are written in the Scottish vernacular—a medium which seems especially adapted to that fusion of humour and pathos in which Mr. Young excels. When he quits his native dialect, he is less in his element. Moreover, in some of his lays, both Scottish and English, the faults of carelessness and prolixity are obvious enough. The ability to place a subject before the reader by means of faithful details is not only a charm in poetry, but one of its first requisites. Mr. Young, however, carries his love of the circumstantial to excess, and gives us trifling particulars where we want broad characteristics. That he can present the latter when he chooses will be clear to all who have read our quotation. It is, indeed, the merit of what he has accomplished in this and similar examples that makes us the more earnest in pointing out what he must avoid.

Vernicles from the Portfolio of a Sexagenarian. (Longman & Co.)—This "Sexagenarian," though he has little imagination, fancy or wit, is sufficiently shrewd, comical and learned to be a tolerable gossip. His principal poem is entitled "Nosology,"—the word not being used in its medical sense, but in reference to the most prominent feature of the face. The writer holds that a man's genius depends upon the size of his nose, and maintains his crotchet (as a crotchet is usually maintained) by quoting the instances that coincide with it, and ignoring those that are adverse. It must be granted, however, that the various warriors, statesmen and poets who have had the nasal organ large make up a formidable list, and that some of the authorities here cited are entertaining, though inconclusive. The following dictum from the "Nugæ Vestales" is curiously applicable to a successful "nasute," as our author would call him, of these times:—"Quisque apprehendat nasum suum, et videat num possit fieri Imperator." It is difficult to give an idea of "Nosology" by extract, as the piece has no passage of remarkable force. It is, nevertheless, smooth and agreeable, and in the end excites our mirth by its persevering gravity in the treatment of a ludicrous thesis. There are in the volume several specimens of similar humour, —a quality which, however, runs into bad taste in the "Address to a False Tooth," and exhibits all the audacity of the punster, relieved by an occasional hit, in the "Elegy on a Favourite Mare." Of the few serious poems, that entitled "In Memoriam" is simple and pathetic. The author's strength, however, lies in genial chat, which, as we have already hinted, is lively and various, though not brilliant. Whoever has a leisure hour may spend it less amusingly than with our talkative "Sexagenarian."

A New Pantomime. By Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D. (Reeves & Turner.)—In a dedication which recalls with more emphasis than discretion the exuberant Oriental style of the "Tale of Alroy," Mr. Kenealy lays his completed Fantasy-Piece at the feet of Mr. Disraeli. Perhaps any preamble less exaggerated would have been out of keeping with the offering. Certain portions of the poem have been already submitted to the public, and thus we are happily spared the labour of analysis or description of the whole. Suffice it to say, that few more perverse exercises of talent,

... and imitative power, recur to memory than ... contained in this thick volume. Students possessing the keenest vision, the widest range of reading, and the most entire sympathy with all the vagaries of German philosophy and fancy, have, on the whole, agreed to consider the second part of 'Faust' as an enigma—as a labyrinth in which Goethe the subtle, even supposing the path always clear to himself, not infrequently hid himself in its intricacies from those under the guidance of his spell. To take such a work, then, as model or point of departure, seems to us a mistake. Scanty would be the comfort to be expected from a poem written to outdo Shelley's 'Sensitive Plant' or 'Marianne's Dream.' Mr. Kenely, however, has not shrunk from a yet more difficult adventure,—and, with a confusion of imagination and purpose hardly equalled in our times, has brought together reminiscences of the celestial Prologue to the first 'Faust' (a portion of that work to which we English are not completely reconciled, in spite of all its majesty and meaning)—imitations of the mysteries of the second part of that drama, in which dream and antique legend and modern sarcasm are so strangely intertwined, and has further introduced, as principal actors, Goethe, the real poet, and *Gretchen*, his ideal creation,—the two separated awhile by *Mephistopheles*, and brought together for pardon and benediction at the close of the dream.—This is surely a case of misapplied ingenuity, if there was ever such a thing. Our author, to continue, seems innocent of every idea of selection in his episodes.—Wherefore, else, should he have told, too clearly to be mistaken, the melancholy death of an ill-starred English poetess, by way of adding a piquancy to a flagging scene of this chaotic Pantomime?—But what are we, who presume to sit in judgment on a masterpiece? Let its maker speak of it himself.—"The Poem is an *Ænigma* to the many,—and will always remain so:—for the Wise and True and Learned it was written, and they alone can understand and appreciate it. Let no man criticize it who does not in part conceive what it means;—let no man pronounce upon its Author who cannot enter into his soul. . . . But the absolute and perfect key to the Poem must be sought for in the soul and spirit of him who reads this work with the desire to think and judge for himself, according to the true and natural dictates of an illuminated reason, on the most sublime of all subjects—God and the Future. And so I send it forth into the world from this place, while the sacred music of the Temple Church peals beautifully from the very spot where the Priests and Knights listened to it a thousand years ago, and a stray sunbeam, wandering and chequered as his own life, plays over the grave where all that now remains of Goldsmith rests in peace beside my window."—The above shall not overawe us, so as to prevent our saying, that in the midst of much elaborate folly and spasms of Affectation, professing to be "commercing with the skies," (in reality painfully on the alert to gather an audience,) will be found lines and lyrics of real fancy and music. One tithe of the labour spent by our author in being unintelligible for the edification of the Wise and True and Learned, might have enabled him to take his place among his contemporaries, without contest, or exciting the uneasy feeling in persons of common sense, that, after all, this New Pantomime may be a dull, long-drawn joke, and that the contriver thereof is laughing at his scanty and bewildered audience from behind the curtain.

Land Registry 1862. Collection of Public General Statutes relating to the Registration of Estates; with the General Orders of the Land Registry Office, Forms, &c., and a Copious Index to Acts and Orders. Edited by James Bigg, Esq.—This little volume forms a part of the edition of Statutes now in course of preparation by the editor, to which we have adverted on several occasions. We have previously borne witness to the energy and activity of Mr. Bigg, and the Index, which is the only original matter contained in this book, appears to be prepared with his usual ability. We should have said that this would prove a very useful handbook to persons taking advantage of the last Act, if it did not seem to be doubtful whether any such class at present exists.

The Influence of the Mosaic Code upon subsequent Legislation. By J. Benjamin Marsden, Solicitor. (Hamilton & Co.)—It has seldom fallen to our lot to labour through 800 pages of more unreadable matter than is contained in this volume. Dr. Primrose's friend Jenkinson himself, in his celebrated remarks concerning the "cosmogony of creation," did not offer a more overpowering show of learning than does this author; but Mr. Jenkinson's display, for a very good reason, speedily comes to an end, with the admission that he is "straying from the question." Mr. Marsden unfortunately, though some of his remarks are little more appropriate to the matter in hand, does not perceive when he strays. The object of the book, as stated on the title-page, in the Preface, and in the conclusion of the work, is to show the obligations which legislation owes to the Sacred Scriptures. It is well that this is so stated, for in the perusal of the book it is by no means easy to bear in mind the author's purpose. Mr. Marsden's theory would appear to be, that in all cases where we find a similarity existing between the provisions of the Mosaic and of other laws, we are bound to conclude that those provisions originated in the Mosaic code, and were thence adopted by the others. Now it is only natural that there should be many points of agreement between the different laws of antiquity, inasmuch as all ancient lawgivers admitted that laws should be founded on the principles of right and justice, and not upon the arbitrary and changing rules of convenience. Accordingly we find many provisions in the Mosaic and other laws which bear a great resemblance to each other. It is of course impossible to conceive that a code of laws so remarkable as that contained in the Books of Moses should exist without exercising a strong influence upon the jurisprudence of all nations which had any communication with the Jews, and it is therefore highly probable that the provisions to which we have referred were borrowed from that code. The author, as we understand him, endeavours to show that this is not only probable, but certain; and here we think he fails. As we have before hinted, a great part of the book consists of observations, statement and argument, the connexion of which with the subject is probably known to Mr. Marsden, but is not revealed to us. We must further take exception to the author's style of reasoning, which is often very remarkable. Take, for instance, this sentence: "If whatever is expedient is right, whatever is right is expedient." By the same logic, if every tailor is a man, every man is a tailor. Notwithstanding the above remarks, we are inclined to think that the author is possessed of a good deal of information. He hints that he may on a subsequent occasion enlarge the present work; but we strongly advise him to write it over again, striking out the irrelevant matter, which now renders his work obscure and tiresome, adding references to his authorities, which are now entirely omitted.

Of Miscellaneous Pamphlets, we have to mention—*The Revolution in America: a Lecture*, by J. E. Cairnes (Hodges, Smith & Co.).—*Agent the United States and Confederate States of North America* (Ridgway).—*Observations on Mr. Gladstone's Denunciation of certain Millowners of Lancashire*, by a Merchant (Ridgway).—*A Few Words to All on the Present Distress of our Brethren in Lancashire* (Skeffington).—*The Defence of England by the Volunteers, with particular Reference to the Defence of Liverpool*, by F. V. M. (Mitchell).—*Commercial Blockade considered in reference to Law and Policy*, by John Westlake (Ridgway).—*Philosophical Reasons for not Hanging Garrotters and Burglars*, by a Member of the Society of Friends!!! (Rixon & Arnold).—*Land in India: Whose is it? Being a Comparison of the Principles at Issue*, by W. M. Wood (King).—*The Practical Application of the Law of Storms at Sea: also, an Easy Method of Correcting the Errors of Iron Ships' Compasses*, by R. Leighton (Hughes).—*Report of the Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Durham Mission to Central Africa* (Spottiswoode).—*Light: a Lecture*, by the Rev. T. R. Robinson (Hodges, Smith & Co.).—*Colliery Accidents, How they happen; with Hints for their Prevention, &c.*, by a Lancashire Working Collier (Heywood).—*On the Cultivation of Cotton in Italy: Report to the Minister of Agriculture*,

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To the Members of the Anglo-Biblical Institute.

DEAR BROTHER MEMBERS,—Allow me on the present occasion to direct your attention to *The Authorship of the Pentateuch*, as from the present state of the Public mind, this subject is likely to receive the amount of attention due to its importance.

Even should the References in the New Testament to the Pentateuch, such as our Blessed Lord's declaration John v. 46. "For Moses wrote of me," be regarded to determine that the use of the Appellation of Moses therein no more precludes the supposition that it was written by him, than that it has relation to that which God did by him; yet are the Arguments for attributing the Authorship of the Pentateuch to Moses through the claims of Tradition satisfactory, as no claims worthy of regard in favor of any other Authorship either exist, or are recorded to have ever had existence.

With reference to the Arguments advanced to prove that Moses could not be the Author of the Pentateuch, permit me first to state the points which in my letter entitled *Bible Authority* I consider were demonstrated. That errors in the extant MSS. of the Sacred Text. 2dly, That the existence of a limited number of Miracles has been absolutely necessary to attest the claims of certain utterances to be Divine Revelations. 3dly, That as no MSS. of the Pentateuch now claims to be that which its Author actually transcribed, all existing errors in our extant Copies of it are attributable, either to the Author of the Original Document, or to the Transcribers of those MSS. 4thly, That no statement can now justly be attributed to the Author of the Original Document as a contradiction, that can be explained, either by Miraculous interferences, or by an Error in the Transcription of our present Copy of it. Subject to these Prescriptions, I will proceed to examine what has been advanced to prove, that Moses could not have written all that is recorded in the Pentateuch, even should it be admitted, that some portions of it were written by him.

Abraham Ibn Ezra, who flourished in the 11th century, contended, that it was not possible that the passages in either of the five following cases could have been written by Moses.

1st. He contends, "That the last Chapter in the Pentateuch could not have been written by Moses, inasmuch as it records his death and burial; and that, if he had written it, he would be a prophet like him," which could only have been stated by a later Author." But as he does not inform us, how Natural Reason could discover these things; or, why God could not have Miraculously Revealed to Moses for the benefit of succeeding ages, that which should have been revealed to his Servant, as he had Revealed to him, that which existed before the creation of his Servant, or only alternative is to regard the declaration, "That Moses could not have written these things," to be simply the assertion of Ibn Ezra to that effect. That God did Miraculously remove his Servant, see Deut. xxxiv. appears even to have been a probable occurrence, through the painful practices of the Roman Catholics respecting their dead; such removal rendering the sin of worshipping his relics impossible; and then, that His commands delivered by His servant should live honored, He might have enjoined him to write never a word, but to be a prophet like him." If the Author of the Pentateuch could record that only which he knew by his Natural powers, the Copy of it which we now possess must then be a painful collection of Falsehoods: for what human Reason could unfold, *That the Lord did not Trans-*

lets Moses as He did Enoch, or remove him from this world as He did Elijah, but in the first time, and in the second time, He did it! And if the Lord did miraculously reveal this to any one, why should not that one have been Moses?

Andly, Ibn Ezra contends, that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch, because his acts are not therein recorded in the First person, but in the Third. And he says, that if Moses wrote the whole law, it is not, And I wrote the whole law. This contention will not add much to Ibn Ezra's reputation. Where is the impossibility in the Commander of an army writing a despatch, thus—The Commander-in-Chief gave orders to march, and placing himself at the head of his advanced guard, he personally led the charge! In fact he ordinarily does issue his orders in the third person; and by so doing he neither impairs their sense, or destroys their credibility. There are two admired examples of this style of writing in Antiquity; namely, Caesar in his Commentaries, and Xenophon in his Anabasis. And if the possibility cannot be questioned, it certainly requires more proof than Ibn Ezra has advanced to carry conviction, that Moses in so writing did not choose the better style. Surely Deut. xxxiv. 5 &c. would not be improved by Ibn Ezra's requirement. "So I the servant of the Lord, and he that carried me in the valley in the land of Moab over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth my sepulchre unto this day, . . . and there arose not a prophet in Israel like unto me."

3rdly, Ibn Ezra contends, that as in Gen. xii. 6 we read, "And Abraham passed through the land, and the Canaanites were in the land, the writer of this must have lived at a time when the Canaanite no longer lived in the land, which was only in the days of David." Ibn Ezra here assumes, that the only meaning of the passage *And the Canaanite was then in the land* can be: That at the time when he wrote, the Canaanites were still in the land, and that it is not possible it should mean,—They at that time had taken possession of the land; or, had returned to it again after expulsion from it;—and till these last senses are shown to be impossible, his conclusion, that Moses could not have written this respecting the Canaanite is simply a false one. Besides these demonstrations, it is requisite to prove, before such a position as the Authorship of the Pentateuch can be either affirmed or negated by the Expression or Omission of a Single word, that it is impossible that such Expression or Omission could have had its origin in an error of the transcriber of the MS. that is now possessed, which certainly Ibn Ezra has not done.

4thly, Ibn Ezra contends, that as in Gen. xxii. 14 we read, "And Abraham called the mountain Jehovah-Jireh; as it is said to this day, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen. Here Mount Moriah, on which Solomon subsequently built the temple, is here spoken of. The phrase, "as it is said to this day, in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen," could only have been added after the erection of the temple by Solomon, and consequently cannot proceed from Moses." Now it is requisite for the settlement of the doubts here raised respecting the Authorship of this passage, to decide whether the Text of Ibn Ezra was different to, or more correct than that which we now possess; or whether Ibn Ezra or the Authors of the LXX. were the better Hebrew Scholars, since according to the Text of the LXX., Moses' claim to be the Author of it is not interfered with by anything that is set forth therein; the reading of the LXX. being, "And Abraham called the name of that place, Jehovah he saw, in order that they should have said to this day, in the mount, Jehovah was seen;" and yet Ibn Ezra nowhere vouchsafes a decision on either of these points.

5thly, Ibn Ezra contends, that as in Dent. iii. 11 it is related "For only Og king of Bashan remained of the remnant of Giants; behold his bedstead was a bedstead of iron; so it is not in Rabboth of the children of Ammon. This phrase can only proceed from a later Author, who refers to an event that occurred long before him, and therefore, in order to point out the antiquity of the monuments, and dependence to ancient monuments." In case the Author of the passage produced from Deuteronomy referred to a bedstead of iron once used by king Og, in order to point out by the nature of the material its strength, as one proof of its owner being a Giant; which proof he supposed to be sufficient to decide whether the Author of the LXX. was right, or whether Ibn Ezra was right, in his quotation, viz. "Nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man." (and certainly its extraordinary dimensions made it such a proof) there is no necessity for what is here termed "this phrase" to have reference "to an event that occurred long before him," as the Author's writing, "as with all justice to the passage it might have reference to an event which at the time of its being written was in actual existence; the thing sought to be proved being, not that king Og had lived, but that king Og whether living or dead was a Giant; and therefore, it is from this passage to prove that Moses was or was not the Author of it.

The foregoing objections of Ibn Ezra to the attributing of the Authorship of the Pentateuch to Moses do possibly embrace all that have been justly advanced thereon. It is indeed true, that the Evidences in numerous instances, are insufficient to support the rejection of their repetitions may contain a far more extensive list, and embrace, as they do, objections of the Class lately advanced by Bishop Colenso; they not discriminating the difference between an examination, whether the person to whom God had made a revelation, or whether it was not the case, that God had never Revealed to any one a specified thing recorded. The objections of Ibn Ezra are exclusively confined to the first of these examinations; Those of Bishop Colenso to the second. Should the foregoing examination of Ibn Ezra's objections have embraced all that have been advanced on this subject worthy of consideration, and should that which he has advanced thereon not be accepted by us, then indeed may we rejoice, not merely in the glorious things Revealed in the Sacred Record of the Pentateuch, but also in the assurance, unalloyed with the concern of Doubt, that the Author of the entire Work, of a privilege doubly valuable to him that does not comprehend, how it is possible to assert that Moses is not the Author of the Innumerable passages which Ibn Ezra determines could not have been written by him, and yet to place the smallest value on those that remain, even though Moses be acknowledged to be the Author of them.

I remain, Dear Brother Members, ever truly yours,
HERMAN HEINFETTER.
17, Fenchurch Street, January 6th, 1863.

FAMILY NAMES.

THE pother in the newspapers about the right to take anybody's name in place of your own, as you might take his umbrella or his bank-note, resembles, with a characteristic difference, an agitation which arose in America some years ago, and which still has partisans in New York, in favour of squatters' rights. Each agitation springs from the principle that nobody has any particular property in anything, and that a man has a right to take for his own uses everything that suits his pocket or his taste. The best expression of the American squatter-right, is perhaps that of the Yankee who said he was going South to open a bank—with a squarer; of English squatter-right, that of the Surrey tapster who dropt the hereditary Buggy and assumed the name and style of Norfolk Howard. The Yankee has an eye chiefly on land, while his

British contemporary has it on names. The moralities of the case are about the same, or somewhat in favour of the sovereign citizen. Mr. Jefferson Brick proclaims his right to seize any nice bit of clearing or hog's-run on which it should please him to "set down his foot." Mr. Montagu Tigg announces his design of appropriating any noble or picturesque name on which his eye may fall in newspaper or book. Mr. Brick may very well urge that, as one of the sovereign citizens whose home is in the setting sun, he owns a share, though a very small share, in the unoccupied public lands of the far west. Mr. Tigg has no illusion about his descent from any possible Montagus. The nonsense uttered about the hardships under which a man labours in the attempt to put away himself and pass into society as somebody else, is far less amusing and excusable than the bounce of Mr. Brick.

We cannot affect to sympathize with the miseries of these Montagu Tiggs; neither can we see why society should be asked, in such querulous tones, to relieve them from the consequence of their own act. If a man wishes to deny his father and mother, and to repudiate the name by which they were known in the world, let him be free to do so, as, in fact, he is. No statute forbids Mr. Tigg from assuming the name of Montagu, or Mr. Buggy that of Howard, supposing it clear that no wrong to a neighbour is intended by the change. But every change which raises doubts about identity, implies inconveniences to the man who makes it, which he must be prepared to bear. If you shave off your Dundreary whiskers, you may be unconsciously cut dead by a friend in the street. If you remove from Mayfair to St. John's Wood, some of your letters will for a long time miss a post. If you cross over from the Whig bench to the Tory bench, you may have to quit your pleasant club. If you leave Canterbury for Rome, you will probably annoy and alienate half your friends. The inconvenience arises from the very nature of things,—from the limit of our faculties, from the steadiness of our principles and from the necessities of time and space. In all these events of a man's life, society can help him in only slight degree. He must trust for his redress to time. In a few weeks the beardless Dundreary will be known by his bare face. The next edition of the 'Court Guide' will chronicle the address in St. John's Wood. The Tory novice, having got into the Carlton, may cease perhaps to regret the Reform cuisine. The convert, after an interview with Cardinal Antonelli, will be consoled for the sneers of his old comrades of Harrow and Cambridge. But each must bear the burden of his act. The gods will not help him, though he call upon them. Now, why should the man whom vanity and touchiness may induce to make a change which more than any other will disturb the desirable sense of continuity and identity, expect to do so without some share of personal loss?

To judge by much that is urged by the Buggies and Gimlets, a reader might infer that the owner of a common or an ugly name had some sort of case against society, some title to ask for a particular relief from the legislature, and even some claim to the indulgence of Judges and Secretaries of State. It is actually charged as an offence against Sir George Grey, that after he had signed one public commission to a person under the name of Jones, he refused to sign a second public commission to the same person under the name of Herbert, until evidence was put before him that Mr. Jones was known to be Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Herbert to be Mr. Jones. What else could he have done? It is not Sir George's fault that the conservative instinct of society objects to this confusion, and only slowly indorses the acts which lead to it. Mr. Buggy seems to think that society should come to the aid of these squatters on their neighbour's run. Why should it? Their names are their own, acquired by inheritance, like any other property they may possess, and a very important part of their social history. As such, a proud man would as soon part with his name as with his character, his genius and his blood.

It is a vulgar notion that some names are necessarily noble and romantic, while others are neces-

sarily mean and base. Names are beautiful only in their associations. Worth, valour, genius, learning, have converted syllables into poems, and words into histories. Look the British Peerage through, and in that bright list there is, perhaps, not one which does not seem to the eye and the imagination picturesque. Yet in their beginnings most of them had nothing in sound or spelling that could be considered glorious. Howard is a Hogward; Seymour is a tailor; Leicester is a weaver; Percy is a gross fellow; Butler is a cellar-man; Stuart is a domestic servant. Vane, Vere, Hyde, and Pole sound the reverse of heroic. Hay is not intrinsically nobler than Straw. How is it, then, that Hay has come to represent the pink of aristocracy, Straw the lowest of vulgar cheats? Simply by association. Would the complainants like to have been originally called Blunt, Craven, or Gore? There is nothing in Grey more attractive than in Brown, as to either sound or letters; indeed, Grey is a shade or so less vigorous than its rival Brown. Would any one like to have been known as Roper or Touchet if these familiar names had never been immortalized by worthy deeds? We do not know that Gimlet has a more familiar look than Bacon, Petty, Peel and Pitt. Yet these have become by association some of the most reverential and gracious of English names. Milton, Sackville and Shelley are not necessarily aristocratic and poetical. Had they not been glorified by genius and by rank, they would perhaps have been included in Mr. Buggy's list. Churchyard, Fuller, Kidd, Quarles, Donne, Bowles, Savage, Quincey, and Dickens, now household words, borne by some of the choicest of our national poets and humorists, would certainly have been so. Not much better as to sound are Cowper, Lamb, and Bulwer. People used to laugh and joke at Cecil. Talbot and Talmash would be considered vulgar. Every one considers Raleigh a romantic name, but in Sir Walter's time it was open to very bad puns. The same with Drake. Coke, too, would be thought low, had it never been illuminated by the Author of the 'Institutes' and the owners of Holkham. In the absence of Sir Christopher, would Mr. Tigg like to have been called Wren? Had there been no crudite giant of that name, would not Cheeke have been voted intolerable? In truth, scarcely anything depends on the letter, everything on the connexion of ideas. Solomon was the wisest of men, and his name is one of the noblest in literature; yet no prudent father, unless he were a Jew, would give it to his child, because in the present generation it happens to be ludicrously associated with old clothes. In its Saracenic form of Solyman it would still be considered magnificent. A current jest will destroy the picturesque beauty of the most famous names; a living Pompey would be set down as a nigger, a living Caesar treated as a dog. Cymon is a name which would attract the female eye, and, perhaps, even reconcile it to the adjunct Smith. Mrs. Cymon Smith would have an air upon a card! But the fine feminine instinct would recoil from Simon. And why this difference? Is it not because Cymon is associated with Iphigenia, and Simon with the simpleton who met a pleman coming from the fair? One of the objectionable names, to remove which from the face of the earth all gods and men are called to aid, is Vilian. Yet the Hogwards and Stywards were all vilians; and one of the proudest houses of Europe, that of Count Vilian the Fourteenth, rejoices in the obnoxious name.

COPYRIGHT, PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS.

TWO cases for infringement of the copyright in a photograph were recently heard before Mr. Tyrwhitt, the stipendiary Magistrate, at Marlborough Street. We believe they are the first which have been decided "by summary proceeding" before a Justice as to the piracy of a photograph; and consequently they are of importance to the very great number of persons who are engaged in the production and sale of works of that description.

Now the Act of last session, after enabling the authors of original photographs, and the employers of authors of such works, to acquire copyright therein, but at the same time rendering it compulsory to register such right before any benefit of the

Act is obtainable, by the sixth section enacts as follows: "If any person, not being the proprietor for the time being of copyright in any Photograph, shall, without the consent of such proprietor, repeat, copy, colourably imitate, or otherwise multiply for sale, hire, exhibition or distribution, or cause or procure to be repeated, copied, colourably imitated, or otherwise multiplied, for sale, hire, exhibition or distribution, any such work; or knowing that any such repetition, copy, or other imitation, has been unlawfully made, shall import into any part of the United Kingdom, or sell, publish, let to hire, exhibit or distribute, or offer for sale, hire, exhibition or distribution, or cause or procure to be imported, sold, published, let to hire, distributed, or offered for sale, hire, exhibition or distribution, any repetition, copy or imitation of the said work, made without such consent as aforesaid, such person for every such offence shall forfeit to the proprietor of the copyright for the time being a sum not exceeding ten pounds; and all such repetitions, copies," &c. shall be forfeited. And by a subsequent section, all such penalties, &c. may be recovered by the proprietor of the copyright by summary proceedings before Justices.

From the above extract, it will be seen that the sixth section of the Act makes an important distinction between the *manufacture* of spurious copies and the *sale* of such copies. As respects the first offence, copyright in photographs having been created, coupled with compulsory registration, where a man takes the liberty of copying another's work, he does so at his peril; especially, as by searching the register at Stationers' Hall, the copyist can readily satisfy himself whether the owner of the copyright desires to protect it from infringement. But as regards the *sale* of spurious copies by a person who has bought and sold them in the ordinary course of his trade, and without "knowing" them to have been unlawfully made, it would, in the interests of commerce, be unreasonable under such circumstances to subject the seller to penalties, and therefore the legislature has justly placed the mere seller of spurious copies upon a different ground from that of the unlawful copyist. As regards the former, his *knowledge* of the unlawfulness of the act he is committing must be established; but as respects the latter, such knowledge is immaterial in establishing his liability to the penalties imposed by the statute.

The learned Magistrate overruled the defendant's objection as to his want of *knowledge* of the copy having been unlawfully made, and then convicted and fined him ten shillings and costs.

In Messrs. Southwell Brothers' second case the facts appear to have been somewhat similar to those above stated, and the defendant was also convicted and fined. But Mr. Tyrwhitt at the same time intimated that the defendant could take any steps open to him if he wished to carry the matter further,—in other words, suggesting an *appeal* from the decision.

With respect to the *appeal*, "The Summary Proceedings before Justices Act, 1857" enacts that after the hearing and determination by a Justice of any complaint which he has power to determine in a summary way by any law then in force, or thereafter to be made, either party to the proceeding before the Justice "may, if dissatisfied with his determination as being *erroneous in point of law*, apply in writing within three days after the same to the said Justice to state and sign a Case setting forth the facts, and the grounds of such determination, for the opinion thereon of one of the superior Courts of law to be named by the party applying." But at the time of making such application, and before the case is stated and delivered to the appellant, he must give such security as to the Justice shall seem meet to prosecute the appeal without delay, to submit to the judgment of the superior Court, and to pay such costs as may be awarded by the same. If, however, the Justice be of opinion that the application is merely frivolous, but not otherwise, he may refuse to state a case, and must, on the request of the appellant, sign and deliver to him a certificate of such refusal. Where the Justice refuses to state a case the Act provides that the appellant may then apply to the

Court of Queen's Bench, upon an affidavit of the facts, calling upon such Justice, and also upon the respondent, to show cause why such case should not be stated; and the Court may make the rule absolute or discharge it, with or without payment of costs as to the Court shall seem meet; and the Justice upon being served with such rule absolute must state a case accordingly, upon the appellant giving such security to prosecute his appeal, &c., as before mentioned.

The Court to which a case is transmitted under this Act has power to make such orders thereon, and as to costs, as it may think fit; "and all such orders shall be final and conclusive on all parties." The jurisdiction which by the Act is vested in a superior Court may likewise be exercised by a Judge of such court sitting in chambers, and as well in vacation as in term time.

THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

January 5, 1863.

I attach so little importance to the question of priority of suggestion, that I should have been quite content to leave the origin of prepayment of postage by stamps where it stands, if Mr. Charles Knight had not attempted in some degree to discredit my statement by ignoring the value (if not the existence) of the most essential stage of postage-reform as regards newspapers, and by assuming that an Act must necessarily have passed without discussion, in or out of Parliament, because he finds no record of any discussion in 'Hansard.'

He will find an abstract of the "Newspaper Postage Act of 1834" in his own 'Companion to the Almanac' for 1835. It was that Act which unequivocally established "the new system of newspaper-postage," by putting an end to the privilege of franking previously enjoyed by certain officials, and by abolishing the payment of postage on stamped newspapers, which thenceforward were prepaid by means of the stamp alone.

As regards "discussion," no one can doubt that the first intimation of a change about to be made in relation to newspaper-postage would excite an interest in the newspaper press, and accordingly we find frequent references to the subject in the *Times* newspaper for the early part of 1834. I need only refer to a leading article in that journal of the 28th of March in that year as one example out of many in which the forthcoming Act was "discussed."

Mr. Knight must allow me to recall to his recollection a little incident which I have no doubt has escaped his memory, and which he certainly was more likely to forget than myself. In the spring of 1834 we were fellow-passengers in the basket of a Blackheath coach, when the subject was discussed. I then stated, as I had frequently done before to other fellow-travellers, my views in relation to the prepayment of postage by stamps. These views Mr. Knight combated, and so little was he then prepared to adopt them, that he exclaimed, as he quitted the coach at the corner of Fleet Street, "Gray, you are more fit for Bedlam than for the British Museum!" This parting benediction my other companions did not allow me to forget, although it has, no doubt, been forgotten by Mr. Knight. That he afterwards thought better on the subject, and succeeded in interesting an influential Member of Parliament in the cause, I sincerely rejoice; for his co-operation was of essential service in securing for the public a boon which was then thought to be of great, but is now known to be of inestimable, value.

JOHN EDW. GRAY.

THE EARTHQUAKE WAVE.

January 5, 1863.

AN error occurs in the review of my Report to the Royal Society on the Neapolitan Earthquake of 1857, contained in the *Athenæum* of the 27th of December last, which, as it has no reference to myself personally, but may be productive of considerable scientific misconception, you will perhaps allow me to correct.

At p. 836 it is stated—"The result of his investigations shows that the average velocity of the earth-wave was 787·97 feet per second; . . . but it is important to bear in mind that this velocity is

that of the wave at the surface of the ground; and at the maximum depth of the shock-line it is very much less, not exceeding on the average more than 12 or 13 feet per second." There is here misconception.

The first and greater velocity referred to is a *mean velocity of transit* of the earth-wave or shock, that is to say, the velocity with which the *wave form* was transferred from place to place; and this velocity is not at any depth or distance from the centre of impulse materially less. The second velocity of 12 to 13 feet per second, supposed in the above passage to be that of the wave transit "at the maximum depth," &c., properly refers to the velocity of the wave itself, *i. e.* of the *wave particle*, which is, in fact, the *velocity of the shock itself*, as ascertained in this instance, and for the first time for any earthquake.

The relation between the two may be popularly illustrated by the wave made visible by a blast of wind in passing over a field of corn. The *transit rate* of the wave, or the rate at which the nearly simultaneous movement of the zone of corn ears, which here constitutes it and makes it visible, is transferred from place to place over the surface of the field, depends almost wholly upon the velocity of the wind, and may be more or less; but the velocity of the wave itself, or *wave particle*, here represented by the ears of corn that are at the same moment displaced and replaced, depends chiefly on the length, diameter and elasticity of each stalk of corn and the weight of the ear; in other words, upon the rate at which the wind can bow forward each stalk and ear, and that at which these can recover their original positions after the impulse has passed on to others. The two velocities, *viz.* that of the transit of the wave form and that of the wave particle, though in certain respects interdependent, are perfectly distinct things as regards earthquake shock, and the want of clear conception of this physical fact generally, amongst geologists and others, has much retarded the applications of Seismology.

In nature, the advance of the shock *from place to place* on the earth surface is at a transit rate often faster than that of sound in air, but frequently at only about one-half the latter velocity, dependent mainly upon the nature of the formations traversed; but the shock itself, *i. e.* the actual oscillation to and fro at each spot visited, has always a much lower velocity, as low frequently as 3 or 4 feet per second, most commonly from 10 to 15 feet per second, and in no earthquake that has ever visited the world in historic time has ever probably reached, certainly not exceeded, 80 feet per second.

It is this velocity of the wave particle that is the measure of the mischief-doing power of the shock, *i. e.* of the *velocity which the shock can impress* upon solid objects, such as buildings, &c. A moment's consideration will show that this impressed velocity cannot be equal or even approach to the high velocity of transit, for this velocity is often as great as that of a common shot. If, then, the velocity of transit could be impressed upon any free solid body,—suppose upon a block of stone, or a ball on the top of a building,—the object would fly off as if discharged from a gun, and only reach the ground again after a range of hundreds of yards, in place of describing (if dislodged) a trajectory of only a few feet, as is the observed fact.

ROBERT MALLETT.

DR. BEKE AND CANON STANLEY.

Bekesbourne, Jan. 5, 1863.

Dr. Stanley, in his 'Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church,' recently published, has given me credit for more than I am entitled to.

In discussing the question, "Where was Haran?" he says, in page 477, "Till within the last year, the identity of the Patriarchal *Haran* with that in the north of Mesopotamia (indicated in Lecture I. p. 8) had never been doubted."

"Within the last twelve months Dr. Beke (in letters to the *Athenæum*) has urged the claims of a small village, called Harrân-el-Awamid, about four hours' journey east of Damascus, on the western border of the lake into which the Barada and the Awaj empty themselves." [The Barada only, not the Awaj.]

by intrusion to destroy its nature as nitrogen, carbonic acid or other gas.

Having thus explained the object and common operation of the process, I will only next remark on this head that the several operations could easily be reduced to a methodical, mechanical system. The gas might be forced from a small pump connected with a gasometer, so contrived by gauging the piston-rod as never to force into a bottle more than a regular, measured quantity; always, however, observing to let each gas-injecting tube terminate in a valve. The process of corking (a cork being first selected for each bottle) may likewise be mechanically manipulated. The bottling cistern, as I may call it, could also be so arranged as to cause little or no waste; indeed, the wine flowing from inverted full bottles, in proportion to the admitted gas, might escape through appropriate channels to be filling other bottles. When once thus reduced to a system, the process of bottling would proceed rapidly enough; and what is favourable to its introduction is, that it requires little more than ordinary care and attention for its accomplishment, while any competent chemist would supply the means for securing the needful gaseous products.

From the nature of this process applied to fluids, it is evident that preserved fruits may have the saccharine syrup that will flow replaced by gas; and so also anything pickled, using vinegar or brine, or preserved by means of oil, may have all such fluid portions ejected by the gas which enters to fill up an equal space within the bottle or jar: but the after-success of such applications will depend on a knowledge of their capability of being thus kept, provided an oxygenated atmosphere can be absolutely excluded. In some cases oil or other fluid might be used solely to exclude common air until replaced by nitrogen, without such fluid possessing in itself any preservative quality; by which means a jar might be filled with eggs, and kept in an atmosphere of nitrogen. It will of course be understood that this artificial atmosphere is in effect merely neutral, and in that respect acts quite as well as a vacuum, with the advantage of being more easily obtained.

The time has gone by for making an application of this nature a grand "secret"; otherwise, in hands that could immediately apply it, results from so doing might follow productive of a wide-spread reputation and attendant fortune.

HENRY DIRCKS.

P.S. It is possible that the eggs of several delicate and curious birds, as the humming-bird, &c., for hatching by artificial means, might be brought to this country, adopting the process recommended; which, as it would keep them fresh, so possibly it might not interfere with their vitality.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We hear that Mr. R. B. Knowles is preparing a memoir of his father, the late Sheridan Knowles, for publication. The work could not well be in better hands. Mr. Knowles acted for a long time as his father's amanuensis, and was perfectly well acquainted with his ideas on all subjects, especially the drama and literature.

The Land Registry Office has now existed for about three months, and we were recently informed that it had sold one stamp,—we believe, a shilling one. The old opponents of the measure of course chuckle over this, as a proof that they were right in asserting that the Acts could not work and must from their intrinsic defects become a dead letter. Others trace in this fact another proof that in the present state of the legal profession it is useless to endeavour to introduce any reforms the adoption of which cannot be made compulsory.

On Wednesday evening, M. Simonides exhibited his papyri and his Manuscript of Uranus before the Royal Society of Literature. It was simply impossible to see these MSS. by gaslight; and it was agreed that they be left at the Society's room, available for examination by daylight, between the hours of 11 and 3 on Friday and Saturday, January the 9th and 10th. The only fact of any value ascertained from M. Simonides or from his friends

was, that no independent evidence of any kind exists that the papyri borrowed from Mr. Mayer's Museum are the same as those now produced. It had previously been thought that Mr. Hodgkin could identify one of the rolls:—this proved on inquiry to be a false impression.

Lovers of Scott may find consolation in the fact, that if he is much abused by the Author of 'Wild Wales,' he is abused in very good company. There is a general attack in 'Wild Wales,' on the Scotch, the Irish, the Germans, and the nation to which Mr. Borrow himself belongs. He tells us that a Welsh gentleman asked him at the top of Snowdon, "Wyt ti Lydaug?"—"Are you a Breton?" and then continues, "I am not a Llydauan," said I, 'I wish I was, or anything but what I am, one of a nation amongst whom any knowledge save what relates to money-making and overreaching is looked upon as a disgrace. I am ashamed to say that I am an Englishman.'" ('Wild Wales,' vol. i. p. 366.) Many of Mr. Borrow's statements may be left to correct themselves; but there is one which may lead into error those who place confidence in his authority as a Welsh scholar, and may therefore deserve notice from a critic. He tells us at the very outset of his work (vol. i. p. 7), that "the double l of the Welsh is by no means the terrible guttural which English people generally suppose it to be, being in reality a pretty liquid, exactly resembling in sound the Spanish ll, the sound of which I had mastered before commencing Welsh, and which is equivalent to the English lh." What is meant by "the English lh" is not very obvious. The Spanish ll, which is equivalent to the Portuguese lh, is a sound as entirely different from the Welsh, as the double l of the English alphabet is different from either. Mr. Borrow's statement is, in short, quite unfounded.

On the question raised by us, incidentally, as to the dates at which Mr. Warren De La Rue and Dr. D'Orsan made their respective studies of the Moon, we have the following information:—

"Jan. 5, 1863.

"Dr. D'Orsan not having answered your question as to the date of the negatives from which his photographs have been enlarged, we are prepared to supply to your readers the information desired. The original negative was taken in February 1858, by Mr. Warren De La Rue, at his observatory at Cranford. On that occasion, owing to the absence of tremor in the atmosphere, and the perfect condition of his chemicals, Mr. De La Rue produced three negatives, which were perhaps the most brilliant he has ever been able to obtain. A positive from one of these was published more than two years ago by us in a stereoscopic slide, and it is from this copy that Dr. D'Orsan must have obtained his enlarged photographs. The proofs of this statement are as follows:—Not only are the photographs exactly similar as regards both lunation and libration, but the very flaws in the collodion film of the original negative are reproduced in Dr. D'Orsan's prints. One of the most prominent of these flaws is situated in a small plane to the N.W. of Tycho, between Orontius and Sarsides. It appears as a white speck on the collodion film of the original negative, and is reproduced as a black marking in the positive print published in the stereoscopic slide. It is reproduced again in both photographs of Dr. D'Orsan; thus proving, not only the source from which he has obtained the photographs, but that both his published photographs, although professing to be taken at different lunations, are from one and the same photograph. In one of them the outlying parts around Tycho have been carefully expunged. There are at least half-a-dozen flaws reproduced, but the above-mentioned is, we think, sufficient. We have the original negative in our possession at present, and shall be happy to show it to any one interested in the matter.—Yours, &c.,

"SMITH, BECK & BECK."

—The question of priority has an interest beyond its commercial bearing as one of copyright. The Royal Astronomical Society presented Mr. Warren De La Rue with their Gold Medal for his success in celestial photography; if Dr. D'Orsan's photographs are original, he would have deserved to share the

honour conferred by the Royal Society on Mr. De La Rue.

The final report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the best means of utilizing the sewage of the cities and towns in England was issued this week. The evidence, appended to the report, from chemists, agriculturists and engineers, will, no doubt, be read with interest by many persons engaged in farming and horticultural pursuits; but the Committee themselves, after nearly six months' investigation, appear to have been unable to arrive at any definite opinion on the real question at issue.

The accounts just issued relating to the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom for the eleven months ended the 30th of November last, show that the export trade in books, which has hitherto been declining every month since the breaking out of the American War, has recently exhibited a slight tendency to improve. The total value of the books exported in November, 1862, was 35,442*l.*, as against 31,789*l.* in November, 1861.

The Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, are about to make very important additions to their College buildings, from the designs of Mr. G. G. Scott. These will comprise a new Chapel and Master's Lodge, and the prolongation of the Hall northwards. The new buildings will form portions of a new Court, which is eventually to occupy the whole of the ground between St. John Street, Bridge Street and the river, of which the new Chapel will occupy the southern side. As this is to be erected to the north of the existing Chapel, the services will be celebrated as usual while it is building, and it will be unnecessary to pull down the old Chapel till the new one is finished. The design for the Chapel is very noble, but has one conspicuous fault: it is too much like Mr. Scott's Exeter Chapel, Oxford. Like that, it will be a lofty apical building, in the Early Decorated style,—and, like that, will have a lofty *flèche* at the west end. One point of diversity, not to the advantage of the Cambridge design, will be in the roof, which will be of wood, waggon-headed, with false ribs, instead of being vaulted in stone. In so grand a work, the comparatively small additional outlay required for a stone vaulting should hardly be grudged. We trust this part of the scheme will be reconsidered. The site of the present Master's Lodge being occupied partly by the new Chapel, partly by the intended lengthening of the Hall, a new Lodge will be built, adjacent to the Library, overlooking the river. These works will be commenced next April; the remainder of the Court will not be proceeded with yet. It is to be hoped that the contemplated alterations include the re-facing of the south side of the first Court. This was classicized by Essex or Burrough towards the end of the last century, when a Roman skin was drawn over so many of the older Colleges. The authorities of St. John's intended to have treated the whole Court in the same way; but, happily, funds fell short: so there is less mischief now to undo.

Mr. Marshall Wood has been commissioned to execute a marble bust of the Prince of Wales for the Town Hall, Manchester.

Among the many new companies that the plethoric state of the money-market is creating, one of a most novel and curious nature is talked of. The object is to construct a gigantic reflecting telescope of far greater dimensions than Lord Rosse's celebrated six-foot reflector, with which it is expected wonderful planetary sights will be revealed. We hope, if such an instrument be constructed, that it will be erected where the atmosphere is clear; for, as we well know, Lord Rosse's splendid telescope is sadly out of place in the very misty atmosphere of Ireland.

Messrs. Bacon & Co. have published a sheet illustrating the battle-field of Fredericksburg. The position of each division and of each battery is marked, together with the lines of attack and defence.

Some of the exhibitors in the Classes under the superintendence of C. R. Weld, Esq., in the late International Exhibition, have presented him with

a testimonial in the form of a valuable chronometer and a purse of forty sovereigns. They have also presented the sub-superintendent, Mr. W. H. Jordan, with a gold watch.

It is fair to the gentleman who drew attention to the Postal Treaty with Prussia to add these few last words on that subject:—

“Dresden, Jan. 3, 1863.

“In my note to the *Athenæum* in regard to Prussian postage, which you kindly inserted, I may appear to have misled you, as to-day English newspapers of January 1st have arrived, and, according to the British Post Office Instructions, have been posted with twopence prepaid, and have been delivered here free. I have not only the Prussian official quarto before me, but likewise the Saxon reprint of the New Postal Treaty, and such a clause as that of newspapers up to 4 oz. going free for twopence English, or sixteen pfennigs German, does not exist. On going this morning to the Dresden post-office, and showing the envelopes, they say it is not reciprocal, but only applies to newspapers coming from England. Until yesterday they maintained it did apply either way.—Yours, &c., “J. R. H. C.”

Miss Bunnett, the translator of Dr. Gervinus, wishes to say that her translation was made from the edition published at Leipzig last year. She adds: “The expression ‘departed forefathers’ is certainly incorrect;—the word rendered ‘departed’ meaning in the original ‘emigrated.’ I do not know how the mistake could have crept into my translation.”

A light and graceful writer, Charles Dance, died on Monday at Lowestoft. The talent which he possessed was a very pretty one; most happy at a rhyme or an allusion, though not of the solid and brilliant kind. Many of his little dramas and burlettas were composed for *Madame Vestris*, during her management of the *Olympic Theatre*, when they had their day of pleasant acceptance, and then passed away into oblivion. His ‘*Look at Home*’ was produced on the opening-night in 1833.

An extensive series of experiments is about to be made in France with the type-telegraph invented by M. Bonelli, by which five hundred despatches of twenty-five words each can be printed within an hour. Should the experiments prove satisfactory, it is intended to introduce this telegraph on the principal railway lines in France.

Miss Florence Jacobb has translated, from the Sanscrit of the *Hitopadesa*, the first chapter, ‘On the Acquisition of Friends,’ and illustrated the nine fables contained in it with characteristic drawings and ornamental borders. This, she believes, is the first time, with the exception of the translation of the ‘*Sakuntala*,’ that any Sanscrit writings have been so treated, although several works have been devoted to the illustration of such stories as have been preserved in the books of the Median and Persian writers. We presume the authoress limits this remark to translations into English. The text itself is not unknown by English translations; but never before have these charming and wise tales been presented in so pleasant a manner to the English reader,—the reader, of all, who ought to be best informed upon their beauties, and most readily delighted with the quaint humour and wit they display. Like most works of the kind, these relations comprise tale within tale and apologue upon apologue, so cunningly woven together that the student regards them with the satisfaction due to those other Oriental works of art which consist of exquisite carvings of shell in shell, “the laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere.” Like these, the tales are self-enclosed and mutually illustrative; but never confused or mutually injurious in effect. They contain the wisdom of the great children of the East, gracefully enchased and enamelled with beautiful fancy and local colour. We commend them to all children, and grown children who are wise enough to be children yet. The chromo-lithographic designs by Miss Jacobb present views of Indian scenery, with figures of animals appropriate to the tales, wherein nature is rendered with much felicitousness and beauty. With great judgment, Miss Jacobb has preserved the style of

Indian art, and so rendered her scenes homely, so to say. That of a river running through sands of rich tawny hue, while the great round moon rises behind mountain ridges of deepest blue—their lower ranges purple in the gloom not yet broken,—is admirable. The hot sun-glare of several other pictures is almost equally well rendered. The scene where the deer is released by Hiranyaka, “the rosy prince of mice,” from the snare, has an exquisite sky.

The Dutch Government have determined to cut a ship-canal through the North of Holland, in order to enable ships to pass from Amsterdam direct into the North Sea. This will be a most important engineering work, and will have the effect of shortening the voyage by eighty miles between Amsterdam and London.

Among the numerous changes contemplated in ever-changing Paris is the transformation of the large inclosure of the Palais-Royal into a winter garden, in which concerts will be given.

“Life has not been entirely crushed out here,” writes a friend at Naples. “It is now a year or more that a few Neapolitans connected with Literature or Art united for the establishment of what is called ‘L’ Associazione di Mutuo Soccorso degli Scienziati, Letterati ed Artisti.’ Their plan was to form classes for higher popular instruction, and to give lectures every day in the week. Members paid a small subscription, and there were even gratuitous admissions; and the society has flourished so much beyond expectation, that at present there are no fewer than between three and four hundred subscribing members. Amongst them are men the most distinguished in their several callings—celebrated painters, sculptors and musicians; indeed, the first professors in Naples, who supply all the aids which are necessary to the illustration of their subject. They have taken spacious rooms in the Toledo, where classes are held daily, and lectures given occasionally; and the subscriptions are devoted strictly to the purpose of forwarding the interests of the Association. I have several times attended concerts in their rooms, in which both professors and pupils performed, and gave a treat to a critical and numerous audience. Last Sunday I attended what was announced to be ‘the first entertainment for the season by the Association,’ &c. One of the largest rooms in old Naples was taken for the occasion, and many hundreds of persons were present, who, by enthusiastic and frequent applause, gave expression to their satisfaction. After a prologue by a member of the literary department, a Hymn to Victor Emmanuel,—the music by Baron Staffa, and the words by Signorina Papa, both of them members,—was sung by the pupils of the Musical Section. Both the music and the execution were greatly applauded; and Staffa, who is a well-known composer, was called forward by acclamation. ‘The Social Influence of Woman,’ which was a kind of historical survey of the position of the fair sex in various countries and at various periods, was treated by Luigi Gandolfi, a member of the Literary Section, and elicited great applause. Some beautiful verses, entitled ‘The Island of Ischia,’ were recited by the author, Giovanni Fiorentano, a member of the Literary Section. A ‘Fantasia di Concerto’ for the pianoforte, by Coop, another member, and executed by his pupil, A. Orsini, was a treat, and Coop was called for and received applause. There were other pieces spoken or recited by members of the Scientific and Dramatic Sections; and the whole entertainment went off to the great satisfaction of a very crowded audience. I have dwelt somewhat in detail on the various subjects treated of, in order to give you a just idea of the character of the Association. The mere fact of its establishment is evidence of mental life; and the success which has attended its progress is the best guarantee for its continued existence.”

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS, NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.

JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS’ LANCASHIRE RELIEF FUND.—THE EXHIBITION NOW OPEN by the kind permission of Messrs. Day & Son, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 128, New Bond Street, from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Will close Saturday, 17th Instant.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

Shares, One Guinea, in the Allotment of the Paintings, may be obtained at the Gallery.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 130, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by living British Artists, is now OPEN daily from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

MR. JOHN LEECH’S GALLERY OF SKETCHES in OIL, from Subjects in France, with several New Pictures not hitherto Exhibited, is OPEN every day from 10 till dusk, illuminated with Gas, at the AUCTION MART (near the Bank).—Admission, One Shilling.

THE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK GALLERY, EXETER HALL, contains a Selection of over a Thousand of his PROOF ETCHINGS, SKETCHES, &c. (embracing a Period of upwards of Fifty Years; together with THE WORSHIP OF BAUCUS.—Open daily, from Ten to Five o’clock.—Admission, One Shilling; from Half-past Seven to Half-past Nine in the Evening, Sixpence.

MR. EDMUND YATES’S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o’clock. MR. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Sunday, at Three o’clock.—Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 5 o’clock.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Dec. 12.—Dr. Lee, President, in the chair.—Lieut. A. Young, R.N., was elected a Fellow.—A Last Letter from Capt. W. S. Jacob.—‘Observations of the Horizontal Refraction of the Sun,’ by A. Lang, Esq.—‘On the Practicability of observing the Occultation of Stars by the Moon at Sea,’ by D. Smith, Esq.—‘On the Variable Star R Vulpecula,’ by G. Knott, Esq.—‘Description of a New Mode of obtaining the Value of the Divisions of a Transit Level,’ by Capt. W. Noble.—‘Results of the Meridional Observations of Small Planets; Occultations of Stars by the Moon; and Occultation of Jupiter’s Second Satellites; observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in October and November, 1862,’ communicated by the Astronomer Royal.—‘On the Forms of Lenses proper for the Negative Eye-pieces of Telescopes,’ by G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal.—‘Extract of a Letter from Herr A. Auwers to the Astronomer Royal, dated 5, Gartenstrasse, Gotha, 1861, Dec. 1.’

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Jan. 7.—The Rev. T. Hugo in the chair.—The Rev. E. B. Butler, J. Sweetlove, G. Worms, J. Rome, and D. G. F. MacDonald, Esqrs., were elected Members.—Mr. T. Wright exhibited several Greek MSS. written on papyri, and purchased by Mr. J. Mayer, of Liverpool, from Mr. Constantine Simonides; together with the MS. of ‘Uranus,’ about which there has been so much controversy on the Continent.

PHILOLOGICAL.—Jan. 2.—H. Wedgwood, Esq., in the chair.—The first part of a paper ‘On the Value of the Views of German Scholars with regard to the Sanscrit Language’ was read by Prof. T. Hewitt Key.—Mr. Watts laid before the Society a paper ‘On Cardinal Mezzofanti,’ which had been communicated for that purpose by C. Waterton, Esq., of Walton Hall, the naturalist, to Mr. Vaux, of the British Museum. There has been much discussion on the number of languages known to the Cardinal, and Mr. Watts remarked, in a paper on his biography read before the Society in 1854, that while in most cases it might be thought frivolous to institute an investigation into the acquirements of an individual, such an objection ceased to be valid in the case of Mezzofanti, who, as by universal acknowledgment the greatest linguist on record, is the representative in that respect of the capacity of the human race. Mr. Waterton’s statement is to the effect, that when in Rome in 1840, a friend, the Rev. J. Macintyre, made him a present of a manuscript volume containing eighty-two specimens of various languages written by different students of the College of the Propaganda, who, it is well known, are a body of young men collected from all parts of the world to receive at Rome an education to qualify them for becoming Roman Catholic missionaries. Mr. Waterton, by the advice of Cardinal Fransoni, the then head of the College, sent the volume to Cardinal Mezzofanti to request him.

to enrich it with his autograph. "Cardinal Mezzofanti," pursues Mr. Waterton, "kept it a few days; and when His Eminence returned it to me, he said that in addition to the eighty-two languages and dialects therein contained he knew two others, which he had added." As this is the most direct and explicit statement ever recorded to be made by the Cardinal with respect to his wonderful acquirements, the list of the languages which the book contains is of much interest. Mr. Waterton gives them in the order in which the specimens are bound up:—1. Hebrew; 2. Sabæan; 3. Rabbinic; 4. Samaritan; 5. Peguan; 6. Modern Chinese; 7. Ancient Chinese; 8. The most Ancient Dialect of Chinese; 9. Ancient Greek; 10. Amharic; 11. Angolese; 12. Modern Greek; 13. Tamil; 14. Shan-se Chinese; 15. Canton Chinese; 16. Tairanic; 17. Ancient Chaldee; 18. Kurdish; 19. Modern Chaldee; 20. Syriac; 21. Mandaic; 22. Arabic; 23. Coptic; 24. Wallachian; 25. Anglo-Saxon; 26. Persian; 27. Tartarian; 28. Turkish; 29. Language of the Gambier Islands; 30. Hindustani; 31. Muscovite; 32. Maltese; 33. Icelandic; 34. Hungarian; 35. Illyrian; 36. Brahmanic; 37. Bohemian; 38. Bulgarian; 39. Russian; 40. Norwegian; 41. Danish; 42. Ethiopian; 43. Ancient Armenian; 44. Irish; 45. German; 46. Modern Armenian; 47. Georgian; 48. Laplandic; 49. Sardinian Dialect; 50. Lusatian; 51. Polish; 52. Chippeway Indian; 53. Servian; 54. Albanian; 55. Phœnician; 56. Californian Indian; 57. Ojibbeway Indian; 58. Welsh; 59. Flemish; 60. Sclavonian; 61. Sclavonian in different characters from the preceding; 62. Spanish; 63. Lithuanian; 64. Livonian; 65. Runic; 66. Werulian; 67. Sicilian; 68. Venetian; 69. English; 70. Italian; 71. Rhetian; 72. Latin; 73. French; 74. Portuguese; 75. Vandal; 76. Celtic (Gaelic); 77. Scotch; 78. Greenlandish; 79. Swedish; 80. Catalan; 81. Frisian; and 82. Dutch. The two added by the Cardinal are, 83. Biscayan or Basque, and 84. Tagala, a language spoken in the Philippines.—Mr. Watts observed that in examining this list, it was obvious that some languages occurred more than once; Chinese and its dialects occupying in fact five of the numbers, and Sclavonic being given twice over (Nos. 60 and 61) because the specimens were written in different characters, while some languages appeared to occur twice under different names, as Muscovite (No. 31) and Russian (No. 39), Icelandic (No. 33) and Runic (No. 65), Norwegian (No. 40) and Danish (41), &c. All these questions, and some others, respecting Hebrew, Sabæan, Rabbinic, &c., might very probably be cleared up at once by an inspection of the original specimens; and it was to be hoped that Mr. Waterton would add to the favour he had already conferred on the Society, by allowing an examination of the interesting volume which had so fortunately come into his possession.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Nov. 19.—Sir T. Phillips, Chairman of the Council, in the chair.—The Chairman delivered the opening Address.—Nov. 26.—Dr. A. W. Williamson in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Utilization of Peat, with reference more particularly to the Manufacture of Hydro-Carbon Oils,' by B. H. Paul, Ph.D.—Dec. 3.—Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Belcher in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On Boat Building by Machinery,' by Mr. D. Puseley.—Dec. 10.—T. Winkworth, Esq., in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Construction of Labourers' Cottages and Sanatory Building Appliances,' by Mr. J. Taylor, jun.—Dec. 17.—Sir T. Phillips, Chairman of the Council, in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Mines, Minerals and Miners of the United Kingdom,' by Mr. R. Hunt.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Dec. 29.—C. Jellioce, Esq., President, in the chair.—Messrs. J. H. Evens and W. J. Hancock were elected Official Associates; Messrs. F. Addiscott, W. Hughes, T. H. Johnson, A. E. Middleton, C. H. Ogbourne, H. Parminter, E. Waterhouse, B.A., A. Smither, B. C. Wales, and Lieut.-Col. Oakes, were elected Associates.—A paper was read by Mr. S. Brown, 'On the Rate of Mortality and Marriages amongst Europeans in India.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Architects, 8.—'Building and Sanitary Arrangements,' Mr. Taylor.

— Geographical, 8.—'Ocean Currents, N.E. coast of South America,' Mr. Alison; 'Ocean Telegraphy,' Captain Rowley; 'The Atlantic and Telegraphy,' Dr. Wallich.

Tues. Actuaries, 4.—'Council.'

— Syro-Egyptian, 7.—'Samaritan Pentateuch,' Rev. J. Mills.

— Ethnological, 8.—'Commixture of Races of Man, and Civilization,' Mr. Crawford; 'Human Skull, Kellet, Lancashire'—'Ancient Indian Antiquities from Ecuador,' Mr. Bollaert.

— Engineers, 8.—'Electricity and Working of Trains,' Mr. Fyocce.

— Zoological, 9.—'Ornithology of Bonrou,' Mr. Wallace; 'Snakes in West Africa,' Dr. Günther.

Wed. Graphic, 8.

— Society of Arts, 8.—'Photography and Magic Lantern Educationally considered,' Mr. S. Highley.

— Microscopical, 8.

— Archeological Association, 8.—'Proceedings of Charles I., Sir H. Halford; Roman Villa, Marlstone, Berks,' Dr. Palmer; 'Ancient Brand-irons,' Mr. Syer Cuming.

THURS. Numismatic, 7.

— Royal Academy, 8.—'Architecture,' Prof. Spruik.

— Linnæan, 8.—'Loranthaceæ,' Prof. Oliver; 'New Species of Aheria,' Dr. Anderson; 'Germination of Beeds in Cyclamen,' Dr. Masters; 'Chlocon (Ephemera) dimidiata,' Mr. Lubbock; 'Japanese Species of Leiostraca,' Mr. Adams.

— Chemical, 8.—'Atomic Weights of Nickel and Cobalt,' Dr. Russell.

— Royal, 8.

— Antiquaries, 8.

FRI. Philological, 8.

FINE ARTS

History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.
By James Fergusson. (Murray.)

WHILE the battle of the styles is still raging, the appearance of such a book will surely be welcome. Mr. Fergusson brings to the task special qualifications of learning, labour, research, wrath,—we must not add that other, of partiality, which Byron declared made a perfect historian; instead of this, he possesses, in perfect self-confidence, a more serviceable spur.

The ruling idea of the book is, that archæology is not architecture, and that all the attempts now in action at reviving the Gothic or the classic styles contain elements of failure, inasmuch as they are not adapted to an altered range of circumstances, whereby they depart from the principles which rule genuine and honest Art manifestations. As the writer showed in the first part of this work, the Ancient, Mediæval and certain other styles of architecture in vogue to the middle of the fifteenth century, had a vital honesty in them; so he now takes up the subject from that date, and after pointing out the causes of the change the art underwent, its characteristics in various countries and its progress through the since past time, shows how hollow and false in soul the so-called Revival was, concluding therefrom how hopeless all revivals must be, whether Gothic, Classic, or anything else, in spirit. That they are imitative, and not original, is enough for him. If Mr. Fergusson has a leaning any way, it is towards the Palladian: the lover of the older styles will get small comfort from his opinions. If he has a prejudice, it is against the Gothic. He evidently considers that a Classic revival in England is not to be hoped for or desired, and looks forward to some vague glory—a new Art-avator that may arrive when his brother professionals are content to deal honestly and in accordance with the strict functionary and constructional laws of architecture. To show how the spirit of the Revival wrought confusion, he has produced, in the same heedful and lucid fashion which characterized the first part of his work, an account of the styles that have prevailed in the civilized and half-civilized portions of the world during the later centuries. Lovers of Gothic Art in its purity will thank him for the masterly unmasking of its rival the Renaissance, and reprobate his vigorous dissent from their favourite theories. From Brunelleschi to Barry, the works of every man of note are taken in review, and firmly yet fairly dissected.

Any reasonable criticism upon the Ancient styles and that of the Revival must recognize the fact that the former are true styles, "arranged solely for the purpose of meeting, in the most direct manner, the wants of those for whom they were designed; and the ornamentation that was applied to them either grew naturally out of the construction, or was such as was best suited to express the uses or objects to which the building was to be applied." Buildings in the imitative styles being designed on a totally different principle, produce, as might be expected, a totally different class of results:—

"It is, perhaps, not too much to say that no perfectly truthful architectural building has been erected since the Reformation. Mere utilitarian buildings are truthful, of course; but the moment ornament comes to be applied, or an attempt is made by any arrangement of the parts of a building to obtain an architectural effect, the new element is inevitably introduced. In modern designs there is always an effort either to reproduce the style of some foreign country, or that of some bygone age,—frequently both. The form of the building is, more or less, moulded according to these foreign elements, while the ornamentation, being always borrowed, seldom expresses the construction and scarcely ever the real truthful objects to which the building is applied."

The same feeling of insincerity that attends our examination of Renaissance buildings is painful in those of the recent classic or Gothic revivals, says the author. All this not only destroys one-half of the pleasure we experience in looking at buildings of a more truthful style, but it degrades architecture from its high position as a quasi-natural production to that of a mere imitative art. Thus used, it may gratify our tastes or feelings, but appeals not to our higher intellectual faculties; and what ought to be the noblest and grandest of the fine arts sinks below the level of painting and of sculpture; for, although these last are naturally inferior, they retain that truthfulness which the other has lost. During the existence of the true styles there was not a single edifice erected in any country that pretended to be a reproduction of any building of a preceding age, nor one that was borrowed or adopted from any foreign country or people, or resembled their productions, except in so far as the builders were allied by blood or had common feelings and interests. On the other hand, adds Mr. Fergusson, there is not perhaps a single building of architectural pretension erected in Europe since the Reformation which does not set ethnographic propriety and honesty at defiance. One would think such conclusions as these would be enough to seal the condemnation of anything; still the author, true to his function, holds the balance in hand, and does not condemn the falsity to be wholly bad, but proceeds to inquire what are the characteristics of the style of Art that European nations have followed so long—which they presumably had reasons for doing, or, if they had not such reasons, and they wrought in sheer carelessness, to discover how this came about, so that, by knowing the form of disease, we may prescribe a remedy.

Primarily, Mr. Fergusson ascribes the change of styles in architecture to the revival of classical literature, which, beginning in Italy, where the Gothic style never had a solid footing and must have been repugnant to the sense or superstition of the people, spread itself through all the other countries of Europe; lastly reaching England, but at a much later time than elsewhere (it being the fact that James the First could hardly obtain a classic design at home), and ultimately throve only under that weak and ostentatious son of his, Charles the First, whose "foreign feelings

and refined tastes" were needed to fix it in this country. One might ask if this was with Charles solely the result of school-teaching and ostentatious imitation, or was it a sign of the Italian blood of Rizzio cropping out in accordance with the law of alternation in mental character? The summaries of the effects as well as the causes of this change in divers countries are very interesting, and succinctly given by the author as he deals with them one by one in the body of the work before us. The Reformation in religion, whenever the Roman traditions were relatively inoperative or the literary *furor* weak, may be taken as the second cause of the great change. One of the first consequences of this was, that almost all the countries found themselves overstocked with ecclesiastical edifices, and even France had so far changed in feeling that she already possessed more of them than she required, so that but for the needs of the capital she would have scarcely produced a single important church during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In Italy this was not so, because there the power of the Papacy culminated at that date, and every city enriched itself with churches that vie in splendour with the works of the middle ages, whatever may be said of their taste; and the Jesuits carried their peculiar style (which was the vilest and falsest of all) into every country to which they had access. "Although the countries on this side of the Alps abandoned almost entirely the practice of ecclesiastical architecture, they made up for it, in extent at least, by the erection of civil and domestic buildings on a scale hitherto unknown." The great work of De Corceau, for instance, published in 1576, contains illustrations of thirty of "*les plus excellens bastimens de la France*," but he does not include a single church. Mariette's work, with one hundred civil buildings, only imperfectly mentions eight churches. "Vitruvius Britannicus" has only short notices of three churches, but full details of one hundred and seventy-five civil structures. Thus complete was the change of public feeling in so short a time.

A comparison between the Sistine and that contemporary work King's College Chapel, Cambridge, offers an opportunity of showing the working out of the two systems of pictorial and architectural decoration, upon which so much of the history of the change of Art depends. In Giotto's Chapel, the sole object of the building was to receive the pictures; this is honestly carried out to a noble result. At Cambridge, the pictures are placed in the windows, filled in between the architectural millions, so that no moulding or constructive feature is broken or interfered with by the paintings; but, on the contrary, the pictures are often marred by the architecture. The character and function of the Sistine are the reverse of this, and yet not wholly and thoroughly carried out, inasmuch as the painting of the flat part of the ceiling, so that the figures appear as we enter to be upside down, is a mistake. Mr. Fergusson has omitted to point out that the comparison of King's College Chapel does not hold good in respect to the fact, that the windows therein depart from the strictly pure idea of their function in a Gothic edifice. This function is to give a splendid flood of coloured light to the interior they decorate; they should be of the nature of transparent mosaics, not in any sense as pictures to be studied, as now they must be, for themselves. The subordination of the pictorial element of decorative Art to Gothic architecture was therefore more consistent and thorough than he has shown, and the comparison is so far weakened. This infringement upon the law of Gothic Art shows the influence of changed

feelings to have been felt, even in England, sooner than people think. Along with the rigidly structural system of decoration that had been undermined when the Perpendicular style was introduced, went also the no less functionary service of window (chromatic) decoration. We say this to show that the change was by no means unheralded, and that the tide of feeling was determined in its direction, not originally moved, by the causes just summed up.

Mr. Fergusson marks the opening of the Renaissance period with the building of Florence Cathedral by Brunelleschi, then by that at Lodi by Bramante, when the chance of independent greatness was lost by not inventing new details to supply the place of the borrowed classical ones, so that a new and great style might have been developed, as it was not. From this he proceeds with an analysis of the style, and traces its decadence to perpetually copying inappropriate details. We cannot point to a better example of architectural criticism than the portion relating to the state of English Art in the last century. The remarks upon Newgate Prison, as built by Dance, are excellent and conclusive (p. 296). To us he does not seem consistent in denouncing the spirit of the modern Gothic revival to the extent he does, because as a revival it must be full of hope, always provided it is wrought in that spirit which none more powerfully than himself shows to be sound. He also generally ignores the application of Gothic Art to domestic uses,—a strange and vital error. Is it really necessary that Gothic work must be rude and barbarous, as stated in page 319? Is it true that the masonry cannot be too coarse nor the materials too common? Must the carpentry be rude and as unmechanically put together as possible? If so, how are we to reconcile the opinion with that found on page 875 of the first part of the work, where, speaking of the roof of Westminster Hall, we find that "even viewed only as a scientific combination of timber this roof is as good as anything that has been done in this engineering age"? This is stated to be also a noble work of architecture.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We have made progress in the custom of erecting statues to public men, with the addition of not a few to merely wealthy personages, such as those whose apotheosis laid the last century and beginning of the present so open to ridicule. Mr. Foley's Father Mathew, for Cork, is well advanced, and will probably be placed in a few months: the design represents him speaking to, or rather blessing, those who are supposed to be kneeling before him, having received the Temperance pledge. He has in hand, also, Lord Elphinstone, for Bombay; Sir J. Outram, equestrian, for Calcutta; a seated statue of Barry, for the Houses of Parliament, and one of Sir J. Fielden, for Todmorden. A statue to the late Duke of Bedford has been decided upon as a Memorial at Tavistock. Mr. E. Davis's Wedgwood, for Stoke, has been placed in its destined situation. A cast of this work may be remembered as standing under the eastern dome of the International Exhibition: he is represented holding the model of the Portland Vase in his hand, and his action is as of lecturing upon it. Mr. Woolner has in hand Macaulay for Cambridge, the Prince Consort for Oxford, William the Third for the Houses of Parliament, and eleven statues for the Manchester Assize Courts; Mr. Munro, Queen Mary the Second for the Houses of Parliament. A bust of the Prince Consort is to be placed in the Council Room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi; also an equestrian statue of the same in the Market Place at Coburg. Mr. Westmacott has lent his statue of the Peri at the Gates of Paradise to the Royal Horticultural Society: it will be placed in the

Conservatory at South Kensington. In the Council Room there will appear a statue of 'David with the head of Goliath,'—'Ariel released from the pine,' by the same, the model of Mr. Durham's 'Euclid.' The bronze 'Juno,' given by the Prince Consort to the Society, is now delivered from the International Exhibition to it.

The Report of the Royal Scottish Academy (the thirty-fifth) states that the Exhibition in Edinburgh was opened on the 12th of February, and closed on the 10th of May last; it contained 824 paintings and 33 sculptures, mainly by resident Scottish artists. The Exhibition was opened both in the day and evening, and pictures sold to about the total value of 5,000*l.*

'The Griffingage of the Hon. Newman Strange,' an Indian story, told by illustrative sketches of the progress of a new-comer in India, is told in the ordinary manner,—catastrophes, disappointments, quarrels, flirtations, and final matrimony. There is nothing very original in the incidents of the series, nor very lively in their production by the pen and ink of the draughtsman: some trivial points of character may amuse the old Indian, but these are certainly not enough to make the book valuable. The sketching power of the author is considerable, and must have been original: he draws tolerably, and might, with heed, draw well. Let us hope patience may benefit him.

Messrs. Lockwood & Co. have published 'A Handy Book of Villa Architecture' (Second Series), by Mr. C. Wickes. This consists of a set of suggestions to gentlemen about to build, as to design, construction and cost of villas in various fashions, such as taste may decide upon after inspection and consideration of means. By way of aid to a decision upon the last point, estimates are given of cost, so that we learn at once what may be built for 1,500*l.*, 1,800*l.*, 1,900*l.*, 2,000*l.*, or 3,000*l.* It is right to say, that all the specifications stipulate for the best workmanship and materials, although the estimates seem low. Here there is your half-timbered Domestic Gothic Cottage to be built for 1,500*l.*; your Palladian Villa at the next price. It is difficult to say what the next article is, unless such as is designated in the vernacular as "Gothic Villa"; it is unbeautiful, and therefore no more Gothic than it is outlandish. Another Palladian Villa follows, made so by keeping to the four-square arrangement of the above-named, and putting in light-openings of another form, and adding chimney-stacks that painfully resemble the coal-scuttles now much in vogue, styled "The Ruskin,"—which utensil, be it said for that gentleman's sake, must have been ironically named. We cannot say any of these designs, being of the most commonplace order, are to be commended. The interior arrangement is not less unsatisfactory: in the Domestic Gothic Cottage, the chimneys, instead of being made a constructional feature of the design and arrangement by getting them together, so far as practicable, in a fine central group, advantageously to retain heat, appear in no less than six stacks, three of which are external. Again, in all cases the vestibule, or "hall," is placed in the centre of the structure, so that the rooms lose what protection it might afford; in one the library is next to the lobby, as in the next it appears between the kitchen and the drawing-room, and abuts upon that side of the last where the young ladies' pianoforte is sure to stand. We pity the man who lives in Design V. so arranged, that being the 4,000*l.* villa, in the Domestic-Franco-Louis-Quinze-quasi-Palladian style,—a sort of "sugar-candy villa."

The Memorial Statue to Bishop Hooper, by Mr. E. W. Thornhill, erected near the Church of St. Mary-de-Lode, Gloucester, the spot of his martyrdom, represents him in the act of preaching. It is surmounted by a canopy, carved, like the statue, in fine Portland stone.

The subjects of the decorative paintings upon the nave ceiling of Ely Cathedral, made in keeping with Norman architectural design, are as follows, beginning at the west end of the nave:—1. The Creation of Adam; 2. The Fall; 3. The Sacrifice of Noah; 4. Abraham and Isaac,—"God will

provide Himself a lamb"; 5. Jacob's Vision of the Ladder; 6. The Marriage of Boaz and Ruth, from whom sprang Obed, the father of Jesse. The general design of these subjects, made by the late Mr. Le Strange, of Hunstanton Hall, by whom they were executed, is that of the Jesse tree; they form the central line of decoration. Twenty-four prophets and worthies of the Scriptural history are disposed parallel to the above in a double line down the sides. These are—1. Abraham and Jacob; 2. Job and Balaam; 3. Moses and Nathan; 4. Jonah and Joel; 5. Amos and Hosea; 6. Isaiah and Micah. Mr. T. G. Parry, of Highnam Court, Gloucester, has undertaken to carry out the following subjects of the pre-arranged scheme of decoration:—In the 7th bay will be Jesse, represented sleeping, as in the old manner; 8. David; 9. The Annunciation; 10. Entry into Jerusalem; 11. The Tomb, with the Angel guarding it; 12. The Majesty of Christ. The series of prophets and worthies before described as accompanying the already-executed work by Mr. Le Strange will be continued in these last by figures of the Prophets and Evangelists of the New Testament, and those of Our Lord's genealogy. A line of busts, suggesting the generations of the Saviour according to St. Luke, runs along either side of the ceiling at its lowest coving, or nearest the walls. This commences with the figure of Our Lord, round which is the inscription, "Being, as was supposed, the son of Joseph," and is carried on, with the names of each grade, to "the son of Adam," where the series ends in the central medallion of the first bay, which bears the writing, "Which was the Son of God." The disposition of Evangelistic symbols upon the whole design suggests the connexion between the old dispensation and the new.

Mr. John Pye, who has just been elected into the Academy of Fine Arts of Paris, is the engraver of that name, not a "surveyor."

A cathedral is to be built at Belfast for the diocese of Connor. The Cathedral of Tuam is to be rebuilt, but by the demolition of the present church, a good fourteenth-century building, with some richly-traceried windows. The Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, have purchased from the authorities of St. Nicholas parish the north transept of their own cathedral, which has been for a long time used as a parish church: this is to be rebuilt, and again added to the cathedral, now being restored under the direction of Mr. B. L. Guinness, the eminent brewer, who is said to have expended already 80,000*l.* on the work, being his own architect.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY, January 16, Mendelssohn's 'ATHALIE,' and Mozart's 'REQUIEM.' Principal Vocalists: Miss Parera, Madame Saindon-Dohy, Mr. Montem and Mr. Weiss. The Illustrative Verses in 'Athalie' will be recited by Mr. Phelps.—Tickets, 2*s.*, 5*s.*, and 8*shillings* 10*s.* 6*d.* each. The Offices of the Society are at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The Programme of the FIRST CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, January 14, commencing at Half past Eight, is now ready.—Stalls, for the Season of Five Concerts, One Guinea. Reserved Box Seats, numbered for the season, Half-a-Guinea. Immediate application for the latter tickets is necessary, as only sixty can be issued. Single Tickets, 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 1*s.*

The Chorale Book for England; a complete Hymn-Book for Public and Private Worship, in accordance with the Services and Festivals of the Church of England; the Hymns from the Lyra Germanica and other Sources, translated by Catherine Winkworth; the Tunes from the Sacred Music of the Lutheran, Latin, and other Churches, for Four Voices. With Historical Notes, &c. Compiled and Edited by William Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Dr., and Otto Goldschmidt. (Longman & Co.)—It will displease enthusiastic persons to be told that a publication like this, howbeit carefully executed, and obviously a labour of love on the part of all concerned, is in some respects a superfluity.—In nothing are we English more national than in the forms of our worship; in nothing are we richer than in our Psalm and Hymn Tunes. We have had, and have, good preachers; we have not had sacred poets: and both of these have held the keys of our

hearts and sympathies, by the correspondence of their offerings to our requirements. Jeremy Taylor will always be nearer to us than Bourdaloue, or Massillon, or Bossuet,—Watts, than Madame Guyon. A truly pious heart can worship everywhere; but there is something for it inexpressibly comforting, as apart from excitement, in the home-shrine. This book, executed as it is (we repeat) by both translator and musicians in a spirit of reverence, will hardly, we fancy, become an English book, any more than a translation of Zollikofer's Sermons would be. Every land has its own metres: those of the German Hymns, when represented in English, inevitably tempt the translator to weakness (be he even accomplished as Miss Catherine Winkworth), owing to the number of double rhymes; these in many cases, as "rejoicing," "shining," &c., are in our language thoroughly unvocable, and to evade and vary them is one of the hardest portions of the task of him who arranges verse for music.—Thus much without reference to the subject-matter of the German Hymns; which again, in its own world, is open to remark on the score of nationality. In the reputation of their music, considering the mass collectively, we think matters may have been mixed up which do not belong to their intrinsic merit. They are grand and grave, no doubt,—some of them are admirable as specimens of simple devotional harmony; but as a whole they have less character and spirit than ours—laying entirely out of the comparison those ranting, florid and secular melodies which, of late days, a true and reverent taste in Art has driven out of the Tabernacles of Dissent.—In not a few the melody is essentially poor and unimpressive. There are many, however, among us to whom, whether theologically or artistically, whatever comes from the Churches of Germany to the Church of England is authoritative and welcome—possibly, by reason of its very strangeness,—and these will, and should, find no common satisfaction in this collection, which has been executed and produced with no common care.

MUSIC IN LEIPZIG.

January 1, 1863.

CHRISTMAS has brought us the busiest musical season that Leipzig has known for years.

At the Gewandhaus Concerts I have to mention a Requiem by Herr Friedrich Kiel, of Berlin. This work is the production of a conscientious musician; but it lacks genius. Among all the "numbers" the *Osanna* and *Sanctus* pleased me most. The extra concert for the benefit of the Orchestra Pension Fund this year brought us a *Suite*, in four movements, by Herr Lachner, of Munich,—Preludium, Menuetto, Variations and March, Introduction and Fugue,—moving in old forms, graceful in conception, clear in its construction, delicate and yet effectively instrumented, a composition cordially to be recommended for introduction into any English orchestra not afraid to produce something new. The variations, twenty-four in number, are very clever. The same evening Glinka's quaint and characteristic 'Kamarinskaja,' an orchestral Fantasia on two Russian *Volkalieder* (a Wedding and a Dance Song), was given.—Wagner's prelude to the 'Meistersinger zu Nürnberg' was repeated on the same occasion. The reception of this was far less enthusiastic than at its first performance. I do not feel at all inclined to alter the opinion I at first expressed.—Another evening gave us an Overture to the 'Thousand and One Nights,' by Herr Taubert, of Berlin,—a characteristic name to a characterless composition. Far better in every respect is Kapellmeister Reinecke's 'Aladdin' Overture, which has also been performed this season, and which, though not new, is the best of its composer's orchestral works.

The most important novelty I have to report on is 'Scenes from Goethe's Faust,' by Schumann. It was the first time that the whole had been performed in Leipzig, and, I believe, only the third time in Germany. The work is divided into three parts. The first comprises, No. 1, the Scene in the Garden; No. 2, *Gretchen* before the image of the *Mater Dolorosa*; and No. 3, the Scene in the Cathedral. The second and third divisions are from the Second Part of Faust, and contain, in the second, No. 4,

Scene with *Ariel* and the Sunrise, and *Faust's* long monologue; No. 5, the 'Vier graue Weiber,' and *Faust's* Blindness; No. 6, the scene where *Mephistopheles* sets the *Lemures* to dig *Faust's* grave, and *Faust's* death. The third part, No. 7, is devoted to *Faust's* Apotheosis. The work, which occupies a whole evening in its performance, contains, however, specimens both of the best and of the worst manner of its composer. In the Garden Scene there is much that is graceful. In the Cathedral Scene, the composer has treated the 'Dies Iræ' as it might be supposed to sound to *Gretchen's* disturbed conscience. The long monologues in No. 4. make it very wearisome. The 'Vier graue Weiber' are very cleverly treated; as are, also, the mocking *Lemures*. Really noble and simple are the short phrases for the chorus, after *Faust's* death. In the very mystical Third Part Schumann seems to have worked with especial delight. The best parts are the choruses of the Beatified Children, and, most of all, the graceful song of the Angel who has been driving away the Evil Spirits with the roses. But even in these there occur from time to time those peculiarities of harmonic treatment which mar what might otherwise give un-mixed enjoyment. Herr Stockhausen sang the part of *Faust*, and thus insured its being heard to the best advantage. As a whole, the performance was unsatisfactory.

There are two revivals that call for notice, both works by Bach. The first is a glorious 'Concert' for three violins, three tenors, three violoncellos and bass. It was played by the whole stringed orchestra. For the sake of contrast, an *Audante* from one of the violin *Sonatas* had been inserted between them, played admirably by Herr Concertmeister David. The second revival was the lovely Pastoral Symphony from the 'Weihnacht's Oratorium.'

The only new pianist that has appeared since my last report is Mr. Edward Dannreuther, of Cincinnati, a pupil of the Conservatory. The remarkable talent of this very young artist has been already mentioned in your journal. In the *Gewandhaus* he played Schumann's very difficult Pianoforte Concerto. The choice proved unfortunate, for the elaborate orchestral accompaniments had not been sufficiently rehearsed, and as the piano has hardly a bar to itself, the effect of what otherwise (especially in the first movement) would have been a magnificent performance was marred. I cannot but look to Mr. Dannreuther with confidence as one who will take the highest rank as a pianist of the most genuine and most musical school. Herr August Wilhelm, of Wiesbaden, also a pupil of the Conservatory, and who has likewise been mentioned in your journal with just praise, has made a successful *début* as a violinist in the *Gewandhaus*. The sisters Neruda have again appeared in the *Gewandhaus*; and with them the brother, Herr Franz Neruda, a respectable violoncellist. Another violoncellist who has been heard is Herr Steffens, of St. Petersburg; he has a good tone, and sings well on his instrument, and seems to have very fair execution.

In the "Euterpe" the only novelty has been a 'Festmarsch' by Herr Lassen, a Kapellmeister at Weimar,—a work characterized by all the bad qualities of the Weimar school. Herr Blasemann, the new Kapellmeister of the *Euterpe*, is a steady and painstaking director; but whether from somewhat distrusting his orchestra, or from a certain degree of lethargy, he is apt to drag the tempo.

An Organ Concert has been given by Herr Richter, Herr Thomas (a pupil of the Conservatory), and Herr Fischer (the organist of the English Church at Dresden), in the St. Nicholas Church, to afford the public an opportunity of hearing Herr Ladegaet's magnificent new instrument. The instrument has a rich, full tone, without being screaming; but some of the stops have that hoarseness of tone which are constantly met with both in German organs and in German throats. The mechanism of the organ seems excellent.

Of the Extra Concerts, that given by Madame Schumann and Herr Stockhausen was remarkable for the marvellous way in which the latter sang Schumann's setting of Heine's 'Dichterliche Cyclus,' of sixteen songs.—Herr von Bülow has given the first of a series of three Pianoforte Con-

certs. Schubert's posthumous A major Sonata was very interesting. To judge from this evening, Herr von Bülow is no player of Chopin's music. His selection, too, from this composer, was unfortunate. His most brilliant performance was that of Liszt's Concert Waltz on themes from M. Gounod's 'Faust.'

A.

PRINCESS'S.—The new piece produced shortly before Christmas, imitated from Scribe, and entitled 'The Triple Alliance,' has now entered on the second phase of its existence. Owing to the retirement of Mr. George Vining from the company, the rôle of the philosophical Minister—the representative of the politic Bolingbroke of the Court of Queen Anne—has now fallen into the hands of Mr. Henry Marston, who appeared in it for the first time on Monday. The part has probably benefited by the change. For the rattling delivery of a popular comic actor, we have now the sober, deliberate and impressive elocution of a veteran artist, who weighs every phrase and anxiously brings out the full meaning of every sentence. The character now stands before us as a well-studied portrait, in which every lineament of the countenance has been carefully traced. Here and there, too, the colour has been heightened, and the expression idealized; but nowhere is carelessness apparent, or unmeaning dash substituted for true, thoughtful and elaborate work. The portrait thus produced has a genuine historical value, which adds a great and abiding interest to the performance. The drama itself improves on repetition, and both Miss Aylmer and Miss Oliver have better realized the positions they occupy than either was enabled to do at an earlier period. They have preferred the natural and impulsive; and, though sometimes offending against convention, whether of the stage or of the Court, always act with a sincerity and earnestness that carry conviction, and enlist the feelings of the audience. With such advantages the play is now likely to retain the stage for several weeks, and establish itself in the good opinion of more intelligent playgoers.

ST. JAMES'S.—This theatre is now under the management of Mr. Frank Matthews, who on Saturday produced a new drama, in two acts, entitled 'The Dark Cloud.' This production is original, and we are indebted for it to Mr. Rose, a gentleman who, under the name of Arthur Sketchley, some few months ago made a promising *début* as an entertainer. The piece, which was successful, is better executed than conceived, many points of the story being open to critical objection, while the passing action brought into the foreground is generally effective. This is partly due to strong contrasts of character. *Mrs. Caroline Granville* (Miss Herbert), married to the son of a City knight, is of obscure origin, and an object of suspicion to Sir Marmaduke's new wife, whose tendencies, though not her antecedents, are aristocratic. A revelation, however, is about to be made, connected with the arrival of a visitor from Australia, one *Austin*, a friend of Caroline's former husband (Frank Ashton), who, though rich, it is soon seen was never honest. *Austin* had formerly loved the lady, and now seeks, by force of secrets with which he is acquainted, to induce her to quit her second husband and to elope with him. To further his nefarious purpose, he pretends that Frank Ashton was living at the moment of her marriage with Mr. Sidney Granville. But a good-natured doctor in the village, *Mr. M'Tab* (Mr. F. Matthews), has a wife well acquainted with Australia; and these kind-hearted souls, who contribute to the comic underplot, are destined to counteract the schemes of the returned convict *Austin* (Mr. Arthur Stirling), who, among other crimes, has been guilty of murder. *Mrs. M'Tab* (Mrs. Frank Matthews) was present at the death of Frank Ashton, and can testify that it was at a date prior to the second marriage. But the villain is not yet foiled, for he can reveal that the lady's first husband was transported for forgery. And now these dreaded secrets of her life are all disclosed. The second bolt, however, has fallen as harmless as the first. Sir Marmaduke Granville is acquainted with the particulars which led to the transportation of the poor banker's clerk, and that

he was really innocent of the imputed crime. In the end, the villain is handed over to the custody of the police, and the domestic peace which he had disturbed is restored under conditions that secure its permanent continuance, now that every vestige of mystery has been removed. The success of the play was indebted to the genial humour of the *M'Tabs*, and the lady-like bearing of Miss Herbert as the perplexed heroine.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—It is well known that the residence of Herr Molique in England has been attended with results of no common value, and that as a professor of composition his influence has been great and its fruits good. The manual ('Studies in Harmony,'—Ewer & Co.) just put forward by him for the use of students should excite more than common attention. A better book could not easily be named, whether as regards completeness or perspicacity. The exercises, moreover, are as interesting as exercises can be made. The importance of this last-named merit is great, especially for the solitary student, there being no reason, save in the incompleteness of the professor, why with every step forward which the pupil takes his ideas of form and melody should not be enriched and improved. Learning cannot be made easy, but it need not be a gratuitously dreary business.

The Philharmonic Concerts, this year eight in number, are to begin on the 9th of March.

Mr. Howard Glover's first Concert for the season was given this day week.

Mdlle. Titians has gone to sing at Naples, and not at Pesh, as was erroneously stated.

Mr. Balfé's new opera is, we are told, in active preparation at Covent Garden Theatre.—'Faust' is also in rehearsal there with Miss Parepa, Messrs. Perren and Weiss in the principal parts.

The rumour that Mr. Sims Reeves will sing in English Opera for Mr. Mapleson, gains ground.

Signor Costa is understood to be closely occupied in the completion of his new Oratorio.

M. Halle will be pianist, and M. Sainton violinist, at Monday's *Popular Concert*, at which Hummel's *Military Septett* will be performed.—*Mr. H. Leslie's Choir* will give its first Concert of the season on Wednesday next.—On Wednesday last, the *National Choral Society* gave 'Judas Maccabeus,' with Mr. Sims Reeves in the part of the hero.—The next *Sacred Harmonic* performance will consist of Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' Music and Mozart's 'Requiem.'

Mr. A. Sullivan's 'Tempest' Music, produced the other evening by Mr. C. Halle at Manchester, at what may be called a Shakspeare Concert, in formidable juxtaposition with Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Music, succeeded so entirely that it will be repeated on the 22nd instant. There have been few cases of more complete and legitimate success than this in our time.—Miss Hiles has been singing in the 'Messiah' at a Liverpool Philharmonic Concert, to the satisfaction of the audience.

Some misunderstanding seems to be abroad in regard to the Double Pianoforte Concerto by Mendelssohn, one of his earliest works, which we examined and heard at Leipzig in the course of autumn last, as though a rule of reserve and secrecy had been indiscreetly broken with respect to it. Such is not the case. The *Concerto* had been already performed some time previous at one of the Concerts of the Conservatory Pupils, which include a numerous and competent audience. The name of the composer not being announced, not any of those out of the secret—even among the persons the most familiar with its author's manner—scribed it to Mendelssohn. It was attributed to this and to the other known master, but by universal consent was agreed to be weak, poor and mechanical, not worthy the trouble of performance or of the fame of any great German musician.

Signor Peri's 'Rienzi,' a new opera, has had small success at Milan. The voice of Signora Bendazzi, two octaves and a half in compass, and described as deliciously sweet and powerful, has created a great sensation at Turin in Signor Verdi's 'I Vespri Siciliani'; but the opera has not pleased.

An opera by Herr Würst, 'Vineta,' the words

as well as music by himself, has been produced at Brealau.

Herr Theodor Löwe, of Vienna, has given a new opera, 'Concini,' at Prague, with some success.

MISCELLANEA

The Catalogue of the Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris.—In reply to some strictures upon the system of preparing the great Catalogue of the Bibliothèque Impériale, the *Moniteur Universel* has lately published the following particulars:—"The difficulty of coming to an agreement upon the proper plan to be adopted in cataloguing the library has been the true reason why the Bibliothèque Impériale has for more than a century remained without this indispensable guide to its treasures. In 1852, M. Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction, had the good sense to come to a decision, knowing, however, perfectly well that he was about to incur inevitable censure. Since then every work which has been added to the collection has been entered on a slip, so that for ten years no new arrival has been without its classified title. By this temporary arrangement the confusion of the past is at least prevented from extending. As regards the works in the library before that period, titles have been copied on slips and afterwards inserted in the registers of several of the letters which constitute our bibliographical alphabet. Thus we have already completed the letters A B C D, which comprise all the old divisions,—Holy Scripture, or Bibles (text versions, Jewish, Rabbinical, or Christian commentators), Liturgy, Councils, Synods, Holy Fathers, Theologians of the Greek and Latin Church, Ancient and Modern Jansenism, Casuists, Catechists and Preachers, Ascetics and Controversialists. When, next in rotation, the *D* is shall have been completed (comprising heterodox theologians) and the *E* (Canon Law), the whole six inventories consisting of these letters will be re-cast into one, and thus the student will find to his hand a very complete key to the whole body of Theology—that is to say, to about one-fifth part of the immense collections of the Library. *F*, which comprises Legislation and Jurisprudence, has already been the subject of considerable labour in the way of classification, which will render the preparation of the inventory much more simple and rapid. *M* (History of England) is already completed upon slips, which are classified and about to be inserted in the registers. *T* (Medical Science), a division very rich in ancient and rare works, is completed, and a third part of its catalogue already printed and published. As regards the catalogue of *L* (History of France), which is also finished and three-fourths placed, serious objections have been taken, and it has been said that it would have been better to have confined this portion to the entry of the titles on slips. This, however, is matter of opinion. Every one will admit, that for a subject so extensive and so important both at home and abroad as the History of France, a catalogue upon slips, which would not find its way out of the drawers of the Bibliothèque Impériale, would not render one particle of the service which is daily received by the *savants* of our Departments and in foreign countries from a printed catalogue, which enters into their private studies, presenting them with a list of everything which has been published upon a political event, a treaty of peace, a battle, a sovereign, the biography of a Frenchman, or a locality of the Empire. Will it be seriously maintained that the 'Bibliothèque Historique' of the Père Lelong and Foutette would have been of such vast utility if their authors had kept it in manuscript? The answer is obvious. The 'Bibliothèque' of the Père Lelong, the catalogue of the History of France of the Bibliothèque Impériale, being printed, makes students familiar with an infinity of sources of information of which for the most part they would otherwise have had no idea. Such enterprises can only be condemned by the prejudiced or unreflecting; and the moment when the whole learned world applauds the resolution taken by the Minister of the Interior to print catalogues of the Archives of the eighty-eight Departments is, it must be admitted, somewhat ill chosen for such a condemnation. . . . Finally, the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris, in the matter of its treasures of oriental

literature, has not been content to remain behind the British Museum, or the libraries of Oxford, Berlin, Leyden, and St. Petersburg, which of late years have published, complete or in part, catalogues of their manuscripts in the oriental languages. Thanks to M. Reinard, who has set himself for some time to this task, and has made an appeal to the learned, devoted like himself to those studies, the Library is now in a position to hand over to the Imperial printing-office the catalogue of Hebrew manuscripts, edited by MM. Munk, Durembourg and Franck. The catalogue of Arabic manuscripts, already considerably advanced by M. Michel Amari, will be finished by M. Barbier de Meynard, who has already, in conjunction with M. Pavée de Courteille, completed the Persian and Turkish catalogues. M. Renan has brought to an end the Syriac catalogue. M. Zotenberg and the Pere Soukias Baron complete the Ethiopian and Armenian catalogues. Thus the five volumes which form the oriental section will not long be wanting."

Westminster Bridge.—By a recent return of the expenses incurred in erecting Westminster Bridge, the outlay is given as 393,139*l.*, of which 145,057*l.* went to contractors and 248,132*l.* to other parties. The approaches cost 109,054*l.* It is worthy of note that long before Labeyle's bridge was erected the place of crossing was known as *Westminster Bridge*. See Dr. Wallis to S. Pepys, Oct. 24, 1699. In the old maps the landing-place on the north shore is so marked. In 1664 a proposal for erecting a bridge there is thus referred to in the correspondence of the French Ambassador to his Government: "Sur ce qui avoit été proposé, de faire un pont devant Withall pour passer du côté de Foxall, la Ville (of London) s'y est opposé par des vives remontrances; et le Roy a déclaré que de son vivant il n'y consentiroit; ce qui a extrêmement satisfait les bateliers, qui sont un corps fort considérable dans cette Ville."

The Swiss Guard.—Mr. T. A. Trollope and Mr. Anthony Trollope are both in error in regard of the Pope's "Swiss Guard." This fine and faithful body of men does not belong to the Papal Army, and must not be confounded with the Swiss Regiments. The "Swiss Guards" form the body-guard of the Sovereign Pontiff, and never leave Rome. Their barracks are at the Vatican and the Quirinal, and they mount guard at those Palaces. Including officers, chaplain, non-commissioned officers and privates, they number about 150, of whom 130 are rank and file, and armed with a halberd and short sword. They receive higher pay than the army, and when not on guard are allowed to work on their own account. They wear the picturesque uniform which is said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; and in the armoury at Basle I was shown two uniforms of the Swiss Papal Guard which were worn before those of the present pattern were introduced. EDMUND WATERTON. Walton Hall.

Population of Prussia.—The newest number of 'The Journal of the Royal Prussian Statistical Office' contains in an easy, collected survey, the definite result of the census in the Prussian States on the 3rd of December, 1861. According to this, the total number of inhabitants, civil and military, is 18,491,220. They are divided over 1,000 towns, with 5,625,852 inhabitants, and over 332 districts of the flat country with 12,865,368 inhabitants. The number of town and country districts is 345. The military population, inclusive of the 14,720 men stationed at Mayence, Luxemburg, Rastadt and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, consists of 268,372 men, of which 263,711 are in the towns, and 4,661 in the country. The most populous of the provinces is Silesia, containing 3,390,695 inhabitants; after this the most populated is the Rhine province, containing 3,215,784 inhabitants. The least populous of the provinces is Pomerania, with 1,339,739 inhabitants.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. M.—F. R. G. S.—C. D.—J. R. C.—H. F. R.—M. J.—C. B.—L. R.—Gray's Inn—F. V.—E. M. S. P.—received.

Errata.—P. 9, col. 2, line 2 from bottom, for "Eschenling" read *Eschenbury*; and, just before, for "Leng" read *Lenz*.

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GEORGE H. TOWNSEND.

Extract from Preface.

It has been the aim of the Author to render 'THE MANUAL OF DATES' a concise and trustworthy compendium of the principal events of ancient and modern times. As the value of a Book of General Reference must necessarily depend upon the character of the sources whence information is derived, the writer has, in all cases, consulted the best authorities, and their statements have been carefully considered and compared. On disputed points, conflicting accounts have been submitted to rigid scrutiny, and the view supported by the most conclusive evidence has been invariably adopted.

From the DAILY TELEGRAPH, Oct. 27, 1862.

"It is so arranged as to include the principal events of ancient and modern times, and the number of articles is nearly double that contained in any work of a similar plan."

From NOTES AND QUERIES, Oct. 11, 1862.

"We cordially recommend it as a book of reference which may be placed with advantage upon the library-shelf of every reading man. He will rarely, we think, have occasion to refer to it without finding the information of which he is in search."

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE & ROUTLEDGE.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

LITERATURE

A Reply to 'The Affectionate and Christian Address of Many Thousands of Women of Great Britain and Ireland to their Sisters, the Women of the United States of America.' By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in behalf of Many Thousands of American Women. (Low & Co.)

The Weakness and Inefficiency of the Government of the United States of North America. By a late American Statesman. Edited by a Member of the Middle Temple. (Houlston & Wright.)

The Results of Emancipation. By Augustin Cochin, ex-Maire and Municipal Councillor of Paris; Work crowned by the Institute of France (Académie Française). Translated by Mary L. Booth. (Boston, Walker, Wise & Co.)

THE state of English opinion as to the new Slave Empire is a fact in the moral history of our time which is worthy of consideration from a higher point of view than that of the convenience of Secretary Seward or the necessities of President Lincoln, and under better lights than the invective of Horace Greeley and the sarcasm of Mrs. Stowe.

The fact that a large and influential part of English society has, even in appearance, ranged itself on the Southern side in the American War, so as to brighten into joy at the reports of Federal disasters, and to predict a speedy success of the Confederate arms, as the end of that conflict which would be most agreeable to gods and men, is to ourselves, who are on the spot, a problem; while to our liberal allies of Paris, Frankfort and Turin, not to speak of those in Boston and New York, it is no less than a portent. If we consider this change from the outside merely, as our neighbours must do, the revulsion of sympathy in our Russells, Gladstones, Broughams and Buxtons, the old friends of the negro, and in many of our liberal populations who habitually shout for Garibaldi and Kossuth, will appear sudden beyond belief. A man so calm as Stuart Mill appears to have been surprised by it. Only two years ago England was the chief friend of the slave. While other countries were tepid, she was hot in his cause. She had paid down twenty millions in one round sum to buy off and break his chains. Some thought she had ruined a whole generation of planters, and many that she had blighted the prosperity of her oldest and noblest colonies, in order that he might eat his pumpkin and loll in the sun. Jamaica was by her given up to the negro as much as Corfu is now to be surrendered to the Greek, with the additional sacrifices which accompany a social, as compared against a political, change of power. Yet the country, though it sympathized with the ruined planter, never faltered in her course. She was moving in the path of progress, liberty and light: she knew that even growth brings pain into the joints; and that, whether men travel to their goal by the short road of the sea-coast or the long round of the stony desert, some must fall by the way. She had not only purged herself from the curse of her past connivance in the abomination, but had entered on an active and costly propagand of her younger and more righteous views. One of the most vigorous organizations ever known, even in the land of the Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society, drew to itself the resources of a zealous people. Almost every society in existence lent some aid to this body.

London was the City of Emancipation; and the abolitionists of Boston and New York were but pupils and preachers of a gospel which had its apostles and its head-quarters in the Strand. The public action corresponded to the public thought. We voted supplies for "an idea," and sent out a squadron to sustain a truth. We announced a new and fundamental theory, not only unknown to ancient law, but one which would have been incomprehensible to a Roman or a Greek. We made our soil free. We declared, not only that no subject of the English Crown, but that no resident on English territory, could ever again be claimed as a slave. Thus, England became a missionary and liberating power. Emancipation was her sentiment. In the eyes of mankind she assumed of her own will this gracious and ennobling duty of inviting the slave to become free. On touching her soil, his chains fell off. On reaching her decks he escaped from the condition of a chattel into the position of a man. Once beneath her flag, he required no manumission. From circumstances so peculiar the Cross of St. George derived a sort of sacred character; for in the eyes of all nations it appeared as the hope of mankind, the sign of a powerful and perpetual crusade in behalf of human rights. In every port it was recognized as the living symbol, not only of national, but of individual freedom. Slaves of all races, Dyaks and Abyssinians, Fans and Fijians, Georgians and Circassians, understood that whatever the miseries and horrors of their condition, there was one bright banner on the seas in which they had a part, the ensign of a people who would treat a man as a man, taking no heed whatever of the conventional relation of the master to his slave. They knew that, once they could escape into the protection of that flag, they would be free, beyond reach of the most crafty tyrant of the earth. They also felt, though darkly perhaps, that this beneficent and redeeming power was put out with no selfish end in view, but solely from considerations of abstract justice, from deference to the true lessons of history, and from an earnest and contrite sense of duty to God and man. The tyrant was still more sensible of its presence than the slave. These cruisers of humanity were upon the highways of his traffic; they followed him into his secret places; they detected him in his false pretences, and very often defeated him in his atrocious bargains and sales. They branded him as a felon, and made him infamous in the eyes of men. Among the breakers of Benin, off the headlands of Rio, in the bays of the Havannah, and along the approaches to New York, the man-stealers and the man-dealers had before their eyes the chastening terror of a vigilant and avenging flag. This service was most gallantly achieved. Willing hearts and daring hands found full support for what they did in the public resolution that, cost what it might, the accursed trade in human flesh and blood should cease. If they could not reach the slave-dealer at Dahomey, or the slave-breeder near the Dismal Swamp, they would do their best to cleanse the abomination from the high seas. For many years England had to do this work of ocean police alone, giving her zeal, her riches and her blood to the common cause of human nature, without much gratitude from the most friendly governments, and in the face of threats and protests on the part of some who made it their business to suspect her motives and decry her acts. Rio complained, and New York bullied. The Escorial, in which Christina sat, winked its eyes over the misdeeds of Concha; for although the Spanish government signed a

treaty for suppressing the external slave-trade, many of the grandees were Cuban slave-owners, and nothing in the sale of negroes offended the public sentiment of Spain. The Lisbon merchants entered openly into the trade. Russia, with its millions of serfs, could not be expected to do much for the negro; and France, with her theories of equality and her socialist philosophies, raised many difficulties in our way. With Washington we were often on the verge of war, from troubles arising out of the vigour of our cruisers; yet so fervid were the people in this cause of suppression, that although they would not hear of a difference with America on such material questions as the Maine boundary, the Lake navigation, and the Oregon dispute, they would at any time have armed in defence of the right of search.

Such was our position in regard to slavery two or three years ago.

Have the convictions out of which this public and private action sprang been changed? Has the English mind, so open to the light of Hungarian and Italian ideas, become dark to the vices and follies of slavery? Have we forgotten history so far as to dream of the resuscitation of a Slave Empire, and political science so far as to think that a nation of masters and slaves could enter into the amicable relations and competitions of modern society? Has the sense of duty to God and man died so completely within us, that we can look with complacency on the re-appearance among nations of an organized and sovereign society of slave-dealers? If it were so, it would be the most astonishing moral revolution known, not merely in the history of English opinion, but in the history of the whole human race. If these things could be truly said they would indeed be a portent and a sign, such as many of our neighbours, and some amongst ourselves, very timidly consider them. But those liberal men of other countries, who, like Hugo and Kossuth, Everett and Garibaldi, imagine that England has been guilty in this affair of the darkest apostacy and most startling stultification on record, judge her by the appearances which are proverbially deceitful, and were never more deceptive than in this particular case. Her emotions may have been mixed and fitful; for though she was much in earnest about emancipation, she recognizes causes not less sacred than that of the negro; in her large heart she has room for other sympathies than those in behalf of the lowest type of mankind; and the events of the American war have appealed victoriously and electrically to every one of her senses. But we, who live in the midst of Englishmen, can see no sign that our countrymen as a body have set themselves, in this matter, against the true lessons of history and the immutable laws of science.

Indeed, the public writer who assumes that a deep conviction, like that which possesses England on the futility and wickedness of owning men and women, can be put off with the ease of a garment, must be strangely ignorant of the way in which opinions which rule the world are formed. These do not spring from the turmoil of the crowd, or expire of a sudden in the whirlwind of events. They germinate in a single mind; they grow like the oak and the cedar; in the fullness of years they shed their seed; and in time they develop into a forest. Once a great truth is established, it must live out its life and effect its work. Men cannot put back the hand of time, restore America to the unknown seas, forget the mariner's compass, or return at their pleasure to the days before Agamemnon. Moral truths are just as despotic as material facts. It would be as

easy to unmake the laws of Kepler, and unfire the cannon of Malplaquet, as it would be to unlearn the Inductive Philosophy, or to repudiate on this question of domestic slavery the lessons of political science.

The force of a conviction does not lie in any conscious effort of the will. Take the example of our public proclamation of free trade. The doctrine of free trade is younger than the doctrine of negro emancipation. We have done less for it, and suffered less for it. Yet if any man were to talk of our free-trade principles being in danger from a sudden surprise, we should laugh at him as a fool. Truths are not killed in a day. Those principles, when new to politicians, were old to philosophers. They had grown very slowly into existence and acceptance, taking shape out of actual facts, and gaining arguments from positive events, and having a form, more or less perfect, in the minds of sages like Adam Smith, many years before they found advocates in Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. And truths which were slow to come will assuredly be slow to depart. The theory that domestic slavery is a rotten foundation on which to build a State is nearly as old as the first problem in Euclid; it has enjoyed so many centuries of life, and has been illustrated by the experience of so many countries, as to require in our day no special proof. All history is the demonstration of that one truth. It would be as rational for us to take Jupiter for our god, as to admit domestic slavery for our creed.

The world having made this induction once, even those in whom the human interest of the American War has mastered for a moment the induction of science, will not need to make it again. The world has taken note of a time when every nation under heaven partook of the curse, when the Egyptian sold his guest, and the Greek his captive, and the Roman his debtor; men of their own race and colour, and in some cases of their own flesh and blood. It remembers that no respect for virtue or genius stood in the way of the ancient slave-dealer; that the chances of storm or war might give the highest into bondage; that Epictetus was once a slave, and that Plato was sold for so much money in the market-place of Ægina. It has noted how the system fell into disrepute, age by age, and country by country; how the whole doctrine of Christ denied it in spirit; how Mohammed struck it in the heart by a declaration that no true believer could be a slave; how the free Germanic nations set their faces against it. It has noted the fact that this gradual disappearance of domestic slavery was, in every case, due to moral causes. Where the sword was drawn in the name of freedom, it found the cause invariably put back. It knows of many a servile war, but of none in which the ultimate fact was favourable to the insurgent slave. It sees that all fruitful ideas and pacific forces wrought together to this one great end, so that the curse was to be found in the fifteenth century only in the corruptest corners of the Roman world, particularly in the pirate port of Livorno, along the coasts of Barbary and Spain, and in the courts of such tyrants as Fernando of Arragon and Cæsar Borgia. Perhaps the very last slaves of European race ever brought into England came to us in the train of Prince Arthur's bride. The system had been dying by degrees from the very dawn of history until the discovery of America; when the humane Las Casas, in his mistaken zeal for the aboriginal Americans, introduced the lowest, and, we should hope, final phase of the unsocial institution. Under this new form the abandoned system was tried again—tried by many countries and in

many latitudes, by England and France, by Portugal and Spain. Everywhere it failed in one point or another,—in Jamaica morally, in Mexico economically, in San Domingo politically. Save in Cuba and the Southern States of America, the system broke up everywhere. Some nations could not, other nations would not, maintain the abomination by force of arms. England was the first to buy out the foul rights which she had ignorantly derived from the past, and to place her public force and her public opinion at the disposal of the beneficent revolution. Where a slave could be made, she assumed a protectorate with her guns; where a slave could be freed, she was ready with her purse. Believing in the teachings of history and the laws of science, she considered the last fragments of the slave society, unhappily existing in some of the United States and in Cuba, as a local disease which the whole world was bound to assist her in confining to the infested spots by every available species of moral *cordon*, and in helping her in the most speedy and harmless manner to pass away from the earth.

Such was the position and such were the ideas of England with regard to that trade in man; and these ideas, we may venture to assure our contemporaries in France, Italy, Germany and America, have undergone no change.

That the Southern statesmen and the Southern armies have engaged the sympathies of large and unexpected sections of our countrymen, is, in a certain sense, true; and so far as it is true, the fact is one which can be readily explained. We are not a logical people, like the Italians and the French; and, by a process which appears to our neighbours a perversion, we can give our admiration to a man who contests our ideas, and even opposes our arms. We followed with glowing veins the Italian battles of the First Napoleon. We sympathized with Ney as he recoiled from the ridge at Waterloo. We did justice to Todtleben at Sebastopol. The tendency of our thought is to place the human interest above the philosophical, and to judge of the hero before we take into our consideration the justice of his cause. Genius, valour, loyalty, endurance and success will never appeal in vain to the hearts of an English crowd. The individual comes first, the principle after. We shout as loudly for Tom Sayers at Farnham as for Garibaldi at Palermo. Many of our people thought Manin a hero and Cavour a demi-god; but many others were as ready to cheer Radetzky during the progress of his brilliant campaign. It is the man, and not the cause. A French public would be far more logical and selfish; their sympathies being with political ideas, while ours are with human nature. But a Hugo or an Everett who should infer that the English cheer which greets a Stonewall Jackson is a cry in favour of negro slavery, or in favour of a Slave Empire, would make a very sad mistake. What we like in Lee and Jackson is their conduct, not their opinions. We admire them as men and as soldiers; while we recognize the fact that, if they are slave-owners, they can scarcely be our friends; and if they are pledged to Slavery as the basis of a new empire, they are pretty certain to become, sooner or later, our national foes. In the mean time, a raid like that of Stuart, or a character like that of Jackson, will always charm a people who delight in gallantry and resolution, who in their own annals can boast of a Cavalier like Rupert and an Ironside like Cromwell. But our admiration for the men must not be confounded with respect for their principles and toleration for their cause. These things the people of England have not kept in reserve, and have not now to give.

We are now, moreover, as a people, in a state of re-action. Up to the date of Mrs. Stowe's appearance as an advocate of the slave, the progress of opinion, not only in London, its proper centre, but in Boston and New York—and even in Richmond and Raleigh—had been steady, sure and true. In the belief of many persons, our Pisgah was in sight. Our troubles as an emancipating power lay in Cuba, not in Charleston. In the cities of the South a good many persons openly deplored the evils of Slavery; no one dared to defend it as a permanent form of society, and public men were professedly seeking for a safe and timely issue out of a situation condemned by the strong and dispassionate voice of mankind. With that bad book true progress ceased and re-action came. That march of nature which had everywhere else abolished domestic slavery was interrupted in favour of an experiment in pathos and farce, in the efficacy of broad grins and wet pocket-handkerchiefs. The sentimental exaggeration of the story offended men of sense on this side of the Atlantic. The injustice exasperated those who were held up to public odium as Singletons and Legrees. The book succeeded, but the cause was lost. Even the merits of 'Uncle Tom' increased the evil; for as the tale was universally read, the planters had to contend against a prejudice in every city of the civilized world. It required no large acquaintance with history to foretell that men so baited would reply with the boldest denial and defiance, even to the sword and the knife. The mischief was at length crowned, and peaceful emancipation postponed for years, when the Ladies of England were induced to sign an unctuous address to the Ladies of America, urging them to tease their husbands and fathers into more violent agitations for abating at once a nuisance which every man fit to express an opinion on the point was aware could only be removed by conciliation and compromise—in a word, by time. On the subject of that epistle Mrs. Stowe is now a little forgetful, and not a little ungrateful. It arose from no spontaneous act of the British female mind, but was entirely a Yankee notion—a part of the machinery for advertising 'Uncle Tom.' The ladies who signed it did not pretend to have mastered the great problem of domestic slavery; and their act of signature implied, in most cases, no more than a compliment to the lion of the literary season. It is too bad that their feminine good nature should now be repaid with sneers and taunts. But whether the women of England meant to take an active part in the American dispute or not, nothing but evil came of their interference. From that day, the true Anti-Slavery movement stopped in England, and a Pro-Slavery association sprang up in the United States. Of course, we only mean that the artificial Anti-Slavery movement paused: the natural laws which have overtaken and suppressed domestic slavery in so many countries are still in force, and will work their ends in time, let man do what he may to arrest their course. But the active propagand connected with the names of Brougham and Buxton ceased at once; and as England cooled from very shame of being mixed up in an offensive and unprofitable crusade, the Southern States waxed hot and bold. At length the European conscience is disturbed, on one side by a report that our Evangelical Alliance has refused to give its moral aid to President Lincoln's proclamation; on the other side by a speech from the Vice-President of the Confederate States, Mr. Stephens, asserting the divine origin of domestic slavery, and declaring it a permanent necessity of the New Republic. Action and

reaction are equal but in opposite directions; there is no escape, either in politics or in physics, from the natural law.

To the dismay of every well-wisher to the slave in this country, the "inexpressible conflict" began. After rustling about the tea-tables of Boston and disturbing the beer-shops of New York, it broke out with fire at Leavenworth and invaded Harper's Ferry under John Brown. As if to reduce the great conflict of human society to a joke, the Republican party chose a facetious Abolitionist old lawyer of Illinois for the office of President. Illinois is one of those western States which so love the negro that it will not allow him to breathe its air; and the member of a State which we understand prohibits its own soil to the contamination of a negro foot was elected to tell the Southern gentry that their negroes are as good men and citizens as themselves.

Is it any wonder that Count Cavour on his deathbed should have said to those about him, "Can anybody explain to me these American events"? Is it strange that our Buxtons and Broughams, our Gladstones and Russells, are unable to follow in the wake of Mr. Wendell Phillips and Mrs. Beecher Stowe? English society had no faith in the shifty and illegitimate measures of these persons, and it retired, after some yearnings and hesitations, from all responsibility in the events to which they might lead. It saw no decency in the honours decreed to Brown, or in the support extended to General Butler. More than all, it had no confidence in the means to be employed. The English people recoiled from the idea of emancipating the slave by fire and sword; having no belief whatever in a social reform to be effected by war. Our gospel of emancipation is a gospel of peace, to be carried by argument and persuasion; not a gospel of blood and lust, to be enforced by the torches of Butler's negro brigade and the bayonets of Sigel's German mercenaries.

This is the truth as to a position which annoys some of our friends in New York and Boston, and perplexes many of our allies in Paris and Turin. We stand aloof from this conflict because (apart from considerations which arise from the more general questions at issue between North and South) we do not see our way to any good resulting to the negro from this unhappy war; because our theory of emancipation is one of conciliation and of peace, a beneficent development from within the body politic, not a violent and horrible revolution to be made by force. Our education has shown us the uselessness of servile wars, while it has given us confidence in the victories of time and the progress of natural laws. We should no more think of enforcing emancipation at the edge of the sword, than we should think of smiting men into the adoption of our manners or the profession of our faith.

David Elginbrod. By George MacDonald. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is a singular book, and evinces talent, in spite of the strange mystical notions which seem to pervade the mind of the author on the subject of Mesmerism and Electro-Biology. A nervous reader will be not a little startled at the supernatural influence which is obtained by the villain of the story over the rest of the characters, and the ghost is one of the most appalling specimens of her species we have met with for a long time: albeit she is explained away, and softened down quite satisfactorily at last. David Elginbrod has, in fact, very little to do with the rest of the story. He is merely an old Scotch bailiff of extraordi-

nary piety and intellect, considering his rank in life. Being anxious to improve his mind he obtains the help of the tutor at the Hall, who lends him books and teaches him mathematics. As David has a beautiful daughter, who assists at these lessons and is herself an apt pupil, Mr. Hugh Sutherland (the young tutor) soon spends his evenings habitually in David's cottage. Those who are not deterred by the Scotch dialect from reading this portion of the story, cannot fail to be struck by the simple and original remarks of the old Scotchman, and the pretty poetical ideas of "Maggie my Dor" who inherits the talents and the goodness of her father. The most interesting part of the book, however, is Hugh's residence at Armstead, an old mansion in Surrey, swarming with spirits and legends and mysterious sights and sounds. Here Mr. Sutherland has for his pupil a poor, nervous boy, who seems at first to be half-witted, but who has only been badly managed, and who, under a more healthy method of training, becomes a most charming and affectionate youth. The little fables by which Hugh gains Harry's attention, and wins him from his dreary old romances, are full of poetry and beauty. Euphra is now the heroine of the tale. She is Harry's cousin, and keeps house for her uncle, Mr. Arnold. At first she seems inclined to feel some jealous distrust of the new tutor, who so quickly makes Harry love and obey him; but she soon changes her mind, and begins to flirt with him instead. She was not pretty, but "most women in whom the soul has anything like a chance of reaching the windows, are more or less beautiful in their best moments. Euphra's best was when she was trying to fascinate—then she was fascinating. During the first morning that Hugh had spent at Armstead she had probably been making up her mind whether between her and Hugh it was to be war to the knife or fascination. The latter had carried the day, and was now carrying him. But had she calculated that fascination may react as well?" Against Euphra's wonderful dark eyes, and her flattering tongue and clever artifices, the poor country lad of a tutor had no chance at all. He was not exactly in love with Euphra; he had believed himself to be devoted to Maggie Elginbrod, and he saw a great deal in Euphra to disapprove. She was false and unfeeling in many ways, he knew—frivolous and selfish—but she pretended to admire him, and flattery is very sweet; and so Euphra made Hugh her slave, in spite of all his better feelings. Under the plea of learning Italian, Euphra next induced the tutor to neglect Harry and to spend most of his time *l'été à l'été* with her; and as she chose to accompany the gentlemen in their walks and rides, poor Mr. Sutherland became in a manner bewitched, and scarcely answerable for his own actions. Presently some new actors appear on the stage,—an old Mrs. Elton, a sick young "Lady Emily" and their maid, who is no other than Maggie Elginbrod again: also a Bohemian Count suddenly arrives in the neighbourhood, and gains an entrance into the house under the plea of being a friend of the tutor's. He, being a clever, scientific man, and just to amuse the ladies after dinner, offers to show them a few little experiments in Electro-Biology. The result is terrific. The chairs and tables dance about the room violently; the plates, having the end of a pencil stuck through their rims, not only write but even spell correctly; ghosts are seen in all directions; rappings are audible at every door and window; the servants are driven to the verge of distraction, and Lady Emily takes to her bed. Partly out of bravado and partly out of curiosity, Hugh lays a wager with the Bohemian that he will

pass the night in the "haunted room," the very head-quarters of the ghosts; and the description of the visitor who appeared there is enough to keep anybody who is the least inclined to be fastidious in these matters awake for a week after reading it. Still more wonderful, the ghost seemed to be addicted to stealing, and two valuable rings disappeared from Hugh's room in the course of this eventful night. Of course the ghost turns out to be nobody in the world but Euphra, and the rings are wanted by the Bohemian for private purposes of his own. He had contrived somehow or other to obtain mesmeric influence over Euphra, and had made that lady his unwilling tool. One interview between them is so extraordinary that we transcribe it here. She had been impelled by some irresistible impulse to go in her ghostly dress to meet the Count in the ghost's walk, and meeting Margaret Elginbrod she had fainted with fright, thinking the real ghost had come to reproach her:—

"When she recovered, she found herself lying in the wood, with Funkelstein, whom she had gone to meet, standing beside her. Her first words were of anger, as she tried to rise and found she could not. 'How long, Count Halkar, am I to be your slave?'—'Till you have learned to submit.'—'Have I not done all I can?'—'You have not found it. You are free from the moment you place that ring, belonging to me in right of my family, into my hands.'—'What more can I do?' moaned Euphra, succeeding at length in raising herself to a sitting posture, and leaning thus against a tree. 'I shall be found out some day. I have been seen already wandering through the house at midnight with the heart of a thief. I hate you, Count Halkar.' A low laugh was the Count's only reply."

After some further conversation, in which Euphra irritates the Count, "he grew spiteful":

"If you do not behave better to me, I will compel you. Rise up!" After a moment's hesitation, she rose. 'Put your arms round me.' She seemed to grow to the earth, and to drag herself from it one foot after the other. But she came close up to the Bohemian, and put one arm half round him, looking to the earth all the time. 'Kiss me.'—'Count Halkar!' Her voice sounded hollow and harsh, as if from a dead throat. 'I will do what you please—only release me.'—'Go, then; but mind you resist me no more. I do not care for your kisses. You were ready enough once. But that idiot of a tutor has taken my place I see.'—'Would to God I had never seen you—never yielded to your influence over me! Swear that I shall be free if I find you the ring.'—'You shall find the ring first. Why should I swear? I can compel you. You know you laid yourself out to entrap me first with your art, and I turned upon you with mine. And you are in my power. But you shall be free notwithstanding; and I will torture you till you yourself—find the ring!'"

The strangest part of this wild story is, that the author treats all this as a commonplace, every-day occurrence. There is nothing apparently to be surprised at in Count Halkar's power over Euphra. It is quietly explained as having been occasioned, in the first instance, by her own weakness:—

"Some of my readers (says Mr. MacDonald) may put Euphra down as insane. She may have been; but, for my part, I believe there is such a power of one being over another, though, perhaps, only in a rare contact of psychologically peculiar natures. I have testimony enough for that. She had yielded to his will once. Had she not done so, he could not have compelled her; but having once yielded, she had not strength sufficient to free herself again. Whether even he could free her further than by merely abstaining from the exercise of the power he had gained, I doubt much."

Here is a moral lesson to all ladies and gentlemen with "psychologically peculiar natures."

Resist the first attempt of the electro-biologist, and it seems you will be safe for life! Yield ever so little, and your case is hopeless! There is also another piece of advice which may often be found useful, and which is so peculiar that we cannot forbear quoting it, for the benefit of those who may wish to ensure the obedience of their footmen.—Hugh, wishing Mr. Elton's old butler to do him a service, "had fixed him with his eyes before he began to explain his wishes. He had found out that this was the best way of securing attention from inferior natures, and that it is especially necessary with *London servants*. It is the only way a man without a carriage has to command attention from such!" This is indeed making a very practical use of mesmerism. We shall soon have a little handbook of 'Electro-Biology for the Million.' Stare hard at the housemaid before you ask her to dust the room; quell the cook with a glance if you wish the dinner to be properly dressed; but, above all, take care to "cow the superciliousness" of your footman, if you ever expect him to open the door, or put some coals on the fire, when you desire him to do so.

But to return to the victim of the tale, poor Euphra. The tutor is dismissed rather unceremoniously, on account of the missing ring, which Mr. Arnold had entrusted to him; and Euphra, who really is attached to him, becomes a victim to shame and remorse. She has also dislocated her ankle, which, however, by no means prevents her tyrant from causing her to meet him in the avenue whenever he wishes it (though she is incapable, on common occasions, of putting her foot to the ground). She comes to London, and Margaret (who has also the power of mesmerizing, though, of course, she uses it only for the best purposes) insists upon Euphra resisting the Count's attraction—holds her down in bed, catches her on the stairs and carries her back by force,—and succeeds at last in releasing the wretched woman from her painful bondage. Euphra, in a state of clairvoyance, finds out the Count's hiding-place, and describes it so accurately that Hugh is enabled to trace him out and obtain the lost ring. Euphra dies from the effects of her terrible struggle against the Count's power, and Hugh marries Margaret Elginbrod. This outline of a very absurd story does no justice to the many beautiful passages and descriptions contained in the book. The characters are extremely well drawn: the pompous, stiff old Mr. Arnold; the sensible, plain-speaking Mrs. Elton, and the gentle Lady Emily, all being sketches from the life, and affording capital contrasts to the fantastic Euphra and her mysterious master, the Bohemian. Hugh Sutherland is a pleasing, but not wise young man, warm-hearted and impulsive, and therefore to be liked; Margaret is a good spirit more than a woman, and through her the opinions of David Elginbrod are promulgated for the benefit of the public,—and very excellent opinions they are.

The Weather Book: a Manual of Practical Meteorology. By Rear-Admiral FitzRoy. (Longman & Co.)

'The Weather Book,' by Admiral FitzRoy, comprises the cream of his many publications since he accepted the office of Superintendent of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, and contains a considerable amount of new matter and illustrations. It conveys undoubted testimony to the author's zeal and energy in pursuit of his favourite topic, and is a pleasing record of his scrupulous candour in acknowledging his indebtedness to authors whose theories he adopts and endeavours to

put into practice. This praise is fully due to the Admiral; but his treatment of the subject is rather rambling, and he omits to supply the facts which meteorologists most need. It is a fault in a book intended to lay the foundations of a new experimental science, that it should be mainly occupied with deductions from unproven hypotheses, instead of the careful establishment of axioms by rigorous induction from observed facts. To illustrate our meaning, we will take the author's statement that the condition of the air foretells coming weather, rather than indicates weather that is present; that the longer the time between the signs and the change foretold by them, the longer such altered weather will last; and, conversely, that the less the time between a warning and a change, the shorter will be the continuance of the predicted weather. This is an underlying axiom of the whole of the Admiral's superstructure of weather-wisdom; but is it true? We know of no published collection of instances grouped in a way that would satisfy a man of science desirous of forming his own opinion on the subject. If Admiral FitzRoy had taken the proper means to establish his new science of weather-wisdom, he would have bestowed at least as much labour in confirming this important hypothesis as he has devoted towards raising a superstructure of rules of forecast upon it. It would have been evidence of the highest value, if he had collected the instances of marked weather-changes, say twenty in a year, at each of ten first-rate European and American stations for some ten years past, and had found in the 2,000 cases so collected that a steady proportion was maintained between the duration of the warning and that of the incoming weather. Backed by an array of facts, we should be most happy to accept, provisionally, his hypothesis; but until we have such evidence, the Admiral's axiom can claim no higher rank than the persuasion of an individual.

The uncertainty under which many of the elements of weather-wisdom now lie, is well exemplified by the opposite opinions entertained by Admiral FitzRoy and by Prof. Dove. Prof. Dove says, the advancing current of an incoming northerly wind blows along the ground, and that the storm is upon us before the instruments give any indication. Admiral FitzRoy says that the northerly, like the southerly current, advances aloft, high above head, and therefore that the barometer testifies to its existence long before the wind has changed! Here is a doubt which infects the character of exactly one-half of the forecasts that depend on statical conditions. If Dove be right, FitzRoy's predictions of northerly winds are simply nonsense. Surely, a collection of facts made by a couple of clerks working for a few weeks would set this simple question, and many others like it, at rest.

The principal axioms of modern meteorodynamics (to coin a word on the basis of hydro-dynamics) are the following, so far as the climate of England and North Europe is concerned:—

1. There is a steady drift of the entire body of the atmosphere, including all its currents, from the west; consequently, an advent of change in the weather usually comes from the west. Hence the value of sunset over sunrise indications.—(Dove, FitzRoy and others.)

2. The first causes of all varieties of winds are a current of warm, moist, and therefore specifically light air, coming from the south, and one of a precisely opposite character returning from the north. Their combinations and conflicts, and their modifications, due to the cause stated in the next paragraph, are capable

of producing every principal condition of weather.—(Dove.)

3. The direction of every wind is modified by the well-known influence of the different rotative velocity of points on the earth's surface in different latitudes. A long-continued north wind becomes easterly, and a south wind westerly. The normal direction of the above-mentioned polar current is found to be north-east, and that of the equatorial south-west.—(Dove.)

4. The polar and equatorial currents usually flow along the earth in parallel strips that do not readily mix; between their edges are calms or commotions.—(Dove.)

5. Above-head are various currents in layers, never less than two, according to aeronauts; frequently three, and occasionally four.—(Fitz-Roy.)

(We may gather from this the inextricably complex causes of the indication given by a barometer. It records the sum of the pressures of the currents, and takes no notice of the order of their alternation. A south wind below with a north wind aloft, would give precisely the same barometrical results as the contrary arrangement.)

6. The mobility of the air surpasses in a vast degree that of liquids. Its elasticity permits a mass of it to continue in movement longer than the duration of the original cause of movement. There is necessarily compression and a high barometer at the end of its course.—(Dove.)

7. The wind blows in cyclonic (retrograde) curves when indraughted to a stormy centre of light ascending currents (Dove's law). We notice that Mr. Galton, in a paper read so lately as Thursday week at the Royal Society, asserts the common occurrence of the precise converse of these, or of anti-cyclonic (direct) curves dispersed from a calm area of heavy descending currents.

8. Cyclonic curves are also produced when the equatorial current forces its way from the south-west against a mass of quiescent air.—(Dove.)

9. Cyclones are not satisfactorily proved to maintain their character for more than four days. Usually they last one or two. When one cyclone occurs, others succeed it.—(Fitz-Roy.) Alternate prevalence of polar and equatorial currents causes the weathercock at any station to "veer" in a complete circuit.—(Dove.)

10. As a matter of fact bearing upon forecasts, and taking the changes of wind that actually occur, without reference to their causes, it appears that when change takes place, there is a probability of two to one that it will be by veering, and not by backing. In other words, the weathercock makes a circuit to the right, and not to the left, in that proportion.

11. If the tension of the air differs widely in adjacent districts, storms must be expected. It is found that a barometrical fall of one-tenth of an inch per hour, at any one station, is a very serious warning.—(FitzRoy and others.)

There may be many among those who have not examined the weather-tables published day by day in the journals, who may credit Admiral FitzRoy's statements, under the persuasion that his forecasts are generally just, and therefore give reliable testimony to the correctness of his theories. We do not share that persuasion, but advisedly take the exactly opposite opinion, that his speculations are *primâ facie* open to distrust, because we find his weather-prophecies to be peculiarly unhappy. We can scarcely quote an instance where he has foretold, or rather asserted, an important change before the change has actually begun to take place in some

of his stations. On the other hand, we can quote many instances of bold predictions signally unfulfilled, those during the earlier part of this present month, of north wind and snow, being amongst them.

It is wearying to meteorologists who are truly anxious for reliable bases of ascertained fact to be condemned to read books of hypotheses, when it would be so easy to give them what they want. Thus we are told that there is much repetition in nature, and we are also told that many hundreds of wind-charts have been compiled at the Meteorographic Office. Why does not Admiral FitzRoy give us a few dozen of the most typical cases, simply drawn in small diagrams, with a few lithographed lines, aided possibly by colours, and let us know the conditions under which they severally occurred?

As regards the literary character of the 'Weather Book,' one merit has certainly been promoted by the very discursiveness of its character: it is the enlargement of the vocabulary of meteorologic science. The movements and mutual relations of the atmospheric elements are so peculiar and new to our experience, that a great command of words is required to express them. Commander Maury's remarkable power of language has done good service in introducing happy expressions, and Admiral FitzRoy has afforded his own quota of available words. Thus he talks of the *appulse* of one wind-current upon another, and of their mutual compression and *resilience*. He also writes of the *potential* of a volume of atmosphere, including under that compact phrase the entire range of meteorologic energies,—such as direction and force of wind current; tension; heat, latent and active; and moisture, condensed or in vapour.

While we doubt the value of forecasts in our ordinary English weather in the present state of the theory, we gladly testify to our belief in their value, when any extraordinary storm is approaching, and we are also willing to believe that a probability of fair weather may be predicated. In addition to this, we are convinced that a mere statement of existing dangerous weather telegraphed to the ports is of great advantage. A storm does not necessarily overspread the whole of a large district; on the contrary, areas of calm will be interspersed among violent wind-currents. It is obviously right that ports which happen to be temporarily beneath one of these areas of calm should be made acquainted with the precariousness of their position.

Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)

As the characteristic heroism of the Spartans was most fully shared by the women of that race, so the women of England are in no way behind in the restless activity which stimulates the blood in Anglo-Saxon veins. The author of 'Ragged Life in Egypt' need not have apologized for having extended her energies beyond her own immediate circle. Whatever her success may have been, her endeavours are beyond all praise; and it is no doubt most true that, as she says, "a more extended interest does no harm to the home-field of labour." There is no class whose sympathy or interest she would reject, and certainly not that of the lower classes, who constitute the majority of every society; therefore the field of labour which she chose was the ragged and uneducated in Egypt. Her plan was to go to the very root of the matter, to settle amongst the poorest, and to establish a school, and so to attempt to humanize and raise out of their degradation some of the lower classes of the

females in Cairo. There were many difficulties to encounter, but all are described in a not unpleasing manner, and moreover with a great air of truthfulness. Mingled with it also are so many picturesque descriptions of life and scenery, that the reader will be much tempted to withhold any sympathy with the troubles to be encountered from untidiness, laziness and untruthfulness, whilst house-hunting in the close Coptic quarter.

Before entering upon the main subject of the work, we are treated with a picture of "the Cairo bazaars," and also a view from "the housetops,"—the most pleasant part of a house at certain seasons in Grand Cairo. From this position there is to be obtained a view of the distant country around the city; and no less interesting was a near view of the inhabitants themselves, and their quarter or "Gate." They appeared to be "a merry, as well as a quarrelsome set, and at least as much laughter as scolding went on: nor are the men graver or more silent on their side. I wonder who invented the fable of Oriental gravity, or whether some Eastern race really exists which is habitually grave, silent and solemn? The Egyptians remind one constantly of the Irish in their love for conversation, mirthfulness and propensity to dispute, and general excitability of temper." It seems from this description that it is upon the housetops of the inferior dwellings that native life is most displayed. And there were two remarkable things which our author observed, and concerning which she gives her lucubrations at the time. One was, the great accumulations of old broken pitchers, sherds, and pots on all the housetops: the other was the flocks of pigeons which always emerged about sunset from behind this rubbish, where they had been concealed during the heat of the day. The effect of the light on their outspread wings called to mind a verse in the Psalms, "Though ye have lain *among the pots*, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

But the difficulties in hunting out scholars and establishing the school were as great in their way as house-hunting, and yet as cheerfully and successfully encountered. At first there was great reluctance on the part of both parents and children; but after going out into the highways and urging them to come in, a considerable amount of success was obtained, notwithstanding the ragged state of the scholars, and the unseasonable visits of the parents, who were led from curiosity to enter the room and squat on the mat to watch the proceedings. It is to be remembered, by the way, that neither the "ragged" state of the children nor their dirty condition implied poverty; for it appears that even in the higher classes a child is often intentionally kept dirty to avoid the Evil Eye: "The fear of the Evil Eye, as is well known, induces even women of the higher classes frequently to keep their children ill-dressed and unwashed; and sometimes they go so far as to daub the forehead of a pretty or highly-valued child with *soot*, in the idea that this diverts the power of the envious glance which they dread." So that although the effort was made in the first instance to reclaim the ragged and apparently destitute, yet they could not be looked upon in the same light as the poor and wretched nearer home. However, through them an influence was obtained over their parents, and short as was the time during which our author pursued her task of religious education, yet she is induced to hope that "the seed has been cast on the waters in faith, and after many days we may find it with joy."

Her plan was to pursue, as far as possible, the system to which she had been accustomed

in England in the instruction of her scholars,—in inculcating habits of order and regularity whilst instructing them in needlework and such like employments; and these were varied with the importation of a version of "school-treats" and "mothers' meetings," such as have been put in practice in this country. Whether such a system can take root there, does not seem very apparent; but the intentions are of the best, and there is cause for thankfulness for "even the smallest step towards better things." When she availed herself of the assistance of "the story-teller" in reading parts of the Bible to his audience, the author says—"We often wondered what was the effect of the reading so much of the Scriptures on the reader himself, but never had any opportunity of finding out. We end as we began—with ignorance."

Gongora: an Historical and Critical Essay on the Times of Philip III. and IV. of Spain. With Translations. By Edward Churton. 2 vols. (Murray.)

BORN at Cordova, of parents whose lineage was ancient and noble, and educated at Salamanca, Lewis de Gongora y Argote was a brilliant feature of Spain's brief day of literary vigour; and his writings should be studied by all who would form acquaintance with the age and actions of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo and Calderon. Wit, scholar, courtier, trifer and student, Gongora so caught and chronicled the social temper of his time, that notwithstanding, and in some cases through, their defects, of which the taint of euphuism is the one most generally mentioned to their discredit, just as it is also a fault on which illiberal criticism has laid undue stress,—his works have long been raised above the contempt which justly covers the Purists, and have come to be highly esteemed, not more for their pleasantry and polish than for the insight which historic inquirers may gain from them into the tone and manners of Spanish life under Philip the Third and Fourth. Mr. Churton has well discharged the functions of translator; though the Introductory Essay prefixed to his translations is in some respects too minute and diffuse for general readers. Of the Spaniard's various works, his 'Historical Poems' and his 'Elegiac and Sacred Poems' are the most marked by the alternate stiffness and verbosity of the inferior writers with whom he has been too generally connected in repute. But even in these the fervour of a devout churchman and the spirit of a patriotic Spaniard make themselves felt through the cumbrous affectations of an abominable style. In the 'Ode on the Armada,' the blood of Spanish youth boils up against Elizabeth, till the poet exclaims—

O hateful Queen, so hard of heart and brow,
Wanton by turns and cruel, fierce and lewd,
Thou dost aff on the throne, true virtue's bane,
Wolf-like in every mood,
May Heaven's just flame on thy false tresses rain!

In better taste and with finer feeling is written the 'Ode on Philip the Third's Tomb,' where these lines occur:—

Call it not pomp profane; such splendour due
Its own mute tale would tell:
This outward beauty, sadly fair to view,
Invites thine inward sense to dwell
With reason in thy heart's recess, and own
The love that Truth reveals to hearts that muse alone.

—This last line matches with Wordsworth's often-quoted words,—

Oh, reader, had your mind
That store which silent thought can bring.

Far better than the "Historical" and "Sacred" pieces, because in the absence of anxiety to achieve great results they touch lightly on familiar subjects, and consequently, for the greater part, steer clear of affectation,

are the "Poems of Wit and Humour." Amongst them may be found some strokes of delicate satire and exquisite playfulness. In the 'Country-Bachelor's Complaint,' the simple village Squire, recalling the happy time when he was heart-free and ignorant of care, says—

At club-room frugal stakes I play'd,
Too proud if Fortune gave success
To trump above our Town-Alcalde,
Or check the curate's hand at chess.
And there the state I ruled from far,
And bade the winds to blow for me,
In succour to our ships of war,
That ploughed the Briton's rebel sea.

Or with the Canon held disputes,
Good man, of college-lore profound,
About Nebrixa's Hebrew roots,
That ne'er would grow on Spanish ground.

Or, plunged in questions yet more deep,
We argued, till our stock was spent,
If folks the Church's fast could keep,
And eat asparagus in Lent.

Of three sonnets taken by Mr. Churton from the Turner MS., the last, addressed to a friend on his marriage, speaks with unusual asperity of "life's greatest misery," a wife:—

To dine on meats high-spiced, and find your flask
Has leak'd, and not a drop your thirst to tame;
To reach your posting-house dead-tired, and ask
For miles, and find one trotting brute dead-lame;
To try new boots, with luck not quite the same,
One with great pain you fit, and one you tear;
To play Primero, and—to win your game
Wanting the King—to find the Knave is there;
To ply with gifts a thankless lady fair;
To owe to bankers punctual as the day;
To ride unclacked, unenclosed, through spongy air;
To feed bad grooms who steal your corn and hay;
Count all the griefs you've known since life began;—
The worst remains—to be a married man.

The holy estate of matrimony was regarded by gay young men about Madrid in the sixteenth century much as it is looked on by the bachelors of the Pall Mall clubs who now-a-days grow merry over the question whether a man can marry and then live with decency and comfort on 300*l.* a-year.

Macaronic Literature—[*Macaroneana Andra, overum Nouveaux Melanges de Littérature Macaronique*, par Octave Delepierre]. (Trübner & Co.)

As biographers love their heroes, so M. Delepierre, whose enthusiasm for Macaronic literature is well known, boldly asserts that his favourite Macaronic poetry has been cultivated by all civilized nations. When we recollect of what much of that poetry consists, and see the quality of much of that which is contained in this volume (of which only 250 copies have been printed), this assertion reminds us in some degree of the thankfulness of the shipwrecked mariner, who, cast ashore at the foot of a gibbeted criminal, blessed his stars for that sign of his being in a Christian and well-ordered country.

The new additions which M. Delepierre now makes to former collections consist of reprints of Macaronic poems, the originals of which were sold at the last sale of M. Libri's books, in July, 1862, the purchasers of which have lent them to the editor of the present volume, with full reliance on his indiscretion.

We say this, because the zeal of the editor to increase his '*Macaroneana*' was pretty sure to cause him to forget discretion. The '*Nobile Vigonce*' is the oldest (nearly four centuries old) of all poems of this class, and hitherto was unknown, except to M. Libri. If the secret and the poems had died with him, the public would have lost nothing worth preserving. There is more cleanliness in the '*Virgiliana*' of the same author, Fossa; but there is nothing to praise: a judgment which we render in spite of the remark of the author:—

— *tali es dignus carmine qui obloqueris.*

The second portion of the book, the Pro-

verbs of Bolla, an author of the sixteenth century, can only be called Macaronic by courtesy; and they are not so much proverbs as indecent axioms, at some of which Holywell Street itself would stand abashed. The same author's '*Documenta Utilissima*' M. Delepierre does not reprint. He describes them as "moral sentences on the rules suitable to be followed by those who wish to keep in the right path. They are mere commonplaces, and of a much graver character than the proverbs by which they are preceded."

The Macaronics of Odassi have, perhaps, more of humour in them than the foregoing; and those of Capella and Jean Richard, the former fragmentary, the latter more complete, do not want for spirit, especially the lines of the Burgundian. Nevertheless, the book is a melancholy book. It belongs to the Curiosities of Literature; and the few for whom it is printed may here see how scholars recreated themselves in the olden time, and how very little some of them are to be respected for the quality of their recreation.

We are glad to leave these people, albeit their pamphlets now sell for more than their weight in gold, for M. Delepierre himself. He especially distinguishes himself in a gossiping sort of supplementary chapter on Macaronics generally. In this he refers to the Macaronic verses which abound in the manuscripts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "For example," he says, "it is not in the present day that English people complain for the first time of the lamentable defects in the reading and preaching of the Anglican clergy." He then cites, from a manuscript in the British Museum, the following lines, in which, as he tells us, is given a summary of the faults of the aforesaid clergy:—

*Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequiter almos,
Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galpar quoque dragger,
Mometer, forsakpyper, forreyner, sic et overlesaper,
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.*

This hybrid fragment reminds us of a better illustration of Macaronic nonsense than any contained in this collection. When Marlborough was once in France, he was waited on by a President Montesquieu, uncle, we believe, of him who wrote the '*Esprit des Loix*.' The President piqued himself on his knowledge of English, and on his power of expressing himself in that language. Accordingly, on being introduced to the great warrior, he at once commenced an oration, every word of which he fondly hoped was British. Marlborough heard him to the end, and then said, in as execrable French, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my replying at length, as from my ignorance of your language I have not understood three words of what you have had the goodness to say to me."

We must remark, before concluding, that M. Delepierre has considerably disturbed our ideas of what is to be implied by the term "Macaronic." From the examples we meet with in this volume, we are led to suppose that any sentence in which a foreign word is used or adapted comes within that term. If so, what Macaronic writers were some of our old authors! Is not Bastwick's deduction of the Independents as well as the Bishops from a part of the Devil's body, of Macaronic quality? When Serjeant Maynard said that the law was *ars bablativa*, he was as strong in Macaronic humour as any of M. Delepierre's writers. The women whom Brian Walton knew, and who held that English without an admixture of Hebrew would hardly find them in words to help them to heaven, were innate Macaronic hussies. When Roger North brought in the word "mystified," in its French sense, he was

qualified for enrolment in M. Delepierre's list; still more so when he spoke of "the banks and intrigues of the river Volga." George Keith used the verb "thou hypocritest"; and in Jeremy Taylor's age, to *redargue* and to *coargue* were used for logical implication. "Was't not rare sport at the sea-battle," says Marston, "whilst roaree robble-bobble roared from the ship's side!" All this is in as good Macaronic style as most of what we find in M. Delepierre's book. Indeed, we may consign to him no less a person than Barrow as a Macaronic writer; for that earnest divine peppered his English, so to speak, out of foreign casters. "We have some letters of Popes," he says, "(but not many), for Popes were not then very *scribitious*, or not so pragmatical." He talks, too, of "*prolling* money from all parts of Christendom." And in this style Barrow is only equalled by Bishop Hacket, who, indeed, invented rather than imported the words which he interpolated with his English;—for instance: "When all the stuff in the letters is scanned, what *fadoodles* are brought to light!" In the old days when these writers lived, playing with words was common; and such play was called "an Oxford clink," the fashion possibly having commenced among the idle scholars in that seat of learning, who at one and the same moment exhibited their fun and their scholarship.

Geological Observations in South Australia: Principally in the District South-East of Adelaide. By the Rev. Julian Edmund Woods. (Longman & Co.)

EVERY clergyman unacquainted with geology is fundamentally ignorant, because the Church is founded on a rock. Therefore, he ought to be able to describe rocks as well as to subscribe to articles. This being logically proved, we may advance another step, and say that every missionary clergyman is doubly bound to be a geologist; especially if, like Mr. Julian Woods, he is ordained to a wild district of 22,000-square miles, where he is far more likely to find rocks than resting-places, and petrifications than parsonages. Indeed, without some mental food of this kind he himself might become a petrification, and subsequently turn up on some lecturer's table as an irrefutable proof of the early creation of Man.

Mr. Woods seems to be a very respectable geological amateur, and an honest man withal, for while others laud the fertility of Australia and describe it as the emigrant's paradise, this good gentleman tells us plainly that "in the whole of South Australia there is not a single portion of available land which is not bounded either on the north, or east, or west, by a similar desert, if the term can be applied to tracts of land producing nothing but useless stunted shrubs. The appearance of such places is very gloomy. From any eminence you see nothing but a dark-brown mass of bushes as far as the eye can reach. The soil is generally a yellow sand, and when a patch of it is observed, it gives an air of sterility in exchange for monotony. But the outline is generally unbroken, seeming like a heaving ocean of dark waves, out of which, here and there, a tree starts up above the brushwood, making a mournful and lonely landmark. On a dull day the view is most sad, and even sunlight gives no pleasure to the view, for seldom bird or living thing ever lends a variety to the colour, while light only extends the prospect, and makes it more hopeless."

Such a district is certainly a wretched residence for either shepherd divine or shepherd ovine. It is no place for flocks either spiritual or temporal; but if a man can reflect upon

rocks, in the absence of flocks, then he may feel somewhat relieved, and even a little romantic, within geological limits. Every grain of sand in these countless grains of countless sands, once had a parent rock or parent shell or coral. Sands washed up from old seas, sands broken down from old corals, by storms and by beach surf, sands blown away and afar by wild winds, sands belting the coasts for thousands of miles in immense masses, sands mounded up into dunes,—all, all have had their history; and, strange to add, many of them their living history,—for the white and rather fine sand of the coasts teems with the remains of animal life—spines of *Asterida* and *Echini*, fragments of *Bryozoa* and shells, and then sponge spicula and *Foraminifera* in great abundance. Here, in these miles of deadness and solitude—where the moody missionary rides alone and meets not his fellow for an entire day;—here in these millions of grains scattered by every turn of hoof, once dwelt life and motion—life indeed in its lowest forms, but yet life complete according to its grade and rank of organization. Musing on such a profusion of former life, riding amidst acknowledged microscopical tombs, and noting down such things as he sees, or infers from what he sees, the devoted clergyman becomes reconciled to his voluntary doom, and finds the immense desert not altogether uninteresting, and the innumerable sands not without records of the past or instruction for the present.

Occasional features, too, of more palpable interest present themselves. Here, for instance, we come upon curious sand-pipes, and there upon "native wells," the latter being round hollow tubes, often three or four feet wide, and generally running down to the water level, however deep, and bearing a strong likeness to an artificial well. In one place the ground is studded all over with these wells, some being as wide as five feet, and so deep that one hundred feet of sounding-line has not reached the bottom, although water has been found at sixty or ninety feet. Next come the occasional salt-pans or "salinas," which are immense basins or swamps filled with brine in the rainy seasons, which, in summer evaporates, leaving a thick crust of salt at the bottom, white and glistening, and giving to the ground an appearance of snow-covering.

Again, in the limestone districts, there are the "limestone-biscuits." These appear in places where the ground generally is pitted over with little depressions, in which the remaining water collects as soon as the dry weather sets in. These being the last to dry up, a small quantity of lime and pipe-clay (in which soil alone do they occur) becomes hardened into a cake at the bottom. Before they are quite dry, as the summer advances, they curl up, become detached from the ground, and when quite hardened receive a rounded shape from the rain and waste of the ensuing winter. Thereupon they are well-baked and well-shaped biscuits, and may be found thickly strewn over the surface.

Whilst, however, the native wells and the salt-pans and the limestone-biscuits are suggestive of associations connected with life, there are other natural phenomena sadly suggestive of death. In places where there is a mixture of sand and pipe-clay, and where the Flora is of a more diversified character than usual, large tracts of ground are covered with mounds exactly resembling graves in a churchyard, only far more closely packed together than even in our best paying extra-mural cemeteries. These are locally termed "Dead Men's Graves," or the "Biscay Country." The "graves" are commonly about a foot in height, and long and narrow in shape. They are never seen, except

where there is a considerable quantity of surface water in winter, and during the rainy season, when the water has collected around them, some of their rounder portions may be observed to heave up and down in little bubbles, while the water assumes a frothy appearance, as though fermentation were proceeding. Probably this likeness to fermentation is the result of the chemical action of carbonate of magnesia and lime upon each other, in connexion with the compact dolomite which is sometimes found to underlie these mounds; and this action would give rise to these mounds, whence the gas escapes, and where dolomite is found. The greater proportion of the "graves" are, however, due to the unequal action of water upon the soils which it covers.

If, by way of variety, we take a turn from the sandy and sepulchral deserts into the swamps, we find them not very lively, though full of animal life. Fish and fresh-water mollusca abound; but they do not impart much visible cheerfulness, while vast quantities of bones of cattle, sheep and horses have accumulated round some of the deep swamps during the last seventeen years. Pleasant tokens are these of poor thirsty animals who manage to get their feet into the mud, without getting their mouths into the water, and thus die of parching thirst within sight of the desired streams. Superstition might attribute the mysterious sounds, which on every evening during spring and the early part of summer are heard near some of these swamps, to the ghosts of the dead and disappointed beasts. Generally at these times and places three echoing sounds are heard, like the lowing of a large herd of cattle, after which half an hour's interval ensues. To any one ignorant of the cause, these sounds are extremely startling and mournful; but science dispels superstition and declares them to be "entirely due to a column of air resisting a column of water which is draining through the limestone, and finally being driven backwards or forwards, according to the periodical increase of the weight of water."

Of Geology proper Mr. Woods presents his readers with as much as his district affords and his opportunities of observation allowed, and he describes the whole so plainly that all may understand, and so correctly that even old geologists may learn something from him—that is, something local, and so far new. There is some approach to novelty in his opinion that the present state of that part of Australia which he treats upon (a territory in the south-eastern district, included within the boundary between Victoria and South Australia on the one side, and the windings of the river Murray on the other) is similar to what Europe was immediately after the secondary period, and that really, in regard to the development of its Fauna and Flora, the antipodal continent is far behind the rest of the world. Mantell and Phillips, however, had long ago intimated that the Fauna and Flora of our Wealden and part of our Oolitic eras possess many important similarities to those which now characterize Australia and the neighbouring seas. In truth, there is a well-known similarity between Mesozoic life in Europe and Cenozoic life in the antipodal region. Curious questions arise out of this similarity, and Phillips has passingly touched upon them, but their discussion would be out of place here. It is enough to adopt Mr. Woods's words: "There are no secondary rocks found in Australia, but a great portion of the country appears to have been recently raised from the sea, where it has undergone a state of things very similar to our chalk; while the immense tracts of desert country, and the large portions that are quite unavailable, indicate a territory

less adapted for the habitation of man than any tract of land of similar size on the face of the earth."

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.
Part I.—*Abraham to Samuel.* By A. P. Stanley, D.D. With Maps and Plans. (Murray.)

Prof. Stanley appears anxious in his Preface to explain the nature of this work, lest it should be misapprehended. It consists of lectures, not a history; it presents the main characters and events of the sacred narrative in a form nearly historical; and the lectures are *ecclesiastical*, i.e. they treat of the Jewish Church, or the nation's religious development. The lectures are twenty in number, followed by three Appendixes, on Ur of the Chaldees and Haran, the Cave of Machpelah visited by the Prince of Wales last year, and the Samaritan Pass-over.

The interest attaching to Bible scenes and histories will never be effaced from the heart of man. Our dearest hopes are too closely connected with them to be lost amid the storm of business or the frivolities of the world. Their charm cannot be lulled into forgetfulness, though it may be deadened by the dull routine of life. The hallowed associations entwined with these events and characters take hold of the memory in early years, and cast a grateful shadow over the path of the traveller as he treads its rugged ascent. It is well, therefore, to be reminded of the old history of Jewish patriarchs and prophets. With all their faults and follies, they read lessons to their posterity and to the world at large. Their forms stand out in prominent outline to encourage, warn and strengthen.

Prof. Stanley has chosen a subject congenial to his office and adapted to his talents. In its treatment he has shown his usual ability. He has had signal advantages to qualify him for the work. Repeated visits to Palestine have familiarized him with the sacred region. He has written one of the best books on the geography of that land. He has an eye to discern and a pen to portray the features of the varied landscapes presented to the traveller by that hallowed country. Accordingly, the work before us is an able and interesting one. The author catches the salient points as he proceeds, and sets them before the reader with vividness and vigour. He is evidently at home in his task. His geographical and historical pictures are drawn with the hand of a master. The work may be considered a companion to his 'Sinai and Palestine,' showing equal ability in sketching places, events and characters. The strength of the author lies in the admirable method in which he places his varied knowledge before the mind of the reader. It is not often that so great attainments are combined with such skill and beauty in writing. His illustrations are appropriate, his comparisons striking, his style and language excellent. The author is strongest in his knowledge of geography and history. He is as accurate too as he is strong. In these departments,—and they are the main elements of which the work consists,—none need fear to follow him with unwavering confidence, and to accept his statements.

If it be asked, has the author advanced our knowledge of the subjects discussed in the volume? the answer must be in the negative. The work contains nothing new, except it be the account of Machpelah. All that the Professor tells us was already known. This, however, can hardly be called a fault; because he did not intend to open up new ground or to help forward Biblical science, but to illustrate

the chief points and characters connected with the growth of the Jewish people. He adds a fresh interest to what was known before, by his peculiar mode of narration. Hence the work is not meant for scholars. It is fitted for intelligent readers of the Old Testament, and young men beginning to devote themselves to the study of the Bible. Sometimes, the description approaches the character of a sermon. Indeed, the twentieth Lecture was delivered as a sermon at Oxford. This explains its diffuseness, an approach to which some other Lectures also exhibit. We could have dispensed with the pieces of poetry interspersed, the quotations from Arnold's sermons, and occasional reflections of a practical nature. But all, without doubt, are intended for effect, and may stimulate the general reader.

The weakest point of the book appears in the indications of the author's critical power and knowledge of Hebrew. Here he is not a master. He candidly admits his imperfect knowledge of Hebrew—an admission which looks rather oddly at times beside his critical attempts in the notes. He relies implicitly on Ewald, who is lauded in terms which prove that the writer is no Hebrew critic himself. The laudation of the one German critic is so excessive as to be unjust towards other Germans who have made important contributions to the criticism of the Old Testament. The best friends of Ewald are those who can form an intelligent and discriminating judgment of his merits—who are able to see where his theories are baseless and where they are right. We are compelled to differ from both Ewald and Prof. Stanley in many points of Biblical science; but the claims of the former to distinction are unquestionably great. It is curious to observe that the one critic who has done most to illustrate the Book of Genesis in modern times, Prof. Tuch, of Leipzig, is never mentioned. Yet he is no mean geographer, as well as Hebraist. Our author's deficiency in critical ability is seen in his undue attachment to the text of the Septuagint in comparison with the Hebrew, as well as in his excessive leaning upon Ewald's opinion. What can be the use of adducing the Greek readings so often, even when they are evidently incorrect? Is the esteemed Professor a disciple of Kennicott? We almost suspect him to be so, by various allusions. The merit of Kennicott lay in collating Hebrew MSS., not in critical ability. His essays in amending the Hebrew text were failures, because he followed Cappellus's method.

Notwithstanding the author's slender knowledge of Hebrew, he undertakes to give a new version of Deborah's Song in the fifth chapter of Judges—a song presenting many difficulties in the original. But he professes to have adhered as closely as he could to the version of Ewald, at the same time "following always the order of the words, and their exact force in the original." Here he has occasionally misapprehended the meaning of the original, as in the fifteenth verse, where he renders

And the princes in Issachar with Deborah, and Issachar as Barak,
Into the valley he was sent on his feet.

The last line gives a singularly feeble sense. The translation should be—

The princes of Issachar also were with Deborah;
Yea, Issachar was the support of Barak.
They rushed into the valley at his feet.

The author has given two lectures on the prophetic order and the nature of the prophetic teaching which contain many correct sentiments, though the very difficult subject is treated superficially. Some statements he has ventured to make are certainly incorrect, such as that Isaiah foretold the fall of Tyre. The 23rd chapter in the book of Isaiah was not written by

the prophet himself. It is apparent, however, that our author has neither entered deeply into the question of the prophetic predictions nor studied the development of the Messianic idea in the prophetic writings.

The book before us contains no solution of the difficulties which the history of the period traversed presents in the Bible. On them he usually gives no opinion. This peculiarity strikes the critical reader of the book at every step. The oracle is dumb in the very places where many would wish it to speak. Has the author formed no opinion of his own on testing points? Surely he has. Is it that he has followed the advice of counsellors? From whatever cause he has slid over difficulties, the thing is to be lamented. The author is a liberal theologian, but he does not take the position of leader. He is content to follow timidly in the wake of bolder men who speak out whatever be the consequences. This must lessen his influence in the cause of Biblical science. His reserve is surely carried to excess when he does not even venture to name the two most recent works on the Old Testament which are destined to advance the criticism of the Bible. He alludes, indeed, to one of them, but in a way for which the author will hardly thank him. The present time needs bold men prepared to give utterance to their deepest thoughts. How quietly the author evades the giving of a positive opinion may be seen from the following extracts:—

"There may be errors in chronology—exaggerations in numbers—contradictions between the different narratives."

"There are doubtless many difficulties which may be raised on the offering of Isaac; but there are few, if any, which will not vanish away before the simple pathos and lofty spirit of the narrative itself, provided that we take it, as in fairness it must be taken, as a whole."

"Was it two hundred and fifteen years (according to the Septuagint), or four hundred and thirty years (according to the Hebrew), or a thousand years according to the modern computations of Egyptian chronology? We need not enter on any detailed answer." (Of the sojourn in Egypt.)

"The Jewish Scriptures, at least in the Pentateuch, abstain almost entirely from any direct or distinct mention of either" (a future state and judgment after death).

In speaking of the burning bush which appeared to Moses, and the rod in his hand, it is said, "These were the outward signs of his call. And, whatever the explanation put on their precise import," &c. Of the plagues of Egypt we read that "they are calamities natural to Egypt, though rare, and exhibited here in aggravated and terrible forms. But not the less are they the interventions of a Power above man," &c. On the number 600,000 armed men that came forth from Egypt, he says, "We may leave the question to the critical analysis of the text and of the probabilities of the case, and confine ourselves to what remains equally true under either hypothesis" (600 or 600,000). On the difficulties of the sojourn in the desert the author says: "We cannot repudiate altogether the existence of natural causes, unless we go so far as to maintain that mountains and palm-trees, quails and waters, wind and earthquake, were mere creations of the moment to supply momentary wants; we cannot repudiate altogether the intervention of a Providence, strange, unexpected and impressive in the highest degree, unless we are prepared to reject the whole story of the stay in the wilderness." In relation to the speaking of Balaam's ass, he writes, "the voice, however explained, which breaks from the dumb creature that has saved his life."

Of the time when Balaam's prophecy was delivered, he says:—

"It has often been debated, and no evidence now remains to prove, at what precise time this grandest of all its episodes was introduced into the Mosaic narrative."

Again:—

"It has been a question often debated amongst scholars, how far the code of the Pentateuch was a collection of earlier, later or contemporaneous customs, under one general system. It will here suffice to name those portions of the law which, by direct connexion with the life of the desert, can be traced back to the Sinaitic period."

By the "Evangelical Prophet,"—

"may be designated the Author of Isaiah, xl.-lxvi., whether, with most Continental scholars, he is regarded as a separate prophet from the Isaiah of Hezekiah, or, with most English divines, he is regarded as the older Isaiah, transported into a style and position later than his own time."

"We need not here discuss the vexed question of the precise time when the Book of Deuteronomy assumed its present form."

In conformity with these expressions, the author proceeds throughout on the supposition that everything is *historical*, as it is related. He never hints at the possibility of myth or legend. Great numbers are not pronounced exaggerated. Yet there are indications of enlightened views in various parts of the book, as in the difficulty of the sun standing still at Joshua's command, and the massacres of the Canaanites by the Jews. The former had been already settled; and therefore no boldness was required to affirm that the passage is an extract from a poetical book.

One point is occasionally touched upon in a most unsatisfactory way, viz., the numbers in the Old Testament, which appear to many excessively large. Here Prof. Stanley usually appeals to two authorities, Kennicott and Laborde, neither of whom possesses critical weight. Both incline to *reduce* the numbers, where these numbers present a difficulty. The latter, however, speaks very undecidedly respecting the 600,000 that went out of Egypt; and seems afraid to say *expressly* that the sum should be 600. Thus in 1 Sam. vi. 19, the numbers of Bethshemesh are brought down by Kennicott from 50,070 to 70. Whatever method be resorted to for lessening numbers, we repeat the belief of every critical Hebrew scholar, that they are original in most cases. Their authenticity is unquestionable. Every modern process of manipulation applied to them is opposed to the established principles of sound criticism. Such as alter them are the enemies of safe interpretation. Unsettle the text by arbitrarily changing numbers wherever they appear too large, and a licence is introduced of which any rash critic may avail himself to disturb the narrative and make it other than it is. Literalists should consistently adhere to the text as it is. If they do not, they are dangerous men, who assume without evidence that the text is wrong. It is a desperate expedient to resort to unauthorized changes of an old text superstitiously watched over by the Jews. Since the days of Gesenius and his school, the proposers of changes in the numbers have been treated as they deserve. And after all, it is a mere conjecture whether letters of the Hebrew alphabet were anciently used as numerals. There is no *proof* that they were. Who will allow the science of sacred criticism to be marred by an assumed principle which rests on no foundation? Whatever the numbers be, they must, in almost every case, have proceeded in their present state from the original authors. They are a constituent part of the genuine text, faithfully preserved by the Jews in the face of the very difficulties which they create.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam; with a Preface and Memoir. (Murray.)—Upwards of a quarter of a century, if not more, has passed since the historian of the Middle Ages gathered the relics left behind him by one of high virtue, genius, attainment and promise, and wrote a Preface, in which depth of feeling was attested by the excellently calm, not cold, taste in which the memorial was written. Later, attention was drawn to the tomb of Arthur Henry Hallam by a poem which, among monumental poems, has a solitary, we may almost say a supreme, place. 'In Memoriam' comes more intimately home to English sympathies than 'Lycidas' or 'Adonais,' and may be pointed to, perhaps, as the one special monody to which beauty of form and feeling have given a universal currency. It was not inopportune, then, to reprint the 'Remains' of Arthur Henry Hallam. There is added, too, a shorter notice of a younger Hallam, Henry Fitzmaurice, who had his full share of the family heritage, "love of the best and honourablest things"; who, like his brother, died in the flower of expectation and promise, and who is mourned accordingly.

The World of Phantoms: a Poem. (Hardwicke.)—This poem opens with a rebuke to modern professors of magic, and then proceeds to record, in a rambling story and tumid rhymes, the triumphs of Mesmerism. A Count Puseygar, who receives such severe wounds as must have been fatal in ordinary cases, is miraculously freed from pain and danger by the Mesmeric charm. This auspicious event occasions great surprise to the convalescent. Not content with letting well alone, he is curious—perhaps pardonably so—to learn the means by which his restoration has been effected. His wishes are complied with, and it will be satisfactory to know that the information given is from the highest authority—the shade of Mesmer himself. That distinguished phantom revisits the "glimpses of the moon" for the express purpose of relieving the Count from his perplexities. Mesmer's conduct, in a word, is most affable; but, we lament to add, his language is unintelligible. Perhaps, however, there is dramatic fitness in this. *Non omnia possumus omnes*; and our author may have thought that to explain miracles as well as to perform them would be too much to demand of the same individual. Accordingly, apparitions of no less renown than those of Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim are called in to elucidate the elucidator. The subjoined lines contain the gist of Gall's present opinion as to the Mesmeric process:—

Each day we live some hidden source we find,
That shows how link'd is matter with the mind;
How immaterial on material rests,
And one design these two combined, invests.
By every thought an atom melts away;
Another flash, a second cannot stay
Where th' impression strikes the sensuous brain;
A change is wrought, the void fills up again.
Life holds the balance with an equal beam,
Or mind and matter are not what they seem
When each exerts its own apportion'd rule,
To guard the health or obviate a fool.

—After so luminous an exposition, all difficulties on the subject of it will of course vanish, and the author must be held to have done service in summoning these ghostly teachers for our edification. Still, gratitude cannot blind us to some peculiarities in his style, nor restrain us from offering him a few suggestions. We venture to say, then, that he does not materially increase our stock of knowledge by the remark—

In varied forms the lot of man is cast,
The future lives not in the sensuous past;—
and that the following couplet is open to the same objection:—

Truth needs no polish from contemptuous art;
It acts but one, and that a single part.

—This observation touching a hero—
For him wealth, splendour, power, all combine
To fix the glory of his lineal line—

is either a pleonasm, or, if not, it prompts us to inquire what sort of line an unlineal one may be. Finally, when the writer asserts of his Mesmeric wonders—

'Tis meet such things should have in one divan
The sole attention of each known seaman—

we are uneasy at the perverse skill with which he at once violates orthography and pronunciation.

To be serious, in spite of its ambitious style, the book abounds in errors and puerilities such as we have quoted. The power to "call spirits from the vasty deep" may be a great thing in its way, but the invocation will be no less potent if uttered in decent English.

The Golden Link: a Poem-Romance. By John Wray Culmer. (Low & Co.)—A 'Tale-History,' a 'Sermon-Sonnet,' a 'Song-Story,' would be no less desirable specimens of English literary ware than is a 'Poem-Romance.' But Mr. Culmer, apparently, takes great pride in neologisms. 'We read in one page concerning "boxes," that

Glided in chill range around his dusky room;
—in another, of
A fairy thing e'en to her blush-pink nails;
—in a third, of *Epithalamies*;—in a fourth, how
Ring within ring of golden-flowering furze
Sang faintly, fitfully, across the park;
—in a fifth, of
Much tangled maidenhair
Ablaze with brilliants from the bubbles flung.

—and so on, through the hundred pages of this strange and solemn little story of an ill-assorted marriage, of a wife's infidelity, a husband's death, and of a monument of "satiric granite" which told lies concerning the fortunes and misfortunes of the whole party. Till Mr. Culmer can substitute his own peculiar grammar and dictionary for those of our mother-tongue, as heretofore and at present employed, he can hardly be accepted as belonging to any order of the poets or romancers of England.

The Common-Place Philosopher in Town and Country. By the Author of 'The Recreations of a Country Parson.' (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—No sign of health and well-doing is exhibited by the multiplication of books like this; a book which will give the most languid and indolent of thinkers no trouble, and in which the more earnest inquirer will fail to find a single original thought or counsel. The "Country Parson" however, has a public, and, to judge from his fluency, finds it hard to feed his readers rapidly enough. There is nothing to offend in his essays—there is no want of self-knowledge or self-appreciation in their titles,—but they are eminently "commonplace."

What and How of the Eternal Worker: the Work and the Plan? (Private circulation.)—Another of the great solutions of all difficulties, but by no means like some of its predecessors. It must be a revelation. We find it out thus. The author designates revelation and miracle as twin errors, and assures us that "God has never—as popularly taught and understood—spoken to man directly, either through prophet, priest or lawgiver; and the only inspiration that has moved man to action has been the normal working of his attributes in their diversified combinations in different idiosyncrasies, as influenced by external circumstances." Again, it is stated that the great problem of the age is "to give enunciation to a new faith, in harmony with present knowledge." Now when we look at the author's title we see—in spite of the modest note of interrogation—that the new faith is found, and this is confirmed by the short and declaratory character of the chapters. How it can be revealed that all revelation is an error rather puzzles us; but we remember that Epimenides the Cretan was believed when he said that *all* the Cretans were liars. The great solving word of this new announcement is "idiosyncrasy." How often it occurs we have no idea; but if the printer would tell us at what page he had to seek a further supply of the letters *i* and *y* we should be able to form a guess. The idiosyncrasy of this author is the everlasting use of the word "idiosyncrasy": he is by no means the only person who thinks that a Greek word is the master-key which opens all doors. Like the rest of his class, he uses his *open-seame* set of syllables in many cases for which common English is already made and provided. If he will take the five words *mould, cast, bias, turn, bent*, and substitute one or another for *idiosyncrasy* at every occurrence of that word, he will make his book much clearer and somewhat shorter. The author believes in a God, in immortal life, and in thanksgiving, of which he has furnished a form. Prayer he rejects as wholly inefficacious. It will comfort those who hold a

different opinion to see how hard it is to get rid of prayer; for though the average chapter is under eleven pages, it takes twenty-seven pages to settle this point. But the author feels that in so difficult a matter example is needed as well as precept. "It may perhaps be said, granting even that prayer is futile, and but a habit induced in error, who can break the giant force of such a habit supported as it is? We answer that we, the writer of these pages, have done so; what we can do others also may. . . ." This is encouraging; but why should so valuable a secret be confined to "private circulation"?

Thoughts on the Dwellings of the People, Charitable Estates, Improvements and Local Government in the Metropolis. By Thomas Hare, Barrister-at-Law. (Low & Co.)—The purport of this little brochure is excellent, but the author is too sanguine. He proposes to himself no less than "to describe a method of combining the powers and the action of all our existing associations, ancient or modern, and to indicate some of the results which may be expected to flow from such a powerful and enlightened organization." There are many valuable suggestions; the object is one that all must wish to see accomplished, and we cordially agree with the author when he asserts that "the multiplication and improvement of the dwellings of the working classes is the only sure basis of every secular effort for the benefit of the masses." We call attention to the pamphlet as the work of a man who has thought upon the subject.

Counsels of an Invalid: Letters on Religious Subjects. By George Wilson, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.)—These counsels had a special value to those to whom they were originally addressed, but we doubt whether they are of a nature to be generally acceptable. The diversity of taste in the matter of religious books is great, and there may be readers who will find some satisfaction in this work; but for ourselves, we must own to finding them rather weak, amiable and insipid.

Horse Warranty: a Plain and Comprehensive Guide to the various Points to be Noted, showing which are Essential and which are Unimportant. By Peter Howden. (Hardwicke.)—Mr. Peter Howden settles with a stroke of his pen questions which would cause endless discussion at a parliament of veterinary surgeons, or a conference of the "deep hands" and "knowing ones" of the horse-trade. This manual, therefore, offers many points of attack and occasions for contradiction; but no one practically acquainted with horses will question the general trustworthiness of its views. Unsoundness Mr. Howden regards as the rule, soundness as the very rare exception, of horse-flesh. "There are few horses that would stand the strict test of examination for purposes of unqualified warranty, even amongst those that have not been worked; but few indeed would be those that *had* been worked that would not fall under the denomination of unsound." Starting with this opinion, that a great majority of the horses offered for sale are blemished, faulty, or marked by important defects, Mr. Howden notices in succession all the ills to which horse-flesh is subject, states the signs by which each may be detected, and concludes his observations on every failing by stating whether its presence proves a horse to be practically as well as theoretically unsound, or only blemished. The many horse-buyers who are not versed in the technicalities and artifices of the horse-trade, and yet wish to form judgments of their own on the animals offered to them by dealers, will find much useful information in this volume, which, more than any other manual of the kind placed before us of late, puts the intelligent but uninitiated buyer on an equal footing with the clever and unscrupulous trader.

Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours. By Mrs. Carey Brock. With a Preface, by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Winchester. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)—Written by a lady who had previously displayed her capacity to write for young readers, and introduced to the attention of parents by the Bishop of Winchester. 'Sunday Echoes' attempts to set forth the sorrows and trials of a little boy's school life, and to show how he was enabled to overcome evil influences and temptations to wrong by reminiscences of the Collects which he had learnt

at home under the spiritual guidance of an affectionate and devout mother. As a picture of school life the narrative has many faults; but the tone of womanly piety and gentleness pervading the entire story, and the simplicity with which the writer puts forth her ideal of boyhood, and treats the Prayer Book as if it were a "Guide to the Playground," will win the sympathy of adult readers, though the ordinary occupants of schoolroom and nursery will in all probability be more bored than amused by the grave sermons of good Mrs. Ryley.

Our Reprints include, *Thalatta! or, the Great Commoner; a Political Romance* (Parker, Son & Bourn).—Mr. Lever's *Roland Cashel*, which has been added to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Select Library,"—Mr. Latham on *The Shape of Sword-Blades*,—Vols. XXII. and XXIII. of the Reprint of *Punch* (Bradbury & Evans).—*Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning* (Chapman & Hall).—*The Bakerian Lecture, on the Total Solar Eclipse observed at Rivabellosa, near Mirandela de Elbro, in Spain*, by Warren De La Rue (Taylor & Francis).—and a New Edition of *Perrin's French Fables*, by Le Stievenard (Tegg). Among translations, we have *Titan; a Romance*, from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, translated by Charles T. Brooks (Tribner & Co.),—and from the French, *The Story of a Siberian Exile*, by M. Rufin Pietrowski (Longmans). We have a second edition of Mr. Garbett's *Rudimentary Treatise on the Principles of Design in Architecture* (Virtue Brothers & Co.); fourth editions of *Charades, Enigmas and Riddles*, collected by a Cantab (Bell & Daldy).—*Glimpses of our Heavenly Home; or, the Destiny of the Glorified*, by the Rev. E. Davies (Heylin).—and *Help and Comfort for the Sick*, by the Author of 'Sickness, its Trials and Blessings' (Rivingtons); an eleventh edition of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates relating to All Ages and Nations*, revised and enlarged by Benjamin Vincent (Moxon & Co.). *Barrington* (Chapman & Hall), by Charles Lever, has been completed and issued in a single volume. The following have also appeared.—Vol. II. of *The Museum* (Edinburgh, Gordon).—Vol. III. of *The Voyage of the Novara* (Saunders, Otley & Co.).—*Practical Mechanic's Journal (Scientific) Record of the Great Exhibition of 1862* (Longmans).—Mr. Jerrold's *History of Exhibitions*.—*Education Internationale: Documents du Concours provoqué par M. A. Barbrière, en Décembre 1861, pour la Fondation d'un Collège International (Dulau)*.—*Vorträge und Reden Kunsthistorischen Inhalts*, von Ernst Guhl (Dulau).—*Analytic Universal Telegraphy, an International Telegraphic Language*, by Count D'Escayrac de Lauture (Hotten).—*A Pilgrimage to the Home of Florence Nightingale*, by James Croston (Whittaker).—*The News Almanack*.—*Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society's Diary and Prospectus*.—*British Workman, 1862*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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[ADVERTISEMENT.]—NOTICE.—AURORA FLOYD, by the Author of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' will be ready at every Library on Tuesday next, January 20th, in 2 vols.—TINSLEY BROS., 18, Catherine-street, Strand.

CHARING-CROSS BRIDGE.

THE Charing-Cross Railway Bridge, carrying the South-Eastern Railway into its western London terminus, now rapidly approaching completion, and intended to supplant the well-known and beautiful suspension work by Brunel, will be one of the most effective and imposing structures on the Thames, so far as height and extent of span can render it remarkable. The suspension bridge of Hungerford thus superseded is to go to Bristol, and its iron-work employed to cross the Avon at a splendid elevation, where almost any structure would look noble; it will supply a long-felt need of the locality. The whole width of the Thames opposite Hungerford is about 1,340 feet,—more than twice as wide as at the Chinese Bridge at Chelsea. The water-way at Hungerford is 1,256 feet 4 inches, of which the central span of the suspension bridge is not less than 646 feet. Hungerford Bridge is the longest bridge on the river, being nearly double that of London Bridge. Of the new work Mr. Hawkshaw is the engineer; he has divided Brunel's openings into spans of 154 feet each, by cylinders placed in pairs. The brick piers of the former structure are allowed to remain for the use of the railway, giving something of variety to the ranges of cylinders that rise like gas-pipes straight out of the water, and bear up the iron lattice girders of the bridge itself in the most uncompromisingly simple and unadorned manner. On the tops of these cylinders the iron bed of the road crosses at a mere right angle, the whole arrangement producing an appearance of formal rigidity that fails to satisfy the eye, which instantly questions the policy of using these ugly things in such numbers, when, if the structure had been less rigidly trabeal, it is presumable that some of them might have been omitted, and an appearance of continuity and grace gained by the varying lines of the spanners, that might have been employed with structural advantage.

The form of structure thus indicated, displaying right angles everywhere, is continued across the river. The cylinders of each pair stand 49 feet apart. That portion of each which is below the bed of the river is 14 feet in diameter, in seven segments of 9 feet long each, with flanges cast inside, whereby they are bolted together, leaving the exteriors to look like mere tubes in smoothness. Above this comes a portion 10 feet in diameter, reaching to the main girder, in seven segments of nine-foot lengths. In most cases these cylinders are sunk 40 feet into the bed of the river, thus giving ample security. The lower and wider portion of these cylinders is filled in with concrete. Above this they are lined with brickwork to the summit, where blocks of granite receive the wrought-iron girders of the superstructure, keeping the cast-iron cylinders from contact with the ever-vibrating roadway by rising an inch or two higher than their edges. Here, then, was an opportunity of giving a truly architectural and constructional form to these ugly shafts or cylinders, one also which would have been in keeping with their character as sustaining a great load. If these blocks of granite had been widened out, so as to become abaci supported upon cushions, the function of the columnar cylinders would be indicated, their ugly and meagre forms ennobled, their bearing surface

extended, to the manifest advantage of the structure, and the introduction of an element breaking the rude right angle of the girders and cylinders secured at no more expense than the extra coat of larger slabs of granite.

Forty-nine feet, the space between each pair of cylinders, gives the width of the roadway, accommodating four lines of rails; each cylinder is braced to its companion by a transverse beam of wrought iron. This roadway we may describe without going into technicalities and structural peculiarities, all of which are most ingenious, if not wholly novel in design, as supported by lattice girders of vast strength; their architectural effect is by no means unpleasing when seen in perspective, the repetition of the latticing enriching the aspect of the work excellently. To this effect of constructional decoration the arrangement of the galleries, so to style them, contributes; these project on either side of the bridge, being sustained by brackets or extensions of the transverse beams of the whole structure. These galleries or balconies are to serve as footways to perform the office of the old suspension bridge, and are to be seven feet in advance from the sides of the great lattice girders, that being the width of the footway on each side. The arrangements for attaching these balconies to their supports have been challenged as insufficient and perilous.

The effect of leaving the brick piers of the suspension bridge to mix up with the cylinders is not a little bewildering to the observer who may be ignorant of the primary use of the former. Their serviceableness to the railway and the cost of removing them commanded their retention. The bridge, when completed, will consist of six spans of 154 feet each, and three on the Middlesex side of 100 feet each; the bridge is to be widened on that side to 175 feet, so as to admit of seven lines of rails and platforms into the station. The depth of the Thames, at low-water, spring-tide, on the site of the bridge is 11 feet; the rise of the tide, 17 feet 6 inches; the level of the rails above Trinity high-water mark, 31 feet. The towers from which the chains of suspension now hang, and which are so graceful an ornament to the river and the older structure, will of course be removed, so that nothing will break the straight line of the lattice girder tops stretching from shore to shore. The greater portion of the labour of erecting the railway bridge has been performed without in any way interfering with the use of the older structure, being in fact built to enclose it within its far greater width. Temporary wooden footways now serve for the traffic.

CULTURE OF SILK.

Sericulture, as our French neighbours call the culture of silk, is making such progress as to be worthy of remark. Apart from the attempts to establish silk-grounds in the South of France, Italy and Algeria, certain agricultural proprietors near Monte Video and in the territory of Uruguay have commenced operations to the same purpose. The arrival of about seventy pounds of cocoons at Paris may be taken as an earnest of what they hope to accomplish in future. The castor-oil plant grows abundantly all over the country above referred to, and so rapidly that in four months its height will be four feet, with leaves from eight to twelve inches broad. This plant is found to be the best food for the mongrel silkworm, bred from the two varieties which have of late received much attention from cultivators, the one peculiar to the castor-oil plant, the other to the ailanto, as Loudon names it, *Ailantus glandulosa*, a tree familiar in English parks and in some of the squares in the west of London. It appears that in the favourable climate of South America, six gatherings may be made in a year; and one of the cultivators at Assumption states that about one acre of land will yield two million cocoons, which, at the rate of 2,500 to the pound weight, make nearly 800 pounds. With these data, it will not be difficult to calculate the profit that may be anticipated from silk culture. Silk has been experimented on by chemists, and M. Persoz finds that a preparation of chloride of zinc will dissolve silk,—which fact at once suggests a method for detecting tricks of trade as practised by silk-

weavers. Much of the woven silk, so called, sold by mercers and others, contains a large proportion of wool or cotton, sometimes both; but now all may be discovered by an easy chemical process. As above stated, the chloride dissolves the silk, but leaves untouched the wool and cotton; the wool in turn is dissolved by an aqueous solution of caustic potash, which leaves the cotton uninjured. M. Ozanam, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, carries the question a step further by showing that the several operations may be accomplished in one single bath of ammoniuret of copper. Let the piece of cloth be plunged into this, and in a short time the cotton disappears; at the end of three, six or twelve hours, according to the strength of the bath, the silk is dissolved, leaving the wool intact. Thus the quality and proportions of the materials of the warp and weft may be easily determined. M. Ozanam explains that, by Mr. Graham's method of dialysis, it is possible with this bath to separate silk in the gelatinous form, taking care to use for the porous septum a substance that does not dissolve in the ammoniuret of copper. Parchment or paper would soon disappear. Having prepared a quantity of silk in the gelatinous state, as, in fact, it exists in the worm, it might then be possible to draw it out in threads of any length and of any thickness, and thus avoid the trouble of spinning by a process similar to wire-drawing. Or silk cloth might be produced, either by a process of pouring out and rolling, or in endless lengths, after the manner of paper-makers. And with this capability of reduction to the gelatinous condition, we have the means for re-converting old waste silk, woven or twisted, refuse cocoons and floss, to a useful and valuable article of commerce. These are a few hasty suggestions as to the way in which these interesting chemical results may be utilized: that many others will shortly be forthcoming is not to be doubted.

THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

January 12, 1863.

WITH a view to historical accuracy, I trouble you with some brief remarks on Dr. Gray's letter of January the 5th, which was called for, he says, by my attempt to discredit his statement, "by ignoring the value (if not the existence) of the most essential stage of postage reform as regards newspapers."

The Act on Newspaper Postage, to an abstract of which in my 'Companion to the Almanac' Dr. Gray refers, has no reference whatever to the inland postage of newspapers. As set forth in its title, it is "to regulate the conveyance of Newspapers by Post between the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, and Foreign Parts." It had been enacted in 1825 that Newspapers might pass free by Post from one part of Great Britain to another. They went free before, by the fiction of the frank of a Member of Parliament, whose name was printed on the wrapper.

The question of a Postage Stamp to be affixed to the wrapper of a newspaper could not have arisen upon the Act of 1834; for that Act, by superseding the payment of Postage upon Colonial and Foreign Newspapers, rendered any stamp for prepayment wholly unnecessary. Nevertheless, Dr. Gray dates his idea of prepayment by means of stamped covers "from that early part of 1834" when the Newspaper Postage Act was under discussion; and he refers to a leading article in the *Times*, of the 28th of March, "in which the forthcoming Act was discussed." The Act was not passed till the 13th of August. It was a very small instalment of Postal Reform, needing no parliamentary discussion.

In the 'Companion to the Newspaper' of June the 1st, 1834, is inserted a document, which is stated "to have been prepared several months ago, for the information of some official personages"; in which, amidst a great number of other suggestions for the abolition of the stamp, it is said that the difficulty of a prepayment by the transmitter of an unstamped newspaper would be obviated by "Mr. Knight's plan of a stamped frank, and it would facilitate the transmission of all printed sheets under a certain weight." "Several months" before the 1st of June would carry us back to

the "early part of 1834" as the period when Mr. Knight's plan was a recognized fact, submitted by others to the consideration of "official personages."

Was it in this ungenial season that Dr. Gray and his "other companions" were fellow-passengers with me "in the basket of a Blackheath coach"; when he stated his views in relation to the prepayment of postage by stamps, which views I "combated," and "afterwards thought better of the subject"? "Several months" before the 1st of June, my own plan had been formed, and is recorded to have been under official consideration. Perhaps I may be warranted in asking, how it was that my alleged appropriation of Dr. Gray's idea remained unnoticed by him till 1863? I leave to the judgment of those who have long known me, to decide whether the language stated to have been used by me to a gentleman of scientific eminence would not have been better suited to the character of a costermonger returning from Greenwich fair than to mine.

CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT BAALBEK.

January 14, 1863.

I thank Mr. Hogg for his obliging answer, in the *Athenæum* of January the 10th, to my letter on the inscriptions at Baalbek, and for explaining the reason of his supposing that the two capitals of the columns in the portico were not of "gilt bronze." I am sorry for my mistake respecting his meaning, when I said he considered the absence of gilding on the capitals of the columns in the Great Temple negated the reading "that the capitals of the portico had been gilt," whereas he really alluded to the absence of any bronze or brass capitals "in or about the temples"; but in neither case do I see the force of his objection.

It is true, as he says, that "none of the capitals still extant in or about the temples of marble or compact limestone are made of brass or bronze"; but this fact would not prove that two capitals of the colonnade of the portico of the sacred inclosure surrounding the temples could not have been of "gilt bronze." I may also observe, that this portico is distant more than 500 feet from those temples, and that all its columns have long since been removed. It is not the portico of either temple, but of the inclosure, in which they stand; and as I said before, the Saracens would have found better use for bronze capitals than building them into walls, where they might have been seen by us at the present day. The absence of any made of brass or bronze "in or about the temples" would not certainly prove that none were originally put up in the portico, and would scarcely, as it seems to me, negative the reading that two of the capitals of its columns were of "gilt bronze." I think it highly probable that the capitals of the other columns in this portico were of stone, or marble, gilt; while *two*, as we are informed by the inscriptions, were of *bronze gilt*. It was a custom, both of the Romans and the Greeks, to colour their architecture, and parts were often gilt. In so splendid a building as this at Baalbek we may therefore suppose they adopted the same custom; and the superiority of the two capitals, above alluded to, consisted in their being of bronze gilt; but there is no *authority*, from the remains themselves, for conjecturing that the stone capitals were gilt; and "M. Mariette's statement in 1758 (only seven years after Wood's visit), that in his opinion the capitals of the porch (portico) had been gilt," could neither confirm, nor disprove, any hypothesis respecting them. If he had supposed they had been originally gilt, or painted of any particular colour, this would have been a mere suggestion; since the columns of the portico and their capitals had long disappeared before he visited Baalbek, and nothing remained of them except the pedestals, which are in the same position at the present day.

If the word "dua" was never used at the time the inscriptions were put up, we might not expect it to occur at Baalbek; but since so great a classical authority as Mr. Hogg admits that "dua" was only "most generally used in the third century after Christ," there is reason to suppose that "dua" might be met with at the commencement of the century, especially in monumental inscriptions, some

of which show that those who cut them were not always careful to adopt classical words. Indeed, it is hazardous to determine what form of a word may, or may not, be found in an inscription, merely from its use by ancient writers at a particular period; and words sometimes occur on monuments which would not be met with in classical books.

I am sure that Mr. Hogg's object, in this inquiry, is to arrive at the truth, whatever it may be, and I trust he will give me credit for the same desire; and this is often arrived at by difference of opinion; but I do not know whether he has visited Baalbek, and has copied or carefully examined the inscriptions *in situ*, and can speak from his own knowledge of the appearance and position of the letters, or whether he depends solely on the copies given by others. With regard to those of Wood and Krafft, on which he relies so much, they differ greatly from each other; and I can safely affirm that Krafft's "inflata (pecunia) sua regum devota" in the first inscription, and in (flata) nujmin(i)bus" in the second, are inaccurate; and that "inluminata sua pecunia ex voto" in the first, as given by Wood and by me, may be depended upon as correct. Those words within brackets are (as I suppose) supplied by Mr. Hogg, and therefore omitted by Krafft. On the probability of the Greek *Delta* in "devota" I need make no remark. Herr Krafft is also incorrect in the first inscription, when he gives "Antonini Pii Aug-e Julise.....Senat Antonin(i)," which Wood and I read "Antonini Pii Fel. Aug. et Julise.....Senat Patr(is)," followed apparently (according to my copy) by "Aur. Ant." and some letters not easily deciphered; and I leave it to others to decide whether Herr Krafft's copy is likely to be so very accurate, though he is, no doubt, "an intelligent and careful German traveller." And now let us examine the space occupied by the letters in the part relating to the "capitals of the columns,"† which as I read them are—

CAPITA COLVMNARVM DVAAEREA AVRO INLVMINATA
and according to Krafft—
CAP COLVMNARVM DVM AERI AVRO IN FLATA

without any spaces between "cap" and "col," or "in" and "flata." The double A of "DVAA" may easily be mistaken for "DVM"; but how account for the extra length occupied by "capita" and "inluminata"? "Aeri," again, is clearly "aere" (a). The other double A might also be taken for M; and indeed Wood reads "dum" and "muro," but there is not sufficient space for "dum erant in muro." If M. De Sauley has proposed to read "capita columnarum duo aere auro inluminata"—and to translate the sentence "two capitals" (of columns) "in gilt bronze," as Mr. Hogg states, I am glad to be supported by his opinion, though I depend in reality on the copy I made, and only differ from him in reading "dua" for "duo." Though I have had some experience in taking copies of inscriptions from the monuments, I am far from pretending that any of my own are in every part more correct than those made by some other person: much must depend on the manner in which they are copied, especially when in a difficult position like these at Baalbek; but unless the transcriber of these brought his eye to their level, as I did at two different times of the day, and therefore under different lights, he would not have had so good a chance of copying them accurately; and I am inclined to consider my reading correct: according to which "two of the capitals of the columns were of bronze illumined with gold." Mr. Hogg takes no notice of my statement that I was let down to the inscriptions by a rope from the top of the parapet walk (which has taken the place of the lower part of the colonnade), as if this was of no importance; while he admits that "the height from the ground at which they are placed, and the greatly-decayed letters, render the true reading of them extremely difficult at the present time"; that is, when seen from below. He also says he has "seen other and more recent copies which differ again from" mine; but he does not give any of them, nor state in which letters they differ from mine, nor how they were copied. It would be satisfactory to

† The whole of the inscriptions may be seen in the *Athenæum* of December 20, 1862.

know these particulars: I feel sure the omission was unintentional.

I must offer my apologies to Mr. Hogg for having misquoted the inscription "Divisio Moso," given by him from M. De Saulcy. It was purely an oversight. Besides, the correction I intended to offer was not in the *first*, but in the *second*, word, which I read "Mosch" instead of "Moso." There are at Baalbek two of these short inscriptions, one "Divis Mosch," the other "Divisio Mosch."

With regard to Bek, the word is common in Coptic: as in "*Dios-t-baki*," "*Diospolis*"; "*On-t-baki*," "*Heliopolis*," and others: and this part of the name may have been given to Baalbek from the Egyptian "*baki*," "city," as it received the name *Aven*, or *On*, from the same language,—(see Amos i. 5, and the Septuagint translation of that passage). Respecting the connexion between this Heliopolis and the Heliopolis of Egypt, from which Macrobius says the statue of the God was taken, by the aid of the Egyptian priests—see Macrobius. Saturn. i. c. 30; but when Mr. Hogg asks (Tr. R. S. Lit. vii. p. 259), "may not this Egyptian terminal word" (Beki) "have been introduced in the tenth or eleventh century, by the Egyptian Caliphs, who governed Baalbek?" I hope he will excuse me if I doubt the Moslem Caliphs having introduced a word from the Egyptian, or Coptic, which they neither used, nor (perhaps, it may be said) even understood, and compounded a name of a Syrian town with that word and the title of a heathen Deity. I cannot, however, conclude without expressing my thanks to Mr. Hogg for his valuable paper on Baalbek.

GARDNER WILKINSON.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE design by Mr. Noble for a bust of the Prince Consort, which is to be placed in the new building of the Bath United Hospital, has been completed, and photographs of the same have been submitted to the Queen. Her Majesty has been pleased to express her "entire approval of the design," and has also graciously suggested the following inscription:—

HIS LIFE

SPRUNG FROM A DEEP INNER SYMPATHY WITH
GOD'S WILL,

AND THEREFORE WITH ALL THAT WAS TRUE,
BEAUTIFUL AND RIGHT.

—These words will be inscribed on the plinth.

The University of Cambridge has lately received a present of thirty pictures, by modern artists, from the Gallery of Mrs. Ellison, of Sudbrooke Holme, near Lincoln. They have been placed in the Fitzwilliam Museum, to which they form a welcome addition, that gallery being almost entirely deficient in representatives of the modern English Schools of Art. Five of the pictures have recently become familiar to the general public by having formed part of the International Exhibition. These are two by Good,—'Reading the News,' and 'An Old Woman'; Danby's 'Painter's Holiday'; Crewick's 'Ford'; and Morland's 'Gipsies.' Among the others may be noticed, a good early Turner, 'The Mouth of the Thames,' strongly reminding one of the noble picture of the same subject hung, with its glorious companion, in the Middle Room at the National Gallery; a second Morland, a bit of Isle of Wight Coast, painted by him while hiding from duns and bailiffs; Collins's 'Anglers,' and 'Meadfoot Bay, Torquay'; a good bit of Genoese Sea-coast, by Stanfield; some of Mr. Linton's best works,—'Taormina,' 'Sparta,' and two views from Venice; another by Good,—'The Singing Lesson'; 'Leap-frog,' by Gill; and a good Cattle-piece by Cooper. There is ample space on the walls of the Fitzwilliam Museum for half-a-dozen such donations; and it is hoped that many pictures now half-buried in country-houses, or hanging as mere articles of furniture in badly-lighted rooms, will follow those from Sudbrooke Holme to the magnificent Cambridge Gallery.

The ancient Holy Well at Oxford, which gave name to the parish in which it stood, and formed a bath reputed to possess singular virtues, has been totally obliterated by the formation of a deep-lying drain to carry off the water to the river: this was

needed through the erection of a chapel for the Female Penitentiary of the city upon the site of the bath-house.

Among the plans for the improvement of the metropolis and its neighbourhood that will be brought before Parliament in the ensuing session are the following,—every one of which is of importance, many of absolute necessity:—The Thames Embankment (north side); Queen's Road, extension to Battersea; Regent Market, utilization of Leicester Square; South London Markets; St. John's Lane stoppage; Thames Bridges; Blackfriars Bridge; Admiralty Buildings; Albert Bridge; Royal Arcade; Putney and Fulham New Bridge and Pier; Tower Bridge; Fulham Bridge; Grand Surrey Docks; Metropolitan Bridges; Thames Embankment (south side); Wandsworth and Fulham Bridge; West London Docks. It will be observed that many of these schemes are directed to the construction of bridges on the Thames, either totally new, or the rebuilding of old and yet existing structures. We believe the whole number of such propositions is no less than eighteen; some of them are sure to take effect, to the great comfort of the population, that has now but three free bridges for use. If any new railway bridges are to be constructed across the Thames, surely the Government might stipulate that they should afford free foot accommodation.

The Thames Embankment Committee of the Metropolitan Board of Works have reported in favour of the formation of a subway along the embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars at a cost of 20,000*l.*, and against a proposal to place at the junctions of the streets and along the work dwarf trees and shrubs planted in ornamental devices, the last "being of no practical value to the Board." We trust, however, that the planting of trees along this new boulevard, the same being by far the finest method of decoration that can be devised, will be insisted on by the public voice.

An extract from a letter addressed to Prof. Tyndall by Mr. James Hall will interest some of our readers:—"Last week, on the 2nd of January, accompanied by a guide, I made the ascent of Snowdon from the Victoria Hotel at Llanberis. There had been a heavy fall of snow the previous night, which circumstance I hoped would give me an opportunity of repeating your experiments relative to the blue colour of newly-fallen snow in Switzerland; nor was I disappointed. As soon as I arrived at a sufficient altitude for the snow to be one foot thick, viz., 1,900 feet above the sea, on making a hole with the bâton I was delighted to find the blue colour, but rather pale. As we ascended the mountain, we came into a dense mist with the snow deeper; and the blue colour became darker every step until we reached the summit, when the colour was as dark as that of the firmament. The most beautiful colour, however, was in the natural cracks and holes in the drifted wreaths of snow, caused, I suppose, by the particles of snow not having been compressed on each side the cracks or holes, and the reflexions consequently more numerous. The light in the crevices of the snow on the side of the mountain overlooking Glaslyn was exceedingly beautiful. The thermometer on the summit was 28°F., and the calculated height by an aneroid 3,595 feet above the sea."

The West African Company has utilized the articles removed from the Liberian Court at the International Exhibition by forming them into the nucleus of an African Museum, to be enlarged in the premises occupied by the Company at Gresham House. The idea is a good one, which we trust will be carried out.

A singular fatality appears to have lately pursued the most distinguished cultivators of the Irish language. The death of O'Donovan at the close of 1861 was followed by that of Eugene Curry in 1862; and the first days of the new year have been marked by the sudden and premature death of Dr. Siegfried, in the thirty-third year of his age. Dr. Rudolph Thomas Siegfried, a native of Dessau, was lecturer in Sanscrit and assistant librarian at Trinity College, Dublin. He combined a knowledge of the Celtic languages with high ac-

quirements in general philology, and especially in the Sanscrit, of which he was the first Professor ever appointed in Ireland. When he first visited this country, he spent some time in Wales in the study of Welsh, from which he passed over to Ireland to perfect himself in Irish. His official duties at Trinity College engrossed too much of his time to permit him to contribute so frequently as might have been wished to literature and philological science; but, in the 'Ulster Journal of Archaeology,' there is a memoir from his pen of his distinguished friend Dr. Caspar Zeuss, whose 'Grammatica Celtica' is recognized as the great contribution of German learning to Celtic philology. In this memoir the death of Zeuss is attributed to over-work and over-study; and there is too much reason to fear that Siegfried fell a victim to the same causes. On Wednesday, the 7th of January, he was suddenly attacked at Dublin by brain-fever, and on Saturday, the 10th, he expired. The Royal Irish Academy resolved to attend his funeral in a body, on the 14th, as a mark of respect.

We notice in the last number of the *Proceedings of the American Philological Society*, at Philadelphia, that the civil war has been carried into the ranks of philosophy and science; for, at a meeting of the Society in March last, it was resolved, "That a committee be appointed to report to the Society the names of any of its members who may have been publicly and notoriously engaged in acts of treason against the United States." And at the following meeting it was agreed that "Matthew F. Maury and W. F. Lynch have committed public and notorious acts of treason against the United States"; and it was ordered "that they be expelled from the Society." This will perhaps be news for Capt. Maury, who, having run the blockade from Charleston, is now in London.

By a report recently published, it appears that five counties of Southern Virginia, on the slopes of the Alleghany range, contain good coal, "semi-anthracite and semi-bituminous." Near Wytheville, in the same region, lies a deposit of rock-salt, which yields 24,000 gallons of brine daily; and the quantity of salt manufactured within the year has amounted to 300,000 bushels.

According to a New York paper, Mr. Grinnell, well known for his connexion with the search for the Franklin Expedition, purposes presenting the British Government with some interesting relics of Frobisher's Expeditions to the Arctic Regions which have been brought to New York by Capt. C. F. Hall. The relics, which consist of fragments of iron, wood, tile and glass, were obtained by Capt. Hall on Kod-lu-narn, or White Man's Island, where a colony endeavoured to establish itself on the occasion of Sir Martin Frobisher's third voyage to the Arctic Regions in 1576-8 under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth.

France is preparing another expedition to the Niger, under the command of Capt. Magnan. Government has put three steamers, built for the purpose, at its disposition. One of them can be taken to pieces, in case of waterfalls being in the way of the expedition. The steamboats, one of which is a screw, have all flat bottoms, and when laden draw only 3½ feet of water. Capt. Magnan intends erecting stations at the Niger delta, viz., at Karimana, at Tombuktu and Bamaku. From the latter places, caravans are to be despatched regularly to Algiers and Senegambia, and a regular steamboat navigation is to be established on the Niger.

The magnificent and unique collection of porcelain belonging to the celebrated Sèvres manufactory is at length about to be exhibited in a manner worthy of its excellence. A new Museum for its display has been erected, which is so arranged as to comprise three distinct collections. The first will be composed of every description of foreign china, and of specimens of the materials of which it is composed. The second will contain specimens of every description of French earthenware, and the third patterns of the produce of the Sèvres manufacture since its establishment. The new Museum has been erected by command of Napoleon the Third, who has ordered that the old and inconvenient Museum

shall be converted into a barrack for the pontoneers of the Imperial Guard. *A propos* of the ceramic art, we may take this opportunity of stating that the problem respecting the origin of the famous Henri Deux ware, which has been appropriately called 'The Sphinx of Art,' is said to have been at length solved. The *Chronique des Arts* informs us that the mysterious pottery was made at Oiron, near Thouars, with Rigné clay, by two artists—François Charpentier, a potter, and Jean Bernard.

While students, Ludwig Uhland and Justinus Kerner joined in writing an operetta, entitled 'Der Bärenritter.' The hitherto unpublished manuscript of this little work has been found among Uhland's papers, and the heirs of the poet have sent it to the musical composer, Herr Friedrich Kücken, requesting him to set it to music. Herr Kücken, we hear, has commenced the task at once.

The Rev. John Dalton, late vice-rector of the English College at Valladolid, sends us some further notes on Simancas and Yuste:—"Any information connected with Simancas will, I am sure, be interesting to the readers of the *Athenæum*. I have lately discovered that the first Spanish scholar who was allowed to examine the Archives at Simancas was Señor Don Pasqual de Gayangos, Professor of Arabic in the University of Madrid, and well known by his learned work, 'The Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain,' which has been translated into English. It was in the year 1844 that this permission was granted by the Government of that day: for centuries before, the gates had been closed both against native and foreign scholars. Another point I should be glad to see mentioned in the *Athenæum*. Many French and English writers, when speaking of Yuste, where Charles V. retired to spend the evening of his days, call it St. Yuste, St. Just and St. Justus—as if the monastery was called after the name of a saint. But this is not the case. Yuste is the name of a small stream which descends from the Sierra, behind the walls of the monastery: hence it is called by Spanish writers, 'El monasterio de Yuste.' (See Siguencia's 'Historia del Orden de San Geronimo,' parte ii., p. 191: also, 'Retiro, Estancia, y Muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en el Monasterio de Yuste,' by Don Tomas Gonzalez, who was appointed the 'Archivero Mayor' at Simancas on the restoration of Ferdinand the Seventh.) Though Ford, in his 'Hand-Book for Spain,' and Mr. Stirling, in his 'Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.,' have stated that the monastery derives its name from a small stream, and not from a saint, yet the mistake is still made by many English writers, as well as French: as, for instance, by Mr. Charles Knight, in his 'English Cyclopædia,' article Charles V., vol. ii., p. 178.

JOHN DALTON."

Mr. A. W. Bennett, the publisher of 'Our Satellite,' writes in answer to Messrs. Smith & Beck:

"January 12, 1863.

"The letter from Smith, Beck & Beck, in your impression of the 10th, seems very fairly to raise the question at issue between Mr. Warren De La Rue and Dr. Le Vengeur D'Orsan, as to the relative priority of their lunar photographs, and their consequent value in a scientific point of view. Mr. De La Rue's publishers appear to base their conclusion as to the copying of his photographs by Dr. D'Orsan on the existence of certain flaws, not only in Mr. De La Rue's negatives, but also in both of Dr. D'Orsan's published photographs, presented by him to the scientific world as original representations of different periods of lunation. It is evident that photographs taken from a body like the moon, which presents, at periodically recurring intervals, not only precisely the same appearance as to lunation, but also, at longer intervals, of libration also, if taken by independent observers, may, and under certain circumstances must, bear a striking resemblance to each other, such as photographs taken from but few other natural bodies would admit of. To distinguish between minute flaws in the negative, and hitherto undiscovers "flaws," so to speak, on the surface of the moon, would require a most accurate and critical series of observations. But Messrs. Smith & Beck will

themselves acknowledge that any such *apparent* evidence of copying would fall to the ground if it can be shown that Dr. D'Orsan's photographs were taken prior to February 1853, the date of Mr. De La Rue's. Now this I am authorized by Dr. D'Orsan to state in the case; he is prepared on his part to reciprocate their offer, and to show to any scientific gentleman really anxious to investigate the subject, both his own original negatives and the exact date of their production. It is on this originality that Dr. D'Orsan rests his sole claim to any merit as a worker in seleno-photography, and on this ground alone that the patronage of the scientific world is solicited to 'Our Satellite.' On the question raised by you as to any right Dr. D'Orsan might claim to 'share the honour conferred by the Royal Astronomical Society on Mr. De La Rue,' he is not anxious himself to assert any such claim, but rather to leave it to the unbiassed judgment of the scientific world. To show how little idea either author or publisher has had of setting up rival claims to those of Mr. De La Rue, I may mention, that before the publication of No. 1 of 'Our Satellite' in August last, the photographs included in it were shown to Mr. Joseph Beck; they were also exhibited at the recent meeting of the 'British Association for the Advancement of Science,' held at Cambridge; and it was not till after the publication of the first part that I received any hint of the suspicions as to the claim of the work to originality which are conveyed in Smith & Beck's letter, and which I am most anxious should be satisfactorily disposed of. Yours, &c.

"ALFRED W. BENNETT."

—The main fact to be noted in this communication is, that Dr. D'Orsan has not yet given the dates of his lunar observations. The question of priority, therefore, remains in doubt.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES BY THE MEMBERS, NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dark.—Admission, One Shilling.

JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 1863, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by Living British Artists, is now OPEN daily from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

NOW OPEN.—THE ART EXHIBITION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.—4, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Open from Ten till Four.—Admission, 1s. F. W. DICEY, Hon. Sec.

THE GEORGE CRUKSHANK GALLERY, EXETER HALL, contains a Selection of over a Thousand of his PROOF ETCHINGS, SKETCHES, &c. embracing a Period of upwards of Fifty Years; together with THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.—Open daily, from Ten to Five o'clock.—Admission, One Shilling; from Half-past Seven to Half-past Nine in the Evening, Sixpence.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Jan. 8.—Major-General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—"Application of the Theory of Polyhedra to the Enumeration and Registration of Results," by the Rev. T. P. Kirkman.—"Contributions towards the History of the Monamines: V. Note on the Action of Iodide of Methyl on Ammonia;" VI. Transformation of Aniline into Benzoic Acid," by Dr. Hofmann.—"A Development of the Theory of Cyclones," by F. Galton, Esq. As a limited area of very low barometer is a locus of light, ascending currents, which are indraughted from all sides in cyclonic spirals; so Mr. Galton maintains that a similar area of very high barometer is a locus of dense, descending currents, which disperse on all sides in *anti*-cyclonic curves. The curvature of the cyclone being retrograde in our hemisphere, that of the *anti*-cyclone is direct, owing to the same well-known fundamental causes, acting in a modified manner. The area of the cyclone is one of storm and rain, that of the *anti*-cyclone one of calms and fair weather. An *anti*-cyclone is enabled to feed a cyclone without abruptness, for the very reason that its curvature has an opposite character; just as a contrary rotation on the part of two wheels is a necessary condition of their moving in gear or in unison. The experience of simultaneous charts of the weather of Europe extending over ninety-three epochs of observation, compiled and shortly to be published by Mr. Galton, showed an almost invariable deflection of the wind-currents

in the sense mentioned above, and occasional instances of exceedingly well-marked systems of *anti*-cyclones. The loci of highest and lowest barometer were separated in his charts by distances of from 1,000 to 2,000 miles; and Mr. Galton concludes that whenever there are limited areas of very high and very low barometers at distances not exceeding the above, a line drawn from the former to the latter will be cut in all cases by winds coming from the left.—"On the Immunity enjoyed by the Stomach from being digested by its own Secretion during Life," by Dr. Pavy. The author, after stating that the "living principle" suggested by John Hunter as the protecting agency did not stand the test of experiment, for it had been shown that the tissues of living animals might be dissolved by the stomach secretion, said that the prevailing notion of the mucous lining of the organ serving as its source of protection by its susceptibility of constant renewal during life was equally untenable; for he had found by experiment that a patch of entire mucous membrane might be removed, and food would afterwards be digested in the stomach without the stomach itself presenting the slightest sign of attack. The view propounded by Dr. Pavy was one dependent on chemical principles. The existence of acidity was an absolutely essential condition for the accomplishment of the act of digestion. Now, the walls of the stomach being permeated so freely as they are during life by a current of alkaline blood, would render it impossible that their digestive solution could occur. After death, however, the blood being stagnant, there would not be the resistance to the penetration of the digestive menstruum with the retention of its acid properties that existed during the occurrence of a circulation, and thus the stomach became attacked when death took place during the digestive process, notwithstanding it had previously been maintained in so perfect a state of security. Dr. Pavy, in advocating this view, brought forward experiments which showed that digestion of the stomach might be made to take place during life. Whenever the circumstances were such that an acid liquid in the stomach could retain its acid properties whilst tending to permeate the walls of the organ, gastric solution was observed. The question of result resolved itself into degree of power between acidity within the stomach and alkalinity around. It did not appear that the digestion of living frogs' legs and the extremity of a living rabbit's ear introduced through a fistulous opening into the stomach offered any valid objection to his view. In the case of the frogs' legs, it might be fairly taken that the amount of blood possessed by the animal would be inadequate to furnish the required means of resistance. In the case of the rabbit's ear, the vascularity of it being so much less than that of the walls of the stomach, there was nothing unreasonable in conceiving that whilst the one received, the other might fail to receive protection from the circulating current, on account of the disparity of power that must belong to the two.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Jan. 12.—Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Commander Edmund R. Fremantle, R.N., the Hon. Robert H. Meade, Commander Edwin A. Porcher, R.N., Capt. F. Sayer, J. O. Balfour, W. Blunt, W. Fuidge, R. S. Gladstone, C. M. Grant, A. Lambert, D. G. Forbes-MacDonald, C.B., A. Michie, C. Wetton and G. Worms, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—"Ocean Currents on the North-East Coast of America," by J. A. Mann.—The President read a letter from Dr. Livingstone.—"Survey of the Physical Condition of the Atlantic, preliminary to the laying down of another Electric Cable connecting Europe with North America," by G. C. Wallich.

GEOLOGICAL.—Jan. 7.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—*Special General Meeting*.—It was resolved—That the number of Foreign Members be in future limited to forty, instead of fifty, as heretofore; that a Class of Foreign Correspondents be instituted, not exceeding forty in number; that the Foreign Members shall be elected out of the list of Foreign Correspondents. It was also resolved, that the meetings of the

Society shall be held in the Society's Rooms at Somerset House, on and after the Anniversary Meeting next ensuing.—*Ordinary General Meeting.*—J. Daglish, G. Davies, J. W. Lea and H. M. Jenkins, Esqs., were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—'On the Lower Carboniferous Brachiopoda of Nova Scotia,' by T. Davidson, Esq.—'On the Gravels and other Superficial Deposits of Ludlow, Hereford and Skipton,' by T. Curley, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—*Jan. 8.*—F. Ouvry, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.—Mr. W. H. Davies communicated remarks on some Roman remains, such as a fibula and some coins, found in an ancient kiln on Charlton Downs. Mr. Akerman added a description of these objects.—Mr. Williams exhibited a beautiful glass cup on a silver-gilt stem, taken at the siege of Boulogne in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and bequeathed to the Founders' Company by Richard Wesley, Master of the Company in 1631.—Mr. C. Faulkner exhibited a Roman urn, a fragment of Samian ware marked DONATVS, the fragments of the rim of a disc-shaped object and a tooth of some animal found in the urn. All these objects were discovered in a field near Deddington.—Mr. Fairholt exhibited a drawing, by himself, of a pistol in the Dresden Armoury, accompanied by remarks.—Mr. Augustus W. Franks exhibited eight circular fruit-trenchers in a box bearing the arms of the Ironmongers' Company, to a member of which they had probably belonged.—Mr. J. G. Nichols communicated a copy of the Will of Luke Hornbolt, painter to King Henry the Eighth. The Will was proved on the 27th of May, 1544.—Mr. Davidson laid before the Society, by the hand of Mr. C. Reed, an account of some remains exhumed by him in the autumn of last year on Snape Common, in the county of Suffolk, comprising a long boat-like structure, a Roman gold ring with a nicolo stone, and some urns, of which photographs were exhibited.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—*Jan. 9.*—The Very Rev. Canon Rock, D.D., in the chair.—Dr. Rock, referring to the many and valuable archaeological treasures that had been exhibited at the periodical meetings, gratefully recognized the liberality shown by the possessors of works of art and antiquities. During the past year the Institute had been specially favoured by the Master of the Rolls, who had sent for inspection documentary matters of the greatest interest,—and the Earl of Winchelsea, who had brought for examination the precious drawings and memorials collected for Lord Hatton by Dugdale, with the unique French version of the *Modus* for holding parliaments, which Dr. Rock had the pleasure to announce would be given in the next 'Journal' of the Institute, under the editorial care of Mr. Duffus Hardy.—The Rev. C. H. Campion gave a full description of the mural paintings lately found in the church of Westmeston, Sussex, and of which some notice had been offered by Mr. Blaauw at the previous meeting. The paintings, which were assigned to the close of the twelfth century, were now completely illustrated by a series of tracings and coloured drawings.—Mr. Birch, Keeper of Antiquities in the British Museum, then delivered a very interesting discourse on the gold jewelled ornaments discovered in Egypt, and sent by his Highness the Viceroy to the late International Exhibition, where they had been inspected with eager curiosity. They were found near Thebes, in 1859, by M. Mariette, Director of the Viceroy's Museum, and were brought to England under his charge. The sepulchre in which their discovery was made has been attributed to the Queen Aah Holep, mother of Amosis I. of the seventeenth dynasty—one of the most remarkable personages in early Egyptian history. After a most interesting sketch of the condition of public affairs at the period, and the determined conflicts with the Shepherds, invaders from the East, who assumed powerful hostile dominion in Egypt, Mr. Birch entered upon a minute description of the rich ornaments, an exquisite series of drawings of which he was enabled to display through the kindness of Mr. Kiddle, who had fortunately been permitted to

preserve for us memorials of a collection of objects unrivalled in beauty of workmanship and in historical interest. From the great richness of the colouring, it had been supposed that some portions of these precious relics had been enamelled; but this notion Mr. Birch believed to be erroneous: he had seen no example of true enamelling on Egyptian works. In conclusion, he stated that the date of these objects may be placed, at the lowest calculation, at B.C. 1500 or 1510; but they are possibly even of higher antiquity.—Mr. Yates pointed out analogies presented by these insignia of an ancient Egyptian sovereign with other ancient evidence; and Mr. Franks stated his concurrence in the view taken by Mr. Birch regarding the want of proof that enamel was known to the ancient Egyptians.—Mr. Hewett communicated a notice of an ancient weapon, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, called the "Godenag," or Good Day.—Various antiquities were brought for exhibition by Mr. Faulkner, Capt. E. Hoare, Mr. Bernhard Smith and Mr. Webb.—The Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P. sent for examination a drawing of a bronze cauldron found in Denbighshire; Dr. F. Keller sent a cast of a unique die for casting Gaulish gold coins, lately found at Avenches, in Switzerland; Dr. De Berlanga, on the part of the Marquis de Casa Sorring, presented to the Institute, through Lord Talbot de Malahide, two lithographed fac-similes of the inscribed bronze tablets found near Malaga in 1851. Through the liberality of the Marquis of Westminster, a large series of the earliest documents relating to Reading Abbey was sent for examination; and Lord Clifford kindly placed before the Meeting the fine Cartulary of Chertsey Abbey, preserved in the Library at Ugbrooke.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—*Jan. 12.*—Mr. J. Taylor read a paper upon 'Sundry Sanatory Building Arrangements.'

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—*Jan. 5.*—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. Saunders exhibited some Galls from Southern Africa: one of them was formed in large masses on the roots of a tree from the Zulu country; another, which was rather soft to the touch, was formed on a species of *Cissus*. He also exhibited living specimens of a species of *Bruchus*, from the seeds of *Erythrina Savandersonii*.—Prof. Westwood exhibited a large tough pouch from Africa, which had been cut off from the branch of a tree to which it had been suspended: it was doubtless the nest of some gregarious Lepidopterous larva. He also exhibited leaves of various plants mined by Lepidopterous larvae, and mounted on glass, so as to show the larve inside: this mode of exhibiting the miners, and the shape and peculiarities of their workings, was due to Mr. Stone, of Bournemouth.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a fine species of *Psalidognathus* from Quito, and a remarkable instance of arrested development in a specimen of *Papilio Pammon* brought by Mr. A. R. Wallace from the Sulu Islands.—Mr. Laing exhibited a peculiar variety of *Elloptia faeciaris*; and Mr. Stainton, a number of interesting varieties of Lepidoptera from the collection of Mr. W. H. Bibbs, of Worcester, including *Vanessa Urticeæ* and *Atalanta Arge Galatæa*, *Arctia Caja*, *Frigoteles lanestræ*, &c.—Mr. Percy Wormald exhibited a single specimen of *Limnephilus nobilis* (Kolenati), a Trichopteran insect new to this country, and captured at Ruislip in September last.—Mr. Waterhouse exhibited *Omalium riparium*, *Homalota levana* and *H. dilaticornis*, and read some notes on those species.—Sir J. Hearsay exhibited a collection of thirty-two species of Spingids from India.—Mr. Saunders read a further paper on the genus *Catascopus*, containing descriptions of seven new species.—Mr. Walker communicated a paper entitled 'Characters of undescribed South African *Lepidoptera Heterocera*, in the collection of W. S. M. D'Urban, Esq.'—Major Parry read 'Observations upon *Lucanus Lama* (Oliv.) and its Synonym.'—The President read some 'Observations on Ants of Equatorial Africa,' containing a criticism of some of the statements of M. Du Chaillu with reference to the ants of that region.—Mr. W. F. Kirtz read a paper 'On the Geographical Distribution of European Rhopalocera.'

INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*Jan. 13.*—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following candidates were elected:—Messrs. J. W. Brassington, J. S. Crowley, E. Gotto and G. Wilson, as Associates.—The paper read was, 'On Railway Telegraphs, and the Application of Electricity to the Signalling and Working of Trains,' by Mr. W. H. Preece.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Asiatic, 3.—'The Surya-Siddhanta,' Mr. W. Spottiswoode; 'Indian Dates,' Prof. Goldstucker.
TUES. Royal Institution, 2.—Special Meeting of Members. Ethnological, 8.—'Nations inhabiting British Birmah,' Hudson's Bay Territories, Mr. Ishaler.
WED. Statistical, 8.—'Cotton Trade and Civil War in America,' Dr. Leone Levi.
THURS. Royal Institution, 1.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
FRIDAY. Engineers, 8.—'Railway Telegraphs,' Mr. Preece.
SAT. Society of Literature, 4.
METEOROLOGICAL, 7.—'Ordinary and Council.—Average Height of Barometer, London, for 83 years,' Mr. Eaton.
SOCIETY OF ARTS, 8.—'Colonization and Convict Labour, Hudson's Bay Territories,' Mr. Ishaler.
GEOLOGICAL, 8.—'N. Extension of Upper Silurian Passages, Linley, Salop,' Messrs. Roberts and Randall; 'Crustacean Tracks, Old Red Sandstone, Ludlow,' Mr. Roberts; 'Parallel Roads of Glen Roy,' Mr. Jameson.
THEATRE. Royal Academy, 8.—'Architecture,' Prof. Smirke.
ROYAL, 8.
ROYAL INSTITUTION, 1.—'Chemical Affinity,' Prof. Frankland.
ANTIQUARIES, 8.
FEL. Royal Institution, 8.—'Radiation through the Earth's Atmosphere,' Prof. Tyndall.
SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'Life and Death,' Mr. Savory.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION FOR LANCASHIRE.

THIS is a collection of works mainly by amateurs; it shows in some of the examples how many good artists too-kind Fortune has spoiled by not keeping them to Art as a profession. We often find in such gatherings that a large number of our amateurs have every qualification to make them painters but the necessity to be so. Besides the estimable executants whose benevolence has led them to contribute, are several men of note who appear here with the same intention. The success of their common efforts was attested on Tuesday last by a crowded "private view," and the sale of examples to the value of more than six hundred pounds. The whole surpasses in interest any amateur exhibition we have seen. The noteworthy professionals who are represented here are, amongst others, Messrs. C. W. Cope, E. Creswick, W. Cooke, W. Mulready, C. L. Stanfield, D. Roberts, F. Leighton, P. H. Calderon, J. E. Millais, Lündgren, J. Sant, J. Sutcliffe, G. P. Boyce and Mrs. Bodichon.

Mr. Cope has a pretty drawing, *Sleeping Child* (No. 505), very well drawn and expressive; also *Female Head* (506), and *A Study* (511), all studies of parts of pictures.—Mr. Cooke's contributions are sketches from Venice, *From the Giardini Publici* (505a), and *Two Sketches of Venice* (506 a); a figure, *Gardener* (731), and 726, 737; all interesting as from his hand and effective studies.—Mr. Mulready is the most generous contributor, with a small picture, executed in his best manner, that has been, we believe, engraved, entitled *The Disobedient Prophet* (507), he who fell among lions. He lies in the rocky place of desolation, the brutes stalking watchfully by, and assistants hastening near. The drawing of the nude in the chief figure is admirable; so is the colour of the flesh—a beautiful picture. This artist sends also several of his inimitable studies with the pen (512, &c.).—Mr. Stanfield is hardly less liberal, with more than one excellent drawing, the best being *Val d'Ossau* (686).—*St. David's, S. Wales* (689),—*Muleteer* (728),—*Contrabandista* (734), and *Dover* (736). *Val d'Ossau* is a splendid study of rocks solidly done, and more richly coloured than is usual with the painter. No. 515, by the same, *Study from Nature*, is hardly less good.—Mr. Roberts's two drawings of the *Entrance to Calais Harbour* (616, 617) are distinguished by the deft outlining and spirit of his earlier mono-chrome studies. That showing Fort Rouge is best. See also 724, 725 and 735.—Mr. Leighton's gift is a most exquisite *Study of a Head* (618).—Mr. Millais sends the drawing from the finest piece of composition he has produced, being that to "Dora," in the illustrated edition of Mr. Tennyson's Poems, entitled *Dora* (681).—Mr. Sutcliffe has *Waterfall in Borrowdale* (120), a strongly-painted piece of rainy sunlight on the mountain-side.

Of the works sent by amateurs now let us speak.

Miss C. Jenkinson's sketch of *Lago Maggiore* (14) has dealt well with the glittering, darkening levels of the lake, and the distant peaks, seen in varied tones, one behind the other.—Lady Belcher's *Pluskardine Abbey* (18), though heavy and cold in colour, has some excellent drawing and good tone; the grey ruin amongst trees.—Mr. A. Severn's *View of the Thames, from Westminster* (19), is almost painty and crude enough in colour to dissuade one from admiring its show of feeling for tone, atmospheric and local fidelity. The sentiment of this picture is the best amongst its qualities.—Dr. Haden is one of the best etchers we know; more than one drawing here attests his skill in producing natural effect beautifully, and his artist-feeling in giving meaning to the themes he chooses. See the melancholy look given to the *Entrance to Mytton Hall* (115), and the true English look of the sunny *Egham Reach* (118).—Mrs. Coltman's *Study of Rocks* (130) shows nature treated pictorially, but really well withal; also her clever suggestion of the French feeling for landscape, *Sketch by a French Artist* (131),—a fuzziness of trees, opening to a warm blue vista, that might be anything and everything. Very excellent is Miss Hampson's *Claudian Aqueduct* (133), a bold and sound study.—Dr. Chambers's *Ronda, Andalusia* (140), shows the well-known ravine with its wonderful bridge; its rocky sides have been rendered with unusual felicity in gradation of tone and colour. See those to the left, from the sky-line to their base. The alocs are ill drawn.

Hardly anything can better show how widely diffused is the practice of drawing and painting amongst us at the present day than the names of the persons who contribute to this collection. We have Peereses, Peers, Regius Professors of Medicine, Deans, Honourables, Captains, Reverends, Majors, Doctors of Medicine and Divinity, Major-Generals, Queen's Counsellors, M.P.s, and Commoners whose very names are exciting to the heralds.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A very good Exhibition of Photographs has been opened by the Photographic Society, in the galleries of Suffolk Street. Landscape has a more prominent place this year than usual; but there are endless examples of album portraits and a few attempts at elaborate compositions. Among the landscapes our readers should examine carefully a series of studies by Col. Stuart Wortley. They are simple pictures of sea, sky and coast-line, nearly all taken on the shore at and near Naples; but for truth, power and delicacy combined, they surpass nearly everything we have yet seen from a lens. Mr. Thurston Thompson's copies of pictures, especially Turner's, should not be overlooked. Mr. Bedford has contributed his Eastern sketches to the Exhibition. A large composition by Mr. Robinson, called 'Bringing Home the May,' which stands over the mantelpiece, is worthy of attention. It is an illustration of Spenser, and is perhaps the first picture yet composed mechanically. It has some very beautiful effects. Indeed, the Exhibition repays one for a visit, and is highly creditable to the Society. We must, however, protest in the name of Art against the increase of coloured portraits.

We do not remember any stronger proof of the necessity under which we are to appoint an intelligent Edile empowered to decide upon the architectural aspect of public works, than is afforded by the completion of an ugly railway arch and its paltry screen right across the southern foot of London Bridge. This is for the use of the South-Eastern Extension Railway to Charing Cross, is carried about twenty feet above the road level, completely shuts out the fine view of London Bridge, and darkens, so to say, the handsome road most cruelly. This structure, for the sake of which St. Thomas's Hospital has been pulled down, comes so close upon the Church of St. Saviour, the finest Gothic building in Surrey, that it is now wholly shut in from the south. Whatever economical or sanatory reasons might exist for removing the hospital, there could be none for replacing it by a line of common arches, which spoil the vista of a grand bridge and hide a great church. We question if it was imperative to carry the

railway above instead of beneath the existing highway and out of sight. When we add to these lamentable blunders the substitution, by the same railway company, of the unsatisfactory bridge at Hungerford for the elegant structure by Brunel, it will be seen how heedless their engineer has been of the beauty and dignity of London streets. The viaduct in Southwark might surely, even at its present level, have been borne upon open iron arches, so that a new picturesque element would appear, in place of the blind and coarsely-designed viaduct now built. An Edile with common sense and taste would spare us the ridiculous exhibition of waterworks in Trafalgar Square—would insist upon something like decent Art being employed in the works at the north end of the Serpentine, where a great deal of money has been wasted upon trashy ornamentation. The railway station in the Marylebone Road, near Albany Street, is another eyesore, where so-called "ornament" has made a work offensive which proffered a good opportunity of special character and an excellent site. The London, Chatham and Dover Railway is to cross Ludgate Hill.—Let us hope with less disgraceful heedlessness of St. Paul's than has been shown in the Borough for St. Saviour's.

The exterior restorations of Notre Dame, Paris, include replacing the series of statues of the Kings of France, from Clovis to Philip Augustus, which was broken by the destruction of eight of them during the Revolution, in 1793. There are twenty-eight in all.

A friend in Munich writes to us on the prospects of Art for 1863.—"Two important undertakings are announced for this year:—an International Exhibition of Pictures to begin in May, and a Permanent Exhibition of works for sale. The first project is only in its infancy, but being a child of rapid growth will, no doubt, come to maturity before the other. Every three years an exhibition is held in Munich, and artists are sure to send to one that occurs with such regularity. But the permanent Exhibition of the Works of Munich Painters that are for sale, although very much needed, is not certain of foundation. Englishmen who have visited this place with a view of studying the modern Art for which it is chiefly renowned, must have felt the want of some guide to the studios, some central collection of the latest paintings. Neither the New Pinacothek nor the Kunst-Verein supplies this want, and buyers are thus thrown on the judgment of the *valeur-de-place* or the picture-dealer. At present the artists who have a place on the walls of the New Pinacothek are certain to be largely encouraged, while younger men who have not yet attained such eminence, or older men whom the caprice of King Ludwig has disregarded, are perhaps almost in want of bread. I have been told on good authority that a painter of merit who was in needy circumstances, and could not get any market for his pictures, happened to sell two to the King, and has ever since been so much employed that he cannot find time to execute his works with the care that formerly distinguished them. On the other hand, the Kunst-Verein, where the newest works are exhibited, cannot pretend to represent the Art of Munich, and the yearly purchases of the Committee do not include more than five or six pictures of merit. The object of the Kunst-Verein is not to encourage Art, but to support poor artists, and pictures are generally bought on this principle, without the least regard to their merits. When we consider that a Committee is chosen of painters and connoisseurs to decide on the purchases to be made by the Kunst-Verein, we must be astonished at most of their selections. The very meanest works are bought at the same price as others of decided ability, and the people who frequent the rooms seem to have no canons of taste beyond those supplied by the Committee. As there are five or six hundred painters in Munich, many of whom have a European reputation, it is not too much to say that two good *genre* pictures, a few scenes of peasant life, and a dozen landscapes, are a very small and inadequate yearly production. Yet, unless the stranger happened to be in Munich at one of the triennial Exhibitions, he would not easily have the means of forming a more favourable judgment. The esta-

blishment of a permanent Exhibition will, no doubt, remedy these evils. But the extent of royal patronage, the public works that have been executed and are being executed, have prevented any general experience of them,—the more as great patrons are not confined to Munich. It was stated the other day that there was some chance of a German Academy being founded in Rome, similar to that possessed by the French, and it was hinted in the official paper here that King Ludwig might leave by will his Villa Matta for that purpose. But King Ludwig has replied that he is strongly opposed to the idea; and as the Villa Matta is his private property, the scheme may be supposed to have fallen. The words "private property" have an ominous meaning when we remember the actions of some Italian princes, and when we are told that the public buildings in Munich which King Ludwig paid for from his privy purse are still considered his own possessions. When Pericles threatened to complete the Parthenon out of his own funds and place his name upon it, we suppose he did not mean to devote the salary allowed him as chief of the State to a reflection upon the stinginess of the State, or to put his private name on anything which had come indirectly out of the public money."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On MONDAY EVENING NEXT, January 19.—Pianoforte, Herr Paer; Violin, M. Salnton; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists: Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co., 20, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mass for a Four-part Chorus, with Orchestra—[Messe, &c.]. Composed by R. Schumann, Op. 147, No. 10 of his Posthumous Works. (Leipzig, Rieter-Biedermann; London, Ewer & Co.)

IN any ordinary case, the circumstances of publication announced as above would have furnished a reason for some reserve in criticism. The hand, for the most part, should be lightened which is laid on posthumous works;—seeing that they may have been held back in the lifetime of their author for revision, if not from a sense of their utter unworthiness. Such, it is needless to point out (for the blind idolaters will listen to no representations on the subject), is the case with Mendelssohn's early compositions, not destroyed, indeed, by himself, but judiciously kept by him from publicity, because unworthy of his reputation. The number affixed to this work by Schumann places it in the category of mature productions. Moreover, it has all the peculiarities of style which distinguish other of his owned writings, such as 'Paradise'—'The Rose Pilgrimage,'—peculiarities calculated to exercise a baneful influence on those whom they enthral, and to deaden their senses to the fact that, allowing the works of the master a certain merit, they nevertheless belong to a period of decay and unhealthy taste.

We cannot, for the sake of a few songs (which make a sort of oasis, overvalued by reason of the barrenness of the desert which they diversify), and a few juvenile pieces for the pianoforte, disdained by their writer as obvious and trivial, consent to "enter on the list" of great composers a man so deficient in melody, so licentious to impurity in harmony, so imperfect in technical skill, and so frequently false in expression, as Schumann. It is a treason to beauty, to truth, to knowledge, to represent him (as Germany is now disposed to do) in the light of Beethoven's continuer—as the man in the depths of whose poetic genius the shallow and correct works of Mendelssohn are being rapidly swept out of sight to their right level, as so many mediocrities. Why, even in any one of the few posthumous Quartets by the composer of 'Fidelio' (so disastrously appealed to as models and points of departure), there are more of the delicious "thoughts which create thoughts," by seizing and charming the ear, than in the entire mass of overwrought and morbid composition by Schumann which we are invited to digest. Think (to give but a single instance) of the strange fragmentary Op. 130; which, besides the unintelligible freaks and rhapsodies of its first movement, contains such

subjects as those of the *Presto*, of the *Andante con moto* (over-confused though it be), of the German Dance, of the *Cavatina*, of the impish *Finale*. Think (to come to a more exact parallel) of the first ideas of Beethoven's 'Missa Solennis,' spoiled as that strange colossal composition is by exaggerations and defiances which do not bespeak strength, but weakness,—not discovery, but bewildered misapplication of resource. There is not one of the numbers which compose that Mass which does not arrest the ear at first by the announcement of some bold, distinct, expressive musical phrase, proclaiming the presence of a poet. There is not one of the numbers in this Mass of Schumann's the subject of which might not have been thrown off by any one allowing his pen to wander over the stave by chance. This dreary platitude—this utter want of freshness, if not feeling—have, nevertheless, a great advantage for the person who can induce his audience to consider him as profound. The public comes to prize the plainest of chords, the most obvious of contrivances, the most paltry bar of stale melody, by contrast, as so many revelations. There are persons in Germany who go into ecstasies over the comic-opera Chorus about "Allah's Throne," in Schumann's 'Paradise,' because of the commonest of common imitations,—who admire the opening song of the same *Cantata* (forgetting that in it they are admiring Beethoven's 'Mai-Lied'),—perhaps because they contrast so meekly with the sickening dullness of the Pestilence scene—with the excruciating cries of the *Peri* announcing her "Joy, joy for ever!" as she enters Paradise.

To avoid possible mistake, it is worth while to note certain points presenting themselves during the tedious journey which an examination of this Mass has proved to us. The "Kyrie," in c minor, has a certain gravity and pomp in its march; and this is conducted with less eccentricity and torment to the voices, and more respect for the import of the text, than will be found in other portions of the service. Schumann starts his "Gloria" on a group of notes, rather than a phrase, so artfully contrived as to mystify the ear as to the key (c major):—this is obviously a darling notion with him, since it is repeated obtrusively again and again, without any reason, save that of the writer's obstinacy. The subject, introduced in order to show science (Letter A, page 11), is bad for its purpose, because mean and common, and not bettered by the writer's disregard of the voices. They must be automatons, not singers, who can grasp the intervals with certainty. But your new German holds that the voice, with all its peculiarities and privileges, is utterly unworthy of conciliation or consideration. The phrase "Et in terra" will say little to any one. The "Laudamus" (by way of profound expression) is an agitated minor group of notes. The "Gratias agimus" is as uncouth as if the writer's meaning had been to express exhaustion and satiety, not gratitude. Far better, because more musician-like, is the episodic treatment of the "Domine Deus" (where the orchestra sets off a vigorous morsel of chant). The modulations in the "Quoniam" are repulsively crude; and to those who conceive that sound and sense should not be two, the setting of the words "Tu solus altissimus" (four times repeated, and thus obviously meant to be a point), may be fairly commended as monstrous. The opening of the final strophe, "Cum Sancto Spiritu," with the placid and large "Amen," is better,—one of the best things in the Mass. After this, recurrence is made to the *no*-phrase which commenced the "Gloria"; then comes the usual amount of elaboration, and the second division of the Service ends.

The "Credo" is notoriously that portion of the Mass which offers the greatest difficulties to the composer, owing to the variety of clauses included in the act of Faith. Yet, in his First Mass, Beethoven could bind these nobly and symmetrically together, and, in his Second Mass, announce another mode of treatment by a cementing phrase on the word "Credo,"—which device Schumann has awkwardly and languidly adopted.—At p. 39, there is some large and simple writing on the words "et ex Patre natum." After this the

author wanders into unpleasant vagueness, till we arrive at Letter F, page 41, where the text is dislocated, and the clauses "descendit de caelis"—"et incarnatus est," &c.—"crucifixus" (the last *how* stupendously set by Sebastian Bach!) are tied together by a mysterious phrase for the basses, which might never have suggested itself had there not previously existed the *Trio* to the *Scherzo* in Beethoven's Archduke Rudolph Trio. Curiously enough, the words "et sepultus est" are decked out by a sort of "Will o'-the-wisp" figure, which, supposing it found in a French "sensation-scene," would drive the picturesque pedants of the new school into fits. Nor is there anything more grotesque in music than will be found in page 45, on the phrase "sedet ad dexteram Patris, et iterum venturus est cum gloria." The leap to the last word, and the scream on it, may belong to the future; but if they be accepted as sufferable, all art and reverence of the past must thenceforth and for ever be abolished.

The "Sanctus" in 4-2 tempo has a fatally ancient look; but the mystery thereof mainly lies in the notation. The *Offertorium*, a *soprano solo*, bears a likeness, as close as one piece of colourless ware can bear to another, to many a vague and doleful *Lied* about "yearning," or "gloom in the heart," or "summer noon," which we recollect from Schumann's hand, and is credited with intensity because of its absence of explicable meaning. The skipping "Pleni sunt caeli" comes in odd contrast with such a studied piece of formalism as the "Sanctus." The "Hosanna" flows more smoothly, but the phrases are poor; and the "Benedictus," that favourite and fortunate movement, claims the distinction of being the one "Benedictus" we could name not having the slightest pretext of an idea. In barrenness, however, it is outdone by the "O salutaris," for a bass voice. The "Amen" is figurative on a subject not worth the trouble of working. Lastly come the "Agnus" and the "Dona." The first movement is curious as an assortment of yawns. If the *contralto* part can be executed in tune by any choristers, they must be voices from brass and iron, not flesh and blood. Towards the close of the "Dona," "the cloudy scene begins to clear" (p. 83); but the phrase which leads the Mass to its close (p. 85) is one of those uncouth groups of notes, alike "without nature and without grace" (as the Irish lady said of the growing of the Indian fig), which are to be accepted as an example of concealed melody by those who find in Schumann a prophet, a poet and a pioneer.

We are not of this congregation. The character attempted in this journal eighteen years ago of Schumann as a composer, stands before us clear and emphatic as the character which we repeat to-day. The driftings of fashion hither or thither—the allowances claimed for want of new ideas, mis-called progress—the vacant desire for change (as if change implied novelty), have little influence over those who cannot be made to see that crooked is straight, that a broken nose is as seductive as a feature chiselled by Phidias, or that a flat surface implies more relief than one including clear lights, pure half-tints and deep shadows. As a specimen of vacancy and platitude, claiming for themselves the honours of profound thought and choice wisdom, it is hard to fancy anything more remarkable than this Mass by Schumann appears to us.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Our best wishes and approval go with the *Popular Concerts*, in proportion as they follow out the path which now seems opening—that, namely, of venturing music which is forgotten, or unfamiliar, or awaiting its verdict. From the first, the average style of performance there has left little to desire. To Germany we must look for the model-tradition and execution of German music; but these concerts, offered to audiences two thousand strong, have closely emulated and equalled the best of the kind which could be given at Leipzig, Berlin, Frankfort, or Vienna, not merely in quality of execution, but in appreciation of the listeners. Yet, at this very time, pedants are asking, "Are the English really musical?" There is nothing in France comparable to them. The far-famed Quartett party led by M. Maurin, which

hardly keeps together a public audience, though lauded to the skies as the quintessence of perfection, as holding the key which has unlocked the mysteries of Beethoven's last compositions, gives to our poor judgment too much conceit in place of real expression,—too much polish to an excess of minuteness in place of that finish which is acceptable, inasmuch as it is well proportioned. Thus much in point of manner. On Monday St. James's Hall was, as usual, very full: even though some collapse might naturally have been expected as following the unusual excitement of Herr Joachim's last appearances. The most unfamiliar work was Hummell's *Military Septett*: a cheerful, rich composition, with enough idea, skill and combination to make it acceptable occasionally, though not so frequently as the grander *Septuor* in D minor. Why not give one or two of his best solo *Sonatas* a trial, that for instance in D major, which is so fine and solid as a piece of *bravura*? Next Monday, we observe with pleasure, a fair opportunity is to be given of judging Schumann's *Pianoforte Quintett*, Op. 44. A *Quintett* by Schubert will also be played for the first time, and a *Romance* by Viotti, together with specimens by Haydn and Beethoven. This is as it should be.—The singers were Miss Banks and Mr. Winn. The latter sang M. Gounod's 'Nazareth,' which noble Canticum is coming into request among our bass singers, grave though it be.

It was evident from the first concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's *Choir*, that its Director does not intend to sleep on the successes of former seasons, but is anxious to make progress. The concert opened with a fine 'Kyrie' by Leo, which was excellently performed. After this came a setting of the Laureate's 'Sweet and low,' by Mr. Joseph Barnby, full of delicate beauty—a thoroughly attractive 'Lullaby,' deservedly *encored*; a more robust Part-song by Mr. Pearsall, and Mr. J. L. Hatton's 'May-Pole' (which hardly merits the careful finish bestowed on it by Miss Walsh, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Matthison and Mr. Hodson); Mr. H. Leslie's taking 'Flax-Spinner's Song' (*encored*); Mr. Benedict's healthy and jovial 'Old May Day'—the First Part closing with Mendelssohn's eight-part Psalm 'Why fiercely rage the Heathen?' The execution of the last-mentioned composition, beautiful, but not easy to sustain, was steady, expressive, and (the length of the anthem considered) creditably precise in tune.—A pianist new to us, who appeared, Herr Coenen, was not "up to the mark" of the concert. Chopin's grand, yet fantastic *Polonoise* in A flat is beyond the new-comer's grasp.—The Second Part of the concert, among other interesting things, included a spirited part-song, 'Sir Knight! Sir Knight! oh whither away!' by Miss Macirone.—One-half of the next concert, on February 4th, is to be devoted to the Welsh Melodies as arranged by Mr. John Thomas. The rage for this national music, at the time present, is thoroughly justifiable: a little curious, likewise.

LYCEUM.—This theatre, which has been recently placed under the management of Mr. Fechter, reopened on Saturday. The interior has been cleaned and renovated, and now looks remarkably attractive. The chandeliers have been replaced by sun-lights, and the ceiling bears in its compartments the names of the great English dramatists from Shakespeare to Knowles. The ventilation, also, has received due attention from Messrs. Defries & Sons, to whom we are indebted for the improved lighting. The performance opened with a slight farce, or sketch as it is called in the bills, entitled 'A Sudden Attack,' of no great merit and less probability. That a lady of title should become the landlady of a lodging-house, and that a Captain of the Guards should introduce himself as Mr. Brown, a fishmonger, and refuse to be dislodged until the mistress of the house consents to marry him, appears to be regarded by the playwright as among the ordinary occurrences of practical life. After this absurdity came the great piece of the evening,—'The Duke's Motto,'—altered from M. Paul Féval, by John Brougham, with the consent of the original author. This compliance with the International Law does credit to the new management. Of 'The Duke's Motto' it is difficult to give a sufficient account in a small space. It is a

piece of action and detail, and involves a great variety of incidents and agents. It depends on these; not on dialogue or character. It has, indeed, a hero whose adventures form the staple argument of the drama. He is a sort of Avenger, who through a long life pursues the murderers of a chance friend, and protects his daughter until she is restored to her rightful possessions. The gallant captain *Henri de Lagardère* (Mr. Fechter) is the name of the man on whom this mission devolves, and who performs it so faithfully. At the opening of the play, he has a duel on his hands with the *Duke de Nevers* (Mr. F. Charles); but instead of fighting with him, he defends him, though in vain, from his assassins, directed by the wicked *Prince de Gonzagues* (Mr. G. Vining). However, Lagardère escapes, carrying with him the Duke's infant daughter, *Blanche*, and swears to avenge her father's death, as well as to protect the child. The above little story forms the subject of a Prologue. The main action of the drama is contained in the three following acts. Twenty years having elapsed since the transaction above stated, we are introduced to a mountain gorge on the Spanish frontier, where some Zingari, with *Zillah*, their queen (Miss C. Leclercq), are assembled; and after a ballet and song, these are visited by Gonzagues and his suite. Lagardère and his ward are already present. The wicked Prince has married his cousin's widow; but the estates are in abeyance until the life or death of *Blanche* can be certified. Finding that *Zillah* is a foundling, he proposes to substitute her for the missing child, and arranges matters accordingly for a journey to Paris. Among his train is *Esop*, a hunchback, the depository of the Prince's villanous secrets; and in order to take his place, Lagardère forces a duel on him, kills him, and then assumes his character and costume. The assumption is so perfect, that the audience are deceived as well as the Prince. In Paris a family council is held, presided over by the Regent Orleans; and Lagardère, with *Blanche*, is there also. The council is held in the Oratory of the Princess de Gonzagues, in which is the portrait of the Duke, her former husband; and Lagardère contrives to apprise her of the intended fraud, and to direct her course of action by a voice which she supposes to proceed from the portrait. The result is that the Princess refuses to recognize *Zillah* as her long-lost daughter; and the full solution of the mystery is reserved for the Regent's ball. Lagardère, having confided her secret and papers to *Blanche*, leaves her to the care of *Carrickfergus*, an Irishman (Mr. John Brougham), and proceeds to the Regent's palace, where with difficulty he obtains admission. Meanwhile, the Prince's agents have contrived to carry off *Blanche* and her papers; so that at the moment he expects her and her guardian, *Carrickfergus* gives him the appointed signal that all is lost. Under these circumstances, Lagardère forfeits his pledge to the Princess, and is consigned to prison, whither Gonzagues sends a cowardly assassin to despatch him. In the third act, Lagardère outwits his intended murderer, makes his escape, resumes his old disguise of *Esop*, and boldly seeks the Prince. From him he learns that *Blanche* is under the same roof with the antechamber and conservatory in the Rue St.-Magloire, which forms the last scene; and then suggests a better plan than her murder, namely, that she should be married to himself, and thus by a degrading alliance made to forfeit her rights. The scheme pleases the Prince and his companions, and the victim is sent for. *Blanche* and her protector soon understand one another; and the young lady pretends to be subdued by some magical influence, and most unexpectedly gives her consent. A contract is then signed, and Lagardère affixes his signature and throws off his disguise. At this moment the Regent enters with his Court, and prevents the conflict that was about to follow on this disclosure. Lagardère now restores *Blanche* to her mother, but has yet to reveal the murderer of the Duke. For this purpose he places in Gonzagues' hands a sealed paper, stating that it contains the name of the Duke's assassin, written by the Duke himself immediately before his death. The Prince fears to open the letter, and rushes to a candle to consume it,—thus demonstrating his guilt to all

observers. Nothing is written in the paper, and he is betrayed by his own conscience. Challenged by Lagardère, he fights a duel on the spot, and is killed: and thus justice is appeased for Nevers' death, and *Blanche* becomes the bride of his avenger. The reader will have perceived that in such a plot there is much action, many incidents, considerable intricacy, and manifest elaboration. Even for the time and place in which the story is laid, there are also many improbabilities. Of dialogue and character there is, as we have intimated, little, and that confined to one of the *dramatis personæ*. As to motive, that appears to have been scarcely thought of; the main point has been to produce a situation in the foreground of the picture, and leave the rest to mere suggestion. Aided by admirable scenery, for which we are indebted to Mr. Gates and to Messrs. Cuthbert & Dayes, as mere groupings the transactions on the stage have a picturesque interest, and the story itself moves with a rapidity which engages the spectator's attention in the pursuit. As to acting, that is confined to the gallant Captain and Mr. Fechter, who carries us through the labyrinth of his adventures with that ease of style and that *finesse* of treatment which can pertain only to the practised artist. One charm of his performance is the absence of all exaggeration in it,—a charm, however, not so much personal as national. It marks for the most part the difference between the Continental and British schools of histrionic art. And this is the chief advantage which we hope to obtain by the encouragement of a foreign leading actor on the English stage. The influence of it must be so far beneficial that it will soften the asperity and subdue the vehemence in which English actors, even those who are artists, are too prone to indulge. Mr. Fechter's management has commenced with a decided success; and though the total want of domestic sentiment may make the new play less popular than it might have been, a run may be predicted for it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The first number of a monthly periodical entitled *The Musical Review* appeared on New Year's Day. The increasing interest taken here in all that concerns the art augurs well for the success of such a publication, supposing it to be competently conducted.

It is said that 'Mary Tudor' is the title of Mr. Balfé's new opera.

Mr. C. Salaman will deliver his lecture on "Beethoven's Life and Compositions," with instrumental and vocal illustrations, (the latter by Miss Hughes,) on Thursday next.

Mr. Wallace is in Paris. A rumour, which we do not pretend to guarantee, is in London, stating that he has engaged himself to write an Italian opera for M. Calzado's theatre, and that 'Lurline' may also be, possibly, given there—translated. In this case, what is to become of all the ballads?

By signs and tokens not hard to interpret, among others an increase of price, particularly opportune at the present moment, it may be inferred that *The New York Musical Gazette* is feeling the influences of the war. It could hardly be otherwise. Yet operas and concerts go on as usual in the Northern States, though with less costly artists than those who were some years since allured to the New World by tales of fabulous gains awaiting them there.—At Havana, meanwhile, the old Eldorado is still to be found, if we are to believe in the reports which arrive of the enormous gains and triumphs of Madame Charton-Demeur, who is singing there.

The Life of Madame Schroeder-Devrient, by the Baron Alfred von Wolzogen, an extension of a former pamphlet into a biography, has just been published.

Florence has lately given a sign of musical action in a field of art long too little cultivated there, or at best considered as an arena of labour, not pleasure. When Dr. Liszt announced "a Study" as forming part of the programme of one of his Milanese concerts, a voice from his audience cried, "I come to the theatre to entertain myself, not to study."—"Quæsta robâ" is a phrase we have heard applied by a great Italian artist to Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.' The taste

—to put it otherwise—for the symphonic, otherwise concerted, instrumental music of Germany has had no existence in Italy save among the fewest of the few. Times are changing, apparently. The love of music, like the poetry of Earth, "ceaseth never." The Opera of Italy has been driven to its last exaggerations, if not sunk to its lowest depths, by the wild bombast of Signor Verdi and his imitators. Betwixt want of training, and the easy laurels gathered by male and female bawling, the school of singers has been reduced to its lowest ebb. The theatres are compelled to call in aid from quarters which fifty years ago lay under contempt for their inferiority. Amateurs, then, are eagerly beginning to learn how to discover and enjoy the riches of the tiresome, thoughtful, and scientific world of instrumental music. There is now a "Boccherini journal" at Florence, devoted exclusively to chamber music (is there such a periodical anywhere else?). Noble patrons of the art seem to be outdoing and rivalling the sympathetic proceedings of the Ottobonis and Marcellos. The Duke of San Clemente has obtained prizes for two Quartets, from a society for the encouragement of chamber music. Signor Bottesini has, in like manner, won a prize; also Signor Anichini, a young professor of counterpoint at the Institute of Florence.

Mdlle. Trebelli has re-appeared at the Italian Opera of Paris.—Mdlle. Artot is carrying everything before her at Vienna, where Mdlle. Patti is expected early next month.—Madame Caillag, who went to Barcelona, to sing as *Fides* in 'Le Prophète,' is said to have found the theatre there (as can well be believed) so inadequate to the representation of a complicated and difficult opera, that she threw up her engagement.

M. Semet's 'Ondine,' after long preparation, has been at last brought to the light of the footlights at the Théâtre Lyrique. The critic of the *Gazette Musicale* describes it as having been anything but successful. The music, he says, is harsh and pretentious, overcharged with strange effects in attempts at the modern German style. This, in the hands of a French composer, is habitually a disastrous proceeding; one for which M. Semet's former operas in no wise prepared us—it may, however, have been suggested by the home of the legend; which, not strange to say, with all its beauty and fantasy, and therefore often tried, has never been successful on the stage. The heroine's character, in its exquisite delicacy, presents almost as many difficulties to the composer as does that of *Hamlet*. There are perpetual changes of light and shade, of feeling and humour, which Music cannot follow, without its becoming undecided, and therewith fatiguing. That M. Carvalho can hardly have expected much success for the new 'Ondine' may be inferred from his cast of the opera. Mdlle. Girard is clever, but there is, possibly, no living singer less fitted by nature to present the pale, ethereally-graceful spirit heroine. The other singers, according to the French chronicler—even our favourite M. Bataille—and the chorus, were painfully out of tune. The opera, however, is beautifully put on the stage.—Mozart's 'Coel fan tutte,' with a new story "derived from Shakespeare's plays" (it is advertised), will shortly be produced, with Mesdames Fauve, Lefebvre, Cabel, and Girard, in the principal parts.

"Herr Würst's 'Vineta,' just produced at Breslau, is reported by connoisseurs" (writes a friend) "to possess no vocal fascination, one or two songs excepted; the score to be in the symphonic style of the better German masters, but a little heavy and overwrought. The scenery and decorations carried off the opera."

The dramatized version of M. Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' by his son M. Charles Hugo, has been brought forward at Brussels, under circumstances of an excitement, quickened, if not created, by the fostering care of Parisian prohibition. The drama seems to have been received with a yawning sympathy throughout the six hours of its duration, but not to have succeeded. The story, with its probabilities, defies even a French dramatist with French credulity to appeal to. What could the best of the race make of such leading incidents as *Valjean's* day in the coffin, his journey to the cemetery

and his burial there; of *Gavroche's* night-hospitality in the bowels of the plaster elephant on the Place de la Bastille!—Verily, Censorship might have permitted the piece to appear and perish of its lumbering absurdity, instead of making a success for it, as it has done for the 'Fils du Giboyer,'—an answer to which feeble satire, by the way, is about to be produced at the Odéon Theatre.

A noticeable proof of British energy has been just given at Plymouth, in the instant restoration, if not reconstruction, of the theatre after the late serious conflagration. We seem hardly to have read to the end of the catastrophe, ere we are told of the building having been re-opened, with surprisingly small trace of its late misadventure.

MISCELLANEA

Mezzofanti.—Nothing is more vague than the term "knowledge," especially as applied to languages. It embraces everything—the little, the more, the much, up to such perfect knowledge as is possessed by a cultivated native. The list of languages presented at the meeting of the 2nd of January, by Mr. Watts, to the Philological Society, is a confused group, in which the same languages are quoted under different names, in which several are introduced with erroneous designations, and many are omitted with which Mezzofanti, and, indeed, all philologists of any tolerable competency are more or less acquainted. Mezzofanti had studied most of the idioms taught by the Propaganda, and particularly those orally taught by or to the Missionaries dependent upon that great institution: these idioms are far more numerous than those cited in the *Athenæum*. Naturally and necessarily, the amount of colloquial power which the Cardinal possessed over languages in which he was accustomed to converse was very varied. What struck me most in my intercourse with the Cardinal, was not the depth, but the wide extent of his knowledge, the accuracy of his ear, and the correctness of his pronunciation. He caught the characteristic euphonisms of language, and had a remarkable acquaintance with many obscure dialects confined to small localities. Of those of Spain, for example, only two are mentioned,—Spanish (i. e. Castilian) and Catalan; but he certainly had knowledge of thrice that number of dialects spoken in the Iberian Peninsula. Of Italian there are reported Italian (i. e. Tuscan), Sicilian and Venetian—a small proportion of those with which he was familiar. So, again, he had attended to several of the Philippine idioms, only one of which is spoken of—the Tagal. Mezzofanti, I believe, never pretended to know the various dialects of China of which the names are (very confusedly and erroneously) given. He had studied the Mandarin,—that is, the Court or literary language; but when a friend of mine, who had been conversing with him in that dialect, broke off into Cantonese (one found in the list), Mezzofanti said, "You are not speaking *Hwan-hwa*" (the literary tongue); but he was not able to carry forward the conversation in the Canton vernacular. The most profound philologist whom I have ever known was Rask, of Copenhagen. The philologist who made himself acquainted with the greatest number of dialects was the elder Adelung.

Public Libraries Act, 1855.—Will you permit me to call the attention of Mr. W. Ewart, M.P., to the recent adverse decisions as to the adoption of the Libraries Act in Brighton and in the parish of Kensington? The amended Act is framed on the principle of law not to carry it. It is encumbered with an un-English two-thirds proviso, and a no-poll clause. It is hard enough to obtain a majority, but a two-thirds majority acts as a prohibition. Had a poll been allowed and a simple majority sufficed, the Act might have been triumphantly carried in Brighton and Kensington, and also in the City of London. I hope, in compliance with the wishes of the friends of public instruction, Mr. Ewart will in the next Session so amend his amended Act as to rescind the two-thirds nonsense, and allow a poll to be demanded. The Act in its present shape is utterly unworkable. MATTHEW H. FEILDE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. D.—M. M. F.—W. C.—J. M.—G. W.—G. H.—D. C.—Y. Y.—C. D. C.—P. M.—Biblicus—received.

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Mr. Sullivan's 'Tempest' Music, produced the other evening by Mr. G. Halle at Manchester, succeeded so entirely, that it will be repeated on the 22nd inst. There have been few cases of a more complete and legitimate success than this in our time." *vide Athenæum, Jan. 10, 1863.*

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

LITERATURE

The Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. I. and II. (Blackwood & Sons.) It has long been understood that the author of 'Esthen' was about to bring out a history of the short but glorious campaign which has been our only essay of arms on European ground since Waterloo. Year after year passed away, and the hopes of the reading public still remained ungratified. Such a delay, many would think, could not fail to prove fatal to the success of the expected work. Since the capture of Sebastopol, India has been the scene of a sanguinary conflict, and the deeds performed there have, in a measure, caused the exploits of the Crimea to be effaced from the memory of the public. Indeed, the heroes of the Russian war are now little more regarded than were the veterans of the Peninsula ten years ago. Their glory shines brightly when called to mind, but it has to undergo the powerful rivalry of more recent fame. Under these circumstances, a bare chronicle of the Crimean war would have proved tedious to readers whose attention had been already exhausted by the perusal of the numerous books which appeared while the interest of the occurrences described was still fresh. With far higher aims Mr. Kinglake has produced a work which is no mere mixture of facts, fancies and fallacies, but is, in the fullest sense of the word, history. It stands to the Crimean war in the same relation as Sir William Napier's 'History' to the Peninsular war.

The author commences with an examination of the causes which brought about the war, as well as with a detailed account of the successive steps taken in the diplomatic action which preceded it. Originating in a squabble between the Latin and Greek monks at Jerusalem respecting a couple of keys, a silver star, a cupboard and a lamp, the dispute arrived in time at the dignity of being called "the question of the Holy Places." Pilgrimage to Jerusalem is viewed by the Russians with almost Mussulman reverence; while the French, as Mr. Kinglake informs us, have been chiefly represented in that city by a "tourist with a journal, and a theory, and a plan of writing a book." The piety of the Russians is deep-seated and earnest; while, as to the French, "it was understood that by the course of her studies in the eighteenth century, France had obtained a tight control over her religious feelings." Bearing this in mind, the conduct of the French Government in casting an apple of discord into the peaceful East merits the severest censure. Eagerness to gain the reputation of zeal for the interest of religion, and to show that they were no idle holders of office, coupled with a restless love of meddling in the affairs of other nations, doubtless influenced the conduct of the French ministers on this occasion. Louis Napoleon had to divert attention from despotism at home to diplomacy abroad. On this topic Mr. Kinglake enlarges with calm philosophy. In England the Emperor is well known, and nothing has proved more difficult to Englishmen than to reconcile the fact of the apparently incapable adventurer, who failed ignominiously at Strasburg and Boulogne, having been able to found a throne—as far as can be seen—more stable than that of his great prototype. This difficulty has been considered one of the most insoluble enigmas of our age. Mr. Kinglake, approaching the question with numerous opportunities of learning the truth, and a clear insight into men

and motives, has pictured the man of mystery. Speaking of Louis Napoleon's demeanour when in England, he says, "Towards foreigners, and especially towards the English, he was generally frank. He was reserved and wary with the French; but this was upon the principle which makes a sportsman reserved and wary with deer and partridges and trout." Again, when describing how, in imitation of the first Napoleon, he contemplated France from a foreign and, as it were, external point of view, the following simile occurs:—"Indeed, during the periods of his imprisonment and of his exile, the relation between him and the France of his studies was very like the relation between an anatomist and a corpse. He lectured upon it; he dissected its fibres; he explained its functions; he showed how beautifully Nature, in her infinite wisdom, had adapted it to the service of the Buonapartes; and how, without the fostering care of these same Buonapartes, the creature was doomed to degenerate, and to perish out of the world."

Mr. Kinglake's idea of Louis Napoleon's character is, in brief, as follows:—"That he is not so clever as men think him now, though much more so than was supposed formerly; that, having no conscience to serve him as a guide, he keeps two paths before his eyes up to the very last moment, and, while watching the progress of events, secures little resting-places from which he contrives at his leisure the next measure to be adopted; that his imagination leads him often into dangerous positions, and when he fails, it is in consequence of not being endowed with more than the ordinary physical courage of the mass of mankind. In addition to this, he conceives that the Emperor possesses dramatic tastes which in any other man would have exhausted themselves in frequenting theatres, but in him—the claimant of a throne—have become a passion. He supports the aspersion on his physical courage by alleging the attempts at Strasburg and Boulogne, on which occasions he permitted himself to be extinguished by one angry colonel. He also cites his conduct at Magenta and Solferino. With regard to the latter, he combats the flowery account of the *Moniteur*, which would persuade us that the Emperor was in the thickest of the fight, by the observation, that in that action the Emperor was followed by a numerous staff and a large escort of the Cent Gardes, yet only one of them was hit, according to some, in the clothes, but if the *Moniteur* may be believed, in the "actual body." He justly ridicules the somewhat blasphemous explanation of the official organ, which informs the public that "the protection which the Deity threw around the Emperor was extended even to his staff."

Mr. Kinglake seeks to account for the false impressions concerning Louis Napoleon's abilities by the repulsive nature of his studies, which were directed to the art of applying stratagem to jurisprudence. Much of the Emperor's wrong-doing he ascribes to the evil influence of those around him. These he denounces with vehement scorn, but is careful to base his accusations on actual facts. M. de Morny, the speculator with a questionable character; the Count de Persigny, who, however, took no active part in the carrying out of the *coup-d'état*; and Col. Fleury, a resolute, unprincipled man of humble origin, who, having spent in dissipation all of a moderate inheritance, had enlisted in the cavalry, and rapidly risen to the rank of major;—these were the men who goaded Louis Napoleon on to the Imperial throne. Needy, ambitious and energetic, they determined to turn his claims and

talents to their own profit. The author says, "There seems to be no doubt that what may be called the literary part of the transaction was performed by the President in person. He was the lawyer of the confederacy. He, no doubt, wrote the proclamations, the *plébiscites* and the constitutions, and all such-like things; but it seems that the propelling power was mainly supplied by Count de Morny and by a resolute major named Fleury." Urged by these men, and stimulated by the thought of his claims, by disappointment, and by personal humiliation, he determined to strike the blow which should make him absolute. The soldiers, bearing in mind 1848, were at that time in no good humour with the people. Due care was taken to increase their discontent, and presents of food and wine were continually given them. To quote the words of our author, "Men used to African warfare were brought into the humour for calling the Parisians Bedouins. There was massacre in the very sound." At length came midnight of the 1st of December 1851, and after some reluctance, some hesitation, the conspirators were carried away by Fleury's impetuosity, and the *coup-d'état* passed from a project into a fact. It is said that at the last moment the heart of one of them failed; but Fleury, getting into a room alone with him, drew out a pistol, and, holding it to his head, compelled him to go on. Two days later the massacre of the unarmed, unoffending spectators on the Boulevards took place. Mr. Kinglake imagines it was caused by a sudden impulse of maddening terror which seized on the excited soldiery, beginning to feel the responsibility they were incurring. The author thinks that it was to divert the mind of France from these atrocities that the difference about the Holy Places was fanned into a flame, and every means taken of preventing a peaceful solution. With the view also of giving an air of respectability to the bloodstained throne, and terminating the painful, the dangerous isolation in which it stood, a successful endeavour was made by Louis Napoleon to draw England into a special alliance against Russia. In this scheme he was aided by Lord Palmerston's views on foreign policy. Of all the great Powers of Europe, Austria was most concerned in resisting the incursion of the Russians into the Danubian Provinces, while, from geographical position, no one was so capable of putting an end to it. Prussia also, as a leading member of the Germanic Confederation, was interested in keeping the mouths of the Danube open. Both Austria and Prussia were completely agreed with England and France as to the necessity of opposing the designs of Russia, and quite willing to concert measures for doing so. Such a union would certainly have prevented war; but, in the most inexplicable manner, the adroitness of the Emperor, supported by the warlike spirit of the English nation, succeeded in procuring a special alliance between England and France, for the sake of undertaking a measure of public police which was equally the province of the other two powers, and could be more effectively undertaken by all four combined.

We pass now to the arrival of the Allied forces in the East. Mr. Kinglake has described with singular skill, appreciation and eloquence the very different characters of the two generals who commanded them. Marshal Achille St.-Arnaud had, for reasons best known to himself, discarded his proper name of Jacques Le Roy. In 1816 he had entered the Royal Guard as a sub-lieutenant; but his dissipated—to use a gentle term—mode of life soon obliged him to leave the service. He then travelled, learned

several foreign languages, and passed a considerable time in England; some say he became a billiard-marker in London. After the revolution of 1830, he returned to France, and again entered the army as a sub-lieutenant. His prospects now seemed good. Writing some stanzas to Meunier, he obtained promotion; and by translating into several foreign languages a little work of Bugeaud's on Tactics, he gained that Marshal's favour and an appointment on his staff. Whilst in charge of the Duchess of Berri, his conduct received the approbation of the Government, without provoking the dislike of the royal prisoner. Fortune seemed to smile on him; but, for some cause or other, he was obliged once more to abandon the sword. In 1836 he for the third time, and at the age of forty, entered the Foreign Legion as sub-lieutenant, with the determination to distinguish himself or perish in the attempt. In eight years from this time, he was a general. Vain, gay, reckless and brave, utterly without scruple, he valued human life as nothing if it interfered with his advancement. Continually oppressed by illness and pain, during the intervals he sang and slaughtered, fiddled and fought, with equal zest and energy. One particular act seemed to mark him out as a useful tool for the conspirators of the 2nd of December. In 1845, he surrounded a body of Arabs who had taken refuge in some caves. Eleven came out and surrendered; but St.-Arnaud—and St.-Arnaud alone—knew that five hundred still remained. Without acquainting his troops with the nature of the deed they were performing, he caused them to block up every aperture, thus cruelly murdering every soul within. A confidential report to Marshal Bugeaud conveyed the horrible intelligence; but, with the exception of him and St.-Arnaud's brother, the fearful secret was confided to no one else. In such a man were combined the two qualities most required by the authors of the *coup-d'état*,—namely, ruthlessness and the power of keeping a secret.

Col. Fleury, sent to Algeria to seek for a man who as Minister of War could assist in the destruction of the Constitution, fixed on St.-Arnaud. All know how well he fulfilled the expectations formed of him. Insatiable, and possessed of claims troublesome to satisfy and difficult to ignore, Louis Napoleon yielded gladly to his request that he might receive the command of the Army of the East. Not having, however, any very high opinion of his fitness for the post, the Emperor took care to surround him with people intended to control his motions should they threaten to become rash.

The English Commander-in-Chief was a striking contrast to his French colleague, and his character has been affectionately, though impartially, delineated by the author. Qualified for his task by personal observation as well as by the possession of all Lord Raglan's papers, his opinion has great weight. We English are actuated by a very sincere desire to be just, but, heated with party spirit or by public disasters, we often defer being so till death has robbed reparation of half its value. Admiral Byng, Sir John Moore, the Prince Consort and Lord Raglan are instances of this. As soon, however, as the victim of obloquy is beyond their reach, our countrymen become generous, and are only too ready to rescind the judgment pronounced in the first flush of wounded national pride or feeling. Lord Raglan's friends have always felt certain that justice would some day be done to him. That time has, we are convinced, at length arrived. Mr. Kinglake's book has cleared up so many errors, given us so great an insight into the secret history of the war, that the accusa-

tions brought against Lord Raglan at once cease to deface the pages of history. Not that it can be proved that the dead Commander was a great general; but, while admitting some slight defects, Mr. Kinglake shows that the charges brought against him were almost entirely untrue. The modern Bayard, the flower of English chivalry, now stands forth with the greater brightness from his temporary obscurity. This modest, unassuming, yet dignified English gentleman—the pupil, companion and trusted friend of Wellington—was skilled alike in diplomacy and the work of a staff-officer. Courteous and conciliatory in manner, prudent without being close, firm without being obstinate—of great powers of perception, unwearied industry, and possessing both a ready pen and an eloquent, persuasive tongue,—he was yet wanting in some respects. He had never been practised in handling large bodies of men, and had no regimental experience. Long years of office-work at the Horse Guards produced in him baneful habits of method and uniformity, much opposed to the genius of war. Naturally, he chiefly applied himself to what he best understood,—namely, correspondence,—leaving to others those little details of organization on which, though apparently trifling, the welfare of an army principally depends. Again, thinking that he was doing more good by writing than riding, he omitted to exercise a personal supervision over, or to show himself to, the army, and thereby failed to obtain much valuable influence with the men.

In dealing with the French his difficulties were very great. Scarcely arrived at Constantinople, he was called on to oppose the restless, intriguing vanity of St.-Arnaud, who was desirous of incorporating the brigades of Omar Pasha's army with his own. Such a step, besides involving a slight to the Turkish Commander, and destroying the balance of military authority in the Allied forces, was contrary to the provisions of the Tripartite Treaty. This document laid it down that each army was to remain under the separate command of its own chief. The author describes with great humour how the alert, complacent Marshal was speedily baffled by the quiet, courteous firmness of Lords Stratford and Raglan. On another occasion, St.-Arnaud proposed that when English and French troops were serving together, the senior officer should command the whole. This insidious suggestion, which might have resulted in placing *General* Lord Raglan under the orders of *Marshal* St.-Arnaud, was promptly declined. Undismayed by failure, St.-Arnaud soon made a fresh attempt to usurp the direction of affairs. Just at the moment when the army was about to proceed to Varna, the agreed base of operations,—indeed, the Light Division had already started,—a staff-officer came to Lord Raglan at eleven o'clock at night, begging him to suspend all further movements, as the French army was not yet in a fit state to enter on a campaign. The inconvenience of thus arresting an operation which had been definitely decided on was urged, and it was pointed out that the Allied forces stood pledged to the Turks in this matter. The French continued obstinate, and on the morrow Lord Raglan received a written communication on the same subject. A few days later a new and still more extraordinary plan of St.-Arnaud's was made known to Lord Raglan, not as a project to be considered, but as one already determined on and partly commenced. This was no less than the abandonment of the expedition to Varna, and the occupation of a position in rear of the Balkan. Indeed, some of the French troops had already begun their march from Gallipoli. Lord Raglan was invited to co-operate. For

five days the discussion lasted. At length the English General's firmness and moral ascendancy prevailed—the idea was abandoned.

Soon after the arrival of the combined forces at Varna, the siege of Silistria was raised, and the Russians, yielding to the menaces of Austria, evacuated the Principalities. The object of the war now seemed attained; but the warlike spirit of the English could not endure that such extensive preparations should have been made to no purpose. The Duke of Newcastle fully shared this feeling. During an after-dinner consultation, the assent of his colleagues, who happened to be somewhat drowsy, was obtained to the draft of a letter proposed to be written to Lord Raglan. The next day a despatch, recommending the invasion of the Crimea, in terms which scarce admitted of a refusal, was sent to Varna. The season was far advanced. It was the 16th of July before Lord Raglan received the communication alluded to; no preparations had been made for the operation, and no certain information was possessed by the Allied Generals respecting the proposed theatre of war. What little was known about the Crimea had been sent from Paris and London. Under these circumstances, Lord Raglan's judgment was opposed to the expedition; but the opportunities for forming an opinion being as great at home as in Bulgaria, and the wording of the despatch being so imperative, he conceived he had no option, but must obey. At the same time, St.-Arnaud received an order to co-operate should the invasion of the Crimea be resolved on. In the course of a fortnight or three weeks—which was the time required by the French for their preparations,—Sir George Brown and Sir Edmund Lyons had, by dint of great exertion, procured at Constantinople all the necessary boats, ships and steamers. Unfortunately, about the end of July cholera broke out among the troops and soon extended to the fleets, which latter put to sea in the hopes of staying its ravages. At length the health of the army having somewhat improved, and the ships being clear from sickness, on the 24th of August the embarkation commenced. The French had 25,000 infantry, 70 guns drawn by four horses each, and a body of about 80 cavalry. The English expeditionary force consisted of 22,000 infantry, 60 guns drawn by six horses each, and 1,000 cavalry. The French took less time in getting on board than we did. It must, however, be remembered that infantry can be embarked with great ease and rapidity, but that when horses are concerned the process becomes tedious and difficult. We have seen how superior we were to the French in the number of horses: moreover, a heavy swell checked the shipment of the latter during four or five days. When everything seemed to be completed, it unexpectedly appeared that the French had not sufficient steam-power to tow all their sailing vessels. These facts are rather opposed to the prevalent idea of the superior activity and arrangements of the French. On the 4th of September our allies had accomplished their embarkation, and on the 6th the English were ready. The following day the expedition sailed. Meantime, St.-Arnaud, tortured by anxiety about the sickness on board his transports and the fancied delay of the English, had, on the 4th, started with his sailing fleet, not giving Lord Raglan the slightest intimation of his movements. The latter took no notice of the Marshal's waywardness, who, on the 6th, finding himself isolated and the wind blowing hard, saw he had done a foolish thing, and returned. More obstacles still remained to test the indomitable firmness of the English General; and, again, it was with the French

that they originated. Several of St.-Arnaud's chief generals presented him with a remonstrance against landing to the north of Sebastopol. Such a step, they pointed out, would be extremely hazardous, while a landing could be effected at Kaffa with scarcely any risk. Kaffa was a long distance from Sebastopol, with which place the only communication was a difficult mountain-road. The fact is, the French generals for the most part disliked the expedition altogether. The Marshal was too ill for discussion; so, with unusual good sense, he referred the matter to the decision of Lord Raglan. He, with his usual adroitness and firmness, quickly foiled "these timid counsels," as the *Moniteur* termed them. It was at first supposed that they had proceeded from the English; but that idea was soon found to be incorrect, and Mr. Kinglake now settles the question beyond a doubt. On the 9th, the English fleet had arrived at the rendezvous; it was not till the 13th that the last French ship joined. Still came difficulties for Lord Raglan to cope with. It had been arranged that during the night of the 13th the French should lay down a buoy opposite the centre of the appointed landing-place, half of which was to be allotted to each army. When daylight came, it appeared that, either through mistake or design, the buoy had been placed opposite the extreme left instead of the centre. The consequences might have been serious with a less prudent commander. Lord Raglan said not a word, but quietly selected another spot for the disembarkation of his troops.

Passing over the events of the next few days, which, however, have been well and clearly described by Mr. Kinglake, we come to the battle of the Alma. This is, perhaps, the choicest morsel in the whole of this interesting book. The author has carefully studied the various accounts, has gathered much from oral evidence, and moreover he accompanied Lord Raglan during the whole of that bloody day. The result is an excellent and intelligible account of a general action. Throughout Mr. Kinglake shows that, though a civilian, he is no contemptible strategist and tactician. He occasionally makes use of other than the correct technical terms: notwithstanding this slight failing, he has shown himself entitled to take rank among the best historians of warlike operations. We are not, as is often the case, blinded with smoke, dazzled with flashing sabres, and deafened by the roar of artillery in these volumes. Everything, though spiritedly depicted, is drawn with clearness and precision, combined with an amount of accuracy seldom to be met with in a non-military man. Each movement is duly explained, its object pointed out, and its progress followed. The manner in which one manœuvre bore on another is also shown. We have here a series of brilliant panoramas, yet the skill of the writer connects them so admirably that we never feel any want of continuity. Mr. Kinglake places us, as it were, in the position of an Argus surveying the field of battle from a balloon.

The great merit of his account is that there is no clap-trap, no fatiguing loftiness of tone; but every fact is expressed in simple yet nervous English. He becomes almost Ossianic, and the scene appears before our mind's eye as vividly as if it were an actual picture. We can easily imagine the superstitious terror of the Russians at the apparition of the tall, hearse-like plumes of the 42nd rising gradually over the slope of the hill, and becoming more ghost-like from the white smoke which half concealed them. Rising, still rising, with their bare legs and quaint, semi-barbarous dress, moving on nearer the while through the thick

air—silently gliding onward with that long, easy step peculiar to the Highlanders,—they must have seemed like the spectres of the Brocken. Scarcely have the eyes of the Russians learnt to look steadfastly on this terrible vision ere another and yet another wave of armed horror springs from the earth beneath. Then, when the enemy retired,—the fierce war-shout of the Highlanders, differing equally from the cheer of the English and the howl of the Irish soldier,—who can blame the Muscovites if they were discomfited by such foes? Most powerful, most picturesque are the pages in which the charge of the Highlanders is described. In old times Mr. Kinglake would have been revered as a bard by the gallant men whose deeds he has chronicled.

It is impossible for us to accompany Mr. Kinglake much further over the field of battle; but, ere we quit it, we feel it our duty to correct two inaccuracies of which he has been guilty. The first of these refers to the Brigade of Guards. Mr. Kinglake leads one to suppose that the Scots Fusilier Guards, which was the centre regiment, hurried up without being formed, disordered by a hurricane of shot, and thrown into confusion by some of the retreating Light Division, was driven back to the river and took no further part in the fray, thus leaving a gap between the Coldstreams and Grenadiers. This is incorrect: and for saying so we have the authority of an officer belonging to the corps in question who was present on the occasion. His statement is supported by the general opinion of the regiment heard by the writer of this article at the time, and also by Russell's 'Letters from the Crimea,' by 'Letters from Head-quarters,' and by Col. Hamley's testimony. The truth is, that while the Scots Fusilier Guards were advancing under a heavy fire, some of the men of the Light Division came through their ranks, and at the same time a cry was raised of "Fusiliers, retire!" referring to the 23rd or 7th Regiment. On this, yielding to the weight of the retreating crowd, and to a misconception of the order, the battalion—except the Light Company—retired slowly a short distance, when the officers and non-commissioned officers, facing the men about, brought the regiment back into its place. Charging with the rest of the Brigade, it took the battery. There was only a temporary retreat of a very short distance, and no permanent gap was created. As to the left companies alone having been pushed back, the author is mistaken; for the third company from the right, at all events, was thrown into confusion by the retreating men of the Light Division.

The other error consists in Mr. Kinglake's assertion that there was no close encounter, no severe struggle on the part of the French at the telegraph station. This statement he supports by many powerful arguments. It seems to us they are disposed of by Col. Hamley, who, in his 'Narrative of the Crimean War,' says, with reference to a personal visit to that portion of the field the day after the battle, "But it was not till reaching the plain on which stood the unfinished signal-tower, already mentioned as the contested point of the French attack, that there appeared signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there; and they lay thicker near the signal-tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted while defending the entrance; and in the space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four such groups slain in the defence. Another spot near contained three or four hundred corpses." After the battle was won, Lord Raglan proposed to St.-Arnaud to send the English cavalry and

one English division—the rest were too much exhausted—in pursuit, provided the French would co-operate. St.-Arnaud replied, that the knapsacks having been left behind, it was impossible that the French army could advance further. Thus, again, it is shown that it was the French, and not, as was believed, the English, who were opposed to energy and a daring course of action.

Miscellanies. Collected and Edited by Earl Stanhope. (Murray.)

In the studio of an artist who has painted historical pictures or executed historical monuments will be found a heap of hints, sketches, models, costumes, broken marbles, unfinished canvas, maulsticks, armour, hangings, feathers, matchlocks, halberds—all the picturesque refuse and materials of his trade. In like manner, in the writing-desk of a man who has written many books, there would be found a mass of papers, more or less in the nature of refuse,—fragments of correspondence, copies of documents, first ideas of character, remnants of opinions, unfulfilled designs—all the rejected things of a highly critical and selective art. Such literary refuse is for the most part sent to the chandler's shop or thrown into the fire. Yet, it may often have a certain value. Artists' first suggestions have an interest for the collector of pictures, as Messrs. Christie & Manson find; and the portfolio of a man of letters, though it should contain nothing better than rejected materials, may be a very attractive book. Lord Stanhope's certainly is so.

Five letters by William Pitt, two by Edmund Burke, and two memoranda by the Duke of Wellington make the best parts of this collection. The letters by Pitt are of no great importance, and were omitted by Lord Stanhope from the Life of that statesman; they would certainly have added to its weight and bulk. A letter from Mr. Boyd contains an anecdote which may be quoted:—

"Christmas was one of the most obliging men I ever knew; and, from the position he occupied, was constantly exposed to interruptions, yet I never saw his temper the least ruffled. One day I found him more than usually engaged, having a mass of accounts to prepare for one of the law courts: still the same equanimity; and I could not resist the opportunity of asking the old gentleman to give me the secret. 'Well, Mr. Boyd, you shall know it. Mr. Pitt gave it to me:—Not to lose my temper, if possible, at any time, and NEVER during the hours of business. My labours here [Bank of England] commence at nine, and end at three; and, acting on the advice of the illustrious statesman, I never lose my temper during these hours.'

The letters by Burke are of more moment than those of Pitt, for they turn entirely on his personal position—a question which is now exciting some attention among students of the period. The second letter, which is in the form of a memorandum, drawn up by Burke and submitted by him to Pitt, we shall quote. The original is among the Pitt MSS. When Lord Stanhope showed the original to Macaulay that writer returned it with the remark, which Lord Stanhope thinks worthy of a double repetition, that "it is interesting and very characteristic." We may give it under its legitimate title of

BURKE UPON BURKE.

"Mr. Burke understands that Mr. Pitt is so obliging as to think that his humble industry in his thirty years' service may without impropriety be recommended to His Majesty's gracious consideration. Mr. Burke has never asked for anything, nor suggested any reward. It never did become him, nor does it now become him, to suppose that he has any merit to entitle him to the particular

favour of the Crown or of the public. He is sensible that he has done nothing beyond his strict duty. But if he is permitted to compare his endeavours and rewards, not with the standard of his duty, but with contemporary examples, he would submit the following matters to judges more impartial than he can be in his own case. In the year 1782 Lord Rockingham was Minister. Mr. Burke's connexions with that noble person were of the closest kind. About that time, or a little before, Mr. Burke was deeply concerned in a great variety of affairs, and was supposed to be of some use, both in producing good and in averting evil. At that period this was pretty generally acknowledged by all parties. Mr. Burke believes it to be in the memory of many that a surprise was expressed that a provision for him had not been recommended by his particular friends and oldest connexions, when so much was done by them for absolute strangers. The fact is, that for the general accommodation in forming what was called an administration upon a broad bottom, Mr. Burke did cheerfully postpone every pretension of his, whether grounded on connexion or service. He privately forwarded, and he publicly defended, a permanent provision for Colonel Barré and Mr. Dunning. Besides Colonel Barré's office in possession (as good as Mr. Burke's), that gentleman obtained a pension of 3,000*l.* a-year. Mr. Dunning obtained a peerage with the Duchy for life, made up by a pension to 4,000*l.* a-year, although he was possessed of a very ample fortune. Mr. Burke never did solicit the Pay Office. It was offered to him. He held it in all about a year, under two administrations. It is the only place he ever held. During the time he held it, amongst the multiplicity of his other occupations, he employed himself with pains, not easily described, to form a new constitution for that office, and to carry a Bill for that purpose through the House of Commons. He flatters himself that, in that Bill, useful regulations were made; and savings of some importance with regard to public money ensued in consequence of them. Mr. Burke certainly does not mean to compare his abilities with those of the two gentlemen he alludes to. It is allowed to a man to speak of his industry. As for real labour in mind and body, he had even then,—that is, so long ago as 1782,—worked more in any three months than they had done in their whole lives. Lord Ashburton's professional industry is put out of the question; it was private; it had no relation to the State, and that kind of toil (whatever its value may be) rewards itself very sufficiently. The arrangement for these two gentlemen was made twelve years ago. During the twelve, Mr. Burke's exertions have continued—in what way, or with what merit in any of the particulars, it is not for him to judge. It is certain that, notwithstanding his very advanced age, his industry has not been relaxed in any course in which such small abilities as his could possibly employ it. During that period his circumstances have not been improved. Many expenses, more easily felt than calculated, are necessarily attendant on such exertions as his. A total neglect of a man's private affairs is likewise the inevitable consequence of occupations that engross the whole man. Mr. Barré came into Parliament in 1763, and had his settlement in 1782. Mr. Dunning came into Parliament later than Mr. Burke, and had his at the same time with Mr. Barré. Mr. Burke came in at the end of 1765,—near thirty years ago. Many since then have been raised to honours and emoluments, whose labours have not been greater. Lord Auckland is another instance. His figure in Parliament was never considerable. It may not be perfectly good policy to consider no services as of any high estimation except those done in office. Perhaps the most essential are those done in the House of Commons; and rank there (though not a thing to be exactly defined) ought to stand as high as rank that is official. It is not meant in the least to depreciate Lord Auckland's talents or services. Both are respectable. The services, however, received some part of their recompense as they were performed. Almost ever since he came into Parliament he has been in lucrative situations. He has something in present possession not con-

temptible. He has something secured. He has a peerage: and all this in the prime and vigour of his life. Mr. Burke does not conceive that whatever His Majesty may be graciously pleased to do for Mr. Burke in the present temper of the public mind would be more unpopular or ill-received in the nation than what has been done for any of these gentlemen."

Mr. Napier will, we dare say, find these "comparisons" in no way odious, the self-assertions no less modest and honourable than they are terse in style, and the sarcasms as legitimate as they are unquestionably bright. The paper is highly studied, and every word is accurately weighed. The memorandum must have been meant for the public, and Lord Stanhope has done well to print it. That it will be read in two ways we can hardly doubt, but the critics of Burke will agree with Lord Macaulay that it is "very characteristic."

In these Miscellanies will be found a defence of Sir Robert Walpole by Sir Robert Peel, and a series of letters from Lord Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, and Sir Robert Peel on the alleged sacrifice of human victims to Jupiter in the Roman times. Of more immediate interest are the Duke of Wellington's memoranda on Napoleon. The first of these refers to the value of Napoleon in the field:—

"It is very true that I have often said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field to be equal to 40,000 men in the balance. This is a very loose way of talking; but the idea is a very different one from that of his presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. I'll explain my meaning. 1. Napoleon was a *grand homme de guerre*, possibly the greatest that ever appeared at the head of a French army. 2. He was the Sovereign of the country as well as the Military Chief of the army. That country was constituted upon a military basis. All its institutions were framed for the purpose of forming and maintaining its armies with a view to conquest. All the offices and rewards of the State were reserved in the first instance exclusively for the army. An officer, even a private soldier, of the army might look to the sovereignty of a kingdom as the reward for his services. It is obvious that the presence of the Sovereign with an army so constituted must greatly excite their exertions. 3. It was quite certain that all the resources of the French State, civil, political, financial, as well as military, were turned towards the seat of the operations, which Napoleon himself should direct. 4. Every Sovereign in command of an army enjoys advantages against him who exercises only a delegated power, and who acts under orders and responsibilities. But Napoleon enjoyed more advantages of this description than any other Sovereign that ever appeared. His presence, as stated by me more than once, was likely not only to give to the French army all the advantages above detailed, but to put an end to all the jealousies of the French Marshals and their counter-action of each other, whether founded upon bad principles and passions, or their fair differences of opinion. The French army thus had a unity of action. These four considerations induced me to say generally that his presence ought to be considered as 40,000 men in the scale. But the idea is obviously very loose, as must be seen by a moment's reflection. If the two armies opposed to each other were 40,000 men on each side, his presence could not be equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 men on the side of the French army, nor even if they were 60,000 men on each side, or possibly even 80,000 men on each side. It is clear, however, that wherever he went he carried with him an obvious advantage. I don't think that I ought to be quoted as calling that advantage as equal to a *reinforcement* of 40,000 men under all possible circumstances."

The second is a criticism on the campaign in Russia:—

"The Russians nearly lost themselves by an ill-applied imitation of our operations which saved Portugal; and they would have been lost, if Napoleon had not always, and particularly at that time,

found himself under the necessity of seeking to fight a general battle. With this view he quitted the basis of his operations, up to that moment successful, adopted a new line, which, after all, he never completely established, and ultimately abandoned. That which the Russians did well was their dogged refusal to treat. Napoleon having fought his battle and obtained possession of the ancient and real capital of the country, intended to record his triumph as usual in a Treaty of Peace, by one of the articles of which he would have obtained a sum of money to replenish his coffers, according to his usual practice; and he would then have made a peaceable and triumphant retreat from Russia across Poland and Germany, supported by the resources of the Russian Government as long as his armies should have remained in the Russian territory. In the mean time he had made no preparations for the Military Retreat which he would have to make, if his Diplomatic efforts should fail, which they did. We see that he was distressed for want of communications even before he thought of retreat; his hospitals were not supplied, nor even taken care of, and were at last carried off; and when he commenced to make a real movement of retreat, he was involved in difficulties without number. The first basis of his operations was lost; the new one not established; and he was not strong enough to force his way to the only one which could have been practicable, and by the use of which he might have saved his army,—by the sacrifice, however, of all those corps which were in the northern line of operations: I mean the line from Kalouga through the southern countries. But, instead of that, he was forced to take his retreat by the line of the river Beresina, which was exhausted, and upon which he had made no preparations whatever. This is in few words the history of that disaster. It is my opinion that the loss of the French army would have been accelerated, more disastrous and disgraceful, if the season had been wet instead of having been frosty. In truth, the army could not in that case have moved at all in the state to which all its animals were reduced at that time."

The Whig colour of buff and blue, the red-coats of the army, and the story of Charles the Fifth and the two clocks are among the further subjects illustrated in these Miscellanies.

The Sorceress—[*La Sorcière*, par J. Michelet], (Paris, Dentu.)

SPIRITUAL and temporal powers have fixed their canons, in Paris, against this volume, and prohibited its circulation. Church and State, therefore, have proportionately glorified M. Michelet. His counterfeit presentment of a perfect Sorceress, and his magnificent apologies for bygone witches, have alarmed the patriarchal and paternal tutors of the French intellect in the nineteenth century. Bell, book and candle—all profuse enough under the roofs of Notre Dame and the Tuileries—wage war against a picturesque treatise made up of poetry, paradox and history; and the result is, that it will be read in spite of every effort at suppression:—nor unprofitably either, by students of a ripe age; for, wild, reckless and extravagant as these pages often are, they contain much that is valuable, and which M. Michelet gathered and laid by during the thirty years of learned labour bestowed by him on his greatest work, with other materials which he has since brought into a variety of characteristic shapes. The old eloquence re-appears, no doubt, in the old perverted form: there is the same unnatural, excessive, fantastic tinge of imagination; the language incessantly splinters off in epigrams more or less brilliant and prismatic. M. Michelet, indeed, wanders through his subject with an apparent resolve to gratify himself by continually astonishing and not seldom offending his reader; but he vividly illustrates the spirit of mediæval ecclesiasticism, though, while insulting the sacerdotal class, red-handed as it was from the

slaughters of Wurtzburg and Treves, he suggests, whether purposely or otherwise, that no word or name or human sentiment can, or ought to be held sacred. Hence, an audacious familiarity of style, contrasted at times with an affectation of fastidious reverence.

M. Michelet's first chapter is headed "The Death of Gods"; his seventh, "The King of the Dead"; his ninth, "The Devil a Doctor"; his fifth, in the 2nd book, "Satan an Ecclesiastic"; and so forth. But the very title of the work is an example of the eccentricities in which it abounds. Sprenger, nearly four hundred years ago, speaking of the black heresy, attributed it to sorceresses rather than to sorcerers. Another authority, belonging to the generation of Louis the Thirteenth, affirmed that, for one sorcerer, there were ten thousand sorceresses. M. Michelet plunges into this idea and lashes it into a foam. Women, he avers, are naturally sorceresses. They are born Fées, or fairies. Next they develop into sibyls. Love makes magicians of them. Men must work, and women must weep, is an English poetic theory. Not so, according to M. Michelet. While men are engaged in action, women are weaving spells, inventing deities, communing intelligently with flowers. No matter how many male jugglers, astrologers, prophets, necromancers and quacks may have existed since Time began, Circe was, is, and must be, a woman!

M. Michelet writes against the Church of the Middle Ages, and as a champion of the true sorceress, or elementary reformer of the human intellect, who, he maintains, has been in every sense maltreated. The clergy have cursed, the people reviled, the children pelted her, and the poets (children also, he says) have painted her at once ugly and old. "At the word sorceress, we conjure up the frightful crones of Macbeth." But all that is fallacious. Many sorceresses have perished, simply for being young and beautiful. "The Sibyl predicts destiny; the Sorceress makes it." This is M. Michelet's second proposition. The priest of the Church sees her, the priestess of Nature, and trembles in presence of "the universal martyr whose ashes are scattered to the winds." And thus it was that a fair-haired, white-armed young girl was burnt in the year 1300, and that M. Michelet's volume was prohibited in 1862. From these airy heights he descends to an historical review of modern sorcery, chiefly as practised, or declared to have been practised, by women. He has little to do, however, with the vulgar stock-in-trade of romantic and dramatic hags—owls, cauldrons, black cats, or stuffed fish, zodiacal belts, peaked hats, toads and crabs; or with the array of charms, lamens, sigils, talismans, spells, crystals, pentacles, magic mirrors and geomantic figures with which Scott's Antiquary exasperated Mr. Dousterswivel. His sorceress, for whose sake he incurs the penalties of suppression, is of a nobler type, though often, in herself, a miserable, ruined, abject dupe.

For a thousand years she was the sole physician of the people. Emperors, Kings, Popes and very rich Barons might have doctors of Salerno, medical Moors or Jews; but the multitude consulted the Wise Woman, the Good Woman, or the Beautiful Woman (Bella Donna), as they were variously termed, and of whom the Church consumed so many at the stake that even the second Ferdinand, bigot though he was, protested, lest they should calcine all his subjects. "And I find," adds M. Michelet, "in the Wurtzburg list, a sorceress of fifteen, and at Bayonne two of seventeen, damnably pretty." Beyond this point he becomes more serious, and his nar-

rative impeaches bitterly the judges, lay and monkish, by whom these horrors were perpetrated, and the Church which sanctioned them, during the three centuries from 1300 to 1600 of the Christian era. That Church, he says, engendered Despair in the world, and Despair gave birth to Sorcery. Humanity, throughout Christendom, was lost, weary and blind, and women converted the withered chips of legendry into the enchantments of a new fable. It was in the thirteenth century, M. Michelet affirms, that the popular notion of the Evil One first became definite. Before that epoch, the idea of an infernal compact entered into by a human being and the powers of darkness had rarely floated distinctly into the superstitions of the times. Afterwards it became, so to speak, a separate myth, and, as illustrated here in a long, elaborate narrative, daring in detail and language—not so daring, however, as the subsequent abridgments of legal cases—assumed a hideously repulsive colour. M. Michelet, dwelling upon these diabolical romances, contrasts two eras of malady—that of the leper, externally accursed, and that of the "possessed," whose epileptic frenzies prepared for mankind a third, and even worse, because more enduring, scourge. An age of disease, bodily and mental, became an age of sorcery. The popular practice of medicine by women was regarded by the Church as a species of dealing in the Black Arts; the collectors of herbs, compelled to seek for those which suited their purposes at strange hours of the day and night, brought suspicion upon themselves; their familiarity with vegetable poisons was often in France held to still further darken their characters. Here M. Michelet takes occasion to draw a contrast between the Mediæval Church and the Mediæval Satan, and this in the chapter which introduces the Enemy of Mankind as a doctor—a spirit of the fourteenth century,—a century afflicted with epilepsy, the plague and ulcers. The Sorceress, almost alone, combated these evils:—

Let none conclude (proceeds M. Michelet) that I undertake to whiten, to vindicate without reserve, the Devil's sombre bride. If she often did good, she could also do a great deal of harm. There is no great power which is never abused. And this power had three centuries during which to reign literally over the *entracte* between two worlds—the ancient dying, and the new scarcely as yet begun.

The catalogue of mischiefs wrought by sorceresses in the services rendered by them, with charms and philters, to the naughtily-disposed, is drawn up very impartially. The daughters of Philip the Beautiful are cited as examples; and they lead to a disquisition on the Griseldas of that epoch, and on Blue Beard, whom M. Michelet regards as an important historical personage, belonging to a day when the decision—classical in our times, M. Michelet says—went forth that "love between married people is an impossibility." Philters were difficult, in the case of well-guarded beauties, to employ. Charms of all degrees of value were more easily obtained. The paring of a finger-nail, an eyelash, a hair, or the thread of a garment, given into the hands of a sorceress, might be made available. Sometimes, the author records, lovers drank one another's blood, like the savages of Borneo; and the lady who ate De Coucy's heart "found it so good, that she never ate any more all her life." The enchantment practised by one great sorceress was remarkable in its efficacy and in its result, as enabling her to trample upon a proud lady. She first made the patient submissive to her will, undressed her, and cooked a cake

upon her bare back. "Oh, ma mie!" the sufferer cried, "I can bear no more. Be quick; I cannot remain thus."—"You must," replied the enchantress. "Madam, you must be warmed; the cake will be cooked but by your warmth, by your flame." And whoever ate that cake was straightway "in love." With such anecdotes M. Michelet amuses himself. A similar degradation re-appears in the irreligious mysteries of the period enacted under the title of the Black Mass. At these festivals, called Sabbats, birds were offered to heaven, and corn to earth; and two images, representing the last dead and the last born in the district, were laid on the altar—a woman prostrate on her face. These heathen rites naturally inflamed the fury of the Church; but

Judges and Inquisitors, although so hostile, are compelled to avow that they were characterized by a spirit of gentleness and peace. None of the three accompaniments, so utterly shocking, of a nobleman's fate:—no swords, no duels, no blood-stained tables, no gallant perfidy to dishonour an intimate friend.

In other respects M. Michelet's apology for these celebrations is more fearless than satisfactory.

In his second book M. Michelet opens on a new era, when Sorcery began to decay—when the demon, as he expresses it, was multiplied and vulgarized. "Every lunatic woman assumed to herself that great name—Sorceress!"—a dangerous, though a profitable name. Men aspired to bear it; and here was another step in degeneracy. M. Michelet turns from them to sketch the position of a grand lady at her own château, removed from the rivalries and jealousies of the Court, which kept its peculiar aristocracy of sorceresses amply and strangely employed:—

At her château, it is true, she was alone,—the only woman, or nearly so, amid a world of unmarried men. To believe the romancers, we might fancy her taking pleasure in being surrounded with pretty girls. History and common sense affirm just the contrary. Eleanor is not such a fool as to put Rosamond in competition with herself. The queen and great ladies, licentious as they were, were not the less horribly jealous,—witness the one spoken of by Henry Martin, who gave up a girl whom her husband admired to be torn to pieces by soldiers. The power of a woman's love, we repeat, endures while she is alone.

Yet the ladies of that epoch, if particularly rich and beautiful, loved to encircle themselves with little courts, and to be attended, as queens were, by trains of maidens. M. Michelet does not appear to sustain his assertion very triumphantly. Progressing with his subject he treats of the sorceresses who, solicited by women in the access of a sudden frenzy, pretended to transform them into animals, and relates a tradition connected with this fearful mania:—

In the mountains of Auvergne a hunter fired, one night, at a she-wolf,—failed to kill her, but shot off her paw. She fled, limping. The hunter went to a neighbouring château to demand hospitality from its proprietor. He, welcoming him, asked whether he had enjoyed good sport. As a reply to the question, the hunter thought of producing from his game-bag the she-wolf's paw; but what was his astonishment when, instead of a paw, he drew forth a woman's hand, with on one finger a ring, which the gentleman instantly recognized as belonging to his wife. He ran to her apartment, and found her wounded and endeavouring to hide her fore-arm. That arm had no hand; the missing limb was fitted to it, and exactly corresponded, when she confessed that it was indeed she herself who, in the form of a she-wolf, had attacked the hunter, and fled, leaving a paw on the field of battle. The husband was cruel enough to deliver her up to justice, and she was burnt.

In the chapter which contains this ghastly

legend, women are described as praying to the sorceresses for the power of thus brutalizing themselves, and of biting the flesh of children and women. The sorceresses naturally took advantage of this delirium, and, too often, exercised their influence scandalously; and M. Michelet draws at large upon Sprenger, whose sources of information were no doubt copious and original; but he was a credulous as well as garrulous mountebank himself, who argued that the word *diabolus* was derived from *dia*, two, and *bolus*, a pill, because that which it represented was swallowed simultaneously by body and soul. "But," he continues, with the gravity of Sganarella, "according to the Greek etymology, *diabolus* signifies *clausus ergastulo* or *defluens*,—that is to say, falling, because he fell from heaven." Sprenger, M. Michelet allows, is a fool, though a bold one. But he was a man having authority, and, for a merciful man, which he claimed to be, exercised it roughly enough.—

One morning, three ladies of Strasburg registered a complaint that, on the same day and at the same hour, they had been assaulted with invisible blows. How? They could only accuse a man of ill-favoured countenance, who had bewitched them. Led before the Inquisitor, this man protested and swore by all the saints that he knew nothing of the ladies, whom he had never seen. The judge refused to believe him. His great sympathy with women rendered him inexorable, and indignant at these denials. Already he had risen. The man was about to be tortured, and would probably have confessed, as the most innocent frequently did. He obtained leave to speak, and said, "I remember, in fact, that yesterday, at the hour mentioned, I beat, not baptized beings, but three cats who came trying furiously to bite my legs." The judge, a man of penetration, saw the whole thing at once: the poor man was innocent; the ladies, of course, were on certain days transformed into cats, and the Evil One amused himself with throwing them at the legs of Christians, to make them pass for sorcerers.

Accusers and judges shared the confiscated property of the sorcerer. Hence, as M. Michelet has it, the clergy were considerably enriched. But, in France, from 1450 to 1550, trials of this character were comparatively few. Isabella of Spain, however, in 1506, began to burn sorcerers. Geneva, in 1515, burned 500 in three months. The Bishops of Bamberg and Wurtzburg divided fifteen hundred victims between them:—

A sorceress (under the torture) confessed to having taken from a cemetery the body of a child, recently deceased, to be used in her magical incantations. Her husband said, "Go to the cemetery; the body is there." They went; the body was found undisturbed in its coffin. But the judge decided, against the evidence of his eyes, that this was an appearance, an illusion of the Devil. He preferred the woman's confession to the fact, and she was burnt.

Diana of Poitiers persecuted sorceresses. Catherine de' Medici protected them. In the early years of the seventeenth century the Basques overflowed with the strange frenzy, and, in 1609, a tribunal was set up to repress it. When the judges arrived, many of the people fled, but the witches remained. Two informers volunteered—La Murgui, aged seventeen, and Lisalda, of the same age. La Murgui, or Margarita, was employed to strip girls and boys, and examine their bodies in search of the demoniacal mark. While she took in hand the young, the elderly were inspected by a surgeon; and the test was the finding of a spot, on body or limb, into which a needle might be thrust without producing pain. Many a victim did Margarita give up, bleeding from her needle, to death. The story of Gauffridi, burnt at Aix in April, 1611, and of the rival sorceresses, Made-

leine and Louise, of whom the former was condemned to cut wood in an Italian forest for the remainder of her days, while the latter propitiated justice by informing against a poor blind girl, and consigning her to the stake, is still more horrible episode in this history of satanic folly, in league with satanic villany. "And let us pray to God," writes the good Father Michaelis, who records the events, "that all this may tend to His glory, and that of the Church!" The evil spirits of Loudun have, somehow, obtained a more popular and familiar reputation. Aubin's work, if not extensively read, has been extensively pillaged; and Figuier's is all but exhausted. M. Michelet, however, is in no humour to give Grandier the rank of a martyr—not even for the sake of trampling on the memory of Richelieu. The life of Madeleine Bavent is less known. Madeleine was born at Rouen, in 1607, and left an orphan in her ninth year. At twelve she was apprenticed to a person engaged in supplying linen vestments to ecclesiastics. The Confessor of the establishment informed her, with three other pupils, "after enervating them with belladonna," that he would take them to the Sabbath, or festival of mysteries, where they should marry the Devil Dagon. At sixteen, Madeleine became a novice in the Convent of St. Francis, at Louvière, founded by the widow of a man who had been hung for swindling, and where the young girls were expected to walk in gardens and worship in chapels as so many juvenile Eves. Under this law, Madeleine was punished for wrapping the corner of an altar-cloth about her shivering shoulders. All that followed tempts M. Michelet into philosophizings, very aimless and unnecessary; but the fate of Madeleine was not one to render her contemporary devotees jealous. The needles of the witch-finders pierced her flesh. She was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a dungeon deeply sunk in the earth. In her misery she swallowed spiders and powdered glass, and stabbed herself in the throat, and yet, it seemed, could not destroy her life. And in this fearful captivity, after long daily tortures under the hands of the official Penitentiary, she ultimately died, and M. Michelet commemorates her as a victim of the Church.

The affair of 1730—the great inquest which involved Father Girard and La Cadière—occupies, perhaps, the most extraordinary, the most interesting, and yet the least attractive chapter in M. Michelet's volume. The Jesuits had, at Marseilles, a bishop named Bezbunce, a dull and credulous man. With him they stationed Girard, a man neither young nor handsome, neither eloquent nor fascinating, but an adept in the employment, in his confessional, of a mystic terrorism which often subdued the most reluctant penitents. From Marseilles he went to Toulon, and there had among his penitents Catherine Cadière, daughter of a trader, seventeen years old; not an elegant or lively, though, perhaps, a pretty girl; a saint from childhood; and he arranged that she should journey to continue her religious exercises at Marseilles; thence, again to Toulon, where Father Girard obtained, by degrees, a marvellous supremacy over her mind, and prepared her for the vocation of what M. Michelet is pleased to term a sorceress. Amid the vice and villany of his conduct he schemed to make an exhibition of the unhappy girl, and to convert some scrofulous traces on her hands, feet and side into wounds, emblematic of the Crucifixion. These wounds he artificially prevented from healing; he fitted on her head an iron crown with spikes, which sent the blood trickling down her neck and face: his persuasions exalted her fancy,—she became his slave, his puppet, his artistic imposture; and his brutali-

ties were such that even M. Michelet hesitates to describe them. We will say, however, that his hesitations begin too late, and that these narratives flow at intervals through channels so impure and infamous that it might be better for society, if not for the Papal Church, were they altogether suppressed. M. Michelet has no idea, and apparently no power, of reticence. Not satisfied with bare recitals, which may be justified as the giving of revolting evidence is justified in courts of law, he volunteers a touch of colour wherever it can be made available, and seeks to be rhetorical when he might with infinitely more grace have been silent. And yet, after a ludicrous passage which recalls certain disquisitions of Boileau on the penances endured by maidenly martyrs and children, he checks himself, saying, "We have not the courage to relate what follows." The ultimate fate of La Cadière was never distinctly ascertained. That of Father Girard was, as might have been anticipated, even in 1731, in an inverse ratio with his deserts.

In this work M. Michelet, while condensing a large amount of curious historical inquiry, expatiates wearisomely, and not at all times inoffensively, upon those parts of his subject which he has selected for ostentatious display. He was determined, at the outset, to keep in view the connexion he fancies to have detected between women and mysteries; and in pursuing this theory through one chapter after another he really glosses over a wide extent of ground which might have yielded profitable results to his research. When noticing the sorceresses—to abide by his own term—who were ambitious of converting themselves into wild animals, he omits all mention of the Loup-garous, or men animated by the same frenzy, to which Cotgrave devoted some learned space, and which Rabelais confounded with ordinary hob-thruses and hobgoblins. But a good deal of interesting matter might have been included under this head, had not M. Michelet been exclusively intent upon his old invariable theme, often disguised, yet always to be identified in whatever he writes—Priests, Women and Families. From the revolting incidents of La Cadière's long persecution he rises into a sonorous epilogue, leading from the audacious question: "They who seriously propose that Satan should come to terms and make peace—have they well reflected?" When M. Michelet, by the way, wields this word "Satan" so robustly, he is taking it from that pulpit which, he implies, denounces all thoughts and things hostile to itself and its absolutism as Satanic:—

The dead are dead. These millions of victims—Albigenses, Vaudois, Protestants, Moors, Jews, and American Indians, sleep in peace. The universal martyr of the Middle Ages, the Sorceress, has nothing to say. Her ashes have been scattered to the winds.

—Yet the two opposing spirits of the epoch might be reconciled:—

But do you know what separates these two spirits and prevents their union? It is an enormous reality which has been in existence five hundred years. It is the gigantic work which the Church has cursed, the prodigious edifice of modern sciences and institutions, which she excommunicates stone by stone, but which every anathema aggrandizes and augments by a stage. Name one science which has not revolted. * * Let us destroy, if we can, all the sciences of nature, the Observatory, the Museum and the Jardin des Plantes, the School of Medicine, and every modern library. Let us leave our laws, our codes; let us return to canonical right. All these novelties have been—Satan. All progress has been his crime.

Sorcery, then, was the prelude to science. The Sorceress heralded the Professor:—

She has perished, and must have perished. How! Above all, through the progress of the very sciences she inaugurated, through the physician and the naturalist for whom she laboured. The sorceress has perished for ever, but not the Fée. She will re-appear in this form, which is immortal. Woman, occupied of late years with the affairs of man, has deserted her proper position,—that of medicining, of consolation, of the Fée who cures. That is her real priesthood. And it belongs to her, whatever the Church may say. With her delicate organs, her love of the most refined detail, her tender sense of life, she is called upon to be the most minute confidant in all the sciences of observation. * * * Between invalids and children there is very little difference. Women are necessary to both. She will re-enter into the sciences, and carry amid them her sweetness and humanity, like a smile of nature. The anti-natural pale, and the day is not distant when its eclipse will be for the world a new Aurora.

The peculiar force and peculiar licence of M. Michelet's style are simultaneously conspicuous beyond the usual degree in this volume, which leaves a subject of great historical interest only partially and confusedly, although boldly and brilliantly touched, because the author has vagaries of his own, which he persists in following with no useful result, and because he could not endure to leave in the records of monkish inquisitors and lay judges all the abominations with which, in addition to their disclosures of ignorance, cruelty and fanaticism, they abound. M. Michelet, in some respects, might have taken a lesson from that Michaelis in whom he trusts, and whom he so vehemently despises. But it was necessary, perhaps, that the work should be overdone, in order that it might enjoy the prerogative of a prohibition.

Letters and Despatches relative to the Taking of the Earl of Ormonde, by O'More, A.D. 1600.
From the Irish Correspondence in the State Paper Office, London. Edited by the Rev. J. Graves. (Dublin, Printed at the University Press.)

Chamberlain, in one of his letters, written in February, 1600,—at which time O'Neill (Tyrone) had broken what Mr. Graves calls the "injudicious truce" he had concluded with Essex,—notices the march of Tyrone into Munster to confer with Desmond, and expresses a hope that Ormond may give him a blow on his return back, and teach the fox not to forsake his hole nor go so far from home." Chamberlain's hopes were not fulfilled.

The black Earl of Ormond, whose wife was the granddaughter of the poet and soldier Earl of Sheffield who fell in Kett's rebellion, commanded Elizabeth's forces in Ireland, where Mountjoy was Lord Deputy, and held in some suspicion the fidelity of Ormond. The latter was at Kilkenny, with Carew, President of Munster, and Donogh O'Brien, Earl of Thomond and Prince of Limerick, when Owny M'Rory O'Moore, rebel chieftain of Leix, in the Queen's County, proposed a conference with Ormond at Corrandhu, near Ballyraggett; and the three great men resolved to ride over to Owny the Dinast together.

We had hoped that this volume might have told us the subject that was to be conferred upon; but here we are as much in the dark as ever, gaining only a few additional details to those with which we are already familiar. Carew and Thomond, in relating the incidents of the seizure, can only say of the parley that it "was appointed for some good cause, best known to his Lordship." Whatever the cause, the parties met one April morning of the year 1600. The Earl and his companions were slightly armed and scantily attended. Owny came with a "back," and was prepared for

mischievous. His men crowded round the invited guests "as close as they might, every one trailing his pike, and holding the check of the same in his left hand, ready to push." This was suspicious; and the interest thickened when the notorious Jesuit Archer intervened. Then a religious controversy arose, and angry words were exchanged, and a sudden rush was made at Ormond as he was about to turn his horse and fly with Carew and Thomond. Ormond was dragged to the ground, and he narrowly escaped being murdered. He was robbed of his hat, sword, dagger and George, carried to Leix, and, for climax of insult, Archer was given to him for a bedfellow.

Carew and Thomond rode down the crowd, opposing them by mere weight of their horses; but the latter got two inches of steel in his back, which kept him from further riding for a week. The excitement caused by this affair was immense, and had various consequences. Near Irish kinsmen of the noble prisoner began to lay claim to his heritage; others seem to have set up pretensions to marry his daughter, whose safety the Government was anxious to secure. Ormond himself hoped that no attempt would be made to deliver him by force, as he would "then be sure to be slayen"; in which case, moreover, Carew intimated to Mountjoy that the country would be disturbed by "the competitors of his land."

Carew did not, like Mountjoy, suspect the loyalty of Ormond, who had daily to withstand the assaults of a roomfull of priests turned in to convert him, and to promise him a principedom in Leinster if he would become Papist, and obtain the surrender of Leix and O'Phally to the O'Mores and O'Connors. In the breathing hours between these attacks, the Earl's own cooks were allowed to bring his food to the castle-gate; "but there Owny himself receiveth the diet, and carrieth it up to the Earl." It is worthy of notice, that much of the intelligence obtained by Government was got from the "Intelligencer" who carried Tyrone's letters, which he delivered to the authorities to be read, and then demurely carried them according to their addresses. In one of these, Tyrone earnestly urged Ormond to become in religion subject to the Pope and in allegiance to the King of Spain. This letter was read by Mountjoy before it reached Ormond, whose very keepers betrayed their master, Owny, by allowing the agents of the Government to see and receive messages from the prisoner. One of these spies was an Irishwoman, who seems to have earned her English wages with alacrity.

While Mountjoy was expressing his unjust mistrust of Ormond, there were some who thought he might have prevented the capture: his comment on which is, that "they who are so apt to lay this accident as an imputation to my government, may as well tax the Mayor of London because Dorington brake his own neck from the steeple of St. Pulcher's." Fearful of losing his prisoner, Owny took him to the woods of Leix, removing him every three hours from one fastness to another; and Owny and he sat at different tables in the same room. Occasionally, he puzzled those who sought him as to his whereabouts, by causing "a trusty friend of his own, of stature and resemblance like to the Earl, to put on the Earl's night-gown which he was wont to wear, and directed him in that fashion to walk by the wood-side, where the Earl used to walk, whilst Owny and some twenty others nearest him in trust put the Earl on horseback and brought him to O'Dempsie Castle."

The Earl, though only fifty-eight, was brought near to death by this misadventure; and Owny, who was likely to get more by him if living at

large than if dying under his ward, liberated his prisoner in the middle of the month of June. Hostages were given for the price to be paid for this liberty; but as Owny within a few weeks lay dead on a stricken field, the ransom was probably never paid. Ormond said of him, that Owny was the "most malicious, arrogant, vile traitor of the world"; and he stoutly repelled the idea that he was about to give his daughter to the son of Tyrone. O'Neill handsomely relieved him from the imputation, in a gallant letter to Lady Ormond: "I hope to get such a match for my son as shall seem to his state convenient; and assuredly I had rather match him with one inferior to him, than to desire any match that might be to my Lord or to your Ladyship hurtful." O'Neill was a gentleman; and in this version of Ormond's story he especially appears so. It is a story illustrative of the vices and virtues of the Irish character; and though Mr. Graves only gives the rather dry documents, there is as much amusement in some of the details as in a sparkling romance. The only fault is, that the drama does not end with a marriage.

Roba di Roma. By William W. Story. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

TILL Rome shall fall ("and when Rome falls, the world") the City of the Seven Hills will be inexhaustible as a subject of interest. Howsoever it be treated, we turn to it again and again, provided the man or woman who takes it in hand has only a moderate share of descriptive power by which to express real sympathies and experiences. It is true, that with Affectation holding a court of conceit in the Vatican, or at the Sistine "Miserere," or among the awful shadows of the Coliseum, no terms of truce can be kept. Second-hand rapture should be warned off the ground on which the Apollo stands, or which Michael Angelo's sibyls overlook. Second-hand poetry should be discouraged from meditating in the Campagna, or dreaming in the Borghese Gardens (scene of one of Mr. Hawthorne's most delicious dreams). Second-hand history would do well to let the Cæsars and the martyrs and the Popes alone. No such cautions apply to or touch this book of Mr. Story's. It contains the gatherings of an honest observer, and (as we know, thanks to a certain marble *Cleopatra*) a real artist. We do not always like his taste. Every now and then he seems to fancy it incumbent on him to give himself "a rousing shake," and to be jocose forthwith—a mistake inevitably acting as an extinguisher on such mirth as the reader might have had at his service. His orthography, too, is oftentimes singularly incorrect for one who is so conversant with Continental lands and languages. His chapter on the "Evil Eye" and the superstitions akin to that superstition, contains many facts and speculations which can be indorsed by no sound thinker or careful sifter of evidence. But in the above lines our objections are told, and they must not be stated without its being added that we have read his volumes from the first to the last page as eagerly as if Eustace, and Waldie, and Lady Morgan, and Whiteside, and Andersen, and Dickens, and Fanny Kemble, and Head had not written,—as if Byron, reversing the miracle by which Niobe was "struck to stone," had not given the Gladiator blood, breath, sufferings more impressive in their stateless, semi-savage passion, than the most stately cries and confessions of heroic tragedy—as if the "Tomb in St. Praxed's" had not been built up in poetry by a living man of genius, to show how strong in death could be the strange union of pride, greed, ostentation, astuteness, and scho-

lastic learning, existing among the august and inscrutable nobles of a land in which the contrasts are too subtle, and yet too sharp, to be grasped by any northern hand—save that hand belong to a strong man.

Mr. Story, as a Romanist (not to use the word in a theological sense), yields to no past pilgrim or resident in enthusiasm. He owns to an artist's pleasure (your artist having apparently no nose to be afflicted) in the dirt and dilapidation observable on every side,—in the mixture of matters most august and matters most ruinous and foul. He winks with an eye of toleration at the beggars, whose shameless laziness and protrusion of real and fabricated disease amount to so repulsive a drawback, encountered as they are at the very moments when the mind wishes to gather itself into admiration and recollection. It would grieve him to see the Pifferari who play before the Madonna, at Christmas, those old Sicilians which Corelli knew and Handel pilfered, in clean skins, or with robes less patched than the boat of Theseus. He is a man of intelligence, a man of letters to boot, yet can acquiesce in, nay, prefer, a life to which intellect and literature can penetrate in only such parsimonious dribbles as superstition and despotic bigotry allow, and corruption permits to pass for the sake of its paltry fees. In spite of all these defects, and of a climate, moreover, which has difficulties and dangers for every one, in which much bodily exercise is impossible, and for which the resident must arm and manage himself with a nicety and care which would raise cries of ironical indignation were they found necessary in London,—“there's no place like Rome” for Mr. Story. What is more, he has an artful way of pointing out many of its wants and blemishes, as though they were so many blessings and beauties. Nothing more honest in the form of partisanship has ever come before us since Horace Walpole's compliment on Marie-Antoinette's dancing, in his delicious full-length portrait of the Austrian-French queen.—“They say she dances out of time; but then it is wrong to dance in time.”

We shall offer a few disconnected critical memoranda on certain of the chapters. The Pifferari tune noted by Mr. Story is by no means one of the best to be found. A more characteristic one, of the same style, was wandering the streets of London some months ago. The subjects of “street music” and “the constant habit of song” among the Italians cannot be dismissed without a word on its quality, which is in no respect represented here. If Mr. Story be anything of a musician, he must know that the few cries of London which are left are infinitely more Ausonian in tone than ninety-nine hundredths of the sounds now to be heard in Italian streets or Italian churches. The pilgrim will be excruciated in the picturesque island of San Giulio, which adorns the lake of Orta—in a stately place of worship on St. Michael's-day—by sounds of a nasal ugliness which, if passed off for music in this country, would draw down on us foreign sarcasms. Such power of discrimination as the people of the South ever possessed, is no more. The very things which are beauties in the Corso would be abominations in Cheapside. For years to come, it may be feared, every idea of popular music must be given up in Italy. It can only now be a topic by the fond favour of old tradition, even so to continue. We do not sympathize with the rapture still expressed by certain tourists, on finding themselves in the cheap opera-houses of Italy. Surely, in exhibitions of Art, price is not the first consideration. As supply and demand stand, a cheap opera is little more attainable than a cheap *Œopatra*. Good orchestras, good principal

singers, a good chorus and good music (not expecting first-class genius, save in first-class capitals) are hardly to be found, as the theatres of London, Paris and St. Petersburg attest. At this moment of writing the Neapolitans are cheering and serenading *Mdlle. Titiens*, as though she were their old idol, *Malibran*, come back among them. Good music is banished from the Italian opera-houses in favour of the fashionable rubbish of the hour. “It tastes of game, though,” said the old woman who boiled the stake on which the crow had been sitting (so runs a Norwegian proverb). It can but be the name of opera, and some lingering superstition belonging to bygone days, that can reconcile the most easily-contented amateur to the direful sounds with which his ear is now assailed in the South—expensive luxuries, did the ticket of enjoyment thereof only cost a penny. It is not so with Italian acting; concerning which Mr. Story writes with sense, appreciation and true relish.

Christmas, with its ceremonies and festivities, yields a very pleasant chapter. Mr. Story is eloquent on the subject of “vails”—that nuisance which deprives hospitality of its grace and acknowledgment of its cordiality. He describes brightly and pictorially the visit to the *Presepio* at the church of *Ara Cœli*, and the festival of the *Bifana*. He is great, too, on the subject of games—*Morra*, *Ruzzola*, *Pallone* (which he exalts above cricket), and has even a nook of kindness for the lottery! Then, he discourses on games of cards:—

“In an Italian pack there are only forty cards,—the eight, nine, and ten of the French and English cards having no existence. The suits also have different signs and names, and, instead of hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds, they are called *coppe*, *spade*, *bastoni*, and *denari*.—all being of the same colour, and differing entirely in form from our cards. The *coppe* are cups or vases; the *spade* are swords; the *bastoni* are veritable clubs or bludgeons; and the *denari* are coins. The games are still more different from ours than the cards, and they are legion in number. There are *Briscola*, *Treutte*, *Calabresella*, *Banco-Fallito*, *Rossa e Nera*, *Scaraccoccia*, *Scopa*, *Spizzica*, *Faraone*, *Zecchinetto*, *Mercante in Piera*, *La Bazzica*, *Ruba-Monte*, *Uomo-Nero*, *La Paura*, and I know not how many others,—but they are recorded and explained in no book, and are only to be picked up orally. Wherever you go, on a *fiesta*-day, you will find persons playing cards. At the common *osterias*, before the doors or on the soiled tables within, on the ruins of the *Cæsars*' palaces and in the Temple of Peace, on the stone tables in the *vigna*, on the walls along the public roads, on the uncarved blocks of marble in front of the sculptors' studios, in the antechambers or gateways of palaces,—everywhere, cards are played. Every *contadino* has a pack in his pocket, with the flavour of the soil upon it. The playing is ordinarily for very low sums, often for nothing at all. But there are some games which are purely games of luck, and dangerous. Some of these, as *Rossa e Nera*, *Banco-Fallito* and *Zecchinetto*, though prohibited by the government, are none the less favourite games in Rome, particularly among those who play for money. *Zecchinetto* may be played by any number of persons, after the following manner:—The dealer, who plays against the whole table, deals to each player one card. The next card is then turned up as a trump. Each player then makes his bet on the card dealt to him, and places his money on it. The dealer then deals to the table the other cards in order, and any of the players may bet on them as they are thrown down. If a card of the number of that bet on issue before a card corresponding to the number of the trump, the dealer wins the stake on that card; but whenever a card corresponding to the trump issues, the player wins on every card on which he has bet. When the banker or dealer loses at once, the bank ‘*fa toppa*,’ and the deal passes, but not otherwise. Nothing

can be more simple than this game, and it is just as dangerous as it is simple, and as exciting as it is dangerous. A late Roman *principessa* is said to have been passionately fond of it, and to have lost enormously by it. The story runs, that, while passing the evening at a friend's house, she lost ten thousand *scudi* at one sitting,—upon which she staked her horses and carriage, which were at the door waiting to take her home, and lost them also. She then wrote a note to the prince, her husband, saying that she had lost her carriage and horses at *Zecchinetto*, and wished others to be sent for her. To this he answered, that she might return on foot,—which she was obliged to do.”

An elaborate chapter is devoted to the Colosseum (why not *Coliseum*?); one more charming, and something more novel, to “*Villeggiature*, *Harvest and Vintage*,” reminding us pleasantly of the delicious country pictures in Mrs. Fanny Kemble's ‘*Year of Consolation*.’ But the *Campagna* is handled with yet greater felicity of touch and affluence of colour:—

“Within this magnificent amphitheatre lies the *Campagna* of Rome, and nothing can be more rich and varied, with every kind of beauty—sometimes, as around *Ostia*, flat as an American prairie, with miles of *canni* and reeds rustling in the wind, fields of exquisite feathery grasses waving to and fro, and forests of tall golden-trunked stone-pines poisoning their spreading umbrellas of rich green high in the air, and weaving a murmurous roof against the sun; sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy, as in the desolate stretches between *Civita Vecchia* and Rome, with lonely hollows and hills without a habitation, where sheep and oxen feed, and the wind roams over treeless and deserted slopes, and silence makes its home; sometimes rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly been checked and stiffened, green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of wild flowers, where scarlet poppies blaze over acres and acres, and pink-frilled daisies cover the vast meadows, and pendant vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts and tombs, or droop from mediæval towers and fortresses. Such is the aspect of the *Agro Romano*, or southern portion of the *Campagna* extending between Rome and Albano. It is a picture wherever you go. The land, which is of deep rich loam that repays a hundred-fold the least toil of the farmer, does not wait for the help of man, but bursts into spontaneous vegetation and everywhere laughs into flowers. Here is pasturage for millions of cattle, and grain fields for a continent, that now in wild untutored beauty bask in the Italian sun, crying shame on their neglectful owners. Over these long unfenced slopes one may gallop on horseback for miles without let or hindrance, through meadows of green smoothness on fire with scarlet poppies—over hills crowned with ruins that insist on being painted, so exquisite are they in form and colour, with their background of purple mountains—down valleys of pastoral quiet, where great *tufa* caves open into subterranean galleries leading beyond human ken; or one may linger in lovely secluded groves of ilex and pines, or track the course of swift streams overhung by dipping willows, and swerving here and there through broken arches of antique bridges smothered in green; or wander through hedges heaped and toppling over with rich luxuriant foliage, twined together by wild vetches, honeysuckles, morning glories, and every species of flowering vine; or sit beneath the sun-looped shadows of ivy-covered aqueducts, listening to the song of hundreds of larks far up in the air, and gazing through the lofty arches into wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances, or lazily watching flocks of white sheep as they crop the smooth slopes guarded by the faithful watch-dog. Everywhere are deep brown banks of *pozzolano* earth which makes the strong Roman cement, and quarries of *tufa* and travertine with unexplored galleries and catacombs honeycombing for miles the whole *Campagna*. Dead generations lie under your feet wherever you tread. The place is haunted by ghosts that outnumber by myriads the living, and the air is filled with a tender sentiment of sadness

which makes the beauty of the world about you more touching."

The above extracts have been drawn from Mr. Story's first volume. His second is devoted to markets,—to the Jew quarter, or Ghetto, which was probably never before described in such detail,—to field sports and races—to fountains and aqueducts—to births, baptisms, marriages and burials (the last, how ghastly!)—to summer in the city—to the good old times, including some choice bits of dark, wicked, cruel ancient history—to saints and superstitions, with much, of course, concerning Madonna-worship—and, lastly, to the Evil Eye. Here our author is profuse in anecdote, accepting (as has been hinted) every sort of tale and testimony with unquestioning eagerness and appetite. His book, however, is lively, readable, and has permanent value enough to entitle it to a place of honour in the shelf which contains every lover of Italy's Rome-books.

The Prince Consort's Farms: an Agricultural Memoir. By John Chalmers Morton. (Longman & Co.)

Of the various features of the Prince Consort's many-sided life, none gained him a wider popularity, or wrought perceptible good to a greater number of his adopted fellow-countrymen, than the enlightened interest which he displayed in the science and pursuits of agriculture. That he was a discerning patron of painters and sculptors, was known to the studios and those comparatively few persons who were allowed to witness the immediate results of his exercise of taste. That he was an appreciative student and enthusiastic admirer of the best authors of ancient and modern literature, was a fact known to a yet more limited circle. But that he was a farmer, delighting in the theory and eminently successful in the practice of agriculture, was known to every breeder and ploughman in the kingdom. Apart from the priceless moral effects of example on those who were next to him in rank, the beneficial consequences of his literary and artistic tastes were in a great degree limited to those whose appointed task it is to elevate mankind by the chisel, the pencil or the pen; but there is scarcely a hamlet in the country where the poor are not in some way better cared for than they would have been had Albert the Good deemed rural concerns too lowly for his notice. In farming, as in every other occupation which won a share of his attention, he was thoroughly conscientious and thoroughly in earnest. He did not take it up because it was the fashion, playing by fits and starts the rôle of a beneficent country squire, and laying a dainty hand on the plough-tail when his heart was at the whist-table. His function, indeed, was to fix, not follow, fashions; and as it was his high intent to set the arrow-head of fashion on those pursuits alone which were liberal, honourable and useful, he would not have expended so much time in working out problems for the practical farmers of Great Britain if he had not felt that his exertions would result in great and enduring good. The value and extent of his services in this respect will be best seen by those who enter on their consideration by reflecting what would have been the consequences if, instead of forwarding agricultural interests, the Prince Consort had opposed them, or simply withheld his countenance from them. The time is not far distant—indeed, it is fresh within the memories of men still at the head of public affairs—when it was the humour of good society to make light of the responsibilities of property, and when the duties of patrician proprietors were not supposed to extend be-

yond taking their rents from their stewards' hands, and taking their sport over their tenants' farms. What was the ordinary condition of our most productive counties in those days can be easily recalled by those who are acquainted with the state of agriculture when Arthur Young commenced his useful career, and remember the opposition which that reformer met with from an aristocracy whose "fashion" it was to sneer at farming as work fit only for the vulgar. Such men need not be reminded that long after George the Third had held out the hand of fellowship to the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Coke, of Holkham, the obstacles to the diffusion of agricultural knowledge were the apathy and scorn of wealthy landowners towards the new movement. Nor will such men be slow to believe that if the Prince Consort had affected disdain or shown carelessness for the farmer's toil, it would soon again have become the mode with fine gentlemen to spend time and energy on amusements less profitable than the improvement of their estates, less commendable than the education of their dependents.

Fortunately for this country, Prince Albert, from the time when he first made it his own, determined that agriculture should not be excluded from the wide range of his sympathies. Forbidden by the delicate circumstances of his elevated position to interfere in politics, he saw that the highest public career open to him lay in the exercise of moral influence—that it was possible for him to be the guide and teacher of the aristocracy by the example of his own life. In accordance with this view, he resolved to be in the fullest and noblest sense of the term the first and most true gentleman of his time.

From this point of view must be regarded Prince Albert, the patron of farming. Becoming a member of the Smithfield Club in 1840, he forthwith turned his attention to agricultural science; and with each succeeding year he enlarged the scale of his operations, so that in the last year of his life, when he accepted the Presidency of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, he had not merely under his nominal control, but under his own personal management, many thousands of acres of land, and several distinct and costly farming establishments. Prince though he was, he could boast that he was not only one of the largest farmers in the country, but that no farmer paid closer attention to the details of his business. He not only saw to everything himself, but would not rest till he had satisfied himself that he did everything in the best possible way. There were observers who muttered that, though a Prince Consort might in accordance with the humour of the nineteenth century play with agriculture and throw away money on a toy-farm, he was bound in honour not to conduct its affairs so that the balance-sheet stood in his favour at the year's end. There were even those who suggested that the royal yeoman and tenant-farmer was animated by love of money not less than love of science. But the Prince kept on after his own fashion, which was proudly to shun affectation, and to labour heartily and honestly at whatever work he undertook. He would manage his farms thoroughly or not at all. His aim was not to achieve popularity at agricultural meetings by speaking of himself as a farmer, but to teach the noblemen who watched him how to till the soil; above all, to teach them that country gentlemen ought to know how to manage their estates. Every improvement in system, mechanism, manure, was had recourse to as soon as it was made known, and, after full and fair trial, was assigned its proper place in the list of agricultural contrivances.

After every experiment, the practical question "Does it pay?" was put. Love of the beautiful was never permitted to put the farmer's chief object, the useful, out of sight. When the Prince built the new Dairy at Windsor, he wished to have an elegant building; but he would not suffer such wish to interfere with practical convenience. After careful deliberation, he decided on the best conditions of aspect, materials, drainage, ventilation, subsoil, remoteness from timber, and then gave general orders to the builder. "The architect," observes Mr. Morton, "was instructed by the Prince, that while his Royal Highness wished to have an ornamental dairy, no beauty of ornament would compensate for want of everyday usefulness."

The story of Prince Albert's management of the estates which he held as owner, or tenant, is in every case the story of what rapid improvements can be effected in landed properties by knowledge and capital. The Osborne property, for the most part a high-lying tract of land, comprises 1,810 acres, "of which 600 acres are the park around the house, 400 acres are woodland, and 700 acres are arable." Since the estate came into Royal hands, such alterations have been effected that its former owners would scarcely know it. "Fields of all shapes and sizes, surrounded by ragged and broken fences, bad roads, poor cottages and buildings, have been replaced by trim and shapely inclosures, good cultivation, the best possible accommodation for both inhabitants and farm-stock, and every other evidence of intelligence and liberality in the owner, and of welfare and contentment amongst the labourers." The mansion is entirely new, having been built since 1845 by the late Mr. Thomas Cubitt from the Prince's designs; the land has been thoroughly drained; a new pier has been constructed; the beautiful church of Whippingham has been completed from the designs of Prince Albert; and the terraces and ornamental grounds surrounding the 'House' are scarcely less the work of the new proprietors. Speaking of the Swiss Cottage and Gardens allotted to the Royal children, Mr. Morton says, "These are interesting for the proof they give of the practical good sense that has guided the education which the Prince thought necessary for his family; for here essentially is a school at which homely, domestic and most useful instruction is given and received. Every garden, consisting of several plots, contains flowers (roses, lilies, pinks, &c.), and, in separate beds, strawberries, gooseberries, currants and raspberries among fruits, and asparagus, artichokes, potatoes, turnips, cabbages of various sorts, onions, carrots, parsnips, lettuces and other culinary vegetables. The cultivation of all these plants has to be looked after; and close by, in the Swiss Cottage, is a kitchen, where the vegetables which have been grown by every little gardener may be washed and cooked; where cookery of other kinds is carried on; where, indeed, the apparatus exists for juvenile entertainments: given by those who have thus themselves carried out the whole process from the planting of the seed or set, up to the preparation of its produce as food. It is extremely interesting to see—in the orderly arrangement of the tools, each one bearing its owner's name—in the well-tilled plots—even in the arrangements for practice and instruction in the kitchen, as well as in the admirable collections illustrative of various branches of natural history in the Museum upstairs—proofs of that regard for the systematic, the useful and the practical which the Prince Consort was known to possess. And still more interesting is it to learn that not only are the immediate ends contemplated in these things fully attained, but that

the family bond is strengthened, here as in humbler instances, by every homely, family enjoyment shared in common. The Crown Princess of Prussia still retains her little garden, and produce from it is sent each summer from Osborne to Berlin."

Not less worthy of remark are the changes for the better wrought in Balmoral since the Royal Family purchased that picturesque Highland estate, which, with its additions, comprises upwards of 30,000 acres, bounded on the north by the river Dee, on the south by the water of Muick and the Lochs Muick and Dhu-loch, and on the west by Lochnagar and the rocky ridges stretching down to the Dee. The same eye for beauty and skill in wedding Art to Nature which had surrounded Osborne with glades and terraces, brought fountains and flower-gardens round the rock-girt castle. But the improver's art was not content with mere decoration. When the estates came into his hands, they had for many years been greatly neglected. The dwellings of the tenants, the farm-offices and fences, had fallen into decay; the cottages, or rather hovels, of the labourer were wretched. The existing system of agriculture was of an antiquated school and sadly ineffectual. The new lord set himself to work a reform,—not abruptly, for fear of wounding the feelings of his sensitive Highlanders, but gradually, cautiously, steadily; and so completely did he attain his end, that Dr. Andrew Robertson writes—"To describe the numerous improvements effected by the liberality of his Royal Highness upon the different estates, would prove tedious by repetition. It will be sufficient to state, generally, that comfortable cottages have replaced the former miserable dwellings; that farm-offices, according to the size of the farms, have been erected; that money has been advanced for the draining, trenching and improvement of waste land; that new roads have been opened up, and old ones repaired; and that fences have been renewed, and upwards of 1,000 acres of unreclaimable land planted."

If the Prince's alterations in his farms near Windsor were less striking and sudden than his improvements at Balmoral and Osborne, they were not less important. Upon them he tried in the most enlightened spirit every variety of experiment, adopting so many different methods of management, that there "can be hardly any farmer in the country to whom one or other of the many facts illustrated on these farms is not personally and professionally interesting."

But however the Prince varied his plans of farming, he had only one system of treatment for his labourers. Their intellectual and moral elevation was with him a chief object; and to effect this he relied on considerate usage, education in juvenile or adult schools, benefit societies, religious instruction and comfortable dwellings. It would be difficult to say on which of these agents he placed the greatest reliance. Wherever he had workmen, the schoolmaster and clergyman were close at hand and vigilant in the performance of their duties. On the delicate respect which it was his wont to show to the prejudices of his humblest dependents, some testimony is borne by Dr. Andrew Robertson. But it was on the urgent need for improving the labourer's dwelling that he most emphatically and warmly insisted. That he was not slow, at considerable pecuniary sacrifice, to illustrate his preaching by action, is well known. The leading feature of all the Prince's cottages for the poor is the presence of at least three bedrooms, so that during hours of rest parents may be separated from their children, and children of different

sexes may be kept apart. As to the need for this accommodation, question will be raised by no one acquainted with the dwellings of the rural poor, and with the immorality prevalent amongst them, which may be distinctly traced to deficiency of sleeping-rooms. The fire-proof model cottage—which readers may have visited when it was exhibited by His Royal Highness near the Great Exhibition of 1851—had a living-room, scullery and three sleeping apartments. Better than the model-cottages of 1851, the Osborne cottages have a kitchen in addition to the living-room and three sleeping apartments. Varying considerably in plan from the Osborne dwellings, the Balmoral cottages have a bed-closet in addition to the three sleeping apartments. "But," the capitalist will inquire, "do the occupants of these cottages pay rents which give a fair interest for the money spent in building them?" To this question a negative must be returned. When it is stated that the Balmoral cottages cost about 150*l.* each, landed proprietors need not be told that the farm-labourers who occupy them cannot in rent pay the interest of the capital sunk in them. But the results of the Prince's benevolent plan are worth a sacrifice. "Mr. Chadwick, C.B., informs us that the death-rate on the Osborne Estate amongst the labouring classes is only 12 in 1,000, the rate for the whole kingdom being 23 in 1,000, and that of the best rural districts known elsewhere being about 17. There can be no doubt that the reduced rate at Osborne has been due to the intelligent attention paid to the sanitary condition of the cottages. 'It may be said,' adds Mr. Chadwick, 'that if all the cottage property in the United Kingdom were maintained in the same condition as that of Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince Consort, the death-rate would be reduced more than one-third, or nearly one-half. It would be as if every third year there were a jubilee, and there was no sickness and no deaths.'" Prince Albert was a keen-eyed farmer, careful as any laird in all Scotland over the outgoings and the incomings of his farm accounts; but, looking at such results as these, he was well pleased to invest some thousands of pounds in model cottages, and, instead of interest, find his reward "in the establishment on his estates of a healthy, well-conditioned labouring population." May all great proprietors take to heart this lesson of practical benevolence from Albert the Good!

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Manual of European Butterflies. By W. F. Kirby. (Williams & Norgate).—Every child is a butterfly-hunter, and every student of Entomology commences with butterflies and moths; but, from our isolated position, scarcely one collector in a hundred ever thinks of looking at anything else than a British specimen,—a plan, so far as science is concerned, to be deplored, as but very limited views of Nature can be obtained from examining the species confined to so small a portion of the world. Now, however, that railroads and steamboats have rendered Continental travel so easy and cheap, we think that Mr. Kirby has done good service in publishing a nice little pocket volume containing short descriptions of all the hitherto observed European species of butterflies. In our own country we possess scarcely seventy different kinds of these beautiful insects; but there are about three hundred and twenty known on the Continent, including types of two out of the eight European families of butterflies of which we possess no English representative. By abbreviating the technical terms, and by means of synoptical tables of species at the head of each genus, the collector is enabled easily to determine his specimens. Great care appears also to have been taken to describe the caterpillars of every species hitherto observed in their preparatory states, and to indicate their pro-

per food-plants. Several valuable tables are given at the end of the volume,—the first showing at one view the geographical range of all the species, from which it would seem that Russia produces the greatest number of species; the second table gives the entire synonymy of the species, with references to detailed descriptions by various previous writers; the third gives a short biographical account of the chief writers on Lepidoptera and of their works; the work being ornamented by a good alphabetical index. It will thus be seen that the author has contrived to condense a large amount of matter—which a bookmaker might easily have swelled into a goodly octavo volume—into a very small space. We, therefore, recommend the work to every one who has a taste for Natural History, and who purposes making a Continental tour during the ensuing summer, assuring them that the collecting of insects is so common abroad that they need be under no fear of being laughed at if seen carrying a butterfly-net.

Memoir of Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, with Historical Sketches of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, and of the Alliances which have taken place between the Royal Families of England and Denmark; with a Glance at the History of the Danes. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—Beyond calling attention to the fact, that the Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie is a sub-Lieutenant of the Danish army, the writer of this short memoir says nothing of the lady who is soon to give law to English fashion which has not appeared in every newspaper of the country; but the last two chapters on the matrimonial alliances of the royal houses of England and Denmark contain enough lightly-written gossip about King James's Queen Anne, Queen Anne's Prince George, and the mournful career of George the Third's luckless sister, Caroline Matilda, to atone for the conspicuous lack of information about the personal history of the Princess in whom the loyal subjects of Victoria feel so lively an interest.

The War-Office List and Directory for the Civil Departments of the British Army, January, 1863. First Publication. Compiled from Official and other Documents, under permission of the Secretary of State for War, by Denham Robinson, of the War Office. (Harrison).—Mr. Denham Robinson, in the introductory pages of his War-Office Directory, gives a series of tables illustrating the "Succession of Ministers and Principal Officers charged with the Administration of the Army and of Military Affairs." These lists are calculated to be of service to historical students who maintain no relations either with the existing War-Office or its employes. In his preface the compiler observes, "Lastly, I must observe, that the 'War-Office List' is in no way 'by authority.' I have by 'permission' searched the non-confidential office records for information, and I have taken the greatest care to make my statements reliable; but, nevertheless, they issue on my responsibility alone, and carry, therefore, no greater authority than that of a painstaking private individual." At the end of the volume there is a good index to the names mentioned in the list; and in the body of the work a brief account is given of the professional career of every War-Office clerk who is alive at the present time.

The Countess Dowager. By Julia Tilt. (Booth.)—The Countess Dowager in her youth was the heroine of one of Miss Tilt's former novels. She re-appears, grown very old and twaddling, and is left in charge of a large party of young people during the absence of their parents. Being much scandalized at the manner in which her granddaughters and their friends behave, and in order to check the enormous amount of dancing, flirting, riding and talking nonsense, which takes place the moment the young ladies are relieved from the watchfulness of the maternal eye, the old lady suggests as a pleasant and instructive pastime that each member of the family should relate a short tale every evening till the return of their respective parents shall release her from her responsibility. The result of this proposal is four or five little stories of much the same calibre as those to be met with in old Keepsakes or Books of Beauty. There is a

tale of circumstantial evidence; a runaway marriage; the adventures of a young man who was taken in and ruined by a pretended lady of rank and fortune; and these stories are discussed by the party afterwards. In spite, however, of all the Countess Dowager's precautions, the most ineligible young man of all proposes to the favourite granddaughter, and her pangs of remorse are bitter till it finally turns out that the younger son has at least 50,000*l.* a year of his own: so the conclusion is highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. There is nothing very new or remarkable about the book, and no very glaring defects. It may pass muster as a novelette, and will do to ask for at the circulating libraries for want of anything better.

Aims and Ends: a Novel. 3 vols. By C. C. G. (Newby).—'Aims and Ends' is the first novel of a very young lady, young enough to go into ecstasies over her heroine's appearance, dressed in an upper skirt of Brussels lace upon white satin, with a *corsage* fitting without a crease; over her wreath of silver, wheat with blue forget-me-nots. With all these touching details is mingled the incidental faithlessness of the wearer, who having promised and vowed to love and marry a certain Mr. Stafford, in a few weeks afterwards becomes the envied bride of Lord Thornbury, a white-faced Othello, who makes her deservedly miserable, and leaves an insulting codicil to his last will and testament by which she is to be reduced to poverty if she ever takes a second husband. It is a thorough young-lady novel, with boarding-school views of life and character. It is amusing from its absurd unreality, but the authoress might find more profitable aims and ends.

Conyers Lea. By Cyril Thornton, M.A. (Saunders, Otley & Co.).—'Conyers Lea' may be read from the beginning, or at the end, or in the middle, or backwards, or even upside down, with equal interest. It is a light gossiping book, being a collection of anecdotes for the most part, amusing in themselves, but strung together in a disconnected way, treating on all sorts of subjects, from Portland Roads down to Spurgeon, and it is called 'Conyers Lea'—not the name of the hero, but the house where the passion for writing first seized on the author. It has a word or two about Church-rates, Tractarians, and old armour. In fact, the author seems to be rather an authority on old armour; and not only that, but since every story must treat more or less on marriage, he holds that a haunted house and 800*l.* a year will not do. And if a man wants to marry his deceased wife's sister, why should not he go the whole hog, do it boldly, and "let him marry his grandmother like a man"? There are "sketches episcopal" as well as magisterial and military, and amongst them the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are not forgotten—which latter seem to lead to the mention of an uncomfortable ghost, called the notorious "Baum Rabbit," which is popularly believed to appear once in a century. And in the sketches episcopal and military it turns out that the Bishop always has the best of it in his encounters with the Colonel, notwithstanding the assistance of the "Conyers rabbit," whether the matter in dispute be church-rates, deceased wives' sisters, tithes, "Methodys," or "Puritan Fathers." "The Bishop, when by himself, had a meditative style of walking; he was nearly as tall as the Colonel, and far broader across the shoulders; but looked ten years younger. Time's hand had been laid apparently lightly upon him." He has a good reason, too, for all he says, and an interesting chapter is one wherein he is the spokesman on the subject of the history and origin of the Church of England. On this part of his work the author seems much at home, and manifests marks of careful and sound training, so far as his own habit of perseverance has induced him to avail himself of it. In fact, it seems almost a matter of regret that he has not written more at length on this subject, and spared his readers a description of a cold-blooded murder.

Katharine Parr; or, the Court of Henry VIII. Translated from the German by John Ringwood Atkins. (Newby).—Historical romances can give a colouring to history sometimes, and nothing more; but hardly even that to a diligent student. Moreover, it must be a writer of no inferior order who so succeeds, whilst all may be content to aim no

higher than to amuse. 'Katharine Parr' was written to entertain German readers, and being translated into English we can see what sort of light dish was provided for their mental food, and how far English history is answerable for the fit of indigestion which might possibly ensue. King Henry the Eighth is, of course, a hateful character, and is therefore drawn in the darkest colours to heighten the effect. Katharine, who is a Protestant, marries him from ambition, and whilst the marriage-day is celebrated with the burning of heretics (the brightest and best wedding torches which, he tells Katharine, he could think of), at the same time Bishop Gardiner and Lady Jane Douglas, her lady in waiting, determine her downfall. Amongst the condemned this day is Maria Askew, who had made her way into the King's presence to beg mercy for the Countess of Salisbury. The characters are all represented as attired in the most gorgeous array of penny theatres: "The King stood in the centre of the room, attired in his gold-embroidered robes, and covered with precious stones, which blazed resplendent with the light from the chandelier. Beside him was the young Queen, whose beautiful and amiable countenance was turned towards the King with a look of the deepest anxiety; at a short distance from the Queen still knelt the youthful Maria Askew, whilst in the background were the Bishops, through the open doors of the adjoining apartment a host of courtiers; whilst on the opposite side, through the open window, might be seen the glowing skies; while the sound of bells and drums, mingling with the yells of the populace and the shrieks of woe and despair, resounded along the air." It reads much like a description of a country fair, with a theatre where a dreadful tragedy is going to be performed, and the gaping crowd outside are bidden to walk up and be in time, for it is now going to begin, and the charge is only one penny. And there is entertainment suited for all comers. First, the splendid scene with the King and coloured fire, followed shortly by a good stand-up fight between Gammer Gurton and Hodge, her affianced husband. There is also a festival, at which brave knights and combatants break lances in honour of their ladies; and Lord Sudley having vanquished Henry Howard, he is rewarded with a diamond pin, which, at the command of the King, is fastened upon his collar by the Queen herself, who takes the opportunity of conveying to the victor a *billet-doux*. On this little incident hangs much of the plot of the tale. The chief actors are named after the several historical characters who bore their parts in the events of the times of Henry the Eighth; and upon the death of the King, Katharine is married to Thomas Seymour. So far only can 'Katharine Parr' be called an historical romance, whilst it is spiced with many such scenes as might be worked into the most ordinary novel.

Mr. George Stacey Gibson has given his little botanical friends a *Flora of Essex* (Pamplin), in which he has exhausted the field of small matters. In stating the districts in which Essex plants are found, the authors who have spoken of them, the species which somebody is likely to find somewhere, the years where those known to occur have been found, and some matters of similar high interest, his book is very complete. There are also nearly three pages of additions and corrections, which, in a little volume of 469 pages, is pretty well. The best thing in the book is a short account of the life of Edward Forster, a very amiable man and diligent Essex botanophilist; or, perhaps, a well-executed loose map of the county.

A dissertation on *Phosphorescence; or, the Emission of Light by Minerals, Plants and Animals*, has appeared from the pen of Dr. Phipson. (Reeve).—"Phosphorescence, whether manifested by the glow-worm, the Bologna stone, a fungus, or a falling star, is generally looked upon as an unexplained and mysterious production of light." Dr. Phipson's attempts to unveil the mystery are attended with no success. Yet his account of the phosphorescence of living plants is interesting, as are more especially his gatherings in other kingdoms of Nature. Upon the whole, he refers the phenomenon to either electrical or chemical agency, which is very like explaining the unknown by the ignotum.

To the cheap and useful series of "Oxford Pocket Classics" has lately been added *M. T. Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia*,—*Cicero's Dialogues on Old Age and on Friendship, with short English Notes, for the Use of Schools* (Parker),—a neatly-printed, carefully-edited little volume, well adapted for school purposes.—Mr. J. S. Laurie, whose excellent "Graduated Series of Reading-Lesson Books" has met with great and well-deserved success, has undertaken to prepare another set of works at a cheaper rate, specially adapted to the six standards of the 'Revised Code.' We have before us the first three of the series: the 'Standard' Primer; or, *Easy Hornbook*;—the First 'Standard' Reader; or, *Tales and Rhymes*;—and the Second 'Standard' Reader; or, *Stories of Children*: by J. S. Laurie (Longman). They are all admirably adapted to answer the purpose intended, and well got up, considering the low prices at which they are published, though the paper is not quite so good as might be wished.—M. L. F. de Porquet's *Short and Easy French Readings for Little Folks* (Simpkin & Co.) is a collection of short conversational sentences, with vocabularies explaining the meaning of words and phrases. A few woodcuts are inserted, which are of no great value.—A *Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages*, by L. Contanseau (Longman), is an abridgment of the same author's 'Practical French and English Dictionary,' and contains several improvements upon existing pocket dictionaries.

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HORACE VERNET.

THIRTY years ago, so little did England know, or then choose to know, about French modern Art, that Vernet was, so far as this country is concerned, almost the only representative name among French painters. One cause of this might be that the Vernets have been a distinguished family during four generations.—The founder of it, Antoine, belonged, we are reminded, principally to Avignon; the son, Joseph, became universally known as a clever and capital marine

painter: a man who wrought carefully, with a certain picturesque taste for arrangement and *chiar-oscuro* (as distinct from colour). Joseph Vernet's best sea-port scenes "hold their place in any and every gallery." There is a humour of Claude in them, without Claude's magic management of air. They are pictures that wear, and will wear: having more of Art in them (though the Art may not be ours) than many of the hasty theatrical productions to which they were contemporaries and models. The family, including Horace's father, Carl, whose pictures of horses and battle-pieces kept the Vernet name alive, prospered according to the fashion of painters in those days,—which was to gain comparatively little, and at best fitfully. Horace, the present subject, born in 1789, at all events rose to no eminence and fortune by inheritance. The boy had to labour through a busy and wearisome apprenticeship,—as our Stothard and Turner had to do,—to make drawings, we are told, for Fashion-books; to design for booksellers, in days when designers were sparingly paid;—nevertheless, at the ripe age of twenty, he married, opened a studio, established a manner of his own, and with it a name and a fame.

Horace Vernet was eminently the picturesque painter of contemporary French war-things and people—having a clear eye and a neat hand, and more feeling for nature and colour than, at the time when he broke out, was the vogue among those who painted the Past in antique nudity, or the Present in modern garb. It may have been for these serviceable qualities that Napoleon the First (in no respect a good judge of Art) patronized and decorated Horace Vernet and made him a Chevalier. This Horace Vernet did not forget, even in the dark days of St. Helena; and in the year 1822, the exclusion from the Exhibition of a work on a subject thought dangerous led to Vernet's opening a show of his own,—a show of pictures of other French battles, which spoke at once to French sympathies,—having the advantage, moreover, of the figures being characterized to perfection (so far as the soldier is concerned), of being drawn with freedom as well as accuracy, and of being fairly good in point of colour.

The result was, that no government could do without Horace Vernet; and Charles the Tenth (under whose stupid reign certain Fine Arts, nevertheless, flourished gorgeously in Paris) made advances to him, commissioned him, and in 1828 appointed him to the Directorship of the French Academy in Rome.

The choice proved in every respect an excellent one. The artist had strong Southern sympathies,—apart from memories of the Cæsars and the Gracchi. He could paint the peasant and the robber-folk of Central Italy,—as his 'Brigand's Confession' (to name only one picture),—with a touch as true as, and less elaborate than, that of Léopold Robert, whose 'Moissonneurs' for a while gave Robert a stilted French reputation,—as the man among our born enemies who had best painted Roman scenes and people. Then Horace Vernet, as the host of the Villa Medici, to which French artists resort, kept a royally artistic house there for all comers,—painters, musicians, men of letters from all lands, such as old Rome has not enjoyed since. Mendelssohn's letters, recording his travelling experience, have told us how "the little thin Frenchman, with stiff grey hair and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour," welcomed with avidity everything that was really distinguished,—and how the young musician had to play and improvise to him,—and how the Frenchman would insist on painting the young German's portrait,—and how the Frenchman's daughter (Madame Delaroche, now dead) danced a Saltarella, as a matter of course, at one of these bright and hospitable gatherings. Vernet, in his time, had a power and a presence in Rome, belonging to his liberal geniality, which no successor, as head of the French Academy, has up to this time replaced.

As will befall every true artist who knows his own powers, Horace Vernet was waited for and wanted:—and when Louis-Philippe came to the throne of France, and wished to leave the mark of his reign

on that country by furbishing up Versailles, and collecting in that grand, overgrown, historical palace every conceivable record of its country's festivity and glory,—from the hunting-parties at L'Isle Adam, in one of which a troop of Chasseurs and dogs are placidly trotting up a terrace staircase, to the last note of the latest *razzia* made in Algeria,—Horace Vernet was called in. Accordingly, he painted manfully a "battle"-room at Versailles—his "Smala" picture among other African scenes. But however willing to do the work of an honest artist, Horace Vernet was no sycophant. He came to a quarrel with the Citizen-King because the patron wished to find Louis Quatorze painted in a heroic position at Valenciennes, which history informs posterity Louis Quatorze did not keep. On this rupture Vernet went to St. Petersburg, and there painted pictures of Polish sorrow for that chastizer of the Poles, the late Emperor Nicholas. His divorce from France was short. He came from Russia to visit the East a second time, to execute among his latest military histories 'The Attack of the French on Rome, when held by the Triumvirate.' He was decorated and glorified to the last, and (family bereavements apart) died at a ripe old age, with honours and memories round him. His funeral, however, by his own express desire, was nobly simple. A few friends attended him to the grave: which was spared the bombast of those funeral orations to English ears and hearts so unreal and melo-dramatic.

As a painter, his choice of subjects and the course of his career may more or less rule the place which Horace Vernet may hold in the eyes of our grandchildren. Meanwhile, he must be commemorated for something better than his acres of battles in the African Gallery at Versailles—for something besides the Italian groups which have gone through Europe. He painted at times for love, as well as for patronage; and, unless memory has betrayed us, there is a portrait by him of the Superior of "Les Frères Chrétiens" (to name only one among many) which may one day help to set his name in its right place—not as a clever man, not as a showy artist, but as a great and real French painter, belonging to the country of Poussin, and Claude, and Delaroche.

ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

11, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, Jan. 10, 1863.

I read with great interest an account which appeared in the *Athenæum* of December 20th of some antiquities recently discovered near the source of the Tigris. It is there said that at the last meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, "Sir H. Rawlinson communicated to the meeting the results of certain researches in the hill country north of ancient Assyria, carried on during the present year by J. Taylor, Esq., Her Majesty's Consul at Diarbekr, and which are to be resumed by that gentleman next spring. In a cave from which the principal stream of the Tigris rises a large river, two cuneiform inscriptions were discovered and casts taken by Mr. Taylor. One of these is already in London, and proves to be a record of Tiglath-pileser I. The other, not yet received, is surmised to belong to Sardanapalus."

Now, this discovery is valuable, not only from the interest attaching to sculptures preserved to us from such a remote age, but also from the testimony which it bears to the truth of the modern interpretations of cuneiform writing. Your readers are well aware, no doubt, that although Sir H. Rawlinson and others have laboured for many years in the decipherment of the curious and complicated Assyrian records, usually agreeing with one another in their interpretation whenever the inscriptions contain a simple narrative of historical facts, yet a large proportion of the learned world, including many distinguished Orientalists, still remain incredulous; some even doubting the fact whether any true decipherment has yet been obtained. It is difficult to account for this continued incredulity; but the only way to overcome it seems to be, to continue to accumulate proofs of the general correctness and trustworthiness of the translations.

An opportunity of doing so appears to me to offer itself on the present occasion, and I will proceed to explain in what manner.

The volume of cuneiform inscriptions recently published by the British Museum contains a long inscription, which fills ten sheets, of the Annals of Sardanapalus I., recovered from the pavement slabs of the temple of Ninev, the Assyrian Hercules. He was the god of war, and also the traditional founder of Nineveh, as is expressly stated in the inscription, in these words: "Ninev, who laid the foundations of this city, in ancient days now long past." This deity had likewise the name of Bar, which is used indifferently and interchanged with that of Ninev in the same inscription.

Sardanapalus I. (whose name I prefer to read as *Ashurakbal*) was a great conqueror, the son of Kutī-Bar, whose name means "the arrows of Bar," or rather, "the armed service of Bar." He was therefore, doubtless, a zealous worshipper of that deity.

Now, in the third sheet of these Annals, line 101, there occurs a statement which appears to me to throw light upon the fact now announced of the discovery of inscriptions of Tiglath-pileser and Sardanapalus at the source of the Tigris. The following is the translation of this part of the record:—

"In that same year, while I was staying at Nineveh, they brought me the news, that those Assyrians whom Divanuriah, King of Assyria, my ancestor, had located in the cities of Zilukha, had revolted, together with Kuliah their chief, and had marched against Dandamusa, one of my royal cities, and attacked it. In the name of Ashur, the Sun, and the Sky, my protecting deities, I assembled my chariots and my army; and at the source of the waters of the river Supnat, in the same place with the statues which Tiglath-pileser and Kutī-Bar, Kings of Assyria, my ancestors, had erected, there I erected a statue of myself, and I placed it by the side of theirs."

Such is the statement contained in the Annals, and I thought at first that our explorers had now discovered the very sculptures which that ancient record speaks of; so that, in fact, their discovery might have been predicted with some probability. But whether or not the same sculptures are spoken of, at any rate the Annals record a remarkably similar event. I may add, that there are other inscriptions in which Divanubar, the Obelisk King, speaks of having set up sculptures or tablets at the actual source of the Tigris, but he does not speak of having seen those already placed there by Tiglath-pileser; so that the coincidence is again imperfect. But these inscriptions show the veneration with which the sources of great rivers were anciently regarded. And so in the present day, the source of the Ganges, at Gangootri, in the Himalaya mountains, is accounted a sacred spot and visited by numerous pilgrims. The reason why an army, or at any rate its principal chiefs, assembled at the sacred source of a large river before commencing a campaign, would perhaps not be divined if the inscriptions did not expressly inform us. It was for the purpose of dipping their weapons in the sacred fountain. This kind of baptism was in all probability thought to render them irresistible. So the Greeks fabled that Achilles was made invulnerable by being dipped when an infant in a sacred stream. But to return to the passage in the Annals (iii. 101), the question remains, in what district was the source of the Supnat? I believe the Supnat was an affluent of the Tigris. The Assyrian colony spoken of lay some distance to the north of Nineveh, and near to the mountains of the Nahiri, whose numerous and turbulent tribes were usually at war with the King of Assyria. The annals of Tiglath-pileser give a long account of battles with them. And moreover, from the source of the Supnat, Sardanapalus marched straight to Kinabu, the city of the revolted Assyrian chief Kuliah, which he took and destroyed, and slew all the inhabitants.

He particularly says, "not one escaped."

After which, he gives an account of a campaign in the mountains of the Nahiri; whence it seems reasonable to infer that the city of Kinabu, and consequently the source of the Supnat, lay in that district. And the source of the Tigris is also in a mountain district which once formed a part

of the land of the Nahiri. I therefore think it probable that if the sources of the other great rivers in that country are carefully examined, other sculptures and tablets will be found there.

H. FOX TALBOT.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

At a Special General Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution, held at the house of the Institution, on Monday last, the Prince of Wales was elected an Honorary member and the Vice-Patron of the Royal Institution.

Mr. J. H. Foley, the sculptor, has been elected a Member of the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts.

Already an economical application of Mr. Graham's ingenious process of dialysis has been discovered, and tried, with an interesting result, in the utilization of brine. In the curing of meat there commonly remains a quantity of waste brine; but Dr. Marcet, by dialysing this refuse liquor, separates the salt from the juice of the meat, and the latter remains fit for use as an article of diet. Separated in quantities on a great scale, it might be converted into soup for prisons and penitentiaries, or for half-starved cotton-spinners in Lancashire. From this beginning it would, perhaps, be safe to predict that dialysis will prove as valuable to commerce as to science.

A rumour, of which confirmation is promised, has reached us, that the skeleton of a crocodile has been discovered in the Old Red Sandstone in the neighbourhood of Elgin. If true, it marks another epoch in geological science, as the fossil remains hitherto found in that formation have been of creatures much lower in the scale of organization.

We have all heard of the "insignificant little man" who was pointed out at a scientific conversation as the "greatest dipterist in Europe." Mr. Galton, in his paper 'On Cyclones,' of which we gave an abstract last week, introduces the term "cyclonists." Are we to have a class of distinguished cyclonists, who will discourse learnedly about the weather at meetings of a Cyclonic Society?

The author of 'A New Pantomime' wishes to make the following explanation in our columns, to which we have no objection:—

"Temple, Jan. 21, 1863.

"I am quite sure you will not be sorry to correct an error into which the writer of your criticism on my poem 'A New Pantomime' has fallen; and as the article is harsh enough, it is as well that it should at least be accurate. Gretchen, the heroine of the Pantomime, is not, as your critic supposes, the ideal creation of Goethe, kidnapped by me from his drama, but is the real flesh-and-blood Gretchen whom that eminent person, in his Autobiography, names with those other females whom he either flirted with, deceived or seduced in the course of his youth. No one can tell which of the three he means. She is the only woman who seems to have ever truly touched his heart, and it was to commemorate her name and memory that he selected Margaret (Gretchen, Peggy) as the heroine of his 'Faust.' He devotes a good deal of his reminiscences to her; and I would respectfully recommend your critic not again to write about Goethe until he has first read that Life, when he may, perhaps, form a different estimate both of myself and of my Pantomime, and correct some others of his views equally erroneous with that which I have pointed out.

"E. V. KENEALY."

Messrs. Tinsley Brothers have in the press 'Abeokuta, and an Exploration of the Cameroon Mountains,' by Capt. Richard F. Burton,—and 'Wanderings in West Africa: from Liverpool to Fernando Po,' by a F.R.G.S.

Among the numerous schemes for improved communications in the metropolis, is one for a railway, beginning near the Shadwell Station of the Blackwall line, to pass through the Thames Tunnel to Rotherhithe. It is proposed to connect the South Thames system of railroads by this means at the east end of London with those on the north: completing the circle now formed by recently-opened works of the same character.

A first attempt has just been made in Germany to naturalize the Spenserian stanza. Prof. Bodenstedt has narrated the second marriage of the Czar Ivan the Terrible in that metre; and though the quantity of double rhymes necessary in German poetry has a very different effect from the verse of 'Childe Harold' or 'The Faerie Queene,' the success of the experiment is perfect. We regret to hear, in the same letter which conveys us this announcement, that the amenities of literature are not observed in Germany as we expect them to be in a community so purely philosophic, and that a new chapter may be added to the 'Quarrels of Authors' from cultivated Munich. The ill feeling of no less a poet than Herr Geibel towards his colleague Prof. Bodenstedt has shown itself in ways that can hardly be explained by any rules of open warfare, as they are beyond all bounds of courtesy or literary honour. A very painful impression has been made on all friends of such poetic names by the conduct of Herr Geibel in disregarding the unimportant vote of the Chapter of the Maximilian Order, and persuading the King of Bavaria to interpose, as he had never done before, between the Chapter and their nominee. Even in the old days when poets abused each other like pickpockets, such a course would have been considered dishonourable, and we trust German literature will make haste to wipe off the stain.

A scheme is on foot to establish a new park at the west end of Edinburgh; liberal support is offered, and the cost estimated at 30,000*l*.

'Highlanders at Home' is the title of a book, published by Messrs. Dean & Son, containing drawings of those natives, by Mr. R. R. M'Ian, and descriptions of the manners and customs they illustrate, by Mr. J. Logan. These descriptions are amusingly done, considering their purely local interest. Their spirit may be appreciated when it is seen that a fellow is spoken of as "a stern Highlander" whose conduct in these days, as described, seems to be that of deserter, idler and masterful ruffian, if not thief. It is too late to represent such scamps under a sentimental light. Rob Roys should pick oakum. As to the drawings, they are flimsy, but good enough for the purpose; as reproduced, however, they are coarse. Another peculiarity of their reproduction is printing in plumbago, the result of which is that all the shortcomings of black-lead pencil drawings are present, and you have to turn and twist the book about to avoid the shining surface; the drawings are not worth so much trouble.

Messrs. A. Strahan & Co., of London, have published a little gift-volume for this and all seasons, containing "Wordsworth's Poems for the Young," so entitled, being a selection from the poet's works of such as are most suitable for juvenile readers. Of course, this comprises some of the best he produced. The selection has been made with much taste and judgment, excluding all those psychological studies which are obviously such, and not a little daunting to the youthful student. These are illustrated by forty woodcuts from the pencils of Messrs. J. Macwhirter and J. Pettie, with a single charming little vignette, by Mr. Millais, showing a dainty damsel of seven years old, reading. The sketches by the first-named artists are mostly landscapes appropriate to the themes; some are very prettily done, as also are a few pleasant figure-subjects by Mr. Pettie, who surpasses Mr. Macwhirter in these, as much as he is surpassed by him in the landscapes.

Is it unlawful to make and sell photographic copies of a print from an engraved plate in which there is a subsisting copyright, the consent of the proprietor of such copyright not having been obtained for making and selling those copies? In the case of *Gambart v. Hall*, which is an action for the alleged infringement of the plaintiff's copyrights in two engravings, 'The Light of the World' and 'The Horse Fair,' by making and selling photographic copies of them, the verdict was for the plaintiff; leave being at the same time reserved for the defendant to raise the above question of law for decision upon the Engraving Copyright Acts. Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., accordingly, this term, moved for and obtained a rule nisi, upon the part of the defendant, to enter a nonsuit, upon the ground

that the statutes in question do not preclude the public from making and selling photographic copies of prints from copyright engravings without the consent of the proprietors of such rights. This point, which is of great importance to the publishers of prints and to photographers, will, therefore, soon be argued before, and decided by, the Court of Common Pleas.

The earliest instance which appears to have occurred of any litigation arising from a claim to copyright seems to be that which, as related in Baldenucci's 'Dell' Arte dell' Intagliare in Rame,' p. 21, took place in the commencement of the sixteenth century, between Albert Dürer and Marc Antonio Raimondi. The former designed, executed and published a series of woodcuts from the Life of Christ. Marc Antonio, after he settled in Venice, not only took the liberty of closely imitating upon copper the prints from Albert Dürer's woodcuts, but also the well-known monogram upon them of that great artist; and impressions from these spurious copies were extensively sold as his productions. Upon this fraud coming to the knowledge of Albert Dürer, he went to Venice and took proceedings there against Marc Antonio; but the only redress the former could obtain was a decree that Marc Antonio should no longer upon his works use the monogram of Albert Dürer.

By recent accounts from Tasmania, we find that the Government of that country have voted 3,000*l*. for the purpose of investigating the mineral and metalliferous resources of the Macquarie Harbour country. The investigation will be entrusted to Mr. Charles Gould, the Government geologist, son of the eminent ornithologist. It is the universal feeling in the colony that no gentleman is better qualified for this task, Mr. C. Gould having already, by his geological explorations, rendered great service to the colony. Mr. C. Gould, we may add, is convinced that the country he is about exploring is extremely rich in minerals. Mr. Gould, we observe, will be provided with a complete photographic apparatus, by which means we shall be put in possession of the physical aspects of this interesting district of Tasmania, which is a new country.

By a letter recently received from South Australia, we learn that Mr. George French Angas is on the point of returning to England with his remarkably fine and extensive collection of shells, the result of his labours in that part of the world during the last thirteen years, and which is well known in the colony as the Angas Collection.

Twelve years ago the first emigrant ship sailed into Lyttelton Harbour, province of Canterbury, New Zealand. Now that colony can boast of its towns, its electric telegraph, a railway in progress, and a bishop. And yet more, it has established a Philosophical Institute, of which, as we see, Mr. Julius Haast, Government Geologist of the province, is president. His inaugural address is now before us, and we gather from it that a good museum of native products of all kinds, endeavours after acclimatization of foreign plants, fish and animals, and the formation of a good library, are to hold the first place in the labour and consideration of the youthful Institute. As they purpose to gather books by an exchange of publications, we infer that they intend to publish their own *Transactions*, so that we may some day see the Philosophical Institute of Canterbury on the exchange list of the Royal Society of London. In a country where so much remains to be explored and so much is comparatively new, we may expect the formation of a museum to be carried on with spirit. We notice that Mr. Haast mentions the great birds of the Dinornis family, which are among the most interesting questions of natural history. It appears that two species new to science have recently been described. And to quote his own description, "another still larger Kiwi, provisionally named *Apteryx maxima*, and called Roa by the natives, still exists in the western mountains of the island. Living specimens of this bird, which is as large as a turkey, have not yet been procured; though," adds Mr. Haast, "I observed its tracks in the fresh-fallen snow, and heard its call during the night." A still larger Kiwi, *Palapteryx ingens*, is

believed from "auricular evidence" to be in existence in the great beech forests which cover for many miles the slopes of the New Zealand Alps. The railway above referred to,—from Port Lyttelton to Christchurch,—will be carried by a tunnel through the rocky wall of Banks's peninsula; and the colonists deserve praise for undertaking it on their own resources.

Prince Demidoff, well known for his munificent patronage of Art in various ways, particularly for publishing at his own cost large illustrated works of travel and archaeology, is now adding another to the number. In this we have nothing of Russia or the adjacent territories, the scene being laid on the shores of the Mediterranean. The title of this new work is 'La Toscane, Album Pittoresque et Archéologique'; and the first part contains eighteen large views of places in the island of Elba. It has been some years in preparation, and is, as we are informed, to comprise about one hundred different subjects. The artist is André Durand, whose pencil was employed in the former works published by the Prince; but, judging from the plates in this first part, we cannot congratulate him on his pictorial effects. The landscapes have a hard look; and in the views of the sea the water has more the appearance of a "lozengy" wooden floor, than of the translucent rippling brine. It is possible, however, that the lithographer, and not the artist, may be responsible for this disappointing result. In justice to the Prince we mention that, as usual, he is presenting copies of the work to the principal libraries of Europe.

We hear, from Archangel, that Capt. Krusenstern, of the Jernack, has returned thither in safety, after having been given up for lost some time. He was one of the expedition sent by the Russian Government to explore the mouth of the Yenisei, in the Polar Sea. The other ships and crew of the expedition had returned months ago, finding the obstacles on their way altogether insurmountable. The Jernack also was stuck in the ice, only a few miles from the mouth of the Yenisei. Capt. Krusenstern and his crew reached the land by leaping from one block of ice upon another, doing battle bravely with all the horrors of the northern regions. Arriving at the shore, after infinite toil and wearied to death, they met with a party of Samoyedes, who at first fled, seemingly terror-stricken by the sight of these curious strangers. The interpreter, however, succeeded in making them understand the forlorn situation of the strange visitors; now they received the exhausted travellers hospitably, and at last helped them, by the loan of dogs, reindeers and horses, to return to Archangel.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS, NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.

JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by living British Artists, is now OPEN daily from 9-30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

NOW OPEN.—THE ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF OF THE DISTRESS in the COTTON DISTRICTS.—6, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Open from Ten till Four.—Admission, 1s.

F. W. DICEY, Hon. Sec.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF LONDON is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Four, at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—Admission, 1s.

THE GEORGE CRUIKSHANK GALLERY, EXETER HALL, contains a Selection of over a Thousand of his PROOF ETCHINGS, SKETCHES, &c. embracing a Period of upwards of Fifty Years; together with THE WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.—Open daily, from Ten to Five o'clock.—Admission, One Shilling; from Half-past Seven to Half-past Nine in the Evening, Sixpence.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Jan. 15.—Major-Gen. Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'Notes of Researches on the Poly-Ammonias; No. XXI. Secondary Products formed in the Manufacture of Aniline,' by Dr. Hofmann.—'On the Form of Crystals of Peroxide of Benzoyl,' by Mr. W. H. Miller.—'On the Synthesis of Leucic Acid,' by Dr. Frankland.—'On the Artificial Formation of Fibrin from Albumen,' by Mr. A. Smee,

jun.—'Note on the Spectrum of Thallium,' by Dr. W. A. Miller.

ASIATIC.—Jan. 19.—The Right Hon. Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.—A. M. Dowleau and Coomarasawmy Moodeliar, Esqs., were elected non-resident Members.—The substance of a paper was given, by W. Spottiswoode, Esq., 'On the Indian Astronomical Treatise, the *Sūrya-Siddhanta*,' pointing out more particularly the difference in conception between the Hindú and Greek epicycles that are made to regulate the motions of the planets in the two systems.—Prof. Goldstücker then read a paper in which he establishes, by means of the actual application of certain rules of Sanskrit Grammar, by Patanjali, in speaking of *Kátáyana*, that these two commentators of Pánini were contemporaries. He had previously established the thesis that Patanjali lived in about B.C. 140-120; and he now mentioned that the two commentators must have been long posterior to Pánini.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 15.—W. Tite, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. E. Peacock laid before the Society an object found in a gravel-pit at Yaddleshorp, in Lincolnshire, on which he was desirous of ascertaining the opinion of the Society. Mr. Evans believed it to be a natural formation, in which the Director concurred.—Mr. B. B. Woodward exhibited, by permission of Mr. S. K. Wilson, a gold finger-ring with a piece of ass's hoof inside, and the figure of a bull incised as the seal.—Mr. Howard exhibited a seal of Isabel of France, attached to a deed relating to a chantry at Coventry, and bearing date 17th January, 13th Edw. III.—The Director exhibited a bronze key found in the Thames.—Sir W. B. Smijth exhibited, through the Director, some very interesting Roman remains found at Theydon, in Essex.—Mr. B. Botfield, M.P., laid before the Society fragments of a British urn or urns found on his own property at Norton.—M. J. Beldane communicated a paper 'On Royston Court House, the Palace of James I.,' illustrated by a plan of the building.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Jan. 14.—H. Syer Cuming, Esq., in the chair.—T. S. Noble, J. Milligan, jun., and A. Cope, Esqs. were elected Associates.—Presents were received from the Royal Society, the Canadian Institute, the Sussex Archaeological Society, and Dr. De Berlanga, of Malaga.—Mr. Durden exhibited the handle of a large Roman vessel in bronze. It is of elegant design, belonging to a period not later than the first century of the Christian era, and was exhumed at Hod Hill, Dorset, in March, 1862. Several Roman coins were obtained at the same time.—Mr. C. Ainslie exhibited a cast of the interior of a *Cyphosoma Konigi, Mant.*, found in making an excavation at Westminster, which had probably been employed as an amulet by some ancient inhabitant of Thorney Island. This exhibition gave rise to a discussion as to the occurrence of Fossil Echini in early sepulchral interments, a subject deserving of more particular consideration.—Mr. Ainslie also exhibited two iron arrow-heads found in the Thames, one of the Norman era, the other of the fifteenth century.—Dr. Kendrick exhibited electrotypes of medallion plaques of the sixteenth century, representing Vulcan, the Rape of Europa, &c. Two were the work of Bernardo Castelli, illustrative of Tasso's 'Gerusalemme.'—Mr. Baigent forwarded a small shield found in December last at Micheldever, Hants. It is of copper, charged with the Royal arms of England. The red enamel is still visible, and it had originally been gilt. It is presumed to be of the time of Edward the First (1272-1307).—Sir H. Halford, Bart. forwarded, through the Treasurer, some interesting letters relating to Charles the First, detailing some particulars from the storming of Leicester to the battle of Naseby, and described some horse-trappings and other articles belonging to the King, now in the possession of Sir H. Halford. This communication will be printed, together with Mr. E. Levien's notices of unpublished documents relating to the Captivity of Charles the First.—The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading of a paper by Dr.

Palmer, of Newbury, 'On Discoveries made on the Site of a Roman Villa at Well House, near Marlstone, Berks.'

NUMISMATIC.—Jan. 15.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. Venables exhibited some Roman silver coins, consisting of Constantius II., Julianus, Valens, and a fine silver medallion of Gratian, with the reverse legend, *VIRTUS EXERCITVS*.—Rev. Asheton Pownall exhibited a British gold coin, belonging to Dr. Perry, with the legend, *VOCORI ON*: it was in poor preservation.—Mr. Akerman exhibited a gold coin of Cunobeline and a sceatta.—Mr. Frederick Pearson exhibited two Chinese medals and a five-peseta piece, struck in 1809 by the Junta of Spain at the time of the French invasion.—Mr. Wilson exhibited a collection of Chinese coins found at Canton some years since: they consisted of the Emperors Hang He, Keenlung, Keeking and Tao Kwang.—Mr. Evans read a paper 'On a Find of Roman Coins at Luton, Beds., on the Estate of J. Shaw Leigh, Esq.' They consisted of denarii and small brass from the time of Caracalla to that of Claudius Gothicus, and must have been deposited in 269 or in the autumn of 268. The most curious feature connected with the find is the absence of any coin of the usurper Tetricus.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Jan. 16.—G. Busk, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. A. R. Wallace read a paper 'On the Ornithology of Bourou, as investigated by himself during two months' stay in that island.' The total number of species of birds obtained was sixty-six, of which seventeen appeared to be undescribed. The general character of the Ornithology of Bourou was essentially Moluccan; not a single Celebesian form occurred. This contrasted strongly with the Avi Fauna of the Sulu group, in which the greater part of the species met with were common to Celebes.—Dr. Günther exhibited a new form of venomous serpent, discovered by Capt. R. F. Burton in Western Africa, for which he proposed the name of *Peechlostolus Burtonii*, after its discoverer. Dr. Günther also read a second communication on the Chars of Great Britain, in which he described a new species of this group of fishes from Lough Esk, in Ireland, and proposed to call it *Salmo Colii*. Dr. Günther likewise read a note on the synonymy of a venomous serpent from Australia, of the genus *Diemannia*.—A letter was read from Capt. Speke, commanding the East African Expedition, relating to the zoology of the country traversed during his progress towards Lake Nyanza.—Dr. Sclater called the attention of the Meeting to two fruit-eating pigeons, from the Samoan Islands, in the Society's Menagerie (*Carpophaga microcera* and *Ptilopus faeciatius*), which were new to the collection.—Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier exhibited a singular variety of the domestic fowl, in which the webs of the feathers were all broken up into minute filaments.—A paper was read by Mr. J. A. Johnson, containing descriptions of five new species of fishes recently obtained at Madeira by that gentleman, amongst which was a new form of Scopelidae, proposed to be called *Neoscopelus Atlanticus*.—Mr. B. Leadbeater exhibited specimens of eggs of a species of Rhea, supposed to be those of Darwin's Rhea, collected by Mr. Goodlake in Patagonia.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Jan. 14.—The Hon. and Rev. S. Beut, Member of Council, in the chair.—The paper read was, 'The Application of Photography to the Magic Lantern Educationally Considered,' by Mr. S. Highley.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Jan. 13.—W. H. Black, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. J. Mills read a paper 'On a Manuscript Copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch,' which he exhibited. Mr. Mills had remained for some months with the Samaritans at Nablus, in 1860, and being the first non-Samaritan ever allowed to examine the celebrated scroll believed by them to be written by Abishma, the great-grandson of Aaron, gave a brief description of that manuscript. The one he exhibited to the Meeting was kindly lent him by Annam, the present Samaritan priest, and which he is now collating with the Hebrew text and also with the Samaritan text as

published in Walton's Polyglot, with the view of its being published. It is a manuscript of the fourteenth century, transcribed from the original scroll for the private use of Tabiah Ben Itchak, a priest of Nablus, as stated by the scribe at the end of the manuscript, and which has been ever since preserved in the priest's family. Mr. Mills dwelt at some length on the peculiar characteristics of the Samaritan manuscripts of the Law, and the uncommon accuracy with which they are copied. The diacritical signs made use of in the manuscript were described; and having pointed out its various divisions and discussed its documentary character, the paper concluded with an exposure of Gesenius's Essay on the Samaritan Pentateuch—the reckless assertions made by that great lexicographer for the purpose of damaging the character of this class of manuscripts. Several fragments of ancient Samaritan manuscripts were also exhibited to the Meeting.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Actuarial, 7.—'Columnar Method of Calculation of Survivorship Annuities,' Mr. Meikle.
- Entomological, 7.—Anniversary.
- Architects, 8.
- Geographical, 8.—'Route to Siam across Isthmus of Kra,' Capt. Fraser and Forling; 'Island of Tsusima,' Mr. Oliphant.
- TUES. Engineers, 8.—'Railway Telegraphs,' Mr. Preece.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
- Zoological, 9.—'New Australian Mammal,' Mr. Krefft.
- WED. Society of Arts, 8.—'Electrical Communication between Great Britain and America,' Mr. Massey.
- Archæological Association, 8.—'Ancient Literary Frauds,' Mr. Madden; 'Sepulchral Discoveries, Stapleford Tawney Church, Essex,' 'Roman Remains, Coombe Wood, Bath,' Mr. Byer Cuming.
- THURS. Royal Academy, 8.—'Architecture,' Prof. Smirke.
- Royal, 8.
- Royal Institution, 2.—'Chemical Affinity,' Prof. Frankland.
- Antiquaries, 2.
- FRI. Royal Institution, 8.—'Points of Contact between Science and Art,' Cardinal Wiseman.
- SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'Life and Death,' Mr. Savory.

FINE ARTS

ART IN BERNERS STREET.

AN Exhibition, containing a few creditable pictures and drawings, has been opened (second year) at No. 14, Berners Street. Of these the best are as follows, mostly the works of young artists:—'A Study' (95), by Mr. De Morgan, a girl embroidering, is full of originality and dextrous painting; in tone, flesh-tints and surface this is valuable; the shadows are rather dirty; the features, as of a portrait, need refinement, as their character does not necessarily imply vulgarity.—Mr. J. Campbell's 'Cellarman' (100) we have seen before: there is much to admire in it.—Mr. Storey's 'Twilight' (86), three ladies walking in a garden, would, so good is its rendering of tone and feeling, be admirable if it were better drawn and less sentimental.—'The Head of a Child' (78), Mr. T. Morten, is largely and solidly handled, if dirty—the result of carelessness.—Mr. T. M. Carrick's 'Rocky Seashore' (72) has, like the last, much feeling for nature, carelessly expressed; the water is well rendered.—A lady in antique costume (unnumbered), by Mr. V. Prinsep, though but a sketch, shows rare artistic power that might be better employed. Mr. L. W. Thomas's (unnumbered) 'Coast Scene,' a sunlight on the sea, renders the effect charmingly, being unusually good and bright in colour.—'Ulleswater' (143), Mr. G. Mawley, though thin and a little woolly in rendering of foliage, evinces taste for colour and recognition of nature.—Mr. Bridell's 'Entrance to the Via Mala' (143), the rock-cleft showing a bar of intense blue sky, is dashingly sketched, and effective, if not heedful.—Mr. E. J. Poynter's 'Egyptian Water-Carriers' (135), two half-lengths of stately women bearing jars of the old shape upon their heads, which heads are of the old type in form, but occidental in colour, are finely drawn, apt in expression, and indicate artistic ability in the painter.—Mr. S. Solomon rarely fails to mark his singular powers and intensity of feeling upon all we see from him: here are two drawings, such as fifty years ago would have roused the cognoscenti to admiration; they make even now old-fashioned observers feel there is something in Art beyond their rule of criticism. The first of these is 'Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego' (129). The three stand hand-clasped and fearless, shielded from the furnace-heat between the wings

of the angel whose tall head overlooks them. There is no attempt at imitating fire in this design, but its extraordinary force arises from the less vulgar and far more intense means of expression and design in the best sense of that word. The next design represents with much tenderness and grace of character 'The Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca': he takes her by both hands and salutes her with the kiss. These are singularly original works.—Mr. G. P. Boyce is another painter of ability. His 'Edge of the Desert' (108) gives admirably the vastness of the place, and in colour looks like a transported piece of Egypt; so also does the 'Gibel Mokattam, from the Rubbish Hills, Cairo' (120); it is a placid unbroken evening, just when the sun has turned below the edge of the Egyptian world; golden light, reflected from the sky, lingers softly, not in the coarse glare so commonly represented in Oriental phases of like character, but solemnly and delicately, against minarets and low white cliffs, flushed with grave splendour and saddened with purple shadows. The whole heaps, the cast-out débris of a falling metropolis, that are known as the Rubbish Hills, lie here in a broad shade, so complete, that their forms are absorbed and their broken surface only indicated by the devious pathways across them, that, being differently coloured, show themselves. Loneliness and ruin are emphasized by a figure hurrying along, whose bright blue robe tones all the purple, orange, vermilion and grey charmingly.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Among Mr. Stanfield's contributions to the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition will be a picture representing the condition of some part of the fleets on the day after Trafalgar—a subject that has been in the mind of the artist for many years. The scene is near the locality of the battle, the weather a fresh gale, such as took effect at the time; along the distance of the picture is the low coast of Spain, a watch-tower, presumably of Cadiz, marking a point of land. Near the foreground rides a dismasted and captured Spanish war-ship, the Union-Jack hoisted above her taffrail surmounting the flag of Spain; she has two anchors out by the bow, and rolls heavily, seeming to drag them, showing her decks to us loaded with wreckage and lumber from aloft as she lies heeling over to starboard; a wave has struck her on the port-bow. Between this capture and the land, so as to be handy to prevent her going ashore if the anchors do not hold, lies an English ship of lighter draught. In the mid-distance some other craft are seen making their way towards Gibraltar.

Mr. E. Davis desires us to say that his statue of Wedgwood has not yet been inaugurated at Stoke.

Comprised in the Photographic Society's Exhibition of this year will be found several attempts to utilize the practice of photography to artistic purposes, and afford a substitute for hand-skill in the production of plates that may be used for printing from, in place of engraving. Among these are examples of the processes invented by M. Lemerrier in litho-photography, whereby transcripts are said to be obtainable direct on stone from an ordinary negative; also others, to the same end, by M. Poitevin. Perhaps the most remarkable of this class of subjects are the heliographic or photographic etchings on steel, invented by M. Charles Negre; several specimens, not only of impressions resulting from this gentleman's system of operation, but of the plates themselves whence such impressions have been taken, are to be seen: the last resemble unusually sound and broad lithographic drawings, having withal a firmer and brighter texture—especially observable in a clear rendering of shadows on the objects represented that cannot but be of great value should the system be found commercially useful. These impressions represent, for the most part, architectural details and carvings—very good subjects for an experiment. Quite equal in interest to these, and in their charming fidelity placed beyond question of delightful usefulness, are some extraordinary examples of success in photographing upon enamel: the impression of a portrait, of which there are many here, or other

subject, being obtained upon enamel, the same may be fused at once into a transcript perfectly indestructible in its own nature; or it may be painted upon, as seen here, in the manner of an ordinary enamel, and afterwards fused. We are bound to say that the silly practice of painting on photographs seems in this case to be less objectionable; at any rate, the results are obtained in a less offensive manner than that of the tawdry "coloured" photographs. Neither are these open to the challenge in taste as those photographs on semi-transparent glass are when they show opaque examples transparently. M. Lafon de Camersac is the inventor of this novelty. M. Bertsch's automatic arrangement of lenses, which adapts itself to a fixed focus, is one of the wonders of photographic practice that cannot but commend itself to all who observe it; here are some enlarged results of its working. M. Henri Corbin's dry collodion paper, which is of course portable, and will keep fit for use for six months at least, must be a real blessing to travellers, who may by its aid dispense with a great deal of baggage, that enemy to the photographer. Architectural students should not omit to avail themselves of the magnificent volume of photographs taken from details of the Cathedral of Amiens during the recent "restorations," and exhibiting the sculptures of that glorious gallery of Art in many instances in their state ere any other "effacing finger" than that of Time had been laid upon them. Taken from various points of view offered for this occasion only by the erection of the scaffolds used during the work of restoration, these productions are unparalleled in interest. The man who does not know what Gothic sculpture was, or one who doubts its value, will do well to look at these; they are the work of M. M. Davette and Romanet. Here should also be noticed the productions in the carbon-process by M. Robert, of Sèvres (Director of the Imperial Factory), where the same example has been reproduced with singular success. M. Camus's Egyptian views, photographs on the largest scale of temples, propylons and ruined colonnades, especially one of the Hypethral Temple at Philæ, will be appreciated; as will be M. Chernay's copies of the Mexican antiquities, made in danger of his life from Indians.—M. de Londre's waxed paper productions, remarkable for clearness as they are,—and last, not least interesting, the photographs on glass by M. M. Ferrier, père, fils, et Soulier, some of whose copies of Alpine nature enchain the observer.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, Covent Garden, under the management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, Sole Lessee.—On MONDAY, January 26, and Friday, 30th, Balfe's Grand Opera, SATANELLA.—TUESDAY, 27th, and THURSDAY, 29th, Wallace's brilliantly successful Opera, LOVERS' TRIUMPH.—WEDNESDAY, 28th, and SATURDAY, 31st, Howard Glover's Popular Opera, RUY BLAS.—Every Evening, the Grand, Original, Zoological, Comical Christmas Pantomime, written by H. J. Byron, entitled HARLEQUIN BEAUTY and the BEAST, or, the GNOME QUEEN and the GOOD FAIRY. The Grand Transformation Scene, MOONBEAM and SUNLIGHT; or, the DESCENT OF MORNING'S FIRST RAY, invented and painted by W. Calloot.—NOTICE.—A Morning Performance of the new Pantomime every Wednesday at Two. Carriages to be in attendance at half-past four. N.B.—Children under Twelve Years of age, admitted at half price to the Morning Performances to all parts of the house except Pit, price 1s. 6d. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to 4l. 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circles, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. The Box-Office open daily, from 10 till 2. No charge for booking or fees to box-keepers.—Doors open at Half-past Six. Overture commences at ten minutes to Seven.

MONDAY'S POPULAR CONCERT.—When Schumann's Pianoforte Quintett was first played here, by Mdlle. Claus, some years ago, it produced little or no effect. In the interval, the advance of the composer's popularity in Germany has been steady, rapid, and (as we have said) startling. Our own impressions are, that whatever be the amount of aspiration conceded to Schumann, in his best works, he was deficient in fancy, and audacious, not only in taking, but also in making, those liberties, which can but be pardoned in consideration of consummate genius. The immodesty of eccentricity is a subject well worth treating. If the leading phrases of the four movements of this Quartett be analyzed, three (that of the slow movement reserved) will be found heaps of notes, in themselves characterless; not so the subjects of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn (in his best writings). That

the *allegro* is meant to start vigorously; that the second subject is intended to flow; that the *scherzo* is built on the scale; and that the *finale* is based on an idea of incessant, animated motion,—are all so many perceptible facts; but not one idea referred to seems to us to have a spark of divine fire. Then, as in the close of the divisions of the *allegro*, as in the midst of the movement *alla marcia*, interest is checked by perverse little episodes, to our uninitiated apprehension having no keeping or connexion with the remainder of the movement—varying it, no doubt, inasmuch as dislocation is variety. Need we cite how different are the introduction and employment of Beethoven's episodes? Further, Schumann's taste in harmony is, throughout, impure—showing a perverse leaning to the use of those extreme chords and suspenses which are useful to give piquancy and heighten effect, but are no more admissible when employed as the universal medium of carrying on a movement from point to point than would be Cayenne pepper showered over a bill of fare from the soup to the dessert. So that, to sum up, our impressions stated last week have undergone no change in consequence of Monday's experience.—Schubert's stringed Quintett is an interesting, though an ill-proportioned work—full of charming ideas, and, in the first two movements especially, happy and graceful effects—ill set and elaborately drawn out to a length, owing to which no small amount of charm is lost.—Both Quintetts were played with spirit—Herr Pauer being at the pianoforte; but M. Sainton must watch his intonation, which once or twice of late has not been altogether satisfactory. The vocal performers were Mr. Sims Reeves, who is in excellent voice and spirits, and Miss Banks, who got her usual *encore* in Mr. A. Sullivan's buoyant and delicate *Ariel* song.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Besides the mere pleasure which the music, as music, continues and will continue to give to the English ear, there is many a pound's worth of instruction to be got for the English musician out of a shilling volume, containing *Twelve of Sir Henry Bishop's Glees* (Boosey & Sons)—at half the price that is charged for many a trashy ballad not worth singing—for many a lame polka that is not worth dancing—for many an overwrought transcript of some opera-tune not worth transcribing. The edition is neatly brought out; the pages are very little crowded.—That which is to be pondered, as matter of instruction, may be briefly indicated. First, the superior quality of the text preferred by Sir H. Bishop, and that in a day when the Vauxhall ballad was not yet extinct. He was at his best when setting words by Shakespeare, Ossian, Joanna Baillie: under those circumstances he was rarely commonplace, never vulgar. The modest ease with which voices were treated by him (a fair reference being paid the while to expression) may be also recommended to all young writers. The writer had something of his own, but the originality was neither forced nor unpleasing: the ear was relieved from monotony without the teeth being set on edge. But this volume gives also an instructive example of Bishop's weakness and want of self-respect—defects which prevented his ruling his public, instead of being, as he was, tempted or dragged into false paths. What can be more foolish in taste than his appropriation of the cheery madrigal "Now is the month of Maying" as the second part of his setting of "Who is Sylvia"? The old "*ballet*" (we imagine it may have been danced as well as sung) loses much of its sprightly grace by the alteration of the words, and by the omission of the "*Pal-lal-la*" burthen. The adapter here proclaimed himself, by the proceeding, inadequate no less than irreverent. The sins of Bishop, in this matter, had no small part in strangling the growth of native opera; in corrupting our popular knowledge of foreign music; and in bringing into discredit on the Continent his own name, which ought to have been only honourably known there. It was so known, if the tale be true, that when Signor Rossini came to England, on his being introduced to Bishop, the composer of 'Il Barbiere' began at once to hum the melody of the round here printed—"When the wind blows."

The announcement of 'Athalie' and Mozart's 'Requiem,' performed yesterday week by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, need not be followed by a criticism of works so thoroughly reliashed, when executed by a body of artists whose rule is excellence. The quartett of *solo* singers consisted of Miss Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith and Lewis Thomas.

Mr. Henry Phillips announces a farewell concert.

Among other candidates for public favour in London may be mentioned M. Jullien, who announces a dance-orchestra: after the fashion of that of his father.

M. Berlioz writes in favourable terms of the music of M. Semet's 'Ondine.' It is only fair to advert to this praise, after the censure registered a week ago.

There is a talk, says the *Gazette Musicale*, of reviving Gluck's 'Armide' at the Grand Opéra. This was next to an inevitable sequel of the success of 'Orphée' and 'Alceste': another proof of a fact which, stated in print a few years since, was ridiculed as if it had been an absurd paradox; namely, that Gluck's operas have never quitted the stage. They appear too sparingly, it is true, for the same reason that Shakespeare's tragedies are comparatively seldom seen. Where is the *Lady Macbeth*?—where is the *Cleopatra*?—where the *Lea*?

Madame Schumann is said to meditate playing in Paris,—also Mr. Aptommas, our harpist,—during the coming season.

'King Enzo' of Herr Abert, concerning which opera we heard good report in Germany a few months since, has just been given at Mannheim, it is said, with the greatest possible success.

Signor Mario, who, truth to say, has not been singing well, and therefore not frequently, at the Italian Opera in Paris this winter, has, whether wisely or unwisely, accepted an engagement at Barcelona, whither he will proceed in February.

'Philidor,' a five-act drama with a prologue, which has nothing to do with the great chess-playing musician, has been produced at the Théâtre de la Galté.

The new book for 'Coel fan tutte' at the Théâtre Lyrique is based on Shakespeare's 'Love's Labour's Lost.'—By the way, last week Madame Faure was printed by mistake for Madame Faure-Lefebvre, in specifying the cast.

Molière's birthday has been duly kept in Paris at the two classical theatres,—the Français and the Odéon: at the former by the performance of 'Le Misanthrope' and 'Le Malade Imaginaire;' at the latter, by 'L'École des Maris,' 'Le Malade Imaginaire,' and a new piece, 'La Fille de Molière.'

We have the following from Naples:—"Mdlle. Titiens has now been with us a fortnight, and has perfectly enchanted the Neapolitans. On her arrival there was a party prepared to oppose her; but all feeling of hostility has been crushed by her remarkable powers. Every one is compelled to confess that, for years, such a voice has not been heard in Naples. The *Giornale di Napoli*, which is the most moderate in its praise, says, 'Titiens, at San Carlo, and Ristori, at the Fondo, are the objects of the warmest sympathies of our public. Titiens has not an extraordinary volume of voice (!); but she sings exquisitely, has all the graces of elegance and of art, and, what is more, she acts and sings with feeling. Without denial, she is one of the most distinguished artists of singing of the day. Ristori, whose long career has secured for her only increasing honour, is always the Queen of the Italian Dramatic Theatre,—is the heiress of the talents of Marchionni and Talma.' As yet, Mdlle. Titiens has sung only in 'Lucrezia Borgia'; and it is to be regretted that the protracted engagement of Steffonone will probably deprive the Neapolitans of the great pleasure of hearing her in *Norma*. In a short time it is proposed to give the as yet unedited opera of Donizetti, 'Maria Stuarda,' under the Bourbons prohibited,—Steffonone to take the part of *Maria Stuarda*, and Titiens that of *Elisabetta*. There are rumours of intrigues to prevent the success of these two ladies in Donizetti's opera. We are shortly, too, to have a

Concert under the direction of Thalberg, who is desirous of introducing a young Neapolitan, Benjamin Cesi, a performer of great talent, and the only pupil to whom Thalberg has ever given gratuitous lessons. To the disgrace of Naples, however, be it said, so great a master found it difficult to obtain a room in a city of palaces and of magnificent public buildings."

MISCELLANEA

Cardinal Mezzofanti. — Your Correspondent "B." (page 94) cannot have read with attention the paragraph which he volunteers to criticize. The report of the Meeting of the Philological Society (*ante*, page 55) stated that Mr. Watts had laid before the Society a paper by Mr. Waterton, containing a list of eighty-four specimens of different languages which Cardinal Mezzofanti had in a manner adopted as a list of the languages known to him, and that Mr. Watts remarked, among other things, that in this list "some languages appeared to occur twice under different names," producing two or three instances. "B." first attributes to Mr. Watts the list which belongs to Mr. Waterton, and then produces as an observation of his own that "the same languages are quoted under different names," &c. He then complains that only three Italian dialects are reported in the list, "Italian (*i.e.*, Tuscan), Sicilian and Venetian," overlooking "No. 49, Sardinian," and appearing to overlook also that in a list of languages the introduction of dialects as on a par with them may be and has been objected to. "Mezzofanti, I believe," he proceeds, "never pretended to know the various dialects of China of which the names are (very confusedly and erroneously) given. He had studied the Mandarin,—that is, the Court or literary language; but when a friend of mine, who had been conversing with him in that dialect, broke off into Cantonese (one found in the list), Mezzofanti said, 'You are not speaking *Huan-hwa* (the literary tongue); but he was unable to carry forward the conversation in the Canton vernacular.'" The name of the Mandarin dialect, it may be remarked, is not *Hwan-hwa*, but *Kwan-hwa*, *Kwan* being the native Chinese word for what the Portuguese, and English after them, call Mandarin. With regard to the provincial dialects, this is but negative evidence on anonymous authority, and there is positive evidence entitled to more attention. Don Rafael Umpieres, Procurator of the Mission at Macao, declared, in a letter to Dr. Russell, of Maynooth, that he "frequently conversed with the Cardinal in Chinese, from the year 1837 up to the date of his death in 1849, and that he not only spoke the Mandarin Chinese, but understood other dialects of the language." (Dr. Russell's 'Life of Mezzofanti,' page 368.) The variety spoken at Macao is, of course, the Canton dialect. Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle, author of the 'Life of Michael Angelo,' is another witness to the same effect. "He one day talked to me of the Chinese language and its difficulties," he says, speaking of the Cardinal, "and told me that some time back a gentleman who had resided in China visited him. 'I concluded,' he added, 'that I might address him in Chinese, and did so; but after exchanging a few sentences with me, he begged that we might pursue our conversation in French. We talked, however, long enough for me to discover that he spoke in the Canton dialect.'" (Dr. Russell's 'Life of Mezzofanti,' page 224.) Permit me to recommend to your Correspondent "B." to make himself acquainted, before writing further on Mezzofanti, with Dr. Russell's Life of the Cardinal, and with the three papers on the same subject read by Mr. Watts before the Philological Society in 1852 and subsequent years, in which he will find that most of the points have been fully discussed which he considers new. As it appears by "B."s remarks that he has enjoyed the singular advantage of personal acquaintance with both Mezzofanti and Rask, he would be able, no doubt, to communicate some interesting information by simply recording his reminiscences of those two illustrious men. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. P.—W.—I. P. S. R.—J. N. J. E. J.—J. H.—received.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

LITERATURE

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined. Part II. By J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. (Longman & Co.)

FINE times for unbelievers! We mean for those who reject altogether. Not only is the *odium theologicum* completely used up against heretics within the pale, so that none of it is now available for our Voltaires and Volneys, but its place is absolutely supplied by charity—of a certain sort. But woe to those who discuss without rejecting; woe to those (heretics) who *select*, and say this is true and this is not; woe to those who think that God's word can stand without man's help and man's additions; and, above all and through all, woe to John William, Bishop of Natal!

Just before the meeting of the Convocation, the heterodox bishop makes his second appearance. Many a shaft has been aimed at him since he issued his First Part; he has not lost his temper, and he has not modified his phrases. "The Bible," he says, "is not itself 'God's word,' but assuredly 'God's word' will be heard in the Bible, by all who will humbly and devoutly listen for it." This sentence is the text of the sermon, the battle-ground of the whole controversy. It matters little whether this or that position be the object of the current attack or defence. Waterloo will be remembered when Hougoumont is forgotten.

For ourselves, as our readers are aware, the interest lies in the great fight for the freedom of the clergy: we mean the liberty of discussing, out of the pulpit, the points of doubt and difficulty which, *as all know*, are widely felt among them. We look at Dr. Colenso's Preface. He replies to the charge that his objections are not new, by the simple statement that he never said they were. He then considers the announcement that the doctrine of literal inspiration is generally abandoned. On this point he cites, from a theological journal, "that the Scriptures cannot in any particular be untrue"; from a recent Oxford preacher, that "we must accept the whole of the inspired autographs or reject the whole, as from end to end unauthoritative and worthless": but his most striking proof that the doctrine of literal inspiration is now practically given up, stands as follows.

Our readers know that the supply of clergymen from the Universities is steadily and continuously falling off. The following is Bishop Sumner's account of the ordinations in 1841, 1851 and 1861, exhibiting the University men as compared in number with the *literate*s, as they are called, that is, men who have not received University education.—

| | Oxf. | Cam. | Darh. | Dubl. | Lit. | Total. |
|----------|------|------|-------|-------|------|--------|
| 1841 . . | 242 | 270 | 13 | 33 | 38 | 596 |
| 1851 . . | 215 | 222 | 23 | 41 | 113 | 614 |
| 1861 . . | 159 | 219 | 21 | 30 | 241 | 670 |

In 1841 the number of literates was one in fifteen of the whole: in 1861 it was more than one in three. Now, though it is probably true that the literate of 1861 is better educated in theology than the University graduate of forty years ago, it is equally true that the highest education of our day makes many turn away from the clerical profession who would once have sought it. We are therefore compelled to take, as our standard of future clerical teaching, the doctrines laid down in those great schools which seem destined to be the *almæ matres* of the bulk of our clergy. At St. Aidan's, Birkenhead, which already, according to Bishop

Sumner, educates five per cent. of our young deacons, the teaching is as follows:—

"The whole Bible, as a revelation, is a declaration of the mind of God towards his creatures, on all the subjects of which the Bible treats.....The Bible is God's word in the same sense as if he had made use of no human agent, but had himself spoken it, as we know He did the Decalogue. Modern science, with all its wonderful advances, has discovered not one single inaccurate allusion to physical truth, in all the countless illustrations employed in the Bible.....The Bible cannot be less than verbally inspired. Every word, every syllable, every letter, is just what it would be, had God spoken from Heaven without any human intervention.....Every scientific statement is infallibly accurate, all its history and narrations of every kind are without any inaccuracies. The words and phrases have a grammatical and philological accuracy, such as is possessed by no human composition."

Until we read this we scarcely knew how great was the value of Essayists, Reviewers, Colensos, and other misdemeanants. At a time when the higher education is leaving the Church, and the substitute is teaching such doctrine as we have quoted above, energetic and self-risking men are found who make a gallant attempt to save the body to which they belong from the inevitable destruction which awaits their Establishment if ever its pulpits should be wholly or mainly abandoned to the literates of St. Aidan's. By the time that most of our clergy are sciolists who teach that it was God himself who told Timothy to send Paul his cloak and his books in the very words He would have used from Heaven—"every word, every syllable, every letter"—by that time, we say, the dissenting minister will be the theologian to whom all persons of culture will look, whether for sound teaching or reasoning opposition. The parish priest will be the worshipper of relics, and not even of true relics. We do not believe that time will come.

Dr. Colenso is preparing a third part, which is to discuss the Book of Genesis. The present part contains his continued argument and final conclusion upon the Pentateuch and Joshua. Our readers begin to be familiar with the separation of the Old Testament into two different records, much intermixed, which are distinguished by the use of different names of God, Elohim and Jehovah. Taking the Pentateuch to be a collection of writings of a date long after Moses, Dr. Colenso considers the prophet Samuel as probably the Elohist writer, taking the Jehovistic additions to be enlargements, amendments and illustrations, by a subsequent writer. The following is the author's own summary of his results:—

"The following are the principal steps of the argument, as it has been developed up to this point.—i. There are different authors concerned in the composition of the book of Genesis, whose accounts in some respects contradict each other.—ii. One of these authors is distinguished by abstaining altogether from the use of the name Jehovah in that book, while the other uses it freely from the first.—iii. The former writer composed also E.vi, as all critics admit, and as internal evidence shows; and it would seem from this chapter that he designedly forbore the use of the name Jehovah, until he had announced its revelation to Moses.—iv. Either the name was actually made known to Moses, in the way described, or else, it is plain, the Elohist must have had some special reason for commending it in this way to the reverence of those for whom he wrote.—v. If the name was first revealed to Moses at this time, then the Jehovistic story, which puts it in the mouths of persons of all classes from the days of Eve downwards, cannot be historically true; and this involves at once the historical truth of all the other statements of the Jehovist.—vi. And this unreal cha-

racter of his story is further confirmed by the fact that, amidst the multitude of names which are given in the book of Genesis, down to the age of Joseph, though there are numerous names compounded with Elohim, there is not a single one compounded with Jehovah.—vii. But the impossibilities, which we have found existing throughout the whole story of the Exodus, are equally conclusive against the historical truth of the whole.—viii. We must return, then, to the other supposition, viz. that the Elohist had some special reason for commending the Name to the regard and veneration of the people.—ix. The most natural reason would be that he himself was introducing it, as a new Name for the God of Israel.—x. We find an indication of the fact that the Name did not exist before the time of Samuel, in the circumstance that, throughout the history in the book of Judges, there is no single name which can be appealed to with confidence as compounded with Jehovah, while there are names compounded with the Divine Name in the form of El.—xi. During and after the time of Samuel we observe, in the books known by his name, a gradually increasing partiality for the use of names compounded with Jehovah, while not one name of this kind occurs at such an age, as is inconsistent with the supposition that this name may have been introduced by Samuel.—xii. Hence arises the suspicion that Samuel was the Elohist; and the position he held, together with the circumstances of his time, and the accounts which are handed down as to his doings, and especially the tradition with respect to his historical labours, tend strongly to confirm this suspicion.—xiii. It is further confirmed, and, as it seems to me, confirmed almost to a certainty, by the fact that David, in his earlier Psalms, as Ps. li, Ps. lx, Ps. lxxviii, made little or no use of the name Jehovah, while in his later Psalms he seems to have used it more freely; and the same appears to be true of other Psalmists of that age.—xiv. We conclude, then, with some degree of confidence, that Samuel was the Elohist writer of the Pentateuch.—xv. Since the Jehovistic writer makes free use of the name Jehovah, he must have written in a later age than the early days of David, and not earlier than the latter part of David's life, when the name became more common, and names began to be compounded with it freely.—xvi. This is confirmed by finding that one Jehovistic passage, N. x. 35, is manifestly copied from a Psalm of David, the name Elohim, which David used, being changed to Jehovah.—xvii. But this later writer can hardly have lived long after Samuel, and the time of the introduction of the name Jehovah; since even he does not introduce freely into the story names compounded with Jehovah, as a later writer would most probably have done, though he uses freely the Name itself.—xviii. In point of fact, we shall find reason to believe that all those portions of the first four books and the book of Joshua, which are not due to the Elohist, were composed by one or more writers who wrote in the latter days of David, and in the early part of Solomon's reign,—with the exception of some interpolations, of which a few smaller ones occur in Genesis, but larger ones in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Joshua.—xix. These interpolations are all due to the same hand, that of the Deuteronomist, who revised the book as it stood in his time, and added to it almost the whole book of Deuteronomy.—xx. The book of Deuteronomy was written about the time of Josiah, and, as some suppose, by the hand of the prophet Jeremiah."

A great deal has been said about Dr. Colenso's competency to grapple with the questions he has raised. His Hebrew, his arithmetic, his logic, have been separately impugned. There has been full measure of the silly kind of opposition which declares the assailant to be exceedingly weak, as a preliminary to straining every nerve to throw him down. It is not to our purpose to settle whether Dr. Colenso be weak or hardy, right or wrong; all this is part of a large argument, on which hundreds of pens are to be employed. But we can assure our readers that he is not a contemp-

tible antagonist. He has learning, research, method, acuteness, and power of presentation: and, better than all, he *has a case*.

All orthodox Christians are taught to impose upon the Almighty the conditions under which they will accept a revelation. Startling as this may appear, there is hardly a published argument upon the subject of Scripture which does not contain proof of it. Let the reader to whom our position is new watch what falls in his way. The theologian will not bow to the assurance that the Spirit of God is to watch over the word of God: this kind of inspiration will not suit his book at all; he will accept no guidance except his own assumption of a perfection which he imagines to reside in his own interpretation of the words of a dead language. Now and then, by devout interjection, appears a separate sentence, having nothing to do with the reasoning, which contains an acknowledgment of that doctrine of guidance which is one of the three great points of Christianity. But never does he dare to interweave into his fabric of orthodox argument a practical admission of and conclusion from the very plain truth that, if there be anything at all in Christianity, the actual superintendence of its Author is at least the second corner-stone of the whole.

In those who know that great doctrine which the Quakers have put in place of a priesthood—and without depriving themselves of the power of being very good Christians—Dr. Colenso will inspire no fear, even if he be totally and radically wrong. But he is right so far, that the letter of the Bible is not what the teacher of St. Aidan's would make it. *He* is not the inventor of this doctrine: he is only one of those who have imported it into the clerical branch of the community. It has long been the doctrine of the educated laity that the word of God is *in* the Bible, to the utter rejection of the notion that every word of the Bible has that character. We do not mean that this doctrine has been announced in words: but we affirm that the manner in which the Bible has been used by the laity has been one continual practical application of it. Many, even of those who have not discovered that they hold the doctrine, have been acting upon it with a steady consistency which perhaps they would not have attained if they had better known what they were about. Dr. Colenso, among others, has brought the point to issue by forcing the clergy to defend or to surrender. The clergy are trying their hands at defence. The members of this estimable body share with other collective masses the inconvenience of a difference between corporate and individual character. Corporately, with one voice, they maintain the whole of their subscriptions: individually, there is hardly a man of them who has not some transparently evident dodge by which he escapes from a part of his subscriptions. They know this, and they feel it. But the strife has commenced which is to restore to our religious system that consonance of private belief and public profession which is part of an honest state of things, and therefore ought to be part of a Christian community. The boiling passions of what is called religious controversy, the freezing mixtures of what ought to be called irreligious evasion and suppression, with the good intention which may be seen in all but the worst specimens, and the bad logic which runs riot even in the best, will accelerate the day of truthful teaching.

Dr. Colenso deserves thanks for having relieved his Church from a visible stigma. He has shown that a Bishop may have courage to agitate questions of doubt and difficulty as well as an inferior clergyman. It was a very suspicious circumstance that, while numbers of

the ordinary clerical community were vexed by the action of their own reflections upon various parts of their own professed belief, the right reverend bench seemed to have a patent medicine which prevented any loss of repose. Looking at the learning and character of those who of late years have cried out against the formulae which were stereotyped in the sixteenth century, it was a strange thing that no mitred head should ever betray any sign of uneasiness. True it is that Dr. Colenso is only a colonial bishop; but time works wonders.

The Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir James R. G. Graham, Bart., G.C.B., M.P.
By Torrens M'Cullagh Torrens. Vol. I.
(Saunders, Otley & Co.)

Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens's Preface tells us that all the official and confidential papers of the late Sir James Graham are, and must remain for years, sealed documents; but private letters and personal recollections have slightly aided the author in his task, with a manuscript diary of Mr. John Lewis Mallet, some newspaper files, and those dense volumes which preserve for posterity the dust and ashes of our House of Commons eloquence. The result is scarcely commensurate with the writer's declared aim. If, however, Mr. Torrens be content to offer it as "a tribute of respect," and as nothing more, it may pass satisfactorily through the hands of political readers who were contemporaries of the Netherby Knight. We have yet to see how Mr. Torrens deals with the one act which more than any other, or, it is not too much to say, than all else combined, entailed obloquy upon the eminent bureaucrat—for such conspicuously was Sir James Graham—and which is still remembered with disgust. It is clear at the outset that his opinion is partial; he avows it, indeed, as that of a faithful "friend." Only friendship, we believe, would attribute to Sir James Graham "a great reputation." If such as he are "great," what becomes of the men who stand in the very foremost ranks of oratory and statesmanship? Some individuals are called great for having made a moderately competent use of first-rate advantages, as others are styled illustrious for having been born in a palace, or, as Douglas Jerrold said, as dukes are affable when they enter a farmhouse to avoid a wetting and inquire about the crops.

Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens's narrative, though occasionally interesting, and lightened by a few glimpses of pleasant personal reminiscence, has too much the texture of a parliamentary abstract. Perhaps one of the most readable chapters is the first, wherein are celebrated the Grahams of other days. Early in the fifteenth century, they had their home at Netherby, in the Debateable Land, where "John with the Bright Sword" hewed out an estate for himself, frightening both borders with "his fleet horse and sable plume." The Grahams increased and multiplied, and the lands around gradually fell into their possession; and their marauding exploits—whose remembrance was, in a very different battle-field, revived by Daniel O'Connell—not unfrequently provoked the vengeance of the law. About the year 1552, one Jock Grahme, surnamed "of the Pear Tree," had a brother who lay for execution in Carlisle Castle for having participated in some recent foray. As Jock rode by Corby gate, he saw young Salkeld, son of the sheriff, playing outside the wall. "Would Master like to ride?" he asked, and on the child consenting, lifted him to the saddle-bow, and, before pursuit was possible, lodged his little hostage safely beyond the border. How the sheriff contrived it history does not say, but the condemned moss-trooper

received a pardon, and the boy was restored to his father. Then there was Sir Richard Graham, Master of the Horse to the Duke of Buckingham, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, and who fought at Edge Hill; Viscount Preston and Baron Esk, of Cumberland, who nearly lost his head; and Dr. Graham, who rebuilt Netherby, an ancient and stately structure, whereof Camden writes, "there hath been marvellous buildings, as appear by ruinous walls." The son of Dr. Graham was the first Sir James, "the second son of the fourth son of the second son of Sir George of Esk," as Mr. Torrens puts it. The first Sir James Graham was barely twenty-two when he inherited Netherby. He was a little man; but his wife, Lady Catherine Stewart, was above the ordinary stature, and their eldest son, James Robert George Graham, born June 1st, 1792, "inherited from her the lofty and commanding presence by which he was distinguished."

Sir James the First, of Netherby, must have been a man of cheerful mind, for, says Mr. Torrens, referring to Archdeacon Paley,—"Sir James was full of anecdotes of the sociable divine, and loved to tell how he disenchanted Mr. Howard, when fishing one day at Corby, who had asked him if the quiet of the wooded glen through which the Eden flows was not propitious to high philosophic thoughts, by replying, 'Nay, nay, with rod in hand I think of nothing but the salmon.' Another story never failed in its recital to excite the merry little baronet's laughter. Some one, praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had not had even an argument with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Paley whether it were not admirable as a domestic example. 'No doubt, said the doctor, 'it was verra praiseworthy, but it must have been verra dool!'"

The earliest schooling of James George Robert Graham was in a private establishment at the village of Dalston, where Lord Glamorgan, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, first touched Greek and Latin as his fellow-pupil. There he fell into disgrace for sowing the lady's flower-garden with thistles, and suffered promptly for the misdeed. There, too, he betrayed his characteristic fondness for dress, having about him already "something of the future dandy." At Dalston, as a matter of course, he fought the village boys; and at Westminster he fagged for Lord Charles Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond. Earl Russell and the present Bishop of St. Asaph were among his Westminster contemporaries. However, not even Mr. Torrens can make much of James George Robert Graham's youth, which, emphatically, was a dull one—none the more, perhaps, on account of the fact, admitted by himself in a bit of *impromptu* autobiography, "I am ashamed to say that whilst I was at Oxford, I never, during the whole period of my residence, heard a single sermon."

In 1812, he passed the spring and summer in London; "was bent on being a politician, and resolved to be a Whig; and being proposed by Lord Morpeth, he was admitted a member of Brookes's Club." Towards the close of the year he went abroad, listened to debates in the Spanish Cortes, and was introduced to the Duke of Wellington at Cadiz—*à propos* whereof Mr. Torrens has a simple story to tell:—"It was Christmas time, and the dinners were served partly in English fashion. Mr. Graham and Mr. C. Stourton, who had more recently arrived from England, were present at one of them, when the renowned chief, on whom all eyes and thoughts were fixed, suddenly caused much amusement and surprise by setting fire

to some brandy which he had poured over a mince-pie, just as he would have done if he had been at home."

Wellington and the mince-pie suggest a picture. Mr. Graham now dabbled in diplomacy, and, being sent to Murat, concluded with the great cavalry officer the preliminary armistice that separated him from Napoleon, and afterwards gave way to a wandering fit in the warm South:—

"Charmed by the novelty and excitement of the scenes he visited, he gave himself up to the enjoyments of the hour. His taste for dress made him dwell with curiosity and pleasure on the picturesque costumes around him; and, in the gaiety of youthful companionship, he sometimes indulged in the pardonable foppery of trying how some of the Southern garbs became him. A gentleman lately mentioned to a mutual friend that he had seen him in a Greek costume enter the opera-box of the English General at Genoa, where his handsome face and figure, thus set off to singular advantage, attracted no little observation. He brought home with him a curious variety of dress, chiefly of Sicilian manufacture; and his intimates used to say when he appeared in a waistcoat of a colour and pattern they had not seen before that his valet 'had been to the Palermo box.'"

Mr. Graham, in 1817, at twenty-five years of age, bethought him of a seat in Parliament. There was no room for him in his own county, on account of his father's Toryism. But, in the following year, he stood for Hull, long represented by two Tories. The struggle was close and keen; but "the young Whig from Cumberland" was declared duly elected, at an expense to the family estates of more than 6,000*l.* "He took his seat on the third Opposition bench, beside his friend Lord A. Hamilton. Near them sat Mr. E. Ellis, Mr. T. F. Kennedy and Sir R. Wilson; and below them, Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Hume and Lord Althorp."

It is always interesting to mark the beginnings of signal parliamentary reputations. Mr. Graham's maiden speech was a failure:—

"Mr. Graham's speech, delivered in the dialect and with the gesture of an exquisite, savoured too much of anxiety for out-of-door applause, to win the respect of the House of Commons. Most of his assertions were true, indeed, as to the excess of patronage and the political corruption it engendered. But his generalities were too violent and too vague, and his indignation seemed too vehement to be sincere. His apprehension that the power of the Crown was increasing and ought to be diminished, sounded too like a reading out of date from the pages of Burke; and the inartistic mode in which he intimated his belief that venal motives were chiefly potential in keeping up super-numerary offices and undeserved pensions made his hearers stare and smile, rather than listen or reflect."

But he "voted up to the mark": the outsiders "swore he would go as far as Burdett"; and at Brookes's he was set down as a promising fellow:—

"Some, indeed, of the more temporizing and timid from the first disliked him. He was not, they said, the style of man that was wanted; he was too saucy for his years, too confident on his legs, and too sarcastic across the dinner-table. He had no scruple about rallying them on their too frequent attacks of the gout on the eve of trying votes in the House of Commons, and it was probably in pique at some caustic remark of his upon the want of efficient leadership, that Mr. Tierney is said to have called him 'a manly puppy.'"

Mr. Graham was married in July, 1819, to the youngest daughter of Col. Callander, of Craigforth, Stirlingshire, bearing away the palm from many rivals; for, says Mr. Torrens, "Fanny, the youngest of the family, then reigned at Almack's, and all the world of fashion was at her feet." Moreover, "at the first drawing-room Mr. and Mrs. Graham

attended after their marriage, George the Fourth asked one of those who stood near him who they were, and on being told, exclaimed, "They are the handsomest couple I ever clapped my eyes on."

In that time of dangerous political agitation, a Bill was introduced prohibiting any person from taking part in the proceedings of a town meeting who was not an inhabitant or freeman of the place. Mr. Graham had a good opportunity, but threw it away:—

"He wished to know if a member who sat for a borough of which he was neither inhabitant nor freeman would come within the mischief of the Act? He paused to listen for the report of his shot; but few were attending, and nobody cried 'Hear.' He looked to see if it had hit; but the Under-Secretaries were talking to one another on the Treasury Bench, and Lord Castlereagh was occupied in smelling the hothouse flower in his button-hole. Mr. Graham repeated his question in other words, but with no better effect. He felt half vexed with himself at having got up, but he was up and must go on; so he thought he would argue the point. The case was not an imaginary one, he said, for it was his own, as he happened to sit for a borough of which he was neither a freeman nor an inhabitant, and of which he was not likely to become either, having no connexion with the place. At this unlucky proffer of irrelevant information he heard, or thought he heard, something like a suppressed laugh. He felt himself getting confused, a little at first, and then very much so. For a few minutes he rambled on through commonplace and reiteration, but no timely cheer came to his rescue, and he sat down without any distinct recollection of what he had said or what he had intended to say. Mr. Henry Lascelles, who sat opposite, whispered to a mutual friend, 'Well, there is an end of Graham; we shall hear no more of him.'"

His first session in Parliament contributed little to the "great reputation" which his biographer claims for him; he had done nothing, indeed, to secure his re-election at Hull.

Mr. Graham was next returned for St. Ives. He was petitioned against, declined to defend his seat, and accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, resolving to settle down quietly as a country gentleman and Cumberland farmer; but, in 1824, he became "Sir James," and, surrounded by encumbrances, actually thought of selling Netherby, the ancestral home of the Grahams, from him of the Bright Sword to him who revelled so in the Archdeacon's little joke:—

"Full of this, he went the length of inquiry as to the openings that might be available for one who could bring to a London house of established character a considerable accession of capital. The firm of Pole, Thornton, Downe & Co. desired just then to extend its resources, and to obtain the strength of new connexions: and the matter at first sight wore to him an appearance highly attractive. Fortunately the negotiation had not proceeded very far, when he was induced by a friend to whom he had confided his wishes, to consult Mr. James Evan Bailey, of Bristol. 'Tell him,' said the wise and experienced banker, 'to hold fast by Netherby, and keep clear of banking. Nothing he can say on the subject can change my opinion.' Within twelve months Messrs. Pole, Thornton, Downe & Co. failed; and thus, narrowly saved from ruin, Sir James put away all further thoughts of commercial enterprise."

His studies in general literature may now be said to have begun; and, while enumerating his favourite books, Mr. Torrens speaks of Gibbon as "the matchless undertaker of the obsequies of Empire"! As Member for Carlisle (where, at the election, Sir Philip Musgrave, the Tory candidate, was kept for an hour plying the shuttle of a hand-loom weaver to save himself from the mob), the Baronet occupied a somewhat better, though far from brilliant, position in the House of Commons. In 1828, he sat for the county of Cumberland, though

abused by Lord Lonsdale as "the Radical Baronet," and ridiculed by Burdett as "emphatically a dandy,"—which he certainly was, according to Mr. Torrens.

It was in 1830 that he began, though still somewhat faintly, to shine. His motion on the salaries, pensions and emoluments of Privy Councillors was partially a success. In reference to it, he made use of the oft-quoted words,—"I am not disposed to stoop to ignoble game while flights of voracious birds of prey are hovering in the upper regions of the air." As Mallet wrote in his Diary, whence Mr. Torrens occasionally borrows a passage,— "What with his industry and talents, his fine manners and person, his aristocratical bearing, and his factious independence, Sir James Graham may go a great way."

In Lord Grey's Cabinet, he sat as First Lord of the Admiralty. It was soon afterwards that the Duke of Wellington declared, in connexion with the Reform Bill, that "he certainly never would enter the House of Lords from the time the Bill passed. . . . He would not be degraded, even with the House of Lords."

When the creation of Peerages, in order to carry the Reform Bill, was talked of,—

"Sir James was pressed to allow his name to be included. 'They want me to go with the rest,' he said to a friend; 'and say that as the title of Preston was formerly in my family, I must take it as that of a revived peerage. But I have no fancy for figuring in the unwelcome list; and all my ideas of political life are centred in the House of Commons.'"

Mr. Torrens, in this volume, brings his narrative down to the final retirement from office of Lord Grey in 1834. Hitherto, assuredly, he has not pictured in Sir James Graham many of the attributes which go to make up greatness; but his Memoir, if not uninfluenced by a desire to praise, is written with too much sense and spirit to be extravagantly eulogistic; and, when complete, it may facilitate the work of a future historian of these times.

Married in Haste: a Story of Everyday Life.

By Capt. Lascelles Wraxall. 3 vols. (Skeet.)

Those who have any taste for the stirring scenes, sudden surprises and extraordinary transformations of a pantomime, will appreciate this book, which bears the same relation to the novel (properly so called) as the Christmas Pantomime does to the Legitimate Drama. 'Married in Haste' is a quiet, unassuming title, which in nowise prepares us for the wild improbabilities related in the course of the story. The hero (one Shafto Thorncliffe), residing at Freiburg in the year 1848, unexpectedly finds himself immersed in hot water, owing to the insurrection of the German peasants of the neighbourhood. He fights, is wounded, but escapes to the Black Forest, crawls with difficulty to the door of a cottage, and there lies at the point of death. A kind Fräulein—half English and half German—and her old house-keeper take pity on the dying man. Gretchen nurses him carefully and tenderly, falls in love with him, and they marry in haste, only to repent at leisure. Gretchen is as dull and stupid as she is pretty and good; and as she declines to leave her cottage in the forest, Shafto has a great idea of leaving her there and betaking himself to his aunt in London, there to lead a gayer life with his former associates. But the old aunt is beforehand with him, and drives up to the door of the "Hermitage" one fine day, and disinherits Shafto on the spot. Gretchen brings out her little store of gold left her by her father, and the young couple have a reconciliation scene; and the first act ends with Gretchen, in white

muslin and pink bows, nursing her baby, while Shafto paints at his easel,—the picture of domestic happiness.

But now comes the villain—*such* a villain!—in the shape of a Russian prince, who, having once seen Gretchen at the window nursing her baby, determines, for want of something better to do, to seduce her! He is not particularly in love with her; but he is “a man of inflexible will,” and is accustomed to spare neither time, trouble nor expense for a little passing whim of this kind; he therefore sets his valet, Leonardo, to work, and becomes acquainted with the young artist. He flatters him into believing he has been seized with a desire to possess some of his pictures; he persuades him to visit Rome; and, as Mrs. Thorncliffe and the baby would be dull at home, he insinuates that one of his carriages will be quite at the lady’s service, and he hopes Shafto’s interesting family will accompany them on a little tour. On the road they are several times attacked by bravos, and once rescued by no less a personage than Garibaldi himself. The party finally reach Rome, where Mrs. Thorncliffe is most comfortably established in one of the Prince’s magnificent palazzos,—for he happens to have one in every town of importance on the Continent. Shafto borrows money and does nothing; Gretchen’s character becomes compromised, and the Prince and his valet enjoy their game together,—the valet having an eye to the lady himself the moment his master finds some other and newer attraction. Of course, it is necessary to get rid of Shafto, who is a little in the way at this juncture, so they remove to Naples. Here, the Prince, who is used to this sort of thing, gives his orders to Leonardo accordingly—

“When is it to be, Excellency?” was the calm reply of the valet. “Let me see, this is Tuesday; suppose we say Sunday night—the better the day, you know—you will have all in readiness for our departure, as we shall not remain here long after the melancholy loss.”

The valet bows and leaves the room, and as the door is closed the Prince mutters in great glee—

“Sunday for the Englishman; Monday for you, friend Leonardo.”

Shafto is thrown into a dungeon full of rats and damp straw, and has for his companion a tailor whom he had met in Germany. The little tailor is released, and promises to let Shafto’s friends know his whereabouts. Leonardo also turns up in this same prison, and materially assists Shafto with his advice. Henry Clavering, his chief friend, happening to come to Naples at the right moment, rescues Mrs. Shafto Thorncliffe from the Prince—fights a duel with that worthy and lames him for life, and then proceeds to effect Shafto’s escape. This, with the help of some bribes, Leonardo, a file, a rope, a boat, and the yacht of a young Englishman in the bay, is conducted successfully; and the young couple are once more happily re-united and proceed to England, where Lord Southport and Mr. Clavering introduce Shafto into high society, obtain him sitters of the first rank, and launch him triumphantly in London as a fashionable portrait-painter. But the Prince has been beforehand with them. He has agents in every city as well as houses, and he gives his private orders to a lady of great beauty, wealth, station, and of apparent respectability, to keep her eye on Shafto—to cause him to fall in love with her, to effect a separation between husband and wife, and, in short, to work their ruin as speedily as she can, with convenience to herself.

This part is one of the best in the book—it is a little more like real life, at all events, and the fascinations of Mrs. Santonge are more agree-

able reading than the open *diableries* of her accomplice, the Russian Prince. Lady Portumna, another lady of fashion and a friend of Mrs. Santonge, also gains the affection of Henry Clavering, who is more or less attached to his cousin Louisa Bazaine, and the two young men and the two young women are all four eminently miserable, while Lady Portumna and Mrs. Santonge tranquilly enjoy life and the homage of their respective adorers.

At last poor Gretchen can bear the neglect and coldness of her husband no longer, and seeing an advertisement in the paper of a “governess wanted,”—a widow preferred, and one or two children not objected to,—she packs up her clothes and her children, and goes to the lawyer, Mr. Bazaine, who is the referee of the advertisement. Here she unexpectedly meets Henry Clavering, and a stormy conversation ensues. She reproaches him with having led astray her husband, and of being himself well known as the lover of Lady Portumna. Upon this, Miss Bazaine faints away, and old Bazaine intimates to Henry that he had better for the present discontinue his visits to the house. Mrs. Chavasse (as Gretchen now calls herself) obtains the situation she desires, and goes off to Ireland with her children. Here, she arrives at an old castle with massive wooden gates, which are presently thrown open, and four men armed with guns come out to receive her. This place is Portumna Castle. Lord Portumna is as mad as Bedlam, it appears, and she is to be governess to his only daughter. Gretchen finds, however, “to her great gratification,” that if she stares steadily at Lord Portumna, “he quails at her glance.”

Clavering, who has sworn to obtain for Lady Portumna the possession of her daughter, now re-appears on the scene, and is persuaded to believe, with Gretchen, that he would do much better to advise “the Countess” to become reconciled to her husband and to live at home again. This he generously consents to do, and Lady Portumna, who is really fond of her child, nurses it through the smallpox unknown to her husband; and on his recognizing her, they become devoted to each other, and extremely grateful to Clavering and to Gretchen. But at this juncture the governess, who has only just walked to the village to put a letter in the post, is abducted and carried on board the yacht of our old friend the Russian Prince; Mrs. Santonge being the only other passenger. The Prince is not yet on board, but is to join his yacht in the Mediterranean.

Now comes the righteous retribution! And however commonplace and natural the other incidents may have been considered, we believe no one will be prepared for the punishment devised by Leonardo for his wicked master the Prince. The old runaway horse—the hackneyed bull—the railroad accident—all the thousand and one misfortunes so common to the frail lives of the modern hero of romance are thrown for ever into the shade by this novel and remarkable invention. No sooner had the Prince gained his yacht than it was attacked by pirates under the command of his former valet. Of course, the Prince’s men were overpowered in no time, and the pirates anxiously awaited the next order of their leader:—

“‘Aristarchus,’ he said, ‘I will not kill this man at once, for I owe him to suffer protracted agony; you will, therefore, fasten him securely upon the piston-rods; then go below and take one of the engineers with you. You will bank up the fires to get steam up, and so soon as the pistons begin working this noble Prince will have the life thoroughly squeezed out of him, and suffer the same torture to which he once on a time exposed

me.’ * * * These atrocious orders were promptly executed. The Prince, still gagged, was laid spread-eagle-wise across the piston-rods, with his face upwards, so as to see the beam against which his brains would be dashed out.”

This was indeed an ingenious contrivance, and almost deserves a patent and a medal; but the Prince was not to die yet; so no sooner had the valet left him to the tender mercy of his own steam-engine, and carried off the two ladies to his head-quarters in one of the Greek isles, than a Turkish officer boards the Prince’s yacht, releases him from his perilous condition, but takes him prisoner for numerous political offences, and condemns him to the galleys. Shafto afterwards sees him working in a chain-gang at sweeping the streets of Sebastopol, and we learn that he ultimately lost his head by the cannon-ball of a Frenchman. The remainder of the story is of a more agreeable nature. Gretchen is once more rescued by Henry Clavering and Lord Southport, who are still cruising about together in a yacht. Shafto finds his wife an heiress; for his old aunt is dead at last, and has left her money to Gretchen. The Hermitage is rebuilt, with a billiard-room and a studio; which thoughtfulness so affects Shafto, that he becomes a model husband on the spot. Clavering then marries his cousin Louisa, and Mrs. Santonge goes to America with Leonardo, who has realized a very handsome property, but does not care any longer to reside in Europe—and so ends the author’s idea of “a tale of everyday life!”

A Treatise on some of the Insects injurious to Vegetation. By Thaddeus William Harris, M.D. A New Edition, enlarged and improved, with Additions from the Author’s Manuscripts and Original Notes. Illustrated by Engravings. Edited by Charles L. Flint. (Boston, Crosby & Nichols; London, Triübner & Co.)

THE value of Dr. Harris’s work on Economic Entomology has been proved by the issue of two previous editions; the present is greatly enlarged. The work was the only important entomological production which, up to the time of its first issue, in 1841, had appeared in America. Abbott, a schoolmaster in Georgia, had indeed found time to collect and observe the transformations of many species of insects, all of which he had drawn and coloured with the utmost precision and delicacy; and his drawings having been sold in England and France, were subsequently published under the editorship of the late Sir J. E. Smith, and Messrs. Leconte and Boisduval. Say, too, had in addition to his many short technical memoirs, containing descriptions of hundreds of North American insects, published in all kinds of inaccessible newspapers and periodicals, issued a work under the imposing title of ‘American Entomology,’ in three volumes, 8vo., on the plan of Shaw and Nodder’s ‘Naturalist’s Repository’ or Donovan’s ‘English Insects,’ each plate containing only one or two figures, with a page of meagre descriptive text. Dr. Harris, looking at the subject from a practical point of view, devoted his attention to the insects injurious to vegetation, and composed a treatise, in which he contrived to blend technical details and specific descriptions with accounts of the habits of the different kinds of obnoxious insects, so as to render his work almost as interesting as Kirby and Spence’s ‘Introduction.’ The importance of the work is proved by the fact of this edition being issued in consequence of the resolution of the Legislature of Massachusetts authorizing the editor “to use the plates prepared for the illustration of the edition

for the Commonwealth in the publication of one or more editions designed for a wider circulation than that for the State could be expected to have." The work is therefore regarded as a national one, and in the present edition no pains have been spared in rendering it as complete as possible, all the leading entomologists of the States having assisted in its production. Prof. Agassiz has supervised the beautiful illustrations; Dr. Leconte contributes notes on the Coleoptera; Mr. Uhler, on the Orthoptera and Hemiptera; Dr. Morris, of Baltimore, on the Lepidoptera; Mr. E. Norton, on the Hymenoptera; and the Baron R. Osten Sacken, secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, on the Diptera. The printing of the work was done at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass., and the whole work is one of the most commendable typographical productions issued in America.

Unlike the work of Kirby and Spence, or Curtis's 'Farm Insects,' in which the insects are arranged and described under the different kinds of trees or plants subjected to their attacks, the author has followed the systematic arrangement of the different families of insects, describing each species and its ravages as it presents itself in the order of classification: hence it is necessary for an observer to know the name of the family or genus of an insect in order to trace out its history in the present work; and hence, too, where any kind of tree or plant is infested by insects belonging to different families, their several histories have to be sought in different portions of the work. This must naturally be a serious difficulty to the persons for whose use the work is written; which might have been obviated by an appendix, in which the different kinds of trees and plants had been arranged systematically, with references to the pages where the various insects which prey upon each plant had been described.

There is also another objection to the work in its greatly enlarged state. With the view to render it as complete as possible, descriptions of many newly-discovered species of insects have been introduced into the work which are not materially injurious to vegetation. Of course, every insect which does not prey upon animal matter may be said to be injurious to vegetation; and in this point of view the author and editors have inserted so great a number of lepidopterous insects, that the butterflies and moths alone occupy more than one-third of the whole work. If all the comparatively harmless species were omitted, the volume would be reduced to one-half its present bulk, and would then be of a size to allow it to fall into hundreds of hands which will now be deterred by its price and size.

As many of the American species of insects are either identical with or very closely allied to our own, many of the details of their habits given in this book may be traced in our own country. Here, for instance, is the history of the pea weevil, *Bruchus Pisi*:—

"Few persons, while indulging in the luxury of early green peas, are aware how many insects they unconsciously swallow. When the pods are carefully examined, small discoloured spots may be seen within them, each one corresponding to a similar spot on the opposite pea. If this spot in the pea be opened, a minute whitish grub destitute of feet will be found therein. It is the weevil in its larva form, which lives upon the marrow of the pea, and arrives at its full size by the time that the pea becomes dry. This larva, or grub, then bores a round hole from the hollow in the centre of the pea quite to the hull, but leaves the latter, and generally the germ of the future sprout, untouched. Hence these buggy peas, as they are called by seedsmen and gardeners, will

frequently sprout and grow when planted. The grub is changed to a pupa within its hole in the pea in the autumn, and before the spring casts its skin again, becomes a beetle, and gnaws a hole through the thin hull in order to make its escape into the air, which frequently does not happen before the peas are planted for an early crop. After the pea-vines have flowered, and while the pods are young and tender and the peas within them are just beginning to swell, the beetles gather upon them and deposit their tiny eggs singly in the punctures or wounds which they make upon the surface of the pods. This is done mostly during the night or in cloudy weather. The grubs, as soon as they are hatched, penetrate the pod and bury themselves in the opposite peas, and the holes through which they pass into the seeds are so fine as hardly to be perceived, and are soon closed. Sometimes every pea in a pod will be found to contain a weevil grub; and so great has been the injury to the crop in some parts of the country that the inhabitants have been obliged to give up the cultivation of this vegetable. These insects diminish the weight of the peas in which they lodge nearly one half, and theiravings are fit only for the food of swine. This occasions a great loss where peas are raised for feeding stock or for family use, as they are in many places. Those persons who eat whole peas in the winter after they are raised, run the risk of eating the weevils also; but if the peas are kept till they are a year old, the insects will entirely leave them."

For checking the ravages of this insect an exceedingly simple plan is recommended by Deane, but to be successful it should be universally adopted. It consists simply in keeping seed peas in tight vessels over one year before planting them. Latreille and others recommend putting them, just before they are to be planted, into hot water for a minute or two, by which means the weevils will be killed and the sprouting of the peas will be quickened.—

"The crow black-bird is said to devour great numbers of the beetles in the spring, and the Baltimore oriole, or hang-bird, splits open the green pods for the sake of the grubs contained in the peas, thereby contributing greatly to prevent the increase of these noxious insects. The instinct that enables this beautiful bird to detect the lurking grub, concealed, as the latter is, within the pod and the hull of the pea, is worthy our highest admiration; and the goodness of providence, which has endowed it with this faculty, is still further shown in the economy of the insects also, which, through His prospective care, are not only limited in the season of their depredations, but are instinctively taught to spare the germs of the peas, thereby securing a succession of crops for our benefit and that of their own progeny."

Probably the observations which will attract the greatest amount of attention amongst entomologists are those relating to the barley-straw insects and joint worms, as they are completely opposed to the generally-received opinions as to the economy of the groups to which the insects are referable. These insects belong to the Chalcididae, a family of vast extent, the members of which are parasites upon other insects; but it would seem from the numerous observations recorded by Dr. Harris, that several species of *Eurytoma* infest the barley and wheat plants in their growing state, the stalks of many of the plants having a number of small worms or larvæ within them near to the second joint, and becoming hardened in the part attacked, from the interruption of the circulation of the sap. During several years previous to 1830, the barley crops in various parts of Essex and Middlesex (New England) were more or less injured in the same way, and in some places the cultivation of the grain was given up in consequence thereof. These worms were transformed to small flies about the make and size of a small black ant with wings:—

"In the summer of 1831 myriads of these flies

were found alive in straw beds, in Gloucester, the straw having been taken from the fields the year before. An opinion at that time prevailed that the troublesome humours with which many persons were then afflicted were occasioned by the bites of these flies; and it is stated that the straw beds in Lexington, being found to be infested with the same insects, were generally burnt. Specimens of the grubs having been forwarded to Dr. Harris, he reared therefrom winged individuals of the genus *Eurytoma*, believing 'that the true culprit, or original cause of the disease, would prove to be some species of *Cecidomyia* (small midges belonging to the order Diptera), allied to, but distinct from the Hessian fly, and that they, while in the larva or pupa state, had been preyed upon and destroyed by the *Eurytoma*."

Subsequently Dr. Harris became convinced that the "joint worm" of the wheat fields of Virginia is identical with his barley-straw insect, the former having been also ascribed by Dr. Fitch to a species of *Cecidomyia*. A quantity of the diseased wheat-straw having subsequently been forwarded to Drs. Harris and Fitch, both these observers obtained only specimens of *Eurytoma* and a few *Pteromali* (minute parasites belonging to the same family, Chalcididae, which are supposed to have preyed upon the larvæ of the *Eurytoma*), and a careful observation of the grubs themselves proved them to be Hymenopterous, and not Dipterous:—

"In favour of the conclusion that the *Eurytoma* alone is the author of the mischief done to the wheat and barley, and that it is not a parasitical insect, we have the fact that hitherto no person has succeeded in obtaining from the diseased wheat-straw so much as a single specimen of a *Cecidomyia*, while both the wheat and the barley-straw have yielded to several observers, in repeated instances, numerous specimens of the same kind of *Eurytoma*, and nothing else, saving an extremely small number of lesser parasites. The determination of this difficult and interesting question is of much importance in a scientific and an economical point of view. The great amount of property that is at stake, and the serious losses already sustained by the ravages of the joint worm, render it necessary to ascertain the true history of the insect before proceeding to take measures for the protection of our crops. We are to consider, in destroying the *Eurytoma*, whether we shall kill an enemy or a friend. If it be a parasite, as the almost universal opinion of entomologists would lead us to believe, it would be the height of folly to attempt to interfere with its operations. On the other hand, if we can show it to be a plant-eating insect, we may use such means as are in our power towards checking its career, not only with perfect safety, but with eminent advantage."

The accounts given of the injury to the stems of barley and wheat in the preceding statements exactly agree with the injuries committed upon these plants in England and France by *Chlorops pumilionis* and *glabra* and *Oscinis lineata* (two-winged flies belonging to the family Muscidae). None of these flies have, however, been noticed in America by Dr. Harris. Yet, although Dr. Harris did not observe any obnoxious species of *Oscinis* or *Chlorops*, Dr. Asa Fitch, in his 'Reports' on the injurious insects of the State of New York, published by order of the Government, has described several new species of both these genera, without, however, having been able to identify them with any special disease of the barley or wheat crops. The fact which we have repeatedly observed of the parasitism of various species of *Eurytoma*, induces us to believe that the American *Eurytoma* are also parasites, although they have not been noticed in England or France as feeding upon the *Chlorops* and *Oscinis*.

We cannot conclude our notice of this work without alluding to the excellence of the engravings and woodcuts: some of the latter, especially those of the different species of Sphin-

gidæ, are equal to the productions of our best xylographers.

The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World. Collected and illustrated from ancient and modern Sources, by George Rawlinson, M.A. Vol. I. (Murray.)

Mr. Rawlinson has chosen to range over an extensive field—the five great monarchies of the old eastern world. The theme is worthy the pen of a great historian. It carries us back to times covered with the hoariness of age, and possessing many features of solemn grandeur as well as lawless ferocity. We are transported to the monuments of nations who played an important part in the world's history, and left broad traces of their activity, which it was reserved for antiquaries of later ages to explore. The present volume, containing Chaldæa, and Assyria in part, is to be followed by two others descriptive of the three remaining empires. If the treatment of the latter be equal to that of the first, the writer will have produced his best work. The Bampton Lectures are the least valuable of his publications, because the author was far from being at home in the department to which they relate. His Herodotus is a heavy and mongrel production, ill digested, and overloaded with extraneous matter. The present production shows a considerable advance in the author's learning, descriptive power, and mastery over the materials at his disposal. It evinces great industry, carefulness, elaboration, and completeness. Mr. Rawlinson improves as he proceeds. It is true that he will never become a philosophical historian. He has little power of criticism, and scarcely any constructive skill. He can neither analyze like Niebuhr, nor describe like Grote. His excellence consists in bringing together the scattered information that exists respecting the old monarchies of the world, and in presenting it with lucid compactness. That he deals very often in minute things, and sets forth many details, is no fault of his: it arises out of his theme. Yet these small details, however accurate, are liable to weary an impatient reader and make him close the book. Fortunately, the light-literature public are not the class for whom he has written. He addresses himself to men whose taste inclines them to the solid and instructive. To such his book will be welcome and valuable. From the nature of the subject, originality cannot be expected. Even originality of treatment can hardly be looked for, unless the author had entertained a different idea of the plan to be pursued. All that he attempts is a comprehensive survey of the ancient monarchies, including general views of their countries, climates, productions, people, languages and writing, arts and sciences, manners and customs, religion, history and chronology. Some of these things had been examined by distinguished scholars or searched out by travellers prior to our author. He has had the benefit of historians, antiquarian investigators, and decipherers of unknown characters. An illustrious brother has read old tongues in our day. Indeed, had it not been for Sir Henry, Mr. Rawlinson could not have written as he has done. His great obligations to that brother are gracefully and amply acknowledged. With his help, and that of Hincks, Oppert, Layard, Loftus, Rich, Ainsworth, Ker Porter, Jones, Chesney, Botta, Flaudin, Place, Boutcher, Heeren, Fergusson, the Journals of the Royal Asiatic and Geographical Societies, in addition to ancient sources, the work has been ably drawn up; the writer exercising an independent judgment and slavishly adhering to no authority. Its value is enhanced

by the numerous illustrations with which it abounds, and an excellent map of Mesopotamia and adjacent countries.

In the department of the arts and sciences he seems to move most easily; in that of race he is sometimes at fault, though speaking in a decided tone. In the province of languages he has to rely entirely on others. It is evident that he is no Semitic scholar; and therefore his conjectural derivations in that family of languages are occasionally unfortunate. Thus, he takes the name *Shinar* from *shenē* (two), and *nāhūr* (a river); *Shemesh*, the sun, from *shammesh*, ministrare, denoting the *ministrating* office of the sun, not the brilliancy of his light. Both are incorrect. His view of the Old Testament may be inferred from the expressions used in page 182: "The Mosaic account of creation is miraculous, as a true account of creation must be." In speaking of Assyria's capital he says: "Jonah saw Nineveh while it still stood; and though the writer of the prophetic book may not have been Jonah himself, he probably lived not very many years later." It is surely an established conclusion of Biblical science that the Book of Jonah was written much later than the times of the prophet himself. Its author was neither Jonah, nor a contemporary, nor one who lived soon after. Centuries intervened between the prophet and the book. Whatever view of the narrative be taken, the prophetic book contains sufficient evidence of this, having appeared soon after the Babylonish exile. Huzzab, in Nahum ii. 7, is thought by our author to denote a particular portion of the Assyrian territory. This is incorrect. The appellation belongs to the Queen of the Assyrians.

With regard to the early Chaldeans the author has a theory that they were Hamites, not Semites—Ethiopians, not Arameans. Knobel seems to be of the same opinion. What leads Mr. Rawlinson to entertain it is the Mosaic narrative in Genesis x. 8, where we read that *Cush* begat *Nimrod*; to which statement he attaches an importance which we should not, in the face of contrary evidence. The arguments in favour of the Semitic character of the early Babylonians are given in a weak form; we need not repeat them in their best shape. Though the author has tried to refute them, he has been unsuccessful. Does he suppose that he can overthrow the Chaldee argument by the bare affirmation that "the Babylonian language of the age of Nebuchadnezzar is found to be far nearer to Hebrew than to Chaldee"? The reverse is the fact. These and many other particulars betray small acquaintance with recent Biblical literature on the part of the author, and slightly impair the value of his book. They do not, however, outweigh its great merits, which the most captious cannot deny. It deserves the approbation of the intelligent and learned: we hope it will not fail to receive it.

Musical Studies, Adorations, Caprices and Criticisms—[A travers Chants; Etudes Musicales, Adorations, Bouades et Critiques, par Hector Berlioz]. (Paris, Lévy Frères.)

LIKE former volumes of the kind, this is a revised collection of scattered criticisms by M. Berlioz, fitted out, rather than recommended, by a fantastic title, not easy to translate. He can hardly write anything which does not contain matter for thought,—as much matter for scrutiny. More than ever does the latter remark apply to this miscellany, because, though the author keeps his promise of being whimsical as well as adoring, such value as the collection possesses is critical. It is graver than its predecessors in its subjects, and more authoritative

in their treatment. Assuming that the mind and the knowledge of its writer are reflected in it, the picture of both to be made out by those who know his works is singular and instructive.

The range within which M. Berlioz moves is strangely narrow. Calling himself three parts a German, as he does here (though not many Germans will echo the call), it is natural to his assumed character that he should pass by everything Italian with the pharisaical contempt of one too wise and holy to occupy himself with what is so sensual and meretricious. The few words of favour he has to bestow are given to the new *finale* of Signor Rossini's 'Moïse,'—to the use of the horns in the last scene of 'Lucia,' and to one or two other scattered examples of the kind. But it is hardly in character that he should know so few German masters, and judge some of them so absurdly as appears to be the case. For any allusion or reference that we can here meet, Bach need never have written. Handel is mentioned with a mixture of bitter dislike and cautious timidity; principally as a man who wrote singers' nonsense for the display of *prime donne* (even as one M. Berlioz condescended to do in his 'Benvenuto Cellini'), and not as the writer of 'Israel,' 'Solomon,' 'Saul,' 'Judas,' the 'Dettingen Te Deum,' 'Acis,' and 'Alexander's Feast,'—works, possibly, unknown to our whimsical critic. Mozart is, in his eyes, an especial sinner—almost as frivolous as Marcello—because of the flourishes permitted by him in *Donna Anna's* "Non mi dir." The study of 'Die Entführung,' again, as a shallow denunciation of music which the writer has taken no pains to understand, amounts to impertinence, aping the profound severity of a Rhadamanthus. There is not a word of Spohr, not one of Mendelssohn. The idols elect of M. Berlioz are Beethoven and Weber, in neither of whom is a fault hinted to which a blank pardon is not given therewith. We are told, as precious facts, how Dr. Liszt played Beethoven's c sharp minor *solo* Sonata in the dark, till his hearers were moved as though they had seen ghosts,—(there is a parallel to this in M. von Lenz's tale of himself and Glinka sitting on the ground to do serf's homage to the Mirth Symphony,)—how, under like circumstances, they mutely pressed the hands of another pianist, Madame Massart. In a later page, as an expression of the rapture enkindled within him by the monologue of *Alceste*, which closes the second act of the opera, "At hearing that," says M. Berlioz, "the heart swells: one would fain have something to embrace. It seems to me then as if, were the statue of Niobe before me, I could break it in my arms." In such confessions and protestations some may find more of sentimental rhapsody than of sagacious knowledge or real admiration. That same c sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven—to return—has been as conveniently overworked by French enthusiasts as the unaccompanied trio of the Masqueraders in 'Don Juan.' In running over Beethoven's compositions, a line might have been found for his *Concertos*—for his Pianoforte Trio in D major—for his exquisite Hungarian dance and chorus in 'King Stephen.' In scrutinizing his Symphonies, some better parallel might have been found for the *finale* to that in A major, with its semi-Russian theme, than the overture to Gluck's 'Armide.' M. Berlioz, however (it may be said parenthetically), is not happy in his parallels; as, for instance, when he calls the prelude to Gluck's 'Alceste' Handeliana. Then why, as his almost solitary objection to Beethoven, fix on the minuet to the "Little Symphony" in F? which he affronts as stale and old-fashioned. Does he forget its delicious Trio, with its melody for his favourite instrument the horn? or is it too trivial for his taste?

The above are minute questions and exceptions; but never did critic, by the high tone taken, by the exclusiveness and severity, more deliberately expose himself to close observation and uncompromising comment than our writer.

Then, as to Gluck, concerning whose later operas the knowledge of M. Berlioz is as genuine as his enthusiasm—knowledge to which we have frequently owned our obligations,—these pages give us occasion to make a remark which characterizes the writer in some degree. The numerous changes and variations in the copies of Gluck's operas, the disorder of his scores, are noted duly; but such fact never seems to have suggested itself to our author as an argument against finality in any version of any of these works when they are to be given on the modern stage. M. Berlioz does not admit such a thing as elasticity,—as the necessity of modifications, omissions, compromises even. Yet his idol, Gluck, not merely confessed this necessity, but absolutely sanctioned it; and once, in a form which ought to have been wormwood to a bravura-hater like our critic. The air closing the first act of 'Orpheus,' introduced at the Grand Opéra for the display of M. Le Gros (not to hint at the vulgar possibility of its being a piece of effect), is not Gluck's, but by Bertoni, the furnisher of *roulades* for Guadagni, the original *Orfeo*. The air, again, of *Hercules*, in the third act of 'Alceste,' is by Gossec, not Gluck. Yet the latter, in this as in the former case, allowed the interpolated matter to take its place in the scores, which were published, it may be presumed, for the use of other theatres. Such concessions as these can by no sophistry be reconciled with the theories of unalterable purpose, deep intellectual foresight, determination to perish rather than to concede in favour of corrupt executants, which form the watchwords of those in whose army our critic has enlisted;—watchwords forgotten by none more curiously than by the soldiers themselves. M. Berlioz is angry with a conductor who added instrumental parts to the duett between *Armida* and *Hidraot* in 'Armide.' We have heard the same executed with twenty or more voices to each part, under the direction of M. Berlioz! It would surely be more just, though not by half so imposing, were it recollected as well as owned that these great masters of old could oblige, condescend, accommodate themselves to circumstances; and that, therefore, as an inevitable consequence, some discretionary power must be committed to those who revive their works. But the conductor who assumes this can hardly, as a critic, sternly denounce it without destroying his own authority in either capacity. The man who altered the shape (thereby destroying much distinctive character) of 'Der Freischütz,' by replacing spoken with sung dialogue,—he who, for the sake of effect, scored a pianoforte piece, the same composer's 'Invitation to Waltz,' never meant to be scored,—by both proceedings lost the right to be as sarcastically severe as M. Berlioz shows himself in the case of every other exercise of private judgment which does not suit his humour of the moment.

Let us hear him, however, for a while, in his most ironical and amusing vein, when describing the impertinence of executants:—

Five years ago (he writes in 1861) there was given at Baden a new and charming opera, composed expressly for the season, entitled 'The Sylph.' A harpist had been brought from Paris to accompany in the orchestra an important piece of vocal music. This person was persuaded that an artist of his value ought to make himself talked about in Germany, since he condescended to come there; and as the author of the opera would not write a *solo*

for the harp which had no relation to the action of the drama, our friend accordingly took care of himself, wrote clandestinely a little *concerto* for the harp, and on the night of the first performance of 'The Sylph,' at the moment when, after the symphony for the orchestra, the singer was preparing to commence her air, the performer, profiting by a moment of silence, betook himself tranquilly to the execution of his *concerto*, to the great astonishment of the conductor, of all the musicians, of the singer, and of the unlucky composer, who, perspiring with anxiety and indignation, thought he was dreaming a bad dream. I was there. The composer is a philosopher, and the shock did not make him lose too much of his rotundity; but I grew lean on his behalf.

Was this a real *concerto*? we may ask, or one of those immoderate *cadenzas* which it was the habit to permit, and to leave to the discretion of players of *obbligati* instruments (to harpists especially) as a close to the symphony to the air of parade; examples of which by the score will occur to every opera-goer? Lindley's violoncello *cadenzas* to such songs as 'Alexis,' 'Gentle airs,' come into this category of immoderate and foolish displays; but they were not *concertos*. The question, though in seeming minute, is raised as suggesting that the love of the whimsical confessed by M. Berlioz (and which makes many of his criticisms valueless to readers who have no glossary, nor key to his cipher) leads him not seldom into extravagance and inaccuracy. He is diffuse in the chapter on Baden-Baden and the liberalities of M. Bénazet, who gave him *carte-blanche* (he informs us) some years ago annually to organize grand concerts, and to produce what music on what scale he pleased, by way of adding to the attractions of that place; and he tells how it gave him a sort of ghastly and sardonic pleasure to force on the notice of the respectable fools of quality, the gamblers and the courtesans congregated there, two of the most serious and awful movements of his 'Requiem.' If this ingenious reason be not an afterthought, introduced under the mistaken notion of seasoning a dull page, it tells ill for the good taste and self-respect of the artist. Nothing could be less in accord with every feeling of what is right and real than would be the proceeding of a sculptor should he expose his 'Genius of Death' as an Old Bogie to terrify a profligate assembly of rouged and intoxicated revellers. It is the antique skeleton at the banquet turned into ribald farce with a vengeance. Perhaps the tale is but—a paragraph;—perhaps a mere paragraph, too, may be another of the author's Baden stories, in which he records how he put down with his wit a "human gosling" who interrupted himself the poet when he was dreaming among the ruins of the New Castle under most picturesque circumstances, and when writing down (he adds) the words for that very *notturno* which since (we may add) has been found so very beautiful and effective in his Shakspearian opera. To ourselves, such jokes and egotisms as these appear dismal rather than winning, when once the season of thoughtless and impertinent youth is past!

Another instance or two must needs be given to illustrate what we mean by the insecurity (we can find no better word) of M. Berlioz, which neutralizes our trust in his teachings, be the wording thereof ever so ingenious and epigrammatic. He adores Shakspeare as fervently as Gluck—is fond of quoting from our poet—and cannot, apparently, endure the idea of any irreverent hands touching the ark of sanctity. How contemptuously does he write of the Italian librettist who, when arranging the text for Bellini's 'Montecchi,' left out the figures of *Mercutio* and the *Nurse*, both, it may be suggested, ill fitted for music! Yet those who

hold a man to his professions will feel that M. Berlioz has done in his own person an offence greater than such omission—a sin of commission. Whence came the comic Poet who figures in his Shakspearian opera 'Benedick and Beatrice,' produced at Baden-Baden the other day?—a starved, conventional substitute for *Dogberry*, if farce was wanted for contrast. To change the theme: our author speaks learnedly in ascribing to the increased size of our public rooms the destruction of modern voices and the deterioration of modern composition. Doubtless, the cause alleged has something to do with the effect; but what may have been partly cause of the cause? Some might allege the vast increase of the orchestra by modern seekers after what is magnificent and wonderful, and who, in their writings for the voice, have preferred to treat it, not as a subordinate, but as an equal—nay, as a despot, to whom the voice must bow in fetters. When M. Berlioz wrote so sensibly and impressively of the vast size of modern theatres (but are they so much more vast than formerly?)—reserving his praise for the Opera House at Berlin—we suppose the old one—and clenching this with a fact which we have never discovered, to wit, that the Germans sing, and do not shout,—why could he not, in fairness, have recalled what has been done by the German symphonists in the matter of an instrumentation at once overpowering and distracting?—take, as but one instance, the tenor variation to the air in Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Why could he not advert to the modern additions made to the band?—things inevitable, whether they denote progress or decay, inasmuch as there is no keeping artistic material *in statu quo*, to please a Handel, a Gluck, a Mozart, a Beethoven or a Berlioz. We have been present at operatic performances in German towns of repute—one was that of our critic's own 'Benvenuto Cellini,' at Weimar—where the wind instruments required almost outnumbered the stringed ones; and thus, seeing that, owing to want of space and want of money, the latter could not be multiplied, the composer's effect was lost. We have been present at a performance of the 'Romeo and Juliet' Symphony, by M. Berlioz, at which a squadron of thirteen harps was added to the already lavish array of players. His *cantata* from 'The Tempest' is cited as an example, in his treatise on Instrumentation, to which two pianofortes, in addition to the ordinary band, are necessary. For that treatise, too, drummers are invited to study the devices of a 'Requiem' written by M. Berlioz for four orchestras, of course to be placed apart one from the other, the four including, if we mistake not, twelve drums!! Surely the criticism on which we have been animadverting, delivered with due severity, by one who has propounded such astounding examples of his own composition to be followed, reminds us of nothing so much as of the priest preaching against his own altar, or Charles Lamb, in the front row of the pit, hissing the "Mr. H." which he had made.

It is fit that discrepancies like the above should be pointed out. M. Berlioz has naturally a keen intelligence, and an honest love for some music. He has read, he has thought—he commands a brilliant style: he has no objection to ban and to bless, like one whose verdict is oracular. When these qualities are combined with prejudice and inconsistency, the compound becomes dangerous to the student in proportion as the form in which it is administered wins or subdues him. Were our author in some points less attractive, such a book as this would have been passed over lightly.

Memoirs of Christina, Queen of Sweden. By Henry Woodhead. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Thrice august virago" was a part of the poetical homage rendered by Filicaia to this strange woman, who thought she could lay down her crown without making entire sacrifice of her sovereign rights. She was a puzzle and perplexity to the world from her very birth, if not earlier. The astrologers had foretold the coming of a son; and a girl in that year 1628, when she was born, was not welcome to Gustavus Adolphus, nor agreeable to the young lady herself. The latter, however, thanked Heaven, subsequently, that girl as she was, she had more of the heart and humour of the other sex about her. At two years of age the roar of artillery was sweet music to her; in her early childhood she succeeded to the inheritance of her great father. The prosy addresses she received on the throne gave her more annoyance than her sire's death.

During her minority she was well taught, admirably self-instructed,—a very marvel of general erudition. When the three Oxenstiernas and other sage and valiant stewards made over the kingdom to her sole government in 1644, she found a dark world before her. Of the years of minority she had pleasant memories of useful labours accomplished, and only one disagreeable reminiscence—the tremendous whippings she used to receive at her royal mother's hands for drinking the rose-water in which that exalted lady was wont to wash her face.

The Treaty of Westphalia enabled her to live for awhile in peace. She founded universities, patronized scholars, rushed into extravagant projects, and was on such friendly terms with Bourdelot and Pimentelli, French and Spanish envoys, as to give some uneasiness to her Protestant subjects. She early gave notice of her resolution not to marry; exhibited many eccentricities, particularly at church; and in listening to *gaillard* stories, often boldly supplied the epithets which the more modest narrator evinced fear of expressing. She was an almost sleepless woman; and those about her respected and dreaded her by turns. She was alternately to them a Minerva and a Medusa. She was a lukewarm Lutheran, abhorred the doctrine of Calvin, wore no ornaments, was above the weakness of much washing, and seldom combed her hair above once a week. She worked unceasingly, was so far strong of mind that nothing could give her uneasiness, and declared that she cared no more for death than she did for sleep. After ten years of "kingship," she grew weary of it, longed for a new sensation, was horrified at the sight of a secretary coming to her on business, and in 1654 resolved to abdicate, and enjoy life in Italy. "I do not trouble myself," she wrote to Pope Clement, "to know or care what the world will say about it." She would fain have retained a little land over which she might have preserved sovereign rights; but the Senate objected, giving her an annuity of two thousand rix dollars, and taking her cousin, Charles Gustavus, for her successor. To show her anxiety to be rid of all further incumbrance, she had the ceremony of abdication performed at seven o'clock in the morning. When all was done, she signed to a Swedish nobleman to approach and take the crown from her head; but, he showing reluctance, she dis-crowned herself, stripped off all royal finery, made a very long speech, set off on her errantry the same evening, and took with her the crown jewels!

If there was much of romance in her early

life, there was still more, and of madness too, in that which followed. She roamed from land to land in male attire. Queens went in disguise to gaze at her; kings and grand-dukes offered her ovations, which she despised; and Jesuit societies were astounded at the learning of the little gentleman in Spanish hat, plume, manly hose, sword and dagger. It was only on reaching the Spanish territory in the Netherlands that she re-assumed the dress of her own sex, and passed over to the Church of Rome: but this latter fact was not made public till she had reached a subsequent stage of her wanderings at Innsbruck, in 1655. At the public profession the ceremony was rendered as splendid as possible, and the Archduke gave in honour of the neophyte a masked ball in the evening. "A comedy after the farce!" was the comment of the convert.

Her subsequent entry into Rome was as that of a conqueror. Its gorgeoussness was a theme for many an after-day. Festivals followed of an extraordinary sumptuousness, and Pope Alexander gave her a dinner, at which a Jesuit preached a sermon, and Christina was bold enough to loudly dissent from some statement made by the preacher. The gallantry of the Pope led him to side with the lady. At Mass she could not be silent, would often laugh, and loved to make the Cardinals laugh also. Indeed, she exercised such powers of attraction over some of these gentlemen, that they left Rome for the sake of their reputation.

The extravagance of her life here caused much scandal, and Christina left Rome for France in 1656. The ladies at Fontainebleau received her with open arms and showers of kisses. "They take me for a man!" said she. The French Court in time came to look upon the bold, witty, learned, scarcely-washed, ill-dressed woman as a half-drunken gipsy.

She went, wandered and returned, and rendered her second sojourn famous by ordering, at Versailles, that murder of Monaldeschi, one of her gentlemen, which has been so thrillingly narrated by an eye-witness, Father Lebel. After that mysterious deed, Louis was glad to bid her farewell. She went once more to Rome, —visited Sweden, was coldly received, much annoyed, and was obliged to leave it, for the last time, for Rome in 1662. An attempt to return to Sweden, subsequently, was met by such opposition that it was finally abandoned; and after another course of vagabondizing, Christina settled finally in the Eternal City,—the "Tenth Muse," fêted, caressed, abused, flattered, slandered and fearless. "Everything trembles here but myself!" said the lady.

Amid much extravagance, and many flirtations with Cardinals, and disquisitions with philosophers, and political negotiations, and a vast correspondence, and dissensions with the Pope, and assertions of sovereign right, and squabbles of higher or less degree, the life of Christina wore on till it came to an end in 1689. She saw the fate of the Stuart, and foresaw that the alliance of England and Holland would prove injurious to France. "Mind," said she, "I have prophesied it!"

Such is the outline of the life of a woman who has had almost countless biographers, from Archenholtz, with his ponderous but conscientious quartos, to generalizing pamphleteers. Her story was half written while she was being laid in the tomb, "in a robe of gold," like Lesbia; and only seven years since Christina was included in a series of Ex-Sovereigns published by Bentley. Once more her life is attempted, by Mr. Woodhead, who has furnished a compilation, offered nothing new, and written his book in a succession of little paragraphs which seem suitable for youth to

commit to memory. He has divested the romantic life of all picturesqueness, and shown considerable ingenuity in being dull and uninteresting even when dealing with passages the action and excitement connected with which might have defied stupidity of detail. As a sample of Mr. Woodhead's style and argument, we quote his narrative of the death of Monaldeschi, whom the ex-Queen murdered, for no sufficient reason ever yet discovered, but probably for no better than having betrayed her secrets and ridiculed her habits. Christina has just told him of her resolution, and left him to his assassins. In the quotation we preserve the author's plan of brief paragraphs:—

"The unfortunate man now showed as much want of courage and manliness as he had previously shown want of faith and honour.

"He knelt down twice and began his confession, and as many times he rose to cry and supplicate for mercy.

"He had pronounced his own doom when he thought he was sealing the death-warrant of Sentinelli, but the latter felt a degree of pity which he would not have experienced from his rival. Sentinelli consented to make an appeal himself to the Queen, but a display of pusillanimity was not the way to move Christina. When she heard that Monaldeschi would not finish his confession, and sought thus to prolong his life, she exclaimed:—

"The coward! wound him, and thus force him to confess!"

"The precautions the wretched man had taken to preserve his life, now served only to increase his misery. Sentinelli tried in vain to wound him through his shirt of mail, and at last struck him in the face.

"Convinced now that he could not escape death, Monaldeschi finished his confession and resigned himself to his fate, but a considerable time elapsed before the soldiers could complete their bloody task, on account of the shirt of mail.

"There will be hardly any difference of opinion now that this act of Christina's, even if it be not called a murder, was a violent and illegal execution. Some impartial writers, however, have attempted her justification, and amongst them the illustrious Leibnitz, who at least deserves a hearing, because he had paid particular attention to the subject, as is proved by his 'Traité sur le Droit de Souveraineté et d'Ambassade.'

"Leibnitz maintained that, as the suite of a Sovereign or his Minister were exempt from the jurisdiction of the tribunals in countries they visited, the suite must still be accountable to some one for their actions, and could only be so to their own Sovereign or Minister.

"A parallel case happened nearly about the same time, which has hardly been considered a matter of reproach to the perpetrator.

"When Charles II. was in exile, and it did not appear likely he would ever be King of England, one of his suite, named Manning, was detected corresponding with Thurloe, and he was shot by order of Charles in the palace of the Duke of Neuburg.

"Charles passed scathless from the censure which has so deeply wounded the fame of Christina, but he had an advantage not to be desired for her.

"Charles committed so many crimes, that we all feel it would be absurd to make a great outcry about one."

We do not share in this feeling at all; but we may add, that the difference between the cases of Charles and Christina lay in this, that the former claimed to be a sovereign king who could justifiably execute a notorious and adjudged traitor; Christina was no sovereign at all, and certainly held no prerogative to execute a man without even cause assigned. Her exalted position has so maintained her before the eyes of the world, that she has been universally accepted for a heroine; but had she been an ordinary lady with the same tempera-ment, she would have appeared in a very dif-

ferent light. Such a one among ourselves might be described as a strong-minded woman, a little excused for her eccentricities because she gave good dinners, but a bold hussy for whom her sister-women often blushed, and a clever but cruel one, who loved to catch clever men at fault, or to make her male visitors generally look like fools,—and who, for her freethinking ways, kept the parson of the parish, or the parish-priest, according to the flock of which she was so precious a lamb, in a state of continual anxiety and fever. As it is, flatterers call her that "Thrice great Queen"!

RECENT VERSE.

Essays and Poems; with a brief Autobiographical Sketch. By A. J. Leatherland. (Tweedie.)—The essays in this volume are very creditable to the writer, who describes himself as an invalid artisan. His views are practical, yet generous and high-toned; his arguments, on the whole, clear and logical. We can speak with especial praise of the treatises respectively entitled "Psyche" and "The Religious Element in Literature." Now and then, Mr. Leatherland shows himself too much of an optimist; as when he observes—"A poet or a lover of poetry must, of necessity, be a man of feeling. To be cruel or brutal would be contradictory to his nature." These dicta, we fear, admit of exceptions. In another instance the advocate is too timid for his cause. He defends our best works of fiction by pleading their salutary lessons, their exhibition of manners and their rational entertainment. But he shrinks from adding, as he might do, that the essence of a fine imagination is its moral truth, and that in a first-rate novel we read, under feigned incidents, the real story of human feeling and character. It is not often, however, that our "artisan" is thus at fault. His teachings, though frequently anticipated, are generally sound; while his easy and lucid style is suited to familiarize the ideas of more abstract thinkers. The writer's autobiography is also worth perusal, certain passages of it rising even to dramatic interest. In parting, we would advise Mr. Leatherland to confine himself to prose composition. His verse, though fluent and polished, bears the fatal impress of mediocrity.

Poems, Grave and Gay. By Edward Irwin. (Tallant & Co.)—The serious poems in this little volume, though unexceptionable in feeling and sometimes pleasing in description, call for no especial remark. Mr. Irwin succeeds better in the gay than in the grave. His mirth is often of the rough and random kind, but it flows from him easily. As an example both of its merits and faults, we cite

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I met a dear creature, it matters not where;
And I met with a fall too, in meeting the fair;
For I fell quite in love,—but you wouldn't blame me,
For this beautiful creature you only could see.
Her eyes were like—stay, they bewildered me quite:
No mortal could see them and criticize right.
I could only observe that their number was two,
And their colour—about the most mischievous blue.
Her mouth (my own waters)—don't ask me I pray—
'Twas the sweetest of mouths, and that's all I can say:
And the envious fellow who dares to say "no,"
If he had any taste, faith, he wouldn't say so!
Her mouth, when she laughed, was a casket thrown wide
With pearls gleaming white from pink velvet inside;
When she sang, 'twas a cage, which to shut were a sin,
While her tongue, like a little bird, warbled within.
Her hair, gathered up in a net with much care,
Peeped out from the bars of its prison up there,
Ev'ry wave, ev'ry fold, seeming silly to say,—
"Don't you think it's a shame to confine me this way?"
For lightness, her foot was like that of a lamb;
For whiteness, her hand might have borne off the palm;
And kind was the heart that went beating below,
To keep itself warm in her bosom of snow.

The next time I met my dear charmer, thought I,—
"I'll disclose to her father the truth, or I die."
"Introduce me," I said, "to your worthy old sire,
The grey, spectacled gentleman next to the fire."
She replied with surprise, and a mixture of glee:
"That old gentleman there—is my husband!" says she.

—The liveliness of our extract will provoke a laugh, though its carelessness and want of finish are apparent. We would remind Mr. Irwin that polish is as necessary to sportive composition as to that which is serious. At present he is only comical; with pains he may attain to humour.

Darrynane in 1832; and other Poems. By Ellen Fitz-Simon. (Kelly, Dublin.)—These pages are chiefly occupied with recollections of real persons and scenes. Amongst the former O'Connell is conspicuous. Mrs. Fitz-Simon is, we believe, a daughter of the celebrated Irishman: her enthusiasm for his memory may therefore be taken as a just tribute to his domestic virtues. We cannot, however, congratulate the lady upon inheriting any large share either of her father's humour or pathos. With the exception of a colourless "Dramatic Sketch," the volume reads like a fragmentary diary in verse. Here and there we meet with a prettiness; but Mrs. Fitz-Simon's memoranda are too hastily dashed off to interest the reader.

The Shrine of the Brave: a Poem, in Four Cantos. By a Working Man. (Slough, Herbert.)—The historical passage of which these lines treat is the resistance of Boadicea to the Romans. It is to the credit of the "Working Man" that he has been a student of English history; but he has erred in attempting to convert his knowledge into poetry, of which he has not yet acquired even the mechanical rudiments.

The Homestead: with Occasional Poems. By Cecil. (Tresidder.)—"The Homestead" refers to a certain spot in Leinster which has the distinction of being the author's birthplace. He treats us to occasional descriptions of this favoured locality and its inhabitants; but his genius is discursive; and politics—American and European—the Sepoy war, promotion by purchase, the plans of the Jesuits, and kindred topics, occupy his space far more than does the rural theme which he has nominally chosen. Cecil, moreover, loves to expatiate upon a grievance, and complains, as follows, of England's indifference to her best and bravest:—

Thus Franklin, with his brave compatriots, flies,
At Britain's call, to win her frozen prize;
And, martyr to his zeal and duty, dies!
She lost another Nelson in that son,
To mourn his fate where nothing could be done!
But where she could have render'd aid, and save
Her host of heroes from the Indian grave
Of Moslem massacre! alas, oh Muse!
None may her Horse-Guards' policy excuse;
Where wealth not merit, family not worth,
Its patronage has heretofore call'd forth;
Where red-tape-rule the Empire's interest mocks
To trammel Nelsons or some Havelocks!

—There may be some grounds for Cecil's indignation; but the mildest critic may demand that he should express it in tolerable grammar, and that if he cannot alarm the "Circumlocution Office" by his eloquence, he should, at least, not amuse it by his blunders.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Lamps of the Church; or, Rays of Faith, Hope and Charity, from Lives and Deaths of some eminent Christians of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. Henry Clissold, M.A. (Rivingtons.)—The clergyman, or, as he designates himself in his preface, "the Son of Aaron," who has produced this comparatively innocuous, but far from instructive, collection of biographical sketches, expresses a hope that his volume may become so generally and permanently popular as to lessen the demand in times to come for works of prose fiction—especially such of them as appear in red and yellow bindings. "How painful," observes Mr. Clissold, folding his hands as he sighs sorrowfully, "the scene when we perceive those countless works of fiction of a much lower order which daily issue from the press, and in their red and yellow attire, with their frequent appeals to the unhallowed passions of a fallen nature, threaten to displace from the library-shelf the books which are the sacred depositories of those great verities of life and death, judgment and eternity, that concern now and for ever the happiness and welfare of every man, woman and child!" A somewhat extended acquaintance with the writings of modern novelists encourages us to question the soundness of Mr. Clissold's induction, and to doubt whether a red and yellow exterior to a work of imaginative literature is to be regarded as a sign of uncleanness within. "Lamps of the Church" is rich in green and gold, which it may be presumed is in Mr. Clissold's opinion the appropriate livery of edifying scripture. Of the memoirs

themselves we must speak less favourably than of their binding. The writer's system is to state the name, date of birth, and leading characteristics of his hero or heroine, and then with a jump, which leaves the most active and really interesting portion of the life untouched, describe the failing powers and deathbed speeches. Those, therefore, who would know more of the author's good men and women than the names of the parishes in which they were born, and the texts of Scripture in which they found most consolation at the approach of death, will lay aside the "Lamps of the Church" without enlightenment. Of Mr. Clissold's literary style readers may form a just appreciation from the following passage, in which Helen Plumtre, of whom the biographer does not condescend to say whether she was maid or mother, spinster or wife, is brought upon the scene:—"The letters of this Christian lady, which in every page breathe an ardent piety, have been edited by the Rev. H. Western Plumtre, of Eastwood Rectory, in the county of Nottingham. The first letter in the series is dated January 16, 1817; and the last of them, October 1833, extending, therefore, over a period of fifteen or sixteen years: and with the exception of some interesting statements contained in a brief preface, the particulars of her spiritual life must be gleaned from her correspondence." What are we to think of this letter! Since it covers fifteen or sixteen years of events, it is doubtless a long one. But why is its extent over so considerable a period of time thus mentioned as a necessary consequence of its date! Possibly the "Son of Aaron" intended to say that the entire series of letters extended over fifteen or sixteen years. Similar looseness and confusion pervade the entire volume, in which there is scarcely a memoir which does not exhibit ignorance of the simple rules of grammar.

Rudimentary Treatise for Students of Agriculture. Outlines of Modern Farming. By Robert Scott Burn. Vol. I.—Soils, Manures and Crops. With Illustrations. (Virtue, Brothers & Co.)—In his Preface to this first of a series of volumes, Mr. Robert Scott Burn says, "The present volume, as its title-page indicates, is devoted to the consideration of points connected with Soils, Manures and Crops. The second volume will take up those connected with the Breeding, Rearing and Fattening of Cattle, Horses and Sheep; while the third volume will be devoted to the Management of the Dairy, of Poultry, and of Pigs." This series will be followed by a companion volume, entitled "Historical Outlines connected with Farming and Farming Economy"; and the author undertakes to discuss in a separate work questions connected with "Reclamation of Waste Lands," the "Utilization of Town Sewage," and "Irrigation." When Mr. Burn has fulfilled the promises of his programme with the spirit and efficiency which mark this first instalment of his comprehensive scheme, he will be entitled to praise as a contributor to general literature, not less than as a promulgator of the knowledge which is of special value to the practical farmer. The history of agriculture is a fine subject for a good book, which has been nibbled at by many writers, but has not hitherto been satisfactorily handled.

Life in Normandy: Sketches of French Fishing, Farming, Cooking, Natural History and Politics; drawn from Nature. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas.)—These are volumes curious by reason of their tediousness. "They were written," we are told, "for pastime" (which is hard to believe) "in 1848, by a Highland gentleman resident in Normandy," whose experience in the French manner of cooking "marrots, cuttle-fish, limpets, frogs, snails and maggots" (!), it was hoped, might be profitable to thriftless folk at home, unable to turn the bounties of Nature to culinary account. "Men and their manners and customs," it is added, "are lightly sketched." That which the writer of the Preface, just gleaned from, would consider as "heavy" is not easy to imagine. Two imaginary Britons, Hope and Cross, and a French Marquis—who eats as heartily as one of the gormandizers in the "Noctes Ambrosiane," and who cooks, moreover, the breakfasts and dinners to which Hope and Cross are bidden—carry on the business of the book, for the most part in dreary dialogue which

fails to amuse. As for instruction, we do not believe that one single snail the more will be cooked in Argyllshire or in the Orkneys for all that is here said and done. The lithographic sketches belong to a bygone day of the art.

Niccolo Marini; or, the Mystery solved: a Tale of Naples Life. 2 vols. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—There are some districts, and among the most richly endowed by Nature, which resist the best endeavours of the tale-teller. Wales is waiting for its novelist, so is the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; whereas in a churchyard in the Marshes, and a desolated brewhouse, Mr. Dickens has found the materials and the framework of one of the most powerful romances ever written. 'Niccolo Marini' is a dull, awkward story, once again setting forth the pursuit of an English fortune by an Italian adventurer, who has, besides his debts, to consider the manner of walking on slippery ground for a Neapolitan nobleman in difficulties, keeping the while patriotic relations: in brief, who is a spy. False concords like these apparently turn up in every tale of modern Italy. Is such an impression as the above one more case of prejudice—one more illustration of the antipathies which so long kept England from France, and France from England, asunder? Or is it an expression of a truth compounded of Southern organization and Southern misgovernment? Is the world's old epithet "false" a warranted epithet or not? The tale, then, in its cast of incident is not pleasant. The author's hand, whether as a painter of character or a reporter of dialogue, is dull, weak and heavy. Few figures more absurd, in their want of resemblance to real life, could be named than the German servant of the English hero. We cannot, then, recommend 'Niccolo Marini.'

How it was done at Stowe School. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—The writers of these recollections of school-life take needless pains to assure the public that they were educated on a very bad system; and the object of their volume is to overthrow an evil which exists only in their own imaginations. Attacking the private academies, in which most children of the middle ranks of English life are educated, and arguing that they ought to be reformed on the rational and liberal system of Eton and Harrow, they attribute to them a fault from which it is well known they are quite free, and say nothing of an evil by which they are too often marked. The fault thus attributed is excessive severity of discipline; whereas it is matter of notoriety that if the middle-class private academy errs in respect of penal provisions, the error is that of improper leniency. In times past, corporal punishment may have been far too liberally employed in public and private schools; but there is no doubt that at the present day some of the worst defects in "educational establishments for young gentlemen of the middle classes" are due to the absence of the Silver Lady of the Woods. Of the prevailing evil of the schools they attack—namely, the attempt to teach young children too many subjects—nothing is said by the authors of this *brochure*, the coarse tone of which is not its least fault.

North and South. By the "White Republican" of *Fraser's Magazine*. (Chapman & Hall.)—The "White Republican," who here pleads the cause of the South and cries aloud for European intervention in Transatlantic affairs, says little to which England can give ear just now, when so many teachers of superior qualifications are enlightening the public mind on American politics. The most noteworthy passage in the essay is that in which he compares the attitudes assumed by England and France towards the contending parties, and concludes his survey by saying, "What, then, has England gained by her diplomatic refusal? She has gained an enemy, and lost an ally; while France has gained a friend, whose trade alone, when the blockade is raised, will be worth ten millions a year. The Southern Government will pass tariffs more favourable to France than to any other country, in return for this well-meant service of the Emperor. The great agricultural nation of the new Confederacy will prove a new 'El Dorado' to the merchants and manufacturers of France, under the reciprocal benefits of Free Trade; while

French vessels will be employed, in preference to all others, in the transportation of sugar and cotton, of silks and wines. As the Emperor takes no step backwards, he will doubtless be the first to recognize the independence of the Confederacy, and reap the first golden harvest of peace. In the mean time, what hinders the Government of France from buying cotton in New Orleans and sending it to Havre?" It would at present be unreasonable to ask from American critics generous judgment of our national conduct towards their warring States. The time, will, however, come when, in North and South alike, men will do justice to the motives which have hitherto caused us to place considerations of morality above those of national aggrandizement, and still make us less anxious to achieve what will be profitable than to do what is right. Meanwhile the "White Republican" may rest assured that we are fully aware of the sacrifices we have made, and are still making, for the sake of principle, and that the South is no more able to bribe, than the North is to bully, us into adopting a merely selfish policy. He will also do well to reflect that his countrymen would receive in good part from France suggestions to which the reply would be a threat of war, if they were offered by England. The Anglomania of the American multitudes is amongst the reasons why we say, "Let us keep quiet, and not irritate a susceptible people with well-meant but inopportune suggestions; let us not speak, till we can speak with good effect."

Klimatographische Übersicht der Erde.—[*Climatographic View of Our Globe*, von A. Muehry, M.D.]. (Leipzig and Heidelberg; London, Dulau & Co.)—The principal aim of Dr. Muehry is to furnish authentic reports on the climate of our globe and the peculiarities it presents in different countries; and in the bulky volume before us he gives us the result of eight years' compilation and study, intended both for the scientific meteorologist and the practical man. A well-arranged book of reference on such a topic would be invaluable now-a-days, when communication between most parts of the world has become both rapid and frequent; and great undertakings often fail because the effect of climate on the health of enterprising Europeans has not been, or from want of reliable information could not be, taken into consideration. Regarded in this light, the work falls short of our actual requirements. In his Preface, the author warns us not to expect a notice about every place; but he leads us to believe that, at least, all the different countries of our globe would be treated upon as fully as existing records admit. However, in this belief we are disappointed. Several large countries are left out entirely. We do not find a syllable about the whole empire of Japan, though Europe has of late been inundated with information on the subject. Nor do we meet with any account of the Isthmus of Panama, that highway of nations; a scanty notice about Portobello, now a deserted, unimportant place, excepted. There is ample information about the giant natural bridge which connects North and South America in the very works our author largely quotes for other districts. In treating of the South Seas, several important groups have been ignored—for instance, Fiji, Tonga and Raratonga; and we could go on multiplying similar shortcomings, even after a hasty perusal of the work. Again, the author has not availed himself of the latest sources of information in dealing with the various countries he does not omit. We strongly recommend to his notice the *Journal* of our Royal Geographical Society and recent works of travel. Surely more ample details could have been gleaned about our new colony of British Columbia than are contained in Sir J. Richardson's account; and something more complete might have been drawn up about the Sandwich Islands than is embodied in Wilkes's 'Narrative.' The author is altogether behind his age in supposing that Mauna Loa, the highest active volcano of that group—indeed, of our globe—has not had an eruption for the last sixty years. Our illustrated newspapers show a different picture. The grouping of the different countries according to their geographical position could have no object when no attempt is made to preface the different

groupings by some kind of generalization. An A B C guide would have been more acceptable, because a number of people are not so sure respecting the geographical whereabouts of the place they wish to look for as the author may be, and will be quite at a loss under which heading to search. In short, whilst applauding the author's aim to be useful to medical men, naval and military officers, statesmen, commercial travellers, emigrants, and all those who are now called upon to take the effects of climate into consideration, we censure the impracticable plan of the work, regret its omissions and shortcomings, and altogether blame the careless manner in which the printer has acquitted himself of his task, having counted as many as three typographical errors in one line.

Of Pamphlets on slavery and other subjects we have to record—*The Horrors of Slavery: being a Verbatim Reprint of a Narrative describing a Residence of Seven Weeks on a Sugar Plantation in Jamaica in the year 1832* (Stock).—*The Proposed Slave Empire: its Antecedents, Constitution and Policy*, by C. S. Miall (Stock).—*Confederate Notes for English Circulation*, by M. B. H., of Arkansas, C.S.A. (Simpson).—*Shall we Recognize the Confederate States?*—*The Question considered in Three Letters with Reference to our National Interest and Duty, and to Slavery as illustrated in the History of our West Indian Possessions*, by the Rev. E. L. Blackman (Ipswich, Knights).—*Native Policy of New Zealand: a Speech delivered in the House of Representatives of New Zealand*, by J. E. Fitzgerald (Stanford).—*The Land Question*, by G. R. (True-love).—*Letters from Canada*, with numerous illustrations (Algar).—*Crime and Criminals: Is the Gaol the only Preventive?* by A. Pulling (Stevens, Sons & Hayes).—*Remarks upon Archbishops: Whately's Letter on Medical Trades' Unions*, by W. Bayes (Turner).—*Hints and Suggestions for the Formation and Management of Working Men's Clubs and Institutes* (Bell & Daldy).—*Practical Remarks on the Laryngeal Disease, as illustrated by the Laryngoscope*, by Dr. Sieveking (Richards).—*Excessive Infant-Mortality: How can it be Stayed?* by M. A. Baines (Churchill).—*Final Report on the Utilization of the Metropolitan Sewage and the Reduction of Local Taxation* (Kent & Co.).—*Observations on Art Proper: its Dignity, True Principles and Aim*, by E. Bates (Leeds, Inchbold).—*The Brothers Burnes; or, the Traveller and the Doctor* (Two Pictures from India), (Nichols).—and *Habits: a Lecture*, by the Archbishop of Dublin (Hodges, Smith & Co.)

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Yelverton Correspondence, with Introduction by Yelverton, 2

LORD LANSDOWNE.

THOUGH he was not himself a poet or an historian, the Marquis of Lansdowne had too many points of contact with letters to permit of his passing away from our midst without some words of record, some expressions of regret, in a literary journal. In the best sense of the word, he was a friend of literature and of learned men. To him must be ascribed, in part at least, those improved relations between men of rank and those of genius which mark the present times from all former ages. The great poet and the great patron are social figures as old as history; Southampton, Herbert, Montagu, Rochester, Halifax, Harley and Chesterfield, being, as it were, the necessary social counterparts of Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Swift and Johnson. In our own days, thanks to such noblemen as Lord Lansdowne and the late Duke of Devonshire, the patron has risen into the friend. Lord Lansdowne gave to literature, like the grandees of another age, the encouragement of a great nobleman and an active politician; while to the man of letters he gave the companionship and sympathy which in our days have superseded the poet's dedication and the patron's purse. So far as letters are concerned, that was the charm of Lord Lansdowne's life. The Halifaxes and Harleys, if they appreciated the toils and delighted in the society of scholars and poets, made an ostentatious and oppressive show of their kindness and preference. They never seemed to forget that they were great lords, and they seldom allowed their pleasant companions to forget that in comparison with such mighty personages they were only popular writers and beggarly wits. No trace of such distinctions ever checked the talk or weakened the welcome at Bowood or Lansdowne House. If help was needed, it was freely given. From Thomas Moore to Frances Brown, there is a history of princely care and of unpublished generosity to write which has, perhaps, no equal in the lives of British Peers,—or only that of the late Duke of Devonshire, whose bounties to the struggling and the aged servants of literature, high and low, will never, perhaps, be known to their full extent. The delicate bounty of the Duke to Leigh Hunt, so recently told by Mr. Collier, recalls the scene of Mr. Longman's interview with Moore, when the publisher told the astonished and grateful poet that Lord Lansdowne had secretly placed 1,000*l.* in his hands to cover the liabilities in the Bermuda accounts. "Secret service" was the kind of service which he most loved to render: once the writer of these lines received from him a considerable sum of money, to be used at his own discretion, for the benefit of one who was richer in mental than in worldly gifts, with a request, which the circumstances of the case made it impossible to observe, that the person who received the advantage of his gift should not be told from whom the solace came. So it was ever with him. Yet the personal relation of the Marquis to the man of letters was that of friend to friend. Even while occupying Sloperton Cottage, at the gate, so to speak, of Bowood Park, Moore had no sense of his own inequality. The gracious courtesy of his noble host made pleasant to all parties a relation which under any other man might have become intolerable. Admiring wit and song, and fine prose and conversational power, he dextrously hid away all formal suggestions of his own high worldly rank, and, with a grace which put his guest at perfect ease, met him on the common ground of intellect.

From the far-off date of Lord Lansdowne's birth—so far away as 1780—he appeared to the younger men of this generation as one of another age. They remember him as having been squibbed by Byron in Byron's youth. They think of him as a contemporary of Sheridan and of Scott. In the lives of poets which men who are now middle-aged read when they were at Rugby or Westminster, he was a constant and conspicuous figure. Lansdowne House, too, from its recurrence in Memoirs, has a sort of rival fame to Holland

House, carrying us back to the times of Napoleon and Castlereagh. Yet the doors of Bowood and Lansdowne House remained open to every man who made his mark in literature until yesterday. In the room in which Moore had sung his melodies, Macaulay afterwards talked his essays, Lady Morgan told her Irish stories, and Jerrold cracked his jokes. Lord Lansdowne was no great speaker, and no very bright wit; but his shrewd good sense enabled him to value at their true worth the more showy and shining qualities of his guests. It may have been after that overbearing table-talk, during which Mr. Carlyle is said to have caught "flashes of silence," that Lord Lansdowne exclaimed, "I wish I could be as certain of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Of late years deafness interfered with his enjoyment of wit and anecdote and table-talk; but books and their authors engaged his interest to the very last. A party, in which literature was represented, was gathered in the Wiltshire country-house at the time of the accidental fall which ended in his death. Some of his latest remarks referred to the 'Memoirs' of a departed celebrity which have just been issued to the world, and have roused no small amount of "Tory spite."

The loss of such a man is a loss to literature. A harvest of affection grew to the very last about the kindly old gentleman, who at eighty-two, though bowed with years, and shut from much of the world by deafness, had the elasticity of spirit which belongs to men of middle age. Only a few days ago we were reminded of the love borne to him by Henry Hallam, perpetuated in the name of a favourite and gifted son. A list of the books dedicated to him, from Moore's collected writings downward, would fill a page of the *Athenæum*. Of living men of letters, it would not be easy to name a single one of eminence who has not lost in him a personal friend.

SIR W. R. HAMILTON.

Observatory of Trinity College, Dublin,
Jan. 31, 1863.

A misdescription, in the recent volume of Lectures delivered before the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association, in connexion with the United Church of England and Ireland, during the year 1862, which did not appear to me worth noticing at the time, has acquired some literary importance, and may perhaps occasion hereafter some confusion, in consequence of its having been very naturally transferred to the review of that volume, in the *Athenæum* of this day.

The Committee, or the Publishers, will (I hope) correct the inaccuracy, in any future edition of the work. But, in the mean time, the copied (or extracted) title of a Lecture,—"*Light*," by the Astronomer Royal for Ireland,—in your recent page 148, may lead many of your readers to infer that I had the honour of lately delivering, in company so eminent as is described, the beautiful address in question; or some address on the same subject.

The Lecture was given by my old and dear friend, Dr. Robinson, and not by your obedient servant,

WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON, LL.D., Royal
Astronomer of Ireland.

DEEP-SEA TELEGRAPH.

Kensington, Feb. 2, 1863.

WILL you permit me to state, in reply to the communication of Mr. Bower Wood which appeared in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last, that I am neither directly nor indirectly concerned in any Deep-Sea Telegraphic route between this country and America, but ready and anxious to render my plan of survey available for whatever route the Government or the public pronounce to be the most feasible.

With regard to the objections that have been urged against my scheme, I have only to say that they shall be fully and most satisfactorily answered when the fitting time and opportunity arrives. Meanwhile, I would caution the unwary against lending an ear to those who, in the absence of argument, resort to such assertions as the follow-

ing. The speaker, Sir Edward Belcher, at the meeting of the Society of Arts, on Wednesday, the 28th ult., said, "If we had enough data for laying down these electric cables, he saw no reason to incur such enormous expense by mapping the Atlantic, and blotting our charts with soundings, which were placed merely at haphazard!" Surely, such a charge demands the fullest investigation at the hands of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; for, assuredly, if well founded, its least baneful result would be the consignment of my scheme to the category denounced by the same speaker as a "mere speculative dream."

G. F. WALLICH.

LES MATINÉES ROYALES.

Hampstead, Feb. 4, 1863.

WILL you spare me room for nailing a false shilling to the counter? Whilst the people in Prussia are preparing to commemorate the Hundredth Anniversary of the Peace of Utrecht, the conclusion of the Seven Years' War—in which the English, too, under the guidance of the great Chatham, bore an eventful part,—a respectable London publishing firm has thought fit to put forth a reprint of an often-printed gross lampoon on the hero of the said war, and even to claim a sort of originality for a production which, at its first appearance nearly a century ago, was officially denounced as a forgery, and has ever since been recognized as such by bibliographs, and all persons of the least authority in such matters.

I am alluding to a little pamphlet, in the French language, which has appeared recently, under the title, '*Les Matinées Royales; ou, l'Art de Régner*.' Opuscule inédit de Frédéric II., dit le Grand, Roi de Prusse.' I have taken the trouble to compare this "authentic, never-before published text" with one of the four or five editions of the '*Matinées*' in the British Museum, and find it simply a reprint—with some lines of commonplace amplification added here and there, perhaps a dozen or a dozen and a half lines in all—of the Paris edition of *An IX.* (1801), which is itself a reprint, with additions, of that of 1756. These '*Matinées*,' purporting to be lessons in the art of government, and personal confessions, written by King Frederick for the instruction and benefit of his young nephew and heir-apparent, appeared first in 1766. On that occasion, Frederick's aide-de-camp, Col. Quintus Jellius, wrote the following letter, dated March 4th, 1766, to the Prussian Resident at Hamburg:—"Le Roi m'ayant ordonné de faire insérer dans les gazettes d'Altona et de Hambourg l'article ci-joint contre l'infame auteur des '*Matinées* du Roi de Prusse,' j'osei bien, cher ami, m'adresser à vous dans la ferme persuasion que vous vous y prêterez volontiers et que vous contribuerez tout pour diffamer cet exécration écrit." And the article in question appeared in the Hamburg *Unparteiische Correspondent* of the same month. Since then, the '*Matinées*' have been often reprinted, in Paris, in London, in Boston (the appetite of the grosser part of mankind for scandal, true or false, being unfortunately considerable at all times), with new chapters, or *Matinées*, added; each new edition, like the present, setting up some new claim to authenticity. The editor of that of *An IX.*,—who has, at least, this excuse for wasting good paper and print on such an "opuscule," that he openly avows, not horror, but admiration, for its contents!—also professes to give "an authentic, never-before printed text":—"Le manuscrit," he says, "en a été trouvé dans les papiers d'un grand personnage qui avoit servit en Allemagne dans un poste éminent. Le hasard l'a fait tomber entre nos mains; et après nous être assurés qu'il n'avoit jamais été imprimé," &c. That was in 1801, five years before M. de Méneval could have "made his copy, at Sans-Souci." And so it went on. "Lewd, idle newsmongery," writes the venerable Prof. Preuss, of Berlin, the biographer of Frederick, and the editor of his '*Works*,' in a notice of this latest London edition, inserted in the Berlin *National Zeitung* of the 15th of January, from which I have also taken the above letter of Col. Jellius,—"*Lewd, idle newsmongery* went on producing new copies from old ones, printed or written; and during the last fifteen years such manu-

script 'Matinée' have been offered for sale, both in Paris and in Berlin,—and in London, too, (see Carlyle, 'History of Friedrich,' first edition, I., 263),—"generally pretending to have been taken, in 1806, from the original at Sans-Souci." Herr Preuss goes on to say, that, when submitted to him, he has always rejected these "copies, because no such 'original manuscript' has ever been discovered at Sans-Souci or elsewhere; because no person at all acquainted with the numerous pedagogical writings, and the patriotic testaments, of the great King has ever ascribed that paucity to him; finally, because of Frederick's well-known clear and concise style, the style of great characters, there is not a trace to be found in the dissolute 'Matinée.' " Again the everlasting pamphlet got into print as recently as two years ago, when it appeared amongst the 'Correspondance inédite de Buffon'; this time with very high pretensions indeed—"From an original manuscript, said to have been given by King Frederick himself, in 1782, to young Buffon, as a present for his father, the great naturalist." So ran the story; the absurdity of which the vigilant Prof. Preuss did not fail, at once, to expose. Whereupon the editor of the 'Correspondance,' M. Nadault de Buffon, very handsomely wrote to the Professor, stating "that he had found the manuscript amongst his family papers; that it was entirely in the handwriting of Buffon's secretary" (no original manuscript, then!); "and that he would, in a new edition, proffer the light Herr Preuss had thrown upon the matter." So much for the external history of this pamphlet down to its present re-appearance as an "opuscule inédit." Perfectly corresponding with its external history is the character of its contents. There needs no minute acquaintance with Frederick's writings, "pedagogical" or other; the knowledge that he was a king and a gentleman, and not a swaggering *poisson*, suffices to recognize the spuriousness of this composition. It abounds in mere blunders, too. It lets Frederick say (second *Matinée*), "My father" (Frederick Wilhelm, the stout orthodox Protestant!) "had an excellent project, in which, however, he did not succeed. He had engaged the President Loen" (a well-known Deistical writer) "to write for him a little treatise on religion, with the view of bringing about a reunion of the three sects" (Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists) "into one." Then follows a description of this treatise, said to have been made to order of Frederick Wilhelm, but analyzing (as already Barbier, in his 'Dictionnaire des Anonymes,' has pointed out), in fact, a book in the style of the French *philosophes*, 'La Véritable Religion,' published and dedicated to Frederick, by the said De Loen, in 1751, many years after Frederick Wilhelm's death! In the fifth *Matinée*, Frederick is represented saying that, after he came to his throne, all his efforts were directed towards attracting the eyes of the world to his military drillings and manoeuvres. "I repeated them every year (je les renouvellois chaque année) till I succeeded in turning the heads of all the Powers; they all took to the Prussian drill. My soldiers thought themselves twice as much when they saw themselves imitated everywhere. This accomplished, I began to consider what pretensions upon several provinces I should put forth. I fixed upon Silesia;" the fact being that Frederick acceded to the throne June 1740; that he resolved upon asserting his claims on Silesia immediately after the death of the Emperor, in the following October; and that he took the field in December of the same year. Not much time here for many "annual reviews!" Then (fourth *Matinée*) the King, whom nobody ever yet accused of intemperance at least, is made to say to his youthful nephew, "When I dine in public, I make a show of abstemiousness; when I dine in my own apartments, I have my bed close at hand, which puts me at my ease, however much I may drink (Je suis près de mon lit; c'est ce qui me rassure sur tout ce que je bois)." Those samples may suffice. One feels humiliated to have to argue about such an article, somewhat as if one were called upon to demonstrate to an adult sane person that the moon was not made of green cheese!

Who the author of this pamphlet really was has

been much guessed at; never yet with complete success. The last guess was that of Mr. Carlyle, who, in his indignant chapter on the 'Matinée,' hypothetically suggests that the "Prince de Ligne may, perhaps, have been concerned in the affair." But the Prince de Ligne, "Prince of Coxcombs" though he be, could hardly have committed blunders like the above. He would have known, too, that the King, from a very early period of his reign, signed his name invariably 'Fédéric,' without the first r,—never 'Frédéric,' as in the fourth *Matinée*. Nor would De Ligne have put it on quite so thick as to let the grey-haired King address his boy-nephew in strains like these: "Voulez-vous passer pour un héros? Approchez hardiment du crime. Voulez-vous passer pour un sage? Contrefaites-vous avec art!" To judge the tree by its fruits, it is most probable that the real author was some unguessable obscure scribe, perhaps a writer of scandalous news-letters, such as there were in those days, and "original" specimens of whose productions, both in animus and matter singularly like the 'Matinée,' are to be met with in English family archives. Indeed, Barbier ('Dictionnaire des Anonymes,' s. v. *Matinée*), which the curious may consult) gives a hint, from Bachaumont, 'Mémoires Secrets,' of some such origin, which has a great air of probability.

But this latest edition professes to be "after a copy made at Sans-Souci, in 1806, by M. de Méneval." A supply of such "copies" has been in the market these many years. That the French visitors at Potsdam in 1806, who deplored Frederick's grave, and were otherwise never scrupulous in their takings on such occasions, should have practised such self-denial in Frederick's cabinet as to take only a "copy" of a document attractive to the French mind, would itself require some explanation. Strange it would seem, too, that M. de Méneval should have withheld his important literary discovery from his friend Barbier [see 'Biographie Universelle (Michaud, nouvelle édition,' s. v. *Barbier et Méneval*], who was at that time busy with his 'Dictionnaire,' questioning gods and men and books concerning *ouvrages anonymes*, and to whom such an addition to his article *Matinée* would have been so interesting! But, after all, whether M. de Méneval did copy anything or not at Sans-Souci, would make no difference as to the question of authorship. The "proofs" that Frederick is "véritablement" the author, for which we are referred to the *Home and Foreign Review*, amounts to this: first, "The authorship has never been brought home to anybody, therefore it must be Frederick's; and, secondly, in a note to Buffon's 'Correspondance inédite,' it is stated that Frederick the Great sent an original manuscript of the 'Matinée' as a present to the great naturalist. When speaking of the King of Prussia's express denial of the authorship, the Reviewer observed, "of course he denied it; how could he do otherwise?" And after that he professes to believe that the King had sent an "original manuscript" of a pamphlet which he had publicly denounced as an infamous forgery, and which could be had in the shape printed for ten *sous*, as a royal present to Buffon, the great naturalist! Failing "proofs," the Reviewer falls foul on Prof. Preuss, a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity, and on the other editors of the 'Œuvres de Frédéric,' for not having included this denounced forgery amongst the King's authentic works; charging them with wilful falsehood, and I don't know what. And it is on such "proofs" as the above that this last reprint calls itself boldly, on the title-page (what none of the previous editors have had the face to venture for their "authentic copies"), 'Opuscule inédit de Frédéric II.' "Inédit," coming at the back of, perhaps, a dozen previous editions; and "de Frédéric," on the above evidence!

THE GERMAN TRANSLATOR OF CARLYLE'S
'HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH.'

LUNAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Cranford Observatory, Jan. 29, 1863.

ON my return from Italy, where I had been travelling for about three months, I read the correspondence in your columns in reference to Dr.

D'Orsan having pirated one of my lunar photographs.

In Dr. D'Orsan's work no information is given as to the original source of his enlarged photographs, either as to their dates, the locality where they were taken, or the instruments used in their production; and to the question so often put, "When did Dr. D'Orsan take his negatives?" the only answer is, that Mr. Bennett says that he is authorized to state that Dr. D'Orsan's photographs were taken prior to February, 1858.

At the time of the first announcement of Dr. D'Orsan's intended work, in 1862, any gentleman working assiduously with proper instruments, and with the aid of the published accounts of the methods used by myself and others, might have succeeded in producing photographs of the Moon. But it is remarkable that Dr. D'Orsan, having, as he alleges, succeeded, prior to February, 1858, in obtaining photographs equal to those he has issued, should have refrained from making known his success, while notices of the progress of astronomical photography in the hands of other labourers were frequently appearing. For example, in the *Athenæum*, Feb. 6, 1858, an account is given of my photographs having been enlarged by means of the electric lamp to six feet in diameter, in illustration of a lecture by Mr. Grove at the Royal Institution. Moreover, my photographs have been repeatedly exhibited at public institutions and at the meetings of the British Association; and in the Report of the latter body for the year 1859, my methods of working were published in minute detail. Since September, 1857, enlarged positive copies of my lunar and planetary photographs have been freely distributed by me among men of science in England and abroad; and in a few instances some fine negatives have been presented to those specially interested in the subject. My Observatory has always been accessible to those seeking admittance, and my modes of procedure readily shown to any who cared to be instructed. Indeed, I have done all that lay in my power to promote the study of astronomical photography, because I have felt that it would prove of the greatest value to science.

A careful examination of Dr. D'Orsan's two photographs has convinced me that they are both derived from one and the same negative taken by me at Cranford (lat. N. 51° 28' 58", long. W. 0h. 1m. 37.5 sec.) on the 22nd of February, 1853, at 9h. 5m. (G.M.T.) On that night I took several photographs, of which three have been preserved. The first was taken at 9h. 5m. in twenty-five seconds; the second, 9h. 25m. in thirty-one seconds; and the third at 9h. 50m. in forty seconds: which particulars are recorded on the negatives themselves with a diamond point. They were obtained by means of my reflecting equatorial of thirteen inches aperture and ten feet focal length. Upon reference to the 'Nautical Almanac,' it will be seen that on that day at eight hours the moon's motion in declination was only $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second of arc in ten minutes, at nine hours only $2\frac{1}{3}$ seconds of arc, and at ten hours only $4\frac{1}{3}$ seconds of arc in the same interval: whence it is evident that the motion of the moon in declination during the taking of any one of the photographs being quite inappreciable, the clock-movement of the telescope could be made to compensate absolutely the apparent motion of the moon in the heavens.

This circumstance, combined with the stillness of the air, enabled me to obtain on that occasion some of the finest negatives I have ever succeeded in producing. These negatives, with others, were lent to Messrs. Smith, Beck & Beck, who published positive copies of them in a glass stereoscopic slide in April, 1858; so that Dr. D'Orsan could without difficulty have obtained positives well adapted for enlargement. The photographs issued by Dr. D'Orsan, so far as they extend, agree exactly with copies from my first negative, as regards the configuration of the lights and shadows of the several craters, and the elevations and depressions of the lunar surface; and they are identical in respect of the libration.

Now, although it is quite possible, as Mr. Bennett states, that after certain intervals the same appearance of the lunar disc will be presented both

as to libration and lunation, yet the coincidence of precisely the same conditions is by no means frequent; and there is a very great improbability that any two photographs taken at different times would exhibit the moon under an aspect identically the same.

Apart from these considerations, however, the identity of Dr. D'Orsan's photographs with my own can be established in the following way:—No negative has yet been obtained absolutely free from defects; and hence, if several be taken of the same object, terrestrial or celestial, under precisely the same conditions, prints from them are always readily distinguishable by means of the defects peculiar to each negative. My three negatives, taken on the 22nd of February, 1858, have been subjected to an examination with the microscope, and certain minute holes in the collodion film of one of them have been thus identified with corresponding dark specks in Dr. D'Orsan's prints.

Messrs. Smith, Beck & Beck have already pointed

out some of these coincidences, which are not to be explained away by the assumption of "hitherto undiscovered flaws" on the lunar surface, for in that case the two other negatives would likewise have recorded them. The impressions of the flaws, pointed out by Messrs. Smith, Beck & Beck, not being very conspicuous objects, were undiscovered by Dr. D'Orsan, and therefore not removed in his prints; but other defects, to be seen in the original negative, were too conspicuous to be overlooked: and I will here adduce evidence to show that attempts, more or less successful, have been made to remove their impressions in Dr. D'Orsan's prints.

In my original negative, taken at 9h. 5m., there is a group of holes situated between the craters Apianus and Playfair and Werner and Purbach, forming, so to speak, a constellation of holes, which are not to be found in the two other negatives.

A diagram of this region of the moon is given in the accompanying wood-engraving, which

SOUTH



NORTH

is copied from a lunar photograph 38 inches in diameter: it represents as corresponding dark impressions the holes in the negative. An examination of Dr. D'Orsan's prints will prove that in both of them can be traced the existence of these defects, which have, however, been more or less completely erased. The speck on the western wall of the crater Werner is in many prints left untouched, which is also the case as regards the speck situated just on the summit of the western ridge of the crater Purbach; while, for the most

part, the more conspicuous defects situated on a diagonal between Werner and Playfair are carefully corrected.

In some of Dr. D'Orsan's prints, the defects have been corrected by stopping out the negative with opaque colour, the effect of which was to produce corresponding white spots which were then painted over: on washing one of these, the white spaces became apparent, as shown in the accompanying engraving, which is copied from an enlargement of one of his prints. On others

SOUTH



NORTH

the correction has been made by erasing, more or less perfectly, the dark impressions of the defects left by negatives which had not been stopped off; but on every print that has passed through my hands it was easy to detect the remains of the spots, corresponding to the defects in my negative.

Only a very small portion of my original photo-

graph has yet been published by Dr. D'Orsan: should he venture to issue other parts of it, there will be no difficulty in detecting them.

So far as Dr. D'Orsan has gone, I do not hesitate to say that he has merely published unauthorized copies of a portion of a lunar photograph taken by myself.

WARREN DE LA RUE.

February 3, 1863.

Since handing in my communication, I have received from Mr. Bennett the accompanying letter, which I shall feel obliged by your inserting in your columns.

WARREN DE LA RUE.

"5, Bishopsgate Street Without,
February 3, 1863.

"In my letter which appeared in the *Athenæum* of January 17th, I undertook, on the part of Dr. D'Orsan, that, at the request of any scientific gentleman interested in the controversy between yourself and Dr. D'Orsan, the exact dates at which his lunar photographs were taken should be disclosed, and the negatives of the photographs themselves produced, for comparison with your own. Since that time, repeated applications have been made to Dr. D'Orsan for the production of the dates and negatives in question, without, I regret to say, any result. I am thus forced to the conclusion, that it is not in Dr. D'Orsan's power to produce that evidence which would at once overthrow the grave charges which have been advanced against the originality of his lunar observations. I feel bound, by the courteous manner in which Messrs. Smith & Beck and yourself have conducted this controversy, to acquaint you at once with the conclusion at which I have arrived, as also with my determination, in which no alternative is left me, to discontinue further publication of 'Our Satellite' until, by the means above stated, the doubts which are thrown over the originality of the work are entirely removed.—Believe me to remain, yours faithfully,
ALFRED W. BENNETT."

"W. De La Rue, Esq."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE executors of the late James Walker, Esq. have bequeathed to the Royal Institution a marble bust of Prof. Faraday, by Mr. Matthew Noble.

The *Gazette* of Friday, January 30, contained the announcement of the appointment of a Government Commission to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts, into the circumstances and conditions under which it occupies a portion of the National Gallery, to suggest such measures as may be required to render it more useful in promoting Art and in improving and developing public taste. The members of the Commission are Lords Stanhope, Hardinge and Elcho, Sir E. Head, Messrs. Stirling, H. D. Seymour and H. Reeve.

One of the numerous foreign *savants* who attended the evening meetings of the Royal Society last May, at the close of a discussion in which Messrs. Faraday, Tyndall, Stokes, Carpenter, Grove, Clerk, Maxwell and others took part, warmly expressed his admiration and astonishment at the quiet, deliberate manner in which the discussion had been carried on. "You are more animated on your side of the Channel," answered a by-aitter. "Animated?" rejoined the *savant*. "why, we are never content with talking about the subject in question, but we talk about one another, and raise quarrels, and set everything on fire. I am very glad to have seen how you carry on a debate in the Royal Society." We are reminded of this incident by the quarrel of Messrs. Le Verrier and Faye in the Academy of Sciences at Paris. To say that the debate has become vehement is to describe it by a mild term; and, too often, the points at issue are forgotten in a personal altercation, accompanied by retorts and recriminations which have more than once brought down the interference of the chairman with a reminder that the "debate could no longer be regarded as scientific." M. Faye charges M. Le Verrier with disregard of the proper functions of the Observatory, with encroachments on the province of the Bureau des Longitudes by his measures for a general rectification of the latitudes and longitudes throughout France, and with neglect of duty in not having published the report on the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Paris. To all this the Director of the Observatory replies with vigour, and, in turn, shows that the delay in the latter particular arises from M. Faye's own faulty observations. The controversy is not yet settled, for it has enlisted partisans on each side. At the meet-

ing last week, M. Delaunay, whose merits are well known, took up the question against M. Le Verrier. So there will be yet more replies and replications. Meanwhile, science is scandalized by these unworthy bickerings.

With reference to the utilization of towns' sewage (a much-debated question), a suggestion has been thrown out which appears worth attention. We are told that the fertilizing salts contained in the sewage are mixed with such an enormous quantity of water as to be comparatively valueless. But it is thought that the new chemical process of dialysis, discovered by the Master of the Mint, might be used on a great scale for the separation of the salts. The essential elements are there in the form of crystalloids and colloids, and it is for practical chemists to decide whether by the application of dialysis a question of so much importance can be settled.

Mr. Colley Grattan, a gentleman known in the London literary world, has been appointed Consul at Teneriffe.

The Austrian Government are said to be in possession of a gun-cotton secret. By experiment, they have overcome the difficulties which the nature of the material, as at first discovered by Schönbein, opposed to its use in artillery practice. The Austrians, moreover, have discovered a metal—iron, copper, spelter and tin—which, in certain proportions, is tougher than any gun-metal hitherto devised. This, owing to the nature of the explosion produced by gun-cotton, is an essential requirement. Gun-cotton explodes all at once—not grain by grain, as gunpowder does; hence it fails to impel the ball or projectile with the continuance of force necessary to a long range. This is the main difficulty, as we hear, which the Austrians have overcome. If with this they have rendered the cotton less dangerous in a high temperature, they will have done good work, as a much smaller weight of gun-cotton is required on service than of gunpowder. The Commission sent to Vienna by our War Department to inquire into the facts came home, indeed, with information, but not the information that was really wanted,—dust, so runs the rumour, having been thrown in their eyes by the Austrian authorities. So the subject has been taken up by the Gun-cotton Committee of the British Association, who have held one meeting, and will shortly take further proceedings.

Mr. B. B. Woodward, the Queen's Librarian, is preparing to publish a new periodical under the name of 'The Fine-Arts Quarterly Review.' The work is to treat of painting, sculpture and engraving, of photography so far as it is employed as a substitute for drawing and engraving, and of ornamental and decorative art. A goodly list of contributors and referees has been received. The first number is announced to appear in March.

The fact that at present, when almost every branch of human inquiry has its special periodical, there is not in the whole of Great Britain a magazine exclusively devoted to the science of Botany in all its bearings, in which those who have not the advantage of attending learned Societies are able to exchange their opinions, has induced Mr. Hardwicke to project 'The Journal of Botany, British and Foreign,' to be published monthly, edited by Dr. Seemann, and illustrated by Mr. Fitch.

Mr. B. Webster has addressed a letter to the journals, stating that the trial-scene in 'Janet Pride' was entirely written by himself and added to Mr. Boucicault's drama, which terminated with a previous scene.

A new work from the pen of Roger Therry, Esq., for many years one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co. It is entitled 'Reminiscences of Thirty Years' Residence in New South Wales, &c.; with a supplementary Chapter on Transportation and the Ticket-of-Leave System.'

During some works undertaken not long ago in Oxford Cathedral, a small crypt or subterranean chamber was discovered, which has led to many efforts to explain its original function. This is

situated immediately under the eastern end of the crossing, just as you enter the choir from the nave. It is lined with rough plaster upon rude stonework, and, among other guesses at its origin, presumed to have been a portion of the original Saxon crypt, existing before the Norman minster was founded, and built in, as it was, with the new work. Such examples exist in several cathedrals. Or it may be the secret place wherein rested the true relics of the patron-saint of the structure; otherwise, a treasure-chamber to be used in time of need for concealment,—which is known, says Mr. King, in the course of some ingenious remarks on the subject, to have existed here, because in the thirteenth century the University chest was deposited "in a secret place in the Monastery of St. Frideswide." Or it may have been used for the production of certain miraculous appearances, many of them attended with curious effects of light, which, throughout the twelfth century, are recorded to have taken place at the shrine of the saint. To this last, the reply is, that the shrine of the saint is not at all likely to have stood so far westward as the tower arch; that the trick of casting reflected light at so great a distance as the whole length of the choir would be dangerous; while the low level of the chamber offers a still stronger objection to this surmise. It is not likely to have been a place of secret penance, inasmuch as two recesses it contained were placed north and south. The probabilities of its being a secret treasure-chamber are thus enhanced.

Dr. John Robert Kinahan, Professor of Zoology in the Government School of Mines, and one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Natural History Society of Dublin, died on February the 2nd, not having quite attained the age of thirty-five years. He was a zealous and able naturalist, devoting his attention specially to the recent Crustacea, and contributed many new species to the Fauna and Flora of Ireland. His papers published in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* and elsewhere were numerous and important, especially those 'On the Britanica Species of Crangon and Galathea,' 'On the Causes of the Present Decay of the Dublin Crab and Lobster Fisheries,' and his 'Review of the Genera of Terrestrial Isopoda.' Palaeontologists are also indebted to him for his descriptions of Oldhamia, for the discovery and description of the genus Histioderma, and of other organic forms of the earliest date yet known, which his labours procured from the Cambrian Rocks of Bray Head and Howth.

From the Report of the Lancashire Independent College (which institution, we may say in passing, appears to be highly prosperous, having a larger number of students on its books than ever), we notice an attempt to improve the library, so as to make it worthy of the denomination and of the county. A quantity of books, under the name of the Raffles Memorial Library, has come into the College, and a couple of active young men, Messrs. Joseph Thompson and William Armitage, spurred on by this accession, have commenced a movement for a large increase of their literary treasures. We should be glad to hear of their success.

A further material for paper-pulp has been discovered in the fibre of the *Hibiscus Moschentes*, an indigenous tree which grows in great quantities throughout Pennsylvania, and is said to yield seven tons per acre.

The Board appointed to watch over the interests of the aborigines in the colony of Victoria has lately issued a Report, in which it is stated that the remnant of this people amounts to no more than 2,165 persons. They roam from place to place, and hang about the towns and gold-fields. Habits of intoxication are on the increase, and there seems little hope of any improvement in the condition of this race. They are supplied with clothes and food, and are grateful for them, but would, probably, rather go without either than labour for them: some individuals, however, will work for a part of the year. Exertions are being made to collect the weapons and utensils of the natives, so that some authentic records of their customs may be preserved; and a beginning has been made with a vocabulary of their language. It appears also, from recent accounts, that the

native people of the districts lying about our colonies of Vancouver's Island and Victoria,—we mean that one of the many Victorias which lies near the Columbia River,—are likely to undergo a similar process of extinction, and with them the fur-bearing animals they hunted.

By a recent mail from New Zealand, it appears that Catalri, one of the Maori kings, has started a newspaper, the first number of which contains this intimation: "When this sheet comes to you, pay for it, if you approve; the price is three-pence. The good of the press is to carry our intentions to the tribes of the world; because steadfastly fixed are the words of the beginning, Faith, Love, Law."

The French Government have given orders for the construction of two very powerful astronomical telescopes, embracing all M. Foucault's improvements. They are to be made under the supervision of the Academy of Sciences, and will be used at Marseilles and Montpellier when the atmosphere is extremely pure.

Accounts from Vienna speak of considerable activity, both artistic and literary. In architecture, the destruction of the fortifications, and the substitution of buildings for the open space between the inner town and the suburbs, have led to the display of much energy in competition, and seem to give hopes of something more. The restoration of St. Stephen's, the new building for rifle practice, the *Curhaus*, for which several designs have been sent in, all of them in the Renaissance style, are among the principal projects.—A great deal is expected of a new Art journal that has just been organized in Vienna under the patronage of the Prince Czartoryski. Dr. Von Lütow, of Munich, has been entrusted with the editorship, and many distinguished names of the Art-critics of Germany are ranked among the contributors.

Prof. B. Studer, the well-known geologist of Berne, has just published a 'Geschichte der Physischen Geographie der Schweiz,' which will be read with profit by all tourists to whom Switzerland is a country of scientific as well as picturesque interest. Considering that in course of time a more intimate knowledge of a country, of its topography, natural products and climatic relations, is obtained, Prof. Studer holds it a duty as much to our predecessors as to science, to compare the present with the past, and record the amount and character of the progress made.

A friend at Naples sends us the following odds and ends of gossip:—"M. Dumas's prolific pen is now at work for the stage; and during the current week we are to have at the Fondo a new drama, entitled 'Le Notte di Firenze.' The subject is taken from the times of Alexander Medicis; and the history of its composition is one of many proofs of the rapid genius of its author. On Monday, Madame Ristori was with him arranging the plan of the piece, and on the following Saturday morning it was completed. M. Dumas has now on the stocks two other dramas, to be entitled respectively 'Cleopatra' and 'Marie-Antoinette,' the plans of which he arranged on Saturday morning with the great actress for whom they are written. Madame Ristori has long had a fancy for the unhappy and unfortunate Queen, whose character she imagines she can well represent. Both pieces will be performed by Madame Ristori in London next June; 'Marie-Antoinette' for the first time, and some of the most striking scenes of the French Revolution will be introduced. M. Alexandre Dumas is at the same time proprietor and editor of a journal in Naples, called the *Indipendente*, singularly anti-English in its tone, yet, it must be confessed, industrious and courageous in exposing the abuses of this country.—Within the last two or three months several evening schools have been opened by the Municipality; and it is very encouraging to find that the attendance is so great that an application has been made to the Syndic for the establishment of other similar institutions.—About a week since there was a public examination of what is called the 'Italian Evangelical School,' warmly supported by English influence. Its name sufficiently indicates its leading feature. The Bible is read and explained, and a creed insinuated, as far as I could judge, after the most approved

principles of Calvin. It may well admit of a doubt whether, in the present state of the Neapolitan mind, it is judicious to touch on theological questions, especially in such a way as simply to substitute one creed for another. It must be admitted, however, that the answers of the pupils of the Italian Evangelical School showed considerable mental development, much to the honour of the directors and the teachers. At present, there are eighty pupils chosen from the humbler classes, who receive a gratuitous education in reading, writing and arithmetic, geography and the elements of natural philosophy; and which, were it not for the theological feature, might command the warmest approbation.—At length, after a long interval of neglect, the Public Libraries are receiving much attention, and deficiencies are being supplied. For some years the Library of the National Museum has received few additions, except of a theological character, and the usual answer to the application of students was, either that the work was not there or was prohibited. Considerable and regular additions are now being made of philological works."

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES BY THE MEMBERS, NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.
 JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF DRAWING PICTURES by living British Artists, is NOW OPEN, daily, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF LONDON is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Four, at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—Admission, 1s.

NOW ON VIEW, TWO important PICTURES painted by the late ABRAHAM SOLOMON; also, a Choice Collection of Modern Pictures by English and French Artists, at the Gallery of Moore, M^{rs} Queen & Co., 10, Finchurch Street, E.C.—Admission, Free.

ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the LANCASHIRE DISTRESS, 6, Suffolk Street.—Open from 10 A.M. until dusk.—Admission 1s. Catalogue, 6d.—On and after MONDAY, February 9, until further notice, the Rooms will be lighted by gas after dusk, and remain open until 8 P.M.

F. W. DICEY } Hon. Sec.
 A. L. CHETWODE }

NOTICE.—The GALLERY, 14, Berners Street, W. is NOW OPEN, daily, to the Public, with a Splendid EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the selected Works of the leading Artists of the day.—Admission, One Shilling.
 FREDERICK BUCKSTONE, Secretary.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Jan. 29.—Dr. W. A. Miller, Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—Mr. H. J. Carter was admitted into the Society. The following paper was read:—'On the Absorption of Gases by Charcoal, No. 1,' by Dr. R. A. Smith.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Jan. 28.—Nathaniel Gould, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Chairman announced that he had been to visit some Roman remains discovered at St. Dunstan's Hill, upon the making of an excavation in the premises of Messrs. Ruck & Co. They consisted of a portion of Roman wall, about 3½ feet thick, built of various materials, principally chalk, Kentish rag and broken Roman tile; the bad Roman build, a filling-in of this rubble; the mortar, however, so good as to make an imperishable wall, which consisted of a double-arched basement, one over the other, and then the present house. It is nearly 20 feet below the level of the present street, and about the level of the high water of the Thames.—Mr. T. Wright reported that he had, at the invitation of Mr. Tite, M.P., that afternoon visited the works of demolition on the site of the late East India House, where, in digging up the foundations, the workmen had come upon the floor and walls of a Roman house, the floor lying at a depth of nearly 20 feet below the level of the modern street. An outside wall ran nearly under the edge of the present street and parallel with it, and a transverse wall ran from it at right angles in the opposite direction to the street; and this latter wall was traced to a distance of perhaps 20 feet, when it met with another wall parallel with the former. The length of the room has not been ascertained, but it was evidently much greater than its breadth. The floor was in perfect preservation, and was formed of tessere of about a quarter of an inch

square, black, white and red, but arranged in no very intelligible pattern. The walls, which were 2 feet thick, remained on one side to a height of between 3 and 4 feet, and the stucco and fresco-painting on the inner surface were unbroken. It appeared to have been painted in panels, with a rather rude pattern.—Mr. Halliwell presented to the Association an engraving of Mother Shipton, printed in 1662. Wolsey is being shown York Minster from the top of a tower. Mr. Wright made some remarks on old prophecies, which, it is known, in the middle ages were used as political instruments. They were numerous in the reigns of Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth and Henry the Eighth, and it became necessary to enact laws against them. That on the engraving was of a highly popular character.—Mr. John Turner communicated an account of Sepulchral Discoveries he had made at Stapleford Tawney Church, Essex.—Mr. Clarence Hopper read a communication from Mr. Madden, of Dublin Castle, on Ancient Literary Frauds and Forgeries, and their bearing on records and events in Irish and other Celtic annals. The frauds principally referred to were those by Joannes Annus de Viterbo, Father Higuera, Curzio Inghiamari; the metallic plates mentioned by Stokeley and other authorities; the fabulous history of the Emperor Aurelian by the Bishop of Guevra, &c.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Jan. 26.—Annual General Meeting.—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—An abstract of the Treasurer's accounts for 1862, and the Annual Report of the Council, were read.—The following gentlemen were elected Members of the Council for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Dunning, Grut, Sir John Hearsey, M^r Lachlan, Pascoe, W. W. Saunders, Shepherd, F. Smith, Stainton, Stevens, Waterhouse, J. J. Weir, and Prof. Westwood.—Mr. F. Smith was re-elected President; Mr. S. Stevens, Treasurer; Messrs. Shepherd and Dunning, Secretaries; and Mr. Janson, Curator.—The President delivered an Address to the Society.—Votes of thanks to the Officers and Members of Council for their services during the past year were carried unanimously.

Feb. 2.—Ordinary Monthly Meeting.—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—The President nominated F. P. Pascoe, G. R. Waterhouse and F. Grut, Esqs., to be the Vice-Presidents for the present year.—F. Moore and E. A. Smith, Esqs., were elected Members.—The Secretary exhibited a box of "mannas" from Tasmania, and numerous specimens of an Eurymela, a hemipterous insect, which was said to cause the manna to be formed on the white gum trees by perforating the young branches for the purpose of feeding on the sap.—Mr. Bond exhibited a singular instance of arrested development in the fore-wing of a specimen of *Colias Hyale*, and a variety of the female of *Lycena Adonis* in which the markings on one side were semi-obliterated.—Mr. Waterhouse exhibited, and read some notes on, several species of the genus *Homalota*.—Mr. Howard exhibited a collection of Coleoptera captured by himself in Central Europe.—Mr. Stainton, on behalf of Mr. C. Healy, exhibited some bramble-leaves inside which were visible the cast-off skins of larvæ of *Nepticula Aurella*, and read some notes on the moulting of those larvæ.—Mr. M^r Lachlan read a paper 'On Anisocentropus, a new genus of exotic Trichoptera, with Descriptions of five species; and also of a new species of *Dipseudopsis*.'

ETHNOLOGICAL.—Feb. 3.—J. Crawford, Esq., President, in the chair.—'On the Psychological Differences which exist amongst the Typical Races of Man,' by Robert Dunn.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 3.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—At the Monthly Ballot the following Candidates were elected:—Messrs. E. Filliter and A. S. Ormsby, as Members; Capt. J. Grantham, R.E., and Messrs. T. E. Dunn, J. R. Furniss, I. J. Holtzapffel, S. L. Koe, A. S. Rake, L. R. Roberts, R. O. White and H. Wilson, as Associates.—The paper read was, 'On the Woods used for Sleepers on the Madras Railway,' by Mr. B. M^r Master.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 2.—W. Pole, Esq., Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—The Earl of Clanwilliam, E. W. Cox, Esq., Sir W. A. Fraser, Bart., Gen. C. H. Hamilton, C.B., and P. Vanderbyl, Esq. were elected Members.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Jan. 28.—W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C., in the chair.—The paper read was, 'The Submarine Telegraph,' by Mr. T. A. Masey.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Jan. 26.—C. Jellicoe, Esq., President, in the chair.—Messrs. R. R. F. Davey, F. C. Dutton, W. J. Norton, E. W. Norfolk, J. S. Parker, G. W. H. Secretan, A. E. Wenham and A. R. Wormald were elected Associates of the Institute.—The President announced the result of the Annual Examinations which took place in December last, viz., for the Matriculation Examination there were fourteen candidates, of whom nine passed, in the following order of merit, viz., C. H. Haycraft, D. H. M^rGregor, W. E. S. Macdonald, Edwin Waterhouse, Francis Addiscott, Arthur Smither, Edwin Justican, T. Hyde Johnson and Robert Clarke; for the Second Year's Examination five candidates presented themselves, of whom two passed, viz., H. W. Manley and C. R. Saunders—equal. For the Third Year's Examination one candidate, viz., Mr. A. J. Finlaison, came up and passed. This gentleman has received the certificate of competency.—Mr. Hill Williams read a paper, by Mr. J. Meikle, 'On the Calculation of Survivorship Annuities by the Columnar Method.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON.** Architects, 8. Geographical, 8½.—'Inundations of the Nile,' Consul Saunders; 'Countries near the Niger,' Dr. Balke; 'Madagascar,' Lieut. Oliver.
- TUES.** Horticultural, 1.—Anniversary. Actuaries, 4.—Council. Royal Institution, 3.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall. Syro-Egyptian, 7½.—'Hebrew Pace and Cubit,' and 'Hebrew Christian Inscription, year 138,' Duke of Rouillon.
- WED.** Civil Engineers, 8.—'Sleeper Woods, Madras Rail;' 'Drainage, Dundee,' Mr. Fulton; 'Drainage, Newport (Mon),' Mr. Williams. Zoological, 8. Graphic, 8. Society of Arts, 8.—'Construction of Twin Screw Steamships,' Capt. Symonds. Microscopical, 8.—Anniversary. Society of Literature, 8½.—'Mr. Mayer's Papyri and their interpretation by M. Simonides,' Mr. Vauz. Archaeological Association, 8½.—'Roman Villa, Combe Down, Bath.'
- THURS.** Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' Prof. Hart. Royal, 8½. Antiquaries, 8½.
- FRI.** Royal Institution.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland. Astronomical, 8.—Anniversary. Royal Institution, 8.—'Artificial Illumination,' Dr. Frankland.
- SAT.** Royal Institution, 3.—'Life and Death,' Mr. Savory.

FINE ARTS

NEW SCULPTURES IN ST. PAUL'S.

FIVE new statues in St. Paul's should offer us a chance at least of congratulation on the progress of sculpture in this country. We find none such on inspection of Baron Marochetti's, or Messrs. Theed's, M^r Dowell's, Lough's or G. G. Adams's work recently placed there. By the first is the Cenotaph to Lord Melbourne and his brother, the whole design of which is a mistake, and an example of that falsity in construction which at once decides a thing to be bad in Art. Two angels, winged and draped,—one with a trumpet, one with a sword, neither of which emblems has reference to the deceased nobleman,—lean, or rather seem to loiter, against the jambs of a doorway of bronze, probably supposed to lead into the tomb, but which really takes one's ideas into the open street and the pastry-cook's shop in a line with it behind. How commonplace and trivial is the motive so sought to be expressed need not be pointed out to any one acquainted with mortuary sculpture: we doubt, however, if another instance of the same, so completely false in arrangement, exists. The composition of the whole, tomb-door and figures, is at variance with the architectural feeling of the cathedral itself. The marble is sensuously tinted, the hair gilded and set back metriculously, the surface smoothed, not finished with thoughtful and laborious art.

Mr. Theed's 'Hallam' is less offensive to feeling and art than the above, inasmuch as it is feebler. The figure stands in doctor's robes, much

as if the historian, that keen-witted and heedful man, had risen, when in dotage, from his breakfast-table to welcome some one whom he doubted that he knew. The robe is so weakly treated, that it resembles a dressing-gown; the action is so timid in pose and purpose, and the face bears such a simper, that those traces of character and action they show come most painfully to the heart of the observer as marks of dotage ere its time. The weak, "old-gentlemanly" seeming of this figure is not that which posterity will look for in a statue of Hallam. The theme of the last statue needed a manly, earnest grasp of the subject, and an astute decision in design, such as the man possessed who should have been nobly commemorated. That of Turner was probably a more difficult task to succeed in, and Mr. M'Dowell has done better with it, but not done wholly well. Turner is seated, dressed in a cloak, with a palette, too small for use, on one thumb; in the other hand he has a brush, but does not hold it in the way a painter full of thought would hold the same. There is no life in his action. Half-seated, half-leaning upon a rock, one foot planted well in front, one knee bent, keeping the other foot up and behind, the painter looks over his shoulder with a would-be bright expression of keen delight in nature. Of that rugged, half-sordid, noble countenance, so full of purpose and so keen in knowing, Mr. M'Dowell has seen little else than the common features and their bare expression; of the mind's expression, that of all things needed to be seen in a statue such as this, there is little indeed. It is commonplace only.

Mr. Lough's 'Sir John Lawrence,' if it were not so lengthy and ill-constructed about the neck and shoulders, would be a more valuable work than it is. The artist has evidently felt the character of the man, and, while attempting to render some of the same in the face, has been so faithful in working the features, that, if we have not a noble or dignified idea of the statesman, we have the interest of a portrait in his statue. However long Sir J. Lawrence's neck might have been, that characteristic might have been given with something less of the tailor's blundering in fitting the gorget to the coat. Mr. G. G. Adams, who enjoys a monopoly of the Napiers, has really done his best with the historian. Major-General Sir William Napier stands on a different leg from Major-General Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde! They both wear cloaks, as brothers should, which, considering St. Paul's is never warm and Nature short of Mr. Adams's art, is not beyond expectation. Before us lies a photographic portrait of the Historian, with its great beard and high-massed hair, the strenuous will of mouth—the fine, clear-cut and bold nose—the unflinching, manly eye—the face, so fine, so grand, so gentlemanly despite its irritability, that it is impossible not to lament the sculptural opportunity wasted.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Exhibition season for this year commences on Monday next by the opening of the British Institution. The private view takes place to-day (Saturday).

The members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours have presented to Mr. Field an album or portfolio containing a drawing by each individual member. The Society numbers fifty-four artists, including Associates, so that this is a gift of splendid character. Its object is to form an acknowledgment of the services rendered to the body in certain matters wherein Mr. Field's legal experience has been valuable. The Winter Exhibition, now open, of this Society seems to have met with the success it deserves for the excellence and variety of its contents. We hope to see the experiment repeated.—Next Saturday the annual election for members to fill vacancies will take place. As this Society is *sans reproche*, and contains a smaller proportion of incapable men than any similar body in London, there are many candidates, and the result is looked for with anxiety.

Mr. Holman Hunt will probably send to the Royal Academy this year a life-size portrait, half-length, of Dr. Lushington. The air and character

of this render the aspect of a man who, deeply versed in law, is strong and deliberate to balance in his mind the far-forward effects of judgment or the far-backward history of justice. Accordingly, he sits, his knees crossed, sustaining an open book with his hand: the light falls full upon his face, revealing its million wrinkles, and that the eyes are but inwardly speculative. Intro-vision is given to them with the greatest art, there is extra-vision so far only as the organs are concerned and capable: we see behind them comprehensive, searching, fine thought. A work singularly devoid of mere pictorial graces and prettinesses, yet, with all its manhood, intensity and depth, likely to be cavied to the million. This artist has almost completed the life size figure of an Egyptian Fellaah girl bearing corn upon her head and surrounded by pigeons, before described by us. This work will not at present be exhibited.

Lovers of Art who find how often the system of competition mocks their sense of justice, will rejoice to know that it is likely soon to go out of use, through several of our most able sculptors and architects having refused to enter into competitions. One great advantage of this imposition, for such it often is, being done away with, will be that we may fix the responsibility of employing meretricious or dull artists upon the blunderer to whom it is really due, and not, as now, find the same shuffled from hand to hand through a committee. Responsibility once fixed, we may find less confidence existing in the minds of Ministers and others who use competition to blind foregone conclusions in behalf of favourite artists. Under such responsibility, these personages will do well to consult artists and other experts on matters of Art, in place of relying on the opinions of "patrons" and wealthy "walking gentlemen." That educated public opinion would form the best Court of Art is undoubtedly true, and an appeal to it be beyond challenge if public opinion were really competently educated. That it is not so, the many blunders we regret may show, if they answer no better use.

The publications of the Art-Union of London for this year lie before us. How can the managers of this society believe they are encouraging Art by issuing such examples as the present? Mr. Dicksee's 'Labour of Love,' the chief attraction, is not calculated to elevate people's ideas of the true function of Art. Valuable skill of the engraver has been wasted upon a triviality of the most flimsy kind. A girl runs, bearing a child upon her shoulders; they laugh as no one out of a bad picture or off the stage ever yet laughed.—The Council of this society advertised that they would award a premium of one hundred guineas for a series of designs in outline illustrative of the 'Idyls of the King.' Accordingly, no less than forty-three sets were sent in competition, comprising 540 drawings. From these, the works of Mr. Paolo Priolo were selected. What the others must have been it would be difficult to surmise; but if these were the least incompetent, their value must have been small. A certain mechanical and academical facility of execution, the results of labour long maintained, is discernible. This, throughout, is of the mean and spiritless order, that is properly styled Academical. Real drawing, dutiful study from the life, are no more to be found than are composition, expression, or even that feeling for purity of form which redeems so many sins in the eyes of artists. Finicking study of drapery—elaborate rendering of utensils, of weapons and herbage—things quite beside the sculptural severity pertaining to outlines of this class, pervade the series. Spirited grasp of subject that has glorified many a wretched scrawl and daub, is not here. Merlin would be more than ever ashamed of himself if he could see the idea Mr. Priolo has of Vivien, than which nothing is tamer, except that he holds of the magician himself. Let no unkind friend show these things to Mr. Tennyson. If Mr. Priolo had studied Betsch and Overbeck less, and Flaxman and Nature more than he has done, he would, if he did not abstain altogether, see where his work falls short of the true character of the task in hand.

The "restoration" of Worcester Cathedral goes on vigorously. It is to be thorough. A fourth

contract has been entered into, which includes the *scraping* of the choir-ceiling and groins, adjusting the ribs, some of which are distorted, *scraping* the nave entire—ceiling, piers, triforium and aisles—and putting the whole in substantial repair. The Chapter-House restoration has proved a heavy job, but is now nearly done—so says the *Builder*. All this is to be got over in time for the Musical Festival next autumn, so that the visitors to the ancient city may find the Cathedral as good as new, and not at all like the "mickle grey abbaye" it once was. Let us entreat the contractors to go gently over the carvings; there are some—or were, not many months ago—upon the capitals of the nave arcade that really deserve a little care. Let it not be forgotten that anything like restoration by way of *scraping* may injure delicate workmanship. Some of the mouldings about this building cost, let us hint, more thought and labour in patient and long-dead brains than people with scrapers in their hands would readily believe. Let us trust that *scraping* simply means washing from whitewash, and not the use of a painful iron tool, which, if it leaves a nice smooth surface, all of one colour and beautifully clean, is rather apt to take off the very bloom of carving. We are reminded by mention of the Chapter-House at Worcester to inquire what is going to be done with the books removed therefrom to Edgar Tower, where they cannot remain? Now the Guesten Hall is gone—or more strictly to speak, made a desolate ruin, with one half-standing—a library will be required somewhere. A friend reminds us that Worcester once possessed three great halls,—the Guesten Hall, the Deanery Hall, and that one which is still spared and used as a school. Let us hope that some one may look to the repairs of this still noble remnant, lest it also go the way of halls at Worcester. It did not seem to be very much cared for last March, when we saw it. Perhaps it has been pulled down already. Has no one power in these matters? The mayor, the citizens, and the learned Societies of archaeologists and architects, local, provincial and metropolitan, have protested against the like proceedings, and it is reported that the county gentry are full of regret.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MISS ALICE MANGOLD'S GRAND SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, February 14th.—Artists, Messrs. Reichardt, Dehmann, Ries, Webb and Platti; Mlle. Soldene, Georgi, and Alice Mangold.—Tickets, 15s. and 7s., at the Rooms.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—There was only one novelty at Monday's *Popular Concert* claiming attention. Mendelssohn's *Sonata* in E major, Op. 6, his only *solo Sonata*, has been little played, for reasons not hard to find. The two first movements are more laboured and less interesting than the music written at his better period. The theme of the *allegretto* flows pleasantly, it is true, but not freshly; the *minuetto*, in its oddly-chosen key, F sharp minor, is quaint and somewhat "bitter." The *finale*, however, led to by the awkward *adagio alla fantasia*,—an imitation of Bach's 'Fantasia Chromatica,'—redeems the composition. The grand and distinct vigour of its subject was never surpassed by Mendelssohn in any of his later works, and the interest is kept up with untiring vivacity of resource. It requires a player of no common nerve to deal with this *finale* as it demands, the figure of accompaniment for the left hand being especially tormenting. In this movement, then, Madame Arabella Goddard's imperturbable calmness and equality of finger could not fail to tell.

Mr. Henry Leslie's *Second Choir Concert* was one-half devoted to Welsh Harp Music, with the co-operation of Mr. John Thomas. The solitary novelty in the programme was a setting of 'Ye Mariners of England,' by Mr. H. Leslie.

Mr. Sims Reeves, who apparently has made a firm alliance with Mr. Martin's *Choral Society*, sang in 'The Creation,' at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. His secession (if so it prove) from the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, be the temporary inconvenience and injury what they may, will have one good result if it lead to the increase of the staff of first-class tenor Concert singers, consisting at the

time present of two persons. Mr. Haigh, it is said, intends to devote himself to this occupation: a voice of better quality hardly existing than his. We may speak of his appearance in 'Elijah,' last night, for the Sacred Harmonic Society, next week.

The orderly music at the Crystal Palace recommenced on Saturday last;—the Christmas gambols being over. The singers were Madame Louisa Vinning and Mr. Miranda. The player was Herr Pollitzer.

PRINCESS'S.—The new management displays considerable activity. Miss Amy Sedgwick has renewed her engagement, and the drama of 'One Good Turn Deserves Another' has been reproduced. Mr. Roxby sustained the character of *Simon Topper* for the first night or two; but, in consequence of the injuries he received in endeavouring to save Mrs. Hunt and Miss Smith, two ladies of the *ballet*, who caught fire on Friday evening, the 23rd ult., he was not able to resume the part until last Monday. The pantomime continues attractive, and is much indebted to the manner in which it is illustrated by Mr. Beverley.

ST. JAMES'S.—A new piece of some importance was produced on Saturday, entitled 'The Merry Widow.' It has been skilfully adapted by Mr. Leicester Buckingham from a French piece by M.M. Dumanoir and A. Keranion, called 'Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit.' The idea has evidently been borrowed from Madame Émile Girardin's 'La Joie fait Peur'; only taking the converse of the circumstances in the older work. The Merry Widow is a self-sacrificing being who, supposing her husband to be dead, is afraid to let the event be known by his blind mother, lest the shock should be too great for her remaining strength. She therefore affects gaiety, goes out to parties and has music at home. With her is contrasted a mourning widow, who wins the world's good opinion by a hypocritical show of grief, and who is really seeking to win a second husband by the false show of good feeling. She indeed almost wins the heart of the lover of the merry widow's sister; for the young man, disgusted with what he deems the heartless behaviour of the two ladies, seriously thinks of transferring his affections to a more genial quarter. The lost husband is one Charles Mildmay, late a colonel in an Indian regiment; and, every mail, his widow reads to his blind mother a fictitious letter pretended to have been sent by him. At last, however, comes a real letter, stating that he has been made a general, and is on his way home from Southampton. Mrs. Charles Mildmay, who has suffered so long from a suppression of feeling, is now enabled to indulge freely in emotion, and exclaiming "He lives!" brings down the curtain with great applause. Miss Herbert, it is needless to add, supports the character with grace and feeling; and the drama, having been carefully Anglicized, is likely to prove attractive.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Now is the time when Opera rumours begin to be heard and listened for. A gay Royal wedding and the public appearances of a young Court should naturally quicken the managers of entertainments. These gentlemen, however, in proportion as they are secure of their audiences, are too apt thriftily to slacken their efforts, as the theatrical bills of the Exhibition year showed. As regards the Italian Opera-house, some excuse is to be found in the impoverished state of the repertory, the difficulty of assembling a company of good singers, and the timidity of our fashionable public in accepting novelty. Such hope of enterprise as exists for persons of the "movement" party lies in the opposition between the two houses. Meanwhile, not a word has as yet been breathed regarding the intentions of either Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson. If we mistake not, the lease of the English Opera at Covent Garden will terminate this season; and Rumour, how far correctly we have no means of ascertaining, asserts that the lease will not be renewed by the present proprietors, who will betake themselves to some more manageable theatre (where?). As matters stand, to make

English Opera profitable in so vast a space is not possible. That a school of available artists is in process of training, every one conversant with the state of affairs during the last quarter of a century must be aware. First-class singers (as they were rated) could be named whose boast it was, on a first night, to remember only "the ballad—to leave the concerted music to take care of itself, to disdain recollection of the words or attempt at action. Those days are past; but we have still no company adequate to the presentation of grand opera,—and without grand opera a grand theatre (for the English) cannot be made attractive. To instance,—it is no surprise to us to hear that 'Love's Triumph,' though containing much of Mr. Wallace's prettiest and some of his best music, has been no triumph for the treasury. Want of self-knowledge is one of the most disheartening characteristics of the theatrical world; reference to false expediency, another. The English public, whether musical or dramatic, may now be trusted by any one who has any good thing to show; and yet everywhere the observer is balked by "the funeral baked meats" which "coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables,"—by recurrence to the old unmusical practices, the old concessions to vanity or immediate gain, which have made so cruel a havoc of Art. Till these things are swept into the limbo of oblivion by administrative discretion and knowledge, we shall have (in English theatrical music) to work out the old arithmetical problem of the ant that crept twenty steps up its sand-heap and fell back nineteen: how long was it before the ant arrived at the top of the sand-heap?

A sea-stained packet addressed to us and saved from the wreck of the Colombo, contained journals, criticisms, and books of the words of the Melbourne Triennial Musical Festival, which was held so far away on the 7th of October and two after days, conducted by Mr. Charles E. Horsley, with a band and chorus of three hundred performers, and for principal singers Mesdames Lucy Escott and Sara Flower, Messrs. Squires and Farquharson;—the programme of the first day consisting of the Exhibition Music and the conductor's 'Comus.' On the second day 'St. Paul' was given;—on the third, a Miscellaneous Concert.

There is some idea of holding a Musical Festival at Bradford this autumn.

Messrs. Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co. put forward their *Musical Directory Register and Almanac for 1863*,—as usual, we are sorry to say, incomplete. Fancy, in the column devoted to Manchester, no mention of Mr. Halle's Concerts in the Free Trade Hall, which are unique, of their kind, among the entertainments of England!

'Benedick and Beatrice,' by M. Berlioz, which has undergone some modifications and additions since its production at Baden, has been "commanded" by the Grand-Duchess of Saxe Weimar, for her birthday, in April. The music will be published shortly.—M. Gounod's 'Reine de Saba' is apparently conquering Germany. It was produced the other day at Darmstadt, with every appearance of success. A similar fate, it may be recollected, befell Chérad's 'Macbeth' after the failure of that opera in Paris.—"Heaven knows what will become of German music if things continue in their present state!" writes a correspondent *à propos* of a new opera 'La Réole,' just produced to text by Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, by Herr Gustavus Schmidt, of Frankfort, who is described by our friend as "a weaker edition of Lortzing, but without a certain talent for fresh melody, but without grace, delicacy of taste, or particular originality."—The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* mentions with praise 'The Foscari,' an opera lately produced at Munich, by Herr Zenger, whose name is new to us. Another is that of Herr Westmeyer, whose 'Der Wald bei Hermannstadt' has been given at Dresden.—Herr Tichatschek has been celebrating his "silver wedding" to the Dresden Theatre, by singing no less fatiguing a part than that of the tenor in Spontini's 'Fernand Cortez.'

Sacred music seems to fare only a little better in Germany. A 'Requiem,' by Herr Scholz, has been produced at Cologne. Klopstock's 'Hymn to Death,' set and sung by Gluck, transcribed from

hearing it by Reichardt (the composition having been never written down), and the accompaniment arranged by Herr Rust, the director of the Bach Society at Berlin, has been given at a concert there by Madame Jachmann-Wagner, without, however, producing any effect. Strange news comes from Bremen of a performance of 'Israel,' with additional accompaniments by Herr Lachner, and an organ part by Herr Reintaler! Is this a misprint? or a case of ignorance, or of presumption? and can it be possible that so clever a man as the composer of 'Jeptha's Daughter' has ventured to do over again that which was so consummately accomplished by Mendelssohn?

Mdlle. Patti's *Zerlina*, in 'Don Giovanni,' has been such as to persuade the Parisian talkers about Mozart, who are more numerous than Parisian connoisseurs, to accept nearly the most lame and impotent cast of the immortal opera ever ventured in a great musical capital. It would seem as if the world was returning to the bad old ways and old days of Catalani's husband, and to his opera notions of "Ma femme et cinq poupées."

A friend at Naples writes:—"Lucia di Lammermoor" has been produced at San Carlo before a crowded house. Titiens, of course, took the part of Lucia, and was vociferously applauded, in the sixth scene of the second act especially. Wretchedly supported, her genius yet triumphs over every difficulty, and though some affect to dislike the *fortitura* she introduces, there were some astonishing effects made by her which seemed to electrify the audience."

Signor Luigi Romani (*quere*, the excellent librettist?) has published at Milan a history of the Theatre della Scala, from its opening in 1778, with Salieri's 'Europa riconosciuta,' and Mortellari's 'Troja distrutta,' down to our degenerate days.

The death of Mrs. Hullab, after an illness of much suffering, deprives the English musical profession of a valuable member. She was one of the first group of pupils formed at the Royal Academy, which did that institution a credit it has not maintained—a pianist (as those who remember her public appearances must recollect), trained in the best school, and playing the best music well. Shortly after her marriage, however, she ceased to appear in the orchestra, and gave herself up exclusively to assisting her husband in his undertakings; for which her sound musical knowledge, her clear intelligence, and her unwearied energy well qualified her. Never had artist a more devoted and competent helpmate. To her own family, her loss is one not to be repaired.

Mr. Walter Lacy has been appointed Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy of Music.

The Concerts at the Paris Conservatoire are now running their usual course without venturing any novelty. M. Berlioz speaks in praise of some fragments of a Symphony by M. Bizet, a Laureate who has lately returned from his course of study in Rome.

Mr. Howard Glover seems to be ranging himself among the givers of series of concerts. A second entertainment, with a long list of singers, is announced by him for this morning.

The following is from a Correspondent:—"The successful play of 'Camilla's Husband' is called original. Where would the great situation have been had not a certain 'Gendre de Monsieur Poirier,' by a certain M. Émile Augier, with a certain outburst in the fourth act, 'Et maintenant va te battre, va!' been produced some nine years ago at the Théâtre Gymnase of Paris!—O."

A new piece, by M. Sardou, 'Les Diables Noirs,' which was on the point of being produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, has been prohibited.—Voltaire's 'Merope' has been revived at the Théâtre Français.

There has been a trial within the last few days, of moment to all who wish to bear the name of Olmar,—no real name, but the theatrical one, according to absurd usage, assumed by Mr. Mead, whose behaviour, with his feet in rings, on the roof, and his head downwards, is found alluring, and it may be assumed profitable also, at the Alhambra. Rival Olmars, who have taken the title, have been laid under legal prohibition not to infringe the rights of the original acrobat by

assuming his assumed name. They may do the ring trick if they can: but they must not do it as Olmar, neither as acting Olmar.

A word concerning new ballets, which abroad do not altogether die in their birth, though at home it will be not easy to re-awaken interest in them until a new Taglioni, a new Fanny Elssler, shall come.—'Théolinde,' by that skilled chorégraphe, Madame Cerito's husband, M. St.-Léon, has prospered at St. Petersburg.—A grand ballet, 'La Comtesse d'Egmont,' by Signor Rota, has been successful at Turin;—and a *something* made out of the tale of 'Robert Macaire,' and mimed or danced at a place no less august than La Scala, has absolutely, we read, been enjoyed at Milan.

The Glasgow Theatre Royal has shared the frequent lot of theatres, and been destroyed by fire.

MISCELLANEA

Copyright.—In the Gossip of the *Athenæum*, last week, reference is made to a case of Art piracy recently decided at Bonn in favour of the owner of the copyright, similar in its character to that of *Gambart v. Hall*, now pending in our courts. A comparison is made between our law and that of Germany, in which it is stated as a reason why the law of Germany is superior to ours, "that the definition of copyright" there is "the right of multiplying copies by any mechanical process"; and English law is condemned as not being expressed in such simple terms. It so happens that the English law uses exactly the same terms, and it is from those very terms that the question at issue arises,—Is a copy of an engraving by photography a copy by "a mechanical process"? The photographer contends it is not a mechanical process; he admits it to be a copy, no doubt, but by a "chemical process," and therefore, he says, not within the terms of the law. A photographic copy may be within the mischief the Act was intended to remedy, but is it within the words used? In making these observations, I beg to be understood as in no way expressing an opinion in favour of the shortcomings of the law of Art Copyright in this country.

P. LE NEVE FOSTER.

The Coliseum.—An Old Subscriber, in reply to our query why the word should be "Colosseum," and not "Coliseum," in our review of Mr. Story's work, 'Roba di Roma,' of last week, writes to say, that in Vol. ii. of the 'Lives of the Roman Emperors,' p. 50 (edit. Naples, 1768), there is a note which gives the reason for using the orthography as first above given. Referring to the completion of the great Amphitheatre by Titus, the note has the following:—"Nel mezzo dell' Anfiteatro si sorgeva una grande statua rappresentante Nerone, chiamata il Colosso di Nerone, da cui quel luogo prese il nome di Colosseo."

Australian Explorers.—In the *Melbourne Argus* of Nov. 25, 1862, we read—"Mr. Landsborough, the explorer, has received a complete service of plate, suitably inscribed, and subscribed for by a large circle of admirers, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of exploration. The presentation took place in the Exhibition Building, and was witnessed by a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. The Governor occupied the chair, and Lady Barkly was also present. His Excellency made the presentation in brief but appropriate terms. Mr. McKinlay, the South Australian explorer, has received from the Government of that colony, by vote of Parliament, a sum of 1,000*l.*, in token of the public appreciation of his services. Letters have been received from Mr. Howitt, the leader of the party by whom the remains of Burke and Wills are being brought down from Cooper's Creek to Melbourne. The party have arrived in the settled districts of South Australia, and are expected in Melbourne about the middle of December. Arrangements have been made to honour with a public funeral and a monument the remains of Victoria's first heroes."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. R. A.—N. P.—G. M.—T. G. M.—J. R. W.—J. L.—H. W.—C. D.—S. B. B.—Elfreda—C. B.—received.

Erratum.—Page 152, col. 1, line 40, for "A. Dunlop," read R. Dunlop.

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Vide Athenæum, Jan. 10, 1863.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

LITERATURE

The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell. Illustrated by Woodcuts. (Murray.)

SEVERAL years ago a geologist ventured to hint that man was older than 6,000 years; the hints of that daring student have become the theory of many. Sir Charles Lyell's volume is an elaborate assault on the popular chronology, bringing the matter to this issue: either the scientific or the popular chronology must be wrong. The difference is not that of a few years or a few centuries, but one of thousands of years, possibly thousands of centuries. It is as well to begin with broad results, though Sir C. Lyell is cautious in bringing them to the front.

The question turns upon the amount of evidence and the correctness of the geological interpretations of it. If the evidence be scanty, or if its interpretation be fanciful, the popular chronology may be still defended: if it be abundant and well established, if the proofs be impregnable and the ordering of them unimpeachable, then the world must yield assent to them, however reluctant it may be to abandon a long-received view.

All the evidence which has come to light has been marshalled in this volume, where the most is made of it. It has here been commingled with a large mass of materials possessing little direct bearing upon the question at issue. The work is, in truth, a large treatise on Post-Tertiary Geology, having the date of the advent of man in view, but often hiding it by the interposition of rocks and formations and phenomena, which might have been much more briefly treated. Man himself is sometimes buried under piles of glaciers, erratic blocks, drifts, sands and sections. In fact, the volume appears to have been written to the subject rather than to have grown out of it. A great name has been employed to grace a great book, which certainly is acceptable to all who study geology; but no geologist will conceive that the evidences of the antiquity of man at present extend to 506 full pages. So large a structure of miscellaneous and sometimes heterogeneous materials occasionally seems to be defective in unity of design and in constructive symmetry.

Adverting as briefly as possible to the most significant of the evidences for human antiquity here collected, we observe that the occurrence of human bones with those of extinct animals in certain caves has been regarded as one of the strongest indications of man's great antiquity. Formerly it was concluded that the human bones and those of the animals with which they were intermixed, were not coeval. It was not imagined that men and mammoths were contemporaries. Of late years, however, convincing proofs have been obtained that remains of mammoths occur in undisturbed alluvium, so imbedded with works of human art, and sometimes with human bones, as to admit of no doubt that man and mammoths co-existed. The details of such evidence fill several pages in the present volume. Several Belgian caves were carefully examined by Dr. Schmerling in 1833. In one, at Engis, near Liège, he disinterred the remains of at least three human beings, and the skull of one of these was imbedded by the side of a mammoth's tooth. Another skull was buried five feet deep in a conglomerate in which the tooth of a rhinoceros, several bones of a horse and some of the reindeer occurred. In another cavern on the right bank of the Meuse, numerous bones of the

extremities of at least three human beings were intermingled with bones of extinct animals. Generally amongst these caverns, wherever human bones occurred, they were met with at all depths in the cave-mud and gravel, sometimes above and sometimes below those of the cave-bear, elephant, rhinoceros and hyena.

In 1860, Prof. Malaise extracted from a similar deposit in one of these caves, at the depth of two feet below the crust of stalagmite, three fragments of a human skull and two perfect lower jaws with teeth, all so associated with and so similar in condition to the bones of bears, large thick-skinned animals and ruminants, as to leave no doubt in his mind that man was contemporary with those animals.

In 1857, a fossil human skeleton was found in a cave in the Neanderthal Valley, near Düsseldorf. Probably the skeleton was complete, but only the larger bones were preserved by the discovering workmen. This human being was of the same, or perhaps of a more recent geological age than those whose remains were found by Dr. Schmerling in the caverns near Liège. The skull of this individual is remarkably ape-like, and its human connexion was once doubted. Some experienced zoologists, however, have pronounced in favour of its humanity, and one has declared that the individual to whom it belonged must have been distinguished by small cerebral development and uncommon strength of corporeal frame. Some anatomists have described it as the most brutal of all human skulls. Readers of all that is said in this volume concerning it, and who are unfavourable to the author's views, may be disposed to doubt its humanity, as being at least "not proven." On the other hand, "although in several respects it is more ape-like than any human skull previously discovered, it is in regard to its capacity by no means contemptible." In the diagram of this skull there is, doubtless, a nearer resemblance in its outline to the skull of a chimpanzee than has ever before been observed in any supposed human cranium. The previously mentioned skull, taken from the cave of Engis by Dr. Schmerling, approaches nearly to the highest or Caucasian type, and is inferred to be of greater antiquity.

Speculation respecting the antiquity of the human bones in the caverns near Liège can only proceed, first, upon the time required to allow of many species of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, which flourished in the cave period, becoming first scarce and then gradually extinct; and, secondly, upon the great number of centuries necessary for the change of the physical geography of the Liège district from its ancient to its present configuration. In the end, the author observes—"Although we may be unable to estimate the minimum of time required for the changes in physical geography above alluded to, we cannot fail to perceive that the duration of the period must have been very protracted, and that other ages of comparative inaction may have followed, separating the post-pliocene from the historical periods, and constituting an interval no less indefinite in its duration."

These human relics are as rare as interesting in the earlier or post-pliocene period. Dr. Schmerling found extinct mammalia and flint tools in forty-two Belgian caverns, but only discovered human bones in three or four. Other human relics may claim a line or two, and they are "the fossil man of Denise, and the fossil human bone of Natchez, on the Mississippi." The so-called "fossil man of Denise" combines the remains of more than one skeleton found in a volcanic breccia near the town of Le Puy-en-Velay, in Central France. The

bony fragments consist of a frontal and some other parts of the skull, including the upper jaw with teeth, both of an adult and young individual; also some vertebrae and other portions. All these are imbedded in a light, porous tuff, resembling materials ejected in several of the latest eruptions of Denise. But none of the bones penetrated into another part of the same specimen, which consists of a more compact rock, thinly laminated. Much doubt of the genuineness of this fossil has recently prevailed, and still more doubt respecting that of others from the same locality. Though Prometheus was punished for his attempt to make a man of clay, a dealer at Le Puy was paid for his attempts to make a fossil man, and the high price of "human fossils" is suspected of having advanced trade, if not science, at Le Puy. Suppose, however, a single specimen to be genuine, such as the one now in the Museum at Le Puy, what antiquity should we assign to it? Geologists have studied the formations closely, and it is inferred that the human being presumed to be fossilized may have lived nearly contemporaneously with the mammoth and rhinoceros, and was coeval with the last eruptions of Le Puy volcanoes. Thus, then, for reasons which Sir C. Lyell specifies, we obtain no greater antiquity than before. The skull is of the ordinary Caucasian or European type.

In the delta of the Mississippi, at Natchez, near New Orleans, a human skeleton is said to have been found buried under four cypress forests. In this case, no remains of extinct animals were found with it; but in another part of the basin of the Mississippi, a human bone, associated with bones of the mastodon and megalonyx, is supposed to have been washed out of a more ancient alluvial deposit. Nevertheless, Sir C. Lyell thinks "it is allowable to suspend our judgment as to the high antiquity of the fossil"; and, again, "Should future researches confirm the opinion that the Natchez man co-existed with the mastodon, it would not enhance the value of the geological evidence in favour of man's antiquity, but merely render the delta of the Mississippi available as a chronometer, by which the lapse of post-pliocene time could be measured somewhat less vaguely than by any means of measuring which has yet been discovered or rendered available in Europe." In order to ascertain the geological time by this chronometer, we add a sentence from another page—"If I was right in calculating that the present delta of the Mississippi has required, as a minimum of time, more than one hundred thousand years for its growth, it would follow, if the claims of the Natchez man to have co-existed with the mastodon are admitted, that North America was peopled more than a thousand centuries ago by the human race."

If man existed on this earth in the post-pliocene period, it is highly probable that he would be buried by his fellow men where he died, and therefore there would be burial-places, in conformity with the customs of rude nations now living. One such burial-place has been discovered near Aurignac, not far from the foot of the Pyrenees. Unfortunately, the disinterred bones were ignorantly re-interred; but not before a medical man recognized them as having formed parts of no less than seventeen skeletons of both sexes and of all ages; some being so young that the hardening of certain bones was incomplete. The size of the adults implied a race of small stature. Subsequent researches on the spot led to the finding of a great variety of bones and implements, the latter including not fewer than a hundred flint knives, projectiles, sling-stones and chips.

Scattered through the ashes and earth were the bones of nine species of carnivorous and ten species of herbivorous animals. As there was no stalagmite in the grotto, all the bones and soil found in the inside must have been artificially introduced. Many facts fairly support the inference that this was an ancient place of sepulture, closed at its opening so effectively against hyenas and other carnivora that no marks of their teeth appear on either human or brutal bones. Here we have a very ancient type of the funeral rites of Indian tribes, which latter Schiller has so faithfully embodied:—

Here bring the last gifts—and with these
The last lament be said;
Let all that pleased, and still may please,
Be buried with the dead.

From what has been cited, and from more that might be cited, it is clear that man was contemporary in Europe with two species of elephant and two of rhinoceros; also with at least one species of hippopotamus, the cave-bear, the cave-lion and the cave-hyena; with various bovine, equine and certain other animals now extinct, and many smaller carnivora, rodentia and insectivora. But it has naturally been asked, if man co-existed with the extinct species of caves, why were his remains, and the works of his hands, never imbedded *outside* the caves in ancient river gravel containing the same fossil Fauna? The answer now is, that his memorials, though not his bodily remains, have recently been discovered in the post-pliocene alluvium containing flint implements in the valley of the Somme.

Our own columns have contained so many communications and remarks upon the circumstance of the finding of these implements that there can be no occasion to repeat them here. The state of public opinion about these flints is probably nearly this:—the majority of readers are unwilling to accept the fact of their human workmanship, having never seen specimens of them. On the other hand, all who have seen good specimens of them, such, for instance, as several exhibited in London, have been compelled, however reluctantly, to confess that something beyond nature has shaped these flints, and that they bear every appearance of human handiwork. Of course, geologists like our author regard this as unquestionable. Certainly, counterfeits may be daily made, and palmed off by men of to-day; but there were originals, and great numbers of them. At Abbeville and at St-Acheul, near Amiens, these flint implements have been found in such abundance that probably not less than a thousand have been exhumed since 1842. They commonly occur in low beds of coarse flint gravel, usually at twelve, twenty, or twenty-five feet below the surface. The legitimate conclusion deduced from all the facts is, that the flint tools and their fabricators were coeval with the extinct mammalia imbedded in the same strata, including the mammoth and the rhinoceros.

Works of art have also been discovered in association with extinct mammalia, in a cavern in Somersetshire, as recorded in our notes of the last Meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. In 1858, also, the entrance of a new and intact bone-cave was discovered at Brixham, near Torquay. Numerous fossils were very carefully taken in 1859 from the subterranean fissures and tunnels, and were all collected and numbered with reference to a journal kept during the progress of the work, and in which the geological position of every specimen was recorded with scrupulous care. Although no human bones were obtained during these excavations, yet many flint knives were found, chiefly in the lowest part of the bone-earth. One of the most perfect lay at a depth of thirteen feet

from the surface, and was covered with bone earth of the same thickness. Fifteen such flint knives were found, and though these, apart from the associated mammalia, afforded no safe criterion of antiquity, yet that was demonstrated by the discovery, at the same level in the bone-earth, of the entire left hind leg of a cave-bear, in which every bone was in its natural place. Here there is evidence of an entire limb having been introduced when clothed with its flesh, or at least when the separate bones were bound together by their natural ligaments, and in that state buried in mud.

About the position of the above-noticed flints there can be no ground for incredulity, as it is attested by eminent observers; while with reference to the St-Acheul flints the same may be safely said. Thus M. Gaudry states to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in describing his own remarks at St-Acheul, "The great point was not to leave the workmen for a single instant, and to satisfy oneself by actual inspection, whether the hatchets were found *in situ*. I caused a deep excavation to be made, and found nine hatchets, most distinctly *in situ* in the diluvium, associated with teeth of *Equus fossilis*, and a species of *Bos*, different from any now living, and similar to that of the diluvium and of caverns."

Much of the information accumulated respecting the valley of the Somme and its vicinity is minute and circumstantial, and must be studied in original papers, or the abstracts of them, in Sir C. Lyell's book. We can only glance at leading features and broad results, and advance a general statement that the evidence of man's antiquity in this locality has grown more and more definite. There is, however, one defect in it which cannot be overlooked, and this is the absence of human bones in the alluvium. Amongst thousands of flint implements and knives scattered through the alluvial mud and gravel of the Somme, not a single human bone has yet been found. This demands consideration, especially when the objection is strengthened by the like dearth of the mortal remains of our species in all other parts of Europe where the tool-bearing drift of the post-pliocene period in valley deposits has been investigated.

What can be the cause of this deficiency? Not the greater destructibility of human than of other animal bones, for Cuvier pointed out long ago, that men's bones were not more decayed than those of horses in ancient battlefields; and in the Liège cavern, as above mentioned, human skulls, jaws, teeth and other bones were found in the same condition as those of the cave-bear, tiger and mammoth. It is strange, therefore, that while within the last twenty-five years thousands of mammalian bones from post-pliocene alluvium have been submitted to skillful osteologists, they have been unable to detect amongst these one fragment of a human skeleton, or even a tooth. A really satisfactory answer to this objection has not yet come before us. What is said, amounts to this:—such absence of human bones is an emphatic illustration of the extreme imperfection of the geological record. Other bones, as those of the musk buffalo, have not been detected till lately; and the same theory which explains the comparative rarity of such species will, no doubt, account for the still greater scarcity of human bones. Again, "the whole assemblage of fossil quadrupeds at present obtained from the alluvium of Picardy is obviously a mere fraction of the entire Fauna which flourished contemporaneously with the primitive people by whom the flint hatchets were made." These arguments can be fitly used to explain the *scarcity* of human bones; but do they adequately account for their *entire absence*? The difficulty is not

their rarity, but their total non-appearance in these localities. So far for the time present; but for the future Sir C. Lyell has this observation, "that ere long, now that curiosity has been so much excited on this subject, some human remains will be detected in the older alluvium of European valleys, I confidently expect."

There is a section in our own country which contributes a particular determination of a chronological point. While the sections near Amiens and Abbeville only teach us that the fabricators of the ancient tools were coeval with extinct mammalia, recent discoveries in the fluviatile gravel of the valley of the Ouse, near Bedford, show that all of these were post-glacial, or posterior to the grand submergence of central England between the waters of the great glacial seas.

Hitherto we have directed attention to the more ancient deposits connected with the question of human antiquity, or those named the Post-Pliocene. Of less interest in point of antiquity, though greater in number of human remains, are the deposits of recent periods, and with these Sir C. Lyell has commenced his volume. He has proceeded downwards; we have worked upwards. By adopting the latter order we begin with remoter ages and fewer human traces; but in these the greatest interest of the present question is concentrated,—in these we arrive at the remotest appearance of man.

So much has been written and said concerning supposed human remains and works of art within the range of the Recent Period, that we should only be touching upon well-known subjects if we were to follow Sir C. Lyell in his first three chapters, which take up these topics, and represent results compendiously. The Danish peat and shell mounds, the several ages of stone, bronze and iron, the human skulls of the same period, and the imbedded remains of mammalia of recent species, the Swiss lake-dwellings, with their stone and bronze implements, their fossil cereal and other plants, and the remains of wild and domesticated mammalia, though not of extinct species,—all these are interesting enough to those who have not read concerning them in original books and papers, and certainly demand a prominent place in the volume before us. So also do other similar subjects, as the ancient human remains in the coral reefs of Florida, and the buried canoes near Glasgow.

As a collector and examiner of such evidence Sir C. Lyell deserves commendation. He deals fairly with the facts which he accumulates, and does not often permit his ever-present theory to obscure his perception of difficulties. But he appears to be very sparing of inferences from this theory which war against the popular belief. He gathers facts, and leaves it to others to draw inferences. Writing merely as a geologist he may be allowed to be thus guarded, and may affirm that he has no concern about popular beliefs. Writing for the large public, we must look, as the public will look, his facts in the face.

Where do these facts leave the Biblical Adam?

When we go back to the works of human art in the Post-Pliocene period—or that of deposits in which, the shells being recent, a portion, and often a considerable one, of the accompanying fossil quadrupeds belong to extinct species—we so greatly antedate the popular chronology as to make this Adam difficulty perhaps impossible. Where can we place him? Not within the Recent Period, for he was the first man; and there must have been many generations before him in the post-pliocene epoch. Nor in the latter epoch, for that was

vastly remote in its beginning, and an individual Adam placed there would be lost in the long vista. We cannot bring him down later in this epoch, because at any later period we may afterwards find that he had predecessors.

If we desire to fix something like the probable advent of man upon this earth in accordance with the Lyellian theory, we must first ascertain the date of the mammoth. Bold as the geologists are, they do not inform us upon this date, or even plainly conjecture it. Still, it is obviously so remote that for the reasons alluded to, and many others, we can hardly place the Biblical Adam there. A first man who existed a hundred thousand years ago escapes altogether from the grasp of popular thought.

Other considerations connected with the Lyellian theory will still more decisively tend to eliminate him. Presuming that he must come in as first of men, if at all, how could such men as the one of the Neanderthal valley descend from him? Adam is regarded as having been pure, noble, intelligent, and made in the very image of God. This Neanderthal man was brutal to such a degree that no amount of physical degradation would allow of his descent from Adam in a direct line; and even supposing that it did, we have the skull from Engis, which while it was probably more ancient, or at least quite as ancient as the one from Neanderthal, is decidedly more intellectual, and "though the forehead is somewhat narrow, it may nevertheless be matched by the skulls of individuals of European race." Both of these skulls, then, the higher and the lower one, could hardly belong to descendants from the same Adam, or if they did, could hardly be so widely different when comparatively near together in time, and quite near together in locality. If there were unity of origin, there was wide diversity of character, and yet with such wide diversity of character there was identity of locality.

Again, Sir C. Lyell puts the case:—

"Had the original stock of mankind been really endowed with such superior intellectual powers, and with inspired knowledge, and had they possessed the same improveable nature as their posterity, the point of advancement which they would have reached ere this would have been immeasurably higher. We cannot ascertain at present the limits, whether of the beginning or the end of the first stone period, when men co-existed with the extinct mammalia, but that it was of great duration we cannot doubt. During those ages there would have been time for progress of which we can scarcely form a conception, and very different would have been the character of the works of art which we should now be endeavouring to interpret—these relics which we are now disinterring from the old gravel-pits of St.-Acheul or from the Liège caves. In them, or in the upraised bed of the Mediterranean, on the south coast of Sardinia, instead of the rudest pottery or flint-tools, so irregular in form as to cause the unpractised eye to doubt whether they afford unmistakable evidence of design, we should now be finding sculptured forms, surpassing in beauty the masterpieces of Phidias or Praxiteles; lines of buried railways or electric telegraphs from which the best engineers of our day might gain invaluable hints; astronomical instruments and microscopes of more advanced construction than any known in Europe, and other indications of perfection in the Arts and Sciences, such as the nineteenth century has not yet witnessed."

So that the views generally entertained by the Grecian and Roman classics of "a dumb and filthy herd, fighting for acorns," as Horace sings respecting the first men, fitly represent the ideas entertained by certain geologists and ethnologists of the present day concerning the earliest of our race. If, then, such was their character, where are we to place the Biblical Adam? Certainly not at the

head of the "dumb and filthy herd"—certainly not at the head of the most savage of savages. On the other hand, had he been such as he is generally conceived, we must have had, according to the above-quoted opinions, long races of superior men, instead of flint-fabricators and flint-fighters. Since, then, there was no first place for a progenitor "endowed with superior intellectual powers, and with inspired knowledge." If all the Lyellian opinions be held, it is hard to see how the popular Adam can be admitted at all.

This difficulty would be greatly aggravated if future discoveries of shaped flints of admitted human workmanship should be made, or of other equivalent works of human art, in much earlier deposits. The oldest memorials of our species as yet discovered in Great Britain are of post-glacial date, as already noted; they are posterior to a deposit well known to Tertiary geologists as the boulder-clay, which is coeval with far-transported erratic blocks of stone. But it is hinted that there are British deposits which may, upon careful research, afford bones or stone weapons of the era of the *Elephas meridionalis*; and "if any such lie hid in those strata, and should hereafter be revealed to us, they would carry back the antiquity of man to a distance of time probably more than twice as great as that which separates our era from that of the most ancient of the tool-bearing gravels yet discovered in Picardy or elsewhere."

Although such almost unlimited draughts upon antiquity as are here drawn may terrify many readers, and make them apprehend a bankruptcy of certain popular beliefs; yet it must be remembered that they wear no such startling appearance to those who have long familiarized themselves with the immense scale of geological time: while they dwarf the historical period, they are themselves dwarfed by the great geological calendar. If Europe was peopled by the human race, and by the mammoth and other now extinct mammalia, during the concluding phase of the great glacial epoch, then, although we go back to hundreds of thousands of years, we are still within the Post-Tertiary era of the geological scale.

So accustomed are geologists to immense periods that Sir C. Lyell regards even his human period as geologically brief. "If we reflect on the long series of events of the post-pliocene and recent periods contemplated in this chapter, it will be remarked that the time assigned to the first appearance of man, as far as our geological inquiries have yet gone, is extremely modern in relation to the age of the existing Fauna and Flora, or even to the time when most of the living species of animals and plants attained their actual geographical distributions."

We have nothing to say in this place to the concluding chapters of this volume, in which the author remarks upon the recent modifications of the Lamarckian theory of progressive development and transmutation. Sir C. Lyell's present views on the Darwinian theory are sufficiently known to geologists, and they have no immediate connexion with the main question of the present book.

Sisterhoods in the Church of England; with Notices of some Charitable Sisterhoods in the Church of Rome. By Margaret Goodman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

WE wonder how many of our readers are aware of the existence and increasing numbers of convents and sisterhoods in the Church of England,—convents which are subject to no external supervision, and irresponsible to any authority save the absolute will or whim of the Lady Superior!

Miss Goodman, whose former work, 'The Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy,' contained some revelations about the introduction of conventual rules into Miss Sellon's House of Mercy at Davenport, supplies in the present work further information on the subject of the Sisterhoods in the Church of England, and earnestly calls the attention both of the Government and the Clergy to this danger.

Conventual institutions, with the one exception of the household of Nicholas Fauar at Little Gidding, have been unknown in the Church of England until within the last sixteen years; there are now no less than twenty-five Houses of Sisters belonging to different orders scattered about the country. The most important are those at Clewer, East Grinstead, Oxford and London. Miss Goodman says,—"The number of institutions now existing, and their rapid growth, show that the system of religious societies bound by solemn promises, and in some instances by vows, has become naturalized in the English Church."

This is a subject which requires to be brought into daylight. Miss Sellon's institution at Davenport, the most important of these Protestant nunneries, is bound by a rule more hard and cruel than that of the severest order known in the Romish Church (that of the Poor Clares), and it is under no visitation or control. "The friends and parents are to think of the Sister as in her grave, and it is esteemed 'a falling away' from the rule should the recluse desire to see one even so near and dear to her as her mother." So writes Miss Goodman, who has lived under the law. The hardships ordained by Miss Sellon as rules for holy living and dying might win the grim approval of St. Simon Stylites himself. Certainly nothing can equal the ingenuity of women for tormenting each other; like French acting, it is exquisite in its details. The chief bitterness seems to lie in the total exemption of the Lady Superior herself from her own rules; she lives, we are told, in ease and luxury, no one is allowed to approach her uncalled, and the Sisters kneel to receive her commands. Spiritual pride and love of domination are fostered to the uttermost. The vow of holy obedience to the Superior, taken by each Sister on her reception, is terribly absolute, and commits the individual who takes it to unlimited bondage both of thought and deed: the promise is "to obey the Holy Mother in all things." Not content with this, Miss Sellon desires to rule the very thoughts of her "children"; she insists upon each one writing down her thoughts as they occur in a book called *The Little Soul*; and this book is placed in her hands at appointed times. "Particular affections" are not allowed, and Sisters are not permitted to show either kindness or common humanity to each other. The pitiless cruelty enforced under penalty, if transgressed by any act of kindness, or even of courtesy towards each other, is enough to make the reader sick at heart. It is a melancholy record how precious things may be spoiled and "purposes betrayed"; for every woman there has entered on that life for the sake of devoting herself to a strict course of religious duty, and to minister to the wants of the poorest and most destitute classes. In the beginning, this house at Davenport was a happy and cheerful, if self-denying, Christian household, associated together to carry on works of mercy and benevolence. The insidious growth of conventual rule has changed it into a cruel, hard, barren imitation of the worst features of Roman monasticism. The works of practical benevolence have gra-

dually either died out or been carried on by the agency of paid labour; the Sisters becoming recluses, and passing their time in prayers and austerities for the fancied good of their own souls.

At page 29 Miss Goodman makes the startling assertion that, with one exception, there is no Sister at Davenport who is staying there with the full and free consent of her parents. The principle of conventual life involves, be it remembered, severance of ties of blood, and substitutes "holy obedience" to Superiors for obedience to parental rule.

If it were only women of mature years who undertook this life, it would be sad enough; but they would be better able to bear up against its crushing weight than the young and enthusiastic, who are the most liable to be dazzled by the prospect of "a more excellent way" than the simple path of duty into which it has pleased God to call them. Some protection ought to be exercised over them, even against their will. In page 7 of the Preface, Miss Goodman writes—

"The fact that these conventual establishments are closed against all unwelcome visitation, and that any of the inmates may be secluded from all intercourse and communication with their family and friends at the will of the Superior, is, if not a breach of the law of England, at least an alarming and dangerous innovation. * * Since it is possible for a young girl to be kept secretly in strict seclusion in a convent professedly connected with the Church of England, not only against her own inclinations, but against the wishes of her parents and friends, even in despite of their efforts to remove or communicate with her, this fact is one of grave importance, and demands the consideration of the legislature."

Again she pleads—

"That the unfortunate inmates of lunatic asylums are shielded by law from ill usage and unjustifiable restraint. Surely inmates of religious houses who devote themselves to the good offices of nursing and comforting the sick and afflicted, or even if solely engaged in prayer and worship, ought not to be left entirely to the tender mercies of high-handed and uncontrolled power exercised by irresponsible Superiors whose authority is absolute."

Miss Goodman, be it remembered, has lived under the rule she thus deprecates, and knows what it is. Dr. Pusey is the spiritual director of Miss Sellon and of the Davenport Sisterhood, but he is apparently more under Miss Sellon's influence than any of the Sisters; indeed, the whole of the community seem to have been half-jealous and half-scandalized at the excessive intimacy between these august personages. With these incidental points we have nothing to do; we only wish to draw attention to the widely-increasing spread of conventual tendencies in the English Church, and the grave abuses certain to ensue, unless some provision be made to bring the various Sisterhoods under the same supervision as is exercised over clergymen and their parishes. It is no concern of the public whether Dr. Pusey spends his vacations in Miss Sellon's suite of apartments at Davenport, nor whether those apartments are or are not luxuriously furnished and carefully warmed with hot-air pipes, or that the stone stairs are covered with pieces of carpeted wood whenever the Superioress ascends or descends them, which are taken up when she ceases to walk upon them,—this is nothing to the public; though, doubtless, to the fireless, half-starved, scarcely-clad Sisters, such contrast must seem "hard to be understood." But it *does* concern the Protestant public whether Confession is imperative; as may be seen in the instance given of a poor young lady, weak-minded enough, no doubt, but all the more helpless for that, who, at the wish of her

relatives, left Miss Sellon's. Miss Goodman says—

"Dr. Pusey, her confessor, wrote to urge her to return, declaring he could no longer remain her spiritual director if she failed to do so—a threat which involved his refusal again to grant her absolution. This so weighed on her mind that eventually she returned, but not until some time after a day which Miss Sellon had fixed as the utmost limits of her visit home. For this act of disobedience she was, on her return, desired to take the lowest place in the household; forbidden to hold any intercourse with the other novices; and during her penance, which lasted twelve months, she passed the time each day allowed for recreation alone, and as there was to be silence at all other times, she was thus reduced to almost perpetual silence. Added to this, she was constantly pointed to as a warning."

The result was, that she endeavoured to starve herself to death, and wept incessantly. It was asked her (afterwards) why she ever came back. "What could I do?" she replied; "I must have been lost if Dr. Pusey would not give me absolution."

There is also an instance given of Dr. Pusey's mode of teaching his penitents; where it will be seen that "confession" is by no means optional with the Sisters, but enforced with as much stern emphasis as in the Church of Rome. The poor girl above alluded to was at last sent home to die. The mention of her patience and sufferings is very touching; her very weakness makes one's pity for her the stronger. For those who desire to see how the rule of conventual life works in a Protestant community, let the reader turn to the story of poor Sister Fridswida; part of her story was given in the 'Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy,' but the history of her death will be found here in detail.

Religious orders belonged to a by-gone state of society, and have died out in the natural change and process of time. In the world where our lot is cast, we must live and work at the duties given to us by Providence, and not, by the exercise of "will worship and voluntary humility," "play fantastic tricks" with the sacred relationship which it has pleased God to impose upon parents and children. "To do the duty that lies nearest to us," is the only safe course; any other, however it may be masked by austerities and prayers, is only another form of self-will and self-pleasing. The Superioress of the Poor Clares, one of the Roman Catholic religious houses visited by Miss Goodman, dismissed her with these words at parting: "You Puseyites are like children playing in the market. Remember it is very dangerous to *play* at being Catholics."

It has cost enough to win religious liberty of thought and worship, and it behoves Protestants to watch that it be not bartered back on pretence of "spiritual direction." Every man and every woman must bear the burden of their individual responsibility, and may not, from weakness or idleness, surrender the guidance of their own conscience to any man, be he clerical or lay.

The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature, &c. A New Edition. By Henry G. Bohn. Part VIII. (Bohn.)

This volume contains the most complete record of Shakspeare's Works, and of publications regarding him and them, that has ever yet been made. Lowndes did much in 1833; but Mr. Bohn has done a great deal more in 1863. Still, the list of editions is not perfect; and while we make a few brief remarks upon it and upon some of its deficiencies, we are anxious to do justice to the pains taken by Mr. Bohn. A Correspondent has already pointed out the defects in the list of Russian

works; yet it ought to be said, that Mr. Bohn has done more than could have been expected. What is now before us occupies considerably beyond 100 closely-printed pages, and reminds us more of what the industrious scholars of Germany are in the habit of producing in this way than of anything of the kind yet accomplished by Englishmen.

First comes a full account of all the collected editions of the Plays from the folio of 1623 to Carruthers and Chambers in 1861, with elaborate particulars of collation, pagination, &c., so that the buyer of any one of them can be at no difficulty in ascertaining whether it be a rarity, whether it is perfect, and what price at any previous time has been given for it. Regarding the engraved portrait by Martin Droeshout which occupies the centre of the title-page of the folio of 1623, we have a piece of information touching the artist which is worth recording, since it shows that he was a native of Brabant, who came to England as a painter early in the seventeenth century, and that he had letters patent of denization sixteen years before he was employed upon the head of our great dramatist. In these letters patent (Roll 5 Jac. I., membr. 39) he is called *pictor*, and it is the more probable that he not only engraved but painted the portrait which is justly considered the most authentic likeness of Shakspeare, because Ben Jonson bears unequivocal testimony to the resemblance.

These, in fact, are the only lines quoted by Mr. Bohn upon our great dramatist or his works, and it would have been going too far out of his way to insert others; but we may just notice a circumstance that seems to have escaped the remark of everybody who has written on the commendatory poems, viz., that Milton, in the edition of his 'Miscellaneous Pieces,' in 1645, expressly dates his verses, "What needs my Shakspeare," &c., 1630, which is two years before they appeared in print. It is therefore probable that they were not written for the purpose of preceding the folio of 1632. Here, too, we may ask why, if the famous commendatory poem "A mind reflecting ages past," &c. were Milton's, as many have contended, he did not reprint it in 1645? Possibly, he did not like to insert in the small volume two poems on the same theme; but, in that case, that he should have preferred the shorter to the longer, the worse to the better, is extraordinary. Mr. Masson, in his recent 'Life of Milton,' says not a syllable on the question, and does not, so far as we remember, even allude to the poem. The modern attempt to assign it to Dr. R. James, of Oxford, is even more absurd than the attribution of it to Jasper Mayne.

After the fullest and minutest details respecting between three and four hundred impressions of the collected plays and poems, Mr. Bohn comes to the publications of separate plays, which, being treated in alphabetical order, are easy of reference. He commences, of course, with 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and concludes with the 'Winter's Tale.' In this department we have little to add beyond the notice of a mistake, where he calls the two fac-similes of 'Hamlet,' 1603 and 1604, *photographs* instead of lithographs. Photography had not then been successfully applied to the multiplication of copies of rare originals; but the Duke of Devonshire took care to obtain the assistance of the first lithographer of the day, and we can assert that nothing has been done since to exceed the beauty and fidelity of the imitations by Netherclift. In enumerating the libraries in which exemplars of particular dramas exist, Mr. Bohn has here and there not included the Duke of Devonshire's collection, in which every first edition of Shakspeare is to be found.

There is an important circumstance connected with the appearance of the 'Romeo and Juliet' that has escaped observation, viz., that the publishers were in such haste to print it and bring it out in 1597, that two separate printers were employed, who used two distinct kinds of type. This, too, is a peculiarity that belongs to no other play by Shakspeare, or by any other rival dramatist that we are aware of.

Mr. Bohn was not acquainted with another particular connected with 'The Taming of the Shrew,' which merits attention. He tells us that the first edition, "as now printed," is in the folio of 1623. This, in all probability, is a mistake; for if any skilful person examines the fourth edition, with the date of 1631 on the title-page, he will see at once that the type of the body of the play is considerably older than that of the title-page, the fact having, perhaps, been that it was really printed considerably before the folio 1623; for some reason it was withdrawn from circulation, and the printer of the folio 1623 actually reprinted his text from the fourth with certain rhythmical changes and improvements. Thus the line which stands in the quarto,

Trust me, I take him for the dog,
is properly altered in the folio 1623 to

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Again, where Hortensio says, defectively, in the quarto,

I think she'll prove a soldier,

the text is amended in the folio of 1623 to

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.

Other variations of a more minute kind might be adduced to establish that the quarto, though bearing the date of 1631, was printed before the folio 1623. More than one quarto-copy of 'The Taming of the Shrew' is without a title-page, because it was early cancelled, and that in the British Museum has only a fragment of it.

After the acknowledged plays, we have a correct list of all those that have at any time, and upon any or no evidence, been imputed to Shakspeare; and among them 'Edward the Third,' for which we have only Capell's word, since no external proof is in existence. How capable he was of judging critically of its merits may be estimated by the reprint he made from the quarto 1596, in which, as the language of the poet (whoever he may have been) is properly represented, the following lines are put into the mouth of the King:—

Fairer by far thou art than Hero was;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swam an easy current to his love,
But I will through a Hellespont of blood
Arrive at Sestos, where my Hero lies.

—Here Capell, not having any suspicion of corruption, and apparently not understanding the allusion, with the utmost simplicity gave the penultimate line as it stands most absurdly in the old copies,—

But I will through a helly spout of blood
Arrive at Sestos, &c.

—To show the folly of some of these spurious ascriptions, we need only mention that Dr. Farmer attributed 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' quarto, 1608, to Shirley, who was only nine years old when it was first acted.

The intelligence afforded by Mr. Bohn regarding the various editions of Shakspeare's poems is as full, and nearly as accurate, as it could be rendered. When it is said that a copy of the 'Sonnets,' quarto, 1609, is in the Bentinck Library at Varel, it is only a slight mistake, but one which makes the exemplars appear more numerous than they really are: that at Varel, near Oldenburgh, was five or six years ago brought over to this country, and sold at auction for 150*l.* What became of the

mass of other curious tracts that accompanied it from Germany, we have never heard. They were sold in a mass, with the 'Sonnets,' for a song.

A Successful Exploration through the Interior of Australia, from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria. From the Journals and Letters of William John Wills. Edited by his Father, William Wills. (Bentley.)

THE title does not declare the principal object of this volume, which, besides telling yet again the story of the sad, though successful, exploration from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria, attempts to sketch the life and character of Mr. Burke's associate. As the biography of a man of whom readers cannot know too much, written by one whose relation to the dead hero gives pathetic force to every line of affectionate eulogy, it is a work deserving no common meed of praise. The lives of men are often written by their children; it is seldom that a father appears as the historian of a distinguished son. On the whole, Dr. Wills has performed his task with judgment and good taste. Here and there he speaks with unprofitable, but not unnatural, bitterness of the persons through whose misconduct the explorers met their fearful end; and in his concluding pages he displays warm, but not unreasonable, indignation at the neglect and petty opposition which he alternately experienced from those who were peculiarly bound to sympathize with the bereaved parent. Perhaps it would have been better if in these pages Dr. Wills had betrayed less sensitiveness and exhibited less emotion; but in all other respects the memoir is good. A better portrait has not for many a day been painted by a biographer. A few brief pages are given to the childhood, school experiences and early characteristics of the explorer: and then the young Australian emigrant, daring, observant, manly, is brought upon the scene, from which time till the close of the drama the writer keeps himself as far as possible in the background, and leaves his son's letters to tell the story of a life which many an English youth, yet unborn, will take for his model.

Born at Totnes, in Devonshire, on the 5th of January, 1834, William John Wills was the eldest son of a medical practitioner. As a child he was intelligent, and fond of associating with his seniors. A thoughtful, sedate, inquiring urchin, he was never treated as a mere schoolboy; but he was not the less ready to take part in athletic sports and the pursuits of the playground. At eleven years of age he was trusted alone with a gun, and was a notably good shot; and having no dog to accompany him on his sporting excursions, he trained a favourite cat to follow him about the fields and hunt the hedge-rows. "So particular," says his father, "was he in his general demeanour that I designated him Gentleman John, or my Royal Boy. His brothers, all younger than himself, styled him Old Jack, or Gentleman Jack." At the Ashburton Grammar School, which he entered in his twelfth year, he gained no distinction at examinations. A hard-working, nervous boy, he was far from brilliant; and through the defect of a slightly-impaired utterance, he failed to take so good a position in the classes as he would otherwise have attained. In the May of 1850, he left Ashburton School, and was apprenticed to his father, who at that time thought of educating him for the medical profession. A year later he came up to London to see the Great Exhibition, and, for the first time in his life, beheld the wonders of the capital. "If," says Dr. Wills, recalling this

trip, "after a day or two, I chanced to deviate from the leading thoroughfares and missed my way, he would set me right in a moment. This was rather mortifying to one who fancied himself well acquainted with London from frequent visits, but he smiled when he saw I was not a true guide. I asked him how he acquired his apt knowledge. 'On the second day,' he replied, 'when you were out, I took the map and studied it for two hours, so that now I am well versed in it.'"

In the spring of the following year the boy was in London, pursuing his medical studies in an irregular manner,—picking up a knowledge of anatomy in the Guy's Museum, witnessing surgical operations at the theatres of different hospitals, and attending Dr. Stenhouse's practical chemistry class at Bartholomew's Hospital. With the summer of 1852, however, his student-life in London ended; and on October 1st of the same year, he and a younger brother went on board the Janet Mitchell, emigrant ship, off Dartmouth, and on the first day of the following year sighted the Australian coast.

The young emigrants had to rough it. Their outward voyage they made as steerage passengers, and, bent on acquiring a knowledge of an ordinary sailor's duties, they exerted themselves on board as if they had been part of the crew. The elder brother soon mastered "the art of splicing and reefing, and was amongst the first to go aloft in a storm, and to lend a hand in taking in topsails." On reaching Melbourne they found, to their surprise, that they would have to take their possessions ashore at their own expense. "There was a good deal of fuss about it," they wrote home cheerily, "but all to no purpose." Having paid 2*l.* for getting their luggage into Melbourne, they found all accommodation in the town so dear, that they decided to go to the Immigrants' Home, where they, for ten nights, could obtain a bed for a shilling per night. They had already declined an offer of "lodgings at sixty shillings a week, to be paid in advance, and twenty-five persons sleeping in the same room." The influx of emigrants *en route* for the diggings had so raised the price of all necessaries, that the boys determined to lose no time before they looked out for employment. After sleeping eight nights at the Government Immigrants' Home, they were engaged to tend sheep on a station about two hundred miles north of Melbourne. Before starting to enter on their new duties they disposed of all their possessions, except those which might prove of immediate use. "I sold my box of chemicals, after taking out what I wanted, for 4*l.*, and the soda-water apparatus for 2*l.* 5*s.* I also sold some books that we could not carry, but got nothing for them. Scientific works do not take. The people who buy everything here are the gold-diggers, and they want story-books. A person I know brought out 100*l.* worth of more serious reading, and sold the lot for 16*l.*" The articles of clothing with which they had provided themselves in England they found either needless or useless. "Every one," William wrote home, "who comes out does a very foolish thing in bringing such a quantity of clothes that he never wants. All you require, even in Melbourne, is a blue shirt, a pair of duck trowsers, a straw hat or wide-awake, and what they call a jumper here. It is a kind of outside shirt, made of plaid, or anything you please, reaching just below the hips, and fastened round the waist with a belt." Thus equipped, the two brothers (one eighteen, the other fifteen years of age) entered their lonely hut on the Edward River, and became shepherds, earning 30*l.* per annum each and rations. The station was

about four miles from their hut; and of their flocks a lot of rams, numbering nearly fourteen hundred, was the smallest and easiest to manage. The young flock-drivers had little society save their own; but they fared luxuriously on Murray cod and mutton, pigeons, ducks and cockatoos.

In the August of 1853, Dr. Wills, who had long wished to visit Australia, surprised his sons by dropping in upon them near Edward River. The practice at Totnes had been sold, and the Doctor, having left his wife and younger children in Devonshire, had come out to push his fortunes in colonial life. Leaving the station, the boys returned with their father to Melbourne, whence they migrated to Ballarat, where the Doctor commenced practice, having his son William's companionship and assistance for the next twelve months. In writing to his mother, April 22, 1855, William said—

"My dear Mother,—I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you a fortnight since. I was at Moora Moora then, as you will see by a letter I wrote just before I came down here, in the hope of joining a party that is spoken of as about to explore the interior of the country, which you appear to have such a dread of. It seems uncertain whether they will go at all. As to what you say about people being starved to death in the bush, no doubt it would be rather disagreeable. But when you talk of being killed in battle, I am almost ashamed to read it. If every one had such ideas we should have no one going to sea for fear of being drowned; no travellers by railway for fear the engine should burst; and all would live in the open air for fear of the houses falling in. I wish you would read Combe's 'Constitution of Man.' As regards some remarks of yours on people's religious opinions, it is a subject on which so many differ, that I am inclined to Pope's conclusion, who says—

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;

and I think we cannot have a better guide to our actions than 'to do unto others as we would be done by.'"

The proposal for an expedition thus referred to ended in nothing. But the young man was not at a loss for occupation. He acted as a doctor in the neighbourhood of Ballarat; and, ready to turn his hand to anything, he built an additional room to his father's house. That done, he became a surveyor, and by the August of 1856 was employed by an eminent Melbourne surveyor, at a salary of 150*l.* per annum, besides rations. Applying himself with characteristic zeal to the study of mathematics, he wrote home to his mother urging her to have the children taught Algebra and Euclid. "Mathematics generally, and Euclid and Algebra in particular, are the best studies young people can undertake, for they are the only things we can depend on as true (of course I leave the Bible out of the question)." In the same spirit, writing to his brother Charley in April, 1858, he said, "Mathematics are the foundation of all truth as regards practical science in this world; they are the only things that can be demonstrably proved; no one can dispute them." In the same letter he urged the necessity of industry on the boy, who was then employed in a bank: "You should remember never to waste a minute; always be doing something. Try and find out what things you have most taste for, as they are what you should study most; but get a general knowledge of all the sciences;" and he adds, "One other piece of advice I give you before I shut up; that is, never try to show off your knowledge, especially in scientific matters." All his earlier letters are marked by manly candour and blunt honesty, whilst some of them exhibit a lofty purpose and delicate perception as well as earnestness and sound com-

mon sense. To his mother, who had sent him a piece of gossip that wounded his generous nature, he wrote, "You talk about high and low people: I presume you use the words in a very different sense from that in which I understand them. I consider nothing low but ignorance, vice, and meanness,—characteristics generally found where the animal propensities predominate over the higher sentiments." The young man who had breathed the free air of Australia for six years makes himself heard rather roughly in these lines; but the general tone of his letters to his mother is tender and considerate, although admonitory.

On the recommendation of Mr. Ligar, the Surveyor-General, who had for some months had his eye on the young assistant-surveyor, William Wills received, in November, 1858, an appointment in the Magnetic Observatory of Melbourne. The change of employment and position was most grateful. The rude provincial lad, who had come out to Australia with steerage passengers, and on first landing had declared in a tone of exultation that a settler required no other clothes but a "blue shirt, a pair of duck trousers, a straw hat or wide-awake, and a jumper," had grown weary of bush life, and learnt to appreciate the refinements of civilization. "I hope," he wrote to his father, "I shall not have to go into the bush again; I like Melbourne and my present occupation so much." The society of the city, and intercourse with men of high culture, had speedy and beneficial influence on his intellectual and moral growth. Every day he lost something of the hardness and angularity and harshness of the young man struggling against adverse fortunes, under circumstances that precluded him from refining associations. His nature began to exhibit its grace as well as its strength. Instead of being over-anxious that his sisters Bessie and Hannah should learn mathematics, and pursue knowledge that could, as the phrase goes, "be turned to account," he wished them to read novels, and avail themselves of all opportunities for entering society. "One must," he wrote to Mrs. Wills, "make some little allowance for a mother's partiality in your account of B. and H.; I hope your prejudice against novels does not prevent their reading those of Thackeray and Dickens." The softening, mellowing process went on steadily, till he became a man of refined demeanour and subtle thought, as well as of energy and action. "You cannot fail to like him," wrote one friend in a letter of introduction given to the explorer. "He is a thorough-bred Englishman, self-relying and self-contained; a well-bred gentleman without a jot of effeminacy. Plucky as a mastiff, high-blooded as a racer, enterprising but reflective, cool, keen, and as composed as daring. Few men talk less; few by manners and conduct suggest more." And when the news came that William John Wills was no more, this same friend, addressing a crowded assembly, said, "But with all his labours, Wills never disregarded the commoner duties and virtues of life. Even at the breakfast-table he was as neat and clean as a woman. At the ball, of which he was as fond as a child, he was scrupulously temperate, and in speech pure as a lady." Of the change which had come over him, he wrote to his sisters with characteristic simplicity and good sense, in a letter dated the 18th of April, 1860:—

"You should cultivate, as much as possible, the acquaintance of ladies from other parts of the country, especially of those who have travelled much. This is the best way of rubbing off provincialisms, &c. Perhaps you think you have none; nevertheless I shall be prepared for some whenever

I have the felicity of seeing you. You cannot think how disagreeable the sound of the Devonshire drawl is to me now, and all people of the county that I meet have it more or less. You will, no doubt, wonder how I have become so changed, and what has induced me to adopt social views so different from those I formerly held. The fact is, that since I have been here, I have been thrown into every variety of companionship, from the highest to the lowest, from the educated gentleman and scholar to the uncultivated boor. The first effect was, a disposition to admire the freedom and bluntness of the uncivilized; but more personal experience showed me the dark as well as the bright side, and brought out in their due prominence the advantages of the conventionalities of good society. While in the bush, this conviction only impressed itself partially, but a return to town extended and confirmed it. When we are in daily contact and intercourse with an immense number of persons, some of whom we like, while we dislike or feel indifferent about many others, we find a difficulty in avoiding one man's acquaintance without offending him, or of keeping another at a distance without an insult. It is not easy to treat your superiors with respect void of sycophancy, or to be friendly with those you prefer, and at the same to steer clear of undue familiarity, adapting yourself to circumstances and persons, and, in fact, doing always the right thing at the proper time and in the best possible manner. I used to be rather proud of saying that it was necessary for strangers to know me for some time before they liked me. I am almost ashamed now not to have had sense enough to see that this arose from sheer awkwardness and stupidity on my part; from the absence of address, and a careless disregard of the rules of society, which necessarily induce a want of self-confidence, a bashful reserve, annoying to sensible people, and certainly not compensated for by the possession of substantial acquirements, hidden, but not developed, and unavailable when wanted. I find now that I can get into the good graces of any one with whom I associate better in half an hour than I could have done in a week two years ago."

On Monday, August 20, 1860, the fine-tempered man who thus wrote left Melbourne with the doomed expedition. He was twenty-seven years of age; but, though he wore a beard and had decision stamped on his face, it was remarked that he did not look more than twenty. Some photographic artists, present amongst the crowd who witnessed the exodus of the explorers, wished to take his likeness; but he put them aside, saying with a sad smile, "Should it ever be worth while, my father has an excellent one which you can copy from." On June 27 of the following year, the poor fellow, with unsteady hand, was penning these last words of his last letter to his father: "You have great claims on the Committee for their neglect. I leave you in sole charge of what is coming to me. The whole of my money I desire to leave to my sisters; other matters I pass over for the present. Adieu, my dear father. Love to Tom. I think to live about four or five days. *My spirits are excellent.*"

The Poet's Journal. By Bayard Taylor. (Low & Co.)

WITHOUT being charged with direct imitation, Mr. Bayard Taylor may be characterized as belonging to the school of Prof. Longfellow. His range of allusion is less wide than that of the author of 'Hiawatha'; he has not the command over fascinating words and delicate turnings in versification which force sound upon the ear, and sense, withal, into the memory. But he has gentleness, grace and purity, if no formidable amount of depth; a serene and meditative spirit, a happy choice of language, a laudable absence of affectation (which is much in these days), and a nice observation of natural things and objects. 'The Poet's Journal' is a collection of miscel-

laneous verses, bound together by a framework of domestic scenes. From time immemorial poets have enjoyed and succeeded in the connecting or episodic portions of their works. How charming are Scott's 'Epistles,' even if somewhat superfluous; how "brisk and airy," and thus influencing (as Dryden has it), are the connecting story and musical lyrics of 'The Princess.' Mr. Taylor has his fancy in framework, too; and it is different from theirs, as shall be shown in the following picture, which, of its kind, is attractive:—

For days before, the wild-dove cooed for rain.
The sky had been too bright, the world too fair.
We knew such loveliness could not remain:
We heard its ruin by the flattering air
Foretold, that o'er the fields so sweetly blow,
Yet came, at night, a banshee, moaning through
The chimney's throat, and at the window wailed:
We heard the free-toad trill his piercing note:
The sound seemed near us, when, on farms remote,
The supper-horn the scattered workmen hailed:
Above the roof the eastward-pointing vane
Stood fixed: and still the wild-dove cooed for rain.
So, when the morning came, and found no fire
Upon her hearth, and wrapped her shivering form
In cloud, and rising winds in many a gyre
Of dust foreran the footsteps of the storm,
And woods grew dark, and flowery meadows chill,
And gray annihilation smote the hill,
I said to Ernest: "T was my plan, you see:
Two days to Nature, and the third to me."

I know not, if that day of dreary rain
Was not the happiest of the happy three.
For Nature gives, but takes away again:
Sound, odor, color—blossom, cloud, and tree
Divide and scatter in a thousand rays
Our individual being: but, in days
Of gloom, the wandering senses crowding come
To the close circle of the heart. So we,
Cosily nestled in the library,
Enjoyed each other and the warmth of home.
Each window was a picture of the rain:
Blown by the wind, tormented, wet, and gray,
Losing itself in cloud, the landscape lay:
Or wavered, blurred, behind the streaming pane;
Or, with a sudden struggle, shook away
Its load, and like a foundering ship arose
Distinct and dark above the driving spray,
Until a fiercer onset came, to close
The hopeless day. The roses withered about
Their stakes, the tall laburnums to and fro
Rocked in the gusts, the flowers were beaten low,
And from his pigmy house the wren looked out
With dripping bill: each living creature fled,
To seek some sheltering cover for its head:
Yet colder, drearier, wilder as it blew,
We drew the closer, and the happier grew.

The transatlantic touches in the above landscape make it all the more welcome to us.

Here is one of the leaves from 'The Poet's Journal,' which, traced with a gentle yet firm hand, will recommend the entire book to readers of a certain class:—

THE CHAPEL.

Like one who leaves the trampled street
For some cathedral, cool and dim,
Where he can hear in music beat
The heart of prayer, that beats for him;
And sees the common light of day,
Through painted panes transfigured, shine,
And casts his human woes away,
In presence of the Woe Divine:
So I, from life's tormenting themes
Turn where the silent chapel lies,
Whose windows burn with vanished dreams,
Whose altar-lights are memories.
There, watched by pitying cherubim,
In sacred hush, I rest awhile
Till solemn sounds of harp and hymn
Begin to sweep the haunted aisle:
A hymn that once but breathed complaint,
And breathes but resignation now,
Since God has heard the pleading saint,
And laid his hand upon my brow.
Restored and comforted, I go
To grapple with my tasks again;
Through silent worship taught to know
The blessed peace that follows pain.

Many of the poems making up the second part of Mr. Taylor's volume have great merit. The following shows hardihood, its writer not shrinking in it from certain sectarian peculiarities and forms of expression, which during a long period have been made (and who shall wonder?) the butt of thoughtless ridicule. Besides its hardihood, there is a real understanding of the heart and of those affections which belong to no sect. It is a curious poem,

—a quaint picture of manners very imperfectly understood,—and will, by some, be found pathetic:—

THE QUAKER WIDOW.

Thee finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in! 'Tis kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.
Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting-box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.
I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolhardness,—but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.
He was but seventy-five: I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennet graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.
We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.
I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.
Then she was still: they sat a while; at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.
I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hiring priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at least.
Perhaps she'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste:
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.
How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.
I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee, too, hast been a wife.
As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbours met us in the lane, and every face was kind,—
'Tis strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.
I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head,
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'t was she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they're gone, all three!
It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest:
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.
Eusebius never cared to farm,—'t was not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.
But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue.
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:

The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.
Thee must n't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

There is no need further to indicate the attractive qualities and the quiet individuality of Mr. Bayard Taylor's poems. We think they will—because we know that they should—find readers.

The House by the Churchyard. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

Taming a Shrew: a Novel. By Conway Keith. 3 vols. (Newby.)

MURDER, bigamy and circumstantial evidence seem the favourite points of interest with novelists at present. A trial for murder is the chief sensation scene of 'The House by the Churchyard,' and the feelings of the reader are more or less skilfully harassed by the fear lest the innocent man should be hanged in error. It is curious that just now, when the question of capital punishment is on its own trial, and public feeling is setting so strongly against it, that no protest or objection is ever made to "the extreme penalty of the law" in novels; it is accepted to quicken the interest, like suicide in a tragedy. In the second novel at the head of this article, the hero has a very narrow escape indeed: he is actually on his way to the scaffold, and five minutes more would have seen him hanged beyond reprieve!

Mr. J. S. Le Fanu, when a little boy, professes to have seen a skull turned up accidentally in a village churchyard which bore marks of fearful violence; there is an old tradition connected with the story of the murdered man buried in that grave, and this is the story which the author professes to tell as he heard it from the lips of an old pensioner of the Royal Irish Artillery, aided by the conventional "Diary" and "Family Letters" which always come to the assistance of authors in such cases. The date of the story is 1767. It begins with a midnight funeral, a nameless coffin, a mysterious and handsome stranger who comes to live in the "tiled house by the churchyard,"—a house bearing a fearful reputation of dark deeds done within its walls, and haunted by sights and sounds terrible enough to make

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end.

—The coffin contains the body of Lord Dunoran, who twenty-one years before had been tried for the murder of one of his gambling companions, and being found guilty, had poisoned himself to avoid the penalty of the law. This coffin is brought by his son to be interred, after all this interval, in the family vault; the son has come to take up his abode in the village, to elucidate points of interest connected with his own fortunes and his father's history: but all is told in a series of jerking, fragmentary hints, so obscure that we do not feel too sure that we have seized the facts. Zekiel Irons, the old, saturnine, puritanical parish-clerk, a very well-drawn character, knows all about the story, and keeps the secret. Another stranger, Paul Dangerfield, also comes to Chapelzod, who is well received by all the best society of the place and neighbourhood—a man of fortune and of the world, agreeable, witty, cynical, specious, with a high white forehead, silver spectacles and gleaming grey eyes; who, though highly respected by the world, is a most uncomfortable mystery to the reader: he exercises an occult influence on the affairs of all the people in the book. One man, the surgeon to

the Royal Irish Artillery, recognizes Paul Dangerfield, dimly at first, but afterwards with certainty, as the real murderer of the man for whose death Lord Dunoran had been condemned; he attempts to extort money for his secret, and is found murdered. An innocent man is arrested; but the clerk turns informer, and all the guilty mysteries of Paul Dangerfield are at length unravelled. By way of complicating the interest, a digression is made into the fortunes of many individuals; a *souppçon* of bigamy is raised, which is perfectly unnecessary, and excites neither interest nor sympathy: indeed, most of the characters, both male and female, are mere marionettes, stiff and stupid. A great deal of irrelevant comic business is also introduced, which is forced and wearisome, and in extremely bad taste. There are, however, one or two well-drawn scenes, which show that Mr. Le Fanu has power to write simply and forcibly, and to do something very much better than 'The House by the Churchyard.' The sketch of Dillon, the profligate surgeon of genius, is extremely clever, and worth the whole batch of the *dramatis personæ*.

'Taming a Shrew' is not by any means a pleasant or a probable novel. A young man, Vaughan Dacres, with a place in the Government Office of Tapes and Taxes, worth three hundred a year, falls in love with a dark, flashing, fast young lady of fashion; she declines to marry on that income, and he is fiercely indignant. The young lady engages herself to a man of fortune, who has a dreadfully tyrannical disposition, and a wonderful mesmeric power of bending people to his will. Vaughan Dacres goes to Switzerland, where he hears of something to his rival's disadvantage, and comes back to England in haste to warn Adelaide against the marriage. The rivals meet alone on the seashore, have a violent quarrel, come to blows, but are interrupted by a half-mad woman, who claims the intending bridegroom for her own husband, and reproaches him in the Crazy Jane style. Vaughan Dacres goes away, and the next morning the bridegroom is found lying in a pool of water with a bullet through his heart; and the gun of Vaughan Dacres is lying half hidden in the sand, recently discharged. They are known to have been rivals, to have met on that evening, and Adelaide is obliged to own that Dacres had come from Switzerland to try to stop the marriage. Of course, evidence is strong against Dacres. There is only the slender chance, that of finding the mad woman; and Vaughan Dacres's sister—a very well-drawn character—sets herself to try to hunt her out, after the police have been baffled. Adelaide, who loves Dacres in spite of having refused him, is in despair; the trial proceeds, the verdict is against the prisoner, who is left for execution. The best and most interesting part of the story is the devotion of Lettie Dacres to her brother, and the history of her efforts to find the only person who by any possibility could give evidence in his favour. The woman is found at the last moment, but dying; she has an interval of consciousness—makes her deposition, which is signed and witnessed, and Lettie reaches Newgate only just in time to stay the execution. All this portion is well told; but there is a great deal of vulgar smartness in the dialogues which make up the main portion of the book. Adelaide herself is an atrociously fast young woman of the worst style and taste possible; Vaughan Dacres, Vane Stanhope, and the shoal of secondary characters, are mere composition figures; and there is not sufficient strength of interest to bear the weight of three volumes. Life is too full of serious business to allow the flirtations of any young woman to occupy so much attention.

FRENCH BOOKS.

The Religion of Fools—[*La Religion des Imbéciles*, par Henri Monnier]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This is a biting satire on the state of religion amongst the *boutiquiers* and the small *bourgeoisie* of Paris. The way in which the Sacraments are understood by them is given in the shape of dramatic conversations—caricatured, it may be, but true to life and the vulgarity of stupidity and selfishness. The heathenism of a Christian country is more painful than paganism, however dark, for there is no religion in it. Whoever would see a picture of the lower classes of the *bourgeoisie* in Paris may find it in this series of "Nouvelles Scènes Populaires." There is no disrespect offered or intended to religion; Monnier only shows that vulgarity of heart degrades the most sacred things, and makes them in its own image. This new series of popular scenes is wonderful for its delineation of the class of character represented. The same qualities would bear the same features in any time or place; but in the present work they wear a French guise, given with great artistic skill and spirit.

Science et Philosophie. Par M. Aug. Laugel. (Paris, Mallet-Bachelier.)—There is both philosophy and science in this book, in the correct meaning of both terms. The philosophy is contained in the general views of the introductory chapter; the science, in the accounts of portions of modern chemistry, optics, meteorology, &c., which fill the body of the work. We give a word to this book as to one which will interest those who take it up, and which might very usefully be taken up by young readers of France.

Railways and the Crédit of France—[*Les Chemins de Fer et le Crédit de France*, par G. Pougard'hieu]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel.)—This treatise on the present mode of organizing railway companies in France; pointing out the method by which the author considers they might be more cheaply and advantageously constructed; deprecating government interference; and proving how much more expensive, and at the same time unsatisfactory, government works are than those managed by private enterprise. The author endeavours to show what the resources of commercial credit are in France, and the development of which they are capable. The motto of the work tells the line of argument. "The United States abuse the use of credit; we have not yet learnt the use of it." These are words employed by M. Gautier, Under-Governor of the Bank of France. This treatise on Railroads in France is a closely-written and elaborately-argued work; but that there are great differences of opinion may be gathered from the long list of journals to whose objections the author replies at page 109. The work will have an interest for those whom it may concern; but general readers will find it entirely out of their line of reading.

Lovers of the Present Day—[*Les Amants d'Aujourd'hui*, par Arnould Fremy]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This novel has obtained some notoriety in France: it is an attempt to write a story in the style of 'Manon Lescaut'; but it lacks the indescribable grace which redeems that story from the disgust which the incidents are calculated to inspire. There was a touch of genius in the author, and of reality in the sentiment of 'Manon Lescaut,' which pleaded against the objections which rose every moment; but 'Les Amants d'Aujourd'hui' is a story which only proves that the entire breach of decency and discretion is not of itself sufficient to make a story amusing. The presiding genius of the present French novels seems to be dullness. Passion, imagination, emotion, satire, insight into human nature, have all disappeared; even the morbid anatomy of human nature, under temptation of the Evil One, has given place to a deadly paralysis, an insensibility to the difference of right and wrong. There is no sensibility left; no healthful play of any of the moral perceptions; dreariness and exhaustion prevail, with no signs of a future regeneration—no germ of noble or even of natural sentiments. A nation with such a literature of fiction as that of France at the present moment ought to pray for its speedy extinction and oblivion.

Women in the Provinces—[*Les Femmes de Province*]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel.)—France does not seem to possess any adorable Lady Teazles waiting their promotion. It would seem, at least from the testimony of novels, that in France everybody who is sprightly, and with talents to be agreeable, goes to Paris as naturally as the cream rises to the top of new milk. These sketches of 'Les Femmes de Province' are dull; the fault lies either in the fact or in the author.

Brazil as it is—[*Brésil tel qu'il est*, par Charles Expilly]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel.)—There is some good local colouring in this book; it is half story, half statistics, but not very amusing in either.

The Wild Sports of India—[*Les Chasses Sauvages de l'Inde*, par Germain de Lagny]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel.)—Flippant, and neither graphic nor veracious; but they have a false air of being made romantic.

L'Espagne Contemporaine, ses Progrès Moraux et Matériels au Dix-neuvième Siècle, par Fernando Garrido. (Bruxelles et Leipzig, Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Co.)—The object of 'L'Espagne Contemporaine' is to put before readers a complete picture of the resources, revenues, institutions and governmental arrangements of a country which, notwithstanding the part it has played in history and the importance of its existing power, is, the writer maintains, as little known to most European readers as China or Japan. M. Garrido's work has been conscientiously performed, and the statistical information of his volume will prove of great service to historians and politicians.

The Wedding Present—[*Le Présent de Noces*, par M. Arthur Ponroy]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This story of the 'Présent de Noces' is entirely detestable—the worst style of the modern French novel. Under pretext of being a classical story about the childhood of Homer, it gives the indecencies of scanty drapery and *poses plastiques*. It is extremely stupid, and has no interest whatever as a story and no merit as a work of art.

A Young Girl's First Love—[*Le Premier Amour d'une Jeune Fille*, par Lardin et Mie d'Aghonne]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—Some English writer cynically declares that the first love of a woman can never be got at: the second and third, by dint of research, may be found, but the first never. The reason of this is, that a girl's first love is generally quite an ideal one,—a hero in a book, or a man she has never spoken to. This novel turns on this ideality. A charming young girl becomes fascinated by an elderly man—a good and chivalrous gentleman, quite interesting enough to excuse the romance with which she invests him; and he shows himself so much of a gentleman when he suspects the state of the case, and works so loyally to help on a more suitable match for her, that the reader takes him into friendship, and the real attachment comes for the right persons in due time,—and it is all managed very gracefully; in an English novel it would be difficult, but the French element renders it natural, and *Reine* is charming. The admiring affection of her father for her mother, and the little touches of genuine human nature which are scattered throughout the book, make it very pleasant reading, and a great relief after the deluge of nightmare books.

Les Demi-Dots, par M. Audeval. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This may be translated as Fortunes not paid down, but in contingency. It is a sprightly and rather interesting novel, combined with the wonderful advantage of being a book that decent people may read without having their feelings hurt.

Conversations of Goethe with Eckerman—[*Entretiens de Goethe et d'Eckerman: Pensées sur la Littérature, les Mœurs et les Arts*, traduits, pour la première fois, par J. N. Charles.]. (Paris, Hetzel.)—This is a good translation of a work well known in England. Eckerman loved Goethe as Boswell loved Johnson, and Goethe treated him with a great deal more courtesy. There is a pleasant account of Eckerman in the Introduction.

The Tropic Land: Scenes of Mexican Life—[*La Terre Chaude: Scènes de Mœurs Mexicaines*, par Lucien Béart]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel.)—Mexico has a special interest for Frenchmen at the present moment, and this volume will give them some idea of the country; but Frenchmen always pose them-

selves as centres of a novel, and this gives 'La Terre Chaude' an air of false vivacity, which to an English reader is anything but attractive.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Mystery of Money Explained and Illustrated by the Monetary History of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Present Time. (Walton & Maberly.)—The writer of this absurd book states that he has been engaged in trade and banking ever since the year 1801, and that for more than forty years he has been a watchful observer of the events and changes which have taken place in the financial and political affairs of his country. Among the subjects which he discusses are Money in the time of Abraham—How Tribute was paid in the days of King Solomon—The Popularity of William Fitzosborn and Robin Hood—The Reform Movement and the Duke of Wellington—The Repeal of the Usury Laws—The Irish Famine—The Income Tax—The Deranged State of the American Currency in 1815—The Red-Sea Telegraph—Mr. Van Buren's Notion of the Supremacy of the Popular Will,—and Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle Speech on the 7th of October, 1862. His Table of Contents, indeed, ranges over all subjects, and over nearly every period of the world's history; but, unfortunately, it is hardly possible to open his book without discovering that he has not yet learnt the rudiments of the science which he undertakes to explain and illustrate. If the reader is sufficiently interested in this subject to get through this brief notice, he will probably require no further proof of this statement than the fact that the author of 'The Mystery of Money Explained,' after half a century's study of the subject, sticks fast at that *pons asinorum* of currency philosophers—the price of gold in England. The fact that the value of gold in this country is not suffered to find its price according to the laws of free trade, lies, he thinks, at the root of all our monetary troubles and financial disasters; and he twits Mr. Cobden and his "friend Chevalier" with not perceiving that gold is made an exception to their "cardinal rule of commerce." In short, he cannot understand why the price of gold should be fixed, while corn, sugar and cotton are left to find their own price in the market. The answer is, that the price of gold is fixed because, unlike the price of other things, it is estimated in the same substance as the gold itself. The price of gold, in fact, means how much gold of the same standard can be obtained for it; the gold being uncoined, and the sovereigns obtained for it being coined, making no difference—as the coinage, which is in fact only a notification of the weight and fineness, is performed gratuitously. In short, a pound of gold is worth a pound of gold coin, and always must be, however scarce or however plentiful gold may become. If the author will imagine the price of sugar and corn to be in like manner estimated in sugar and corn of the same quality, he will find these commodities must also remain at the same price under every variation in their scarcity or abundance. This appears simple enough; but our explainer and illustrator of the Mystery of Money will, no doubt, shake his head.

Notes on Mexico in 1861 and 1862; Politically and Socially Considered. By Charles Lempiere. (Longman & Co.)—It might have been thought next to impossible to produce a book concerning Mexico in 1861 and 1862 which should be hard to read, the present state of curiosity and political excitement considered. But Mr. Lempiere has done so, and, what adds to the singularity of the feat, has done so in spite of his having really collected some useful information regarding that rich but misgoverned kingdom. As regards want of arrangement, our author could not be exceeded. Details of personal adventure, told with no remarkable spirit or intelligence,—statistical and historical facts,—sketches of society and manners, pale and dull as compared with those of the lively Madame Calderon de la Barca,—strictures on the Intervention question, with political papers and reports,—foot-notes concerning natural productions and unnatural superstitions, are so mixed up together, as to make the book unreadable as a heap of cuttings from different newspapers would be. This is vexa-

tious: for, as we have said, now is the time for a lively or for an instructive book on Mexico, telling us how the French are thriving there.

Hymns for the Church of England. (Longman & Co.)—There is a certain air of self-satisfaction in this collection calculated to remove any hesitation which the reviewer might feel in speaking of a work that is, doubtless, well intentioned. First, we do not like the selection: because every sacred poem, such as that one here chosen for Good Friday, No. 72, however praiseworthy as a lyric, is not a hymn. There are many similar examples in this volume, both by their length and quality unfitted for congregational purposes or for private uses; unless the poem is to be read aloud, not sung. Secondly, we do not like tinkering of and tampering with known lyrics which have passed the ordeal and have been accepted. It can be only restless bad taste which could fancy the fine old Evening Hymn mended by the substitution of "All praise to thee," in the starting line, for "Glory to thee"; and we do not envy the modesty of that man or woman who conceives his or her pen capable of adding a new verse to "The spacious firmament on high." All such devices savour of book-making; and pious book-making is pre-eminently unwelcome.

Bacon's Guide to American Politics; or, a Complete View of the Fundamental Principles of the National and State Governments, with the respective Powers of each. (Low & Co.)—Since "the object of this book is to give a clear and brief explanation of the political and fundamental principles of the American Government," it must be condemned as a failure. Its information is so superficial and incomplete, that it will not assist those who are acquiring the first rudiments of American politics. Its deficiencies are rendered the more conspicuous by the sterling merit of the many cheap handbooks and introductory works which have been published on the same subject during the last two years.

Memoir of the late Rev. John Baird, Minister of Yetholm, Roxburghshire; with an Account of his Labours in Reforming the Gipsy Population of that Parish. By W. Baird, M.D. (Nisbet & Co.)—This brief memoir of the good minister, who died on November 29, 1861, after striving for more than thirty years to reclaim the Yetholm Gipsies from vagrant illness and plant within them the seeds of Christian life, contains many interesting particulars concerning the colony of tawny-visaged thieves who gave Sir Walter Scott his character of Meg Merrilies, and have for many a day roused and baffled antiquarian inquiry. The volume closes with "a list of words used by the Gipsies of Yetholm, compared with Grellman's list of the Continental Gipsy Language, and the corresponding words in Hindostanee." Collectors of Gipsyana should get possession of this unpretending narrative of a zealous clergyman's almost fruitless labours.

Songs on Italy; and other Poems. By Caroline Giffard Phillipson. (Hardwicke.)—The political songs in this volume show enthusiasm in a good cause; and there is much warm, womanly sentiment in the remaining poems. It is with reluctance, therefore, that we give an unfavourable opinion of the writer's powers. Her generous and kindly impulses deserve a fresher and more powerful utterance than she affords to them. The best lines here might find their fitting place in the albums of friends, with whom the personality of the writer would lend a charm to the verse. It is otherwise with the public, which must be charmed by the verse before it can take interest in the writer.

Poems of Early and Later Years. By D. M' Corkindale. (Simpkin & Co.)—The strings of Mr. M' Corkindale's lyre vibrate to very casual impulses. The loss of a dog, the sight of a sleeping infant, the perusal of a poem, the receipt of a picture, are among the subjects that stimulate his ever-ready muse. His strains are too quickly called forth to possess much depth or volume; and even where his theme is of general interest, the shallowness that attends undue facility is very perceptible. We hope the following lines written in the Album at Mont St. Jean are no fair sample of its contents:—

In this the spot at morn where met
Of combatants a flood;
The plains that were, ere sun had set,
Deluged with human blood;
Loved island home, whilst proud I rest
A moment, sorrow flows,
Remembering that thy bravest, best,
In thousands here repose!
Earth ne'er did see heroic dash
Like Waterloo's wild brilliant flash.

—So satisfied is the author with the last couplet, that he repeats it, with slight modifications, five times in the course of his poem. The specimen we have given will show that he is a master of that easy writing which makes very difficult reading.

Life Unfolding: a Poem for the Young. By Elizabeth Anne Campbell. (Wertheim & Co.)—'Life Unfolding' traces the various developments of Providence in sacred story, from the Patriarchs to Christ; the characters and events under review often enabling the writer to enforce a truth or to offer a devout suggestion. If an excellent purpose, earnest feeling, much good sense and a correct style, could pass for poetry—if it could dispense with emotion, fancy and original thought,—we might speak highly of the volume before us. As it is, we can only respect the intentions of the writer, and regret that the word "poem," as a part of her title, is a misnomer.

The Night Watches: and other Poems. By Alfred Ewen Fletcher. (Ward & Co.)—Our remarks on the preceding volume apply so thoroughly to this of Mr. Fletcher, that to criticize it would be to repeat them in substance. Many passages in 'The Night Watches' indicate a mind cultivated and amiable, and, except for the desire to express itself in verse, sensible also.

British Enterprise beyond the Seas; or, the Planting of Our Colonies. By J. H. Fyfe. (Nelson & Sons.)—In a style well suited to intelligent boys and girls, Mr. Fyfe tells again some of the oft-told stories of that British enterprise which has endowed Englishmen with rights of citizenship in every quarter of the globe. Mr. Fyfe's volume comes somewhat behind time. Had it appeared a few weeks earlier, we should have spoken of it favourably in our articles on the books of the "Children's Season."

Amy Thornton; or, the Curate's Daughter. By Edward Burlend. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—Amy Thornton, the curate's daughter, loses both father and mother, and after encountering much harsh treatment in a workhouse, and undergoing corporal chastisement from the mistress to whom she is apprenticed, works on patiently and dutifully till the advent of brighter days. The story is extremely dull, and several of its scenes offend delicacy. Mr. Burlend may have sinned unconsciously, but not the less has he erred gravely.

Of Religious publications we have to mention—*Half-Hours with the Bible; or, the Children's Scripture Story-Book: an Epitome of the Histories contained in the Old and New Testament, simplified for the Use of Children,* by the Author of 'Happy Sundays' (Ward & Lock),—*Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year,* by the Rev. J. S. B. Monsell (Bell & Daldy),—*Sermons on the Acts of the Apostles,* by the Rev. J. H. Gurney (Rivingtons),—*A Treatise on the Romish Tenet of Auricular Confession, wherein the Mind of the Reformed Church of England is fully shown, both in her Distinctive Teaching and Ministerial Practice, to be at utter variance with this Romish Dogma,* by the Rev. D. Ace (Westerton),—*Lines Left Out; or, Some of the Histories Left Out in "Irene upon Line"* (Hatchard & Co.),—*Watch and Pray,* by Newman Hall (Nisbet),—*Bishop Ullathorne and The Rambler; Reply to Criticisms contained in "A Letter on The Rambler and Home and Foreign Review, addressed to the Clergy of the Diocese of Birmingham, by the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne,"* by R. Simpson (Williams & Norgate),—*The Duty of Giving Away a Stated Proportion of our Income,* by W. Arthur (Nisbet),—*The Duty of Laying by for Religious and Charitable Uses a Stated Proportion of Our Income,* by R. S. Candlish (Nisbet),—*On Doing what One does with One's Might,* by the Rev. J. Cumming (Nisbet),—*"Bear ye One Another's Burdens," an Address on Practical Sympathy and prompt Beneficence,* by T. Guthrie (Nisbet),—*Choral Worship; its Design and Scriptural Authority; with an Exhortation to Choristers to Live as they Sing,* by the Rev. J. W.

Hewitt (Masters).—*The Interest of a Diocese in the Restoration of its Cathedral*, by the Rev. J. W. Hewitt (Parker).—Vol. II. of *The Monthly Paper of Sunday Teaching*, (Mozley).—Vol. XXIV. of *The Monthly Packet*, (Mozley).—A volume of the *Magazine for the Young* (Mozley).—Vol. II. of *The Children's Friend* (Seeley).—*Little People*, by the Author of 'The Two Mottoes' (Mozley).—*Brother and Sister*; or, *Margaret's Trial and the Two Temptations* (Mozley).—*The Two Cousins*; or, *the Story of a Week*, by H. S. E. (Wertheim).—*Made Clear at Last*; or, *the Story of Hannah Reade*, by H. S. E. (Wertheim).—*Three Years After: a Sequel to 'The Two Cousins'*, by H. S. E. (Wertheim).—and a Volume of *The Sunday Magazine* (Whitfield).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ada Fortescue, by the Author of 'The Dalrymple', 3 vols. 31/6 cl.
Alcock's Capital of the Tycoon, Three Years in Japan, 3 vols. 42/
Beyne's L'ira Anglicana, new edit. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Bellamy's Housekeeper's Guide to the Fish Market, 18mo. 1/ cl.
Bennett (Rev. Jas. D. D.), Memorials of, 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Bethell's Eyebright, a Tale from Fairy Land, 2nd edit. sq. 2/6 cl.
Better Times Coming, or More on Prophecy, 8vo. 2/ cl.
Books for the Household: For Fathers and Mothers, Home Happiness, For Workers and Girls, For Young Men, For Young Women, For Boys and Girls, Poetry on Home and School Life, The Pathway of Health, For Young Men and Women, 8vo. each 1/ cl.
Booth's Epigrams, Ancient and Modern, 8vo. 6/ cl.
Bradshaw's Railway Manual, for 1863, 12mo. 10/ cl.
Chitty's Treatise on the Law of Contracts, 7th ed. by Russell, 32/
Collins's No Name, new edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Consolidation Statutes, by Bigg, Comptes, 1862, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Destiny of the Human Race, a Scriptural Inquiry, 2 v. cr. 8vo. 12/
Dickson's Illustration of Bookkeeping, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Douglas's Progressive English Reader, 2d Book, 18mo. 1/ cl.
Evans's Boy's First and Progressive Verse Book, Pt. 1, 3rd ed. 2/
Fisher's Assembly's Shorter Catechism Explained, 23rd ed. 2/ cl.
Freeman's History of Federal Government, Vol. 1, 8vo. 21/ cl.
Hoare's English Roots, and the Derivation of Words, 3rd ed. 4/6
Hoppe's Discourses of Daily Duty and Daily Care, 2nd edit. 2/ cl.
Jervis's The Ionian Islands, the Present Century, 4/6 cl.
Jobson's Australia, with Notes on Egypt, Ceylon, &c. 3rd edit. 3/6
Kinzlake's Invasion of the Crimea, Vols. 1 & 2, 2nd edit. 8vo. 22/ cl.
Laing's England's Mission in the East, 8vo. 1/ 8wd.
Latham's Nationalities of Europe, 2 vols. 8vo. 22/ cl.
Lowie's Dialogue on the Best Form of Government, cr. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
Lyll's Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, 8vo. 14/ cl.
Magnet Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights, V. 5, 2/6 cl.
Maze of Baubing, 8vo. 3/6 8wd.
Parkinson's Giles Withene, 6th ed. by the Rev. F. W. Mann, 2/6
Pim's The Gate of the Pacific, 8vo. 18/ cl.
Post-Office London Directory, small ed. 1862, royal 8vo. 15/ cl.
Rask on the Longevity ascribed to the Patriarchs, cr. 8vo. 2/6
St. Olave's, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Sears's Regeneration, 8vo. 3/ cl.
Senior's Biographical Sketches, post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Smart's The New Theology, edit. by his Wife, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Smith's Principia Latina, Pt. 3, Latin Poetry, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Smith's J. D. Selections from Winnowed Grain, 2nd ed. 2/6 cl.
Sutton's Systematic and Book of Volumetric Analysis, post 8vo. 7/6
Therry's Thirty Years in New South Wales & Victoria, 8vo. 14/ cl.
Waddell's 29 Years in the W. Indies & Central Africa, cr. 8vo. 10/ cl.
Weisse's Grammar of the German Language, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5/ cl.
Westrop's 18 Selected Vocal Duets, with Piano Accompaniment, 1/
Wilberforce's Sermons, 12mo. Succession Times of Revival, 1/
Yonsey's Deafness Practically Illustrated, 6th edit. 8vo. 6/ cl.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERY.

1, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, Feb. 2, 1863.

I had not intended to have published an account of Mr. John Taylor's recent explorations in Northern Mesopotamia and Kurdistan until the arrival in England of all the new cuneiform inscriptions, which he has been the means of bringing to light, had enabled me to do full justice to the importance of his discoveries; but as a brief notice of one of these discoveries which I communicated at a late meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society has already appeared in print, and as Mr. Fox Talbot, in his letter to the *Athenæum* of the 24th of January, has drawn attention to the subject by comparing a passage in the Annals of Sardanapalus with one of the actual monuments thus found in the country, I now deem it only due to Mr. Taylor's reputation that the nature and full extent of the labours on which he has been engaged for the last two years should be made generally known.

Mr. J. Taylor, already well known to Assyrian scholars for his successful excavation of the Proto-Chaldean ruins, was appointed Consul at Diyarbekir at the close of 1860. In the following year he made his first excursion to the eastward, and found an extensive city in ruins, on the right bank of the Tigris, about 20 miles below Diyarbekir. The ruins covered a raised platform at least six miles in circumference, and were crowned towards the south-east corner of the inclosure by a lofty mound, about 180 feet high, the site of the ancient citadel. On the summit of this mound had stood, until lately, two slabs imbedded in the earth, and exhibiting Assyrian sculptures and inscriptions. These slabs had been thrown down the slope of the mound, and one of them had been broken, a few years back, by some ignorant

Turkish officials in search of treasure; but Mr. Taylor uncovered them at the foot of the slope, and took paper casts of portions of the inscriptions, which he forwarded to me in England. The casts were not sufficiently perfect to admit of the inscriptions being completely restored and deciphered, but still, as I found from such portions as were legible that the monuments belonged to the most flourishing period of Assyrian history, the reigns of the great Sardanapalus and his son Shalmaneser, and promised to be of much value in affording the means of verifying the annals of those monarchs, I recommended the Trustees of the British Museum to secure the slabs at once, and, further, to expend a small sum of money (500*l.*) in experimental excavations at the same spot, under Mr. Taylor's superintendence. Her Majesty's Government, however, to whom application to this effect was duly made, declined to admit the small sum in question into last year's Estimates, and the marbles might thus have been entirely lost to the nation had not Mr. Taylor, acting on my suggestion, and fortified by a *firman* obtained for him by Sir Henry Bulwer at Constantinople, removed the slabs before the result of the application to Government was known, and despatched them *vid* Bussorah and round the Cape of Good Hope to England. They may be expected to arrive in the course of the spring; and in the mean time the Trustees of the Museum have consented to indemnify Mr. Taylor for his outlay, and to defray the cost of the transport of the slabs to England out of the fixed sum which is yearly allotted for the purchase of Antiquities; so that these curious tablets, set up as memorials of the foreign conquests of the Assyrian kings, will, after all, be added to our national collection.

I have not been able to find in the portions of the inscriptions which have been sent to me any notice of the actual erection of the memorial tablets, so as to be able to identify positively the site where they have been discovered; but I judge from many indications of relative geography which are given in the routes of the great Sardanapalus, that the city which Mr. Taylor has found below Diyarbekir is the *Tuskha* or *Tuskhan* of the inscriptions; and if this be the case, one of the slabs, now on its way to England, will be the actual monument which is described at the commencement of the second column of the Annals of Sardanapalus, in the following passage: "I made an image of my majesty on a carved slab of stone, and I wrote on it the glorious titles of my sovereignty and a record of the warlike achievements which I had performed in the country of *N'airi*, and I set it up in the city of *Tuskha*, and placed my written tablets in the citadel; and the people of Assyria who in consequence of a scarcity of food had ascended into foreign countries, *i.e.* the country of *Rura*, I brought them back and placed them in the city of *Tuskha* (See *Brit. Mus. Series*, pl. 20, lines 5-8).

The only portion, it is true, which I have been able to read from the imperfect cast of the slab of Sardanapalus now in my possession, refers not to *Tuskha*, but to the expedition which is narrated in the Annals, pl. 22. l. 86, and which was conducted against the districts around Mount Masius, south of the country of *N'airi* (*Mediyât*, where a memorial tablet was set up during the expedition in question, being *Mediyât*, the modern capital of *Jebel Tur*); but I think it probable that the *N'airi* campaigns are recorded at the back of the slab, and there also at the close of the record I should expect to find a notice of the erection of the monument.

The second slab found by Mr. Taylor, and also on its way to England, belongs to Shalmaneser, the son of Sardanapalus, whose annals are, as it is well known, recorded on the Nimrud Obelisk and Bulls. The portions of the inscription on this slab which I have read contain an account of the king's wars in Armenia, Mesopotamia and northern Syria, and add many new names, both of kings and countries, to those already known, besides describing the erection of two memorial tablets which are not otherwise recorded, one upon the sea of *N'airi* (Lake *Van*), and the other at the source of the river *Saluâra*, which issues, it is

said, from the foot of Mount Amanus in northern Syria; but I can find nothing which throws a light on the locality where the monument was found, nor do I think that the Annals on the Obelisk contain any allusion to the erection of this particular tablet.

With respect to the identification of the site where these antiquities have been found, in classical geography, though nothing positive can be affirmed, I can offer a very reasonable conjecture. The name of *Tuskha*—if that, indeed, were the Assyrian title of the city—is not to be recognized under any possible disguise either in ancient or modern authors, and it is probable therefore that the designation was lost at a very early period. At present, the ruins are only known in the country by the name of *Kurkh*, and in this title we may trace, I think, a relic of the "Carchiocrats" of the Greeks; at any rate the notices which are preserved of that city are sufficiently applicable, for Carchiocrats was on the Tigris ("Proxima Tigri," *Plin. lib. vi. p. 9*), and it was the capital of Sophene, which extended from the Anti-Taurus to Masius (*Strabo, lib. xi. p. 363*). Moreover the name of Carchiocrats appears to signify "the city of the Carchians," and *Kurkh* in the cuneiform inscriptions is a country which extends from the frontiers of *Bitân*, or Armenia, on one side, to the *Khetta*, or Hittites, on the other; or from *Bellis* to the east, as far as Edessa to the west; so that *Kurkh* would be nearly in the centre of this long strip of territory. The place, however, would seem to have remained uninhabited since the Parthian era, for there is no trace of the name in Syriac or Armenian or Arabic authors; and so much uncertainty has thus attached to the site of Carchiocrats that St. Martin and D'Anville have respectively placed it at *Miyafarikin* and at *Diyarbekir*.

A more extensive excursion which Mr. Taylor made in the same year (1861) led him from *Diyarbekir* by *Miyafarikin* to *Arzen*; thence by *Zoke* to *Sert*; along the *Bohtan* river to its junction with the Tigris at *Tillec*, where there is also a fine Assyrian ruin, frequently mentioned in the inscriptions; from *Tillec* by *Redhvan* (the Rhaddium of Procopius) to *Him-Keif*; then across the Tigris and by *Kejr-Joze* to *Mediyât*, and so on to *Mardin* and *Diyarbekir*. This route admits of the most copious illustration from the Assyrian inscriptions, and Mr. Taylor came upon many undoubted relics of the time of the Ninevite kings, though he found no sculptures or inscriptions above ground. His most remarkable discovery I consider to have been that of the ruins of *Kejr-Joze*, which he describes as an immense city at the northern foot of Mount Masius, and the great treasure-house from which the larger portion of the Greek and Parthian coins and gems current in northern Mesopotamia are procured: thus leading to the conclusion that we have at last found the site of the famous city of Tigranocerta, which has so long been the despair of modern geographers.

During the last autumn, Mr. Taylor has been again afoot, and has been rewarded by some discoveries of the very highest interest. On leaving *Diyarbekir*, he first visited *Egil*, which is situated to the north, on the right bank of the Tigris, some ten miles above the junction of the eastern branch, now called the *Tsebench*, and anciently the *Taupnah*, or river of Sophene. For a description of the place, I now quote his letter to me of August 6th, 1862: "I have no time to give you here a detailed account of *Egil*, although it deserves one. I will only report the existence, on an isolated rock at the western end of the old castle, of a cuneiform inscription and bas-relief of an Assyrian king. Both are unfortunately nearly obliterated, the outline of the figure being alone traceable, together with faint signs of the cuneiform character. However, there is quite enough to prove the origin of the sculpture. The inscription is in a sunken niche, three inches deep and six long by four broad, and reaches up to the waist of the figure, the upper portion of which is above it, while the feet rest on the lower edge of the inscribed niche, and the letters run across the figure. The whole mountain side is burrowed with grots, and most of them are finished with much

greater care than is usual in these primitive abodes."

Now it is not easy to identify in the cuneiform inscriptions, either the town of *Egil*, or the king who must have there sculptured a memorial tablet. The *Egil* sculpture cannot represent either of the tablets of Shalmaneser, which he engraved on the face of the rock, at the sources of the Tigris, in his seventh and fifteenth years respectively; for those works were executed at the spot "where the waters issue forth" (see Layard's 'Assyrian Inscriptions,' pl. 90, line 71, and pl. 16, line 47), and must be sought accordingly in the hill to the south of the little *Gokcha* lake, near the high road conducting from *Kharpat* to *Diyarbekir*; nor is there any record in the Annals of Sardanapalus of a work in this neighbourhood which is at all applicable. The name of *Egil*, although known to the later Greeks (compare the 'Inglene' of Pet. Patricius, Exc. de Legat. p. 30, and perhaps the 'Acilezene' of Strabo and Ptolemy), does not certainly date from the Assyrian period; and the only place mentioned in the Annals of Sardanapalus which appears to suit the locality is *Damadmusu*, near the *Tsupnat* or *Tæbeneh* river, and midway between *Amida* (or *Diyarbekir*), and *Arkania*, the modern *Arghaneh* (see B.M. Ser. pl. 26, l. 105, *sqq.*); but there is no account of a memorial tablet in that immediate vicinity.

Mr. Taylor's next discovery was at the village of *Tæbeneh*, probably the old capital of Sophene, where he found a capacious subterranean building, hollowed out of the solid rock, and now used as a church; but there were no inscriptions to attest the age of the work.

Ascending the river to its source, Mr. Taylor now made his crowning discovery, which I will communicate in his own words, copying from his letter to me of October the 2nd, 1862:—"My tour has been unfortunately cut short by a severe fever, which I caught in an unhealthy cave copying two cuneiform inscriptions which I found there. They are small, and one is much defaced; but the site is interesting, and they may prove of some geographical value. The Tigris above *Diyarbekir* is, as you know, formed of two branches,—the *Egil*, or *Gokcha* Lake branch, and the *Tæbeneh Su*, called also in Keiappert's map the *Uch-Gul Su*. This latter branch issues out of a cave some twelve miles north of *Sidjer*, close to a village called *Korkhar*. In this cave are the inscriptions. It is a most curious spot, and the river issues forth from it, after an underground course of very considerable length, but not quite so far as the Lake Thospitis of the ancients. I send you herewith a copy of one of the inscriptions; the other is much longer, but, unfortunately, a good deal defaced: however, I send through Constantinople paper casts of both, and I hope they will be acceptable to you. On the top of the cave are the ruins of an old castle, with curious tanks cut into the solid rock, and also a staircase cut through the rock forming the roof of the cave, one end of which is immediately above the water, the element having been, I suppose, drawn up for the use of the garrison by buckets and ropes."

Now, Mr. Fox Talbot is quite right in referring to this spot the account which is given in the Annals of Sardanapalus of a memorial tablet executed by him at the sources of the *Tsupnat* in the same locality, with similar monuments executed by his ancestors, *Tiglath-Pileser* and *Tiglath-Bar*. (See B.M. Ser., pl. 19, l. 101, *sqq.*) That the river, indeed, which issues from the *Korkhar* cave is the *Tsupnat* of the inscriptions, although mistaken both by the Greek and Arabic geographers for the true Tigris, there cannot be a doubt. The final *t* is a mere feminine termination, as in *Purat* or *Euphrates*, *Diglat* or *Tigris*, *Aranta* or *Orontes*, *Turnat* or *Torna*, &c. The true name is *Tsupna*, exactly answering to the *Σωφνη* of the Greeks and the *Tsuphanya* of the Syrians; and the modern title which some travellers write as *Sebeneh* and others as *Dibeneh*, but which should really be pronounced with a dental sibilant as the initial letter, is a near reproduction of the old designation. The natural phenomena which existed at this spot in the subterranean course of the river, and its exit from a dark and gloomy cave, appear to have

given greater prominence to the source of the *Tsupnat* than to the source of the true Tigris, and to have thus caused the one to be taken for the other both by the Greeks and Arabs; for it can hardly be questioned that the remarkable descriptions of Strabo and Pliny, although applied to the Tigris, refer in reality to the cave discovered by Mr. Taylor; and the Arab account also of the dark cave at *Hiluras* (the *Ἰλλύρας* of Procopius, 'De Ædific.', iii. 3) from whence the Tigris rose (see *Yacut*, in *voce*) is certainly intended for the same place; but the cuneiform notices of the two localities are quite distinct, and the right or western branch of the river, which rises near the *Gokcha* Lake, and thence passes by *Arghaneh* to *Egil* and *Diyarbekir*, is acknowledged in the country to be the true Tigris.

Mr. Fox Talbot's translation of the passage from the Annals of Sardanapalus referring to the tablets at the source of the *Tsupnat*, although not, I think, rigidly correct, especially in regard to the names, is sufficiently close to be adopted without cavil. It has long been known to me, and I have no doubt that the monument in the cave of *Korkhar*, of which Mr. Taylor has now furnished me with a sketch and copy, is one of the actual tablets alluded to by Sardanapalus, and that it was executed in the thirteenth century B.C. The tablet contains a figure of the king with his right arm extended and holding in his left the *Kharuth* or sceptre of dominion, and adjoining him is an inscription to the following effect: "By the Grace of *Asshur*, the Sun and Æther, the great Gods, my lords, I, *Tiglath-Pileser*, King of Assyria, son of *Asshur-ris-elim*, King of Assyria, who was son of *Mutaggil-Nebo*, King of Assyria, marching from the great sea of *Akhiri* (or the West, i.e. the Mediterranean) to the sea of *Nairi* (Lake Van) for the third time have invaded the country of *Nairi*." The only imperfect or doubtful word in this inscription is that which I have translated "marching," and the genealogy, which is the same as that on the *Shirgât* cylinders, positively identifies the king as the first *Tiglath-Pileser*. The cast of the second tablet has not yet reached me, and I am unable, therefore, to say whether it belongs to *Tiglath-Bar*, the father of Sardanapalus, or to Sardanapalus himself; but I expect, if the inscription is at all legible, to find it of the latter king; and think it probable it will furnish some further illustrations of the campaign described in the latter part of the first column of the Annals. There should, however, according to the passage quoted by Mr. Fox Talbot, be a third tablet at the sources of the *Tsupnat*, and this, perhaps, will still be found in some of the dark recesses of the cave.

Mr. Taylor also discovered a Parthian or Sassanian sculptured tablet at *Boshat*, near *Halda*, in the *Silwan* district, and he had positive intelligence of some more cuneiform inscriptions near *Moosh*, which he hoped to visit in the spring. It is probable, indeed, that what he has already found is but an earnest of future discovery, for there are at least twenty tablets commemorated in the inscriptions as having been executed by the different Assyrian kings in the Kurdish mountains, and Mr. Taylor will hardly give over the search for them until he has thoroughly ransacked the country from the Persian frontier to Syria.

And now a few words on the general question of cuneiform decipherment. Mr. Fox Talbot complains with some bitterness of the continued incredulity of some of our best orientalists as to the successful interpretation of the Assyrian inscriptions; but he does not trace that incredulity to its true source. I believe myself, that with such men as Ewald, and Renan, and Cureton, the tendency to disbelieve in our system of decipherment arises mainly from the importance and magnitude of the subject; for if we are in the right track the result of our researches threatens to dwarf all other branches of Oriental inquiry, and almost to supersede the hitherto cherished study of Hebrew and Arabic and Syriac literature. Mr. Fox Talbot, however, and M. Oppert are also, in some degree, themselves responsible for the result which they deprecate, owing to their want of care in distinguishing in their translations between what is certain and what is uncertain. No doubt, a very large

portion of every Assyrian inscription is now perfectly intelligible. Such portions would be read and explained and translated in the same way by Assyrian scholars, whether in England, or Ireland, or France, or Germany, and an analysis might be given, both etymological and grammatical, which would be entirely satisfactory to Semitic students; but there is also in all the Assyrian inscriptions a certain proportion of archaic forms, consisting of words and phrases borrowed from the Turanian dialects of the Proto-Chaldean Empire, which set at defiance all Semitic rules and analogies, but which are, nevertheless, usually read and translated as if they presented no linguistic difficulty. The weak point at present in Assyrian decipherment is the treatment of these archaisms. They are usually spoken of as ideographs, which, however, is a complete misnomer, and their incongruity—so offensive to Semitic scholars as, in their estimation, to discredit the whole system of interpretation—is rarely noticed. I would recommend translators to confess their entire ignorance of this branch of the subject, or to wait at any rate until the copious bilingual and trilingual vocabularies and grammatical tracts which I am now engaged in editing are available for general reference, before they attempt either to read or to explain the so-called Assyrian ideographs.

I will only add, in conclusion, that a new means of verifying our Assyrian readings is now opening out to us, which the most resolute disbelievers will hardly venture to gainsay. Having had occasion to examine the many hundreds of small "contract" tablets in the British Museum for the purpose of extracting their dates, and thus completing the Eponymous Canon which I discovered last year, I have found that a considerable number of these tablets have a memorandum in the cursive Phœnician character scratched upon their margin, intended, as it would seem, to assist the Nineveh Librarian in the arrangement of the documents. These Phœnician legends are rude and in many cases nearly illegible; but wherever I have been able to read them, I have found them to give the same names as are inscribed in the cuneiform character on the body of the tablet; the much-desired test of bilingual writing being thus at length obtained. I have not yet fully worked out this new mine of information, but I am in hopes of being able to resolve, by means of the Phœnician key, several doubtful points in the phonetic reading of Assyrian proper names, and especially to ascertain the vernacular titles of many of the gods, which are usually expressed by monograms, or which appear under the disguise of mere qualificative epithets. H. C. RAWLINSON.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Feb. 2, 1863.

THE experiment upon Cardinal Mezzofanti's powers in Chinese conversation which Mr. Waterton, in illustration of the Cardinal's knowledge of Chinese dialects, records on the authority of the late Dr. Donaldson, is probably the same (although the accounts do not tally in all particulars) with that of which Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle, was informed by the Cardinal himself, in 1846 ('Life of Mezzofanti,' p. 224). Indeed, Mr. Waterton's statement and that of your Correspondent "W." as to Mezzofanti's acquaintance with other dialects of Chinese besides the *Whan-wha*, or Mandarin, are borne out by the unanimous testimony of all the *habitués* of the Propaganda, so far as the belief of non-experts in the language can be adduced as valid evidence.

I may add that, probably, the only address in the nature of a sermon in Chinese ever spoken in Europe was delivered by Mezzofanti, on occasion of a "Spiritual Retreat," to the Chinese students of the Propaganda. Among the autographs inserted in the new issue of the 'Life' (p. 368) is a very pretty specimen of his Chinese writing.

Your readers may be interested by a later pentameter which he composed *impromptu*, in reply to a compliment addressed to him by a Chinese priest. A Roman friend sent it to me soon after the publication of the 'Life.' Playing upon the name "Mezzofanti," which, resolved into Chinese monosyllables, signifies "he accomplishes in silence all virtues," the visitor addressed Mezzofanti—

Hic est qui tacitus virtutes perficit omnes.

Mezzofanti, without a moment's hesitation, completed the couplet :

Ast semper loquitur :—perficit ergo nihil !

The line, I think, is worth preserving, if not for itself, at least as an evidence of Mezzofanti's modest simplicity, and of his own regretful consciousness of what has often been imputed to him as a fault—the little permanent account to which he had been able to turn his wonderful faculty of languages.

C. W. RUSSELL.

The estimate of Mezzofanti formed by Dr. Smith, the Bishop of Victoria, as conveyed in Mr. Waterton's letter, is in the main correct. The Cardinal was "not a very profound Chinese scholar." No other evidence of this need be required than that which Mr. Waterton himself furnishes as having fallen from the Cardinal's own lips, if he be accurately reported to have said, "I put him (Dr. S.) through all the different dialects in turn, until I found out that he was talking the dialect used at the sea-coast; and then we were at our ease at once." Now, the Bishop is a very competent authority as regards the Mandarin, which he speaks with considerable fluency. This, however, is not a dialect at all, but the universal official language employed in every part of China, and spoken by all the authorities. I do not understand what is meant by "the dialect of the sea-coast"; there being in the district accessible to Europeans during Mezzofanti's lifetime at least three separate sea-coast dialects, so unlike one another that the inhabitants of the Kwang, Fookien and Kiang provinces can hold no oral converse together; and, I believe, Dr. Smith never pretended to a knowledge of "all the different dialects" through which he is said to have been "put" by the Cardinal, but has mainly confined his attention to the *Hwan Hwa* (or *Kwan Hwa*, if that mode of writing pleases your Correspondent, and be thought by him more accurately to represent—which it does not—the native sound). In the immediate scene of Dr. Smith's labours two dialects prevail, known by the names of the *Pun-ti* and the *Ha Ka*: the former is the aboriginal Cantonese, the latter is the idiom introduced by emigrant settlers. Since our possession of Hong Kong, more attention has been paid to both by foreign missionaries. I do not think Mezzofanti had much, if any, knowledge of either.

B.

LES MATINÉES ROYALES.

Hanover Square, Feb. 11.

The following may not be uninteresting to your readers:—

'Les Matinées du Roi de Prusse, écrites par Lui-même en 1764, copied from the original Manuscript found in the Library at Sans-Souci.' This is the title of the MS. copy in my possession. I will now give the history, such as I know of it.

During Napoleon's war with Prussia, a French officer is said to have found the MS. document with the above title at Sans-Souci, and gave it to Savary, Duke of Rovigo, who read it to Napoleon; Savary keeping it with great care amongst his private papers.

After Napoleon's exile to Santa Helena, Savary settled for a while at Smyrna, under the name of M. St.-Raymond, residing in the house of an English merchant, Mr. C. W., allowing him to take a copy of the 'Matinées.' Mr. C. B., a relative of Mr. C. W., took a copy of the copy, and on his return to England, in 1818, offered the document to Lord Dover, who replied that it was already known to him.

The document was offered to Baron Bulow, then Prussian Ambassador in this country, who declined purchasing it, informing Mr. C. B. that if he published it, he would have him prosecuted!

In 1849, Mr. C. B. handed to me the 'Matinées' to read, expressing a wish that I should offer the MS. to the Chevalier Bunsen. This I did, but received no answer to my letter.

I now translated the 'Matinées,' and they appeared in the November number of the *United Service Magazine* for 1850. In the months of November and December of the same year, Mr. Thomas, the proprietor of the *Courrier de l'Europe*,

published in London, printed the 'Matinées' in French from my MS.

Some time in 1851, another English translation appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*, from the *Courrier de l'Europe*. In April, 1851, I wrote a letter to Mr. Hogg, telling him all I knew of the 'Matinées'; I also freely distributed copies of the 'Matinées,' in English and French, to several literary men.

Whether the 'Matinées' be a "false shilling" or not; neither Carlyle, nor Pauli, whom he quotes, makes out a very good case against its genuineness; and although the German translator of Carlyle's 'History of Friedrich' gives us some curious information, still I think that a jury of literary men (not Prussians) would have doubts in regard to some of the assertions contained in his letter. In my MS. copy, the date 1764 is given as the period of the composition of the 'Matinées'; your Correspondent mentions 1756 as the date of a printed copy: however, farther on, he alludes to 1766. The letter of March 4, 1766, from Frederick's aide-de-camp, calling the 'Matinées' an *écécrable écrit*, by the King's order, does not quite satisfy me that the King did not write the 'Matinées.' They were not intended for publication, but for the private perusal of his nephew, who succeeded him in 1786.

W. B.

Hampstead, Feb. 9, 1863.

Allow me to correct some more or less grave misprints that occur in my letter in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last. P. 193, col. 3, "1756" should be 1766; "Jeilius" should be *Scilius*. P. 194, col. 2, in the "shape" should be *shops*.

THE GERMAN TRANSLATOR OF CARLYLE'S 'HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH.'

14, Henrietta Street, Feb. 11, 1863.

It is no part of our business to defend the opinions of any of the writers in the *Home and Foreign Review*; whenever the criticisms on them are of sufficient importance, they will doubtless do so for themselves. Our present object is, therefore, merely to protest against the impertinent tone of the letter in your last number respecting the 'Matinées Royales,' recently published by us. The arguments of a writer pretending to give an opinion on a point of German history, who imagines that the *Seven-Years' War* was terminated by the *Peace of Utrecht*, may surely be left to answer themselves! It cannot be expected that any Prussian will readily admit the Royal authorship of the 'Matinées,' much less that Dr. Preuss, the editor of the 'Works of Frederic the Great,' printed and published at the expense of the King of Prussia, should be unbiassed in his judgment; but that one having so little claim to be heard as an authority should treat the subject of which he evidently knows so little in so offensive a style, is scarcely tolerable. If we could hope that a title of your readers would read the article in the *Home and Foreign Review*, which your Correspondent so entirely misrepresents, we should have taken no notice of his attack, and would only refer those who take an interest in the subject to the article in question, out of which he appears to have gathered all the facts which he parades, omitting or misrepresenting the arguments. As to Dr. Preuss's recent manifesto, which in several places he (probably from ignorance) mistranslates, it was evidently written before he had seen either the new edition or the article in the *Review*, and therefore cannot count for much. A new edition of 'Buffon's Correspondence' is just announced in Paris—we shall see what use the Editor has made of his correspondence with Dr. Preuss. We are, &c.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE.

THE DUOMO AT FLORENCE.

Florence, Jan. 27, 1863.

THE *Concorso* or competitive exhibition of designs for the new façade of the Duomo of Florence has been open ever since the beginning of the month. It excites a strong feeling of interest among the Italians and their foreign visitors, and endless are the discussions to which the merits of the respective drawings give rise. The *Concorso* is open to artists of all nations; and of the forty-two exhibitors, one is said to be English, one French, one Danish and

two German; a not very abundant proportion of Ultramontane talent to join with that of Italian growth in striving for the honour of completing so grandiose a monument of ancient art as Santa Maria del Fiore.

At present, of course, the authorship of the respective drawings is a secret, and they are known only by the number attached to each, although report assigns them to such or such well-known architect, with more or less semblance of truth. The Committee entrusted with the prosecution of this great work has for its President the cousin of the king, Prince Carignano. It is to depute seven of the first artists of Italy to examine the claims of the designs, and award prizes to the best three designs, of 1,800, 1,500 and 1,200 *francesconi*. There will also be three smaller prizes of 300 *francesconi* each, the gainers of which will also have their drawings returned to them, while the Committee is to remain in possession of those which win the principal prizes, on the understanding, however, that it by no means binds itself to the execution of any one of the successful designs. Indeed, it is no easy matter to be dashed off at a heat, this putting the finishing stroke to the grand old church, and filling up the long unsightly blank wall which faces the baptistery, and stands aside byside with the peerless belfry-tower. More than one of the great men of old, the very men who designed and reared the Duomo, put their hands to the task and left it worse than incomplete. The façade has been commenced no less than three times, the first, about the year 1300, by Arnolfo, of which two nearly contemporary sketches still exist, one in the cloisters of Santa Croce, and the other in the chapel of the Spaniards in the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella. This first façade, of which a considerable portion was completed, was taken down by Giotto when employed on the completion of the cathedral, as being inferior in richness of design to the rest of the building. The second façade, designed by Giotto, was begun about 1332, and carried up nearly to the height of the western circular window. It is still to be seen represented in fresco in the first cloister of the Convent of San Marco, by Bernardino Toccetti. There are also engravings of it in the works of Nelli and Del Migliore, and in 'La Metropolitana Fiorentina Illustrata.' This façade also was taken down at a later date, when the classical restorers of the Renaissance period carried everything before them and opposed the finishing of Giotto's design. There was yet a third façade, designed by Dosio and Buontalenti; but it can hardly be said to have existed, for it scarcely rose above the foundations.

The difficulties which stand in the way of the accomplishment of this great architectural work are immense. They exist no less in the grand outlines of the design, than in making the details harmonize with the mixed character of the different parts of the building as it stands. The form of façade adopted by Arnolfo and Giotto was that of the triple-pointed gable pyramidally arranged, called by the Italian architects *tricuspidale-archiacuto*. The same form appears likewise in many of the most successful drawings exhibited, but it has serious disadvantages to meet with in the internal proportions of the church. As all may remember who have visited Santa Maria del Fiore, the height from the cornice, which takes the place of a clerestory, to the ceiling, is insignificant as compared with the majestic stature of the great arches of the nave below; and the proportions of the external gables which occupy a corresponding position in the building become necessarily dwarfed, and, as it were, tacked-on to the lower portion of the façade. Yet, on the other hand, infinite care is required to avoid detracting from the lithe elegance of the *Cumpanile* close at hand, by comparison with a too towering mass of façade, however well suited to the cupolas above it.

These are but a very few from among the host of conditions and obligations which the peculiar requirements of the work impose, calling for a complex adaptation rather than a reproduction or creation of a great architectural work. Many of the designs exhibited have no ordinary share of merit; and among these the drawings numbered 14, 18, 25, 29 and 35 are perhaps the most conspicuous,

especially as regards the lower half of the façade. Still, not one seems as yet to be designated by the public voice as entirely worthy of adoption, and the opinion of not a few of those best fitted to advise on the subject speaks out in the observations published in the *Nasione*, by some gentlemen of note in the Italian literary world, from whose remarks I quote a passage or two which contain a good deal that is worthy of attention. One point to which they especially seek to direct the public mind is the consideration of what is to be done if the definitive result of the Committee's deliberation should be, that the highest prize ought not to be awarded, because not one of the designs is entirely worthy of the proposed work.

In such a case they throw out the following very reasonable suggestions:—

First. That it should be at once announced that the highest prize will not be given away, for the reasons above mentioned.

Secondly. That each of the winners of the five inferior prizes should be *commissioned* to produce a new drawing of the façade of Santa Maria del Fiore, modified and corrected, to be presented to the Committee within a year from the date of such commission.

Thirdly. That to each of the five artists thus commissioned should be promised a sum of 2,500 *lire* (100*l.*), to cover the necessary expenses; and that, moreover, to the one whose design shall be declared the best, over and above the promised sum of money, shall be assigned a principal share in the direction of the building.

Fourthly. The Council of Judges, at the same time that the Committee gives commission for the new designs, shall direct whether the style to be adopted in the façade is to be the "horizontal monocuspidal" or the "pointed tricuspidal," in order that all their efforts may tend towards one and the same aim.

Some other pieces of good counsel are also offered to the Committee; such as that the execution of one of the five new designs shall necessitate no sort of change in the organic structure of the church, by enlargement, alteration or removal of any portion of it; that only one design, namely, that selected for execution, shall remain in the possession of the Committee; and that a fresh Council of Judges shall be chosen for the examination of the new designs. Meanwhile, the new façade of Santa Croce, commenced five years ago, is well-nigh finished, and it is expected that the scaffoldings which hide it will ere long be removed. The structure is highly praised by such as have been admitted to see it; and it is said that the architect, Signor Matas, has admirably carried out his design both in detail and general effect. This gentleman has also, I hear, completed a design for the new façade of the Duomo of much merit, which, however, he has not seen fit to exhibit at the *Concorso* among the other drawings for the great work on hand.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. John Stuart Mill is about to publish a volume on 'Utilitarianism.'

Lieut.-Col. Fisher is preparing for publication 'A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in China in 1859-1861.'—Col. Sir James E. Alexander announces 'Incidents of the Maori War in New Zealand in 1860.'—Lieut.-Col. Carreys, Deputy-Adjutant-General in the Australian Colonies, has prepared 'A Narrative of the War in New Zealand in 1860-1861.' These works will be published by Mr. Bentley.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate have in the press Prof. Huxley's new work, 'Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature.'—Messrs. Huxley and Hawkins's 'Comparative Osteology.'—Dr. Barlow's 'Contributions to the Critical Study of Dante's Divina Commedia,'—and M. P. Barrère's 'Écrivains Français.'

Sir Alexander Grant has in the press a lecture on 'Rome, England and India.'

At the Evening Meeting of the Royal Society on Thursday last, the Prince of Wales was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Society. We believe that His Royal Highness, following the example

of his illustrious father, will attend at some coming meeting of the Society to sign his name in the Charter Book, and be formally admitted. We should hope that whenever the admission takes place, there will be a goodly muster of the Fellows to render due honour to the occasion.

The Annual *Soirée* of the Photographic Society will take place on Friday evening next, February 20th, in the Gallery of the Exhibition, Suffolk Street.

On Monday next, Mr. Cowper will bring before the House of Commons his scheme for constructing the new street in the City in connexion with the Thames Embankment. The proposed street will run from Blackfriars to the Mansion House.

The ninth part of Mr. Collier's 'Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature' is a reprint of George Whetstone's very rare tract, 'The Censure of a Loyal Subject.' The subject is the execution of Babington, Salisbury, Tichbourne, Ballard, and ten other Roman Catholic conspirators, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Sept. 20, 21, 1586; an event of the highest interest in connexion with Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, and not without importance for the readers of Bacon and Shakespeare. That conspiracy was the seed-plot of Essex's Rebellion and of the Gunpowder Treason. Of course, the outlines of the transaction have been given by Stow, Camden and others, who have been copied, more or less faithfully, by the moderns. But George Whetstone's work contains many curious details not in Stow or Camden, so that this tract is absolutely necessary to a complete historian of Elizabeth's reign. Whetstone, a poet, a captain and a patriot, was an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes; but being called away from London on active military service under Lord Leicester, he left his paper with his fellow-poet, Thomas Churchyard, who brought it out and signed the Preface.

We have only to insert the following as we receive it:—

"7, Drayton Terrace, Feb. 8.

"Your notice of 'Married in Haste,' last week, concludes with the words, 'and so ends the author's idea of a tale of every-day life.' Will you permit me to remark, that I am in no way responsible for this unfortunate sub-title, of which I was unconscious till the advertisements appeared, and it was too late to object.—Yours, &c.,

"LASCELLES WRAXALL."

Among our readers there must be some who, in their studies at Kensington, have stopped before a charming picture called 'A View of St. Paul's.' The painter of this work was Joseph Axe Sleep, an artist of some power, who broke down after a long struggle with poverty, and died just as he seemed about to emerge into notice and into comfort. The patron who had found him out in his obscurity died twelve months after his *protégé*, leaving by will to the National Gallery a right to make a selection from the pictures in his possession. They selected a small Hogarth, a Berghem, and this very 'View of St. Paul's,' which is now in the Museum. The widow and daughter of the artist, although in bad health, have starved on a little needlework and on the proceeds of the sale of a few sketches and pictures left by Mr. Sleep. An attempt is being made by Mr. W. J. Thoms, of the House of Lords, Mr. Ouvry (Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries), Mr. Woodward (Her Majesty's Librarian), Mr. John Bruce, of the Record Office, and a few other gentlemen, to raise a sum for their immediate wants. Any information which may be desired will be readily given by Mr. Bruce.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Geological Society will be held at the Society's apartments, Somerset House, on Friday next, February 20, at one o'clock; and the Annual Dinner will take place the same evening at six o'clock, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's.

An autograph letter of William of Wykeham, dated 1367, has just been sold at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's, Leicester Square. It consisted of a few lines, somewhat obscurely expressed, but apparently referring to the payment of the ransom of the Duke of Bourbon as a bribe for his own appointment to the See of Winchester. It sold

for 29*l.* 10*s.* In the same sale were other literary curiosities:—a volume of Autographs of artists, authors, &c. of the present day, 16*l.* 10*s.*—two volumes of Chinese drawings, 45*l.*—Tyndale's Testament, 1550, 10*l.* 10*s.*—Bible, 1549, 11*l.*—Cranmer's Bible, 1549, 10*l.* 15*s.*—Cranmer's Bible, the only edition printed in the reign of Queen Mary, who is said to have ordered the destruction of it, 12*l.*—the first edition of the 'Breeches' version, 11*l.*—Clutterbuck's History of Hertford, 80*l.* 10*s.*—Dugdale's Monasticon, in parts, 16*l.* 10*s.*—Record of the House of Gournay, a privately-printed volume by Mr. Daniel Gurney, 16*l.*—Sacred Hymns (set to music), 1615, 4*to.*, 8*l.* 15*s.*—Gould's Humming Birds, in parts, 64*l.*—Higden's Polychronicon, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1495, 40*l.* 19*s.*—Marlborough Gems, 2 vols., (of this book one hundred copies only were printed for presents,) 14*l.*—Shakespeare's Plays, second edition, 1632, 16*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*—Surtees's History of Durham, 4 vols., 28*l.*—an early MS. of Dante's Inferno, Purgatorio e Paradiso, 28*l.*—A Collection of Accounts of the Court of Leo the Tenth, with entries of payments to Raffaello and others, 20*l.* 10*s.*—a MS. copy of Tasso's Discourse on Feminine Virtue, in the autograph of the author, twelve leaves (not complete), 25*l.* About 250 Deeds and Charters from the Surrenden Collection formed by Sir Edward Dering, temp. Car. I., realized prices varying from a few shillings to 20*l.* each.

The Bishop of Exeter has expressed an intention of presenting to the county of Cornwall his extensive theological library, on condition that a suitable building shall be provided in Truro for its reception. At a general meeting of the Archdeaconry of Cornwall, it was agreed to accept the offer. A site has been selected in the town of Truro, and the purchase will shortly be completed. The Bishop has directed that a deed of gift shall be prepared forthwith.

The Correspondence which was issued from the Foreign Office on Wednesday respecting our relations with Japan mainly consists of despatches about the outrages committed on British subjects. In the midst of the voluminous papers on this subject will be found some interesting reports from the local merchants on the state of trade and commerce in Japan. Though an immense increase of commerce appears to be anticipated, many complaints are made in the merchants' letters relating to currency, credit, non-fulfilment of contracts, local obstructions in respect to boats and coolies, and interference of the Custom-house with the free action of trade. From the returns appended to these Reports we learn that English merchants have two-thirds of both the import and export trade of Japan with all foreign nations.

The opposition of the planet Mars last autumn appears to have been singularly favourable for observation, a circumstance which astronomers and physicists did not fail to take advantage of. Some of the results were laid before the Royal Society on Thursday last (12th inst.), in a paper by Prof. J. Phillips, of Oxford, and proved to be unusually interesting. With a few observations taken from other observers, a complete series has been made out, and drawings have been taken of the characteristic phenomena. The position of the planet was such that the entire circle of snow around the South Pole could be distinctly seen, and with such a well-defined edge as to have led to the conclusion that it terminates in a cliff. Owing to the position as above stated, only the glimmer of the North Polar snow was perceptible; but it is thought that (perhaps from a preponderance of water in the northern hemisphere) the North Pole is eccentric to the South Pole. The equatorial region is occupied by a broad greenish belt fringed with deep bays and inlets, which may perhaps be water. In one place it is relieved by an island, which exhibits the same ruddy colour as the hemispheres on each side of the central belt. These are the leading facts of the paper, concerning which there will be something further to be said by-and-by. The reading was followed by a discussion which was rendered the more interesting by the exhibition of

Mr. Nasmyth's effective drawing of Mars, representing the telescopic appearance on an enlarged scale. In concluding this notice we gladly remind our readers of the beautiful engravings, which may be termed portraits of Mars, which were published about two years since by Mr. Warren De La Rue.

An admirable medallion of Liebig has just been issued in Munich. The likeness is perfect. Every detail of the face is reproduced with care and fineness of workmanship incredible on so small a scale and such low relief, while the general expression is not weakened by too literal copying. English admirers of the celebrated chemist may be glad of the opportunity of procuring a cheap and portable likeness; casts of the medallion are to be had for rather less than three shillings each at Cotta's "Litterarische Anstalt."

The Expedition of Discovery despatched by the Russian Government to explore the Yenesi River, which falls into the Polar Sea between the 80th and 90th meridian, has returned to Archangel, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry out the objects of the Expedition. According to Capt. Krusenstern, progress was rendered impracticable by the immense quantities of ice, which so severely nipped one of the ships that the crew were compelled to abandon her. It is worthy of mention with reference to the above, that the Canadian papers state that an extraordinary number of Arctic birds have been seen during this winter on their way to the south.

The private correspondence between Goethe and Karl August, never published before, will soon appear in print. The present Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar has entrusted Dr. Vogel with the arrangement and publication of this correspondence, which, it is said, comprises about 600 letters, and will be ready for print in the course of the season.

A German friend, residing in London, writes:—"Friends and admirers of Emanuel Geibel in this country have felt grieved and surprised by the insinuations thrown out against the character of that poet by a Munich Correspondent. They had always known Geibel as a frank and honest man, and could not unite in their minds their personal recollections of their friend with the reproaches laid at his door. They thought the writer might have been misled by town-talk, and that, without intending to do so, he yet might have misrepresented facts. Having written to Munich on the subject, the answer which they received, and which comes from the most authentic and reliable source, shows that they were right in their suppositions. The facts, devoid of coterie feeling and personal sensitiveness, are simply these:—By the death of the late Justinus Kerner, a place had become vacant, for a poet, in the Maximilian Order. In the Chapter, of which Geibel is not only a member, but in which he is the only representative of *belles-lettres*, Eduard Mörike, the excellent Suabian poet, and Bodenstedt were proposed in the place of Kerner. Geibel, upon his conscience and conviction, voted for the Suabian, the majority voted for the Munich candidate, and the King (certainly not 'persuaded' by Geibel, although, perhaps, following Geibel's judgment, which may have appeared to him more competent than that of the other members) decided in favour of Mörike. Geibel, therefore, has done nothing but given an honest and independent vote, and this by no means in a meddling or interfering way, but in his official capacity and in duty bound. That he thinks Mörike (who, besides, is Bodenstedt's senior by fifteen years) a greater poet than Bodenstedt, (whose talents and merits at the same time he fully appreciates) is a matter of taste, and it would be more than unjust to accuse him, as of a crime, of the open avowal of his opinion. Altogether, it is thought that the fierceness of your Correspondent's attack is unjustifiable. Having allowed that attack a space in your columns, you will certainly not object to the present defence. It is, let it be repeated, a mere statement of the facts as they have really occurred."

By the sudden death of Baron Cotta, Germany has lost her Murray. The late head of the firm succeeded to his father's business in 1832, increased and extended it. Without enjoying such

a monopoly of the publishing trade, or coming in contact with such great names as his father, he distinguished himself by immense activity in and out of his business, kept his house at the head of German firms, and earned no less than seven decorations. Scarcely one of the more celebrated living authors of Germany but has been in relations with Cotta; and his name appears at the foot of more title-pages than almost any publisher since the times of Tonson and Doddsley. The history of the elder Cotta might be entitled the Romance of Book-selling. By the foundation of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in 1798,—after the plan of it had been concerted five years earlier with Schiller,—he tried a perilous experiment, but one whose later success had the most important results. Schiller's health was not equal to the work of a daily newspaper, but he edited the well-known magazine, the *Horen*, for Cotta, and thus brought the publisher into friendly relations with Goethe and Herder. Nothing has contributed more powerfully to the reputation of the house of Cotta than its editions of the German classics. As Murray is ever coupled with Byron and Moxon with Tennyson, so Cotta has at once the ancient connexion of the older race of poets and that of the new.

The *Forhandlinger* of the Videnskabs-Selskabet at Christiania contains a curious and interesting paper, by Prof. C. A. Holmboe, on the system of weights used in ancient Scandinavia, and its similarity to, if not identity with, a system of weights used in Southern India. He shows that when the Roman pound of twelve ounces was in use over great part of Europe, the old Scandinavian weights were, 1 mörk=8 aurar, 1 eyrir=3 ertugar. In this table mörk is the original of the later term *marc*; *aurar* is the plural of *eyrir*, and *ertugar* of *ertug*; in modern spelling, *öre* and *örtug*. The corresponding Indian table is as follows:—1 seer=8 pala, 1 pala=3 tola. The coincidence is remarkable, and not less so the fact as pointed out by Prof. Holmboe, that there is a perfect equality in the weights of the two systems. For verification of his conclusions, he gives a table of the weight of the ounce (*eyrir*, *pala*) in different countries of Europe and India, which may be consulted with advantage by those who are interested in the question; and he has endeavoured to find traces of the system of weights along the route taken by the Scandinavians in their migration from the East, which remained open as a much-frequented commercial route down to the time of the great Tartar invasion. But the result of his researches in this particular amounts to no more than that about thirty years ago a large number of silver ingots were dug up at Riazan, nearly in the centre of Russia, the average weight of which is very near that of the ancient Scandinavian mörk. And with respect to the equality of the weights, Prof. Holmboe puts forward the hypothesis that the ancestors of the Scandinavians took with them the system already established in India, in support of which he cites a list of useful articles which bear the same, or nearly the same, name in the languages of Scandinavia and of India.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS, NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling.
JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

NOW ON VIEW, TWO important PICTURES painted by the late ABRAHAM SOLOMON; also, a Choice Collection of Modern Pictures by English and French Artists, at the Gallery of Moore, M'Queen & Co., 10, Fenchurch Street, E.C.—Admission, Free.

ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the LANCASHIRE DISTRESS, 8, Suffolk Street.—Open from 10 A.M. until dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
F. W. DICEY,
A. L. CHETWODE, } Hon. Secs.

NOTICE.—The GALLERY, 14, Berners Street, W. is NOW OPEN, daily, to the Public, with a Splendid EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the selected Works of the leading Artists of the day.—Admission, One Shilling.
FREDERICK BUCKSTONE, Secretary.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT, SCIENTIFIC and ARTISTIC.—SAMUEL HIGGLEY, F.G.S., F.C.S., &c. will exhibit every Evening, at Eight o'clock precisely, his beautiful series of MAGNIFIED and ILLUMINATED PHOTOGRAPHS which were shown with great effect before the Society of Arts and the London Photographic Society in January. Programmes on Application to the Secretary.—Seats reserved, 2s., 1s., and 1s. (by post two stamps). Burlington Gallery, 191, Piccadilly, W.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY of LONDON is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Four, at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—Admission, 1s.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 5.—Major-Gen. Sabine, President, in the chair.—The Earl of Caithness was admitted into the Society.—The following paper was read:—"On the Embryology of *Comatula rosacea* (Link)," by Prof. W. Thomson.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 9.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Commander W. Arthur, R.N., Commander Charles J. Bullock, Capt. J. Clayton, Capt. R. B. Pearce, R.N., Col. R. C. H. Taylor, E. Armitage, W. Broughall, R. Corbet, Antoine Gabriele, W. E. Heathfield, J. Macbraire and W. H. Wyld, Esqrs., were elected Fellows.—Mr. J. A. Tinne gave some information concerning the Ladies who are ascending the Nile.—Dr. Norton Shaw read a letter from Mr. S. W. Baker, dated Khartum, Dec. 12th, 1862, stating that no reliable accounts had been received of Consul Petherick's movements since he left the river; and that he (Mr. Baker) intended to sail from Khartum on the following day, Dec. 13th, for Gondokoro, and thence on to the Lake Nyanza.—Mr. Galton read a paper, by Dr. Baikie, 'On the Countries in the Neighbourhood of the Niger.'—Mr. Spottiswoode read a paper, by Lieut. Oliver, 'On Madagascar.'

GEOLOGICAL.—Feb. 4.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—W. Abington, Esq. and C. Le Neve Foster, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—"On a Hyena-Den at Wookey Hole, near Wells, No. 2," by W. B. Dawkins, Esq.—"On the Discovery of Paradoxides in Britain," by J. W. Salter, Esq.—"On the Fossil Echinids of Malta," by Dr. T. Wright; with 'Notes on the Miocene Beds of the Island,' by Mr. A. L. Adams.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 29.—J. Winter Jones, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—J. Ross, Esq., exhibited a MS. on vellum, formerly the property of Bardney Abbey. The last leaf offered to view a curious specimen of a chirograph.—R. T. Pritchett, Esq. exhibited some specimens of iron-work of the sixteenth century, such as rapiers, horse-muzzles, a portion of a casket, and other objects of great beauty and interest.—J. H. Parker, Esq. exhibited drawings of details of monuments of the Coronation Chair at Westminster, with remarks from W. Burges, Esq.—Mr. Parker also laid before the Society an account of a visit he had paid to the Church of St. Mary, Guildford.—W. Franks, Director, laid before the Society a description of some frescoes recently discovered at St. Albans, and which Dr. Nicolson was desirous should be examined by the Society. The Director had accordingly paid a visit to the church, and ascertained that the principal subjects represented were the Annunciation and the Crucifixion. Some of these frescoes had been very beautifully executed; but most of them were grievously injured by time.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Feb. 6.—Octavius Morgan, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary announced the election of thirteen new Members.—A communication by Mr. J. E. Lee, Secretary of the Caerleon Archaeological Association, was read relating to a cromlech called "Arthur's Stone," on an elevated ridge in Gowa, a peninsula south-west of Swansea, and, like the "Englishry" of Pembrokeshire, chiefly inhabited by the descendants of Flemish colonists. Mr. Lee suggested a comparison between the monuments of this class and certain natural objects, of one of which a representation was exhibited, called "earth pillars," occurring in the valleys of the Alps and in the mountain districts of India.—Mr. Tite brought under the notice of the Meeting the recent discovery of Roman relics, consisting of a small chamber, with part of a tessellated floor of coarse character, which had been brought to light in removing the foundations of the front of the India House in Leadenhall Street. The vestiges lay at a depth of nearly

twenty feet below the level of the present street, and are sufficient to prove that extensive buildings existed there in Roman times, the site being, as Mr. Tite pointed out in a carefully-detailed plan, at no great distance from the superb mosaic floor discovered in 1803 opposite the eastern end of the portico at the India House. Mr. Albert Way, who had carefully examined these remains, stated that the little chamber brought to light at so great a depth beneath the actual level of the busy haunts of the present citizens was about twelve feet square, and that part of the internal face of the wall presents remains of colouring in fresco: the mosaic, however, is of a rude character. The extensive structure of which it may probably have been a part is supposed by Mr. Tite to have stood in the line of Roman way which led from the ferry across the Thames towards the great road across Essex and to Colchester.—The Rev. E. Trollope communicated an account of discoveries of Saxon sepulchral urns, with other ornaments and relics, in Lincolnshire.—Mr. Albert Way read a short account of the ancient Register of Chertsey Abbey in the times of John de Rutherwyke, and the reigns of Edward the Second and Edward the Third. This curious record had been sent for examination by Lord Clifford.—A fine old Andrea Ferrara was brought for examination by Mr. Pritchett. It is ornamented with medallions, accompanied with the name SIR FRANCISCUS DRACUS, and contains other devices appropriate to that great naval commander. In the discussion which ensued on its production, Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Bernhard Smith, and other members conversant with ancient arms, expressed various opinions regarding its date.—Lord Torphichen sent for examination a curious watch of early and curious construction found at his seat, Calder House, North Britain. Mr. Morgan remarked that the date of the object, properly to be described as a clock-watch, is about 1650, and that it was constructed by Samuel Aspinwall.—Mr. C. Villiers Bayley exhibited a bronze-headed *marotte*, or jester's bauble, an object of very rare occurrence, probably of the fourteenth century.—Mr. J. Henderson exhibited a beautifully-enriched sceptre of oriental damascened work.—Mr. Brett exhibited several Egyptian bronzes, and a beautiful collection of gold ornaments found in Sardinia.—Mr. Waterton sent a silver-gilt ring of unusual fashion, and inscribed with the salutation AVE MARIA.—The Rev. J. F. Russell exhibited a curious MS. Cartulary in the French language; Mr. W. Burgess, a singular piece of painted linen, which formerly served as a rude substitute for arras.—The Rev. H. Scarth sent a vase of mediæval green glazed pottery, and a collection of stamped pellets of lead, bearing legatory marks, and which are undoubtedly Roman.—Mr. Albert Way, having made some satisfactory observations with regard to the coming Congress of Archaeologists at Rochester in July, the Marquis Camden, K.G., said he could not leave the room without expressing his desire and willingness to further the purposes of the Institute, and the pleasure he had felt in consenting to take the part of President upon the visit of the Society to his county.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Feb. 9.—W. Tite, Esq., M.P., in the chair.—The result of the voluntary Architectural Examination, with the Report of the Hon. Secretaries of the Examiners, and of the Moderators, thereon, were read, adopted and ordered to be printed.

LINNEAN.—Feb. 5.—G. Bentham, Esq., President, in the chair.—R. Braithwaite, Esq. and J. B. Rowe, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—'On the Existence of Two Forms, and on their reciprocal Sexual Relation, in several Species of Linum,' by C. Darwin, Esq.—A letter from Col. Yorke to Dr. Hooker, 'On the Spicula contained in the Wood of the Walwitschia, and the Crystals pertaining to them.'—'Catalogue of the Dipterous Insects collected by Mr. Wallace in Waigiu, Mysol and North Ceram, with Descriptions of New Species,' by F. Smith, Esq.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Feb. 10.—W. H. Flower, Esq. in the chair.—A communication was read from

MM. Jules Verreaux and O. Des Murs, describing a new Partridge from Daouria, closely allied to *Pardalipinnaria*, and proposed to be called *P. barbata*.—Papers were read by Dr. Baird, 'On New Shells collected by J. K. Lord, Esq. in British North America'; and by Mr. A. Adams, 'On the Genera and Species of Liotinæ found by him in Japan.'—Dr. P. L. Sclater pointed out the characters of a new species of Manikin, of the genus *Pipra*, from New Granada, which he proposed to call *Pipra leucorrhoea*.—A communication was read from Mr. W. C. Hewitt, giving a list of the diurnal Lepidoptera taken in the neighbourhood of Antananarivo, in Madagascar, by Mr. Caldwell; amongst which was a very fine new insect of the genus *Diadema*, for which the name *Diadema dextrithea* was proposed.—Mr. R. Swinhoe exhibited some new and remarkable species of birds obtained by himself in the Island of Formosa.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 10.—J. R. M'Clean, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The first paper read was, 'Description of the Drainage of the Borough of Dundee,' by Mr. J. Fulton.—The second paper read was 'A Description of the Sewerage and Drainage Works at Newport, Monmouthshire,' by Mr. A. Williams.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 4.—E. Chadwick, Esq., C.B., in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Cooking Depôts for the Working Classes recently established on self-supporting principles at Glasgow and Manchester, with Suggestions for introducing them in the Metropolis,' by Mr. A. Burrell.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.—Feb. 3.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—The Lord Chief Baron, President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Members of the new Council:—Lieut. Col. Stuart Wortley, Henry Pollock, John Cole, F. Hennal, Lord H. Gordon Lennox, M.P.; and Mr. Glaisher, as Vice-President.—The Viscountess Hawarden, and Messrs. Silvertown, Austen and Wensel were elected Members of the Society.—Lieut. Col. Stuart Wortley read a communication 'On the Taking of Instantaneous Pictures on Large Plates.'—Mr. Shadbolt read a communication from Dr. Van Monckhoven 'On the Theory of the Photographic Processes.'—The Society having determined to award prize medals for the best contributions sent to the Photographic Exhibition, a report from Messrs. Durham and Fenton, who had undertaken to act as judges, was read by the Secretary, when the decisions were declared to be as follows:—1. for Portraits, Mr. Claudet; 2. for Landscapes, Mr. Bedford; 3. for Instantaneous Pictures, Lieut. Col. Stuart Wortley; 4. for Composition Pictures, Mr. P. Robinson; 5. for Copies of Pictures or Reproductions, Mr. Thurston Thompson; 6. for best Amateur Contributions, not Instantaneous, Viscountess Hawarden.—Mr. England exhibited a simple arrangement of yellow glass for determining its powers of resistance to daylight in operating in the glass-house.—The President addressed the Meeting on the present and future prospects of the Society.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Asiatic, 3.—'Bactrian Pall Inscription, Key to Bactrian Notation,' Prof. Dowson.
- Royal Academy, 8.—'Sculpture,' Prof. Westmacott.
- Tues. Horticultural, 2.—'Ballot for Seeds.
- Ethnological, 8.—'Gyphes,' Mr. Crawford; 'Yemades of Chingleput District,' Dr. Short.
- Statistical, 8.—'Patent Law,' 'Political Economy, University of Oxford,' Rev. J. E. Rogers.
- Civil Engineers, 8.—'Drainage of Dundee,' and 'Sewerage of Newport (Mon.).'
- Royal Institution, 8.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
- Wed. Meteorological, 7.—'Council.
- Society of Arts, 8.—'Means of Promoting Growth, &c. of Cotton in India,' Mr. Shaw.
- Geological, 8.—'Middle and Upper Lias, Dorset,' Mr. Day; 'Correlation of the Inferior Oolite, Middle and South of England,' Mr. Holt.
- Thurs. Royal Institution, 8.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland.
- Numismatic, 7.
- Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' Prof. Hart.
- Linnean, 8.—'Aculeate Hymenoptera, East Archipelago,' Mr. Smith; 'Guinea-worm (*Pilaria medicamentis*),' Mr. Bastian.
- Chemical, 8.
- Royal, 8.
- Antiquaries, 8.
- Fri. Horticultural, 11.—'Council.
- Horticultural, 2.—'Election of Fellows.
- Geological, 1.—'Anniversary.
- Philological, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'Recent Discoveries, Jerusalem,' Rev. G. Williams.
- Royal Institution, 2.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller, 2nd series.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

NOTHING shows how much the standard of the British Institution has been degraded as the number of sentimental pictures the gallery this year contains. This proves a low order of taste in choosing, because men are not compelled to receive works of this mischievous class. F. Stone was responsible for the introduction of much of this sort of Art—wherein he was the antithesis of Leslie, a painter of sentiment. The pictures worth looking at may be noted in a few words.

Mr. J. Clark is not a brilliant painter: ever working in a low key, he does not attract the eye by the showiness of his pictures. There are, however, qualities in their execution, and, above all, in his feeling for the subjects, which are, to the expert, attractive and delightful. The fact of a hanger placing such a picture as No. 140, by this artist, below the line, shows his ignorance of Art and want of feeling for Nature. By the degraded position of this picture then, no less than the exalted places awarded to mere toys, we may, as by reflected light, discover that the hanger for this year was neither artist nor able person. Hereby we gain a glimpse into the secret which the British Institution Directors so carefully guard. That such a secret exists is in itself a wrong; with secrecy in such a case come irresponsibility and all its evils. Mr. Clark's picture is worthy of a place out of danger from scraping by crinolines, and where it can be seen. It is more complete as a design, being of a more equal character throughout than any of his former works. It tells a better story than any one of those (unless it be the well-known "Sick Child")—by adopting a key even lower than usual this seems to have been brought about. The composition is full of life and spirit. Two boys are seated on a grassy hill-side looking on to the sea. One of them plait a rustic garland, the other at his loudest sings some rustic ballad of the place; he has his face raised, and, looking upwards, he carols with boyish spirit from out of a singing heart. His hands are clasped round his knees. The theme charmingly illustrates the motto chosen, "*Auld Lang Syne*."

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine.

We should rejoice to see Mr. Clark aim at refinement in drawing, if not at finish.

A picture with the rare quality of pathos is ignominiously hung by the side of the fireplace in the middle room, much below the line of sight, in the shade, and so that its colour and handling are ruined by the near forelight, named *Passing into the Shade*, and represents two world-worn women trudging at slow pace into the shadows of a wood that darken at every step: their feeble limbs can scarcely lift the heavy *sabots* they wear; their meagre forms not even their clumsy garments hide; their faces have no graces left to be dignified by uncouth head-dresses, but are seamed, scarred and sunken almost out of shape of womanhood. The subdued, diffused light of the wood deprives their forms of marked shadows, so that both look ghostly and fading. This work is remarkable for good qualities of tone and colour. In the last it is a little French in manner—the work of Mr. G. W. Boughton (252). Mrs. Bridell's *Gretchen* (260), a girl seated with a distaff in her hand, shows some recognition of character and dashing handling much in need of discipline. Discipline may teach the artist to draw, or refrain from showing bad drawing, as in the picture before us. The arms are ill-considered, the hands absurdly small; the figure is dislocated at the waist.

Mr. Hayllar's *Practical Joke* (283) is not only one of the best pictures here, but the best we have seen from him. The subject is that hardly credible story of Oliver the Protector having compelled Jerry White, his foolish chaplain, to marry one of his daughter's waiting-women when he was caught making love to the daughter herself. The parson so detected averred he was seeking the lady's intercession with the maid; whereupon the Protector had him married on the spot. Accepting the story at what it may be worth, Mr. Hayllar

has managed the parson's lean and shadowy figure, his confused and awkward air when the abigail is presented by Oliver, and her action, exceedingly well. The colour and aerial perspective of the carpet on the floor, difficult as these are to render satisfactorily, are worth admiring; so is the treatment of the women's dresses, both broad and solid in their way. The lady looks stagey, her expression being incredible. We do not like Oliver.—Mr. G. D. Lealie's *Lost Carcanet* (288) lacks rather sweetness and variety of tone than any other qualities to make it a charming little picture. We have the garden entrance to a manor-house in old days; behind, the house itself and its trim surroundings. A moat, bright, slow-running and full of blooming lilies, is spanned by a bridge. On this last stands a lady watching anxiously the efforts of a page to recover from the waters a lost necklace. No great matter for a picture, but prettily and completely told; the best point being the action of the lady, whose hand fingers the place where the trinket has been, missing its warmth and weight.

Having watched the signs of the times in Art-matters, we believe that a new avatar of imitation of old styles is soon to manifest itself. There are fashions of plagiarism in Art as in other things: at one time we remember Rubens and Vandyck the idols of the hour; one class since then took up Watteau and Lancret,—others Bonington, Constable, Reynolds. The Early Italian masters had an appalling run made upon them, which, if ridiculous in its extreme character, had singular value in making the glories of a marvellous school popularly known. Now, we expect, the Venetian masters are to be worshipped in turn. Mr. D. W. Wynfield is one of the devotees, with his *Young Raphael showing one of his Works to the Duchess of Urbino* (305), a picture which would merit high praise if it were originally inspired. There are in it good composition, character, tolerably sound drawing, and even pleasant colouring; rare qualities indeed, most appreciable at the British Institution. If the Bellini, or even Carpaccio, had been unknown to Mr. Wynfield, it would have been well for him. In painting, as in architecture, archaeology is not Art; imitation, merely for reproduction, is the death of Art, which lives only in individuality. In this picture, which is hung high, some of the accessory figures are cleverly designed,—witness two ladies of honour who stand behind the painter: there is some grandeur of treatment in the enthroned Duchess.

Mr. J. A. Houghton has produced one of the few humorous pictures here in *Baby's Toes* (385), a knot of children left to themselves in a sunny garden; amongst them, an inquisitive urchin has untucked the rosy toes of a cradled infant, and quaintly admires them. Over the cradle is a huge umbrella, shadowing the occupant, and giving an opportunity, if to be found nowhere else in the subject, of dealing faithfully and lovingly with colour and atmospheric truth. The artist has failed in rendering these points, and produced a false and rather heedless effect. The picture is so well and solidly done otherwise that we hope better from the painter.—Mr. J. Burr's *Village Pump* (389), a girl loitering at the flirting-place, shows considerable improvement upon that work of his we saw at the Royal Academy last year. It is artistic in handling and colour; above all, good in the rare quality of aerial tone. If the painter succeeds in eliminating the Scotch fashion of heavy treatment of the pigments, so as to get clearness as well as cleanness in his work, we shall gain a sound artist.—In its coldness and academic success, Mr. W. Gale's *Entrance to the Holy Sepulchre* (429), a woman in a long blue robe standing before the portal, offers a remarkable contrast to the last. It is more complete than any of the artist's works we remember, having less of crudity. Mr. Gale forgot that the secret of fine colour lies in intense variety in unity when he gave us the nearly complete unity of the woman's blue dress; surely no such large mass of one colour could exist without break or change. When this painter in his practice acknowledges the truth of the above precept, he does so in excess; hence the spotty appearance, technically known as "fruiti-

ness," in his work. Should he hit the medium, he will be happy.

Valuable landscapes are scarce this year. Mr. G. C. Stanfield pursues his cold and photographic rendering of Rhine towns. Mr. De Fleury's *Pegwell Bay* (18), if thin and tinty, looks pleasant.—Mr. Ansdell's *Crossing the Moor* (20) is precisely what he has done before at least twenty times.—Mr. F. Dillon's *Sussex Farmyard* (35) shows, on the contrary, a great improvement upon his Egyptian scenes, being fresh and clear, which clearness the last needed exceedingly.—Mr. Dawson keeps his dry, sandy manner; his *Chepstow* (47) has a great deal of air and even colour, but little variety of tone or textures.—For mere execution, Mr. H. T. Scott's *Friends from the North* (55), two dried herrings, is the best thing in the Exhibition.—We have not before seen any picture by Mr. T. S. Cooper with such spirit, or even fidelity and manliness of treatment, as *Catching Wild Goats on Moel Siabod* (60) possesses. The beasts rush past us down the mountain side; their hides are finely expressed, giving hair-texture admirably. The landscape is better than usual with this artist; the high peaks above tell grandly. An excellent picture.—*Morning on Carmel Sands* (72), Mr. J. W. Oakes, gives, a little carelessly and without much finish, with truth the reflecting surface of the wet, flat shore when the tide has gone out. The sky is good.—There is motion in the sea of Mr. J. C. Dawson's *Off Douglas, Isle of Man* (78), notwithstanding its wooliness.—*Winter* (106), by Mr. L. R. Mignot, is a charming picture of snow upon a heath with its bare-limbed trees, tracing fine lines against the pale, brassy sky, and soft band of cloud, styled "the Evening Band," hanging behind. The warm hue of the pool that, barely frozen, reflects the sky, and the bluish shades that lie upon the snow in its ridges and undulations, show how well the artist has understood his theme.

VOLUNTARY EXAMINATION OF ARCHITECTS.

FOR some time past the zealous among architects have been urging upon their fellow-professionals the advantages that might be expected from the institution of a system of voluntary examination. These were obvious enough to some, while others—probably from apathy rather than prejudice—discountenanced the thing. The steady working of the Government Competitive Examination scheme seems, however, at last to have enabled the advocates of the like among architects to establish their point so far as to get the Royal Institute of British Architects to appoint Examiners of all candidates who choose to present themselves, voluntarily seeking an acknowledgment of proficiency from that distinguished body, which acknowledgment might afterwards be enhanced in value by a higher degree, so to say, being awarded to a class especially styled "of distinction." To the last honour the ascertained competency of the first and junior class would of course lead up.

The appointment of Examiners was made partially in compliance with a request from the Architectural Association of London, which comprises about three hundred of the younger members of the profession, after consultation with the other architectural societies in England, and, indeed, after taking the sense of those who were anxious to separate the sheep from the goats, and quash assumptions of the name of Architect by builders, surveyors and clerks of works, who had, by virtue of a brass plate on their front doors, so dignified themselves. It is hoped that in the course of a little while the public will see the impolicy, danger, and even expensiveness of employing incompetent persons, and that ultimately, the value of a certificate of competency being acknowledged, all earnest students will strive to obtain the same. In other professions the law itself demands from their practitioners submission to some examination at the hands of a qualified body of men. Such is the case in the law, medicine, surgery, church, army, navy and military engineers. Civil engineers have for some time past been under the very system of voluntary examination thus adopted from their brethren the architects. To the last, the objections that are valid against examinations in the purer and less

rigid arts of painting and sculpture do not apply, inasmuch as the examination is not so much upon matters of taste as on such executive and technical acquirements as can be readily made to pass under review. More competent men than the Examiners who initiated the practice so advocated would be hard to find. They were Messrs. A. Ashpitel, G. G. Scott and M. D. Wyatt. The examination, which is open to all British subjects, consists of the two classes before designated,—of proficient, and those who are considered worthy of "distinction." No candidate who is under thirty years of age may present himself for the higher, without having passed through the lower grade. In no respect is the examination *viâ* *roce*. It takes place in the last week in January, so often as there shall be five candidates for the certificates; it shall not occupy more than three days in the junior, nor three additional days in the senior class of "distinction." The first day's examination is in Drawing; the second, in Mathematics and Physics, with Professional Practice; the third day's, in Materials and Construction, with History (of the Art) and Literature. The fourth, fifth and sixth days are to be assigned to similar subjects in the like order, Languages being included on the fifth day. If fewer than six days be devoted to any examination, the Examiners are at liberty to vary the distribution of time prescribed. The Examiners are not to be less than three in number, and they shall be elected, as well as two Moderators, by the Fellows of the Institute, at the first general meeting in January. The Moderators always, and the Examiners, as far as possible, shall be members of the profession. No Examiner or Moderator shall be concerned in the examination of any candidate connected with him by any tie of relationship, tuition or business. After the third examination, the Council of the Institute shall request the Examiners to report any change desirable in the system. The papers of questions and requirements of work shall be framed, as much as possible, with direct reference to Architecture. The number of marks to be allotted shall be 10,000, of which 6,000 shall be for the class of Proficiency; the remainder for that of Distinction. Half the sum of the number of marks for each class shall pass the candidate; but he shall not be held to deserve the acknowledgment of proficiency without obtaining at least half the number of marks allotted to the divisions of Drawing and Design, Materials and Construction respectively, in addition to at least one-fifth of the number of marks allotted to each of the other divisions in that class.

The sketch-form of examination-papers, suggested for use in the first case, now lying before us, seems admirably fitted to its purpose, and is not by any means too obscure or difficult. That for the class of distinction contains tougher and more insoluble elements. This is as it should be. The question, "What is an architect?" is likely to get a satisfactory answer in the hands of men such as those who have earnestly striven to have this measure of examination wisely carried out. Purely voluntary as submission to it is, there can be doubt that therein consists the true value of the examination and its honorary certificate. We wish it every success, and append the names of those gentlemen who, out of nineteen submitting themselves, passed at the first examination, held on Monday last, the 9th inst.:—Messrs. D. E. Gostling, Upper Gower Street; R. O. Harris, Gloucester Place, W.; G. T. Redmayne, Ducie Street, Manchester; L. W. Ridge, Ellington Street, N.; R. P. Spiers, Upper Ebury Street; H. Stone, Great James Street, W.C.; T. H. Watson, Nottingham Place, W.; E. Wimbridge, Victoria Lodge, Hyde Park.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Meeting for the election of new Members to the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which took place last Monday, resulted in one of those rare difficulties, "a tie." No candidate of the twenty-seven offering themselves attained the required majority of votes. The candidates between whose claims the doubtful point arose were Messrs. E. Burne Jones and E. Duncan, jun.—the latter a son of M. E. Duncan, already well known as an

artist and a member of the Society. The disappointment of both candidates is, we believe, something more than a temporary one, as, according to the rules of the Association, an election can only take place once in each year. The date for that current has now passed. It is presumed that the matter will stand over, unless some modification be made in the custom. It appears that during the fifty-eight years' existence of the Society this incident has only once before occurred. There are six vacancies to fill up; it is the custom to keep two reserved.

Mr. E. B. Stephens has received the commission to execute the memorial statue of the late Duke of Bedford at Tavistock, recently referred to in the *Athenæum*.

The Winter Exhibition, French Gallery, Pall Mall, has received some additions of pictures. Amongst these, the following are best deserving of attention:—*Ben Venue and Portion of the Trosachs, from behind the Ardcheanochochan* (No. 290), by Mr. Creswick, gives a pleasant glimpse into the deep pass of the lordly mountains' sides, their scanty woods and bright stream at foot; a rustic bridge spans the last. In this work there is better, because warmer and more varied, colour than the painter usually attempts. It is also less mechanical in handling of foliage than his works frequently are.—*Choice Scraps* (288), by M. E. Frère, has all the humour and apt characterization we expect from this artist; his quiet, sweet and homely colour, and, withal, the flatness of tone which is his failing. Two boys, of the peasant type we know so well and pleasantly, are busy with a cooking-pot that has held something nice; one, having possession, diligently uses a spoon, his hungry companion awaits his turn of little promise.—Surpassing the last in tone, and more solid in representing texture, Mr. T. E. Duverger's *Pity the Blind* (26) is a superior work. It is a street-scene, where an old man, with his daughter to lead him, are begging. Standing a little in advance, the child seems to make the appeal for both; her action, in its natural truth, is a most pathetic and subtle point of design. Better still is the air of the old man, who, with stooped shoulders and head held aside, seems as if listening for any reply to their prayer. The diffident, hopeful expression of this action is very touching.

The application of intelligence and artistic skill, especially if original without being bizarre, to the construction and design of domestic or ecclesiastical furniture is interesting to the lover of Art; accordingly we have seen with pleasure the new pulpit for Mr. Bodley's church, St. Mary's, Scarborough, that has been executed by Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Co., Red Lion Square. This is of wood, decorated with colour and skilfully-executed figures: eight of these, the Evangelists and Latin Fathers, fill panels in the front; a very beautifully-designed picture of the Annunciation the situation of the pulpit will leave visible. The choice of subject for this last is suitable for its position on a pulpit. The general ground of the work is a rich green tastefully dispersed—a colour that harmonizes well with the glowing yet sober decorations that will surround it when placed. Another work by the same is a superb *dressoir*, or sideboard, for displaying plate and china, executed for Mr. C. Gurney, of Norwich. This is of polished black wood, the shelves supported by rods of the same passing up their front, the back of the same paneled with leather stamped in diaper, gilded and lacquered to a tawny hue, so as by its sober splendour to throw up admirably the lustre of silver and the cool tints of china to be placed before it. The lower or cupboard half is also of polished black wood; the handles to the doors of burnished copper, and panels of leather, as before. In shape and construction nothing can be simpler than these articles.

"Of Sculpture," writes a friend from Naples, "there is little to say. Angellini has on view a fine bust of Victor Emmanuel, which he is just about to take off to Turin; and models of a Statue of Victory, to be erected in the Largo della Vittoria, have this week been sent in to the Municipality."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

WELSH MUSICAL FESTIVAL ON THE EVE OF ST. DAVID'S DAY.—At St. James's Hall, on SATURDAY EVENING, February 28, to commence at Eight o'clock. GRAND CONCERT OF WELSH NATIONAL MELODIES, for the benefit of Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencorrd Gwallin).—Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne (Roc Cymru, Pencorrd), who will sing a new Patriotic Song with Chorus, Composed by Mr. John Thomas; Miss Lestell, and Mr. L. W. Lewis (Ilew Llwyro, Pencorrd). The Band of Harps, including Mr. J. Belsir Chatterton (Harplst to the Queen), Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. H. J. Trust, Mr. John Thomas, (Pencorrd Gwallin), &c., and the United Choirs, including the Students of the Royal Academy of Music, &c., will be on the same extensive scale as hitherto. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.—Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s. Admission, 1s. Applications for Sofa Stalls to be made to Mr. John Thomas, 109, Great Portland Street, W.—Tickets to be had of Addison & Lucas, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and of all the principal Musicellers.

SURREY.—It was here that Tom Dibdin's drama from 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' was produced, and that Mrs. Egerton created a sensation as *Madge Wildfire* for one hundred and seventy nights. That was a long run for those days,—in these the amount is more than tripled. The superior taste with which such subjects have been remodelled by the author of 'The Colleen Bawn' excites competition in every direction. It is not, however, in the elegance of the dialogue, or in the neatness of the structure, that rivalry is attempted, but in a more melo-dramatic illustration of the general argument by the addition of spectacular scenes and exaggerated situations. On Saturday Mr. Shepherd commanded an overcrowded house by the presentation of just such a drama as we have indicated. His new version of the old story is in four acts, and takes a wider range than most others. It begins, indeed, with the Porteous riots, and thus shows *Geordie Robertson* engaged in the act which afterwards rendered it difficult for him to do justice to the lassie whom he had wronged but really loved. The title of the piece is 'Effie Deans; or, the Lily of St. Leonards.' From its construction it would have been almost impossible to understand why this unfortunate young girl was imprisoned in the Tolbooth, unless pre-acquainted with Sir Walter Scott's romance. We have to wait until the close of the second act before the mist begins to clear away, nor is it fully dispersed until the remaining two have been nearly witnessed. But it is evident that no attempt has been made to place a perfect drama on the stage,—a series of startling *tableaux* formed the highest aim of the adapters; and these are found to answer the immediate purpose, though scarcely a single sentence of the dialogue is intelligibly rendered. Thus the first act ends with the proceedings of the Porteous rioters and the suspension of their victim in the Tolbooth, which is in a state of conflagration at the time of the descent of the curtain. The second act opens with *Effie Deans* in prison, and proceeds with the interview of *Jeannie Deans* with *Geordie Robertson* near Muschat's Cairn and St. Anthony's Chapel (exceedingly well painted by Mr. Johnson), where she is preserved from perils of the melo-dramatic kind by *Madge Wildfire*. It ends with the trial-scene, which, in its main outline, resembles Mr. Boucicault's, but falls short of it in effect as well as in the refinement of the general handling. As a picture, it is placed on the boards after Mr. R. S. Lauder's painting, the particulars of which are closely copied. The third act concludes with a "sensation scene," in which a cascade, with real water, rocks and chasms, set in Mr. Charles Brew's best style, do duty; and *Geordie Robertson* delivers *Jeannie* from the fangs of *Mey Murdochson* and her crew. The fourth act consists of the interviews with the *Duke of Argyll* and the *Queen*, and the return of *Jeannie* in time to save *Effie* from the gallows, which, in very bad taste, is exhibited on the stage. Mr. Shepherd acted the *Duke of Argyll*; and having encountered some hisses, addressed the house in terms which, we think, he will see reason to regret, insinuating that the sibilants were sent in by a person whom he named, and whom hypothetically he denounced as "a blackguard." Mr. Shepherd need not fear that his rival's performances will ever interfere with his; their respective dramas on the same subject address two quite different classes of patrons. In one or two respects the cast at this house is good; Mr. Gourlay is the best Laird o' Dumbiedikes, and Mr. F. Robinson as *Geordie*

Robertson is, perhaps, not to be equalled. Miss Pauncefort, as *Madge Wildfire*, was also satisfactory, and Miss Eburne looked *Jeannie Deans* admirably.

STRAND.—A new farce by Mr. Crawford Wilson has been produced here. It is entitled 'My Knuckleduster.' The allusions are, of course, to the practice of garrotting, now happily on the decline. Mr. Rogers represents a Manchester traveller lodging at Highgate, and protecting himself with the inventions that the timid are fain to patronize without knowing well how to use them properly. Anti-garotte collars, revolvers and knuckledusters, without skill and courage, are mischievous only to their owners. Our hero sits down on the collar, and suffers from its sharp points; pricks his fingers with the knuckleduster; and is alarmed at the possible explosion of the revolver. A previous tenant of his apartment returning to re-engage it, is mistaken by him for a burglar; and, as the former is under a similar impression in regard to himself, their mutual blunders amuse the audience. The trifle was received with approbation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The late period of its production renders it inevitable to postpone till next week a notice of Mr. Balfe's 'Armourer of Nantes,' which new opera was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre on Thursday night.

At Monday's *Popular Concert*, Schubert's Quintet was repeated. M. Halle was the pianist.

Mr. Morton ventures more than any other mortal English musical manager. It should make some of the fraternity who profess so much and perform so little, feel foolish to read in the "Oxford" bills of the week an announcement of the music to Gluck's 'Alceste.' Beethoven's *ballet*-music to 'Prometheus'—not one of his strongest compositions—(containing, by the way, among other movements, the melody which he employed in the last movement of his 'Eroica' Symphony, and again as a theme for pianoforte variations:—and thus proving his predilection for it) made part of the programme of the *Crystal Palace Concert* on Saturday last. Miss Armytage, whose name is beginning to be heard of, was the lady singer,—and Madame Arabella Goddard the pianist.

Our half-promise of speaking of Mr. Haigh's chances as an oratorio singer cannot be better redeemed than by saying that, so far as we followed him in 'Elijah' yesterday week, the performance could not be considered as conclusive. After years of not careful singing, with imperfect comrades, and before audiences too easily contented, it is impossible for the most strenuous man to leap at a bound into such proficiency as the highest, most refined and most poetical union of music with declamation, unaided by action, such as Oratorio demands. We will give Mr. Haigh a twelvemonth ere a final verdict be passed, and for a good reason. He merits such forbearance. The performance of 'Elijah,' as regards chorus and orchestra, was very fine. The Hall was crowded. To judge from the sight, the quality of the public and its obvious enjoyment, and further, from a late report of its Benevolent Society, the Sacred Harmonic Society must be prospering.

The Farewell Concert of Mr. H. Phillips, which is fixed for the 25th, in addition to the interest attaching itself to his leave-taking, will also introduce two daughters of the redoubtable *basso*, a *soprano* and a *contralto*, who have studied for their profession out of England. A duet is greatly wanted at the time being, as we had occasion to point out only the other day. If these ladies supply the want, they will at once take an ascertained place in the profession.

It is said that *Mlle. Carlotta Patti* will shortly arrive from America—under engagement to Mr. Gye. Her sister, we are assured by the Parisian Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, has tested her popularity in the most substantial manner, by demanding and gaining *five* times as much for singing in private as was given to her great predecessors, with whom no one pretends to compare her. It is fair, however, to recollect that so far back as the last century *La Bastardella*

received a hundred guineas a night for singing two songs at the Pantheon in London. *She*, however, was a world's wonder; whereas the fever of admiration excited by *Mlle. Patti* in Paris, and by *Mlle. Titiens* in Naples, can only be read as a sign of the decay, amounting to almost entire extinction, of the art of singing.

Mr. Mapleson has sent home a manifesto from Parma, promising that he will presently make promises of great performances for his coming opera-season: but as yet specifying nothing. It is said that *Madame Czillag* will this year be one of his company.

We have since last week received another "message from the sea" touching the doings of the Melbourne Philharmonic Society, which, under Mr. Charles Horeley's conductorship, seems to be assuming considerable interest and importance. "We shall perform," writes our Correspondent, "Abraham" on the 2nd of December, and as is always customary here, 'Messiah' on Christmas Eve,—a performance which will so far differ from home, inasmuch as the thermometer will probably be 95° in the shade, instead of 20° below freezing point."

A glance at the Christiania Theatre reveals the existence of a life and nationality in the drama of the far North little adverted to in these latitudes. Danish plays by Herr Andersen (in German, 'Mulatten' and 'Mehr als Perlen und Gold'), by Herr Gostrup, 'Ein nacht im Gebirge,'—Norwegian ones, Herr Goldschmidt's 'Rabbi Eliezar,' Herr Etlar's 'Im Dynekil,' Herr Björnson's 'Everre' and 'Hulda,' are mentioned as so many indigenous works having interest and consequence.

Our Naples Correspondent writes thus:—"The national effort for the relief of those who have been victimized by the brigands has led to the project of several musical and dramatic entertainments. The orchestra of San Carlo has led the way, and invited Signor De Giosa, a successful composer well known here, to organize a concert. Responding to the call, he has arranged for the execution of the overture to M. Meyerbeer's 'Pardon,' and of a *Sinfonia*, by Signor Mercadante, known as 'Il Lamento del Bardo.' This piece derives interest from the fact that it has been composed since Mercadante became blind. M. Dumas, requested to contribute, has consented, and a *Cantata*, which was composed for Mercadante in 1860, but never executed, will be performed."

Several numbers of Haydn's 'Orpheus' (as many as eleven) have been sung not long since at a concert in Munich. One of these, it may be presumed, was the melodious song 'Il Pensier,' better known, perhaps, in its sacred Catholic dress as 'O Jesu, bone Pastor,' a favourite offertory with baritone and bass voices.

M. Offenbach, we hear, is engaged upon a serious opera, the story German, arranged by a French dramatist, for Vienna.

MISCELLANEA

Trade Marks, Models and Designs.—The Commercial Treaty with Belgium, which has been published this week, contains the following stipulations:—Article 16. The subjects of one of the high contracting parties shall enjoy, in the dominions of the other, the same protection as native subjects in all that relates to property in trade-marks, as well as in industrial and manufacturing patterns and models of every description. The exclusive right to make use of an industrial or manufacturing pattern or model shall not, with regard to British subjects in Belgium, and reciprocally with regard to Belgian subjects in Great Britain, have a duration longer than that fixed by the law of the country for native subjects. If the industrial or manufacturing pattern or model is open to the public in the country of origin, it cannot be made the subject of an exclusive right in the other country. The rights of subjects of one of the high contracting parties in the dominions of the other are not subject to the condition that the models or patterns shall be worked there. The present article shall not be put into operation in either country, with regard to such models or patterns, until the expiration of a year from the date of the signature of the present treaty.—Article 17.

Belgian subjects shall not have the right to claim in Great Britain exclusive property in a mark, model or pattern, unless they shall have previously complied with the regulations, if any, which are or may be in force for the deposit at London, by British subjects, of marks, models or patterns (*dessins*). Reciprocally, British subjects shall not have the right to claim in Belgium exclusive property in a mark, model or pattern, unless they shall have previously complied with the laws and regulations on those subjects which are or may be in force in Belgium.

The North Atlantic Sea-bed.—Allow me to call attention to two rather serious mistakes in Dr. Wallich's 'Treatise on the North Atlantic Bed,' which the value of the book itself and its authority as sent forth by the Admiralty are sure to make pernicious. At p. 109, Dr. Wallich quotes Mrs. Somerville, 'Physical Geography,' vol. i. p. 318, as his authority for asserting that at a depth of 20 miles sea-water is compressed to $\frac{1}{10}$ th of its surface bulk. What Mrs. Somerville, however, says is, that "sea-water is reduced in bulk from 20 to 19 solid inches at a depth of 20 miles;" i.e. the compression is by $\frac{1}{10}$, not to $\frac{1}{10}$, as Dr. Wallich says. I have noticed the same mistake elsewhere made before now. The other serious error is at pp. 98, 99, where 39°.5 is given as the maximum of condensation temperature of sea-water, "after which," it is said, "it expands to 28°.5, where it freezes"; and from this fact Dr. Wallich, with many others, infers a general mean temperature of 39°.5 for the whole sea at a depth of 1,200 fathoms at the Equator, and of 750 fathoms in latitude 70°. Now 39°.5 is the maximum of condensation temperature for fresh water, and that, therefore, is the mean temperature for fresh-water lakes; but with salt water the case is different, its point of greatest condensation for temperature being very near, perhaps slightly below, its freezing point, which is 27° or 27°.5. The handiest reference I can give for these facts is the edition of 1860 (apparently the 9th) of 'Maury's Physical Geology of the Sea,' pp. 227, 228. B. E. W.

Bottling of Liquids.—In the *Athenæum* of the 10th ult. is a letter by Mr. Dircks, proposing a novel and ingenious method for bottling milk, &c. I beg leave to suggest a less complicated method for the same purpose. I would use carbonic acid gas only, and not any nitrogen gas. Carbonic acid gas is heavier than our atmosphere. Every one who has attended a course of chemical lectures has seen the experiment of the pouring of the latter (CO₂) from one beaker into another, and the demonstration of its being received by the extinguishment of a lighted taper. In place, then, of inverting the bottle,—a process requiring a trough, and the insertion of a finger in the milk,—I would propose to place the bottle containing milk in a standing position, and to displace the atmosphere contained in the neck of the bottle by carbonic acid gas, and then, of course, to cork immediately without moving the bottle. A common generating bottle, a couple of pieces of marble and some dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, are all the apparatus necessary. No valve is required to the bottle-tube; for once that the air in the generating bottle has been displaced by the evolved carbonic acid gas, air cannot again enter as long as the process is continued. RICHARD EPPS.

Population of Algiers.—According to the statistical tables of the "Bureau des Longitudes," up to the 31st of December, 1861, Algiers had a European population of 205,888 souls, which shows an increase of 11,183 heads within the last three years, compared with the census of 1858 of the same date. In the course of the year 1861, 1,885 marriages, 8,227 births and 5,850 deaths took place in Algiers. Among the births were 7,072 legitimate, 671 recognized and 419 illegitimate born. The proportion of deaths was 1,603 men, 881 women and 3,366 children. Compared with the statistics of Paris, Algiers has less marriages, the number of births is larger and that of deaths smaller than in the twenty arrondissements of the capital.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. M. W.—S. B.—F.—G. W. C.—O.—S. J. M.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

LITERATURE

Reminiscences of Thirty Years' Residence in New South Wales and Victoria; with a Supplementary Chapter on Transportation and the Ticket-of-Leave System. By R. Therry, Esq. (Low & Co.)

A few days ago, a member of the House of Lords inquired if it were true that Redpath is at large in Australia with a ticket-of-leave. Lord Granville made a little sensation by replying that the report is true. The fact is making a tour of all the newspapers, and is, perhaps, dividing public attention with Dr. Colenso and Sir Charles Lyell. Our interest in the Australian career of notorious criminals may be compared to that which is felt in the married life of heroes and heroines of romance. Events have recently increased this interest. Grand jurors, chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and even the Justices of Assize, have, for many months past, been delivering presentments and charges about the danger of letting ticket-of-leave men loose on society. The Government has named a Royal Commission on the subject, and Sir George Grey has this very week revoked the remission of penal servitude in certain cases. At such a moment, Mr. Therry's thirty years' reminiscences of a convict colony are not to be despised; more particularly when their author is able to tell us that, from 1829 to 1859, he held various public offices—amongst others those of Attorney General, Resident Judge of Port Phillip, and Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales.

Mr. Therry's observations of our criminal population began in the old times of Norfolk Island. Now-a-days a prisoner occasionally prays for penal servitude in place of ordinary imprisonment. A quarter of a century ago it was a common saying that transportation was worse than death. In these *Reminiscences* a case is mentioned in which a convict actually preferred death to the punishment of Norfolk Island. In 1831, a desperate bushranger, William Webber, was tried and sentenced to death in New South Wales. The day before the one fixed for his execution he sent for Mr. Therry, who on entering the condemned cell found the prisoner to be apparently about twenty-five years of age and in the full vigour of a robust manhood. This youthful convict acknowledged that he was the perpetrator of a burglary for which two innocent men were then suffering, and on inquiry his statement was verified. Under the impression that a man who had thus rescued two fellow-creatures from an undeserved punishment might be put to a better account than that of being hanged, Mr. Therry visited Webber again, and told him that though he could hold out no hope of pardon on his own authority, yet that he would represent to the Government his meritorious conduct in this case, and that if he would follow up that conduct by making reparation to society by disclosing how he had disposed of the proceeds of the many robberies he had committed, it was probable his life would be spared. This suggestion was made after his death-warrant had been read to him, and at a time when he knew he had only a few hours to live: nevertheless, he replied—"No, sir, I thank you; but I will disclose nothing. All I could gain by it would be to be sent to Norfolk Island, and I would rather be hanged than go there. Don't trouble yourself about me; leave me to my fate." And he was accordingly left to his fate.

Though Mr. Therry's experience is strongly

in favour of the possibility of the reformation of prisoners after a first conviction, he has observed that reformation rarely takes place in instances where a criminal has been convicted more than once. He believes that after a second and third conviction the prisoner becomes so lost to a sense of shame, so inured to habits of crime, so reckless and unmindful of the punishment he has undergone, that he readily yields to any temptation that presents itself, and his after-life continues an uninterrupted career of crime. The most grievous offences he always found had been committed by oft-convicted criminals. Wilson, who murdered Dr. Wardell, had been fourteen times convicted of various offences in England and in the colony before he expiated the guilt of his last offence upon the scaffold. Knatchbull had been convicted over and over again. Farrell, originally transported for life for burglary, was the first prisoner Mr. Therry defended as counsel in 1831. He was one of a party that bored a subterranean passage under George Street, in Sydney, and abstracted from a vault where the money of the Bank of Australia was kept 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* in dollars and notes. He was the first prisoner the author afterwards tried, when Resident Judge of Port Phillip in 1845, for a burglary quite as audacious; and a few years before leaving Sydney he saw him in the Supreme Court—then a miserable old man—again under trial for felony.

In illustrating this incorrigible proneness to crime which, in some convicts, baffles all attempts at reformation, Mr. Therry mentions particulars about a notorious murderer whose case attracted attention in this country twenty years ago. John Lynch was transported for robbery to New South Wales in 1831. Accompanying him in the same ship was his father, also a convict under sentence of transportation for manslaughter. In the year 1835, Mr. Therry prosecuted several persons—servants on an estate near Berrima—charged with the murder of a man in the same employment, who had been suspected of disclosing some of their misdeeds to the owner of the estate. The trial lasted a whole day, and the evidence variously affected the prisoners; but there was one of them—John Lynch—on whom the evidence had fixed a more prominent part in the perpetration of the deed than the others. Towards the close of the trial a material witness, and one who was to have proved that Lynch had been seen, on the day of the murder, within a few yards of the spot on which an attempt was made to consume the body by fire, appeared in the witness-box in such a state of intemperance that his testimony was valueless; and to that incident is, probably, to be attributed the acquittal of the prisoners. As Acting Attorney General in 1842, Mr. Therry had occasion to put Lynch on his trial for the murder of Kerns Landregan, of which he was convicted, and for which he was executed. The confession of this miscreant is almost without a parallel in the annals of crime. He begins by describing how he got possession of a cart by murdering the driver and a black boy, and he then details the murder of two other people who accompanied him on the road, a man named Fraser and his son. The next evening he arrived at the house of a farmer named Mulligan. The following passages from that part of the confession in which he describes his treatment of the Mulligans we recommend to the attention of those convict chaplains who appear to fancy that a few pious phrases on the lips of a criminal are satisfactory securities for a ticket-of-leave:—

"In the evening we drank together and got very sociable, but I took care not to drink much.

Well! thoughts were in my head, and the time was coming on; I began to feel very disturbed, and I walked out of the hut. It was a clear, cold, windy night; I looked up at the bright moon, and I prayed to Almighty God to direct me. I said to myself, I am an injured man, and the Mulligans have defrauded me of what I perilled life and liberty to obtain. That fellow, when I was starving in the Berrima Iron Gang, has often passed me by without so much as giving me a shilling, when he had many pounds which were justly mine in his hands. And now, would it not be right that they should lose all they possess as a judgment upon them for withholding his own from the poor prisoner? Heaven guide me and point out to me what to do. Well, I went into the house again, and we had another glass of rum round. Now it was a cold, windy night, so I took up the axe and said I would go and cut a few barrow-loads of wood for the fire, if John (meaning the young man) would wheel them in. We went out. He said that Mulligan was an old man, that he should have the farm at his death. I was shocked to hear him speak in this way, knowing how near he was to his own departure out of this world; so I said, 'Ah! John, you should not speak in that way; you don't know what may be in store for yourself.' At this time he had taken in two loads in the barrow, and was come for the third. I had just finished my work, so I took the axe and gave it a backhanded swing against his skull. I threw a quantity of boughs over the body, and went back to the hut. * * * The old woman went out looking for her son. She went towards the spot and began moving the boughs which covered the body. Now or never, thought I. I prayed to God to help me, determined to succeed or perish in the attempt, and kept my eye upon Mulligan, who was close beside me. He turned his head—one blow and down he went. I then hastened towards the old woman: she was in the act of returning, having found her son's body; but playing the cunning, she said, 'Lord! what brings the police here! there are three of them getting over the fence.' I was not to be gulled that way, so I gave her my foot, which staggered her, and then brought her down. None now remained but the little girl: the poor little thing had never done me any injury, and I was really sorry for her. I went into the hut where she remained, and I said to her, 'Now, my little girl, I will do for you what I would not for the others, for you're a good girl; you shall have ten minutes to say your prayers.'

Having killed the little girl, he burned the four bodies, and took possession of the farm, where, he says, "I intended to live honestly, and do everything fair and square." He then engaged as a servant Kerns Landregan, the man for whose murder he was prosecuted to conviction by Mr. Therry. There can be little doubt that, under the convict system now prevailing, this canting villain would have enjoyed a ticket-of-leave soon after his first sentence, and probably contributed his share to the garotting force of the metropolis.

On the other hand, these reminiscences exhibit cases in which tickets-of-leave have been granted with the best results. On his visit to Bathurst in 1830, Mr. Therry met Strange, Wilson and Harrison, the three Cato-street conspirators, whose capital sentence had been commuted to transportation for life. Strange, it appears, still survives. He was for many years chief constable of the Bathurst district, and was then the terror of bushrangers. His career in the colony showed that the sparing of his life was a well-bestowed act of clemency. He was rewarded by the Colonial Government for having captured several bushrangers. The reckless disregard of danger that, in a bad cause, made him an apt instrument for the deed that doomed him to transportation, made him, when engaged in a good cause, an invaluable constable. He obtained a ticket-of-leave soon after his arrival from Sir T. Brisbane, for captur-

ing, in a single-handed struggle, Robert Story, the notorious bushranger of his time, and many other marauders of less note. If it were known that "the Cato-street Chief" (the title by which as chief constable he was known) was in search of the plunderers who then prowled along the roads, they fled from the district, and his name was quite a tower of strength to the peaceable portion of the community. At present he is the head of a patriarchal home on the banks of the Fish River at Bathurst, surrounded by children and grandchildren, all industrious persons, in the enjoyment of a comfortable competence. Wilson was also for some time an active constable under Strange. On obtaining the indulgence of a ticket-of-leave he married, and became the fashionable tailor of the district, with a signboard over his shop announcing him as "Wilson, tailor, from London." With Harrison, the Life Guardsman, Mr. Therry came into frequent contact. He describes him as a well-conducted man, and an industrious baker.

Hunt, the accomplice of Thurtell in that murder of Weare which attracted much attention about forty years ago for its deliberate atrocity, seems also to be a favourable specimen of a reformed character. Mr. Therry was present at his trial at Hertford, in 1824, and heard sentence of death passed upon him. This was commuted afterwards to transportation for life, as the magistrates had held out a hope that if he disclosed where the body of the murdered man lay, it would operate favourably for him. Sir R. Peel, then Secretary for the Home Department, reproved the justices for holding out this hope, but deemed it advisable that magisterial faith should be kept inviolate, and the sentence of death was accordingly commuted to transportation for life. Eight years after his trial, Mr. Therry again saw him at the antipodes. He was then a trustworthy storekeeper, assigned to the service of a Government contractor on the Blue Mountain road. For the last twenty years he held the petty office of Court-keeper of the Assize Court at Bathurst, and by his respectful demeanour and general good conduct enjoyed the favourable opinion of all who came in contact with him.

The apparently very devout criminals are a dangerous class. John Tawell's case caused no small sensation in England a few years ago, partly from its cruelty (poisoning a woman), and partly from the remarkable mode of its detection. He was a returned convict, and a model specimen of prison reformation. Previous to his transportation for forgery, upwards of forty years ago, his occupation in England was that of a commercial traveller. His career in the colony exhibited a strange mixture of shrewdness and money-making talent, combined with an outward show of religion. On obtaining partial exemption from convict discipline, he became the principal druggist, and had one of the showiest shops of that kind in Sydney. After a prosperous career he sold his business to a respectable chemist for 14,000*l.* This sum he judiciously invested in buildings and other pursuits of profit. For nearly two years Tawell occupied the house opposite to Mr. Therry's in Sydney. He struck the late judge as being a remarkably well-conducted person. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and he wore the broad-brimmed hat, appeared always in a neat and carefully-adjusted costume, and his whole appearance and manner impressed one with the notion of his being a very saintly personage. He always sought the society in public of persons of reputed piety. Mr. Therry often met him in the street accompanied by a secretary or collector to a charitable institution, whom he assisted in obtaining contributions

for benevolent objects. At one time he took up the cause of Temperance in such an intemperate spirit, that he ordered a puncheon of rum he had imported to be staved on the wharf in Sydney, and its contents poured into the sea, saying that he would "not be instrumental to the guilt of disseminating such poison throughout the colony." At another time his zeal took a religious turn, and he built in Macquarie Street a commodious meeting-house for the Society of Friends.

John Hardy Vaux was an educated man and a contributor to convict literature. His case is a strong instance of the constant tendency to crime that some individuals exhibit. He had been transported for life. After the usual probationary course, he obtained a conditional pardon, which placed him in the position of a free citizen in New South Wales, provided he did not leave the colony. The violation of the condition of residence subjected him to be remitted to his first sentence—transportation for life. He escaped, however, from New South Wales, and, on his arrival in England, had the hardihood to publish a book descriptive of his career in the colony, which attracted some attention in London about the year 1828. Soon afterwards he made his way to Dublin, where he was again convicted of larceny, and transported for seven years, under the assumed name of James Stewart. On the arrival of the ship that conveyed him to New South Wales, Mr. Therry went on board to see this then somewhat remarkable person. His address was very courteous, and his voice was of a remarkably soft and insinuating tone. In a conversation the author had with him, he expressed a deep contrition for his past life, vowed amendment, poured forth his gratitude for the mercy that had been shown to him, expressing a hope that by his future conduct he might prove that it had not been unworthily bestowed. Perhaps he meant at the moment all that he uttered, but, so incapable had he become of resisting any temptation to crime, that within a twelvemonth after his arrival a second time as a convict, he committed a felony, for which he was sent to work for two years in irons on the public roads. The last time the author saw him was in the dock, ten years ago, accused of a great crime.

The few United Irishmen left in New South Wales during Mr. Therry's official life were absorbed in the steady and industrious class of colonists. He mentions the case of D—, who was fortunate enough to be transported in 1798 for making pikes. D— was a first-rate blacksmith. About the time he became free, the charge for shoeing a horse was from fifteen shillings to a pound. He was an adept in this, as in all other branches of his business, and in the course of a long life of industry he acquired property to the estimated extent of from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* This was not, however, the sole result of manual labour. He had, at an early period, made some judicious purchases of land, which in time had greatly increased in value. About two-thirds of this amount he devoted by will to religious and educational purposes. The remaining third he bequeathed to some relations whom he brought out at his own expense from Ireland. Some convicts made money as *artistes*, and others as members of the learned professions. Bushell—known by the *sobriquet* of the "Knave of Diamonds"—was a convict of very varied accomplishments. He spoke German and French as fluently as English. His knowledge of German facilitated the commission of the fraud for which he was transported. Personating a Prussian baron, well moustached and disguised in suitable costume, he gave an order to an eminent jeweller to provide him with diamonds of the value of several thousand pounds. For

these he managed to substitute a box of imitation diamonds. He escaped to the Continent, but was subsequently taken and transported. According to Mr. Therry, Bushell had a voice quite equal to Lablache, to whom in size and person he bore a strong resemblance. He was the principal singer for many years at the theatres and concerts in Sydney, where he made a respectable connexion by marriage.

Mr. Therry's acquaintance with another singing criminal was not made under such favourable circumstances. Going circuit in New South Wales was a perilous undertaking for the Judge and the Bar some years ago. At a lonely spot, on his way to the Bathurst circuit, about ten o'clock in the morning, he was hailed by two men, partially hidden behind a tree, their guns pointed at his head, with the cry of "Stop, or I'll send the contents of this through you!" On alighting from the carriage he put his hands instinctively into his pockets, the hope suggesting itself at the instant that by giving his purse he might perhaps save his life. The captain of the gang, however, an escaped convict named Russell, suspecting he had put his hands into his pocket to search there for pistols, desired him at once to take them out, or he would be shot on the spot. Mr. Therry confesses that no fugleman ever performed a motion more quickly than he disengaged his hands, as directed, from his pockets, which were then rifled by Russell. These fellows were afterwards apprehended for another and still more serious robbery. They were transported to Norfolk Island, where Russell, the captain of the gang, became leader of the choir in the little church on the island. His fine voice, no doubt, captivated the chaplain, and constituted "a case of special circumstances," and exempted him from hard labour.

In Mr. Therry's supplementary chapter, he points out that a ticket-of-leave in England does not correspond to a ticket-of-leave in the penal colonies, in its safest and most useful attribute—a police superintendence. The ticket-of-leave system, as it exists in England, is little short of an irregular, irresponsible and dangerous gaol delivery, without the sanction of any judicial tribunal. There is no family resemblance between the two systems, except in name.

Mr. Therry suggests that the present ticket-of-leave system in England, if it be continued, requires amendment in two points: first, the necessity of police supervision; and, secondly, as essential and necessary in aid of the attainment of that object, the restriction of residence of ticket-holders in certain districts, whether town or country. Without this restriction, police control is impracticable. To the observance of these principal points should be added a stern and unyielding attention to the enforcement of the conditions, by the breach of which the holder incurs a forfeiture of his ticket.

The interest of Mr. Therry's book is not confined to his reminiscences of the convict population or his remarks on the ticket-of-leave system. His sketches of colonial society, and of the various governors under whom he served, his description of the Bench and Bar, and his chapters on Emigration and Colonial Products, are valuable as contributions to the history of New South Wales. He tells us what he saw himself of the origin and consequences of the gold discovery, from the first moment when an unhappy convict produced a piece of gold and was rewarded with one hundred and fifty lashes by a sceptical magistrate, who said he must have stolen a gold watch and melted it down, to the case of the retired soldier who, with 100*l.* the accumulation of years of frugal habits, purchased one hundred acres of land, and re-sold

them in a few years for 120,000*l*. The story of the fortunate soldier ends better than many of its class. We are told that he has recently visited his native parish in Ireland and contributed liberally to the building of a church and a school-house, and that at this moment four of his sons are receiving the best education that money can get for them in England.

A Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion. By A. S. Farrar, M.A. (Murray.)

At last, a Bampton Lecture actually tells us when the series commenced. Not in the title-page, not by furnishing a date to the extract from John Bampton's will, but casually, in a note. From 1780 until now the topics of the time have been discussed in the Oxford pulpit year by year. In our day the subjects are changing with phantasmagoric rapidity. It has been said that a person has but a certain number of beats of his pulse to live through; so that anything which quickens his circulation shortens his life. If this be true of the controversial existence of a Church, our establishment may look for the rapid approach of a millennium of quiet. There is a fever of pugnacious inquiry which brings on the topics in rapid haste, and allows no one to hesitate about his Bampton subject from want of external suggestion. Our readers are aware that one person cannot give these lectures more than once. In like manner as the City aldermen are divided into those who have passed the chair and those who have not, so the Oxford notabilities, all at least who are conspicuous as preachers, are divided into those who have and have not given the Bampton course. The consequence is, that more than one is at any time of any year engaged in collecting materials for the one great effort which is to prove him worthy to have been placed on the list.

These lectures, when directed, as now they almost always are, against the abuses of the time, are never made of personal application. Mr. Farrar has not a word about the Essayists and Reviewers,—we do not remember that he cites any one of them,—nevertheless, at them are his lectures specially directed. He is the historian of "free thought," by which he means "revolt of the mind against the pressure of external authority." The term, he says, is generally used to denote three different systems—Protestantism, Scepticism, and Unbelief. Mr. Farrar objects to this classification of Protestantism, which, he says, "reposes implicitly on what it believes to be the divine authority of the inspired writers of the books of Holy Scripture"; while the others "acknowledge no authority external to the mind, no communication superior to reason and science." In this description there surely is a fallacy. Between the Protestantism of "implicit repose," and the systems of "no communication superior to reason and science," no middle is allowed. Where, then, does Mr. Farrar place those persons who, acknowledging that there is revelation from God in the Bible, do not believe in the "inspiration" of the written accounts? These intermediate acknowledge communication from a source superior to reason, and use their reason to find out what it is from the history which has been handed down.

The doctrine of implicit repose is now upon its trial. To speak of resting upon the "divine authority of the inspired writers," means, if it mean anything, to rest upon some system of interpretation, and upon the results of that system. In this sense, Protestantism is not, and never was, one thing. If Mr. Farrar

admit all the shapes it has taken, he does practically make it "free thought"; if he covertly intend that nothing shall take the name except that which admits one or more of the systems and excludes the rest, his classification is logically incomplete and theologically useless.

This method of using the words *free thought* as a synonym for what used to be called *free thinking* enables our author to write with learning and acuteness about all the phases of unbelief, without forbidding him to introduce names which he could not have brought into a professed history of infidelity. He is, we are entitled to suppose, a friend to free thought, though an enemy to particular results. He writes as follows:—

"In nothing is the Divine image stamped on humanity, or the moral Providence of God in the world more visible, than in the circumstance, of which we have already had frequent proofs, that thought and honest inquiry, if allowed to act freely, without being repressed by material or political interference, but checked only by spiritual and moral influences, gradually attain to truth, appropriating goodness and rejecting evil."

This is a protest against bringing in Dr. Lushington, whose proceedings, when he acts in the Court of Arches, cannot be said to be spiritual and moral influences, but rather material interferences, suspension from benefice and imposition of costs. Mr. Farrar is quite right, partly in his own sense, and partly in another. What says the epigram?—

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, it's no longer treason.

When "thought and honest inquiry, allowed to act freely"—why not say "free thought" at once?—succeed in upsetting something and providing a substitute, that substitute becomes the acknowledged truth, and free thought has rejected evil, which once was held good. There are headlands which have permanently resisted the waves of inquiry, though at times so fiercely beaten that they could hardly be seen through the foam; and there are places in which stout cliffs once stood, which have been undermined and ground to pieces by the constant friction. But the rocks which are no longer rocks remain in the maps; the doctrines which have yielded to opinion are still among the subscriptions. It is this which led Tennyson to write, and Mr. Farrar to quote with approbation,

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Of course; and for this reason—Doubt has in it a portion of belief, as well as a portion of unbelief. But a fraction of the creeds—Tennyson says half, but it is not so much—is a matter of general unbelief combined with enforced subscription.

Our readers would be interested by Mr. Farrar's book, which contains much clear and dated history, as well as discussion.

Lost among the Affghans; being the Adventures of John Campbell (otherwise Feringhee Bacha) amongst the Wild Tribes of Central Asia. Related by Himself to Hubert Oswald Fry. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Hájí Bába, after a long absence from the earth, would seem to have returned in the shape of Sued Mustafá, otherwise Feringhee Bacha, otherwise "John Campbell," who, with the aid of Mr. Fry, has dished up a pretty "*piláo* of abominations." Oh, ye magnates of Cornhill and Pall Mall, must we believe in darker marvels than those of the Thousand and One Nights? Have we travelled so far to eat dirt? Shall our beards be laughed at? The editor of "Lost among the Affghans" states, in a guarded Introduction, that "should any question be

raised as to the *truth* of the narrative, he himself entertains no doubt of the substantial correctness of what is here related." Is the editor a griffin, "specially privileged to take the beards of human kind in his hand and spit upon them"?

When Major R. Taylor, of the Bombay Infantry, lately assistant to our Resident in Persia, reached Meshed in 1857, on his way to Herát to see the terms of treaty carried out respecting the latter State, a diminutive lad of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who had been (by his own account) living with a band of burglars at Meshed, and was then in the prison of that city awaiting the punishment of his crime, took it into his head to call himself an Englishman, and claim that officer's protection. This lad described himself as the son of an English officer, Campbell, who was killed in the Tazeen Pass, on the retreat of our army from Kábul in 1841, and stated that he had been picked up by the Affghans, being then two years old. Unfortunately for the truth of this, his first statement, there was no officer of that name with the force at Kábul or during the retreat; and, consequently, no officer of that name was killed at Tazeen. Moreover, the English children who were taken by the Affghans were released with the other prisoners in their hands, as may be read in Lady Sale's 'Journal' and Lieut. Eyre's narrative.

We have reason to believe that the following is the true account of this lad's appearance in Bombay, and of his subsequent adventures until he reached the "preparatory school" of the Frys, together with the account he then gave of himself. The "Bacha" was sent to Bombay from Persia by our Resident at that court; but no inquiry appears to have been made in that country or at Herát as to the truth of the adventurer's statement. It is probable that he did not attempt to cram Major Taylor with the story (p. 274) that "I and about twenty other officers (this wretched-looking boy?) swore over the Koran that Esau Khán should be king (of Herát), and that we would defend him with our lives"; for Major Taylor would soon have sifted it. This tale was left for the Frys. A letter, with the hero, was sent to the Bombay Government, intimating that no inquiry had been made as to the truth of what he stated; and the late Lord Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay, sent for and examined him. His Lordship put many questions through the Persian interpreter, and attempted to discover whether he could recollect a single English word. The word "foreign" was the only one, which, his Lordship remarked, he had, no doubt, picked up since he came under our protection. Lord Elphinstone was satisfied from the first that the boy was not of European parentage, and did not believe his statement. He might have remained at Bombay to this time, had he not been in the constant habit of causing disturbance wherever he was placed. He was put at the school of a respectable man named Boswell, who had long resided at Bombay; who was obliged to expel the "Bacha," for drawing a dagger on him, and endeavouring to take his life. He was then placed under the superintendence of Dr. Wilson, Presbyterian Missionary at Bombay, who made the boy over to one of his Parsee converts; and he did just what he liked, but learned nothing. He, however, became acquainted with Parsees and others, who made him believe that he might find some English people fools enough to take him as a relation, if he only got up a good tale, and would have all that life could desire, particularly if he seasoned it with a pretence that he was a Christian in faith. At

an interview which Capt. Raverty, of the Bombay Army, had with Lord Elphinstone, when about to leave India for England to publish his works in the Afghán language, the conversation turned upon "John Campbell," who had called upon that officer and asked him to take him to England. At this very time, there was a petition lying on his Lordship's table from the boy himself, written in bad Persian. This Capt. Raverty read and interpreted to Lord Elphinstone; and on his Lordship's remarking that he did not know what to do with the boy, he suggested that, as he desired to go to England, the best way for the Bombay Government to get him off its hands was to let him go; and Capt. Raverty offered to take charge of him on the voyage. His Lordship acceded at once, and "John Campbell" was warned accordingly. Before leaving Bombay for England, which was some weeks after the interview, Capt. Raverty made inquiry of the lad as to his antecedents; but before that officer he was guarded in what he said, as he, "the Bacha," knew of his being well acquainted with the countries beyond the Indus, as well as with the Persian and Afghán languages, and the manners and customs of Central Asia. At that time, Capt. Raverty had two Afghán Molowés (learned priests) present with him at Bombay, and they, after seeing a great deal of the lad for some weeks, and from his appearance, manner and mode of speaking Persian and Afghán, or Pushto, pronounced him to be a Jew of the parts about Bokhárá, who are remarkable for the impostures they affect; or otherwise a *litti* or mountebank of those parts, who might have been a slave in the Kunir (not Kounar) Suyed's family. He was a thin, sly-looking lad, about five feet two inches in height, stooped very much, had small hands and feet; a peculiar mark of the Asiatic Jewish, Armenian and the Indian races, and sometimes, but not always, of the Persian. He was no Afghán, for he bore not the most remote resemblance to that invariably fine race. His complexion was a dirty yellowish brown colour; and his hair was a dark reddish brown, inclined to purple—never seen in the European, but to be found amongst the mixed races of Badakhshán, Bokhárá, and parts north of Hindú Kush. He had a decided antipathy to water and soap, and had to be compelled to clean himself on the voyage. There was not the slightest trace of European blood about him. The peculiar hair was sufficient proof against such an assumption.

Mr. Fry has been made the victim of a very artful dodge. But we must take care that the public is not deceived like Mr. Fry. We are able to give a brief account of what his tale was to Capt. Raverty and his Molowés; and, to that officer's knowledge, the youth possessed no notes or memoranda whatever, except a statement of about two or three pages of letter paper, which the boy wrote out, at Capt. Raverty's request, before leaving Bombay. This account agreed in some few respects with that which he has, with Mr. Fry's assistance, swollen into the present volume. It was, that he was found in the Tazeen Pass, in the arms of a Hindústani nurse, after the skirmish and retreat of our troops, by some Afgháns, who immediately killed the woman, and would have killed him also, had not the Suyed of Kunir (a small town of the district of that name, lying in the lower or southernmost part of the valley of the Kunir Kámah, or river of Káshkár or Chitrál, about thirty miles before it falls into the river of Kábul, twelve miles east of Jelálábád, and, consequently, within seventy-five miles of Pesháwar) taken the soldier before Akbar

Khán, who commanded the Afghán troops, and represented to that chieftain that if the child were made over to him, he would adopt it, and bring it up in the faith of Islám. This was acceded to, and he was taken to Pushút (which is the chief town of the district, and where numerous gold-washers are employed washing for gold in the river), where one of the Suyed's childless wives adopted him. He was sent to the village school with other boys, and was taught what Afghán boys generally learn (there are no "military schools" (p. 7) or staff colleges in Afghán villages, or others subject to the Afghán ruler). When about ten years old, the Suyed, on one of his journeys to Kábul, took him with him (not that he "wished him to see and be seen in the capital," as Mr. Fry states); and when passing Tazeen and other places on the road which were the scenes of our disasters, the Suyed told him how he had found him, and that the ruins he saw on the roadside and at Kábul were the traces of his countrymen, the English. At Kábul, he met with a renegade European, in Dost Muhammad's service, who said he ("the Bacha") "must be the son of an officer called Campbell, and that he had known his father." From this statement, which he also appears to have made before the Governor of Bombay, he assumed the name of "John Campbell," after he reached Bombay. "On his return to Pushút (having been thus told he was an Englishman's son), he had a great desire, he said, to find his relations; and, being very restless, he decamped from Pushút, and made his way up the valley of the Kunir river to Cheghan-Saráe, and through Káfiristán to Badakhshán. From thence he made his way to Herát and Meshed, where, hearing of the arrival of an English officer at the latter place, he announced himself as the son of one of those killed during the retreat from Kábul. His journeys occupied him about seven years." This was his account to Capt. Raverty.

Arrived in England, our hero, as we read of him in the Introduction, so guardedly worded, was placed with the Rev. Mr. Small, with whom he remained for some months; but the Frys forget to state why Mr. Small (who will be able to give a clear insight into his character) got rid of him so suddenly. He was then placed with the Frys until the India Office authorities could pack him off to the place from whence he came. He made good use of the ten weeks, and he "endeared himself to his English friends by many evidences of a grateful and affectionate heart," says Mrs. Fry.

We fear these amiable people have been taken in with their eyes open. Their uninteresting *protégé* has been placed in a telegraphic office to earn his bread. Meantime, it would not be amiss for the respectable publishers of 'Lost among the Affghans' to make some inquiries about the man whom they have introduced to public notice. Capt. Raverty and many other Indian officers can supply them with information on the point.

A Tangled Skein. By Albany Fonblanque, Jun. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

THE admirers of a tale of mystery will be entertained with 'A Tangled Skein.' When classified under that head, the reader must not look for another 'Castle of Otranto,' but, rather, what may be termed a modern tale of mystery, with detective police, telegraphic messages and express trains. Withal, it is well written, and there is nothing forced in the descriptions or in the manner in which the incidents are related.

Our first introduction is to Captain Stephen

Frankland, a brave officer, who suffered in the Indian mutiny, earned the Victoria Cross, and is returning home on sick leave, having been smitten by a sunstroke. This is the son of Sir George Tremlett, who had taken that name on his second marriage. He is much indebted for his life in the bush, as well as for much kindness during the voyage, to an entire stranger, who was thought by some to be his servant. The account which this stranger gave of himself to Frankland was, that his name was John Everett Brandson, an uncovenanted servant of the East India Company; that he was returning to Europe with but one object, "to do an act of justice"; and that as he had no friends in England, he should, upon the completion of his business, be on his way back to India within six months. But by the ship's books it appeared that there was no such person on board as John Everett Brandson, of the uncovenanted civil service: he had entered his name Robert Meynell, merchant, of Calcutta; he never returned to India, for he was murdered in a most mysterious way within a few days of his landing in England. And it thus happened that Frankland was in the neighbourhood of the scene of the murder. Brandson's first appointment in England was at a place near to Westborough, whither Frankland was bound with the object of delivering to Mr. Treherne the sword and other relics of a son who had bravely died in India. On this visit to Westborough, by Brandson, as well as by Frankland, the chief events of the story turn. "If he had known what would have been the consequences of his visit to Westborough, he certainly would have given that picturesque village the widest berth."

Now comes, as an interlude, well written and entertaining, a description of who Sir George Tremlett was, and who his fathers were before him. He was the only son of an old Derbyshire squire, and the pride of his parents. But he went to London to see the coronation of the "first gentleman in Europe," and, accidentally, the doors of the Abbey slammed in the face of the "first lady." From the time of this visit to the metropolis, he fell into the hands of the Jews and bad company. "So, black Care entered the old Grange"; he went further on his downward course, and brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. The child being father to the man, he is weak at the outset and retains that character throughout the story. The only redeeming point was that he had married a good wife, whom he lost after the birth of their son Stephen. Irrecoverable ruin is now staring him in the face but for the good offices of the wife of his man of business, Mr. Coleman. Mrs. Coleman determines that he shall, at all hazard, marry Rhoda Tremlett, the niece of a rich, purse-proud iron-master, a friend of hers. And so he does; but, as she was a minor, and a ward in Chancery, he has to pay the penalty of spending the greater part of his honeymoon in the King's Bench prison. Eventually his wife's property is settled on herself and her son—a small annuity on Sir George, and he has to change his name to Tremlett. Sir George becomes thoroughly cowed, and stands in so much fear of his wife, that he has to resort to all sorts of artifices, both to conceal from her any secrets which he desires to keep from her, and to persuade her to enter into any plan upon which he has set his heart. One instance of this is the receipt of a strange-looking letter, written on a sheet of common rough paper, clumsily folded, and sealed with the impression of a thimble. Why this letter should disturb him so much we are not told; but on receipt of it he goes to London. At this time

we are introduced to Stephen's half-brother, Frank Tremlett. He was the heir to the estates, whilst Stephen would inherit the baronetcy; but, notwithstanding the difference, the idea of envying Frank his good fortune never entered his half-brother's mind. His only thought about him whilst on his voyage home, was an intense desire to see the one whom he pictured as "his little brother! the loved companion of all his expeditions—poor, gentle, delicate little Frank." But "little Frank" had by this time come of age, and had turned out a most insufferably obnoxious prig. He used long words, laid down the law to everybody, and "taught various persons, old enough to be his grandmother, how 'to suck eggs' of all sorts and sizes."

Sir George went his way, and most strangely met his son at Westborough. His object in going there is not at first told. And however much the reader's wonder and interest are aroused, they are considerably increased by the fact of Brandson being found half-murdered in a sawpit. Breathing-time is given in the account of the petty manoeuvres of Sir George upon his return home, to avoid the relation of any very full explanation of his adventures, and also to obtain his wife's and son's consent to a suitable public reception of Stephen on his arrival. Again the narrative of Brandson is resumed, and the way in which, before he dies, he is on the point of entrusting to Frankland the name of the one who had attacked him, and the great secret of his life, so far as he could be induced to divulge it, is an extremely exciting narrative,—inasmuch that the reader will be tempted to dip into the third volume to satisfy his curiosity. All that Brandson does before he dies is to commit to Frankland's care certain papers, amongst them a letter, the counterpart of the one sealed with the impression of a thimble, such as Sir George received on the day when he left home "on business." He also tells him that certain papers were "hidden behind a panelling in the room over the armoury at Mangerton Chase," and that the names of Sarah Alston and Father Eustace are the only clue which he leaves, and Frankland as well as the reader are left in wonder as to where Mangerton Chase can be. An inquest is held, in which a London detective police-officer takes a prominent part, and an open verdict is returned. But Captain Frankland must go on his way, and accordingly he is, to his own annoyance and his father's great delight, treated to a public reception on his return home. The festoons and arches and decorations are managed by Mrs. Coleman, her daughters, and their friend Grace Lee; and he receives a hearty welcome from all but "little Frank," in whose breast the green-eyed monster is evoked. So he makes an excuse to be absent. Speeches are made, and healths drunk, and an address made by the Member of Parliament. From the time of this visit to Tremlett Towers, the "skein" becomes gradually disentangled, and the varied threads work into one harmonious whole. Stephen becomes attached to Grace Lee, who proves to be the granddaughter of Lord Rossthorne, and the very person for whom Brandson had come from India to do an act of justice. Through Grace Lee he learns that the old name of Tremlett Towers was Mangerton Chase. He also discovers therein an old chamber where he finds the papers which Brandson had described to him on his deathbed. There does not appear, indeed, to be any sufficient reason why these facts should have been unknown to him hitherto. But these slight discrepancies are of less consequence when the interest of the tale is well told. The part of the detective, Lager, is ad-

mirably sustained; especially where he pays a visit to Craigsleigh, disguised as an entomologist; as such makes the acquaintance of the clergyman of the parish, is recognized by the clerk, who is a ticket-of-leave convict, and so obtains such extracts from the parish registers as prove the marriage of the father and mother of Grace Lee.

The mystery is in due time solved. It appears that Grace Lee's mother had married one George Howell, against the wishes of Lord Rossthorne. He, therefore, disowned her; but Brandson, who had long been devoted to Lord Rossthorne and his family, was fully persuaded of the injustice which was being done, and determined to demand reparation for the one who was injured. He, therefore, had secured a meeting with Lord Rossthorne at Westborough, near to the spot where he was found half-dead. A meeting was proved to have taken place, and Lord Rossthorne was accused of the murder. This was not likely, and so it is believed to have been committed by a tramp, in order that he might gain possession of a pocket-book, containing a bundle of bank-notes, which he saw in Brandson's hands. Stephen Frankland for his part is impressed with an idea that his father, Sir George Tremlett, was the murderer. Else, why the mysterious visit to Westborough? That is accounted for by the confession of Sir George:—he went to pay an annuity for the support of his natural daughter, who was supposed to be the sister of Jim Riley.

And so the tale concludes. There are no highly-wrought passages, wherein any appeal is made to the reader's feelings; but the interest is so well sustained, and the various incidents so ingeniously and mysteriously interwoven, that 'A Tangled Skein' bids fair to become a popular work.

The Life and Times of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153. By James Cotter Morison, M.A. (Chapman & Hall.)

THIS new life of St. Bernard is dedicated by permission to Mr. Thomas Carlyle "with deep reverence and gratitude," and may be set down as one of the examples of that "hero-worship" which has become rarer of late years. St. Bernard is Mr. Morison's hero in the strict Carlylean sense of the word, the ideal of a monk in a day when monkery was the only form that could be assumed by moral force. But though a panegyrist to an extent that will displease many who imagine that a sort of halo belongs to the head of St. Bernard's victim, Peter Abelard, he is no blind idolater. He does not harbour the slightest wish to bring the Abbot of Clairvaux back into the world, or hold him up as a model for any one to imitate. Bernard was an excellent man for his own times, and for his own times exclusively. A Bernard now-a-days would be an absurd nuisance.

The years of the saint's mortal career, extending from 1091 to 1153, belong to a rough age. During the greater part of his active life the "feudal lord," who (to use Mr. Morison's expression) "enjoyed the title of King of France," was Louis the Sixth, commonly called the Fat. He was a very good king for his day, and an excellent friend to the Church, when the cause of the Church was identical with the cause of civilization. The Isle of France, the Orleanois and Picardy constituted the whole of his domains, and these had not only to be defended against powerful neighbours, of whom the most formidable was Henry the Sixth of England, whose Norman possessions bounded them on the east, but were always on the point of being reduced by the squabbles of knights and barons

who held castles within their limits. Thus, though Paris and Orleans indubitably belonged to the crown, the lords of Mont Clair could, whenever they pleased, cut off all communication between them, and the King never proceeded from one to the other save when surrounded by a strong force.

Flanders, where people wore cloth, and at least were devoted to other purposes than mutual destruction, and where, consequently, there was a strong middle-class element, was an oasis in the desert, but it was a very middling oasis after all. One of the most harrowing incidents that took place during the "times" of St. Bernard was the horrible murder of Charles the Good at Bruges, followed as it was by the still more horrible execution of Provost Bertolf at Ypres. To many readers this frightful story, which is exceedingly well told by Mr. Morison, will be the *bonne bouche* of the work.

Retirement from so turbulent a world, where people were either killing or being killed, would seem to demand but a small amount of self-denial, and he who shut himself up in the wealthy Abbey of Cluny (for instance) might pass his time comfortably enough. But Bernard was not the man to court the ease and luxuries incident to monastic life. When, at the age of nineteen, by birth a gentleman, he was free to choose his own occupation, he knocked at the gates of Cîteaux, near Dijon, where the whole of St. Benedict's rule was literally kept, where one meal per diem was eaten, and that not till the monks had risen twelve hours, sung psalms and worked in the fields, where meat, fish and eggs were never tasted, and milk rarely, and where the dress consisted of the coarsest wool. The Cistercians, who took their name from Cîteaux, were scarcely more propagandists than the Quakers. If any one wished to join their body, they made him wait for five days before he was taken to the Chapter, in the presence of the assembled convent. It was at Cîteaux that Bernard and several companions, whom he had influenced by exhortation and example, resolved to be monks.

Cîteaux is an important place in the history of monasticism,—inasmuch as its abbot, Stephen Harding, an Englishman by birth, and not only a devotee, but a man of practical mind, conceived and executed a system of government previously unknown. The rule of St. Benedict, the founder of cœnobitic life, had reference solely to a single religious house, and did not contemplate a connexion of monasteries with each other; but Stephen Harding united into one whole all the houses that had sprung from Cîteaux. A general Chapter met every September and lasted four days, and at this every abbot of the order was bound to attend; those who resided at a great distance being permitted to appear less frequently than the rest. Of all the monasteries of the order, the abbot of Cîteaux was head and master, but he was no irresponsible monarch. On the contrary, he was under the supervision of the Abbots of La Ferté, Pontigny, Clairvaux and Morimond, and if, in the event of vice or negligence, they were unable to reclaim him, they were empowered to call a Chapter and solemnly depose him. It was his duty, at least once a year, to visit all the abbeys which were of his filiation, and each of them had a similar right of inspecting the houses that had sprung from them. That a corporate spirit was engendered among the Cistercians, was the natural result of this organization.

Even the austerities of the Cistercians, severe as they were, did not satisfy Bernard, whose asceticism astounded the austere. His zeal and piety were duly appreciated by Abbot

Stephen, who appointed him, at the age of twenty, the chief of a new community, the establishment of which had been rendered necessary by the over-populousness of Cîteaux.

"Twelve monks and their young abbot—representing our Lord and His apostles—were assembled in the church. Stephen placed a cross in Bernard's hands, who solemnly, at the head of his small band, walked forth from Cîteaux. The monks who were to remain accompanied them to the abbey gates, for Bernard's powerful and assimilating nature had won all hearts, and the day of his departure was a sad one in Cîteaux. Till they reached the limit of their own land, they walked so closely together that it was not easy to say which were going and which were to remain; but the gateway revealed the emigrants. A Cistercian monk might not leave his own grounds on any pretext without permission. Bernard, cross in hand, passed over the prescribed boundary, and his allotted troop were severed from their late companions. Bernard struck away to the northward. For a distance of nearly ninety miles he kept this course, passing up by the source of the Seine, by Chatillon, of school-day memories, till he arrived at La Ferté, about equally distant between Troyes and Chaumont, in the diocese of Langres, and situated on the river Aube. About four miles beyond La Ferté was a deep valley opening to the east: thick umbrageous forests gave it a character of gloom and wildness; but a gushing stream of limpid water, which ran through it, was sufficient to redeem every disadvantage. In June, A.D. 1115, Bernard took up his abode in the valley of Wormwood, as it was called, and began to look for means of shelter and sustenance against the approaching winter. The rude fabric which he and his monks raised with their own hands, was long preserved by the pious veneration of the Cistercians. It consisted of a building covered by a single roof, under which chapel, dormitory and refectory were all included. Neither stone nor wood hid the bare earth, which served for floor. Windows, scarcely wider than a man's hand, admitted a feeble light. In this room the monks took their frugal meals of herbs and water. Immediately above the refectory was the sleeping apartment. It was reached by a ladder, and was, in truth, a sort of loft. Here were the monks' beds, which were peculiar. They were made in the form of boxes, or bins of wooden planks, long and wide enough for a man to lie down in. A small space, hewn out with an axe, allowed room for the sleeper to get in or out. The inside was strewn with chaff, or dried leaves, which, with the wood-work, seem to have been the only covering permitted. At the summit of the stair or ladder was the abbot's cell. It was of most scanty dimensions, and these were further reduced by the loss of one corner, through which access was gained to the apartment from below. A framework of boards was placed over the flight of steps, in such a manner that they were made to answer the purpose of a bed. Two rough-hewn logs of wood were his pillows. The roof was low and slanting, to such a degree that it was impossible to sit upright near the wall. It was also the sole means of obtaining both light and air; sometimes too easily, as, through its imperfect joining, wind, rain, heat and cold found a ready entrance. Such was the commencement of Clairvaux."

To the austerity of the Cistercians nothing could be more opposite than the luxury of the Cluniacs, with whom Bernard remained through his life on terms of a somewhat grim friendship. As Cluny was one of the most famous monastic institutions, he felt, as a monk, bound to show it all honour; but even while defending the Cluniacs against his own Cistercians, in what is called his "Apology," he contrived to give them a blow with the back of his hand.

Of Art, as an auxiliary to devotional feeling, Bernard had a very mean opinion. It might, perhaps, be usefully employed by the bishops, who, when they could not rouse the sense of religion in the carnal multitude by spiritual means, might do so by ornaments appealing to the senses; but monks who have gone out from

among the people, who have learnt to regard as mere dross all that is beautiful to the eye, soft to the ear, agreeable to the smell, sweet to the taste, what can monks have to do with such vanity?—

"Some beautiful picture of a saint is exhibited—and the brighter the colours the greater the holiness attributed to it; men run, eager to kiss; they are invited to give, and the beautiful is more admired than the sacred is revered. * * * The church's walls are resplendent, but the poor are not there. . . . The curious find wherewith to amuse themselves—the wretched find no stay for them in their misery. Why, at least, do we not reverence the images of the saints, with which the very pavement we walk on is covered? Often an angel's mouth is spit into, and the face of some saint trodden on by the passers-by. . . . But if we cannot do without the images, why can we not spare the brilliant colours? What has all this to do with monks, with professors of poverty, with men of spiritual minds?"

Different readers will hold different opinions with respect to the good saint's Art-criticism on the subject of those grotesque ornaments that are so common in mediæval architecture:—

"In the cloisters, what is the meaning of those ridiculous monsters, of that deformed beauty, that beautiful deformity, before the very eyes of the brethren when reading? What are disgusting monkeys there for, or ferocious lions, or horrible centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or huntmen sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with numerous heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact, such an endless variety of forms appears everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring these oddities than in meditating on the law of God. Good God! (*Proh Deo!*) if we are not ashamed of these absurdities, why do we not grieve at the cost of them?"

As an example of the value of moral force, when accompanied by indomitable energy, and dextrously applied to the most assailable side of a multitude, Mr. Morison could not have chosen a better hero than St. Bernard. The fighting barons, who were as full of reproach as they were void of fear,—to whom a system of mutual extermination was a source of exquisite enjoyment, were not at all in the condition of those men who are reputed by the vulgar to "fear neither God nor devil." They were terribly frightened at both, and well was this perceived by the Abbot of Clairvaux. By dint of asceticism, of preaching, of writing, and, be it added, of a reputation for miraculous power, Bernard made himself the virtual head of Christendom in Western Europe. A simple abbot, he could heal a schism in the Church by compelling the deposition of Anacletus II. and the elevation of Innocent II., whom when he had raised he rated without scruple, and who before he died began pretty heartily to detest his benefactor. Not Popes, not Councils, but Bernard, demolished heretics, for the detection of whom, although by no means a learned theologian, he had the keenest scent. He was not the man to dispute about subtleties; with him, reasoning about articles of faith, whichever way it tended, was intrinsically wrong, and to be stopped without hesitation. No infirmity of body could keep him from travelling to the most distant point, when a holder of heterodox opinions was to be brought to silence. Down flat before him tumbled the theological "swell," Peter Abelard; down fell the less famous Gilbert de la Porrée; till at last Rome itself grew uneasy at his exterminating power. The reproaches he addressed to Innocent II. show that he was anything but an Ultramontanist; and when Eugenius III., who had

been taken from Clairvaux, evidently little more than a creature of Bernard, sat in the papal chair the influence of the thundering saint became more formidable than ever. The Cardinals could not bear it, and when a confession of faith, drawn up by the French clergy headed by Bernard, was the chief instrument employed to put down Gilbert de la Porrée, they sniffed Gallicanism in its most offensive form, and marvelled with what authority the French Church dared to erect herself against the supremacy of the See of Rome. Something like an apology was required, and when it had been duly made by Bernard, the Cardinals became quiet, but they declared that the confession of the French bishops should not be regarded as the creed of the Church.

To a painter, Bernard becomes most interesting. When the news of the fall of Edessa frightens the whole Western world out of its propriety, and at the assembly of Vezelai, in the presence of King Louis the Seventh and his queen, the haughty Eleanor, the second Crusade is preached by the saint of the day, then in the fifty-sixth year of his age.—

"Pale and attenuated to a degree which seemed almost supernatural, his contemporaries discovered something in the mere glance of his eyes which filled them with wonder and awe. That he was kept alive at all appeared to them a perpetual miracle; but when the light from that thin, calm face fell upon them, when the voice flew from those firm lips, and words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice reached their ears, they were no longer masters of themselves or their feelings. This occurred whenever Bernard preached to great numbers, and the meeting at Vezelai was not an exception. At the top of the hill a machine of wood had been erected, and on this platform Bernard, attended by the king, appeared. Raised thus high above the crowd, he could be seen, if not heard, from all parts of the vast concourse. He spoke; the mere sound of his voice was grateful to the loving admiration which surrounded him. Presently rose a murmur from the sea of faces, which rapidly swelled into a shout of 'crosses, crosses'; and Bernard began to scatter broadcast among the people, the large sheaf of them which had been brought for that purpose. They were soon exhausted. He was obliged to tear up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. He did nothing else but make crosses as long as he remained in the town."

This is a sublime picture, but unhappily the second crusade is the "Moscow" of St. Bernard. Never was expedition more unfortunate or more fruitless than that of which Louis the Seventh of France and Conrad the Third of Germany were the leaders. When the crestfallen Louis, attended by a few followers, returned home, having effected nothing but the destruction of his own army, the shout of indignation against Bernard was universal. What business had the saint to prophesy success and work miracles if ruin was to be the only consequence? Accustomed to guide, or rather to drag, public opinion, Bernard did not heed it much when it was turned against him. If the people imputed their misfortune to his advice, he could easily retort that their own sins had prevented his counsel from leading to wholesome results. Instead of losing heart, he wrote his biggest book, 'De Consideratione,' which he addressed to his disciple, Pope Eugenius the Third, pointing out the evils that were likely to result from Roman centralization, and exposing the vices of the Holy City with a vigour which causes Mr. Morison to trace a somewhat fanciful resemblance between him and Martin Luther. When we recollect how essentially Bernard was a monk, and how fiercely he attacked heretics whose doctrines were mainly those of the Reformer of the later age, we feel that no amount of ingenuity can make him look in the least like a Protestant.

To a modern reader, the most puzzling part of St. Bernard's history is that which relates to his miracles. They cannot be passed over, since he partly owed to them his immense influence over the multitude; but, after all, how were they wrought? Mr. Morison's doubtless correct assertion that a belief in miracles, as an almost necessary concomitant of ignorance with respect to physical science, was proper to the middle ages, rather evades than answers the question. But even Mr. Morison cannot take in the following ridiculous story, which is worthy of being placed among the most absurd legends of St. Patrick:—

"In the spring of the year 1137, Bernard, accompanied by his brother Gerard, set out for Italy. The devil, we are told, had a particular objection to this journey. He foresaw and hated what was to come of it. Therefore, when Bernard was passing along the Alps, the demon broke the wheel of the carriage in which the abbot travelled, in order to hinder him as much as possible, or even pitch him over a precipice. The saint took a saintly and yet a fearful vengeance on his enemy. Careless and contemptuous of the intended injury, he ordered Satan himself to become a wheel, and replace the broken one. The fallen angel obeyed the words of the holy man; the carriage moved on as before; and the worst and rotatory fiend, amid scorn and laughter, carried Bernard in safety to his destination."

Bernard died in 1153, at the age of sixty-two, having survived nearly all his friends, Malachy, bishop of Connaught, who might almost be considered the Bernard of Ireland, the illustrious Suger, abbot of St. Denis, who had governed France during the luckless expedition of the king to Palestine, Count Theobald of Chartres (nephew to Henry the First of England), who had been one of the saint's most powerful benefactors, and his disciple, Pope Eugenius the Third.

Mr. Morison has collected his facts with great care, and fashioned them into an interesting book; copious extracts from the sermons of Bernard giving an additional insight into the character of the saint, without destroying the symmetry of the work. He is a clear and eloquent narrator, and though he is now and then tempted to imitate the style of Mr. Carlyle, the temptation soon leaves off, and he proceeds in his own straightforward way.

The Capital of the Tycoon: a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

"The mystery of the Japanese islands is fast rolling away, and the old voyagers bid fair to be forgotten, or be remembered only as painters of dreams. Quinsia and Kambalai have already melted into poems. Marco Polo, as a traveller of the Homeric sort, may keep his place; but Charlevoix is going out of date, and there is really no necessity in any future record of Japanese adventure for quoting Thunberg. Mr. Oliphant brought home some bright and faithful pictures from the Empire of the Tycoon; but Sir Rutherford Alcock's opportunities were larger, and his book is more elaborate. A considerable portion of it is occupied with illustrations of oriental diplomacy and politics, in connexion especially with the West; and the envoy was the more free to expatiate upon these topics, inasmuch as nearly the whole of his official despatches, in which he expresses himself on every topic, public and personal, without reserve, have been published for the use of parliament, in a cheap and accessible form. On subjects of this character the narrative contains only what in substance the reader might find elsewhere; but the details

are arranged in simple order, with explanations and illustrative anecdotes additional.

For some years Sir Rutherford had turned his eyes towards Japan, whether from the coasts of China or the Isles of Loochoo, and he had pondered much over the narratives of Polo, Pinto and Kœmpfer; but the Empire was practically unknown to him when he was first appointed Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of the Tycoon. It was still to him the Utopia of romancing voyagers—like him who wrote that from the top of a single hill in Nipon could be counted a hundred cities, each as big as Babylon, only much loftier and more populous. His first impressions of Japan were taken at Nagasaki, in June weather,—a dreary glimpse of Dezrina, fine landscapes—partly of Norwegian, partly of Swiss tone, not very tropical, but beautiful nevertheless. Ashore, not even China had prepared him for the Japanese figure, physiognomy or costume. The women, he says, utterly confounded him. "We must be brought up from infancy to the manner to be able to look upon their large mouths full of black teeth, and the lips thickly daubed with a brick-red colour, and not turn away with a strong feeling of repulsion." Patches and powder were nothing to them. And first impressions in Nagasaki, it is to be observed, are less superficial than elsewhere; a walk up the street disclosing to you, on each side the shops, the sitting-rooms, the entire interior of the houses right through to the invariable little gardens behind. It was a holiday, and the town was alive and light with flags, fifes, drums and gala costumes. The palanquins and hammocks used instead of cabs and sedans, and the odd postures of the natives in sitting, saluting, walking or riding, were diverting; but business was on hand. His troubles began; it was difficult to find convenient rooms, and impossible to furnish them when found. However, the Envoy speedily began his excursions, and enjoyed them without alloy,—along the edge of Yeddo bay, from the suburb of Sinagawa into the city,—past the rows of shops and bazaars, and to a garden,—through the ward-gates, by stately Yamaralls, or palaces of princes, amid a motley populace—all very strange to a European eye, particularly the disgraced officers, walking about, unrecognized, with their heads in cages of basket-work.

We may leave undisturbed, for the most part, the Envoy's narrative of his diplomatic dealings, since with them most readers who interest themselves in the subject are tolerably familiar. The pictures of Japan as it lives and moves—as it eats, drinks, dresses and sleeps—as it rides, walks, jokes, bathes and goes to the play—as it buys, sells, digs, sows and reaps—are more tempting, and very capital pictures they are: however, it was necessary to know something of the people from themselves, and, hence, to acquire something of their language. Sir Rutherford found this no light task. There are two languages and systems of writing in Japan—the Chinese and another, nearly a thousand years old, consisting of "phonetic symbols,"—a "syllabary, or alphabet, of forty-seven letters, which, with the addition of certain accents, suffices to convey all the sounds in the language." The nouns have no genders, and they, like Tom Hood's deaf old woman, are "even deaf to the definite article." A speaker has no settled way of expressing I, in describing himself, but says "the person who is before your hand," or "something private." In his animals he has a different class for different classes of objects—as one for birds "including hares and rabbits," and others for liquids, ships, pipes or brooms! Speaking of Japanese paper

in its relation to the Japanese literature, the Envoy says:—

"I received a large box, in which were arranged no less than sixty-seven different kinds, with a description of their uses, carried out with such elaborate minuteness of distinctions, and total absence of all reserve, delicacy, or refinement, as to the details entered into regarding the uses to which each should be applied,—that I was compelled to revise the whole carefully, before it was fit for publication,—and to exercise a large discretion, in the way of omission."

And now for the real truth about Japanese manners and customs:—

"I can conceive nothing more elaborate in the way of tattooing than the specimens supplied by the male population of Japan. And really to see them in their habitual costume (*videlicet*, a girdle of the narrowest possible kind), the greater part of the body and limbs scrolled over with bright blue dragons, and lions and tigers, and figures of men and women, tattooed into their skins with the most artistic and elaborate ornamentation—'scantily dressed, but decently painted,'—as has been said of our own ancestors when Julius Cæsar first discovered them—it is impossible to deny that they look remarkably like a race of savages,—if not savages, in their war paint. The women seem content with the skin that nature gave them, in all its varying shades of olive, and sometimes scarcely a shade at all. I have seen many as fair as my own countrywomen, and with healthy blood mantling in their cheeks—that is, when fresh washed,—and before they have painted cheeks and lips, and powdered all the face and neck with rice flower, until they look like painted Twelfth-night Queens done in pastry and white lead. When they have renewed the black varnish to the teeth, plucked out the last hair from their eyebrows, the Japanese matrons may certainly claim unrivalled pre-eminence in artificial ugliness over all their sex. Their mouths thus disfigured are like open sepulchres, and whether given to 'flatter with their tongues' I cannot undertake in this my novitiate to say, but they must have siren's tongues, or a fifty-horse power of flattery—to make those red-varnished lips utter anything which could compensate man or child for so much artificial ugliness!"

Yet the features of the women, as illustrated in these volumes, are not repulsive, and are sometimes pretty. "The village beauty" and "the house-attendant" might be belles on an English village green. Then, it has been a favourite saying that the Japanese are "ignorant of alcohol," and, therefore, a nation of abstainers. All that Sir Rutherford Alcock has to say is, that he saw in Japan an abundance of drunken people, and that *saki* is an intoxicating liquor. Next, as to the vexed question of public bathing:—

"We pass along the great *tocado*; the people in the streets and shops, attracted by the jingling of the iron stove-men and a line of march, squat down on their heels, as is their manner, to get a peep into the *Norimon*. Men and women steaming in the bathing houses, raise themselves to the open bars of the lattice fronts to look out."

The sketch of a lady's bath-room, by a native artist, is amusing, and reminds one of Lady Wortley Montagu's picture drawn at Constantinople.

The agricultural chapter is agreeable and instructive reading, with its quaint sketches from Japanese pencils. Sir Rutherford Alcock describes the Japanese, those of the provinces especially, as, in the simplicity of their wants, a race of Spartans, with whom fish and rice, tea and *saki*, a shampooing and a bath, constitute the necessities and desires of life. From their agriculture he turns to their manufactures, and indeed they are marvellous craftsmen; but, suddenly, after talking of Arcadia, he roams into a gloomy mood, descants on ant-life and emmet-life, and a "life of respectable brutishness."

"Thus live and die these thirty millions of

human beings, from one generation to another. Yet they do not seem to become more brutish, more degraded, more immoral. What they are now, they seem to have been, without change, centuries ago; perhaps neither much better nor worse, than millions in other lands claiming to be both civilized and Christians!

We have not yet been introduced to the Tycoon himself, "the Most High, Mighty and Glorious Prince, His Imperial and Royal Majesty," as Queen Victoria's letter styles him! Sir Rutherford Alcock had audience of him in his palace—a world of dignitaries in gauze and silk, of black capes, figured trousers, swords and prostrate corpulence—of painted screens, embroidered matting, lacquer, gold, and a sort of cool, airy, cheerful splendour.

The proper reverences having been made and an address delivered, the Most High, Mighty and Glorious Prince said three or four words; Sir Rutherford bowed, the Tycoon nodded, and the Envoy Extraordinary went home.—

"Immediately after, Oribeno-no-kami, a second Governor of Foreign Affairs, made his appearance with a box carried by eight men—a present from the Tycoon, with which he was specially charged, as a time-honoured custom. On the top was a roll of dried fish and seaweed, tied round by a red and white string, made of twisted paper, the only string they use—supposed to be emblematic of humility, and to remind the Japanese that they were 'once a race of poor fishermen, and that by temperance and frugality they had risen to greatness, which only by such virtues could be preserved.' The box contained a series of trays, with a variety of the most *recherché* confectionery, tastefully arranged in variegated rows and figures. The two Governors and chief interpreter, Moriyama, accepted my invitation to breakfast, this answering to their usual noon meal, and seemed to enjoy some preserved mutton and green peas, as well as the champagne; and did not even refuse to eat—in courtesy to their host, probably—some remarkably tough beef, of Japanese growth."

The Envoy made an interesting account of the Holy Mountain Fusi-yama, and a visit to the Spas of Atami, observing a good deal of primitive life by the way, and describing much magnificent scenery. He afterwards undertook a journey over from Nagasaki to Yeddo across the Island of Kiusiu, the narrative of which is equal in interest to anything else in a book interesting throughout, and accomplished a romantic voyage in a junk over the Suonada or Inland Sea, as it is inaccurately termed.—

"The few Europeans who had hitherto taken this inner passage had generally given very glowing descriptions of the surpassing beauty of the scenery. I cannot say I felt disposed to fall into ecstasies of admiration on either occasion."

At Simonoséki, on the shore of this sea, are the head-quarters of a class usually represented in the East by dancing-girls—an organized institution of Japan.—

"Of all things strange and incongruous connected with such a national 'institution,' nothing can well be more extraordinary or bizarre than the gala costume of the whole class, which is closely regulated by sumptuary laws, as is everything else in Japan. With a forest of metallic hair-pins of large dimensions, the hair is trained back from the face, which is elaborately painted and powdered. Rich brocaded robes lightly swathed round the waist and secured by a girdle of many folds, forming a sort of bag or muff in front, complete the costume. The robe descends below the feet, and sweeping behind in a train, gives them very much the appearance of mermaids."

—The girls are sold into this degradation by their parents, and, after some years of it, return to domestic life. Another very peculiar class is that of Daimios, or Princes, the nobility of Japan not being an exclusively happy race, but, on the contrary, pitied for the monotony of their lives by Sir Rutherford Alcock.

We have not previously had a book like this on Japan. As a narrative, it is excellent; and as containing the results of large observation and close study among a strangely-interesting people, it possesses an importance for all thinking readers. Certainly, every reader who takes it in hand will find that, with the help of the very meritorious illustrations, he knows more, at the conclusion, of Japan and the Japanese than he knew before; and, perhaps, that the Island Empire loses nothing, when accurately painted, in contrast with the pictures, in vermilion and gold, which have so often been foisted upon the market, and labelled "Japan."

LAW BOOKS.

Shall we Register Title? or, the Objections to Land and Title Registry Stated and Answered. By Tenison Edwards, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (Chapman & Hall.)—Shall we register title? The question is one of some importance to a large part of the owners of land in England, and one which, so far as we can judge at present, they are disposed to answer in the negative. We were assured, in the speech on the prorogation of Parliament last year, that "the Act for rendering more easy the transfer of land will add to the value of real property, will make titles more simple and secure, and will diminish the expense attending foreclosures and sales." But this Royal prophecy yet remains to be fulfilled. Since that time an office has been established, and certain gentlemen, learned in the law, have for some time been seated therein, prepared to carry out the beneficial objects contemplated by the Act. But nobody comes to register his title. That an Act of Parliament attempting to deal with an evil so great, and so generally felt, as the complication of our law of real property, should thus become a dead letter, even for a time, will surprise all that are not aware of the immense power of the attorneys in such matters. They have, with very few exceptions, used every effort to dissuade their clients from applying for registration under the Act. Many, no doubt, have done this honestly, from that dislike of all change which is strong in every class, but is especially powerful in the law. It is, nevertheless, in our opinion, certain that a large portion of the landowners of this country might obtain most substantial advantages by bringing themselves within the operation of this statute. Few of its opposers are, indeed, hardy enough to deny that to persons possessed of large properties which they are about to sell or lease in building lots, the effect of the Act would be most beneficial; and that this is no small class, the appearance of the country about London and other large cities sufficiently testifies. In this state of things it is well that the public should be made aware of the provisions of this Act, and of the benefits which are within their reach, but which they will not attain, unless they insist upon registration. This is the object of the little book before us, and Mr. Edwards has expended considerable care upon it. The objections which he answers have but little weight; indeed, it speaks much in favour of the Act that, notwithstanding the number of its assailants, their cleverness, and the hearty good-will with which they have made their assaults, so little that is really objectionable has been discovered.

Every Man's Own Lawyer. A Handy-Book of the Principles of Law and Equity; comprising the Rights and Wrongs of Individuals. By a Barrister. (Lockwood & Co.)—The author, with professional prudence, fully recognizes the fact that the assistance of a lawyer is sometimes a necessary evil. Yet, as this recognition is contained in the preface, which of course few of those who consult this book will read, we consider that the tendency of the volume is extremely dangerous. It is, no doubt, to be desired that all persons should have a general notion of the laws under which they live; but any book which endeavours to do more than to supply such a general notion will, we believe, be found to be a snare which will entangle many of its readers in lawsuits, Chancery suits, county courts, bank-

ruptcies, and all sorts of abominations. What can be the use of instructing the unprofessional reader (and for such only is the book intended) in the different kinds of actions at law, the effect of the death of plaintiff or defendant, or such like matter? Such information is perhaps no worse than useless; but there is much in this book which is not only useless, but dangerous. Amongst the latter we must class the directions as to the making of wills. That any non-professional person should now be found rash enough to make his own will, is a phenomenon only to be accounted for by the supposition that it is ordained that Chancery barristers shall never disappear from the earth, and that the public are imbued with a self-destructive instinct for the purpose of carrying out this ordinance.

A Practical Treatise on the Law relating to Mines and Mining Companies. By Whitton Arundell, Attorney-at-Law. (Lockwood & Co.)—This little book is calculated to convey such a general knowledge of the laws relating to mines and miners as an intelligent man, connected with this branch of trade, and too wise to aspire to be his own lawyer, would wish to have. It gives the outline of the legal management and working of a mine from its formation to its winding up, whether it be a joint-stock company, or be carried on upon the cost-book system, with the rights and privileges of the miners, and the law as to the rating of mines. There is also a sufficient sketch of the history, jurisdiction and practice of the Stannaries Court, with a useful appendix of simple agreements, leases, &c. The author has executed his work with care and ability, and has produced a "handy-book" on the law of mines, which will be found sufficient for all purposes which a work of this kind can be expected to answer.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Notices of Rocks and Fossils in the University Museum, Oxford. By John Phillips, M.A.—Good museums seldom have good catalogues. That which would be thought to come first often comes last; and we could name first-class geological collections with third-class catalogues, and some with none at all. Not only should there be good catalogues, but all the fossils should be labelled and numbered,—and the numbers refer to fuller explanations in catalogues. Something of this kind is in progress at the Oxford Museum. The present publication is intended as an interim help, and such it will certainly prove. Let us hope that, in the end, Professor Phillips will issue a full explanatory catalogue which shall prove a model for other museums. That he can do this is quite certain; whether he will do it remains to be ascertained.

Elementary Treatise on Physics, Experimental and Applied. By Prof. Ganot. Translated and Edited from the Ninth Edition, with the Author's sanction, by E. Atkinson, Ph.D. (Baillière.)—This treatise may be safely recommended for use to the classes devoted to the several branches of physical science in schools and colleges. In nearly every section we find the information is brought down to the most recent periods: it is to be regretted that it is not so in all. We do not see that anything could be more satisfactory than the chapters devoted to the mechanical powers, to hydrodynamics, and to heat. We could, however, have desired that the sections devoted to light—especially in its chemical relations and to electricity—should have treated of the recent discoveries in those sciences more comprehensively. It may be that the author, and the translator and editor, felt it to be impracticable, within the limits to which they have confined their labours, to do more than glance at those discoveries which are opening out some of the widest fields upon which to exercise the powers of the intellect; especially those of spectral analysis, and those which embrace the all-important study of the osmose forces of Professor Graham. It should, however, have been remembered that there is no single work to which the student can be referred for information. He must plod with much industry through the Transactions of British and Continental societies before he can make himself

acquainted with the present state of our knowledge on the subjects referred to. It is not unusual for writers on science in France and in Germany to ignore the labours of English scientific discoverers. This is to be regretted; but it is still more to be regretted that the editor of the present work has not relieved it from the liability to censure on these grounds. The "getting up" of this 'Elementary Treatise' is good; the illustrative woodcuts are excellent, alike in drawing and in execution.

Holiday House: a Book for the Young. By Catherine Sinclair. (Edinburgh, Wood; London, Houlston & Wright.)—Miss Sinclair is of opinion that children are sore sufferers from the pedantry and stiffness of the literature provided for their amusement and edification. Exclaiming against the tractates on the 'ologies which now-a-days make up the chief part of a child's library, she endeavours to "paint that species of noisy, frolicsome, mischievous children, now almost extinct, wishing to preserve a sort of fabulous remembrance of days long past, when young people were like wild horses on the prairies rather than like well-broken hacks on the road; and when, amidst many faults and eccentricities, there was still some individuality of character and feeling allowed to remain." To effect this, the author puts upon the stage a heedless and frolicsome boy and girl, named Harrie and Laura, who have no sooner been whipped for one piece of mischief than they are engaged in a fresh prank which renders necessary another application of birch or tawse; "for," observes the writer, derisively alluding to the humane system which prevails in nurseries of the new fashion, "in those days it had not been discovered that whipping is all a mistake, and that children can be made good without it." Unquestionably, Harrie and his merry little sister thrive and do well, in spite of Mrs. Crabtree's severe penal code. Although so much is said of their punishments, the reader neither sees their tears nor hears their cries; and at the end of the volume, after they have kept all their friends, except awful Mrs. Crabtree, in long, unbroken laughter, they make up their minds to be good upon earth until they may be happy in heaven. That there is an abundance of fun in 'Holiday House,' buyers of children's books may be assured; and the worst result that can follow from a perusal of its incidents will be an erroneous impression on the minds of little readers that it would be very nice to be like Harrie and Laura, and have plenty of whippings.

Tales and Sketches. By Hugh Miller. Edited, with a Preface, by Mrs. Miller. (Edinburgh, Black; London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—Those who wish to possess the writings of the author of 'The Old Red Sandstone' complete will buy this book; few other persons, we imagine, will do so. Buying, moreover, does not imply reading, which, in this case, will be found tedious work. There are not many tales which cannot, by their fancy or their folly, amuse a lover of fiction who has a willing mind; but these are among the exceptions. They are not so much positively bad as tediously respectable. They do not contain a single character for whom we can prevail on ourselves to care—a single passage that invites us to pause and think—a single touch that draws tears. The Sketches, which are recollections of Ferguson and Burns, and a character of Mr. Forsyth the merchant, are not more happily executed. Indeed, the accuracy of Miller's recollection may be in some cases doubted, provided that we are not to accept these as among "imaginary conversations," but as *bond fide* records of that which the recorder believed to have passed. We cannot conceive that the Ayrshire Ploughman was so heavy a talker as he is here made out. The fame of Hugh Miller is too firm to be endangered by this publication of his minor literary efforts; but it is none the less injudicious.

Sir Aberdour; or, the Sceptic. A Romaunt. By Walter P. J. Purcell, Esq. (Pickering.)—This is a book of verse in the Spenserian stanza, with amazing notes, the praising of which may be fairly handed over to persons less sceptical than we are.

Karl and the Six Little Dwarfs. By Julia Goddard. (Bell & Daldy.)—The six tales for children

contained in this pretty gift-book are greatly superior to the ordinary run of nursery literature. The one we most like is the last, "An Episode in the Life of Andreas Toffel." Little readers will approve the moral of the story, and resolve not to imitate the worldly-minded shoemaker, who threw off his "true love" because she remained poor, when he suddenly became rich.

Parvula, &c. By Minimus. (Trübner & Co.)—We are informed by a sub-title that 'Parvula' is a collection of little rhymes concerning little flowers, little birds, little girls, &c. In fact, everything in the plan of the book is "little." The merit, unfortunately, is no exception to the rule of diminution. Good intentions and kind feelings are always apparent; but, in seeking to adapt himself to juvenile readers, the author becomes, not child-like, but childish.

The Crown of Success; or, Four Heads to Furnish: a Tale. By A. L. O. E. (Nelson & Sons.)—Dame Desleg makes over the guardianship of her four little children, Matty and Lubin, and Dick and Nelly, to Mr. Learning, who presents each of the children with a cottage of Head, and exhorts them to buy furniture for the new dwellings at the neighbouring town of Education, and promises a crown of success to the child whose house, on examination, proves to be best furnished. The story goes on to set forth the various ways in which the children go to work, and to describe the various degrees of success and failure consequent on their exertions. The moral is, that no child deserves a crown of success who is not industrious, and that no industrious child can make sure of winning a crown of success whose labour is not judicious as well as persistent. A more entertaining and salutary story for merry, scatter-brained, careless children has rarely been put on paper.

The Holiness of Beauty; or, the Conformation of the Material by the Spiritual. By W. Cave Thomas. (Ellis.)—That spiritual forces have a conforming influence upon matter, is the thesis which Mr. Ellis maintains. His particular deduction from it is the power of Christianity to restore man to physical beauty, health and longevity. The tone of the book is earnest and thoughtful, though the facts and authorities cited do not always bear out the conclusions drawn from them. We cannot enter minutely into the argument, which, being chiefly theological, is beyond our province.

The Light in the Robber's Cave. By A. L. O. E. (Nelson & Sons.)—The interest of this well-written story, by a practised writer of tales for children, is concentrated in the character of Horace Cleveland, a hot-tempered, domineering lad. Whilst he is travelling in Calabria the boy is captured by banditti, and after undergoing many hardships and perils contrives to escape. The incidents of the narrative are improbable, and a tone of false romance pervades many passages; but the book is spirited enough to amuse young readers, and, on the whole, good enough to merit commendation.

Wrong Roads—[Les Fausses Routes, par André Boni.] (Paris, Jung-Treutzel.)—These mistaken routes do not lead through pleasant pastures; they are very dull indeed, and not worth following.

Pompadour Tales—[Contes Pompadours, par Alfred des Essarts.] (Paris, Dentu.)—Slight, light, and not very amusing.

Of Miscellaneous Publications we must announce, Volume I. of *Theodore Parker's Collected Works*, Edited by Frances Power Cobbe (Trübner & Co.)—The volume of *Cassell's Illustrated Exhibitor* (Cassell, Petter & Galpin).—*Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, London Meeting, 1862*, Edited by G. W. Hastings (Parker, Son & Bourn).—*Mr. Thom's Irish Almanac and Official Directory for 1863*.—*The Clergy List for 1863* (George Cox).—*Mr. William Thomas's Universal Newspaper and Periodical List*.—*The Newspaper Press Directory and Advertiser's Guide*, by C. Mitchell & Co.,—*The Post Magazine, Almanac, and Insurance Directory, 1863* (Pateman).—*Post Office Almanac* (Tresidder).—*L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*, par Louis Figuier (Hachette).—Parts VI. to XXII. of the Re-issue of *British Wild Flowers*, Illustrated by John E. Sowerby, Described by C. P. Johnson (Van Voorst).—*On Our Knowledge of the Causes*

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APE-ORIGIN OF MAN AS TESTED BY THE BRAIN.
Athenæum Club, February 12, 1863.

Returning yesterday with a friend, Mr. Pollock, from a Committee of the Royal Literary Fund, he asked me if I had read Sir Charles Lyell's new work. I said I had not: being generally cognizant of the matter of the volume, I had not competed with the eager applicants for it at the Club. "Oh!" he replied, "you ought to see it—you are attacked in it." "How so? I have accepted its best evidences of man's antiquity." He rejoined,—"It is not that; it relates to the Ape-origin question. You are charged with continuing to cite or use erroneous figures of the ape's brain by foreign anatomists after they themselves had admitted them to be erroneous. I assure you it has left an impression, on those who don't know you, of unfairness on your part, which you ought to remove if the imputation has not been fairly made." Of course I went to the Club, got the volume, and found that some observations of mine on the cerebral characters of Man and Apes were so set forth, with remarks and statements, as to convey, and apparently with intention, the impression they had made on Mr. Pollock.

The author refers, *e. g.*, to my Paper, read to the British Association, 1862, in which, "without alluding to the disclaimer by the Dutch anatomists of their defective plates, he (Prof. Owen) observes, that in the Gorilla the cerebrum 'extends over the cerebellum, not beyond it';—correcting the description of the same brain given by Prof. Owen in 1861,—'in which a considerable part of the cerebellum of the gorilla is represented as uncovered.'" This conveys the impression that, in regard to the same brain, I represented it as showing one structure in 1861 and a different structure in 1862.

These are the facts. In 1861 I received a brain which I expressly described as "a partially-decomposed one of the gorilla,"—*Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. p. 457. It had been transmitted in spirits, and served only to show the general characters of the lateral ventricles: the absence, *e. g.*, of the prolongation, as in man, of the "anterior cornu," beyond the "corpus striatum," and the extent of the ventricle backwards into the part called by Tiedemann "scrobiculus loco cornu posterioris." In making this dissection, much of the outer partially-decomposed convolutions were removed, and the figure of the ventricles of the cerebrum accordingly shows a part of the cerebellum exposed. This figure is given in the *Athenæum* report of the Royal Institution Lecture, March 23, 1861. As the state of this brain did not permit me to determine the precise backward extent of the cerebrum, I said nothing about it. My remarks were limited to the internal structures, distinguished by the transverse lines in the diagrams. But I supplied the information as best I might, by subjoining to the figure of my dissection figures of sections of the skulls of the negro and gorilla, from which a true inference might be drawn of the extent of the cerebrum in question, provided allowance was made for the lateral sinuses. Therefore, what Sir Charles Lyell states that I "represented" on this subject is to be understood as merely that which the figure of my dissection represents. I subsequently obtained a satisfactory cast of the interior of the cranium of an adult male gorilla; and my description of this cast in 1862 contains my first and sole statement as to the relative backward extent of the cerebrum and cerebellum in that ape.

My case, therefore, in this matter, as stated by Sir Charles Lyell, is not correctly stated. I do not say that it is unfairly stated, because by "the same brain," he might have meant "brain of the same species," and by "represented," merely that the figure in the *Athenæum* showed so and so. In reference to the figures of the chimpanzee's brain (Lyell, *op. cit.*, p. 482, fig. 54), referred to by Lyell as "distorted," "shrunk" and "defective," it is simply one in which the cerebral hemispheres have glided forward and apart behind, so as to expose a portion of the cerebellum. No part is wanting or shrunk, nor is any part in excess. The true dimensions of each cerebral hemisphere are given, as also a good idea of that of the cerebellum. If, when I published this figure, I had desired to

show, or been at all concerned to show, that the cerebrum in apes did not overlap the cerebellum, I should have been amenable to the imputation which Sir Charles Lyell has sought to fix upon me: if I desired and was really only concerned to show the difference of size in the cerebrum of the highest ape and in that of the smallest normal human brain, the fair and impartial spirit in which I sought to put this character before the public will be vindicated by the choice which I made of the figures of the chimpanzee's brain extant in 1857.

There were two: one by Vrolik and Van der Kolk, in the *Transactions of the Royal Netherlands Institute for 1849*; the other by Gratiolet, in 1854. The latter was the smaller brain: it had been taken from a younger specimen of chimpanzee; the length of the cerebrum, *e. g.*, was 3 inches 10½ lines: in the brain figured by the Dutch anatomists, from a larger and older chimpanzee, the length of the cerebrum was 4 inches 3 lines. I chose, therefore, the latter figure, and selected to contrast with it the smallest of the normal negro's brains figured by Tiedemann in the *Philosophical Transactions*.—"On the Brain of the Negro compared with that of the European and of the Orang-utan," *Phil. Trans.* 1838. 'Descriptions of Hunterian Specimens,' *Physiol. Catal.* vol. iii. No. 1,338 (1835).

The occasion of the reproduction of these figures was the desire to illustrate, from sources not pre-engaged to a special theory, my own in respect to the value of cerebral characters in the classification of the mammalia. Save on this point—the hiatus between ape and man—I derived the other figures of the brains of mammalia from originals, by which I had illustrated previous papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*. And, in regard to the illustration of the quadrumanous character of the backward growth of the cerebrum, I selected therefrom the figure of the smooth brain of the South American ape (*Midas rufimanus*), as showing the cerebrum covering the cerebellum, with a fissure defining the anterior lobe, but without any indication of such definition of a posterior lobe. That name had been loosely given by myself and others to the part of the hemispheres which is co-extensive backward with the cerebellum in most *Quadrumana*.

Our best anthropotomists had confessed that there was no precise boundary, but a gradual transition between the so-called middle and posterior lobes: for the purpose, therefore, of one of the zoological characters of the archencephalous brain, I proposed "relative position to the cerebellum." Before the audience I was addressing, and with the illustrations even of a low form of Quadrumanous brain submitted to them, I assumed that it was understood that in all, save the Lemurine *Quadrumana*, the cerebral hemispheres overlapped both the olfactory lobes and the cerebellum,—at least to the degree shown in my figure of the small ape's brain, fig. 3, p. 19. Entering, then, upon the characters of the human brain, I state, "Not only do the cerebral hemispheres overlap the olfactory lobes and cerebellum, but they extend in advance of the arc and further back than the other."—(*Proceedings of the Linnean Society*, February 17th and April 21st, 1857, p. 19.) In both the original Paper on the Cerebral Classification of the Mammalia and in my 'Reade's Lecture' of 1859, the figures of the larger brains were reduced, and in different degrees. I therefore republished the figures of the chimpanzee and negro brains of the full size in 1861,—with the same view, however, of showing the degree in which that ape's brain "approaches in size and structure" to man. There is no other reference to the cerebellum, or to its proportionate size, than the remark that, as compared with the gorilla, the chimpanzee seems to approach nearer to man. Not one word is said about the relative positions of the cerebrum and cerebellum, or the degree in which the former overlaps the latter in the ape and negro. Yet Sir Charles Lyell (p. 485) quotes this Paper in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii., p. 456, 1861, as having been published. His words are, "came out with a new paper,"—"expressly to show the relative and different extent to which the cerebellum is overlapped by the cerebrum in the two cases respectively." This mis-statement is made by Sir C.

Lyell in order to impress his readers with the notion that I had a design to promote and persist in promoting an error, and to mislead the public. In the same spirit, Sir Charles Lyell represents me to state, in regard to the *Quadrumana*, that the "cerebrum extends over more or less of the cerebellum." I nowhere make such a statement. The proposition is affirmed of "the third leading modification of the mammalian cerebrum" (*Linnean Proc.* p. 17)—of that which, "save in very few exceptional cases of the smaller and inferior forms of *Quadrumana*," shows "the superficies folded into more or less numerous gyri or convolutions": it is affirmed of the *Gyrencephala* generally, *i. e.* of *Cetacea*, *Sirenia*, *Proboscidea*, *Perissodactyla*, *Artrodactyla*, *Carnivora*, as well as of *Quadrumana*. Most of these *Gyrencephala*, including the *Ruminants*, show the degree of "less" in the character assigned; almost all the *Quadrumana* show the degree of "more"; and the extent of that degree is exemplified by me in the smooth brain of the little marmoset. It must be remembered that I was communicating a classification zoological paper to a Linnean society, and had the example of Linneus to follow in the succinctness and brevity of my characters. I assumed the requisite amount of zoological knowledge in my candid readers. I did not foresee that forensic craft would be brought to bear upon making out a bill of indictment against me, by reckoning up reticences as negations, and mis-stating the extent and meaning of the application of the characters I proposed. Besides the difference of size between the highest *Gyrencephala* and the lowest *Archencephala*, there was a relative character by which that difference could be zoologically defined; the extension, *viz.*, of the cerebrum beyond the cerebellum in the human brains. No subsequent definition of the front boundary of the posterior lobes, applicable to classificatory purposes, has since been given, excepting that which I proposed, from the relative position of the cerebrum to the cerebellum; whereby the *Archencephala* are characterized, and can be intelligibly defined, as possessing "posterior cerebral lobes." But these lobes, and the supra-cerebellar parts of the hemispheres in man and apes, have certain cavities and structures. Tiedemann, whose labours had added most to our knowledge of the development and comparative anatomy of the brain, had described and figured those which the supra-cerebellar part of the brain of the *Macacus nemestrinus* displayed (*Icones Cerebri Simiarum*, p. 14, tab. ii, fig. 3); and the valuable descriptions of the corresponding structure in the brains of other *Quadrumana* by the anatomists cited by Sir Charles Lyell have confirmed the exactitude and acumen of Tiedemann's perception of the relation of these structures to the more complex infoldings and windings of the posterior parts of the ventricles in them. It suits Sir Charles Lyell's aim to decry this discovery of Tiedemann's as "mere negative evidence." It is a positive demonstration, and the first, if not the best, of the "scrobiculus parvus loco cornu posterioris" (*tom. cit.* p. 14). The archencephalous brain can accordingly be defined, with accuracy and precision, as possessing the "posterior horn of the lateral ventricle," as contrasted with the "scrobiculus in loco cornu posterioris." But are they not homologous parts? it has been asked, or rather howled. Unquestionably. Just as the "foot" of man is homologous with the "lower hand" of the ape. You may say, indeed, of that "hand," that it is "a foot modified for grasping"; and in the same sense you may say of the human foot, that it is a "hand modified for walking." When Cuvier, in his zoological definitions of *Bimana*, affirmed—"L'homme est le seul animal vraiment *bimane* et *bipède*" (*Règne Animal*, tom. i. p. 70), he offered an unscrupulous antagonist an analogous opportunity for flat contradictions. Young anatomists might have been beguiled to prop up such contradictor, by publishing descriptions and figures of the bony structure of the limbs in oranges, macaques, South American howlers, and other apes, demonstrating "every bone strictly homologous"; and might flatter themselves and impose on some others, that they were exposing the ignorance and mistakes of the master, and supply-

ing him and the world with desirable information. Nevertheless, for the purposes of zoology, it remains necessary to name certain modifications when found to be fixed characters of groups, as, e. g., "manus," "pes," "pollex," "haller," "cornu posterior," "scrobiculus," "hippocampus minor," &c., and to predicate of these as being peculiar to the groups they characterize. The time may arrive when such helps and artifices of the classifier will be no longer needed; when they may give way to higher considerations or to still wider generalizations. But it had not arrived when I submitted to the Linnean Society, in 1857, my proposed improvement in the classification of the Mammalia.

The largest brain of a chimpanzee there figured was the fairest and most appropriate subject of comparison with the smallest normal human brain. What I have read of the history of the Hottentot Venus, of the absence of some of the common instincts of her sex as they are manifested by other females of her race, impresses me with the conviction of her idiocy. There are skulls of both males and females of the Boschman in this country which afford a truer average of their cerebral development than is represented by the abnormal brain selected by Lyell to compare with the chimpanzee. But this leads to considerations quite apart from those of the Zoological Memoir which he criticizes. The cerebral characters of the Archencephala, according to the definitions given, are true. Sir Charles Lyell represents their promulgation as causing a general astonishment in the anatomical world. This is a figure of rhetoric, to use the mildest term. No exception to them was taken until the ape-origin of mankind began to be remooted; and the nature of this objection I have already exemplified. Does Sir Charles Lyell really think it believable that a communication formally read and fully discussed at two meetings of the Linnean Society (February 17 and April 21, 1857), referred, reported on, published,—I say nothing of the author and the pains he had long bestowed on it,—could have been suffered to appear with errors so gross as to astound the whole anatomical world? And that too in respect to large and conspicuous structures! He is deceived. All the points to which exception has been taken were fully discussed in 1857. The "supra-cerebellar part of the ape's brain," the "scrobiculus in loco cornu posterioris," were as well understood by the anatomists and physiologists then present as now. It was admitted that, subject to the definitions I had given, the archencephalous characters might receive the brief and intelligible definitions which I proposed for them. Their analogy with the Cuvierian definitions and restricted terms and applications of locomotive characters was obvious. My arguments for the superior importance of cerebral over pedial structures were unrefuted; if the latter supported an ordinal distinction, the former must support a subclass. Of course I am aware of the inferior nature of such considerations—of these zoological artifices and distinctions,—only at present we cannot get on without them. What I chiefly desiderated at that time was some knowledge of the gorilla's brain: I had sought to exemplify it by the section of the adult cranium figured in the *Athenæum* for March, 1861, and in an earlier part of the *Zoological Transactions*; the only example that reached me was in a state yielding little more than some idea of the form and extent of the latent ventricles, and the degree in which the "scrobiculus" was developed. I then obtained a cast of the interior of the cranium, and when, in pointing out its characters by comparison with the human brain at Cambridge, I did not allude to the fact that in Vrolik's figure of the largest specimen of a chimpanzee's brain then extant, the displacement of the cerebral lobes exposed a part of the cerebellum, and that more of the cerebellum was visible than would be seen if the brain were *in situ naturalis*, as Prof. Vrolik had very recently admitted: or, as Sir Charles puts it, I described the gorilla's brain "without alluding to the disclaimer by the Dutch anatomists of their defective plates" of the chimpanzee's brain. In order that this remark should produce the effect and leave the impression intended, Lyell pleads to show that I was mainly concerned in misinforming the world that, in the

Quadrumana, the cerebrum does not overlap the cerebellum. I have already refuted that by referring to the brain of the small ape figured side by side with that of the one which I selected on account of its large size, in the Memoir of 1857, p. 19. Yes, says Lyell (p. 481), "in that Memoir you illustrated the difference between the Human and Simian brain by figures of those of the *Midas rufimanus* and one of the chimpanzee." But, adds my accuser (p. 485), in 1859, "In his Reade's Lecture, delivered at the University of Cambridge, the only illustration which he gives of an ape's brain was a reproduction of that distorted one of the Dutch anatomists already cited." Now, this assertion is not merely inaccurate,—it is the opposite of truth.—Whoever will turn to page 25 of the Lecture cited, will see that the same illustrations from the ape-series of the overlapping cerebrum are given (figure 6) to correct the impression which a non-anatomist might derive from the figure of the larger ape's brain (figure 7), selected, as appears, in the original Memoir published in the Linnean volume of 1857! The refutation is, indeed, so easy and obvious, that I believe the mistake has been made accidentally, and quite unintentionally, by Lyell. At most, it may indicate the *animus*. The subject of my 'Reade's Lecture' being also that of my original 'Memoir,' to illustrate the classification of the mammalia, and their primary distribution according to cerebral characters, the same obligation weighed with me not to understate the size which the brain reached in the ape-series; and I again gave that figure, which, however often it may be stigmatized as "defective, shrunken or distorted," still shows the full and true dimensions and convolute structure of the cerebral hemispheres; and at that period even the Dutch anatomists had not deemed it necessary to own the impeachment that the cerebellum was unnaturally exposed.

Mr. Pollock might well ask, "Are not you and Lyell on good terms?" Of a surety, it is no friend's work to so state a case as to leave the impression which that statement had left on the mind of the Master of Exchequer; to so mingle facts with rhetorical comments and mis-statements of different degree, as to build up the imputation without directly uttering it. Had Sir Charles been on his old circuit, he could not have drawn up the bill of indictment and pleaded for a verdict more subtly. But then the accused would have had the opportunity to make at once his defence, and an impartial judge would have summed up before the verdict: the poison would have been properly met by its antidote. But now this infernal calumny goes forth in the most popular book of the season, and produces its blight before any remedy can be applied. Sir Charles has here a great advantage over me; but it is one of which no kindly-disposed nature will envy him. The tree is known by its fruit; and if such be the produce of the fair tree of knowledge which Lyell has so skillfully decked and set off to the world, it cannot be a sound and wholesome one. RICHARD OWEN.

LES MATINÉES ROYALES.

Hampstead, Feb. 17, 1863.
A contemporary, in discussing the 'Matinées,' mentions Bonneville as connected with the original publication. This, I believe, is after a statement or suggestion of Thiébault's, though Thiébault does not name Bonneville. Nicolai, always a trustworthy guide than Thiébault, incidentally touches the subject twice, and puts it on its proper footing. Speaking of some pamphlet, 'De l'Amérique et des Américains'—another of those numerous pieces which were fathered upon Frederick by speculative publishers and others—he says,— "This pamphlet, still well known in Berlin, is not by the King; its author is a Frenchman of the name of Bonneville, who for unknown reasons has been several years a prisoner in the citadel at Spandau. People thought that he wrote the pasquil, 'Les Matinées du Roi de Prusse,' and also that he purloined—but it is not known from whom—the 'Poésies Diverses' (Poems by Frederick, which were stolen and surreptitiously published). Whether this (of the 'Matinées' and the

'Poésies Diverses') be true, is a matter of conjecture (*sei dahingestellt*)."—(Nicolai, 'Freimüthige Anmerkungen über Zimmermann's Fragmente,' Berlin, 1791, i., 181.) Then, at a later period, again recurring to the subject, he gives what he has learnt, from good authority, to have been the reason of Bonneville's imprisonment (some swindling transaction), and adds—"That there was any charge against him about the 'Matinées' and the 'Poésies Diverses,' is considered doubtful by some (*wird von einigen bezweifelt*)."—Ib., ii., 254. I give the more important original German words for the especial behoof of my candid critics, Messrs. Williams & Norgate, who, in a pleasant manner of their own, but resting in mere general insinuations, accuse me of mistranslating, "probably from ignorance," and of misrepresenting. If these erudite and polite gentlemen will specify *what* passages I mistranslated, and what "facts" I misrepresented, I shall, if needful, be happy to meet their charges. In the species of amenities which form the staple of their letter, they shall have the field all to themselves. The announcement of the intended commemoration of the Centenary of the Peace of Hubertsburg I took from Prof. Preuss's 'Notice' in the *Nationalzeitung*, to which I otherwise repeatedly referred in my former letter. That, with this 'Notice' before me, I inadvertently seem to have written "Utrecht" for "Hubertsburg," has proved such a godsend to the publishers of the 'Opusculé Inédit' and of the *Home and Foreign Review*, that they really owe some small hecatomb to Mercury for it. But what they still owe to the public—and all the more after your Correspondent "W. B.'s" straightforward history of his copy of the 'Matinées'—is, a statement of the source from which they derived the exclusive knowledge of M. de Méneval's feat at Sans-Souci, and of the successive stages by which their "texte authentique," with the original spelling unaltered, has come into their hands.

THE GERMAN TRANSLATOR OF CARLYLE'S 'HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH.'

LITERARY LARCENY.

Hammersmith, Feb. 14, 1863.
SOME four or five years ago I published a little book of travels called 'Southern Lights and Shadows,' which—thanks to kindly notices in your columns and elsewhere—was tolerably successful. The work, however, was sadly abused in the Australian colonies, and, for some reason or other which was never made apparent to me, gave some offence to the Methodists of New South Wales. The volume has, I think, run out of print, and is probably by this time forgotten. Nevertheless, it has strangely been decreed that a leader of the body who were most offended at it shall revive and perpetuate its "obnoxious" pages.

Within the last day or two a "second edition" of a book entitled 'Australia; with Notes by the Way,' by Frederick J. Jobson, D.D., has come under my notice. I cannot exactly tell what led me to look into its pages, unless from a desire of seeing how a Methodist divine would deal with a subject which, under my treatment, had proved so unpleasant to the Wesleyan community of Trans-Pacifica. Imagine my surprise when I found that, from the opening to the close of Dr. Jobson's volume, the leading paragraphs were stolen from my 'Southern Lights and Shadows'! This is a serious charge to bring against any author, and especially serious when brought against an author who carries 'D.D.' at the end of his name, that I feel bound to support it with direct and unmistakable evidence. I append, therefore, in parallel columns, a few of the passages which appeared in 'Southern Lights and Shadows' in 1859, and which now re-appear, with but the slightest and shallowest disguise (a disguise of so transparent a character that, like the *coa vestis*, it only serves to reveal what it affects to hide), in 'Australia; with Notes by the Way,' in 1863:

My Book. The evenings in Australia are singularly beautiful. I were, at times, singularly have often read a newspaper beautiful. The moon was so by the light of the moon. bright and large that you The stars are very white and could see to read by it. The

large, and seem to drop pendulous from the blue, like silver lamps from a dome of calaita.—P. 85.

All Dr. Jobson does here is to give us his new lamps of crystal for my old ones of silver.

My Book.

In Sydney and its immediate neighbourhood there are no less than five hundred public-houses, many of them as great and garish as the gin-palaces of London.

P. 52.

As Dr. Jobson was writing three years after me, he, no doubt, conceived it a safe and subtle alteration to turn the word "less" into "more"; but as the "five" was a misprint for three in my book, his caution has only made the trap into which he has put his foot clip it the closer. A similar maladroitness characterizes the reverend author's picking and stealing throughout. The reader will see it strikingly displayed in the next example, where the sentences are so unaltered in themselves, and yet so changed in their sequence and order, that, like the boy who steals the eggs in 'Parents and Guardians,' Dr. Jobson evidently thinks he has only to shift position to annihilate identity.—

My Book.

The white earth cracks as it passes over it, as though it were a globe of crystal struck by some invisible and mighty hand. The air is hot and murky, as the breath from an oven; and you see trees wither—the fruit shrivel and drop from the vines—as though the Last Seal were opened, and the breath of the Destroying Angel had gone forth.... The dogs in the street lie down and hide their dry protruding tongues in the dust.... The "Southernly Buster," as the change is called, generally comes early in the evening. A cloud of dust—they call it, in Sydney, a "brickfielder"—thicker than any London fog, heralds its approach, and moves like a compact wall across the country. In a minute the temperature will sink fifty or sixty degrees; and so keenly does the sudden change affect the system, that... your great-coat is buttoned tightly around you until a fire can be lighted.... The sight is grand and awful, and hints of the Final Apocalypse.—Pp. 86-88.

stars, too, were brighter and larger than ours in appearance, and seemed to drop like pendent lamps of glittering crystal from the deep blue dome above.—P. 166.

Dr. Jobson's Book.

There are more than five hundred public-houses in Sydney and its immediate neighbourhood, and some of them are... gay and garish as our own street-corner gin-palaces.—P. 167.

There are also storms of heated dust, which pass over the city, and move like a compact wall across it, darkening the sun, reddening the sky, withering the trees, and making the scorched earth crack under them, as if it were a globe of brittle pottery. These hot dust storms are terrific in their aspect to strangers. One would suppose that the Seals of the Apocalypse were being broken.... At these times, the thermometer rises to one hundred, and more, in the shade, and all things are still and breathless. The "brickfielders" are usually followed, before the day closes, with "south-busters," as they are named, from their coming from the sea at the south; and then the mercury will suddenly sink down forty or fifty degrees, until fires and great-coats seem desirable. One of these "brickfielders" passed over Sydney while we were there: when it seemed, as we looked from our balcony at the Glebe towards the city, as if the Last Seal were opened, and the destroying angel had received his commission to go forth.... Birds drop dead from the trees, insects die, dogs and cattle put out their tongues with burning dryness, and trees and plants shrivel up like bunches of scorched sticks and straws. Scarcely a blade of grass, or a leaf upon a tree, is left; and human beings fall down dead in the streets.—P. 167.

In the first-quoted plagiarism Dr. Jobson gave "crystal" for "silver"—in the above he supplies "brittle pottery" for "crystal." My "dogs" only are afflicted by the hot wind—Dr. Jobson blasts the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. My "great-coat is buttoned tightly around" me—Dr. Jobson's "great-coat" is only thought "desirable." But this is accounted for, as with me the thermometer "sinks fifty or sixty degrees," while with Dr. Jobson it "sinks down" but "forty or fifty." My "compact wall," "Last Seal" and "Apocalypse," however, are taken bodily. It is scarcely worth while pointing out the ludicrous errors which, in "dodging" my description about, Dr. Jobson has committed. The "brickfielder" is not the hot wind at all; it is but another name for the cold wind or "southerly-buster," which follows the hot breeze, and which, blowing over an extensive sweep of sand-hills, called the Brick-fields, semicircling Sydney, carries a thick cloud of dust (or "brickfielder") across the city. How true is old Butler's remark that some plagiarists

accompany their robberies with murder to prevent detection!

My Book.

It (the mosquito) comes buzzing against your cheek with a drowsy-sing-song whir, fixes its suckers into the flesh, and bounds off with another song—a kind of *carmen triumphale*—leaving a large red mark behind it, which is far more irritating than a healing blister.... They have a great relish—being epicures in their way—for the round, fat, mottled part of the hand riding the off-side of the palm. In about two seconds one will sow it with bumps and blisters from the wrist to the little finger.... They, too, especially, hate and harass the new chum.—Pp. 83-4.

Dr. Jobson's Book.

The pungent bites of musquitoes, which in the evening, whether in public, social, or private life, come buzzing against your cheek with a peculiar whir, fixing their blood-suckers in the flesh, and then, after drawing their full portion, flying off with a flutter of triumph, leaving a blotch behind, which, until ripened to a yellow head, is far more irritating than a healing blister.... And they have evidently a high relish for the round fat part of the hand, from the wrist-bone to the little finger. If this part be exposed from under the coverlid for five minutes, it will be sown all over by them with bumps and blisters, not to be forgotten till the next night, if so soon. They, too, like the boys in the streets, have wanton pleasure in vexing "new chums."

Pp. 158-9.

One very brief illustration more, and I have finished with Dr. Jobson:—

My Book.

The shark gleaming, green and still, just an arm's depth below the surface.—P. 131.

Dr. Jobson's Book.

Sat., March 2.—Pleasant passage down the harbour, in which, gleaming, still and green, at not more than an arm's depth from the surface, the ravenous shark might be seen.—P. 173.

This last example raises one's gorge. I close my book with an attempt at a panorama of scenery, and, in the middle of a sentence, are the words quoted in the left-hand column above. Dr. Jobson, after concluding his description of Sydney with these words,—"Only let the churches of Christ send an adequate number of missionaries to India, China, the multitude of the isles, and to the interior of Africa, and these heathen regions shall assuredly be evangelized; these realms of sin become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ!" (p. 174)—opens the next section of his book with—*my fish!* If a whale once appropriated a missionary, verily here is a missionary appropriating a shark!

In closing, let me say that my only object in asking you to insert this letter is to direct other writers on the subject to Dr. Jobson's book. If he has taken so much from me, I have no doubt he has—to use an Australian phrase—"jumped other claims" for the balance of his nuggets.

FRANK FOWLER.

SISTERHOODS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

February 16, 1863.

MAY I, in justice to my co-religionists, ask for a few lines in your journal, to say that we Catholics share to the full the disgust and horror so ably expressed by your reviewer in his notice of Margaret Goodman's revelations of the cruel mummeries practised by Miss Sellon. That a portion of "ye Lady Superior's" plan should be a hideous and foolish travestie of some parts of the constitutions of our religious orders, makes us perhaps feel, even more than Protestants, an anxious desire that these retreats of inhuman torture should be subject to some control and some inspection.

I will not lengthen my note to mention even one of the safeguards with which our religious establishments are jealously surrounded:—suffice it to say, that, with us, so close and so careful is the network of supervision—so simple and so available the power of appeal, either to ecclesiastical authority or to any chosen spiritual adviser, that it would not be many days (were they indeed Catholics) before "ye Lady Superior" would be expelled her house, and the reverend guide of these unfortunate young women would be suspended for the assumption of a special spiritual power which we do not hold as belonging to our priesthood.

A. P.

DECORATIONS FOR ST. PAUL'S.

FOR a long time the idea of completing the metropolitan cathedral with something like its architect's originally intended splendour has been before the public. Mosaics, frescoes and other forms of ornamentation have been suggested, many methods of applying each mooted, and something done so far as subscription from the City companies and private persons permitted. This beginning took the form of gilding, applied to the bends of mouldings that traverse sections of the choir, enclose the great arches bearing up the cupola, or go overhead from side to side in the nave. A new life came upon the cathedral when it began to be used as a church, by holding special services in the vast "crossing" the dome roofs in. Subscriptions purchased the new organ. A pulpit has been added, and new statues have filled some of the space that seemed fit only to hold the mighty dead of an empire. So much had been actually done, that to do more seems practicable, if not imperative: therefore, the authorities cast about for artists to supply designs with which a beginning of the scheme of decoration might be made. A broad suggestion, as to the general effect of the whole, was given by Mr. Penrose, cathedral architect, or "surveyor," as he is styled, after the fashion of Wren's time, which no man, filling the post of Wren, would desire to change.

A part of this general suggestion, which, by the way, was exhibited at the International Exhibition (No. 1546), pointed to filling with pictures the spaces upon the ceiling of the roof, or semi-dome, as it is styled, of the east end, or apex immediately behind the altar. These spaces are three in number, and their position indicates the desirableness of having some grand subject, apt to the uses and character of the building, as a whole, in the centre compartment, and a subordinate subject in the lesser divisions. The situation, which makes these spaces visible from nearly the whole length of the church, suggests this as the fittest point for beginning a scheme of decoration. If satisfactory, the works would certainly enlist sympathy with the plan, and bring aid towards its completion; if unsatisfactory, they would not, as on other spots they must, break up any portion of the interior into two parts. The Protestant origin, the uses and actual shape of these spaces, may be said to have suggested the subjects for the designs. Where in a late Mediæval or Roman Catholic structure the picture of the Virgin would find place, in St. Paul's might best be that of Christ the Intercessor. So it has been planned, and directions were given to the artists to place in the side spaces figures of Moses and Elias. Messrs. G. F. Watts, F. Leighton, A. Stevens and Henri de Triqueti were invited to furnish designs in competition. The first-named of these artists declined to compete, but agreed to contribute a design. Mr. Stevens did not respond; the others compete with drawings that are now open to inspection: a decision will shortly be made upon their merits. It is understood that funds are in hand sufficient to execute this part of the scheme.

The idea to be expressed is that grand one of the Saviour and Prophets uniting in the impressive theme of the Transfiguration. The figures are to be seen at a height of eighty feet from the ground, so their size admitted grandeur of treatment rarely attainable. The work of M. de Triqueti, who is, we believe, a young artist, fails to attain this grandeur of treatment. Mr. Leighton's design has, in the centre, Christ seated, with hands slightly advanced from his side, their palms brought forward as in intercession: the face is seen in full front and raised, the eyes looking upwards; the visage slightly bearded, the expression intense and admirably rendered. The artist has given an air of extreme repose and immobility to his composition, fit for the situation proposed for it: that aspect is attained by sobriety and simplicity of the actions, general breadth and massing of the draperies, which cover the whole of the figures, leaving no openings for display of the nude. The figure of Christ seems steadfast, and without manifestation of passion in action. As an architectonic decoration, there is great propriety in so designing the picture. Be-

fore the feet of the Saviour, and bending down, kneeling, with faces to the earth or looking upwards, are figures of worshippers in an ecstasy of adoration, corresponding in the reticence of their actions with that of the principal figure. Moses is placed in the left hand of this division: he kneels, looks upward and forward; his hands, the figure showing in profile, are put slightly back, their palms open to his front—an absorbed action that is singularly expressive. On the other side is Elias, who, kneeling, bends his head and sinks his hands as in adoration.

Mr. Watts has avoided the error of depressing his central and most important figure by too great enlargement of the subordinates. He has given quite a different motive to his design from that of Mr. Leighton. His composition and the attitudes are full of mobility, expression and passion, suited to the theme. Christ soars with a song of glorifying praise, "as upon the breath of a psalm"; his arms, their palms uplifted, are expanded in ecstasy, and raised, as welcoming the light. The face looks straightforward and a little upwards, having a noble spirituality upon the features. About the feet of the figure are angels circling, some shading their eyes from the light above. The overruling effulgence thus most skilfully used to give a central idea and point to the companion is further expressed by the actions of the subordinate figures. On the right of the picture Moses approaches, bending, not with the weight of the tables he bears, but before the central light and the Godhead it symbolizes. The horns of glory his forehead has are made pale, and fade in the brightness from above. On the left is Elias, kneeling, with the light full upon his face; his arms are open, as to embrace it with an air ecstatic and devout—an action grandly mobile. Filling the inner and lower corners of the composition, connecting the whole, so to say, are figures of men and women, souls sleeping.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Lord Rosse's installation as Chancellor of the Dublin University took place on Tuesday, when honorary degrees were conferred, amongst others, on Mr. Whitworth as a mechanical inventor, and on Mr. Cooper, of Markree, as an eminent astronomer. During the proceedings it was announced that Sir James South took that opportunity of presenting his twelve-inch achromatic object-glass, with its appendages, to the Observatory of the University. The installation Ode, written by Dr. Waller, and set to music by Dr. Stewart, mentions some of Lord Rosse's predecessors in the Trinity College Chancellorship.

The late prevalence of delightful weather has set thousands of persons asking, "Did you ever see such a February before?" Perhaps Mr. Glaisher, who knows what the weather has been for fifty years or more, will answer the question. Such calm, sunshiny weather during the month which proverbially "fills the ditches" is remarkable. The elder, lilac and black currant trees are in some places bursting into leaf. Gnats have appeared in warm, sheltered lanes; flies have been seen disporting in the sun; and on the 16th a bee was observed foraging among the yellow blossoms of the furze on the heights of Hind Head. The students of periodical phenomena will, no doubt, take note of these particulars. By accounts from Belgium, we learn that genial weather is also prevalent there: more than ten days ago the chestnut trees were in leaf and roses in bloom.

Messrs. Adam & Charles Black have issued a 'General Atlas of the World,' on a scale sufficiently large for the man of business, yet not too large for the elder classes of students. There are fifty-eight plates in all, as many as seven of these being devoted to the illustration of the earth's physical aspects,—land and water—wind and snow—mountains and valleys—the sea-bed, and so forth. The maps are of high excellence as regards drawing and engraving, and the information given in them is brought down to the latest time. A more handy atlas could scarcely be made.

A movement is on foot to erect a statue in memory of James, seventh Earl of Derby, who

was executed for treason against the Commonwealth, 1651, at Bolton-le-Moors, in which town the statue will be placed. Mr. Calder Marshall is preparing the model.

Dr. Gray, in the Preface to his 'Catalogue of Postage-Stampes,' suggests a remedy for the expense of keeping accounts for the few letters not prepaid which may be worthy of consideration, as the question is one of saving several thousand pounds. The system which he suggests has very lately been brought into use on the Continent to a certain extent. In France, they have very lately issued a special stamp, which is employed when local letters in the provinces are insufficiently, or not at all, prepaid. It is inscribed,—"*Postes-chiffre* taxe, 10 (or 15) centimes à percevoir"; that is to say, "to be paid on delivery." The Bavarian Post-office has a special stamp, used for a similar purpose: it is inscribed, "*Bayer Post-taxe, 3 kreuzer, vorn Empfänger zahlbar*"; which may be translated, "Bavarian postage, 3 kreuzer, payable by the receiver." And, we are informed, there are stamps used for the purpose in other parts of Germany. Could not this plan be tried in St. Martin's-le-Grand?

Last year the Government sold 18,845 copies of the *Nautical Almanac*, being an increase of more than 2,000 over the year 1861. The number of Admiralty Charts sold in 1862 exceeded 75,000, being much more than the average annual sale. The number of Admiralty Books sold during the same time was a good deal under the average, being only 1,242. On the joint sale of charts and books the Board of Admiralty paid over to the Exchequer 4,277*l.* in the past year.

The Registrar General and Dr. Farr have complained year after year that the vital statistics of the United Kingdom are imperfect owing to the want of a registration of births and deaths in Ireland. We are glad to see that a Bill to remedy this want was read a second time in the House of Commons this week. Last year the Government measure had to be withdrawn because it proposed to place the registration in the hands of the police. Sir Robert Peel's present scheme gives the post of registrar to the local medical officer of the Board of Guardians,—a decided improvement on his former plan.

It appears from the Navy Estimates issued this week that, though there is a net decrease of more than a million in the whole service, there is a slight increase (from 68,045*l.* in 1862 to 71,961*l.* in 1863) in the cost of the scientific branch. This is owing to the expense of additional surveys under the hydrographical department. The surveys now in progress are, in England, on the East Coast, the Bristol Channel, Portsmouth Bar and the Scilly Islands; in Scotland, Argyle and Inverness, the Hebrides, Barra Island, and South Uist Island; in Foreign Stations, on the Coast of Syria, the Greek Archipelago, the Cape Colony, Korea and Japan, the China Seas, Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, the Bay of Fundy, Newfoundland, the West India Islands, the Coasts of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland and Tasmania. The estimates for the Royal Observatory and for the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope are less than they were last year.

The Archaeological Congress will be held this year at Rochester, under the presidency of Marquis Camden, K.G. The sections of Architecture, History and Mediæval Antiquities will be presided over respectively by Professor Willis, the Very Rev. Dean Hook, and Lord Talbot de Malahide.

The first meeting of the Anthropological Society of London will be held on Tuesday next, the 24th of February, at 4, St. Martin's Place, when an introductory address will be delivered by Dr. James Hunt, the president.

In the notice of Prof. Phillips's communication to the Royal Society on the planet Mars, occurs an error which alters the meaning. In line 11 from the bottom, the word "northern" should be "southern"; and for "North Pole," read "southern snow." It was only in Mr. Nasmyth's drawing that the green equatorial belt, with its island, appeared.

Mr. Morris Moore has received from the authorities on Art in Rome an important testimony in favour of his 'Apollo and Marsyas.' The Commission of the Pontifical Calcographic Department, composed of Commendatore Tommaso Minardi, Pietro Folo, Comm. Pietro Tenerani, Comm. Antonio Sarti, Cavaliere Paolo Mercury (Director of the Pontifical Calcographic Department), the Cav. Alessandro Capalti, Nicolò Consoni, and Giuseppe Marucci (acting coadjutor of the Director of the Pontifical Calcographic Department), have requested Mr. Moore to allow a drawing to be made from the work, with a view to its being engraved and published on account of the Calcographic Department. The Commission speaks of the picture as an undoubted Raffaele. Prof. Consoni undertakes to superintend the drawing, assuming the entire responsibility of it; and to still further insure its success the Commission proposes that the same Professor should make a tracing from the picture with his own hand. The engraving, it is further said, will be executed under the care of Signor Paolo Mercurj, whose name is to appear on the plate, as well as that of the actual engraver.

Now Parliament has met, attention should be recalled to the defects of the English Ordnance Maps—a subject brought forward last summer through complaints in the newspapers, having led to statements, on the one hand, from the officials of the Survey Department, and on the other, from the mapsellers. It appears that twenty-five years have passed since any change was made in several of the maps, although the country has undergone many changes. A quarter of a century seems a long period for the Survey Office to sleep upon its labours; yet what is it to that shown by the example of a map (No. 27, Exmoor), dated the "11th of October, 1809," and "Engraved in the Drawing-room of the Tower by Benjamin Baker and Assistants"? It was said that various additions have kept the maps nearer to modern requirements than their dates suggest. In No. 27 nothing of this sort has been vouchsafed;—woe to the pedestrian who trusts himself on Exmoor with no better guide! He will need infinite patience and a tent. There are roads upon that map which have no existence; there are existing roads unmarked. On it, elsewhere, other blunders are rife. We know a hamlet, with a Saxon name, omitted; roads made forty years since have no place; misspelling of names is common. There is another fault upon the same sheet even less creditable to the Office, in its being so worn as to be nearly illegible; and, contrasted with the adjoining sheet (No. 20, Bridgewater, same date), which seems to have been re-cut at a less remote period, it is but a shadow. So weak is it in "colour" of the engraving, that hills whose loftiness should be indicated by the depth of "colour" shrink in comparison with mere knolls, which No. 20 shows boldly. Upon the last the latitudes and longitudes are not marked—on No. 27 they appear. No. 5 (Hastings), dated 1813, has had the railways added; but is as worn as No. 27, and looks like a cheap lithograph instead of a Government copper-plate engraving. The sheet containing Scarborough has a railway-station (Grithorpe) omitted. Every one using these maps confirms all that is said of their shortcomings. Yet they are sold so cheap that "the trade" cannot hope to supplant them by a better article.

At a meeting of the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society on Monday last, Dr. Todd reported that the printing of the text of the Calendar of Ancient Irish Saints commonly called the Martyrology of Donegal had been completed from the transcript made for him from the original belonging to the Burgundian Library, by the late Prof. O'Curry, accompanied by an English version, presented to the Society by the late John O'Donovan. It was also stated that the Council has decided to print, as the Society's volume for 1863, the 'Antiphony of Bangor,' from a fac-simile of the original now preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. This document is one of the most ancient surviving monuments of Irish learning, and is known on the Continent from having been noticed by Muratori, who, however, fell into many errors in his descrip-

tion of it, as well as in the printing of the Irish words and names with which it abounds. The accounts for the year showed a balance in favour of the Society of nearly 500*l*.

The last mail from Australia informs us that the veteran explorer, Mr. Stuart, has arrived at Adelaide, after having crossed the continent to Van Diemen's Gulf at a point on the coast thirty miles east of Cape Hotham. It took him and his party six weeks to cut through the dense scrub which stopped him in the November of last year. North of this they came on fine rivers and beautiful country, both pastoral and agricultural, with many auriferous indications at intervals. Water was abundant, and hot winds unknown. Mr. Stuart pushed across alone from Van Diemen's Gulf to the Gulf of Carpentaria; and it is stated that hardship and anxiety have so exhausted him, that absolute rest is essential to his restoration. By the same mail we hear that the remains of Burke and Wills are to be interred at Melbourne.

There appear at present in Paris no less than 578 journals and periodicals; among them, fifty *Moniteurs*. There is a *Moniteur de la Coiffure*, a *Moniteur de la Cordonnerie*, &c. There is also a *Journal des Commissaires de Police*, and a *Journal de la Gendarmerie*.

Foreign journals announce the death at Lisbon, aged seventy-five, of Carl Rünker, Director of the Observatory and School of Navigation at Hamburg. In early life he was in the service of the East India Company. In 1822 he accompanied Sir Thomas Brisbane to New South Wales, and was appointed director of the private observatory erected by his patron at Paramatta. He returned to Europe in 1831. He is chiefly known for his works on navigation and the large star-catalogues which he published. He was elected a foreign member of the Royal Society in 1855.

Another instalment of the civilization of western Europe has been adopted in Turkey, news of which will be especially interesting to a large class of collectors. The Moslem have begun to use postage-stamps; being the last, we believe, of European nations to avail themselves of these useful articles. These new Turkish stamps are of four different colours; but as the Mohammedan religion forbids the taking of portraits, or representation of the human form, they bear a *fac-simile* of the Sultan's signature, instead of his effigy.

The highest peak of Monte Rosa, which has been hitherto known by no other name than "the highest peak," is, according to the *Ticino Journal*, now named by the Federal Council of Switzerland 'Dufour Summit.'

On the 29th of January last, the centenary birthday of Johann Gottfried Seume was celebrated in many parts of Germany, especially in Bohemia and Saxony. If Seume was not an eminent poet, and may not rank with Lessing, Schiller and Goethe, he yet occupies a distinguished place in German literature, owing to his thorough good sense, unflinching truthfulness, and courage in pointing out "what was rotten in the state of Denmark": and oh, how many things were rotten in his German fatherland! It fairly broke the heart of the honest and true patriot, not only because he was himself made a victim of the political foulness of Germany (he was among the Hessian troops sold to England, "to help England to lose its thirteen American provinces," as he himself says ironically), but because he lost all hope to see his beloved country freed from foreign yoke. The course of his life ended peacefully on the 13th of June, 1810, after he had been tossed about on it roughly enough. Of his writings the 'Spaziergang nach Syrakus' is the most popular, and was for some generations the delight and favourite book of the young. Nor does it deserve to be forgotten now; and, indeed, Germany in its present struggles can do no better than look up to strong-minded, unyielding and unbending characters, such as Seume was, for comfort and example. A slab to his memory has been erected at the new house which now stands in the place of the poor little hut in which Seume was born, in a village near Weissenfels, in Saxony. The Turn- and Gesang-Verein at Teplitz is going to raise a monument on

his grave, which is sheltered by a large oak in the churchyard there.

"Pompeii," says a Neapolitan friend, "has awakened a greater interest than usual by a very important discovery recently made. The workmen a few days since were excavating about ten feet beneath the soil in a little street behind the 'Postribolo' lately brought to light, when suddenly they came on a mass of coins and jewels. Orders were given to continue the operation with the greatest precaution, and after two hours' work the perfect form of a man was discovered, petrified, in the ashes, stretched at full length. The flesh was dried up, but the skeleton was entire. Fearful of accident in taking up these interesting remains, Signor Fiorelli, the director, ordered the form of this quondam citizen of Pompeii to be taken in plaster: and the operation succeeded completely, with the exception of two fragments of the arm and the leg, against which lapilli, instead of ashes, had come in contact. The impression has been taken with remarkable precision,—the hair, the moustaches, the folds of the garment, and even the dress of the legs and feet, being perfect. It is a discovery of the greatest importance in archæology, and great merit is due to Signor Fiorelli for his vigilance and attention. I have already called your attention to the impolitic tax which has been imposed on visitors to Pompeii, and I return to the subject. In the month of January 1,668 francs were collected, of which 1,038 francs were distributed amongst the *employés*. Two francs are not a heavy sum for an individual to pay, but in the case of families it may be an inconvenience, and I have heard of parties paying as much as 17 or 18 francs for admission. It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that the imposition of such a tax will lead to the restriction of the numbers of a party, and to the deprivation on the part of some of seeing one of the most interesting sights in this neighbourhood. On the working classes it will act almost as a prohibition; a circumstance greatly to be regretted in a country where the great effort should be to develop and raise the public mind as much as possible."

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—Will shortly close.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Open from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling. JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

NOW ON VIEW, TWO important PICTURES painted by the late ABRAHAM SOLOMON—also, a Choice Collection of Modern Pictures by English and French Artists, at the Gallery of Moore, McQueen & Co., 10, Fenchurch Street, E.C.—Admission, Free.

ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the LANCASHIRE DISTRESS, 6, Suffolk Street.—Open from 10 A.M. until dusk.—Admission, 1*s*.; Catalogue, 6*d*. F. W. DICEY, A. L. CHETWODE, } Hon. Secs.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS to EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3*s*.; Area, 2*s*.; Gallery, 1*s*. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 5 o'clock.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT, SCIENTIFIC and ARTISTIC.—SAMUEL HIGLEY, F.G.S., F.C.S., &c., will exhibit every Evening, at Eight o'clock, precisely, his beautiful series of MAGNIFIED and ILLUMINATED PHOTOGRAPHS which were shown with great effect before the Society of Arts and the London Photographic Society in January. Programmes on Application to the Secretary (by post two stamps).—Seats reserved, 3*s*.; 2*s*.; and 1*s*. Burlington Gallery, 191, Piccadilly, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 12.—Major-General Sabine, President, in the chair.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was elected a Fellow of the Society. The following papers were read:—'On some Compounds and Derivatives of Glyoxylic Acid,' by Dr. Debus.—'On the Telescopic Appearance of the Planet Mars,' by Prof. J. Phillips.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Jan. 9.—Dr. Lee, President, in the chair.—Major J. T. Walker, H. M. E. Crofton, A. J. Melhuish, and R. Munday, Esqrs., were elected Fellows of the Society.—'Observations on Saturn,' by W. Wray, Esq.—'On the Observations of Saturn made at Pulkowa and Greenwich,' by the Astronomer Royal.—Mr. Joynson communicated to the Society a series of thirty-six drawings of Mars, taken at Waterloo, near Liverpool.—'Note on U Geminorum,' by J. Bax-

endell, Esq.—'On the Elchies Equatorial,' by G. Knott, Esq.—'Observations of Comet II., 1862, taken at the Observatory of J. Gurney Barclay, Esq., at Leyton, Essex, and communicated by him,' by Hermann Romberg.—'Observations and Elements of Comet II., 1862, by J. Tebbutt, Esq.—'Places of Comet II., 1862, observed at Armagh,' by N. M'N. Edmondson.—'Results of the Meridional Observations of Small Planets, and an Occultation of a Star by the Moon; observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the month of December, 1862,' communicated by the Astronomer Royal.—'Observations of Asia, 67, taken with the Equatorial of the Liverpool Observatory,' by J. Hartnup, Esq.—Mr. Warren De La Rue exhibited a photograph of the moon, taken near the dichotomy, enlarged so as to correspond in size with the map published by Beer and Mädler, and called the attention of the Fellows to the great progress which has been already made in Photographic Selenography.—'Remarks upon the Phenomena attending the Disappearance, by Rotation, of the great Solar Spot of August 4th, 1862, as recorded by both Heli-photography and ordinary Telescopic Observation,' by the Rev. F. Howlett.

ASIATIC.—Feb. 16.—Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Prof. Dowson 'On some Bactrian Pali Inscriptions.'

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 5.—O. Morgan, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. C. R. Bartrop exhibited a sword blade dredged up from the Abbey River, near Chertsey.—Mr. J. Brent exhibited some Roman remains found at Canterbury; comprising a glass bottle; some Samian ware, with names of potters; a spiral glass rod surmounted by the figure of a cock, similar to that laid before the Society by the Abbé Cochet, but not hitherto found, as Mr. Brent believed, in this country. Mr. Brent also exhibited an enamel plaque very similar in its ornamentation to those found on the Lullingstone bowl exhibited some time ago by Mr. Ireland.—Mr. W. S. Walford laid before the Society a transcript of a Roll of Arms of the thirteenth century, together with some remarks. It consisted of about 180 coats, comprising the arms of the Emperors of Germany and Constantinople, and of most of the kings of Christendom, of several French and German dukes and counts, and about an equal number of English coats, among which are those of a few earls and barons. There is one point mentioned by Mr. Walford which it is of importance to notice. The Roll affords an early example of the double-headed eagle for Germany, which is generally supposed to have commenced about the end of the fourteenth century. But a still earlier example, Mr. Walford remarked, on the authority of Sir F. Madden, is to be found in a MS. copy of Matthew Paris in the British Museum, of about the year 1250, and supposed to have been the author's own copy. The illuminations in that copy of the 'Historia Minor' are curious, especially in regard to heraldry and early mediæval usages. Mr. Walford hoped that the printed copy of it, about to be published under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls, would be enriched with woodcuts of these unique sketches, which are believed to be by the author himself.

Feb. 12.—The President, Earl Stanhope, in the chair.—Mr. J. R. Wyse exhibited a Roman fibula found at Yeovil, and a nest of weights found on the site of the priory at Yeovil.—Mr. J. Y. Akerman and the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck exhibited a drawing of an urn found at Drayton.—The President read the correspondence which had taken place between the Council of this Society and the Admiralty since the month of March, 1862, on the subject of the tides off the Straits of Dover, with a view to determining the point at which Caesar landed on our shores. The perusal of the correspondence was followed by that of the Report of the Board of Admiralty on the Hydrographical Observations taken by them last autumn at the request of the Council of this Society, and communicated to the President on the 20th of January, 1863. Vice-Admiral Smyth had favoured the Society with a digest of the scientific results arrived at by the Admiralty,—results which

entirely corroborated the examinations of the tides made by the late Captain (afterwards Admiral) Beechey. The accuracy of Admiral Beechey's observations the late Dr. Cardwell, in a paper to the 'Archæologia Cantiana,' had ventured to impugn. The steps so courteously taken by the Admiralty have, however, set the questions at rest. The supposition that Cæsar landed at Deal or Walmer would appear from thenceforth to be "absolutely untenable." Such, at least, was the opinion ably advocated by the Astronomer Royal, whose attendance at the meeting had been specially requested, and who endeavoured to explain the grounds of the fallacy into which Dr. Cardwell had been betrayed. Mr. Airy was followed by Mr. Lewin, who briefly set forth the views he has endeavoured to establish more at length in his published works. The discussion will be returned to at an early period after the Report of the Admiralty has been printed, and placed in the hands of those most competent to deal with and profit by its results.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Feb. 11.—Sir H. C. Rawlinson in the chair.—The Report of the Council was read on the Papyri from the Museum of Mr. Mayer, at Liverpool, strongly condemning the whole collection as forgeries, probably of recent times; after which, Mr. W. Aldis Wright read a paper 'On the Codex Sinaiticus,' in which he traced its history, and showed by what means M. Tischendorf had procured it. Mr. Wright then noticed the strange assertion of Simonides that he had written this Codex himself, and produced the original letter addressed to the *Guardian* newspaper by a person calling himself Callinicus Hiero-monachus, and written ostensibly at Alexandria. Mr. Wright showed by a comparison between this letter and other letters of Simonides, admitted to be genuine—and exhibited side by side with it—that the epistle of the so-called Callinicus Hiero-monachus was in the handwriting of Simonides himself; and that, therefore, he must have written this letter in England and sent it out to some person in Alexandria, who posted it back again to London. The inference drawn from these facts may be supposed.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Feb. 11.—G. Vere Irving, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. J. T. Irvine and W. H. Cope were elected Associates.—The Rev. Prebendary Scarth made a communication relating to the discovery of some coffins at Combe Down, Bath, with which were also found a very large collection of Roman antiquities, many of which were sent to London for examination.—Mr. H. Syer Cuming exhibited, on the part of Mr. Gunston, a large collection of Roman antiquities, obtained in recent excavations in Southwark.—Mr. Gunston exhibited several curious unguent pots, found during the formation of Victoria Street, Farringdon Street, having various glazes; many pewter spoons, having dates of the 16th and 17th centuries, and a portion of a pocket ring-dial or solarium, of which also Mr. Cuming produced an excellent example.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—Feb. 17.—J. Crawford, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On the Origin of the Gypsies,' by the President.—'Account of the Yenadies of the Chingleput District,' by Dr. Shortt.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 11.—W. Hawes, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On Submarine Telegraphy,' by Mr. T. Webster.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Feb. 10.—Dr. W. Camps in the chair.—M. le Duc de Roussillon communicated a memoir upon the discovery of a date of the year 135 of Our Lord, as well as of the pace and sacred cubit of the Hebrews, in the ruins of an ancient stronghold at Saalburg, near Homburg, where an inscription, with the letters and numerals, C I I B, are met with on the bricks. The Duke of Roussillon read these letters and numerals as signifying Centesimo Secundo Resurrectionis (Anno being understood), and he supported this view of the case by various facts; among others by the fact of a Latin cross being marked out in the plan of the edifice, composed of two avenues which cross

at right angles, and that the relations of the dimensions of this cross present the proportions of the sacred cubit of the Hebrews and of their pace, consisting as it did of a cubit and a half.

- MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
- MOR. Actuaries, 7.—'Interpolation and Adjustment of Numerical Tables,' Mr. Woolhouse.
 - Royal Academy, 8.—'Sculpture,' Prof. Westmacott.
 - Architects, 8.—'Discharge of Water from Interior of Greenland through Springs below the Ice,' Dr. Rink; 'Rupert Land,' Capt. Millington.
 - TUES. Royal Institution, 3.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
 - Engineers, 3.—'American Tubular Bridges,' Mr. Mosse; 'Reconstruction of Dining and Mottram Viaducts,' Mr. Fairbairn.
 - Zoological, 9.—'New Musk Rat, British Columbia'; 'New American Bat,' Mr. Somes; 'Rearing Salmon Artificially,' Mr. Buckland.
 - WED. Horticultural, 1.—'Hyacinth Show.'
 - Society of Literature, 4.
 - Society of Arts, 8.—'Means for Promoting Supply of Cotton,' Mr. Cheetham.
 - Anthropological Association, 8.—'Ancient Remains, I. W.' Rev. E. Kell; 'Ancient Niell,' Mr. Syer Cuming.
 - THURS. Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' Prof. Hart.
 - Royal Institution, 3.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland.
 - Antiquaries, 8.
 - Royal Institution, 8.—'Ancient Lake Habitations, Switzerland,' Mr. Lubbock.
 - SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The hangers at the Royal Academy this year will be Messrs. Frith (not Solomon Hart, as reported), C. Landseer and Abraham Cooper.

Baron Marochetti's statue of the Duke of Wellington, to be erected at Strathfieldsaye, is to be placed upon the capital (Corinthian), of bronze, of a monolithic granite shaft that weighs twenty tons and is thirty feet high: beneath this is a square plinth of granite with moulded ornaments. This will be nine feet six inches high, seven feet square, and weighing forty-five tons. This plinth rests upon another, also of granite, twelve feet square and six feet high. Lowest of all comes a base in three steps of granite, thirty feet square on the ground plan. The granite is from Messrs. Freeman's works at Penryn, and wrought by them.

Mr. Leonard Wyon is engaged upon a medal to be struck in commemoration of the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Princess of Denmark. It will be in gold, silver and bronze.

We learn with regret that the resident artists comprising the Liverpool Academy have determined, for the present, to discontinue their annual exhibition, after it has existed for forty years. This interruption may be but temporary, as was that which occurred in 1833. Among the painters to whom the annual prize of 50*l.* has been awarded are the distinguished names of Messrs. Macchie, Herbert, Cope, Poole, Elmore, Frith, Harvey, E. M. Ward, Holman Hunt, Millais, Anthony, Egg, Dyce, T. Faed and Hook. This prize has always been considered, in the artistic profession, as worthy of the highest consideration.

Mr. Steele's statue of the Marquis of Dalhousie, for Calcutta, has been completed. Mr. Brodie is to execute a statue of the Prince Consort, by way of memorial, for Perth. The price is reported as 230*l.* Mr. E. Davis's 'Wedgwood' is to be inaugurated at Stoke next Tuesday, 24th inst.

M. Gerome, who since his recent marriage has been travelling in Italy, is understood to have collected materials for several important pictures.

'The Parables of Our Lord Illustrated' is the title of a set of engraved drawings by Mr. P. Priolo, published by Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald & Macgregor. These are designed and executed on a better, because a more robust and complete, system than was shown in the same gentleman's designs from the 'Idylls of the King,' recently noticed by us. Many portions of the drawing, however—witness that of the legs in the 'Blind Leading the Blind'—are ridiculous; but the composition of almost every plate has been mastered more as a whole than in those we saw before: the element of finish, and what mechanical, thoughtless teachers style "fine-lining"—pure excuse for idleness as that is—dominate less than before. It may be that this superiority arises less from any real improvement in the artist, or recognition of the limits and

nature of the methods of design he has chosen, than freedom from restraint of the competition that produced the first set. We can hardly imagine any such recognition has been present in the artist's mind, because his work is not less offensive to taste than before. The sculpturesque reserve of simplest form—absolute outline in its severest phase, such as best suits the most cunning powers of the art of composition—has been sacrificed to reproduction of insignificant details, having nothing to do with the motive of the subject. Misunderstanding the nature of his task, Mr. Priolo has fallen into the snare of imitation, and given us light and shade by way of making his work interesting to the popular eye. However trite this thing may seem, and so be pardonable, if his aim be low, there can be no justification for the draughtsman's absurdity in putting shadows where they cannot possibly exist, as many of these designs show. Thus he has violated an æsthetic law in order to make his work attractive; and yet, adopting a merely imitative system of execution, apparently "to save himself the trouble of thinking," has neglected to give that charm of imitation to his work which fidelity alone can win. We have given more space to these commonplace productions than their intrinsic merits deserve, because they represent the most mischievous and hopeless class of Art-productions,—i. e., the *pseudo-severe*.

A collection of water-colour drawings was sold last week by Messrs. Foster & Co. The prices they fetched are quoted as follows:—Mr. T. S. Cooper, Cow and Sheep in a Meadow, 87 guineas (Moore),—Mr. Stanfield, The Port and Fortress of St. Malo, and Givet and Charlemont, 50½ gs. (White),—Mr. W. Hunt, 'Still Life,' a group of homely flowers in a blue-necked Wedgwood jug, a bird's nest lying near, a well-known and admirable drawing, 53 gs. (Moore),—Mr. E. Duncan, Pozzuolo, Naples, 58 gs. (Hardwicke),—Mr. T. S. Cooper, Sheep, Winter, 62 gs. (Colnaghi),—Mr. W. Hunt, A Bird's Nest, Wild Rose and Mossy Bank, circular (8 in. diameter), 78 gs. (Rowney),—Mr. W. Duffield, 'Still Life,' wild duck, wood-pigeons, &c. (oil), 56 gs. (Peele),—D. Cox, The Road Home, a well-known and singularly fine drawing, from Mr. Langton's collection, 78 gs. (Colnaghi),—Mr. F. Goodall, Scene in Brittany, 50 gs. (Isaacs),—Copley Fielding, A Scottish Lake, mist clearing off, 105 gs. (Agnew),—Mr. W. Hunt, A Bough of May and a Hedge-sparrow's Nest, 11 by 9 in., 152 gs. (Vokins),—Mr. B. Foster, The Setting Sun, 50 gs. (same),—S. Prout, The Lake of Como, 116 gs. (Bridgenorth),—Mr. D. Roberts, The Pass of Pensarosa and Porch of a Gothic Cathedral, 63 gs. (White),—Mr. W. Hunt, Fruit: purple grapes, pear and apple, 91 gs. (Rowney),—Mr. F. Taylor, The Fern Gatherers, 70 gs. (E. F. White),—Mr. W. Hunt, Fruit: purple grapes and peach, mossy background, 50 gs. (Agnew),—Mr. D. Cox, The Hayfield, 81 gs. (E. F. White),—Mr. W. Hunt, Fruit Piece, 60 gs. (Gilbert),—Copley Fielding, The Approaching Storm, 150 gs. (Merewether),—Mr. B. Foster, Children gathering Wild Roses, 200 gs. (Vokins),—J. M. W. Turner, Lochmaben Castle, vignette, 50 gs. (Greateorex),—Mr. C. Stanfield, 'Off the Coast, picking up a Lame Duck,' oil, 74 gs. (Vokins),—Same, Pic du Midi, Val d'Oiseaux, and Beachy Head, from Newhaven, all oil, 131 gs. (Price),—Mr. W. Hunt, Windsor Castle, oil, 50 gs. (Vokins). The money received is reported as exceeding 4,500*l.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

WELSH MUSICAL FESTIVAL, on the EVE of ST. DAVID'S DAY.—GRAND CONCERT OF WELSH NATIONAL MELODIES, at St. JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY EVENING, February 28, at Eight o'clock, for the BENEFIT of Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwallai).—Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne (Ees Cymru, Pencerdd), who will sing a new Patriotic Song, with Chorus, composed by Mr. John Thomas; Miss Eyles, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. L. W. Lewis (Llew Llwyro, Pencerdd). The Band of Harps, including Mr. J. Baldr Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. H. J. Trust, Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwallai), &c., and the United Choir, including the Students of the Royal Academy of Music, &c., will be on the same extensive scale as hitherto. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.—Sofa Stalls, 5*s.*; Balcony, 3*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Admission, 1*s.*—Applications for Sofa Stalls to be made to Mr. John Thomas, 109, Great Portland Street, W. Tickets to be had of Addison & Lucas, 510, Regent Street; of all the principal Music-sellers; and Mr. Austin, 33, Piccadilly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, March 5.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S GRAND CONCERT.—Sims Reeves, Arabella Goddard, Edith Wynne (Eos Cymru, Pencerdd), John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalla), J. B. Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen), T. H. Wright; full Band of Scots Fusilier Guards; and splendid Choir.—Family Tickets to admit four, 31s.; Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Admission 1s. Tickets at Addison & Lucas's, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket-Office, Piccadilly; the Hanover Square Rooms; and all Music-sellers'. Family Tickets to be had only at Addison & Lucas's, and of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Probably for the first time in England, a selection from Cherubini's noble opera 'Medea' was given at—not the Royal Italian Opera, not the Philharmonic Concerts,—but the Crystal Palace, this day week. The Overture, it is true, was known here; not so the magnificent "Storm Symphony" to the third act. The two, in the drama, are separated by a wide space; when brought together, one must impair the effect of the other. Then, the Crystal Palace band, complete as it is, and admirably conducted by Mr. Manns, has not force of violins sufficient to bring out all the contrasts and combinations assembled by Cherubini in the descriptive prelude. Yet, heard as "the storm" was, how grand it is!—the only one land-storm in music which can match with that in Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony'. The monologue of 'Medea', which followed in the selection, intelligently sung, and thoroughly wrought out by Madame Rudersdorff, is, again, in the opera, detached from the "Storm Symphony" by spoken dialogue;—for 'Medea' was produced at the Opera Comique of Paris, in which theatre spoken dialogue was and is an official necessity. It is the scene in which the sorceress meditates the murder of her children, the one so wonderfully filled out in a much feebler 'Medea' by Madame Pasta's tragic acting and vocal pathos given to the lean 'Miseri pargoletti' of Simone Meyer;—no concert scene, in short, if rightly set to music—nevertheless, stupendous as an example of overwrought expression. Could it be played on the stage and sung as conceived (which caution applies to much other vocal music—Weber's 'Euryanthe' and Beethoven's 'Posthumous Mass,' among the number) this 'Medea' would be the grandest classical opera in being. But Gluck's four Greek operas have been, and are, and can be played and sung as conceived—whereas Cherubini's exactions tore the original *Medea* (Madame Scio) to death. There can be no possible representation of the part. The strength of the scene selected, however, was to be felt,—on comparing it with the more winning, more vocal Greek *cantata* (somewhat too long-drawn) by Mozart—his 'Andromeda,' which Madame Rudersdorff sang later.

The 'Overture, *Scherzo*, and *Finale*,' by Schumann (Op. 52) were played, if we recollect rightly, many years ago, at one of the Philharmonic Concerts. The *suite* is one of the clearer and more pleasing of its author's compositions. We have, as a duty of the time, so lately put in a detailed form our deliberate opinion of Schumann's style and characteristics, that it would be needless to repeat it here. Suffice it to say, that though the peculiarities to which we object are tempered in this peculiar work, they are to be felt there;—and, to our thinking, are so many sufficient reasons for not awarding to Schumann a place in the Pantheon of great German composers.—Herr Deichmann played a concert-piece by M. Vieuxtemps. Why should he try to show the world what he cannot do?—and the concert-piece is affected and tiresome, even when M. Vieuxtemps plays it, save for the *coda*, which is excellent.

To-day, these excellent Concert-givers will perform, among other interesting things, a *Scherzo* by M. Cusins, of which we may speak; Spohr's "Power of Sound" Symphony; and Spontini's overture to 'Nourmahal':—next week, we are informed, Beethoven's 'Egmont' music, much of which is hardly known in England.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Another success proclaimed to a crowded theatre by more *encores* than can be easily counted!—another of those events, we are sorry to add, which hold back our hope in national Opera, and tempt us to echo the Continental inquiry, for ever sardonically put, "Are the English a musical people?" The matter is one not to

be dismissed briefly; the success is too discouraging not to claim the closest examination.

To take Victor Hugo's ferocious yet remarkable tragedy of 'Marie Tudor' as subject for opera was in itself a cardinal mistake. The cameleon character of *The Queen*, with all its lurid lights and dull shades, its passion and its pettiness, is untranslatable in music. Then, the incident which gives the deadliest sting of poison to her gloomy vengeance,—namely, the seduction of the younger heroine by the Court adventurer who has practised on the credulity of the Queen,—when it is modified, as here, to suit English requirements, into a mere case of temptation, renders her position with her burgher lover and protector without consequence or probability: Mr. Bridgeman having retained her remorse in full, while he has softened her infidelity. The story is destroyed thereby. The long explanations in dialogue which lead up to the most striking and intricate situations, such as those of the first and third acts, must engender heaviness, were they treated by the most masterly hands. Lastly, to lighten the oppressive gloom of so dark a tragedy, it has been thought necessary to introduce a liberal allowance of ballads; to suspend a grave situation by thrusting in a band of gipsies, who dance when murder is afoot; to sanction the monstrosity of the final cuckoo rondo of exultation by regulation "made and provided," after the ears have hardly been cleared of the boom of the cannon announcing a popular riot quelled by the execution of a royal favourite, for whom, by one woman, so much sin had been dared—by another, so much agony endured. 'Titus Andronicus' is little more irrational as a theme for operatic illustration than 'Marie Tudor.' The heap of horrors and complications, which it would be superfluous further to disentangle for the benefit of those not well read in French tragedy, is not madelighter by the scene being transferred from the Thames to the Loire—from London to Nantes. The words, again, of 'The Armourer of Nantes' are remarkable enough to depress the most sanguine hopper. Yet they come from the pen of the author of 'The Puritan's Daughter'; a book, it may be recollected, which promised better things from its writer. That such text could be by anyone or anywhere accepted is almost inconceivable;—its adoption by Mr. Balfe argues an indifference to every consideration of art or sense which amounts to a cynicism not gratifying to contemplate. No wonder that we have no real English Opera, so few articulate English singers!—no wonder that persons of taste and intelligence prefer burlesque and "screaming farce" to situations of passion and moments of sentiment made ridiculous by the language in which they are conveyed.

Even Mr. Balfe, habitually unselect as he has proved himself in choosing his subject, has been on this occasion overborne by the dead weight imposed on him. His oldest and most frivolous phrases, his best-used forms, his least skillful combinations, are here assembled, as though he had been aware that labour and pains would be thrown away. There is motion in some of his music; but the rhythms are affected, and the tunes are far-fetched and faded. There are many ballads; but there is not one which will, we think, remain. The example of the Italian composers (disastrously set by Signor Rossini in the trial-scene of his 'Gazza Ladra', and followed by Donizetti and Signor Verdi to satiety) of making passion, surprise and despair speak to the most frivolous rhythms, is here followed out to its extremest consequences. Crime and cheatey traffic in a waltz tempo; *vide* the scene which precedes the murder of the Jew. Anguish and madness walk in a *Polonaise*; *vide* the concerted piece in the second *finale* (which, however, considered without reference to its purpose, is one of the best numbers of the score). The best music in the opera, because having the most propriety, is that of the Gipsy *ballad*. Nor has Mr. Balfe ever (and this is saying much) been so disregardful of connexion, meaning and accent in the setting of his words.

Yet 'The Armourer of Nantes' is a great success! In one respect, the opera merited a favourable reception. Most of the singers did their utmost with the music, and showed a feeling for the difficulties of the story by grappling with

them sedulously: though none of them are tragedians. Miss L. Pyne was in excellent voice; to her the part of interest, that of the heroine *Marie*, beloved by *Raoul* (Mr. Harrison) the *Armourer*, is allotted. Miss Hiles had a terrible task in *Duchess Anne*, who here replaces *Marie Tudor*. For a lady so inexperienced on the stage as she is to represent the dark, tyrannical passion-wasted woman who flung her heart away on the wicked and false Italian adventurer *Fabio Fabiani* (Mr. Santley), is impossible. According, however, to the measure of her strength, and the length of her service considered, she expressed the situations of the drama with remarkable ease, elegance and propriety. Her countenance can speak; she sang throughout very well, with precision, with refinement and with untiring certainty. Mr. Santley was, as usual, excellent and popular; but, with a view to popularity, he is hazardously using the upper notes of his voice. No strength will hold out after a time against such mistaken practice. Mr. H. Corri and Mr. Weiss (the former in the small character-part of a Jew) did their best. If Mr. Harrison will play the lover still, and will sing love-ballads, there is no help for honest writers save to tell him that he *should* commit such youthful follies no more. We had hoped he was passing into a wiser occupation. The orchestra and chorus were, as usual, very good. The work had been thoroughly studied.

PRINCESS'S.—An attempt was made on Monday to place a poetic drama on the English boards; and it is to the credit of the new management that the attempt was honestly made, and that, to a great extent, it was successful. The new piece, which is in four acts, is entitled 'A Winning Suit,' and written in blank verse, which sparkles with gay fancies and witty points that communicate to the auditor a specific pleasure apart from the interest of the story. It is, fortunately, a play to be listened to as well as witnessed. The author is Mr. Lewis Filmore. The fable and manners of this elegant play are undoubtedly ideal, and the structure is simple to a fault; but the spirit of it is so good, and the beauties are so many, that just and reasonable criticism must be favourable to its claims. The character which Miss Sedgwick has selected to embody is that of a *Princess Orelia*, the niece of a king of Castile, who wishes to marry her to the King of Arragon. The young lady has not yet seen her wooer, and objects to having a husband chosen for her by an uncle who is disposed to be tyrannical. He is, indeed, prepared to stretch his royal prerogatives to the utmost, and evidently believes in "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." On very slender grounds, he suspects his niece of having a lover, and dooms her at once to prison and to death. But her cousin *Count Roderick* (Mr. H. Vezin) and the King of Arragon understand one another, and arrange a little plot by which the Princess escapes from her dungeon disguised as a peasant. In the third act we find her the waiting-maid at an inn, under the care of a kind hostess (Mrs. H. Marston), who values the services of so charming and honest a servant; but when she finds that she indignantly resents the liberties taken by her customers, and not only breaks the head of one of the delinquents, but lets him go without paying his score, she naturally becomes irate, and dismisses the poor girl as above her place. In her distress, a stranger, who represents himself to be a goldsmith, comes to her aid, and after some pretty speeches about the specialities of his trade, which he describes to be as old as Nineveh, and some interchange of sentiment as to the beauty of pastoral scenery, and the right which the affections derive from their sincerity and depth, they travel together. But they are pursued, and the lady is in danger of being carried back to her uncle. A way of escape presents itself, if the damsel will consent to marry the goldsmith. This she reluctantly does; but when he proposes to take her to his home instead of a neighbouring convent, she demurs. At length her scruples are overcome, and she becomes a happy wife. Of course, the goldsmith turns out to be the King of Arragon, and in the end the uncle and cousin re-appear on the scene, and all requisite explanations are given of what had been mysterious in the progress of the

action. Mr. Marston's presentation of *Pedro*, the goldsmith and king, was dignified and tender, and his delivery of the poetical speeches was sustained with admirable elocution. Miss Sedgwick acted with great spirit, and in the more natural situations of the story was especially pleasing. The applause during the performance was frequent, and unanimous at the descent of the curtain.

ADELPHI.—Two new pieces have been produced here: the first, 'A Grey Mare,' by Mr. Benjamin Webster, jun.; and the second, 'A Valentine'; in both of which Mr. Toole is the principal attraction. The first has a French basis, and presents the performer we have just named as a speculative gentleman whose practice and theory are not in exact accordance. He has written a book on universal peace, but himself is a most irascible personage. When a railway is projected whose lines will cross the grounds of his own villa, he is most intolerant and violent. Miss Marie Wilton, however, as his niece, resolves to gain the heart of the railway surveyor, notwithstanding all the annoyances he is subject to from her infuriated relative, and succeeds in her project.—The 'Valentine' derives its interest from a sensitive post-master, whose feelings are excited on St. Valentine's day by the number of love-missives that pour through the letter-box on to his counter, and who suspects that one is addressed to his own Mary Anne. He is tempted to withdraw it from circulation, and then is alarmed lest he should have committed felony. His humorous distress is richly interpreted by Mr. Toole.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Yesterday week was held one of the choral rehearsals of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*. The music practised were three Motetts by Mozart—Haydn's "Insanæ et vane curæ,"—Handel's "Sing, O ye heavens," "As from the power," and "Tyrants now no more shall dread,"—a Part-Song by Mendelssohn, and the Prayer from 'Masaniello.' The next oratorio is to be 'Israel.'

Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist at Monday's *Popular Concert*—Herr Moliqne the principal violinist.—Mr. Howard Glover gave a third concert on Ash Wednesday at Drury Lane Theatre.

Mr. H. J. Lincoln is delivering his lectures on the German Musical Composers, at the Russell Institution, to the satisfaction of his audiences.

Miss Alice Mangold, whose grace and promise as a pianist are well known, gave a concert on Saturday evening.

St. David's Eve is to be kept this year in high state by Mr. John Thomas and his band of harpers and singers, in co-operation with Mr. Henry Leslie. The number of foolish concerts, without pretext or motive, which have sprung up in imitation of these Welsh entertainments, is on the increase. We shall be next hearing of 'The Messiah' accompanied by a band of harps.

Our contemporaries state that Mr. Mapleson's treaty for the management of the Neapolitan theatres, announced in the *Athenæum* as pending, has been ratified. All does not seem to be as yet gold that glitters at Naples. The theatres, however, have been placed under a superintendence much stricter than formerly, according to our Correspondent, though many of the inefficient folk already in possession of engagements resist every measure of purge and remedy.—"After every effort," writes our friend, "had been made in vain to induce the first tenor and contralto to give up their engagements, an order has now been issued that 'Lucrezia Borgis' shall for the present be performed, absolutely without the tenor, Signor Armandi, and the contralto. Even Mdlle. Sarolta, in spite of her beauty, has been condemned. The new singers will be a necessary condition to the introduction of other operas. Signor Mirate has been engaged, I understand, as the first tenor, and will make his first appearance in 'Roberto il Diavolo.'"—We fancy that it may prove more difficult to regenerate a theatre sunk to so low a point as the above indicates than sanguine persons conceive.

Mr. Benedict's 'Rose of Erin' (in Germany), at home 'The Lily of Killarney,' has been produced at Brunswick.—Mdlle. Artot, whose success is deservedly great wherever she is heard, is about to sing the part of *Margaret* at Berlin, in M. Gounod's 'Faust.' The opera is "running" for a second time in Paris. The curiosity to hear it in England is wide and increasing—accordingly it is not played.

'Les Troyens'—the Homeric opera of M. Berlioz—will possibly be given at the Théâtre Lyrique. The rapture excited by Mdlle. Patti's performances increased to the last hour of her stay in Paris. The Grand Opéra is about to receive several reinforcements from the theatre across the Boulevard—the Opéra Comique. M. Massé's new opera is "just ready," as the publishers say.—'Stradella,' by M. von Flotow, should by this time have appeared at the Italian Theatre.—The evergreen Mdlle. Déjazet (a quarter of a century ago people were beginning to speak of her as "passed") has been singing, acting, dressing as successfully as ever in a new three-act piece, at her own theatre—'L'Argent et l'Amour.'—It is said that great efforts are being made to break the blockade, by which (as a condition of her last engagement) Madame Grisi is excluded from singing here for some years to come. These, if authorized by herself, are less than undignified.

A new five-act play, 'François les Bas bleus,' founded on the fate of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, has been produced at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique. The author is M. Paul Meurice.

More than one friendly critic has drawn our attention to the fact, that the first line of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, beginning 'Glory to Thee,' was originally written 'All Praise to Thee,' and was subsequently altered for choral reasons. We think it would have been better, in the compiler of a hymn-book, to let the line stand as the world knows it.

MISCELLANEA

Bottling of Liquids.—A letter from Mr. Epps, in the *Athenæum* of last week, pointing out an improvement on Mr. Dircks's proposition for bottling milk, &c., reminds me that I had intended to notice Mr. Dircks's original communication, and point out its want of novelty. So long back as January, 1860, I exhibited, at one of the Society of Arts meetings, bottles treated on this principle, sent me by Sir James Murray, M.D., of Dublin, when I described the process adopted by that gentleman, and applied by him to various liquids and articles of food. It was nearly similar to, but more complete than that described by Mr. Epps, and much simpler than that of Mr. Dircks. In the Society's *Journal* of that date the description of the process is given thus:—"The plan adopted consists in placing the bottles, previously to their being filled with the liquor, in a vessel containing carbonic acid gas, of a depth more than sufficient to cover the bottles. The gas, by its greater specific gravity, enters the bottles, driving out the common air. The liquid is then poured in, and the bottles are corked while still in the gas. By this means the liquid entering the bottles does not come in contact with the common air in the bottle, as in the ordinary mode of bottling, and the interval between the surface of the liquid in the bottle and the cork is thus filled with a powerful antiseptic." Mr. Matthews, managing brewer at Messrs. Bass & Co.'s, in the *Journal* a few weeks later, claimed precedence of Sir J. Murray, having applied the process two years previously to the above date, and with success, to the bottling of beer. Sir James Murray, however, in a letter to the *Journal* shortly afterwards, points out that so far back as 1832 he (Sir James Murray) had practised this plan for preserving various kinds of food and drinks, and also that he had, in 1855, adopted the principle for preserving cod-liver oil, and also for protecting the livers themselves whilst under manipulation, and had patented the invention. P. LE NEVE FOSTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. W.—J. G.—F.—F. G. H.—R. C.—A. W.—received.

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10. See the conqu'ring hero come.
11. Before Jehovah's awful throne.
12. Hear my prayer.

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LITERATURE

Recollections of Tartar Steppes and their Inhabitants. By Mrs. Atkinson. With Illustrations. (Murray.)

EVEN after the very full and highly-coloured works on 'Oriental and Western Siberia,' and on 'The Upper and Lower Amoor,' produced by the pen and illustrated by the pencil of Thomas Witlam Atkinson, there was still room for this pleasant little volume by his wife. The married pair made their great journey through the Steppes together; and if he was the better artist, she excelled in a more available knowledge of the Russian idiom and race.

Besides, a woman's points of view, when visiting a strange land and mixing in a new society, are different from those of a man. If she is apt to omit a good many things which he might consider of leading interest, she will be pretty sure to describe for us many scenes which he in his pride would have overlooked. A man will commonly seize on the masses, a woman on the details; he will take count of the landscape, she give her eyes to the roadside. If it pleases him to depict the mountains and the sunsets, she will delight in collecting and preserving the flowers. If he deals mainly with the important topics of history, ethnology and physics, she will pay attention to the domestic arrangements, the customs of society, the manners, and the dress. If nothing is too large for him, nothing, on the other side, is too small for her. If he has more sympathy with nature, she will probably have more sympathy with life. The feminine mind has a peculiar genius for that detail of observation which is the soul of recorded travel. Whether rolling through Hyde Park or scampering over the Tartar Steppe, a woman will avoid, so far as she can, the distant, the ideal and the complex; loving what is near, appreciating what is useful, and enjoying what is plain. Women hate nonsense. The most practical engineer that ever built a bridge or a mill, was probably a dreamer and a theorist when compared against his wife. The one sex speculates, the other acts. A man feels a thousand temptations to wander into space; while his companion plants herself immovably at the kitchen-fire. One is discursive, the other adhesive. One is centrifugal force, the other centripetal force. A man yearns to establish relations between his own being and the universe; a woman is satisfied when she has come to a cordial understanding with her housekeeper's book. The real and the near have an enduring charm for her, to which the poetic and the romantic can make but a vague and passing pretence. Every one has met that pair of rosy Britons who are always studying nature on Lake Lemán, or in the Bay of Naples, or on the Rhine. The male points to the snowy Alps, to the smoke of Vesuvius, to the ruined schloss among the vineyards, as the case may be; spouts a mouthful of Byron, or mumbles some filmy and Shelley-like stuff about the spirit of the scene: the female lifts now and then a rebuking blue eye, smiles meekly at her slave, and falls back again to the realities of a collar with a rent. That woman will take a stroll in the Coliseum by moonlight with a man she loves; but the chances are many that her attraction to the walk, and the object of her thoughts, is the living lover at her side, not the melancholy arena or the storied arches overhead. She would lose the finest sunset in the world to go in and make tea; and in doing so she would be acting by the

best lights of her sex. A woman first looks to the useful, and, reversing the saying of Goethe, leaves the beautiful to take care of itself. She has a very poor opinion of abstract truth, and she barely finds toleration in her heart for endeavour which brings no visible return in either meal or malt. No woman has ever tried her hand at speculative philosophy. Women have no imagination, though they have active and abundant fancies. All the larger exertion of the race must be achieved by men. Yet much remains for the other sex to do. The male investigates, the female applies. To one belongs the distant, to the other the proximate. Man creates, and woman cooks!

This diversity of function lends a charm and imparts a character to the observation of each. In some departments of literary art, such as story-telling and travel-talk, the ladies have a place of their own, distinct from that of their masculine rivals, and certainly not below it. We have a noble army of female tourists, each of whom has left her mark on the country through which she passed. Italy has won the attention of a thousand writers; but has any of them left us brighter pictures of her beauty than Lady Morgan, Fanny Kemble and George Sand? Has any pen done more than Harriet Martineau for the Holy Land? Has any one described the Sogné Fjeld in a style to compare with the Unprotected Female?

Then, again, we have to remember that in some countries, with very peculiar and highly exciting domestic institutions, women are the only explorers of the seraglio, the harem, the zenana: a male inquirer can learn nothing beyond the vaguest of travellers' tales. His eyes may not profane the family precincts. He is an outcast from the hearth. One-half of life, and that the most interesting to strangers of another creed, is hidden away from him. Here the female tourist comes to our aid. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu makes us amends for the silence or the blunders of a hundred writers of the less privileged sex. This advantage of womanhood lends a charm to Madame Pfeiffer's volumes.

Mrs. Lucy Atkinson, in her long ramble through the wild districts of Northern Asia, had all the privileges of her sex. She was a woman, and was therefore admitted to the intimacy of women everywhere, in the Russian *auil* and in the Tartar harem. Her husband was an artist, an explorer, a sportsman; where he moored his boat or tied up his horse, it was to use his paint-brush or seize his gun. She had hours, and even days, to herself in the savage desert, which gave her plenty of time, not only to observe, but to write. She knew the languages of the country, for she had resided in Russia from the days of her youth. She had also the great advantage, for a Siberian traveller, of having enjoyed, in St. Petersburg, an acquaintance with the families of many of the public men who had been exiled for political crimes against the Czar, which caused her to be everywhere received as a friend. She entered the houses of these exiles, and saw the conditions under which they live. The glimpses which she gives of these exiles will, to many persons, make the charm of her book.

The Russian question has arisen once more; and men who had almost forgotten the existence of our Literary Association of the Friends of Poland are again looking back to the poetic ardour of Campbell and Tennyson in the cause, and are even recalling their romantic sorrows over the Exiles of Siberia. At the very outset of Mrs. Atkinson's book, we stand in presence of the frightful realities of banishment to the mines:—

"During my short stay in Moscow, it became known to the families of many exiles that I was going to visit regions where their husbands, fathers and brothers had spent more than twenty years of their lives. Each member of these families had something to communicate—a wife, who had stood at the gate of Moscow with an infant in her arms, to take the last look at the husband and the father as he was driven slowly past; young children, who were now men and women, who had been horrified with the clanking of chains when receiving the last embrace; then there were mothers who had gazed with agony on their sons as they passed under the great archway, and were lost to them for ever; sisters who had received the last salute of those so dear, and brothers who had met here and grasped each other's hands, but were destined never to meet again: all these had some message which they wished to be delivered."

Each family that had a son, a father or a brother at the mines—and these were of the best and bravest in the land—would have had the English travellers for their guests. They dared not write to their beloved ones far away. They could only send to them a message of affection and of comfort by word of mouth, and so each one would have had the two travellers make of their grief a particular case. They loaded them with details of distress, many of them dramatic, and all of them melancholy to the last degree. But who can blame them? How the wife who had been parted from her husband for twenty years, how the mother who had been torn from her son, must have envied the English lady who was going where she would look on the well-remembered face!

"There was a melancholy interest in these gatherings which few can appreciate; it was only by a knowledge of the circumstances which had sent their friends into exile, and the difficulty of making any confidential communication to those so dear to them that I could understand their anxious desire to detain us;—nor shall I ever forget the parting and the blessing which they bestowed upon us."

At length the travellers started. The first pause in the journey was at the Siberian Gate of Moscow:—

"The horses were soon in a gallop, dashing up the snow and slush in showers. In some parts we were really brought to a stand on the bare stones, and at five o'clock the sentinel stopped us at the gate of Moscow, an officer demanded our passports, which were shortly returned, and the bar was ordered to be raised. As we passed through, I seemed to be bidding farewell to the world; I thought of the many exiles who had crossed this barrier; and it was a relief when we had passed beyond the great archway. Amongst the prisoners who are marched through this portal on their way to Siberia, some are steeped in the deepest crimes, others are convicted of minor offences, and hundreds have passed this spot whose only crime was resisting the cruel treatment of their brutal masters."

And so they rode into the clear night and the frosty air, alone with nature and their Cossack guides.—

"Mouravioff was looked upon as one of the most determined of the conspirators of 1825. His brother Serge was hanged. His was a hard fate, for the rope broke before life was extinct, and another had to be procured; in the mean time, consciousness returned, and he became aware of what was going forward, when he mildly said, 'it was very hard for a man to have to die twice.' The one who was exiled was condemned to solitude on reaching Siberia; he was separated from his comrades, and banished to the forests of Yakoutak, where he spent a wretched life; his food was of the coarsest kind. The ground on which he had to lie was nothing but a marsh; here he dwelt two years, having intercourse with no one. Every comfort was denied him, even to books and writing materials. Count Orloff, in one of his despatches to the officer of justice who had him in charge, and who had re-

ceived strict injunctions that a rigid supervision should be kept over the poor exile, demanded how he spent his time. His reply was rather laconic, 'he sleeps—he walks—he thinks.' He was after this never interfered with, till he joined his companions in exile. He is a most perfect gentleman, but there is no doubt that he has great determination of character; and I should think, to look at him, years of exile have not changed his indomitable spirit."

At Jaloutroffsky, the town in which Czar Nicholas confined the chief conspirators of 1825, the year of his accession, they went to see M. Mouravioff, one of the exiles, and a member of the great Russian family of that name. At M. Mouravioff's house Mrs. Atkinson came upon one of the most common and most melancholy incidents of the Siberian exile's life:—

"On entering the dwelling, a gentleman in the prime of life came forward to meet us; he appeared not a little surprised at seeing strangers, Jaloutroffsky being off the great post road. I inquired for Mouravioff; he said he was the person I required. I told him I had come from Petersburg, and gave him my maiden name; I was instantly received with open arms; he then hurried us into his sitting-room, giving me scarcely time to introduce my husband. I was divested of all my wrappings, although we stated that our stay would be short; he then seated me on a sofa, ran himself to fetch pillows to prop against my back, placed a stool for my feet; indeed, had I been an invalid, and one of the family, I could not have been more cared for, or the welcome more cordial. One of his comrades, whose family I was likewise acquainted with, was immediately sent for, as also the wife of one of the exiles, a peasant woman; her husband was dead; many of these poor 'unfortunates' have married with the peasantry, or with the daughters of the Cossacks. This woman came with her two children; I was the bearer of many a message, as well as little gifts for all. There was likewise a request for her to part with her children, so that they might receive proper education. She told me she would think the matter over; we all urged her to consent, seeing it was for their future well-being; she left us, promising to do her best in bringing her mind to look upon the separation as she ought to do. I am happy to say that I have just heard she has allowed the children (a boy and a girl) to go to their aunt's, in Ekaterinburg, with whom we are acquainted, and who will receive them with great affection. Poor mother! at the same time, I know the pang of parting with her little treasures must have been great; but by the parting from them she has shown her great love."

In some respects, the exiles of Jaloutroffsky are leniently treated; their crime being one of very old date. According to our countrywoman's report, they "form quite a little colony, dwelling in perfect harmony, the joys and sorrows of one becoming those of the others; indeed, they are like one family. The freedom they enjoy is, to a certain extent, greater than any they could have in Russia; for instance, full liberty of speech. They fear nothing; the dread of exile has no terrors for them. But what they have not, is liberty to go where they please; they are restricted in distance, as also in the use of fire-arms; however, the authorities in the town are exceedingly lenient towards them, permitting those who are fond of the chase to hunt wherever and whenever they please. These gentlemen, grateful for the indulgence given them, never fail to return the same night." M. Mouravioff, from his family connexion with powerful governors and active generals in the service, was perhaps enabled to shield from the petty malice of subordinates his companions in disaster. One of the stories told by him of the long march from Moscow to Jaloutroffsky is rather droll:—

"The officer in command, after they had reached a certain distance from the capital, relaxed in his

treatment, and made associates of them, inviting one or more to partake of the meals prepared for himself. At one little place where they stopped, the officer breakfasted with one of his prisoners; he then stepped out of the room to see that all was in preparation for departure, leaving his companion seated on a bench at a table. The exile was sitting reflecting on his position, when one of the authorities of the village entered the room, the doors of which were so low, that every one had to bend the body to be able to enter. This man came to say that all was ready for starting. He bowed low on perceiving a gentleman sitting, whom he concluded to be the officer. He then entered into conversation which naturally turned upon the scoundrels that were being conveyed into exile, and (continued this man, looking into his face,) 'there is no mistaking they are villains of the blackest dye; indeed, I should not like to be left alone with any one of them, and, if I might presume to offer a little advice, it would be to observe well their movements, as they might slip their chains, and not only murder you and all the escort, but spread themselves over Siberia, where they would commit all kinds of atrocities.' At this point of the conversation, the bell rang to summon them all to depart, whereupon the exile arose, but when the visitor heard the clanking of the chains, the farce was complete. Mouravioff told us, he never saw a man look so aghast; when he saw the object of his terror about to move forward, he made a rush at the door, but, not having bent his head low enough, he received such a blow that it sent him reeling back into the room, and sprawling on the floor."

One is sorry to learn that these poor fellows meet with little or no pity from the inhabitants of the towns through which they have to march. M. Mouravioff said the people in one place wanted to stone them, and their guards had the utmost trouble in saving them from the mob. In Siberia the lower classes are said to adore the Emperor: a fact which political men ought never to forget. It is one of the elements of his power.

If our countrywoman's pictures of the Russian people be in the main correct, we have very little room to congratulate the Czar on the virtues of his adorers. High and low, with a mere surface difference, are shown to be idle, profligate, drunken, dirty and dishonest. The trader of Nishni Novgorod is not much superior in these respects to the savage of the Steppe. They may be said to be the same in everything except their clothes. If you strip a Russian, you find a Tartar. At the first stage of the journey from Moscow, the sledge drew up for a change of horses. The ostlers of the post were long in coming, and Mr. Atkinson sent his Cossack to stir them up. More time elapsed, when Mr. Atkinson went into the house himself. Every man was lying drunk and asleep on the floor, including his own servant, who had joined the toppers, and drunk himself insensible. How are you to deal with such fellows? They know no argument except the knout. Hence the whip is in universal use among the Russians; and there are whipping-houses for servants in every considerable town of Siberia, just as there are whipping-houses for slaves in New Orleans and the cities of Louisiana. The peasants submit to the lash without shame. Mrs. Atkinson never mentions any Cassy-like protests against the rod and the cat. On the contrary, the Muscovite seems to expect his fate. She tells of one fellow who went to the guard-house for his usual drubbing, and being refused by the officer of the day on the ground that he had no orders to beat him, prayed that he might have his lashes, saying he had come a long way for them, and would be sure to be sent back should he go home with a whole skin. In short, the genuine Russian adores the Czar and expects the knout.

Men and women are alike described as

wallowing in dirt. Even in places where she found the houses clean, the people were themselves unutterably filthy. No Russian, in his own country, ever washes his skin while on a journey, for he requires, as he alleges, the dirt to keep him warm. This antipathy to soap and water is found, however, in many places to which the argument of frosty air and icy wind would not apply. The Andalucian, the Sicilian, the Levantine, has each the same love of dirt, though he gives the contrary reason, that it helps him to bear without injury the sultry heat. It is a curious fact, that the dirtiest nations in the world are those which have been in fiercest conflict with the scrupulously clean Mohammedans; the bad habit starting, perhaps, from a religious point. We know how the Gothic conquerors of Seville and Granada destroyed the Moorish baths and water-ways; making soap suspicious and bathing penal. Under the rule of Mendoza, a Spaniard who appeared in the street clean was suspected of having a bath in his house and a recollection of the crescent in his heart. To wash was to be as bad as a Moor, while to be unkempt and dirty was to be orthodox. A traveller may trace the influence of these ideas and events in the south of Spain at this very hour. The same set of ideas must have operated, more or less powerfully, on every frontier of Islam, from the Vega of Grenada to the Kirghis Steppe. It is certain that if dirt is an evidence of sound faith, the Russians are safe. More than once our fastidious countrywoman could not sleep under their roofs for the stench; more than once she had to cast away the clothing that should have kept her warm. The people in towns were dirtier than those in the country places. "We invariably found the peasants dirtier and poorer the nearer they are to large towns." The women she found dirtier than the men.

Dirt, however, is not the only kind of fanaticism in which the Muscovite peasant rivals his fellow-Christian in the South of Spain. He is very solicitous, in his wild fashion, for the salvation of souls. Here is the story of a man who in other circumstances might have become a Russian Torquemada:—

"A father and son were travelling together on the same route we intend taking: they stopped one night at a peasant's cottage; it was late, and the inhabitants had retired to rest. Amongst this class of people the top of the stove forms the sleeping apartment of as many of the family as can be stowed away upon it. The travellers were admitted to the only room the house contained; and, having been many hours without food, brought forth their provisions and commenced eating their supper, which consisted of cold meat, &c. Their supper ended, they lay down on one of the benches to sleep, which was not long in overtaking the weary travellers. They had been but a short period in the land of dreams, when one of the men on the stove slid gently down, and, taking in his hand a hatchet (which every peasant carries with him in his belt), with cautious steps approached the sleepers, and, lifting the instrument with both hands, brought it with such force down upon the head of the poor father, that he literally cleft it in two; he then turned to the son, who was in a sound sleep, and despatched him likewise. The brutal murderer then returned to his berth and slept till morning, when he went and informed the nearest authorities of the two murders he had committed. His object was not plunder, he said, when asked his reason for committing so horrible a deed; he described how he was sleeping, and hearing these two men conversing, he was induced, from what he heard, to watch their actions, and saw them committing the awful sin of eating meat in Lent, how it weighed upon his soul, how he turned away and tried to sleep but could not, how he felt that for the sake of Him who had died to save sinners, he ought to prevent these men from sinning again;

he had tried to avoid committing a crime, which he knew it was, but a voice kept continually urging him on, and saying that he was only putting an end to sin."

Thieving is common among all classes, and is consequently not so disgraceful as in civilized lands. A Russian does not even take the Greek precaution, of not being found out in his offence. The servant robs his master, the master robs his neighbour. Everybody cheats the Czar. Mrs. Atkinson tells us how the tribute furs from Siberia are delivered to the Emperor. These tribute furs are of the finest kind, and of very great value, the peasants supposing that his Majesty will receive them in person and inquire the names of his tributaries. "These furs pass through the hands of many individuals, and each one substitutes another of an inferior quality; so that when they arrive at their destination they are of a very different value to those given by these simple people, who would scorn to present such miserable articles to his Majesty."

Those who cheat the Emperor will not hesitate to rob his people. "I was once told by a Cossack officer," says Mrs. Atkinson, "that their pay was inadequate to their wants,—it was really insufficient to purchase a uniform; 'and yet,' said he, 'we are expected to have it always good, and, besides, we must have a horse; so what are we to do? why, steal one.' To my knowledge, it is not alone horses, but other things likewise. At one time we used to consider their conduct very reprehensible, but after becoming acquainted with all their means, we were much more lenient in blaming them; it is the system which is defective."

But the soldiers are worse than their officers. Mrs. Atkinson had two in her service, "both of them thieves." There is one condition, and only one, under which she found them honest: when they had charge of the travellers and were responsible for their safety. Their integrity was then like that of José Maria, the famous Alabama bandit. But while guarding their particular charge, the Cossack gentlemen would steal from others whatever they could lay their hands on. If they discovered that Mrs. Atkinson was carrying a present to some one, they considered that present, as belonging to a third party, lawful spoil. A gun, a tub of honey, a fur cloak—any article which did not actually belong to the traveller they thought they had a right to steal.

Of course, we admit that accusations like these of lying and theft and corruption are very easily made. We admit, too, that even when they are unquestionably true in many particular cases, they may not be true in the main. England is not a nation of wife-beaters, though a good many examples of that offence may be heard in the police courts. France is not a country of drunkards, though a tipsy man is very often thrust out of the wine-shops. The American people are not to be fairly described as table-turners, though they send us a number of mediums. We must not put a part for the whole, unless we would fall into the blunder of M. Ledru Rollin in his 'Décadence de l'Angleterre.' We were inclined to do so, we should be instantly met by a counter-point. A Russian writer might assert that our clothing colonels take (or until lately took) bribes from the army tailors, and thereupon declare that the higher and more aristocratic grades of our army are incurably corrupt. We should only smile at such a statement and such an inference. We must allow something for custom in the Muscovite as in the English case.

Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature. By Thomas Henry Huxley. (Williams & Norgate.)

THE 'Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature' may be regarded as a supplement to Sir C. Lyell's geological plea for the great antiquity of man. Again we have before us the Engis and the Neanderthal skulls, but more intelligibly sketched and more fully described. Again we have the Darwinian theory, but more positively espoused and more openly advocated. The present, indeed, is a small volume, and merely the substance of various lectures; yet, small as it is, it treats, as its author says, of "the question of questions for mankind—the problem which underlies all others, and is more deeply interesting than any other—the ascertainment of the place which Man occupies in nature and of his relations to the universe of things."

As Sir C. Lyell's chief object is to remove man remotely back in the scale of geological time, so Prof. Huxley's aim is to degrade man deeply in the scale of animal existence. The one puts him back on the huge dial of time, the other puts him down in the grade of Nature. Man is no longer "a creature of yesterday," in the opinion of Lyell; man is no longer a distinct sub-class, in the view of Huxley. Man probably lived a hundred thousand years ago, according to Lyell; man probably had a hundred thousand apes for his ancestors, according to Huxley. If this author be right, poets must have been utterly wrong. They have sung of men as little lower than angels, while they ought to have sung of apes as little lower than men.

Our readers know something of the much-disputed hippocampus minor, both from the contributions of Profs. Owen and Huxley to our columns, and from reports of the animated controversy about it at the late meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. At that scientific gathering, Profs. Owen and Huxley were as first and second wranglers; while the other wranglers applauded the cranial and cerebral contest. Sir C. Lyell has repeated the assault upon Prof. Owen, and in this book the same subject re-appears. To those whom it personally concerns we commit it, and simply advert to the special topic in hand. Whereas the wisest man of old gave this advice to the idle—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," the wise men of this school give this advice to the inquisitive—"Go to the gorilla, ye students." "Consider her ways," added Solomon; "Consider his skull," say the Simian physiologists. How fortunate, under such circumstances, that, as we could not all go to the gorilla, the gorilla has come to us!

It was a comforting opinion that we had, as men, a cerebral distinction, even though it was but a minor hippocampus: but we are assured by Prof. Huxley that "all the abundant and trustworthy evidence which we now possess leads to the conviction that, so far from the posterior lobe, the posterior cornu, and the hippocampus minor being structures peculiar to and characteristic of man, as they have been over and over again asserted to be, even after the publication of the clearest demonstration of the reverse, it is precisely these structures which are the most marked cerebral characters common to man with the apes. They are among the most distinctly Simian peculiarities which the human organism exhibits." Thus, then, it appears that while Owen and Huxley differ, apes and men do not. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the more we are developed from apes, the more we differ from each other. Two primordial men might be conceived of as quarrelling about a bone, but never as disagreeing about a brain.

But, leaving this matter to learned anatomists, Prof. Huxley has now to attend to his onward pressing foes from other quarters:—

"On all sides I shall hear the cry—'We are men and women, not a mere better sort of apes, a little longer in the legs, more compact in the foot, and bigger in brain than your brutal chimpanzees and gorillas. The power of knowledge, the conscience of good and evil—the pitiful tenderness of human affections, raise us out of all real fellowship with the brutes, however closely they may seem to approximate us.' To this I can only reply that the exclamation would be most just and would have my own entire sympathy, if it were only relevant. But it is not I who seek to base man's dignity upon his great toe, or insinuate that we are lost if an ape has a hippocampus minor. On the contrary, I have done my best to sweep away this vanity. I have endeavoured to show that no absolute structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves; and I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a psychical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect begin to germinate in lower forms of life."

That this close affinity to our "poor relations" is not acceptable or consoling doctrine to the common people, the Professor is well aware:—

"Brought face to face with these blurred copies of himself, the least thoughtful of men is conscious of a certain shock, due, perhaps, not so much to disgust at the aspect of what looks like an insulting caricature, as to the awakening of a sudden and profound mistrust of time-honoured theories and strongly-rooted prejudices regarding his own position in nature, and his relations to the under-world of life; while that which remains a dim suspicion for the unthinking becomes a vast argument, fraught with the deepest consequences, for all who are acquainted with the recent progress of the anatomical and physiological sciences."

Most people as they advance in life are apt to disown their poor relations; but our Professor takes an honest pride in parading them all before us in his frontispiece. Certainly, when thus brought skeleton to skeleton with "these blurred copies of himself," man may fairly feel a little shocked. Here is skeletonized Man lightly tripping forward, followed by skeletonized Gorilla, who is heavily bending downward; after whom come Messieurs Chimpanzee, Orang and Gibbon, all in their best bones, and with their best legs foremost. How man can be so gay with such a following of grim relatives, it is hard to conceive. Yet the whole train appear as gleesome as if they were going in procession to meet the Princess on her entrance into London, and to claim a not very agreeable kinship with her. Certainly, there is a difference in weight; for the Professor informs us that "a full-grown gorilla is probably pretty nearly twice as heavy as many an European woman"; but, possibly, "the pitiful tenderness of human affections" may have diminished our weight, and account for the difference between a princess and a chimpanzee. Most of us know what it is to "pine away" with love; and perhaps a love-struck gorilla might pine down to the weight of a healthy Yorkshire woman.

As to cerebral structure, "it is clear that man differs less from the chimpanzee or the orang, than these do even from the monkeys; and that the difference between the brains of the chimpanzee and of man is almost insignificant, when compared with that between the chimpanzee brain and that of a lemur." As to cerebral weight, "there is a very striking difference in absolute mass and weight between the lowest human brain and that of the highest ape. It may be doubted whether a healthy human adult brain ever weighed less than 31 or 32

ounces, or that the heaviest gorilla brain has exceeded 20 ounces." Yet, as we read in the next page, "the difference in weight of brain between the highest and the lowest men is far greater, both relatively and absolutely, than that between the lowest man and the highest ape"; and again, "regarded systematically, the cerebral differences of man and apes are not of more than generic value—his Family distinction resting chiefly on his dentition, his pelvis and his lower limbs. Thus, whatever system of organs be studied, the comparison of their modifications in the ape series leads to one and the same result—that the structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes."

The critic who desires fairly and yet briefly to state the views of the author finds himself occasionally baffled. No sooner, for instance, has he cited the above apparently definite conclusion, than he finds it qualified by an assurance that the structural differences between man and the highest apes are not small or insignificant. "On the contrary," says the Professor, "let me take this opportunity of distinctly asserting that they are great and significant; that every bone of a gorilla bears marks by which it might be distinguished from the corresponding bone of a man; and that in the present creation, at any rate, no intermediate link bridges over the gap between *Homo* and *Troglodytes*." Now, at least, we may imagine that we have grasped a definite difference; for if every bone differs, there is a general as well as wide distinction between man and the nearest ape. Yet the next sentence but one is this: "Remember, if you will, that there is no existing link between man and the gorilla; but do not forget that there is a no less sharp line of demarcation, a no less complete absence of any transitional form, between the gorilla and the orang, or the orang and the gibbon. I say, not less sharp, though it is somewhat narrower. The structural differences between man and the man-like apes certainly justify our regarding him as constituting a family apart from them; though, inasmuch as he differs less from them than they do from other families of the same order, there can be no justification for placing him in a distinct order."

It is to be hoped that the reader now clearly understands our Professor. There will be no difficulty in understanding his views on natural theology; for, after stating that he adopts Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, he adds: "But even leaving Mr. Darwin's views aside, the whole analogy of natural operations furnishes so complete and crushing an argument against the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes in the production of all the phenomena of the universe, that in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, I can see no excuse for doubting that all are co-ordinated terms of Nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed—from the inorganic to the organic—from blind force to conscious intellect and will."

This is honest though heterodox, and candid though heretical. "It would be unworthy cowardice," adds the Professor, "were I to ignore the repugnance with which the majority of my readers are likely to meet the conclusions to which the most careful and conscientious study I have been able to give to this matter has led me." As to those who revolt from a direct Simian descent, and especially those who are orthodox, our Professor thus comes down upon them with the slap of a gorilla's strong hand:—"Healthy humanity, finding

itself hard pressed to escape from real sin and degradation, will leave the brooding over speculative pollution to the cynics and the 'righteous overmuch,' who, disagreeing in everything else, unite in blind insensibility to the nobleness of the visible world, and inability to appreciate the grandeur of the place man occupies therein." Many, indeed, may find it hard to assent to such teaching, and can scarcely admit with this teacher that "our reverence for the nobility of manhood will not be lessened by the knowledge that Man is, in substance and in structure, one with the brutes."

After all this, another look at the grim procession of skeletons in the frontispiece is rather discouraging. If the beholder can but conclude that he is one "in substance and structure" with those gibbering, grovelling apes behind man, then where is our pride of ancestry, our heraldic pomp, our vaunted nobility of descent? Any man can now mount armorial bearings in the shape of the long arms of the gibbon or the gorilla. These are our true "kings-at-arms"; and sculptors, painters and poets have omitted the greatest of themes.

On the presumed antiquity of man, Prof. Huxley, as at first intimated, thinks with Sir C. Lyell, as the following will show:—

"The fossil remains of Man hitherto discovered do not seem to me to take us appreciably nearer to that lower pithecoid form, by the modification of which he has, probably, become what he is. And considering what is now known of the most ancient Races of men; seeing that they fashioned flint axes and flint knives, and bone skewers, of much the same pattern as those fabricated by the lowest savages at the present day, and that we have every reason to believe the habits and modes of living of such people to have remained the same from the time of the Mammoth and the tichorhine Rhinoceros till now, I do not know that this result is other than might be expected. Where, then, must we look for primæval Man? Was the oldest *Homo sapiens* pliocene or miocene, or yet more ancient? In still older strata do the fossilized bones of an Ape more anthropoid, or a man more pithecoid, than any yet known await the researches of some unborn paleontologist? Time will show. But, in the meanwhile, if any form of the doctrine of progressive development is correct, we must extend by long epochs the most liberal estimate that has yet been made of the antiquity of Man."

Those who like serious and scientific discussion will be glad to read what has been brought together in this publication. After all, assuredly, man is best characterized by the psychical distinctions which, in such treatises as the present, are left wholly out of view or dismissed in a passing sentence. Conscience, remorse, ambition, sense of responsibility, improbability of reason, immense advances in knowledge, self-cultivation, æsthetic sensibilities—these and other qualities of the *Homo sapiens*, not to speak of religious sentiments, broadly and plainly distinguish man from all the Simians and Troglodytes. Grant for a moment (what is manifestly inconsistent with the previous statement, that "the structural differences between man and the highest apes are great and significant"), that man is one in substance and structure with these creatures; grant even that their instincts simulate our reason in some remarkable instances; and when all is granted, the vast and varied differences just intimated remain as towering distinctions. To these is added that gift of articulate speech which, though mechanically organized, imparts supreme value to them all; which makes man a communicative being; which gives to a lecturer, such as Prof. Huxley, that power to instruct, amuse and illustrate, by which he is raised immeasurably above the cleverest ape that ever climbed a tree, or built a nest, or

buried his dead companion under the dried leaves of an African forest.

The History of the Supernatural, in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan: demonstrating a Universal Faith.
By William Howitt. 2 vols. (Longman & Co.)

Mr. Howitt is the partisan of partisans! Time has brought no diffidence to the author of 'The History of Priestcraft.' He turns a clear and vigorous style to forcible account in assertion and vituperation.—He is, as of old, impatient of every man's sincerity, save his own. He is credulous to carelessness in the admission of every tale as evidence which suits the belief which has possessed him. He has no choice among his witnesses. For him Mrs. Crosland and Mrs. Crowe are allies just as valuable as Cudworth and Confucius, Mr. Home as Herodotus. Marvels are welcome to him in proportion as they are monstrous; and they troop through his pages in hundreds. "The ten thousand haunted houses in London which the police have strict orders not to mention" (a fact which we have heard gravely asserted in good society), are not one too many for him. No amount of vitality in furniture is strange. The wonder rather is that there are any fixed and immovable things on the earth—that trees hold by their roots, and that church-towers do not walk about the streets to preach to the faithful and to rebuke the unbelieving.

That we may not be thought exaggerating, let us take merely a few instances of occurrences for which Mr. Howitt vouches:—

"A lady of literary reputation of the Catholic Church asserts herself to be frequently raised from the ground during her prayers; and we know a young Protestant lady who ceased to attend a certain church from feeling herself repeatedly lifted up and fearing to make a spectacle of herself."

Our author asserts that during a certain period the spirits constrained his hand to trace regular circles and geometrical figures, without any volition or previous training on his own part, and asserts that the pencil-drawings of his daughter, Mrs. Watts, own the same dictation:—

"In the *Spiritual Magazine*, from time to time, are still published letters from a distinguished gentleman of New York, in which the frequent appearance of the gentleman's deceased wife and of Dr. Franklin to him, and other well-known friends, are unquestionably unequalled in the annals of the marvellous. Fac-similes of letters written by the deceased lady are given, and it is solemnly stated that the witnesses have not only seen, but touched these spirits, and handled the clothes and hair of Franklin. I have seen some of the letters themselves, and compared them with the lady's letters whilst in the body, and the identity of the cheirography is perfect. * * All that has occurred [he says in another page] in regard to rapping and gaining intelligence by the alphabet, to the lifting and moving of tables, chairs and other articles of furniture, to the floating of persons, the appearance of spirit hands, and even spirit forms, to the ringing of bells and playing on instruments, and the like phenomena, have, on the whole, been more powerfully exhibited in America than here. We have seen tables often enough lifted by invisible power from the floor; seen them give answers to questions by rising and sinking in the air; we have seen them in the air keep time by their movements to a tune playing on a piano; seen them slide about the floor of a room, laying themselves down when touched, and refusing to do anything for a fortnight together, but thus to creep about the floor whenever touched. We have heard bells ring in the air, and seen them thus ringing move about a room; seen flowers broken from plants, and carried to different persons, without any visible hand; seen musical instruments play correct airs apparently of themselves, and even rise up, place themselves on a person's head, and there, just over it, but not

touching it, play out a well-known air in fine style. We have heard remarkable predictions given through mediums, and which have come literally to pass; heard wonderful descriptions of scenes in the invisible world made by persons in clairvoyant trance, which would require the highest imaginative genius to invent or embody in words; have seen writing done by pencils laid on paper in the middle of the floor, not within reach of any person present, and innumerable such things; but all these have been done more powerfully and perfectly, in hundreds and thousands of cases, through a course of fifteen or sixteen years previously in America. * * In the case of Mary Jobson, of Sunderland, published by Dr. Reid Clanny, physician to the Duke of Sussex, the sun and moon, and other things, were painted on the ceiling in colours, which her father whitewashed over once or twice, but they still came through, and were seen by hundreds of people, several medical men amongst them, and could only be destroyed at last by destroying the plaster. The wonderful powers of representation and presentation in varied forms is one of the most remarkable and best attested facts of modern spiritualism. Spirit-writing and spirit-drawings now exist in abundance. Of the former, Baron Guldenstube, of Paris, possesses upwards of a thousand specimens, and has published fac-similes of some of them in his work 'Pneumatologie Positive.' * * An Italian physician assured Mr. Elibu Rich that he was an eye-witness to the following circumstance, which took place at a camp fire, where one of the ponderous saddles used by the horsemen of the prairies was brought forward, and the owner of it, by the contact only of his fingers, caused it to bound like an india-rubber ball from the ground till it finally sprang to twice the height of a man. This took place in the open field, to the astonishment of the spectators of a saddle galloping without a horse."

The above are surely samples sufficient to prove that the case has not been overstated by us in the foregoing paragraph. If any one inquires of our author what is the *rationale* of such phenomena, he appeals to the Christian Miracles. If any one ventures to doubt the use or significance of leaping saddles and dancing tables, he turns round and asks, "What is the use of a flea?" The book is neither more nor less than our experience of Mr. Howitt's strength and weakness as a literary man had led us to expect; but it is not, therefore, the less melancholy.

The idea appears to be, in regard to the so-called miracles of the times present, which have set a company of enthusiastic persons raking among the superstitions of the past for precedents, that the petrifying influences of Protestantism have made such a new manifestation and outbreak necessary on the part of Omnipotence. This is, of its kind, as daring a theory as the one in which M. Victor Hugo accounted for the first Napoleon's downfall. Little less hazardous seems to us the argument of evasion by which those holding Mr. Howitt's superstitions manage to get rid of any fact found troublesome,—the power which elect mortals possess "to test spirits," and to ascertain which are angelic, which diabolical.

Such being the character we have to offer, it is needless to go over ground so beaten, to dwell much longer among legends which have been worn so threadbare. Mr. Howitt adds no novelties to the list comparable to the sea ghost story so excellently told in Mr. Dale Owen's book. Here, however, is his character of a living Professor, whose name has been pronounced in many tones by orthodox and heterodoxy, which will have its interest:—

"Amongst the innumerable mediums who have arisen in America, besides those trance and lecture mediums already referred to, the three most remarkable, or most familiar on this side of the Atlantic, are Daniel Dunglas Home, Andrew Davis Jackson, and Thomas L. Harris. All these are

perfectly distinct in the character of their mediumship, and in the field of their spiritual missions. Mr. Home is an exhibitor of what are called physical phenomena, but which are spiritual agencies acting on matter. Through him raps have been given and communications made from deceased friends; tables have been raised into the air, or have moved themselves, as it were, from one place to another in the apartment; his hand has been seized by spirit influence, and rapid communications written out of a surprising character to those to whom they were addressed. Spirit hands have appeared, which have been seen, felt, and recognized frequently by persons present or those of deceased friends; bells have been lifted up and rung about a room; persons in their chairs have been suddenly transported from one end of a room to another; he himself has been frequently lifted up and carried, floating, as it were, through a room near the ceiling. Numbers of such facts are recorded in the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, and the *Spiritual Magazine*, as well as in the *Cornhill Magazine*, with the names and testimonies of well-known witnesses. Such manifestations have been made in very many of the houses of our leading nobility, cabinet ministers, and gentry, in the palaces of nearly half the principal monarchs in Europe. I myself have been witness to many of these phenomena through Mr. Home. The fact that the English press has made a great outcry against the truth of these statements is no proof that they did not take place, but only of the astounding ignorance of the press that all history abounds with such facts; that in all times they have been familiar phenomena, attested by the most celebrated men; and that for the last fifteen years they have been so common in America, that they have convinced 3,000,000 of people. In America all these phenomena have displayed themselves in far greater force than here. Mr. Home's mission seems to have been to go forth and do the preliminary work of restoring faith by the performance of these outward marvels. Till that foundation was laid there could be no faith in higher and more physical efforts. He was the herald of more interior truths. By a remarkable dispensation, like the apostles of old, he was taken from the class which had no power in itself, that all the power might be seen to come from on high. He was, though of old and aristocratic descent, from the Homes of Scotland, a poor Scotch adopted boy in America. Whilst quite a child, the spiritual power manifested itself in him to his own terror and annoyance. Raps came around him on the table or desk where he sat, on the chairs, or walls of the room. The furniture moved about and was attracted towards him. His aunt, with whom he lived, in consternation at the phenomena, and deeming him possessed, sent for three clergymen to exorcise the spirit; but as they could not do it, she threw his Sunday suit and linen in a bundle out of the chamber window, and pushed him out of doors. Thus was Daniel Dunglas Home, at the age, I believe, of eighteen, or thereabout, thrust a homeless youth into a world without friends. But the power that was upon him raised him friends, and sent him forth to be the planter of Spiritualism all over Europe. By circumstances that no man could have devised, he became the guest of the Emperor of the French, of the King of Holland, of the Czar of Russia, and of many lesser princes. The narrative of these events is to be found in numerous articles in newspapers, and in the *Spiritual Journals* of America, France, and England. Mr. Home returned from this unpremeditated missionary tour amongst principalities and powers, *endowed with competence, and loaded with testimonies of the thanks and approbation of emperors, kings, and queens.* At the Tuileries on one occasion, when the Emperor, Empress, a distinguished lady, and himself only were sitting at a table, a hand appeared, took up a pen and wrote, in a strong and well-known character, the word **NAPOLÉON**. The hand was then successively presented to the several personages of the party to kiss. It is not my business here to detail the long and well-substantiated series of the supernatural circumstances attending Mr. Home's career. They would form a volume of themselves, and I hear that

it is Mr. Home's intention himself to record them. My concern only is to note his place in the history of spiritualism, as the herald of a coming restoration of faith in the indissoluble union of the natural and supernatural, of disembodied and embodied spirits, which Protestantism, in what the Rev. John Henry Newman calls its 'dreary development,' has for a time destroyed. Mr. Home has not assumed any other character than the foundation layer. He has not pretended to enunciation of merely spiritual views. He has not come forth as the prophet, but only as the seer. And his work has not been the less important or less valuable. Without the foundation stone, there can be no building. Without faith, promulgation of sublime and spiritual truths would fall dead, upon dead souls. They would be like the rays of the sun not falling on the solid and respondent earth, but on the barren vacuity. In vain would Jacob's ladder have invited the angels, who issue from temporal bodies to climb it to heaven, had not its foot been set upon the earth. Men sunk in their spiritual condition to the earth, must have manifestations of the earth first to awake them. For this reason the much-despised and ridiculed physical manifestations have come first, as the *only* ones adapted to the degraded physical status of men, many of them at the same time imagining themselves peculiarly enlightened and refined. It was truly said by Abraham to Dives that it was useless sending him to his brothers, because they, doubtless, were in a condition in which one rising from the dead would have been to them no fitting or effective message. A wooden chair dancing, or a money-table lifting itself up before their sordid eyes, would have spoken much more intelligible things. The office of Mr. Home has been the first great and necessary office of awakening; as the watchman crying the approaching hour of the morning of recompleted man, he has done much, and there remains much yet to do. But perhaps nothing connected with Mr. Home has given more profound evidence of the truth and tendencies of the consoling and divine effects of spiritualism, than the circumstances attending the decease of his most interesting wife. Mrs. Home, who was a Russian lady of high family, died at the age of only twenty-two. From the moment that it was announced to her that her complaint, consumption, was past cure, she exhibited no alarm or regret at the prospect of death. She had learned, by conviction of the truth of the views of her husband, that death was only apparent. She had long been in daily communication with the spirits of her departed friends; and the life about to open before her was certain, and beautiful beyond conception. Moreover, the Greek Church, in which she had been educated, has always recognized the Saviour less as the Crucified than as the Arisen, the triumphant over suffering and death; and her faith and feeling were in glad accordance with it. The Bishop of Périgueux, in France, near which place she died, and who administered to her the last sacrament, remarked that 'though he had been present at many a death-bed for heaven, he had never seen one equal to hers.' Can the end of any genuine Christian spiritualist be otherwise?"

There is a *Court Journal* tone in the two passages which we have italicised. The complacent allusion to "our leading nobility, cabinet ministers and gentry,"—to "testimonies, thanks, and approbation" won by Mr. Home's exhibition of the spirits to foreign kings and queens,—will strike oddly on the ears of some who hear it. It has reminded us of the testimonial put in by the lady's-maid who had been treated by her mistress to see what Mrs. Thrale justly called "Hannah More's foolish play," the tragedy of 'Percy.' "Why, Betty," said her mistress when the abigail came home at night, "you have been crying!"—"Well, ma'am, and if I did, a great many ladies of quality cried too."

Let us not be misunderstood as making light of a grave subject; for what can be graver, as a matter for meditation, than the sanity or insanity of faith? Whether espoused or denied,

the opinions of the hour on so serious a question are well worth pondering. But disservice is done alike to friends and enemies by such a parade of unblushing and presumptuous confidence as fills Mr. Howitt's book.

The Gate of the Pacific. By Commander Bedford Pim, R.N. (Reeve & Co.)

If we had to justify our recent intrusion into China and Japan, after the door of those countries has repeatedly been slammed in our faces and the national porters received strict orders to forbid us calling again, we should simply, falling back upon first principles, plead our national rights as citizens of the world. We should have to explain that, looking as we do upon the whole of mankind as one great community into whose keeping it has pleased Providence to place the earth and the fullness thereof, we have a right as members of that community to share in *all* the good things our planet brings forth. We should have to add, that as all the products are distributed in a manner which renders it impossible for one nation to derive full advantage of this state of things without an active and unrestricted intercourse with the rest, the refusal of China, Japan or any other country to admit foreigners to a friendly and commercial intercourse is an act of injustice not to be borne without an indignant protest. Our Chinese and Japanese friends, under the tuition of Europeans, are just now familiarizing themselves with these principles, and they will be all the better when they have mastered them. There is, however, another nation, not in the East, but in the West, who will have to go through a somewhat similar course of instruction before being brought to see the folly of proclaiming such principles as those involved in the "Monroe doctrine." The doctrine is familiar to every one who has come in contact with Americans: in fact, it is one of the topics with which "strangers" are invariably bored—the infatuation that the whole of the New World from Point Barrow to Cape Horn belongs to the Americans, that the Stars and Stripes will one day float over the entire length and breadth of that continent, and that no European power has any right or business either to form settlements or interfere in the affairs of all the countries which the genius of Columbus discovered for us. The colonies which European nations possess on American soil are spoken of as already annexed, and the various independent governments of Brazil and the Spanish Republics are openly regarded as so many American stewardships, to be done away with when no longer required. The different administrations in the United States, whatever party they belong to, have without exception upheld these pretensions, and every effort made by our own country to counteract them has hitherto been attended with little success. The forbearance exercised by our ministers has been interpreted as weakness by the Americans, who, presuming upon it, have, step by step, driven us from a most important position on the Isthmus of Central America. In a weak moment we gave up the protectorate of the Mosquito Indians, who had been our allies ever since the discovery of the New World—proved staunch friends when Lord Nelson made his successful inroad into Spanish territory, and had been converted to the Protestant faith by our missionaries. Meanwhile, the Americans did everything in their power to possess themselves of the territory from which, for the sake of peace, we had consented to withdraw; and they did not fail to secure from the Republic of New Granada the exclusive right of transit across the Isthmus of Panama. The Congress of the United States

was made fully alive to the importance of having an iron road across the narrow neck of land, the first tropical railway—and one of the few, we may add, that returns twenty per cent. to the shareholders; and we can well understand the alacrity with which the undertaking was sanctioned and supported, when we find in the able report which the Committee on Naval Affairs presented the following theses demonstrated:—

"Great Britain is principally indebted to her skill in commerce and manufactures for her commercial ascendancy, but she is also indebted in no small degree to her position. She not only has the ports of the Continent of Europe as her neighbours, but she is 1,500 miles, or two weeks, nearer than we are to all the other parts of the world, except the Atlantic ports of the American Continent north of the Equator and the West Indies. * * The construction of the proposed railroad across the Isthmus will not only do away with this advantage over us now possessed by European commerce and navigation, but will turn the tide in our favour. * * This railroad will throw into our warehouses and shipping the entire commerce of the Pacific Ocean. * * The Committee have deemed it proper to provide that a large majority of the stock of the railroad shall be held by, and place the future management of the undertaking in the hands of, our own citizens."

If the Panama railroad were a general highway of nations, all would be well. But that such is not the case might have been suspected from the motives which prompted its construction. The Americans regard it as their monopoly, charge an exorbitantly high tariff, and think nothing of keeping European passengers who may have come by the Royal West India Mail a couple of weeks at Panama. What is still more important, official despatches cannot be sent safely across in case of misunderstanding arising between the English and American Governments. During the late Trent affair, our Colonial Secretary was compelled to hold them back for the space of six weeks, because it was deemed unsafe to trust them to such a channel as that afforded by the Panama transit. Now, what Capt. Pim proposes is to make us altogether independent of the Americans, by constructing a general highway of nations across the Mosquito territory and the Republic of Nicaragua. Both these States are willing to make liberal grants of land to any company who will engage in the undertaking. The railroad would start from Gorgon Bay, a fine and well-protected sheet of water discovered by Capt. Pim, situated on the Atlantic, and it would terminate at Realejo, on the Pacific Ocean, the whole distance being 225 miles, about equal to that between London and Darlington. There seems to be no high mountains or any other natural obstacles; labour is obtainable on or near the spot; and, so far as our present information goes, we see no reason why the line should not be worked with profit. Capt. Pim proposes that after the railroad has been completed as far as San Miguelito, on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, it should at once be made available for traffic; steamers plying on the lake, and there being already a good carriage-road over the few miles of land intervening between the western shores of the lake and San Juan del Sur. Independent of all political consideration, the scheme merits attention from promising to shorten, by many days, the distance between England and British Columbia, Japan, China, Polynesia, New Zealand and Eastern Australia. Capt. Pim has weighed the different transit schemes that, since the time of Columbus and Cortes, have been before the world, and discusses, at some length, the merits of the Tehuantepec, Honduras, Chiriqui, San Miguel and Atrato projects, but shows that none of them hold out fairer hopes of success than that of Nicaragua.

The present Emperor of the French, when a prisoner at Ham, also devoted a great deal of thought to Central American transits; and after his escape to London, he was prompted to read a paper on the subject, at a meeting of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and also to publish a pamphlet which is just now assuming more than ordinary importance, when taken in connexion with the French invasion of Mexico, the alleged intrigues of the French Consuls for the severance of Texas from the Confederate States, and the Emperor's letter to General Forey, where he talks of "restoring to the Latin race all its strength and prestige on the other side of the Atlantic, and establishing a friendly influence in the centre of America"—in fact, where he boldly defies the Monroe doctrine:—

"There exists in the New World [he says] a state as admirably situated as Constantinople, and we must say, up to the present time, as uselessly occupied; we allude to the state of Nicaragua. As Constantinople is the centre of the ancient world, so is the town of Leon, or rather Massaya, the centre of the new. . . . Like Constantinople, Massaya is situated between two extensive natural harbours, capable of giving shelter to the largest fleets, safe from attack. The state of Nicaragua can become, better than Constantinople, the necessary route for the great commerce of the world; for it is for the United States the shortest road to China and the East Indies, and for England and the rest of Europe to New Holland, Polynesia, and the whole of the western coast of America. The state of Nicaragua is then destined to attain to an extraordinary degree of prosperity and grandeur; for that which renders its political position more advantageous than that of Constantinople is, that the great maritime powers of Europe would witness with pleasure, and not with jealousy, its attainment of a station no less favourable to its individual interests than to the commerce of the world. France, England, Holland, Russia, and the United States, have a great commercial interest in the establishment of a communication between the two oceans; but England has more than the other powers a political interest in the execution of this project. England will see with pleasure Central America become a flourishing and powerful state, which will establish a balance of power by creating in Spanish America a new centre of active enterprise, powerful enough to give rise to a great feeling of nationality, and to prevent, by backing Mexico, any further encroachment from the north. England will witness with satisfaction the opening of a route which will enable her to communicate more speedily with Oregon, China, and her possessions in New Holland. She will find, in a word, that the advancement of Central America will renovate the declining commerce of Jamaica and the other English islands in the Antilles, the progressive decay of which will be thereby stopped. It is a happy coincidence that the political and commercial prosperity of the state of Nicaragua is closely connected with the policy of that nation which has the greatest preponderance on the sea."

A real gate of the Pacific, open to all nations, may speedily be made. The importance of the Australasian Colonies is now so great, that a monthly mail to them, and despatched over the longest route, is altogether an anachronism, which New Zealand and New South Wales by their proposed subsidies of 100,000*l.* per annum hope to remove. If no weekly mail can as yet be established, there should at all events be a semi-monthly one, and, if possible, by way of Central America. It would be the surest way of knitting our colonies to us and retaining their commerce.

The author was for some time senior naval officer of the Central American station, and availed himself of the opportunity to explore the country about which he now writes. The chapters which more especially relate to these explorations, being written in the lively strain of a sailor, will be read with interest by those who care little about the political and com-

mercial questions brought forward. He had repeatedly intercourse with the King of Mosquito, and paid a visit to his Majesty's residence, a large American lumber-house most tastefully built in the villa style, where he found a good collection of books by some of our best authors. The Captain was also introduced to the mother and the two sisters of the king:—

"I found the queen-dowager, a singularly firm and upright old lady, much taller than the generality of her countrywomen. She was very plainly and neatly dressed, as also her daughters, who closely resembled their mother. They have not received any education beyond that obtainable in Mosquito, but nevertheless seemed to exercise considerable influence over their kingly relative; indeed, it appeared to me that, although by no means houris, their position was far superior to that of their sisterhood in Turkey. The dresses of the princesses were not remarkable either for elegance or pattern; the puffers or gathers were few and far between; indeed, the ladies appeared straight up and down, like 'a yard of pump-water.' I thought of the full skirting of our ladies at home, and could not resist speaking, through the medium of his Majesty as interpreter, of the utility and elegance of a certain article of dress much in request in my own country. The youngest princess, however, with charming *naïveté*, remarked that one garment was quite enough in their country, and that the addition of another would be a burden grievous to be borne. I eagerly rejoined that she could not have the least idea of the light bird-like airiness of the garment in question, if she looked upon it as a burden. After a little more conversation on this interesting topic, upon which I became quite confidential, we adjourned to the king's residence, where a plentiful dinner was served quite in the English style—plates, knives, forks, &c., all of English make."

'The Gate of the Pacific' will be read for the important political and commercial questions it raises, and even those who widely differ from the author in the opinions advanced will peruse it with benefit.

NEW NOVELS.

Sylvia's Lovers. By Mrs. Gaskell. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE story of 'Sylvia's Lovers' is laid in humble life, and is narrated chiefly in the broad vernacular Yorkshire dialect, which, although it gives the local colour, is a drawback to the comfort of the reader, and fatiguing to the eye. But for true artistic workmanship we think 'Sylvia's Lovers' superior to any of Mrs. Gaskell's former works. The scene of the story is laid at a fishing-town on the Yorkshire coast, called here Monkhaven; the time, the close of the last century, when the war with France was rife, and pressgangs were in all their cruel authority. Monkhaven was the seat of the Greenland whaling-trade; and the best scene in the book is the description of the return of a whaling-vessel, the first of the season, waiting to get over the bar, all the inhabitants assembled in breathless excitement to hear news of sons, brothers, husbands and lovers who had sailed on the voyage. Just as she clears the bar and gets in, the pressgang is upon her, seizing half-a-dozen of the crew, and carrying them off to the rendezvous, without allowing them a word with their half-frantic relations waiting and watching for them. It is a highly-wrought scene, and yet there is not a trace of straining for effect or of exaggeration; it is true pathos, and relies only on the simple truth of the reality. Sylvia, the heroine, is the daughter of a retired whaling-sailor, who has become a farmer, but who still loves whaling and smuggling far better than ploughing or seeing after sheep and cattle. Old Daniel Robson is a capital portrait: Sylvia is as charming and pretty a damsel as ever tormented the heart

of a lover; but she has a dash of fierce, persistent resentment in her character that effectually redeems her from perfection. The mother is an excellent and skilfully-drawn character—a respectable, sensible, religious woman, whose one inconsistent act had been the choice of her husband; but she behaves so wisely and well, that it would have been a pity to deprive her of such an opportunity to exercise her virtues. Sylvia's cousin, Philip, is desperately in love with her, against all his sense of prudence; for he is as wise and excellent and disagreeable a young man as can well be imagined. There is no fault to be found with him, except that he is detestable. Sylvia hates him, and the reader sympathizes with her heartily; and yet he never does anything but good, nor says anything but what is unexceptionable. He loves Sylvia with a remorseless pertinacity which affects the reader with a positive dread, it is so certain to tire down all opposition and wear out obstacles: of course he suffers a great deal, and the reader feels a malignant pleasure in every rebuff he receives. He is a man who can talk of the respect due to the law to the poor people who are driven wild by seeing the pressgang carry off their relatives as they touch the land. In one of the returning whalers which the pressgang boards, a young man distinguishes himself by his resistance, and gets nearly killed; in fact, there are several lives lost in the affray. This young man is the type of a fine, high-spirited sailor: Sylvia exalts him into a hero; he tells tales of adventure which would have won Desdemona herself. He falls in love with Sylvia; and though the mother favours Philip and does not like Charley, circumstances are, however, propitious,—the father gives his consent, and the two plight their troth; but they have to part immediately, for he has to join his ship, a whaler: he is the best harpooner in all the service. On his road he is seized by a pressgang in the sight of Philip, to whom he gives a message for Sylvia. Philip never delivers it; lets her believe him dead; sees her breaking her heart, and only thinks of the steadily-increasing chances for himself to win her. Mrs. Gaskell tries very hard to furnish him with redeeming traits of character, and to make excuses, and to get up the reader's pity for him, but quite in vain. Poor old Daniel, the father, gets mixed up in a riot and a rescue from a pressgang, in which a house is broken into and destroyed. For this he is committed to York Castle, and takes his trial, is condemned to be hanged, and the law takes its course. This part is told vaguely and feebly. Mrs. Gaskell does not let her sympathies go with the poor old man, and she shrinks from this part of her narrative; it is hastily huddled over. After this terrible catastrophe, Sylvia and her mother are left helpless and alone, with no one to assist them or protect them but Philip, who has certainly been a good friend in their trouble. Sylvia marries him for the sake of a home for her mother. The real genius of the story now begins. Nothing can be more true and delicately indicated than the cold, disappointed married life of Philip. The treachery he has practised begins for the first time to weigh heavily upon him: his punishment lies in his sin; even the reader feels sorry for him. Of course, Charley Kinian comes home, and Sylvia learns the truth. There is a very strong scene, excellently done: the fierce, unforgiving side of Sylvia's character comes out towards her husband. She has by this time a child: this, and her sense of honour, enable her to refuse to leave him; but he cannot stand her wild, contemptuous, indignant misery,—he leaves home, and in a fit of reckless despair

enlists for a soldier, and never lets his wife know what has become of him. Years pass by, and the triumph of Mrs. Gaskell's art is shown in her power to bring over the sympathy of the reader to Philip. Charley goes away and makes a fine marriage; he has risen to be an officer, and become so prosperous that the reader cares no more for him. Philip saves his life; but he meets with no success himself; he is in a terrific explosion, and scarred, maimed, and disfigured so as not to be recognized. He is sent to England and discharged. His deep, passionate love for his wife remains all unchanged; but he dares not return to her—the memory of her curse lies heavy on him. The reader not only forgives him, but the intensest sympathy is roused for him. We will not spoil the reader's interest, by narrating the end of the story; it is very finely worked up, and is as true as it is powerful. When once the reader has got over the provincial dialect and the peculiar orthography, there will be nothing more to find fault with.

A Point of Honour. By the Author of 'The Morals of May Fair,' &c. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

IT is some relief to meet with a novel which contains no very startling incidents, no impossible and intricate plot, and only a very "mild mystery." We believe it will be a recommendation to many readers, if we mention with respect to this work that nobody even attempts to poison anybody else; that all the gentlemen are contented to be "the husband of one wife" at a time; and that the ladies, though subject to little disappointments in their matrimonial speculations, conduct themselves very much as ladies in real life do under similar circumstances. They fret a good deal quietly in their own rooms, and they fall in love with somebody else when a proper time has elapsed. They find their relations slightly tedious during the interval; but they do not run away and lose themselves, or commit suicide, or go on the stage, or do anything outrageous and offensive to feminine dignity; and therefore we repeat that 'A Point of Honour' will be found refreshing after many of the books that have been lately published. It is not a dull book, for the writing is clever and pleasant, and the plot is sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of the reader; but it is a melancholy book upon the whole, and impresses us with an idea that the story is a true one, and that Jane Grand was a real woman, who once lived and suffered, and who recovered her spirits sufficiently to relate her troubles, simply and naturally, just as they really occurred. The opening sketch will sufficiently reveal the style in which the whole book is written:—

"She was a woman of nearly thirty when I first saw her; a woman spiritless and worn beyond her years; with sorrowful brown eyes, deep sunken; a complexion white with the very whiteness of death itself; and hair already lustreless and thin, although of that blond asburn colour which, in most women, survives unchanged when all other charms of youth are faded or dead. Yes, this was Jane Grand, as I first saw her, dressed in deepest black, and walking wearily along the weary village street of Chesterfield St. Mary. But when Gifford Mohun first saw her, she was in the pride and freshness of her youth; a soft-faced girl of twenty, standing beneath the shades of broad-leaved forest trees, and with the glow of a June sunset lighting up her lips and eyes and hair with radiant gold."

Gifford Mohun is a young squire of some importance in his own immediate circle; and Jane Grand is a young lady who is not in the county society, and who lives with a very commonplace old lady,—half governess, half com-

panion, — close to Mr. Mohun's park-gates. Gifford cannot come out of his own grounds without seeing Jane; and he cannot walk in his own woods without catching a glimpse of her graceful figure, passing in and out beneath the shadow of his trees: and, having very little else to do, the young man makes the most of his opportunities, and falls in love with Miss Grand as fast as he can. Jane, nothing loath, reciprocates his affection accordingly, and an engagement ensues, much to the scandal of the neighbourhood; for Jane is not visited, and her marriage with the young squire is reckoned an insult to every individual in Chesterfield, and an outrage to society generally. Though Jane is an orphan, she has been kept in strange ignorance as to her birth and parentage, and questions Miss Lynch rather closely on the subject. Miss Lynch, in distress and confusion, consults Mr. Follett, the excellent clergyman, and the object of her humble admiration. Mr. Follett is an elderly widower, and is much admired by all the unmarried ladies of his parish, especially Miss Lynch. He has always made a great pet of little Jane Grand; and he takes an interest in her affairs, but sends her up to town alone to her solicitor, knowing she will hear no good report of her father, and dreading to witness her surprise and grief when she learns that he was a swindler and a convict. This journey to town and Jane's horror at the revelations of Mr. Clithero are the grand events of the book, and are remarkably well described. Knowing that Gifford Mohun is sensitive on the score of family connexions, Jane at once resolves to free him from his engagement; and though he makes a feeble attempt at remonstrance, Mr. Mohun is easily persuaded that it is his bounden duty to give up Jane, and he shuts up his house and is absent for about ten years, while Jane gives herself up to a state of morbid misery. Everything is hateful to her, and she declines to see anybody but the Vicar, who forces his way in to her company, and, in hopes of rousing her from her lethargy, relates to her the history of his own experiences, his love for his first wife, his short bit of happiness in married life, his wife's early death, and his disappointment in finding that she had never loved him all the time, and had only married him under the belief that a former lover was dead. All this is very prettily told, and Jane takes an interest in the story, though not much in the Vicar. The Vicar, however, suffers the penalty of falling in love with Jane, and tells her so several times without the slightest effect. Miss Lynch dies; Gifford Mohun returns to Chesterfield, and treats Jane as an old friend, and spends most of his time in her cottage; and the Vicar retires in deep dudgeon.

Why Jane does not lose her character through the constant visits of her two lovers does not transpire; but it seems she is by this time so elderly, and so faded, and so forlorn-looking, that she has established a right to flirt as much as she pleases without attracting any ill-natured remarks; and the squire sits with her morning, noon and night, sometimes sober and sometimes drunk, but generally very irritable, and selfish, and disagreeable.

When Mohun goes away for a time, Mr. Follett takes his place, and sighs in vain, for the love that is being wasted on the ungrateful Mohun. In time a blooming and vulgar young lady appears on the scene, and Gifford Mohun is caught in a trap, and made to propose and marry her before he knows where he is; and then at last Jane's eyes are opened, and she suddenly discovers she is very fond of the Vicar, and he, seizing a fortunate moment, pro-

poses once more and is accepted; and though they must be far advanced in years by this time, the Folletts are supposed to be a very happy couple, and end by having two handsome sons; while poor Gifford is very much henpecked, and finds his home so uncomfortable that he spends most of his evenings at the vicarage, which evinces a very praiseworthy forbearance on the part of Jane's husband.

The Life of General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., from his Notes, Conversations and Correspondence. By S. W. Füllom. (Murray.)

WITH one exception, all the conditions necessary for the production of a good biography were at hand to the writer of this volume. The subject was good, the written materials were abundant, and the family and personal associates of the hero were communicative and trustful. Unfortunately the competent historian was absent. Readers have, therefore, to regret that so good and memorable a man as Sir Howard Douglas, instead of being handed down to posterity by an intelligent biographer, is transmitted to oblivion by a writer whose ungrammatical style is as obscure as it is turgid, and who, whenever there exists a reason for stating a fact in six plain words, takes perverse delight in covering it from sight with a hundred cumbersome ones.

Born at Gosport, January 23, 1776, Sir Howard Douglas, whose honourable and useful life terminated on November 9, 1861, was the third and youngest son of the naval officer whose services in American waters were rewarded with a baronetcy in 1777, and who, whilst acting as Captain of the Fleet to Sir George Rodney in 1782, originated at the moment of action that manœuvre of breaking the line which enabled the English Admiral to overcome the French fleet under De Grasse. Howard was still in his third year when he lost his mother, and was placed, during his father's absence at sea, under the care of his Aunt Helena, wife of Mr. James Baillie, of Olive Bank, near Musselburgh. Combining gentle temper with lively humour, Mrs. Baillie was very popular in that "auld world" Scotch society, of which in after years Walter Scott used to seek traditions from her gossiping lips. Scotch in tone and tastes, as well as blood, this lady betrayed her nationality in nothing more strongly than in her dialect. Entering a confectioner's shop in London with a party of children, she asked the man behind the counter if he could supply her young friends with some sweetmeats. "Oh, ay, a' got sweeties for the bairns," was the reply: to which Mrs. Baillie, with an air of slightly-offended dignity, rejoined, "I asked for sweetmeats; I did not say sweeties for the bairns."—"Ay, but ye *suld* have said it," retorted the confectioner, who, though he detected a countrywoman from his own land on the far side of the Tweed, little imagined that he was addressing the lineal representative of the Regent Morton and the Lady of Lochleven.

Dying suddenly in 1789, just after he had been appointed to the command-in-chief on a foreign station, Admiral Sir Charles Douglas left his young family in the hands of guardians. The two eldest boys entered the navy; but Howard, notwithstanding his strong desire to follow his father's profession, was destined for the army by guardians who, Mr. Füllom says, "applied to have him nominated for admission into the Royal Academy at Woolwich without deeming it necessary to consult *himself*." Quitting Musselburgh, the lad made the voyage to London in a Scotch smack, and

reached Woolwich in time to be plucked at the preliminary examination. At a second attempt he was more successful; and, before the close of 1790, he took his place amongst the cadets, soon after the discipline of the college had been improved by enactments which forbade students to "go out after tattoo, either over the wall or any other way," and enjoined them not to "break open the desks or drawers of the inspectors, professors and masters, or even to attempt to take anything out of them under the name of *smouching*."

Leaving the Academy in 1795, Howard Douglas received his first commission in the Royal Artillery, and before many weeks had passed was sent to Tynemouth Castle, to command the artillery of the northern district. Two sergeants, four corporals and thirty gunners at Tynemouth; a non-commissioned officer and three gunners at Sunderland; the same number of men at Hartlepool; and a small body of invalid artillery at Berwick, formed the entire strength of his command on his first arrival in Northumbria. But the young lieutenant worked hard, and as he could not get more "regulars," he put Tynemouth in a good posture of defence by means of volunteers, whom he instructed in artillery practice. His leisure he occupied in yachting, and in shooting the rats which infested his barrack-room. In the North, however, his stay was of no long duration; for, early in August, 1795, he was ordered to join the *Phyllis* transport at Gravesend, and take charge of a detachment of troops that were going out to Quebec. He was only nineteen years of age; but when he went on board the transport, he found himself in command of six subaltern officers.

The voyage was one of disaster so terrible, that it deserves to be recorded in books that describe the perils of the deep; and one of the chief faults of the present work is the omission of a letter, preserved amongst the Douglas papers, in which young Howard Douglas described to his friend Capt. Frazer the incidents of the passage. Marred as the story is by Mr. Füllom's efforts at fine writing, it is a narrative which neither landsman nor sailor can peruse without deep emotion. After nine weeks of trouble on stormy seas, the *Phyllis* sighted the island of St. Peter's, about forty leagues to the east of the southern entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when a tempest occurred which tore the ship's boats from their lashings, and threw them upon the deck, where they were with difficulty secured. The next day the gale subsided: but with the coming of night, it rose once more with increased violence. Drifting towards a rock-bound coast, the vessel struck again and again. The crew were scarcely more obedient than the passengers; and when the captain gave orders to his men to lower a boat, only the two mates and the carpenter answered to the command. Lieutenant Douglas and two of his comrades, Lieutenants Caddy and Forbes, sprang forward to aid the three sailors, when the united efforts of the six men just managed to get the boat over the side. But the attempt was vain. For a minute it seemed that the boat would stave the ship, and the three lieutenants leaped into her in the hope that they might keep her off. But before they reached the boat, she was half full of water; and they were obliged to spring back, in doing which Lieutenant Douglas missed his footing and fell into the sea. Fortunately, Lieutenant Forbes seized him by the collar and pulled him on deck. But already the *Phyllis* was sinking, and every person on board expected instant death. For another quarter of an hour the ship drifted onwards, and then settled on the slope of a bank, which kept

her deck above water, and rendered it possible that she might hold together till daylight. "We stood," wrote Lieutenant Douglas, "during the remainder of that long, long night, wet through with the continual dashing of the breakers, eagerly wishing for day." But day took away their last hope, showing them that the space between the wreck and the shore was studded with rocks, through which high waves were surging. At this crisis Lieut. Barclay essayed to swim to the shore, but he was caught by a rushing surf and was seen no more. Soon afterwards, another of Lieut. Douglas's brother-officers, Lieut. Barnes, was swept away by a mighty sea. "Another wave broke over the deck and tore Mrs. D'Ellmonville from the arms of her husband, sweeping her overboard in the same way; and a soldier's wife was seen holding her two children above the wave till they sunk together. Sea upon sea struck the ship, and successive breaches carried off half-a-dozen others, Lieut. Barclay's servant following his master, and bearing with him one of the boys who had followed Lieut. Douglas aloft":—

"The women lost their hold of the ropes and were washed overboard, with one exception: nor did the strongest men expect to see morning. Four of the crew determined to seek refuge below, and contrived to descend the main hatchway, where they obtained a light, and broke into the store-room. Here they found a cask of rum, and their draughts were deep and long, till they became mad drunk; and the gale brought up their shouts of laughter, mingled with curses and snatches of song. It was like the revelry of demons, exulting in the darkness and tempest, and heightening their horrors. But these orgies hushed as the night advanced; nothing was heard but the raging of the storm, and the hatchway gave out the silence of death. The drunkards had sunk into sleep, and two of them never awoke. The weather moderated towards morning, and it became possible to move about the deck, which suggested immediate action; and Lieutenant Douglas proposed the construction of a raft capable of bearing two or three men, who might aid the rescue of the rest. His counsel was adopted, and two of the crew succeeded in landing. But they wandered off inland, without carrying out their orders, and regardless of shouts from the wreck and the Captain's signals, which they showed no intention of obeying. Their desertion caused the more dismay, as the wreck was found to be sinking, and the chance of escape lessened with every moment. Not a heart but throbbed while the carpenter prepared another raft; no one ventured to speak; and the ear thrilled with the ring of the hammers and clatter of spars. Then came the splash of the launch; it floated and lived; and the second mate, carpenter, and two seamen pushed for the shore. There they established a bridge to the wreck by making fast a hawser from the bowsprit, and all on board were brought safe to land."

Some bales of cloth having by good luck been washed ashore, each of the party had a wrapper when he lay down on the snow-covered ground. Huddling together, the exhausted survivors of the wreck fell asleep, and were on the point of being killed by frost, when cries of anguish, breaking from the only woman who had outlived the trials of the two preceding nights, awakened her companions. On the following day, those of Lieut. Douglas's miserable party who were able to stir set forth and marched towards the interior of the island in search of a human settlement. "In solemn silence," wrote Lieut. Douglas, "we continued the day's journey over almost inaccessible mountains and through almost impenetrable woods till about two o'clock, when we took up our quarters for the night in a wood on the side of a hill." Later in the day, symptoms of mutiny amongst his men were added to the troubles of the young commander. Some casks of wine, together with a supply of pork and cheeses, had

drifted ashore from the wreck, and the sailors, seizing upon them, had made a bivouac of their own on the beach. As night again approached, a few of the soldiers were leaving the military party with the intention of joining the sailors, when young Douglas called them back. "No more of your orders," answered their ringleader defiantly; "we are all equal now." In a trice the boy-Lieutenant flew at the man's throat with a knife, exclaiming, "We are equals in misfortune, and your officers are willing to bear equally all your privations; but you shall discharge your duty, and we will be obeyed. You are under my command, and I shall act as if we were in the field. Obey my orders, or, by Heaven, I'll kill you on the spot!" Quelled by this firmness, the man submitted, and his companions in mutiny followed his example. How long the party remained in their desolate position on the island, inhabiting a hut which they constructed, Mr. Fullom does not say; but the last words of a melo-dramatic chapter, entitled 'Cast Away,' concludes with the advent of a rescuing vessel after "a feeling of despair had seized each other and brought no prospect of relief."

This ship conveyed the Lieutenant and his men to Great Jervis, from which settlement they were taken up in the April of the following year by a Newfoundland schooner. On reaching Halifax, Lieutenant Douglas and Lieutenant Forbes were led to Prince Edward, who at that time commanded the forces in Nova Scotia. Having heard their strange story of adventure, the Prince invited them to dine with him in the evening at the lodge; and, as they had no better costume at hand, the two friends appeared at the Royal dinner-table dressed like common sailors, in clean check shirts.

In 1799, Howard Douglas returned to Great Britain, married Miss Anne Dundas, an Edinburgh lady, and obtained his company in the 5th battalion. In 1804, he retired from the Artillery with the rank of Major in the line, and accepted the post of Superintendent of the Senior Department in the Royal Military College at High Wycombe. Speaking of his hero's services in that academy, Mr. Fullom observes, "Rugby has canonized Dr. Arnold, who cast the slough from the teacher's office, and raised it to a ministry. Major Douglas achieved the same result on a rougher field, cultivating the minds of grown men who were versed in the uses of the world and the camp." Such is Mr. Fullom's style of eulogy when he extols a soldier whom the great Duke described in these words, 'Douglas is a d—d clever fellow.'

On the death of General Jamy, in the December of 1806, Howard Douglas was made Commandant of the Senior College, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the autumn of 1808, having been appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General to the ill-starred expedition under Sir John Moore, he reached the Peninsula in time to meet the retreating army at Benevente. In the chapter which touches on the battle and retreat of Corunna, an error which appears in Sir William Napier's noble history of the Peninsular War is corrected:

"Colonel Douglas was in another part of the field at the moment that Sir John Moore thus fell, shattered by a cannon-ball; and his duties prevented him joining the little train which carried the body to the ramparts, though he saw it borne away as the dirge narrates. A later incident of his life connects him with the story, and forms its sequel, now related for the first time. After recording the hero's death, Napier says, 'the guns of the enemy paid him funeral honours, and Soult,

with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.' Sir Howard Douglas has left a note disproving this statement. The monument was not erected by Soult, but by the Marquis de Romana, who returned to Corunna at the head of a Spanish army on its evacuation by the French, when they advanced into Portugal. The gallant Spaniard saw the unmarked grave, and placed over it a memorial of timber, painted to imitate stone, and representing the broken shaft of a column, rising from a pediment, with trophies formed of real guns and shells. He repaired to the spot in state on the completion of the structure, attended by his staff, the civil authorities of the town, and the garrison, while the whole population lined the way, and the solemnity was heightened by the mournful strains of bands of music. The Marquis uncovered the monument in presence of this assembly, and wrote on it the following inscription in black chalk, with his own hand:—

A la gloria del Excellentissimo Señor
Don Juan Moore,
General en jefe del Exército Británico,
Y a la de sus valientes soldados
La España Agradecida.
Batalla de Elvina: Januario 16 de 1809.

Spain has been reproached with ingratitude to England, but gratitude never looked nobler than in this incident. A description of the memorial was forwarded to the Prince Regent by Major-General Sir Robert Walker, and Colonel Douglas was ordered by the Minister for War to convert it into a permanent structure, on his being employed in Spain a second time. He was to carry out the work by fitting the compartments with slabs of marble, which were to bear a Latin inscription furnished by Dr. Parr. But the proposed change of inscription struck him as injudicious, and he suggested that nothing could equal what had been written on the monument by Romana, and urged that it should be retained. Government adopted his counsel, and he had the satisfaction of completing the work, thus paying the last duty to his commander."

Having succeeded to his father's title and estate, Sir Howard Douglas took part as Assistant-Quartermaster General in the Walcheren expedition, and on his return to England "gave testimony to the authorities in favour of Lord Chatham, ascribing the detention at Walcheren to the imperfect co-operation of the naval force, though he expressed doubt whether any combination of the two commanders would have achieved the design on Antwerp." In the summer of 1811 he was "appointed to reside in the province of Galicia, for the purpose of communicating with the commanders of the Spanish armies in that and the adjoining provinces of Spain, and of distributing such arms and stores as may be sent from this country"; and he remained in Spain till Wellington was on the point of raising the siege of Burgos. It is matter of notoriety that Sir Howard Douglas disapproved of Wellington's operations against that fortress; and Mr. Fullom informs the world that when the British Commander was at length compelled to retreat, after five assaults, several sallies and thirty-three days of investment, he exclaimed, "Douglas was right; he was the only man who told me the truth."

In the account of Sir Howard's Gallician labours, we have some glimpses of camp-life in Spain. Of the atrocious barbarities practised alike by French and Spanish soldiers, stories are told, of which the following may be taken as an example:—

"The guerilla successes exasperated the French, who resorted to the severest reprisals, and the peasants returned from their forays to find their homes devastated and their wives and daughters dishonoured and sometimes butchered. These atrocities were so common that they are mentioned as things of course by the guerilla chiefs in their despatches to Sir Howard. But he relates one enormity that drove them to madness, and excites

a shudder even at this distance of time. The French desired to occupy a monastery commanding a strong pass, but admission was denied by the monks, who made a stout resistance. They were overcome, and the French punished their temerity by roasting several of them, and putting the rest to the sword. A party of the French afterwards fell into the hands of the guerillas, who obtained possession of an immense oven constructed for the use of a regiment, and baked them alive. Such are the horrors of invasion!"

Retaining his post of Commandant of the Senior College at High Wycombe, Sir Howard received, in 1813, the additional appointment of Inspector General of Education; and on the final overthrow of Napoleon the First, he was made a Companion of the Bath and Knight of the Spanish Order of Charles the Third.

For the next few years he pursued his professional studies with increased zeal, publishing in 1819 his 'Treatise on Naval Gunnery' and 'Essay on Fortification.' In 1824, having gained the rank of Major-General, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and Major-General in command of the troops in that province, and the forces in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda. Differences with Government about the timber-duties, led to his resignation of the governorship in 1831; and no new employment was found for him till 1835, when he was made Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, which office he held till the March of 1841. On his return to England, Sir Howard was sent to Parliament by the Conservative electors of Liverpool, and remained a Member of the House of Commons till 1847, when he retired from political life, in the seventy-second year of his age. Towards the close of his career the veteran was seduced into a controversy on the merits of armour-ships, against which he used his voice and pen with characteristic decision and ability, although he allowed that England had no choice but to follow the example of France in building iron-cased vessels. We learn that the General's last days were disturbed by the bitterness of this discussion. "Sir Howard's stand against the iron clamour," says Mr. Fullom, "exposed him to the taunts of Mr. Scott Russell and other theorists, and drew down upon him an anonymous letter, warning him to 'take care what he was about.'" To the last, however, the veteran remained confident that experience would justify the position he had taken. Twenty-four hours before his death he remarked, "All that I have said about armour-ships will prove correct. How little do they know of the undeveloped power of artillery!"

The Value and Influence of Art as a Branch of General Education. Lectures delivered at Oxford by W. Collingwood. (Kent & Co.)

Mr. Collingwood, who is a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, delivered a series of lectures at Oxford on the above subject. Of this two discourses are before us. Notwithstanding a sad disregard of Lindley Murray and his successors, they show earnestness and appreciation of the importance of popularizing the study of Art. The author would have drawing, or, as he calls it, the study of Art (which last is indeed only based soundly when founded upon drawing), to hold a place in general education, attracting and embracing in its pursuit young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, gifted and ungifted alike. He would refer this branch of education entirely to Nature herself for objects, and vigorously disclaims all hope of benefit for any one from merely copying the works of other men. He would have drawing to be much more than a pretty accomplishment. The result of reducing it to such is, he rightly says, merely to enable the practitioner to produce a pretty and showy effect, a toy-like

manufacture, endowing its author with no knowledge of beauty, truth, or dignity. It is practised, not as a stepping-stone to a knowledge of Nature, but as a separate and distinct affair. It is purely mechanical. The eye and hand are at work, but the mind gains nothing, or next to nothing. Useful in its place, as the means of producing mere copies or memoranda of pictures, copying in general, unless with a constant view to the better perception of Nature and reproduction of her effects, is but time and toil thrown away. Anybody may learn to draw, says the author, although some have drawing as a gift, so to say, than which gift nothing is more mischievous in Art, unless duly subordinated to use and service in better comprehending Nature. Pattern and mechanical drawing, and the like, are for the most part distinct from those forms of the attainment desirable for men, women and children. "He who has learned to draw from Nature will be a better pattern or mechanical draughtsman than those who have spent all their time in studying those departments exclusively."

This last piece of experience is a thing beyond all challenge in practice; it is imparted to us by every great artist, from Leonardo to yet living men; it indicates the system of teaching not only advocated, but actually carried out in all the continental schools of Art. In matters relating to music or other arts than the formative ones, all men bow to the opinions of those who have distinguished themselves in their practice; yet in this country, practical artists and critics have for years denounced the wretchedly mechanical system followed not alone at young ladies' and boys' schools, but in those supported by the Government for instructing the people in this very art of drawing,—and all without effect. Their intelligence not aroused, and all independent thought sleeping, as if thought were no part of their business, the unhappy students of the Government schools go on year by year adding copy to copy in a way which is enough to make men despair of anything to come out of such a system of drudgery. Under quite another system than theirs the value of drawing is precisely in proportion to that of the intelligence it evokes and delights. "The practice of drawing is the very thing to open the eyes and quicken the sense of perception,—to enable the student to search out the beauties before him, seeing in what they consist. It can lay a foundation on which to build a vast superstructure of delight. The eye that has once drawn a graceful line will discover graceful lines everywhere around. He that has occupied himself with the shapes of objects will find endless delight in comparing and combining them. He that has drawn a leaf or a bird's nest will think of such things as he never could have thought of them before. He that has tried to lay a tint like nature's will never open his eyes but he will see something to admire and to enjoy, though he cannot do it,—the more, perhaps, because he cannot do it." All this cannot be learnt without drawing; a refined mind or poetic feeling may see and enjoy much, but still be far behind in all the power which drawing can render. Without drawing, a man, so far as he can enjoy must enjoy alone, without delighting others; words are but mockeries of the delight beautiful forms and colours give; memory soon fades, leaving of nature's glory only regret: if the art be never practised after attainment, still the faculty of perception and its due enjoyment remain always.

NORWEGIAN BOOKS.

WE have received the publications issued by the Royal Northern Academy of Christiania, which celebrated its first jubilee of fifty years on the 2nd of September, 1861. This event was made the cause of great rejoicing, accompanied by the issuing of a well-executed medal, the obverse of which bears the representation of a lion lapping water from a vessel held by a seated youth, with the inscription, "Ex haustu olympico valentior." A concert was performed on the occasion, of which the words, handsomely printed, are also before us. Several scientific treatises were also printed, including one by Dr. Michael Sars, on

Siphonodentalium vitreum, a new gasteropodous mollusc, illustrated in three quarto plates; a remarkable paper on 'Comets,' by Mohr; and a carefully-edited transcript of the Charlemagne Saga, by Unger,—a poem which owed its origin in the first place to the French Troubadours, having been probably composed in the first half of the thirteenth century, but somewhat altered at the close of that century. Manuscripts exist of both these versions, which have been carefully collated, and a comparison made with a Danish version, which last was subsequently translated into Icelandic; and it is this translation of a translation that has been hitherto known as the Saga of Charlemagne.

The Proceedings of the Academy for 1858, and three following years, are also before us, and contain a great number of interesting papers on general literature and science, both physical and mathematical. Amongst these we may especially mention several papers by Holmboe, in most of which the Northern antiquities of different kinds are compared with those of the East; a remarkable memoir, by Caspari, on 'The Apostles' Creed' in the early Church, having for its text the article of St. Ambrose, published by Cardinal Mai, "Beati Ambrosii Episcopi Mediolanensis explanatio Symboli ad initiandos." Numerous papers by Dr. Sars appear in each of these volumes, illustrating the various tribes of marine invertebrated animals of Norway, such as the Mollusca, Crustacea (with many new species and genera described), Holothuræ, Pennatulæ, Polynôæ, and a number of new species of Coelenterata. The volume for 1861 contains a revision of the Crustaceans of the tribe Cladocera, with descriptions of many new genera and species, by G. O. Sars; papers on the Crangonidæ and Sabellæ, by Dr. Sars; also the curious memoir, by Holmboe, 'On the Comparative System of Weights in Scandinavia and India,' of which we gave an account in a recent number. These volumes also contain numerous mathematical, chemical and geological, as well as archaeological and ethnological, memoirs, and testify to a great amount of scientific activity which has, we fear, been too much overlooked in our own country.

Oversigt—[Revision of the Northern Echinodermæ], with 16 plates; and *Beskrivelse—[Description of Lophogaster typicus, a remarkable form amongst the Crustacea]*, with three plates; both by Dr. Michael Sars, Professor in the University of Christiania.—It will be sufficient for us to introduce these two excellent memoirs to the notice of our zoologists. In the former work the author has given a graceful description, with excellent figures (accompanied by anatomical details), of 79 species of Northern Echinoderms, being nearly 20 more than had been catalogued as Scandinavian by Duben; and in the latter memoir is described a very remarkable new Crustacean, allied to the Opossum shrimps, but having each of the branchiæ formed of a great number of branches,—a structure hitherto found only in Sergestæ and Aristeus, both belonging to a different tribe of decapod Crustaceans. The author has also been fortunate enough to observe the earliest stage of his new animal.

Synopsis of the Vegetable Products of Norway, by Dr. F. C. Schübeler, translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A.—This excellently-compiled, and as excellently-printed, little treatise was produced at the request of the Central Committee appointed for the arrangement of the Norwegian contributions to the International Exhibition of 1862. It has been printed at the expense of the Norwegian Government, and is intended to serve as a guide to the vegetable products of Norway there exhibited. Considering that the greatest length of the country from Cape Lindesnaes in the south to the North Cape is not less than 900 miles, it will be easily conceived that there will be much difference in the vegetable products of its different parts, whilst the great variation in the elevation of the different parts will also induce corresponding modifications in their distribution. In an excellent introduction of a few pages the author has noticed most of these facts, of which perhaps one of the most remarkable is the exceedingly rapid growth of vegetables in certain parts. Thus, from observations made at Alten Copper

Works, W. Finmarken (lat. 69° 57' 30"), it has been ascertained that barley will grow 2½ inches and peas 3 inches in the twenty-four hours for several consecutive days. "Whether it is the heating or the actinic rays of the sun that here play the principal part, or whether it is both of these combined, or whether it is due to other still unknown solar influences, must be left for future investigation to ascertain." The vegetable products themselves are ascertained to be—1. Fruit trees and shrubs; 2. Forest and ornamental trees and shrubs; 3. Cereals; and 4. Other plants cultivated for economic purposes. Under each of these heads the different trees or plants are described, so far as their economic properties are concerned, in an alphabetical series. An excellent map showing the limits of the most important vegetable products is also given in illustration of their distribution.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Lord Robert de Clifford: where was he Buried? By C. Nicholson. (Whittaker & Co.)—Robert de Clifford was one of the warriors who went to Bannockburn with King Edward, and did not come back. A grassy knoll near the field is the traditional burial-place of this, the first Lord Warden of the Marches, and other brave but luckless fellows. The Rev. James Simpson finding the figure of a naked sword on a flag in Shap Abbey, Westmoreland, first says that such an emblem signified a soldier who had fallen in battle—which it does not,—and then adds that here most likely Robert was buried, as had he been buried elsewhere we should have heard of it! Well, we know that tradition buries him where he fell, and no legend even hints at his interment in Shap Abbey. Mr. Nicholson would be glad enough to get a Westmoreland hero back into his county; but he leaves him as we do, with tradition and five centuries over his grave on the banks of the Bannock. The controversy is here published in a pamphlet; and there is a curt, snappish tone about the disputants, such as distinguishes adverse parties in *Notes and Queries* when they are quarrelling over a mare's nest. Wherever the first Lord Warden of the Marches may be sleeping, he was the father of a very lively race. Mr. Nicholson thinks the grave in Shap Abbey may be that of his son Roger—"Julian's adorable Lothario." He should have explained this epithet. Roger, who once made a pursuivant eat the wax off a writ served on him, was the famous lover of a famous mistress, "Gillian of the bower": she was too humble for him to marry, but, for her sake, he would not marry any other woman. The mishap at Bannockburn was fairly avenged at Flodden Field, when the fourteenth Baron—that Henry who from seven years old to thirty-two was brought up (out of fear of the Yorkists) as a "shepherd-boy," which must have been a difficult matter towards the end of the time—led a body of men there with ability. Like other shepherds, Henry, unlearned in all besides, became skilled in astronomy, especially in his after-life. His son Henry, subsequent to his first illustration of baronial tastes, when he was a drunken debauchee, and a plunderer of churches, was created Earl of Cumberland, and took to living like a man who cared to be well with his neighbours. In the person of this last Henry's grandson the title expired; but the last holder of it was father of that renowned "Anne Clifford, Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery," through whose daughter the barony subsequently fell to Tufton, Earl of Thanet, in 1691. At his death the title fell into abeyance, till documents were found which proved the right of the Southwells to the dignity, which is now held by a lady; and Sophia, Baroness de Clifford, is at this moment the representative of that soldier of five hundred years ago, who, according to well-sustained tradition, lies buried at Bannockburn,—but who, according to the Rev. James Simpson, must be interred in Shap Abbey, because there is no record of the fact—and if he had been buried in any other locality, local history would be sure to have registered it.

The Scholemaster. By Roger Ascham. Edited, with Notes, by J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. (Bell &

Daldy.)—This is a charming edition of old Roger Ascham, a man of much good sense, and a little not very bad nonsense. The text is carefully revised by comparison of editions, and a large mass of valuable notes of reference is added. Few books are of more avail in the history of English classical education; and the notes to this edition must make it indispensable.

The New Theology. By John Smart. Edited by his Wife. (Glasgow, Bryce.)—Mr. Smart is no more; but the work cannot be said to have been edited by his widow, for it was in progress during his life, under the care of his wife. The biography, and the theological lectures which follow, have an interest to surviving friends. The sentiments and feelings are pious, with a decided dash of liberalism, which indicates an author who would fight, upon some points, by the side of the Essayists, the Bishop, &c. For example, he thinks the value of Genesis not at all impaired by the supposition that Moses, observing the cruel usage of their wives practised by Egyptians and Jews, "in a highly-figurative style, fashioned Eve out of Adam's rib, to teach woman submission and man tenderness." Thus we see in how many quarters the spirit of resistance to old interpretations is springing up. The authorities forget that in dealing with the heretic they are dealing with the representative of a class. They may put down Williams, or Colenso, or Jowett, if they can; but new officers will arise out of the ranks. They must have recourse to argument: if that will do it, it is done; if not, there is no other way.

Contribution towards a History of Electro-Metallurgy, establishing the Origin of the Art. By Henry Dircks. (Spon.)—The less we say about this work the better. The history of electro-metallurgy has been written—the claims of Jacobi, Spencer and Jordan have been long since settled. Since, in May, 1839, the *Athenæum* published the earliest announcement of Jacobi's 'Galvanic Engraving in Relief,' upon which followed the statements of Spencer and Jordan that they had independently made the discovery of the electro-chemical deposition of copper, twenty-four years have passed away. Twenty years since the rival claims were discussed with a very unfortunate amount of personality, but eventually the question was settled. Why Mr. Dircks should again open the discussion without having a single new fact to contribute, we cannot tell. It is with deep regret that we find old prejudices appearing in every page of his book.

A Handbook of Volumetrical Analysis. By Robert H. Scott, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—The design of this small volume is to supply the chemical student with the means of determining any one constituent of a chemical compound by the methods of volumetrical analysis. This method is now rapidly supplanting that of ordinary weight analysis, and Mr. Scott's volume will be found a useful companion to all who are engaged in laboratory work. The metrical system of weights and measures has been adopted throughout the work,—a system which is gradually gaining ground amongst the chemists of this country. The work treats of analyses under the three heads of saturation, oxidation and reduction, and precipitation. It contains also an introductory description of the apparatus required. The work is also illustrated with woodcuts of apparatus, and will be found a valuable addition to the books written for the use of advanced students in chemical analysis. There is also a chapter on the method of testing the presence of cane-sugar, fruit-sugar and glucose in solutions by the aid of polarized light. This method, first introduced by M. Biot, has been recently considerably improved, and we know of no better account of this simple and beautiful process of testing the qualities of sugar than that here given by Mr. Scott.

Hymnologia Christiana; or, Psalms and Hymns selected and arranged in the Order of the Christian Seasons. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. (Longman & Co.)—A copious and well-executed collection of hymns. Mr. Kennedy is, perhaps, too critical in his Preface; but over-care is the natural consequence of time and zeal spent in accumulation.

The Social Science of the Constitution of Society.

(Wilson.)—The object of this rambling book is to unfold a scheme for what the writer calls a constitution of "natural society," in which private property, interest and rent, which he holds to be the chief sources of our social troubles, shall no longer exist. There are to be industrial workers and managers, a common council of managers choosing the justices; a national assembly, and a reigning queen and king with a house of councillors; while the members of his commonwealth are to live together in what he calls "a community town," with a centre for the married members, a right wing for the daughters and a left wing for the sons; the workshops being "within an easy distance for communication." Clothing, food and other necessaries are to be "plenty as blackberries"; and in answer to "the specious and plausible objection," that poor folks, suddenly plunged into prosperity of this sort, might indulge to excess, the author remarks—"Starved beings, when introduced to plenty will for a short time go deep with the necessaries; but they become filled and satisfied in body and blood, and then they become quite respectable at meals." Nevertheless, he thinks, as Nature herself gives an intimation of when a man has had enough, the waiters in his community house,—or, as he, more elegantly, expresses it, "those who present supplies,"—might by the very manner of their service hint at moderation. "If you go into an eating-house of any considerable town," he observes, "you may have a small plate of meat, or one larger if only asked for as 'a plate'; and if you add 'a large plate' of meat you will have three sizes to choose from: and surely this might be without envy or quarrel." The worst fault of our author is his affectation, which gives to his style a curious resemblance to that of the courtier in Hamlet. He quotes extensively from other authors, generally introducing them with such remarks as "Now we may hear Thomas Carlyle in regard to the external"; "Allow the gifted Shelley to say a word here"; "We shall give audience to another George Combe"; "Hear Hugh Miller on labour in present society"; or, "We will introduce Shelley in prose on the subject in hand." He is, no doubt, an amiable gentleman, who wishes well to mankind; and as there is no danger of his scheme being put in execution, we may regard his book as one which may provoke some merriment, and which can do no harm.

Compendium of Mathematical Geography. By A. H. Dick, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—Mr. Laurie, who writes the preface, informs us that this work is founded upon Brettnet's 'Mathematische Geographie,'—a simple translation having been judged inexpedient by reason of certain omissions. The work, as now presented, is valuable: it is mathematical, but not overmuch. The subject is one the points of which are usually scattered through books of astronomy and general geography.

A Short Treatise on the Longevity ascribed to the Patriarchs in the Book of Genesis, and its Relation to the Hebrew Chronology; the Flood, the Exodus of the Israelites, the Site of Eden, &c. &c. From the Danish of the late Professor Rask, with his Manuscript Corrections, and large Additions from his Autograph, now for the first time printed. (Trübner & Co.)—We transcribe this long title, because it gives the bulk of what we need to say. We must add, that this translation, made in 1830, is now brought forward by the spirit of inquiry created by the Essayists and Bishop Colenso. Rask's theory is the very probable one, that the year of the historian is less than twelve months; and the references made by ancient writers to Egyptian years of six, four, three, two, and even one month, are brought forward and discussed.

A neat and portable edition of *The Acharnians of Aristophanes, with short English Notes, for the use of Schools* (Parker), prepared by Dr. Dawson W. Turner, has taken its place among the Oxford Pocket Classics. The notes abound in useful information, apt renderings of difficult passages, and appropriate illustrations, with references to authorities of recognized value.—Messrs. Chambers have commenced a *Narrative Series of Standard Reading Books, specially adapted to the Requirements of the Revised Code of the Privy Council Committee of*

Education. The first three books have appeared: *Infant School Primer; Book I., adapted to Standard I.; and Book II., adapted to Standard II.* They appear to be the work of a practised teacher, who is fully alive to all the difficulties and wants of the youngest learners. The books are carefully graduated, to suit the growing ability of the reader, and have the advantage of being available for whatever mode of teaching to read may be preferred. Another great excellence is the frequent repetition in varied form of what has been previously done. The reading lessons are not only admirable as exercises, but easy of comprehension, and very amusing. Besides furnishing excellent practice in reading and spelling, the books supply as much assistance as is required in writing and arithmetic.—There is nothing remarkable in *A Simultaneous Method of Teaching to Read, adapted to Primary Schools*, by G. White (Houlston & Wright), which is simply an explanation and recommendation of the plan of teaching children to read in large numbers, at the same time, instead of separately, one after the other. Such a wholesale method may be expeditious and easy for the teacher, but can hardly be effectual in securing individual accuracy in the scholars. Whether or no, many of the directions here given are worth little to either teacher or scholar, consisting chiefly of remarks too obvious to need mention, or too indefinite to be of any practical use.—*Modern Geography: Descriptive, Political, and Physical*, by W. J. Unwin, M.A. (Longman), is as dry and hard a geography as such books can well be made, and inferior, on the whole, to several existing manuals; though we must say we like the way in which the rivers are arranged, according to the slopes of the land through which they flow. It is right also to observe, that at present we have only the first part, on Descriptive Geography, to assist us in forming a judgment.—*A New System for the Declension of German Nouns*, by P. A. S. Junod (Nutt), divides German nouns according to their gender, which the author thinks a simpler and easier, though less philosophical, classification.—*The Method of French Methods, or Practical Grammar of the French Language, with a Vocabulary*, by C. Badois, B.A. (Nutt), is not so much a grammar or method as a combination of both, containing vocabularies, grammatical materials, and conversational writing exercises.—We need only transcribe the titles of the following: *French Exercise Copy-Book, No. 1., Accidence for Beginners; No. II., Syntax for Advanced Pupils, with the Essentials of French Grammar; French Verbs Copy-Book; and Latin Verbs Copy-Book*, by L. Nottelle, B.A. and A. Albitas, LL.B. (Simpkin);—also *The Improved Copy-Book, containing complete Sets of Text and Small-Hand Copy Lines*, by Patrick Johnson, Royal Academic Institution, Belfast.

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To the Members of the Anglo-Biblical Institute.

DEAR BROTHER MEMBERS.—Allow me on the present occasion to direct your attention to the Pentateuch, as regards the charges of Bishop Colenso against its want of *Historic Truth*, and of its not being the production of a *Single Author*. May the giver of every good and perfect gift, who has blessed us with the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ, in the Person of His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, who has redeemed us from all iniquity, unto Himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works, preserve us from all temptation, and keep us from falling, and bring us forth unto the Father in glory, Amen.

Ep. Colenso in the Preface to the 2nd Part of his work says, "I hope that I have put the main points of the argument within the grasp of any one, whether clerk or layman, though unacquainted with Hebrew or German, & only he will give the careful attention, free from prejudice, to the consideration of the points at issue." After such a statement, our attention is naturally directed from the various arguments connected with these Subjects, and directed to the particular ones selected by the Bishop, as, in his opinion, sufficient to prove his assertions.

We are indebted to the Bishop for having thus restricted the limits of our inquiry, and still more, by his having boldly so set forth in his Preface a single subject, the Mosaic Record of the Deluge, as sufficient not only to prove the want of *Historic Truth* in the Pentateuch, but also to authorise him to urge his lay Brethren to require Parliament to change the Ecclesiastical Laws of the Country;—to regard his Ecclesiastical Equals as Individuals whose minds are so impregnated with prejudice, as to render them incapable of correct judgment;—and to treat his poor brethren of the Clergy who accept the Record of the Deluge, almost, as persons "deprived of the capacity of reasoning, and unable to require multiplication of the number of Records that he considers favorable to his views will assist the Bishop, since the arguments which destroy the force of the one he has produced are equally applicable to every other.

If the Bishop's prescribed canon of inquiry be followed, namely, that "in the record of the Deluge, as presented, there is no evidence, free from prejudice," I, who am but a humble layman, cannot perceive that that Record supports his views.

The Statist may indeed avail himself of our limited knowledge of the Deluge to paint with much effect the natural difficulties attending an exact and complete history of the Deluge, as it was, and the wild, and the tame creatures mixed together, shut up in a dark hole, without air, with bare attendance, and stale food. Or should he please to draw a more agreeable picture, he may appoint to describe the habits of the animals in the zoological gardens, and describe their times as passed in the most natural manner. But after all such exhibitions, when the meer has vanished, the single question remains unanswered. Are such statements just? Can the Supernatural be weighed in Human balances? Can the mind so far disregard the Laws of Nature, as to have a *Thou* speak so unwarped of *God*, as to speak a coming flood, and prepare an ark? (See 1 Pet. iii. 20), and then justly class it, as only a proof of Prejudice and Ignorance to teach, "That the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven opened," that the modes of preserving life, and the means of escape of the human race, of such masses of water, were not effected by, or attended with results proper to, Natural operations. Thus making *True Wisdom* to consist in proclaiming to the Supernatural sea, "Thus far shalt thou go but no farther."

If the design of the Almighty alone be the destruction of the whole human race, save the selected few, He might have effected it by many far less cumbersome means than the Deluge:—as by pestilence, by famine, or by His simple decree that it should be so. But would such visitations have pointed out to the men of that age Divine Creator, and to those who were to age the same Revelation, unless in such visitation the Natural Laws had been shown to have been disturbed?

Had only Natural Results from the Deluge or any other occurrence remained to Man, where is his proof that there is a God?—where is his evidence that there is a God, who has revealed Himself to make any Revelation to Man? What is to make our Blessed Lord's claim to teach more authoritative than Bishop Colenso's or Sikh Gooro's, if His possession of the Supernatural be taken from Him?

The fact of the Deluge, produced by Supernatural means, and attended with Supernatural results, is in perfect accordance and consistency with *Perfect Reason*; deprive it, and Divine Revelation, of the Supernatural element, and *Perfect Reason* requires Man to deprive himself of *Deity and Life*, and everything save the effects which his own experience has taught him must result from his own existing causes.

Bishop Colenso is well entitled to our thanks for stating his opinion, that the proof that the Pentateuch was not the work of a Single Author is placed beyond the possibility of contradiction, by the Record of two events contained in it, That of the Creation, and That of the Flood. Let us examine each separately.

He contends that in the Records of Creation in the first and in the second Chapters of Genesis there are statements that are in direct contradiction to each other. Respecting these he thus writes, page 171. "The following are the most noticeable points of dissent between the two cosmogony."

(i) "In the first, the earth emerges from the waters, and is, therefore, saturated with moisture, 1. 9 and 10."

"In the second the whole face of the ground requires to be moistened, 1. 6."

If Bishop Colenso will refer to the language of the Original Record, he will observe, that the Article is omitted before the enumeration of the days of creation; it is not, *The first day—The second day, &c.*; but—*One day—A second (one) day—A third (one) day, &c.* till it arrives at the sixth and seventh days, before each of which days the Article is prefixed; thus might we know, had not Modern Scholars discarded the estimate of the Article, that it is from the Sixth Day that our present computation of time commenced;—and that previous thereto, each day of Creation, although in itself limited in extent of time to that of our present day, yet might, and in all probability was, separated the one from the other by millions of years; yes, by numbers beyond the complete comprehension of the human mind. Does Bishop Colenso question whether such a space of time was sufficient for the earth "though once saturated with moisture, to have passed into such a state as to be fit for the face of the ground to be moistened?"

The Bishop further writes,

(ii) "In the first (cosmogony), the birds and beasts are created before man, 1. 20, 24, 25."

"In the second, man is created before the birds and beasts, 1. 7, 19."

Is this last statement *Historically True*? In 1. 7 and 19 there is a bare record of what God did create, and out of what He did create the creatures that He created; but as regards the order of time, and the order of the work, Colenso and not Almighty God that has thought proper to instruct Mankind.

The Bishop further writes,

(iii) "In the first (cosmogony), all fowls that fly are made out of the waters, 1. 20."

"In the second, the fowls of the air are made out of the ground, 1. 19."

Is it consistent with *Historic Truth* to say, that we read in 1. 20, "that all the fowls that fly are made out of the waters?" It would be more just to say, as made, that *19, are created by the waters*, if we do not read, verse 21, that, "God, / not the waters, / created or made every winged fowl." Does not 1. 20, out of which our inference we may conclude that the statement 1. 19 is quite correct, "And out of the ground the Lord (God) formed every fowl of the air." Let the Bishop reflect, that if the Hebrew words translated 1. 20, bring forth *historically*, 1. 21, created, and 1. 19, formed, all mean one and the same thing, namely, "Created," they would in the Original be one and the same word; and this the Bishop knows that they are not.

The Bishop further writes,

(iv) "In the first (cosmogony), man is created in the image of God, 1. 27."

"In the second, man is made out of the dust of the ground, and merely animated with the breath of life; and it is only after his eating the forbidden fruit that the Lord God said, Behold, the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil, 1. 7, 18, 22."

To satisfy the demands of *Historic Truth*, let it be noted, that nothing is stated above in what Bishop Colenso terms the second record of Man's creation, that has any relation to the image that Man possessed; and consequently, the declaration in the first case of what the image was, namely, "Created," is not confirmed or refuted; consequently, neither of the records contradicts the other in relation thereto.

The Bishop further writes,

(v) "In the first (cosmogony), man is made the lord of the whole earth, 1. 28."

"In the second, he is merely placed in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, 1. 8, 15."

The Bishop will pardon my observing, that the word, *merely*, is supplied by himself, it is not in the Sacred Text; also, that Adam being placed in the garden of Eden to dress and keep it, does not prevent his enjoyment of the fruit of the tree of life, which he used multiply; and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and to have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth on the earth; and so does not prove that either one of the Records contradicts the other.

The Bishop further writes,

(vi) "In the first (cosmogony), man and woman are created together, as the closing and completing work of the whole Creation,—created also, as is evidently implied, in the same kind of way, to be the complement of one another; and thus created, they are blessed together, 1. 28."

"In the second, the beasts and birds are created between the man and the woman. First, the man is made, of the dust of the ground; he is placed by himself in the garden, charged with a solemn command, and threatened with a curse if he breaks it; then the beasts and birds are created, and the man is permitted to eat of them; and lastly, after all this, the woman is made out of one of his ribs, but merely as a helpmate for the man, 1. 7, 8, 15, 22."

What is *Historic Truth*. Is it *Historically True* to state, that Man and Woman were created together, meaning, at the same exact time, 1. 27 (although nothing is said in relation to actual time) we read, "So God created Man in his own image in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." As to the time when either of them were created, it is Ep. Colenso that alone informs us. Neither have we other authority than that which they give, "created also, as is evidently implied, in the same kind of way;—or for stating in relation to what he terms the second record, "That the beasts and birds were created between the man and the woman." All that we read therein is, "That the beasts &c. were formed whensoever they were created out of the ground; but as to the time when they were created," it is Ep. Colenso that alone informs us. The remainder of the Bishop's remarks here is unnecessary to notice, as he alone, I conceive, can now discover any statement in which either record contradicts the other.

The Bishop's second argument to prove that the Pentateuch has not proceeded from the pen of one Author, and the same Author is derived from what he contends are contradictory records of circumstances connected with the Deluge.

Thus in Gen. vi. 19, 20 we read,

"Every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the Ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female, of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep (them) alive."

But in Gen. vii. 2, 3, we read,

"Of every sort that breatheth shalt take to thee by sexes, the male and his female, and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and his female; of fowls also of the air by sexes, the male and the female, to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth."

Writers on *Historic Truth* cannot be too exact in quoting Holy Scriptures, but in this case the Bishop has been very exact in the Authorized Version (pointed out above by Brackett), marking the absence of the Word or Words so written in the Divine original, Ep. Colenso ignores, and by so doing discards the sense that is revealed for one that he sets forth in its place. The Divine command Gen. vi. 19 is as follows, "To bring Two of every sort to keep alive; that is, that were not to be killed; whereas in Gen. vii. 2 the command is to bring of each kind *Sexes*, it does say, to keep alive; for what purpose Ep. Colenso alone informs us, as the Divine Text only adds, that they were to be "the male and the female to keep seed alive upon the earth," and hence it is permitted to us to conjecture, that possibly Five of them were to be offered in sacrifice, or otherwise made useful by their death. Wherein therefore the Two in the one case are in the smallest degree a contradiction, or even an obscuration of the command in the other to bring *Sexes*, seeing that a separate and jointly consistent Reason may be imagined for each command, I must leave to the Bishop on a future occasion to explain.

We have now examined the foundation of the Bishop's palace, let him who thinks it safe to do so, proceed to inspect its other portions. No argument constructed on the single use of Words or Phrases, but on the uncertainty of the meaning of the Authenticity of portions of the Sacred Text, can, with just reason, prove its want of *Historic Truth*; and therefore all the Bishop's objections connected therewith we leave unnoticed. The Bishop's views respecting the use of the appellations Elohim and Jehovah have doubtless afforded him no small amusement; but the Record, vi. 3, we saw that Moses had knowledge of both of these Appellations; to regard him therefore, under the Divine guidance, to be the Author of the Pentateuch is more Reasonable, than to attribute its authorship to Two or Three Imaginary persons.

Let us now turn to the Bishop's argument in numbering the grains of sand on yonder shore. Verily "we strain at Gnat and swallow Camel." Who sees the Bar that gathers each passing word? Who discerns the Eye that sees each present thought? Who comprehends the Knowledge that masters each form of language? Who penetrates the Mind that sees the past, and the future, and the Thought; and Who then is there, that has not seen, yet, that does not now, this very minute, and every minute, *Itself* See, Supernatural operation, in other words, *A Miracle*? A Miracle as much beyond the grasp of Reason as all the wonders of Creation. A miracle performed once for all time; and that is the Record, The Exodus of the children of Israel The Deluge, or the Creation, but one

being performed each minute, not of our lives alone, but of the lives of all that were, that are, that shall be.
 My Brother, first of all make plain to *Human Reason* this Miracle, and then will you have no difficulty in proving, That the wonders of Creation, and the glories of Revelation, are only Ancient Legends, or Natural Operations recorded in Figurative Language.
 I remain, dear Brother Members, ever truly yours,
 HERMAN HEINFETTER.
 17, Fenchurch Street, 23rd February, 1863.

BISHOP COLENSO AND HIS CRITICS.

23, Sussex Place, Kensington, Feb. 24, 1863.

THE inclosed extracts were intended to have been read by a friend at the recent meeting of the Gospel-Propagation Society. As no opportunity occurred for this, I beg to request the insertion of them in the *Athenæum*. When so much has been said on the other side, it seems to be only fair and right that English readers should now have an opportunity of knowing what is said about my book by real scholars, well qualified to pass a judgment in these matters. Dr. Hupfeld, it may be as well to mention, was selected to fill the chair left vacant by the death of Gesenius. The peculiar circumstances of the case will, I trust, serve as an apology to yourself and to your readers for my departing from the usual course in requesting the publication of these extracts from letters addressed to myself.

J. W. NATAL.

Dr. Kalisch to Bishop Colenso.

Dec. 20, 1862.

"Dr. Kalisch may be allowed to assure the Right Rev. the Bishop of Natal that he most cordially appreciates his critical labours, that he is aware of their paramount importance, and that he confidently expects from them the most essential advantage for the interests both of historical research and of religious truth. If Dr. Kalisch was more cautious in his 'Commentary on Exodus,' which was published first, he has proved, by his exposition of Genesis, that continued study has led him to much more decided results; and he is determined conscientiously to pursue the same path in the subsequent volumes of his work. But he will ever gratefully acknowledge how much the Bishop's lucid and fearless criticism contributes to open the public mind for an intelligent and unbiased investigation of the Scriptures."

Dr. Kalisch to Bishop Colenso.

Dec. 27, 1862.

"I have no objection to any use which your Lordship may deem proper to make of my words alluded to in your kind letter of yesterday, since they are the expression of my sincere conviction, which I shall in future take every opportunity to uphold and to confirm. The manner in which your Lordship has opposed some of the views defended by me in my 'Commentary on Exodus,' so far from causing me any feeling of disappointment, serves me, on the contrary, as a most cheering proof that the earnest search after truth is rapidly taking deeper root and taking wider ground. . . . In the mean time, accept my cordial wishes for your triumph in the struggle which you have so nobly undertaken. May you be armed with strength and hope! May the new year witness the victory of truth and manly sincerity! M. KALISCH."

Prof. Hupfeld, of Halle, to Bishop Colenso.

Dec. 25, 1862.

"I am quite agreeing with the views and principles of the proceeding in your book (Part I.), which I at once appreciated in reading it, as they are now explained in your letter. . . . But I am far from thinking it appropriate only to the English mind: the same method would be to the purpose also in Germany, and it is hitherto too much neglected by our critics. I am not at all satisfied with the common method and manner of our criticism, and the present state of it, well established as it seems to be, and highly esteemed by foreigners. It suffers greatly from the contempt and neglect of form and strict scientific method, which is the common fault of my countrymen, and peculiarly so of our works belonging to the (so-called) 'higher criticism.' This is commonly so exercised as if it was nothing more than conjecturing and filling up voids of every kind with hypotheses, to which everybody feels himself entitled. . . . The first condition of a decided advancement in this department and of univer-

sally-acknowledged results is, in my opinion, the distinction between *proved* or *provable* facts, which are capable of demonstration or a probability next to certainty, and such as are not, and cannot be from their nature, lying beyond our horizon, and on which to amass conjectures and pronounce a judgment would be to no purpose; and the second, to be fully aware of the *bearings* of each proof (i. e. how far it proves), and be careful in the use of arguments. In one word, it proceeds from a stricter and severer critical method than it has hitherto been [has hitherto been applied]. From all this you may infer how much I am agreeing with your method, and how welcome such a book was to me, although the results, for the most part, are not new to my researches, and in some points even left behind my observations, but, no doubt, finding their complement in the Second Part. Not the *particulars*—the *method* is the point which I shall dwell upon in my Preface, and show the way to be pursued, compared with what is done hitherto. . . . So go on undauntedly, and may God prosper your efforts! D. HERMAN HUPFELD."

Prof. Ewald to Bishop Colenso.

Göttingen, Feb. 15, 1863.

"I thank you for the Second Part of your work. . . . In the Preface of this Second Part, and elsewhere in the body of it, I find very excellent truths spoken out by you beautifully and powerfully; and I gladly here repeat how sincerely I rejoice at your freedom and courage in Christian matters, and how firmly I am convinced that you for this very reason will hold so much the more firmly the essential and eternal substance of Christianity. The conflict which you have thus called forth in England is at this day no longer to be avoided; and, under the power and wonder-working might of the Spirit of Christ, it may be carried through to the attainment of a grand new triumph of Christianity, such as all the best men long for. In this respect you may be ever sure of my deepest sympathy. . . . I need hardly say how very eager I am for the continuation of your work; and I beg you, for love and friendship's sake, to send it to me in the same way as soon as it appears."

APE-ORIGIN OF MAN.

Oxford, Feb. 24, 1863.

THERE are three important statements in Prof. Owen's letter published in your Journal of last Saturday, to which I should be glad to be allowed to reply in your columns.

1. I find Tiedemann's phrase "Scrobiculus in loco cornu posterioris" quoted four times, and the word "scrobiculus" by itself twice, in Prof. Owen's letter. The history of the employment of this phraseology by the Heidelberg Professor is as follows:—Writing in 1821, he employed the entire phrase, once, at page 14 of his 'Icones Cerebri Simiarum,' to denote in a Macaque monkey what we call the posterior horn of the lateral ventricle in man. But, writing in 1825-1826 of precisely the same structure in the brain of an orang-utan, Tiedemann makes use of no diminutive term whatever. He says of the lateral ventricles, "The great lateral ventricles consisted of three horns, an anterior, a middle or descending, and a posterior horn." To this very account of his dissection of an orang's brain, as contained in the 'Zeitschrift für Physiologie,' Bd. ii. Heft i., which bears his name, I find Tiedemann referring, ten years later, at page 518 of the *English Philosophical Transactions* for 1836. Both these papers, therefore, should be equally familiar to the anatomist; but in neither can I find anything corresponding either in sound or signification to the "scrobiculus" of the 'Icones.' Practical anatomists will understand how Tiedemann came to alter his nomenclature; and the general public will understand that the fact that he *did* alter it destroys the argument which Prof. Owen's reiteration of a word employed once, to be discarded for ever, may have suggested to some of your readers.

2. Prof. Owen says (page 262, column 3, *Athenæum*, Feb. 21), "The archencephalous brain can accordingly be defined with accuracy and precision, as possessing 'the posterior horn of the lateral ventricle,' as contrasted with the 'scrobiculus in

loco cornu posterioris.' But are they not homologous parts? it has been asked, or rather howled." Prof. Owen's antagonists have never put the question upon this issue; indeed, it is difficult to see how there could be any question at all upon such a self-evident matter. They have, however, said that the posterior horn in the ape's brain is relatively always, and absolutely frequently, a larger and more developed horn than the corresponding segment of the human lateral ventricle. They have taught and proved, by measurement and by the photographic process, that what Gratiolet, "the highest authority in cerebral anatomy of our age," has said of the convolution it contains applies equally to the containing cornu: "Il est plus évident encore dans les singes que dans l'homme." — (*Mémoire*, p. 16.)

3. Finally, Prof. Owen says (p. 263, col. 1, *Athenæum*, Feb. 21), "What I have read of the history of the Hottentot Venus, of the absence of some of the common instincts of her sex as they are manifested by other females of her race, impresses me with the conviction of her idiocy." We have an authentic and thoroughly reliable history of this person from the pen of the great Cuvier; it will enable your readers, even though they may not be Commissioners in Lunacy, to form a fair judgment of her mental constitution. This history is to be found in 'Mémoires du Muséum,' tom. iii., 1817, p. 263, 264:—"Ses mouvements avaient quelque chose de brusque et de capricieux qui rappelait ceux du singe. Elle avait surtout une manière de faire saillir ses lèvres tout-à-fait pareille à ce que nous avons observé dans l'orang-outang. Son caractère était gai, sa mémoire bonne, et elle reconnaissait après plusieurs semaines une personne qu'elle n'avait vue qu'une fois. Elle parlait tolérablement le hollandais qu'elle avait appris au Cap, savait aussi un peu d'anglais, et commençait à dire quelques mots de français. Elle dansait à la manière de son pays, et jouait avec assez d'oreille de ce petit instrument qu'on appelle guimbarde. Les colliers, les ceintures de verroteries, et autres atours sauvages, lui plaisaient beaucoup; mais ce qui flattait son goût plus que tout le reste, c'était l'eau-de-vie. On peut même attribuer sa mort à un excès de boisson auquel elle se livra pendant sa dernière maladie. * * Au printemps de 1815, ayant été conduite au Jardin du Roi, elle eut la complaisance de se dépoiler et de se laisser peindre d'après le nu." Gratiolet, of whose merits Sir Charles Lyell has spoken in the high terms above quoted, says, when referring to this woman (at page 65 of his 'Mémoire'), "Cette femme, disons-le tout d'abord, n'était point idiote;" and (at page 67), "Loin d'être idiote, elle n'était point imbécile."

I have dealt with these three questions as if they all three alike were questions of authority and not of facts. Certainly, the argument from authority, coupled with that from literary history, is sufficient to cast the gravest doubts upon Prof. Owen's interpretation of the history of the Hottentot Venus, upon his ascription of certain views to his opponents as specified above, and, thirdly, upon his argument based on Tiedemann's nomenclature.

There are many other statements in Prof. Owen's letter to which exception might well be taken; but as most of these will be found to have been answered by anticipation in Prof. Huxley's 'History of the Controversy respecting the Cerebral Structure of Man and the Apes,' contained in his recently-published work, which, like Sir Charles Lyell's, will no doubt shortly be in the hands of every one interested in such subjects, I forbear to occupy more of your valuable space.

GEORGE ROLLESTON, M.D., F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford.

STATICAL MEASURE OF TERRESTRIAL GRAVITY.
 United College, St. Andrews, Feb. 18, 1863.

I observe in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy for the 9th instant, and also in Moigno's *Cosmos*, an account of an ingenious suggestion of M. Babinet for the measurement of gravity (statically) by the application of torsion to a weight with a bifilar suspension. I think it right to call attention to the circumstance that Mr. John Allan Broun proposed a nearly similar arrangement for

the same purpose two years ago. Mr. Broun's absence on his astronomical duties in India makes it desirable that I should state his claim to the suggestion, and, I believe, also to its practical trial. The suggestion was made in a communication to the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the 4th of February, 1861, and a sufficient account of it is embodied in the *Proceedings* of that body. The arrangement is substantially the same as that proposed by M. Babinet; only the French philosopher varies the suspended weight until the same angular deviation is produced by a given force of torsion, whilst Mr. Broun measures the angle of torsion by a mirror and scale. Mr. Broun, I know, had the apparatus made (I believe by Mr. Adie, of London, in 1861). I cannot be certain whether he has applied it to use in India.

JAMES D. FORBES.

DR. D'ORSAN AND MR. WARREN DE LA RUE.

February 20, 1863.

HITHERTO, for various important reasons, I have forbore to notice the numerous mis-statements published in recent numbers of your periodical relative to the photographs which illustrate my folio work entitled 'Our Satellite.' I now give to those mis-statements my most unqualified and emphatic contradiction; and I am prepared to adduce unquestionable proof of the complete originality of my negatives, and to submit them to the severest scrutiny.

I have been accused of copying from certain photographs issued by Mr. Warren De La Rue. As this gentleman has thought fit to publish an unwarrantable attack upon my scientific and personal character, I shall act in the matter as advised by competent legal authority. Prior to the publication of the first of the twelve Parts into which my work is to be divided, I arranged with my publisher (who had, of course, seen my negatives before he undertook so extensive and important a book) that the dates of the photographs accompanying the general remarks which formed the text of Part I. (the only one yet published) should be given in the text of Part II., where they are intended to be described in detail; and a slip to this effect was actually inserted by Mr. Alfred W. Bennett in the specimen number. We agreed upon this because the same date would otherwise have appeared upon several of the impressions, in consequence of these impressions being taken from sections of one of the original negatives.

Before and while being published my negatives were most minutely scrutinized by some of the greatest living astronomers, and I can adduce their high authority in confirmation of my statement that the stage of illumination given by me is not identical with that published by Mr. Warren De La Rue in any case. "Applying almost exactly to the same stage of illumination, and I think that, upon the whole, yours is the better," are the words of one illustrious *avant*. I am charged with copying from Mr. Warren De La Rue. Now, the impressions from my negatives are pronounced by the above and other unimpeachable authorities in astronomical science to be not only different from, but absolutely better and clearer than, those taken by Mr. Warren De La Rue from his negatives. How, then, is it possible that my impressions, taken from negatives asserted by Mr. De La Rue to have been taken from positives taken off his original negatives, could be other than and different from Mr. De La Rue's own impressions taken from his own original negatives by Smith, Beck & Beck? Had our negatives been compared, as was proposed by me long ago, the fallacy of the issue raised about certain imaginary spots would have been at once exploded, and much ingenuity in assertion and implication expended to better purpose.

The dates at which my various negatives were taken have for many years been given to my scientific friends as each has been procured. I have even given them to strangers who have applied in a proper and gentlemanly manner: to this many will testify. I shall publish these dates in their proper places in the text of my work for the benefit of the public, but do not choose to be bullied into satisfying the mere curiosity of any one, not even

of so erudite a gentleman as Mr. Alfred W. Bennett, my recalcitrant publisher.

With many apologies for trespassing upon your valuable space, I remain with much consideration, yours obediently,
A. LE VENGEUR D'ORSAN.

HERR GEIBEL.

Munich, Feb. 10, 1863.

YOUR German friend accuses me of having, unintentionally, misrepresented facts, of having been misled by town-talk, and having paid too much attention to coterie feeling and personal sensitiveness. It would be easy for me to retort the first and third charges, but I believe it is better to refute all three. To this I feel myself pledged, and I sign my name at the foot of this letter to vouch for the care with which I have examined the evidence, and for the accuracy of all my statements. When I say that I have received every fact at first hand, have read the letters in which Herr Geibel attempted to excuse his conduct to his colleague, have spoken with the friend who acted as mediator between them, have obtained an account of the proceedings of the Chapter from official sources, and seen the "vote" recorded by Herr Geibel, I think I shall hardly be taxed with having thrown out insinuations which were not warranted, or having employed fierceness which was not justifiable.

The point in question is not whether Geibel considers Mörke a greater poet than Bodenstedt, or whether Mörke is fifteen years older than Bodenstedt. It is simply this: Did Geibel do nothing but give an honest and independent vote, and this by no means in a meddling or interfering way, but in his official capacity and duty bound—as your German friend asserts; or did he, as I asserted, show his ill feeling in ways that can hardly be explained by any rules of open warfare, as they are beyond all bounds of courtesy or literary honour? I do not for a moment deny that Herr Geibel had a full right to his opinion, and a full right to express it. I accuse him of having availed himself of his position, as sole representative of *belles-lettres* in the Chapter, and of his influence with the King, to gratify a personal spite, and I take his own words as well as the facts of the case to bear out my accusation.

The full particulars must needs be known before judgment can be passed, and unfortunately the version given by your German friend is incorrect from one end to the other. He promises "a mere statement of the facts as they have really occurred," and a statement drawn from "the most authentic and reliable source." How far both his statement and his informant are worthy of the names he gives them shall presently be shown. I can say, without exaggeration, that only one of his assertions is accurate, and this one has no bearing on the point at issue. He begins by misunderstanding or misrepresenting the nature of the Maximilian Order. It is not necessary that a vacancy should occur before each fresh appointment, or that one poet should succeed to another, as in the French Academy. The Maximilian Order was originally founded by the King to make the distinguished men whom he called to Munich *hoffähig*, so that they might not be reproached with having been summoned to the neighbourhood of the King without being able to appear at his Court. The full complement of members should be a hundred, but there are at present scarcely seventy, and till the list is filled up there is no need to wait for vacancies. Every year nominations are made without vacancies; last year there were two appointments without any vacancy, and in some years there have been as many as six appointed. Thus your German friend's statement about the vacancy for a poet falls to the ground. I am not disposed to lay much stress on this mistake, except so far as it shows the nature of his information. If I was desirous of arguing the case on its merits I could easily show that an order conveying certain privileges in Munich, and designed especially for residents in Munich, would more fitly be bestowed on one of the poets summoned by the King, than on one with whom the King has not the slightest connexion. But I am dealing only with

the facts, and I proceed to the second statement made by your German Correspondent.

"In the Chapter," he says, "of which Geibel is not only a member, but in which he is the only representative of *belles-lettres*, Eduard Mörke, the excellent Suabian poet, and Bodenstedt were proposed in the place of Körner." This sentence is entirely incorrect. The real facts of the case are these, as they were told me by the head of the Chapter, and confirmed by official documents. The Chapter meets every year in November to elect new members. Geibel was absent, and was not expected back till December. It therefore devolved on Liebig to propose new members, and Bodenstedt's name was put up with the concurrence of the rest. Just before the day appointed for the election Geibel returned, expressed great dissatisfaction at any name being put up without him, and announced his intention of voting against Bodenstedt. At the same time he proposed Halm, the Austrian poet, whom the rest of the Chapter accepted. Geibel wished only one name to be taken; but the other members of the Chapter resolved on taking two, partly because two vacancies had occurred that year, partly because they were unanimous in favour of Bodenstedt. The election therefore resulted in favour of Halm and Bodenstedt. There was no proposal of Mörke, no vote given for or against him. And thus, instead of the majority having voted for Bodenstedt, and Geibel having voted for Mörke, the whole Chapter, except Geibel, voted for Bodenstedt, and Geibel voted against him.

So much for your Correspondent's statement of the election. When he comes to the part relating to the King, his inaccuracy is even more decided. The King, he says, was not persuaded by Geibel, but he probably followed Geibel's judgment, which may have appeared to him more competent than that of the other members; and Geibel did nothing but give an honest and independent vote, in no meddling or interfering way, but in his official capacity and duty bound. If this were so, how did the King hear of the difference of opinion? In ordinary cases, the results of the Chapter's deliberation are communicated to him, the debates are not reported, nor is any division list made public. But it is open to any member who differs from the rest to give what is called a "separat votum," that is, to express his dissent in writing in the form of a protest. Your German friend should have explained, that in using the word "vote" to describe Geibel's action, he used the word in its German sense, not in its English sense. In England the word "vote" is generally used to imply a silent vote; but in Germany—I refer to the *Conversations-Lexikon*, as the universal authority on such matters—the word *votum*, originally the same as *Stimme*, or voice, has come to mean the expression of opinion on any subject, whether verbally or by means of the press. If an eminent jurist writes a pamphlet on any legal question, he is said to have delivered his *votum* on the subject. It is this that Herr Geibel has done. I have seen and read the *votum* which he sent to the King; it occupies a side of foolscap, and states with exceeding fullness the reasons which induced him to oppose Bodenstedt's election. "While doing full justice to Bodenstedt's talents as interpreter between different nations," such is the sense of the *votum*, "and especially as translator of Shakspeare's 'Sonnets,' the writer is nevertheless bound to protest against the Maximilian Order being given to Bodenstedt as poet (sic) before it has been given to such men as Mörke in Stuttgart and Paul Heyse in Munich." Will any one say that this is the same as a vote? Would it be said that a Member of Parliament did nothing more than vote against the Ministry if he delivered such speech against it? Or, to take a case exactly parallel with this, if the Lord Chancellor entered such a protest as this in the books of the House of Lords upon any legal subject, would it be said that he had merely recorded his vote? Certainly it would not, for the essence of voting consists in each single vote being of equal force with every other one, whether the voter be at the top of the scale or the bottom. It comes, then, to this, that Geibel protested against the election of Bodenstedt, and that being the repre-

representative of *belles-lettres* in the Chapter, his protest had more weight with the King than the votes of all the others.

That it is the first time such a protest has been made,—the first time that the King has departed from the choice made by the Chapter, shows the practice of the other members, as well as the amount of Geibel's influence with the King. But the production of Geibel's protest—or vote, as your German friend would have it—proves the exceeding unfairness of bringing in Mörrike's name. Your German friend gives a colour to the election as if it had been a question between Mörrike and Bodenstedt, as if Mörrike and Bodenstedt were rivals, or as if the Chapter had voted for Bodenstedt from local partiality. He would have us look on Herr Geibel as superior to petty considerations, and actuated only by a desire for recognition of the most decided merit. But when we remember that Mörrike was never once proposed in the Chapter, and that his appointment was entirely owing to Geibel's subsequent suggestion of him in the protest which went to the King, we are entitled to demand that the name be omitted from the argument. That the difference of age had nothing to do with the question is shown by Geibel having mentioned Heyse as well; and if Mörrike is fifteen years older, Heyse is ten years younger than Bodenstedt.

But the real point to be considered is not the step that Geibel took, or the arguments by which it may be made to seem reasonable, but the motives by which it was suggested. If it were true that Geibel appreciated the writings of Bodenstedt—as your German friend asserts—excuses might possibly be found for his protest. But his entire ignorance of Bodenstedt's works is fatal to his sincerity. He has said to hundreds of people that he has never read Bodenstedt,—that Bodenstedt is not a poet; I do not take this from town-talk,—I have it from people to whom he has said it. If the most authentic and reliable source from which your Correspondent has drawn his information had been one of the members of the Chapter, he would have known that every one of them expressed astonishment at Geibel's ignorance of Bodenstedt's works. If it had been any one of the members of the literary society to which Geibel belongs, he would have known that every member of the society protested to Geibel against his injustice to Bodenstedt's writings, and against the baseness of his conduct. Let your Correspondent write again to Munich, and ask his authentic and reliable source if Geibel has not expressed his intention of reading Bodenstedt's works, and has not said as he went on reading that his admiration for Bodenstedt increases every day. Let him ask if Geibel has not acknowledged to others that he was so much provoked at the Chapter having proposed Bodenstedt in his absence that he was determined he should not receive the order. It is scarcely necessary to argue the question when we have avowals such as these; and with Herr Geibel's own acknowledgment that he is ignorant of Bodenstedt's works, with his avowal that he opposed himself to Bodenstedt's election from personal feelings, with the "vote" in which he brought all his influence to bear on the King, I need hardly ask what will be the general verdict on the uprightness of his conduct.

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

SINCE 1337, when Edward the Third presented his son with the Duchy of Cornwall, very few heirs apparent, it may be fairly affirmed, took possession of the Cornish estates with less arrears and incumbrances than the present Prince of Wales. Three years after the death of the first Duke of Cornwall (Edward the Black Prince), the annual income of the Duchy was said to be 2,500*l.* In the reign of Henry the Eighth it was calculated to be worth about 10,000*l.* a year; but, mainly owing to the ecclesiastical reforms, it fell to 4,500*l.* in the time of Elizabeth. With the prosperity of the country the value of the Duchy manors of course increased; but a system of anticipating the income by selling grants and levying fines interfered with the natural growth of the rent-roll.

The last instances of this practice are not of a very remote date. From 1783 to 1830, when the late Prince of Wales (George the Fourth) was in possession of the Duchy, the fines taken upon the renewal of leases amounted to about 370,000*l.*; and from 1830 to 1837, when William the Fourth was in possession of the Duchy, these fines amounted to 171,343*l.* These amounts passed to the privy purse of the Duke of Cornwall, or of the Sovereign, and tended materially to diminish the income derivable from the property.

Soon after Her Majesty's accession, a Royal Commission was issued to inquire into the management of the Duchy. It was then clearly shown that, under the old system, valuable customs had been abandoned, courts had been lost, fees and heriots had not been duly received, boundaries had become matters of doubt, and many adverse claims had been permitted to grow unchecked.

At that time the ministerial officers of the Duchy, with the exception of the Lord Warden, derived a considerable portion of their emoluments from fees; and it appeared that the annual rental of the estates was only 6,211*l.*, with a prospective increase of 6,012*l.* secured by leases which had been then granted, making the prospective annual rental 12,223*l.*; which with the system of fines would give a gross annual income of about 40,000*l.* It was, however, found that the expenditure from 1823 to 1829 averaged 10,265*l.* a year, and for the next six years 14,884*l.*, being for the former period about 30 per cent. on the gross income, and for the latter more than 35 per cent.; and this was exclusive of the fees (amounting to nearly 10,000*l.*) received by the officers of the establishment. Having satisfied themselves that such a system of management was not adapted for maintaining an efficient control over the receipts and expenditure, or for promoting the general improvement of the estates, the Commissioners recommended certain alterations in the appointment and functions of the officers of the Duchy: the nomination of local agents, who would permanently reside upon and superintend the management of the property, and would collect the revenues arising within their respective districts; the discontinuance of grants for lives, or otherwise than for terms of years certain; the granting of leases for terms certain upon the surrender of existing grants for lives, with an adequate allowance for the value of the existing interests; the abandonment of the previous practice of taking fines upon the granting of leases, except to a very limited extent; and the immediate abolition of all fees and perquisites received by officers of the Duchy.

The duty of carrying these recommendations into effect devolved upon the Prince of Wales's Council, who, with the aid and assistance of the Commissioners of Woods, administered the affairs of the Duchy. The late Prince Consort presided over the Council, and for twenty years they continued to enjoy the advantage of his superintendence of the varied business which came before them. In a recent report to the Queen, the Council record their sense of the loss which they sustained by his death. To his clear judgment and quick perception of what was right, his singular discretion, his remarkable aptitude for the conduct of affairs, they never looked in vain for guidance and advice on any occasion of difficulty. The soundness of his opinions in all their deliberations was rendered more apparent by the toleration with which he was ready to defer to those of others. He never lost sight of the improvement of the condition of the tenant and the labourer, whilst anxiously seeking to restore the property of the Duchy to a state of prosperity; and to him, the Council assert, is mainly due the fact that the Prince of Wales now enters into the possession of an estate greatly increased in value, and free from nearly all the disputes with neighbouring proprietors which at one time prevailed.

In addition to the original powers of the Council, the Legislature authorized, from time to time, the alienation of lands forming part of the possessions of the Duchy, and the investment of the money arising therefrom in the purchase of other lands, to be annexed to the Duchy, in the same manner as the original possessions. Free grants were also

authorized to a limited extent for ecclesiastical and educational purposes.

Under these Acts, the Council sanctioned sales and enfranchisements of portions of the Duchy possessions, which have realized in the whole a sum of about 300,000*l.*, of which upwards of 40,000*l.* has arisen from sales made to railway and other public companies, including 28,000*l.* for the lord's interest in copyhold property within the Manor of Kennington sold to the London and South-western and the Charing Cross Railway Companies. Other enfranchisements of copyhold property, effected by the copyholders themselves, have produced 26,038*l.*, in addition to the 28,000*l.*, making a total of 54,038*l.* within this manor alone.

The most important sale which the Council have sanctioned is that of the Berkhamstead Estate, the sole possession of the Duchy in the county of Hertford. The possession of this estate was of great importance to the family of Earl Brownlow, as connected with their estate at Ashridge, which it adjoins, so much so as to induce them to pay for its acquisition 144,540*l.*, a sum exceeding what was considered to be the value of the estate to an ordinary purchaser. Under these circumstances, the Council considered it advisable, in 1861, to sanction the alienation of the property, reserving, however, to the Duchy the advowsons of the two churches of St. Mary and St. Peter, which were attached to this estate, and also the site, containing about 13 acres, of the ancient castle of Berkhamstead, which is now in ruins. The purchase-money has since been re-invested in the purchase of estates in the counties of Somerset, Wilts, Dorset and Cornwall, which in each case adjoin the property of the Duchy, and afford an improved revenue.

Another sale of importance was effected in the year 1857, being of a moiety of an extensive common belonging to the Manor of Treverbyn, in Cornwall, the other moiety being held by the representatives of the late Mr. Trevanion. The difficulty of dealing with the property, owing to the divided tenure, was so great that the proprietors of the other moiety offered either to sell their own or to purchase the Duchy share in order to get rid of the objectionable tenure; and under the circumstances it was thought advisable to accept the latter offer, and the sale was effected for the sum of 18,000*l.*

All the other sales which have been made were of outlying and detached portions of the Duchy property which were inconveniently situated for management.

A few purchases have also been made from time to time, chiefly of lands intermixed with the Duchy estates. The general result of the new system is very satisfactory. In the year ending at Michaelmas, 1838, being the first account for an entire year after the Queen's accession, the gross revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall was 24,886*l.*, no part of which arose from fines on renewals, which had then been abolished. The expenditure during this period was for the expenses of management 11,111*l.*, and for other outgoings 2,238*l.*, making together 13,349*l.*, leaving a clear revenue of 11,536*l.*

The revenue has since steadily increased, although (except in the case of leases of house property within the Manor of Kennington) the income formerly derived from fines on renewals on lease has been entirely abandoned. The gross revenue for the year ending on the 31st December, 1861, was 60,735*l.*; the expenditure during this period being for the expense of management, 6,865*l.*, and for other outgoings 7,254*l.*, making together 14,119*l.*, leaving a clear revenue of 46,616*l.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Mr. Carlyle has completed the fourth; and half of the fifth and concluding volume of the 'History of Frederick the Great.' He dwells with less amplitude upon the latter part of his hero's career than he did upon its commencement.

The Life of Blake, the visionary painter, left nearly complete by the late Mr. A. Gilchrist, and carried on by his widow, will soon be published. The industry of the editor and his assistants has discovered a great deal of matter not before known relating to the extraordinary man in

question. A considerable number of illustrations accompany the work, showing the several styles of thought and execution Blake evinced. His singularly characteristic diary and many letters will be included in the book; also a complete catalogue of his pictures, drawings and engravings.

Mr. Richard Williams, of Welshpool, has translated Bacon's 'Essays' into Welsh. This is the first time, we believe, that these 'Essays' (or perhaps any other of Lord Bacon's writings) have appeared in the idiom of the Principality; and we are glad to see them make a first appearance in a form so handy and in a style so able. Mr. Williams is an earnest student of the works with which he deals; and he has prefixed to his translation a short memoir of the philosopher, in which, we need scarcely add, he adopts that noble theory of Bacon's life which was the creed of Raleigh, Herbert, Jonson and Falkland, and which has become once more the conviction of living men.

A translation of M. Pietrowski's 'Escape from Siberia,' written by himself, is about to appear, under the express sanction of the author, from the press of Messrs. Routledge & Co.

Although it may seem a little like counting our chickens before they are hatched, let us enter an early protest against the new Thames Way being cumbrously called Thames Embankment Street, as is threatened; still less, Metropolitan-Board-of-Works Thoroughfare, or Thwaites's Road. Let us hope the authorities will be less exuberant than usual, and refrain from giving us another Victoria or Albert Road, unless accompanied by vigorous suppression of all "Victoria" or "Albert Roads" which parochialism has as yet inflicted upon us. There are fourteen Victoria Roads already in London, besides twenty docks, terraces, squares, rows and what not. One is bewildered by the number of railway stations, bridges, barracks, &c. at home, and colonies abroad, that flaunt this name. We have at present three, if not four, colonies called Victoria; about half-a-dozen metropolitan cities; to say nothing of bishoprics, and patents for every conceivable article, mostly shams, that can be patented, under that designation. The Prince Consort's name is already connected with nearly forty Metropolitan localities. Thames Way or Thames Bank is the proper English name for the street.

The opening of the New Charing Cross Railway Station will bring an enormous accumulation of traffic to that end of the Strand: a large portion of this must come from the west and north-west, the ordinary access being by way of the Haymarket or by Waterloo Place. Both of these roads are objectionable, as having steep gradients and being at right angles to the lines of the Strand and Piccadilly, so that the traffic must proceed along two sides of a square. For a long time past the formation of a new street, by widening Hemming's Row and extending it into Leicester Square, has been talked of. This would afford a shorter route and gentler incline. Now is the time to do it.

We have only to give the following as we receive it:—

"10, King William Street, Feb. 24, 1863.

"The letter of Lascelles Wraxall in your journal of the 14th inst. escaped my notice until too late for a reply in the ensuing number. I beg to state that the sub-title of 'Married in Haaste' was supplied by the author with the first volume in June 1860; and his forgetfulness of this fact is one of the consequences of the long delay which took place in the completion of the novel.

THE PUBLISHER."

A company has been formed in the State of New Jersey to promote the cultivation of the *Hibiscus Moscheutos*—the swamp hibiscus, a plant of the mallow species, which grows wild in great abundance in New Jersey and the adjoining States. The plant is a perennial, sending up fibrous stalks year after year, in greater number after the first cutting. The quantity of fibre obtained from an acre of hibiscus is three tons and a half, valued by the paper-makers of America at 100 dollars the ton; and it is described as suitable for ropes, for various textile fabrics as well as paper. The company are sanguine in their expectations, because there are

large swampy tracts in the states, at present lying waste, which with one sowing will become valuable plantations of paper-making material. A variety of the plant—*Hibiscus tiliaceus*—is used by the natives of Tahiti in the manufacture of a fine kind of matting, fishing-nets, cordage and thread.

The other day we stated that M. Dumas had written a tragedy, in five acts, in five days for Madame Ristori, and was engaged in writing two other tragedies for the distinguished artist, to be brought out in England. The arrangements are, however, now broken. M. Dumas's pen is suspended, and the Cleopatra and the Maria Antonietta are to slumber in his brain. The Prologue and the plan of the latter had been completed and read to Madame Ristori, who expressed her satisfaction with them; but some serious differences have arisen between the author and the actress, and hence the interruption. It appears that the 'Notte di Firenze,' the production of five days, was brought out at the Fondo, in Naples, on the 13th inst. without the intervention of Madame Ristori, though written at her request; and notwithstanding the success which attended its performance, the 'Administration' of the company has shown no eagerness to bring it out a second time.

The members of the Chemical Society, adjourned from their own quarters to the meeting room of the Royal Society on Thursday (19th inst.), to hear Mr. Crookes's paper on Thallium; a paper which, at the close, was pronounced by the leading chemists present to be one of the most important contributions to chemical science that has of late appeared. Since his discovery of the metal, Mr. Crookes has been engaged in further researches and experiments into its properties, and the sources from which it is derived. In the latter quest he applied to manufacturers of oil of vitriol for specimens of the pyrites burnt by them in the process, and of the deposit left in their leaden chambers; and we are glad to record the fact that the much-desired specimens were sent to him from nearly thirty manufactories. He tested also the various minerals collected in the International Exhibition, to verify his former opinion that "thallium is a very widely distributed element," and found ample confirmation. Thallium exists not only in iron pyrites, but also in native sulphur, zinc, cadmium, bismuth, mercury and antimony ores, as well as in their manufactured products. As yet Mr. Crookes has failed to detect the "law" of the distribution of this remarkable element; but he has ascertained that it is confined to no particular country, though by no means uniformly distributed in mineral veins from the same locality. Owing to the delicacy of the test employed—the spectroscope—thallium can be detected if present in the proportion only of 1 in 100,000. In his statement of the physical characteristics of thallium, Mr. Crookes shows that it has a distinct colour of its own—has no perceptible taste when bright, but is pungent and biting after long exposure to the air—that it is the softest of known metals, and marks paper as easily as lead, with a streak which changes from blue to yellow—can be compressed in a mould or die, and formed into wire by pressure—that it volatilizes easily, and is a pretty good conductor of heat and electricity—that it is strongly diamagnetic, and readily alloys with other metals. These are but a few of the principal facts brought out during the reading of the paper, which elicited approval, as much for the variety and ingenuity of the experiments by which they had been demonstrated, as for the clearness with which they were described. The paper is to be regarded as an instalment of a subject which has yet to be worked out by laborious research. It cannot be in better hands than those of Mr. Crookes; and considering the attempts that have been made on the other side of the Channel to deprive him of the merit of his discovery, we notice with pleasure that a sum from the Government grant administered by the Royal Society has been allotted to him in aid of the further work which he hopes to accomplish.

The Army Estimates were issued on Thursday in last week. Though they show a net decrease of

about one million, there is an increase—as in the Navy Estimates—in the surveying and topographical departments. This year the House of Commons will be asked to vote 67,000*l.* towards the Military Surveys of the United Kingdom, being 10,000*l.* more than the vote of last year. In addition to this, about 8,000*l.* will be required for engraving some of the results of the Geological Survey, and publishing the maps prepared in the department. A portion of this sum will be covered by the sale of maps, the proceeds of which for the year ended 30th September, 1862, amounting to 5,185*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*, was paid over to the Exchequer as an extra receipt. The value of the maps supplied to public departments for the same period is estimated at 2,024*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* We should like to see a more detailed account of the expenses and receipts of this publishing department of the Army. As a general rule, private enterprise in such matters is cheaper and more satisfactory to the public than Government work.

The 'Homerton College Atlas,' edited by W. J. Unwin, and published by Messrs. Longman & Co., represents the world under its three aspects, hydrographical, physical and political, in a series of twenty-seven maps. Three of these maps are devoted to the world in hemispheres, three to Europe, eight to the British Islands, three to Asia, three to Africa, six to America and one to Palestine. It contains no separate map of France, Italy, or any country not already mentioned: its space being wholly devoted to the three grand divisions. The maps are pretty well drawn and printed, and as an elementary school-book the 'Homerton College Atlas' has considerable merit.

The works at Clifton for the adaptation of the chains of Hungerford Suspension Bridge to crossing the Avon have been commenced. The old footway which once hung from them has been removed, and they are being unlinked, the traffic being carried on by the temporary wooden path that occupies the line of the intended permanent balcony by the side of the now rapidly advancing railway bridge. In speaking of the last-named work a few weeks since, we lamented that a legitimately decorative appearance had not been obtained by the expansion into capitals of the granite blocks forming the summits of the bearing cylinders. Merely ornamental castings of iron, by way of masks for the rectangular junctions of the roadway and cylinders, are to be used. This is a singular instance of neglect to use constructional ornament, and the introduction of a sham in its place. What dignity the bridge will have will arise from its structural fitness to function, of course including its material bulk and height. What beauty it will have will come from its structural lattice-work enriching its appearance by variety of lines when seen in proportion; and last, not least, the breaking of its stark sides by the balconies or footways on each face.

Pending the completion of the great Mont Cenis Tunnel, which will not be finished in less than seven years, a plan has been laid before the Italian Government for constructing a railway over the mountain. It is proposed to lay the rails on the present carriage-road, using in some places, however, the old road, which is less steep, but which was abandoned on account of its exposure to avalanches. These can be guarded against by efficient roofs, and the gradients could be overcome without any difficulty by powerful engines. Indeed, the success of the railway over the Alleghanies demonstrates the practicability of the undertaking. The English company who have projected this work are willing to lay down an experimental railway at their own expense.

A new scientific periodical has appeared in Paris, which is to give a weekly summary of scientific facts from all parts of the world, a report of the meetings of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and articles on special subjects. It is entitled *Les Mondes*, and resembles in its general plan the weekly *Cosmos*, well known to scientific students, whose late editor, the Abbé Moigno, appears to have transferred his name and services to the new journal.

Some time ago, the little church of Sta. Maria,

at Rome, situated near the Forum of Trajan, was pulled down, because it obstructed the street. While digging for the foundation of a house to be built there, two antique fragments of architecture have been found;—the one a beautifully-worked piece of cornice, and the other a more than life-sized torso of a barbarian, which in its style reminds one of the statues on the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. This discovery seems to confirm an assertion, frequently made by modern topographers, viz., that the triumphal arch erected to Trajan on his Forum must have been situated between the Forum and the Basilica Ulpia. A passage in the Memoirs of Flamininus Vacca gives strength to this assertion: "I remember," says this sculptor, "that one has discovered near the Spolia Christi (which was the name at its time of the Church Sta. Maria) remnants of a triumphal arch and several historical fragments of sculpture, which have been deposited at Prosper Boccapadulle, the Maestro di Strade. Among them was a Trajan on horseback, crossing a river; also the statues of prisoners, very like those on the Arch of Constantine." Most of the sculptures, at least the best, which we now see on the Arch of Constantine, were taken from the Arch of Trajan.

"In a short time," writes a friend from Naples, "it is probable excavations will be recommenced in Herculaneum, where, as you are aware, the most precious works of Art were discovered. An application has been made by the Directory to the Government for the purchase of a large piece of ground under which lies buried the Forum. Such a project existed under the Bourbons, but for various reasons was never carried out. To Victor Emmanuel remains the honour of bringing to light what has been too long hidden. At Pompeii the excavations are carried on with great spirit; and as they are now being made on what is called a rich spot, we may hope for some interesting 'finds.' But why is that odious tax of two francs a head for visitors persisted in?"

The 21st of March, 1863, is the centenary of Jean Paul Richter's birth, and his son-in-law, Dr. Ernest Förster, takes advantage of the expected jubilee to issue three volumes of letters, miscellanies, annotations, &c. from the manuscript remains in his possession. The first volume, already published, contains letters to three of Jean Paul's friends; the second volume is to show the poet in his relations to the other sex; and the third, to introduce us into the author's study, and give us extracts from his note-books. The most interesting letters in the first volume are addressed to Emanuel Osmund, a Jew, living in Bayreuth, to whom Jean Paul was sincerely attached, and in whom some have discovered a family likeness, or a likeness of race, to Lessing's Nathan the Wise. Emanuel was both corporally and spiritually allied to Jean Paul:—corporally, inasmuch as he provided him, during his residence in Thuringia, with beer from Bayreuth, which seems to have been a necessity of the poet's existence, and afterwards took money matters and business matters off his shoulders;—spiritually, as he taught him the sacredness of all prayer—taught him that all men have the same heart and the same God, and that before the Eternal Spirit our little differences are only points of resemblance. "The noble soul," says Emanuel, in one of his letters, "rises above religious ceremonies as well as over civil, and mounts to the pure, free heaven." Jean Paul, in return, gives details of his works, and invites sympathy; says he almost died with ecstasy in creating the best parts of 'Hesperus,' and asks not for his friend's judgment on 'Titan,' but for his feeling, as that alone can appreciate the soul in a work of Art. Some of his opinions are characteristic. He says the greatest enjoyment is a quiet command of oneself, and expects the greatest effects from the action of public life on man: "to make a man good, he needs a life-long education—that is a STATE."

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WUZ shortly close.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Open from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling. JOSEPH JENKINS, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Sec.

WINTER EXHIBITION, 150, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by living British Artists, is NOW OPEN, daily, from 9.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ART EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the LANCASHIRE DISTRESS, 6, Suffolk Street, will close this day.—Open from 10 A.M. until dusk.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. F. W. DICKEY, A. L. CHETWODE, } Hon. Secs.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE.—THE CRUCIFIXION.—This grand Painting, by H. C. SELOUS, Esq., NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. J. & R. Jennings's Gallery, 63, Cheapside.—Ten till Five.—Admission, 6d.

The Celebrated Picture of 'THE RAILWAY STATION,' by W. P. FRITH, Esq., R.A., will be ON VIEW to the Public, at the FINE ART GALLERY, 11, Haymarket, on the 9th of March, from Ten to Five. Three doors above the Haymarket Theatre.—Admission, 1s. A Descriptive Pamphlet of the above Picture, by Tom Taylor, Esq., M.A., 6d. unbound, 1s. bound, may be had at the Gallery.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT SCIENTIFIC and ARTISTIC.—SAMUEL HIGHLEY, F.G.S., F.C.S., &c., will exhibit every Evening, at Eight o'clock precisely, his beautiful series of MAGNIFIED and ILLUMINATED PHOTOGRAPHS which were shown with great effect before the Society of Arts and the London Photographic Society in January. Programmes on Application to the Secretary by post (two stamps).—Seats reserved, 3s., 2s., and 1s. Burlington Gallery, 191, Piccadilly, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 19.—Dr. W. A. Miller, Treasurer and V.P., in the chair.—The Archbishop of York and the Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie were elected Fellows of the Society.—The following paper was read: 'On Thallium,' by W. Crookes.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 23.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Major F. J. Rickard, A. Anderson, J. P. Brown, A. B. Cator, J. L. Ellerton, R. Gillies, R. Hamilton, L. Holland, J. H. Kerr, R.N., J. E. McConnell, F. Pearson, J. Ritchie, G. M. Robinson, W. A. Ross, H. D. Skrine and J. Thomson, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—'Rupert Land: the Colony and its Limits,' by Capt. M. H. Syngé.—'On the Discharge of Water from the Interior of Greenland, through Springs underneath the Ice,' by Dr. H. Rink.

GEOLOGICAL.—Feb. 18.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—J. R. Capron, Esq., J. Haast, M.D., Hood Hood, Esq., J. Randall, Esq. and S. Wright, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The following communication was read:—'On the Middle and Upper Lias of the Dorsetshire Coast,' by E. C. H. Day, Esq.

Feb. 20.—Annual General Meeting.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—The Secretary read the Reports of the Council, of the Museum and Library Committee, and of the Auditors. The financial position and the increase in the numbers of the Society were stated to be highly satisfactory. The Reports were adopted, and ordered to be printed.—The President announced the award of the Wollaston Gold Medal to Prof. Gustav Bischof, of Bonn, and of the balance of the Wollaston Donation Fund to Prof. Ferdinand Senft, of Eisenach.—The President afterwards read his Anniversary Address.—The ballot for the Council and Officers was taken, and the following were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Prof. A. C. Ramsay; Vice-Presidents, Sir P. De M. G. Egerton, Bart., M.P., Sir C. Lyell, Godwin-Austen and L. Horner; Secretaries, W. J. Hamilton and W. W. Smyth; Foreign Secretary, H. Falconer, M.D.; Treasurer, J. Prestwich; Council, J. J. Bigsby, M.D., G. Busk, R. Chambers, Sir P. De M. G. Egerton, Bart., M.P., J. Evans, Rev. R. Everest, H. Falconer, M.D., R. A. C. Godwin-Austen, W. J. Hamilton, L. Horner, Prof. T. H. Huxley, Sir C. Lyell, R. Mallet, E. Meryon, M.D., J. C. Moore, Prof. J. Morris, R. W. Mylne, J. Prestwich, Prof. A. C. Ramsay, W. W. Smyth, A. Tylor, Rev. T. Wiltshire and S. P. Woodward.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 19.—O. Morgan, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—J. Y. Akerman, Esq. exhibited an impression of a brass seal.—J. M. Nichols, Esq. exhibited some quaintly-carved figures, which were stated by the Chairman to be Japanese buttons.—S. Birch, Esq. communicated a

paper illustrative of some later Egyptian inscriptions, referring to the mythology and history of the country at the close of the period of the monarchy.

NUMISMATIC.—Feb. 19.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—G. Eades and C. H. Wyntham, Esqs. were elected members of the Society.—Mr. J. S. Virtue exhibited a specimen of a dollar-note current among the Federals, being a legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt, and is receivable in payment of all loans made to the United States. The engraving on the back and front is beautifully executed.—Mr. Geo. Virtue exhibited a Hungarian dollar and a Sardinian note for a pound, the latter having the signatures of Mazzini, Giglioli, and Gallenza.—Mr. George Virtue also exhibited two silver Japanese coins.—Mr. Venables exhibited some small brass Roman coins of Constantine, Gratian, &c., found at Wookey Hole, Somersetshire.—Mr. Gordon exhibited an impression of a scatta.—Mr. Madden read a paper, communicated by A. W. Franks, Esq., 'On some Tokens of the Seventeenth Century presented to the British Museum by C. Roach Smith, Esq.'—Mr. Madden read a paper, communicated by A. W. Franks, Esq., 'On a Silver Coin of Antedricus, found in a barrow in Somersetshire with a few Roman coins.'

STATISTICAL.—Feb. 17.—W. Newmarch, Esq. in the chair.—W. F. Fergusson, W. H. Ransford and R. Williamson, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—The Rev. J. E. T. Rogers read a paper 'On the Rationale and Working of the Patent Laws.'

ZOOLOGICAL.—Feb. 24.—E. W. H. Holdsworth, Esq. in the chair.—A communication was read from Mr. R. F. Tomes, describing a new species of bat of the American family Phyllostomatidae, for which he proposed the new generic and specific names *Lonchorhina aurita*.—Mr. Frank Buckland gave some account of the progress of his experiments in hatching and rearing salmon and trout by artificial means in the tanks in the Society's Gardens and elsewhere, and made some remarks on monstrosities observed in the embryo fishes.—Mr. A. Newton exhibited and pointed out the characters of a new bird from Madagascar belonging to the family Cettiidae, for which he proposed the name *Hyperperes coralivestris*.—Dr. P. L. Sclater exhibited a skin of the pheasant named *Diardigallus prelatius* by Bonaparte, which had been transmitted to him by Sir R. Schomburgk from Siam.—Dr. J. E. Gray exhibited a specimen of a singular variety of the domestic fowl, in which the head and foot somewhat resembled those of a parrot.—A letter was read from Miss M. E. Smee, containing remarks on the artificial formation of the tubes of the larvæ of Phryganæ.—Mr. Bartlett exhibited a living hornbill from the Society's Menagerie, stated to be from Madagascar.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 24.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair. 'American Timber Bridges,' by Mr. J. R. Mosse.—'On the Reconstruction of the Dinting and the Mottram Viaducts,' by Mr. W. Fairbairn.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Jan. 23.—Sir H. Holland Bart., V.P., in the chair.—'On Radiation through the Earth's Atmosphere,' by Prof. J. Tyndall.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 18.—J. B. Smith, Esq., M.P., in the chair.—The paper read was, 'On the Best Means for Promoting the Growth and Improving the Quality of Cotton in India,' by Mr. A. N. Shaw.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Feb. 23.—C. Jellicoe, Esq., President, in the chair.—Col. J. T. Smith and W. P. Clirehugh, Esq. were elected Fellows; and Messrs. J. Curror and W. White were elected Associates. Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse read the first part of a paper 'On Interpolation and the Adjustment of Numerical Tables.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Asiatic, 3.
- Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly Meeting.
- Entomological, 7.
- Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture, Prof. Westmacott.

has seen fit to associate with the former subject, though separated by the distance of several years in history. Perhaps he considers the latter event the natural sequel of the former. At any rate, he is careful to inform the audience that he is no friend to the Dutchman, and shows a decided leaning to the cause of James. Nevertheless, it is evident that it was not for the sake of the subject, but the title only, that the former was selected; in order that he might unite to it "the Gathering of the Clans," which furnishes a magnificent scene for the close of the second act. As a vehicle for opportunities of this sort the piece is to be regarded;—and in this respect, unlike 'The Peep o' Day,' it has been constructed with no other view. The story, therefore, is quite subordinate to the scenic situations, and, as may be imagined, is not very interesting. The opening, however, promised well; and the first act awakened some sympathy for the fate of the hero, who is throughout it exposed to considerable peril, from which we are glad when he is delivered. The author calls it "an episode in Dundee's journey from Edinburgh to Lochaber." The scene presents a roadside pass and the cottage of *Alec Campbell* in Perthshire. In this character Mr. J. Graham had an opportunity of manifesting his Highland blood, and his fidelity to the Campbells. This man and his wife *Janet* (Mrs. Edmund Falconer) are sorely tempted by a party of Covenanters to assist in waylaying *Dundee* as a man of Belial whom it is lawful to slay in any manner; but to the preachings of the fanatic zealots they oppose the moral convictions of their own hearts, and the debate thus maintained gives time for consideration. *Helen Lochiel* (Mrs. D. P. Bowers) is a refugee with this worthy couple, having left her father to avoid a hateful marriage, and has also to be defended from the suspicions of the Covenanters. Ultimately, however, they confide in her too much, and leave their powder-bags in her custody while they go out in search of a place of ambush. Soon after, *Dundee* appears, and is warned by Helen of his danger. Escape at last becomes impossible, when Helen recollects the powder-bags, and, bringing a lighted brand, threatens to cause an explosion unless their owners yield to her entreaties. There is good melo-dramatic situation in all this, and the scenery, painted by Mr. T. Grieve, was admirably set. In the second act, there is but little writing. *Claverhouse* is well received by the Highlanders, and Helen again appears, having wandered beyond the borders of Argyleshire, and is about to be made captive, when *Alaster M'Donald* (Mr. Henry Lorraine), who has followed her, incurs suspicion as a spy, and is brought into personal collision with *M'Ian*, when the witch-wife *Elspat* (Miss Hudson) interferes, and informs the latter that Alaster is really the son of his long-lost brother, but adopted from motives of policy by the Campbells. These feuds among the leaders of the clans give a rough notion of the manners of the times, and are rather skilfully thrown into the picture. The last scene of the act, we have said, presents the gathering of the clans. The scene is painted by Mr. T. Grieve, and exhibits the heath and surrounding hills, with the ascent of the mists after sunrise. National games of various sorts are then gone through, until at length the pibrochs sound. These announce the approach of the clans, which, in their appropriate costumes, descend the heights, and "swell the Grand Gathering of the Gael at Lochaber." Here *Dundee* addresses the picturesque multitude, and the royal standard is unfurled. Mr. Haigh, too, in the character of *Allan*, sings a ballad, with the Highland chorus, "Up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee," and the curtain descends upon a feudal demonstration;—equal clamour taking place both before and behind the footlights, for the audience was excited to as much applause as the supernumeraries on the stage itself, who amounted to several hundreds. Three years are supposed to elapse; and Alaster and Helen, now married, are resident in Glencoe. *Glenlyon* (Mr. H. Sinclair) has received his orders for the massacre, but desires to save the faithful couple and their child. Helen takes her measures well, and secures the presence of her husband at the Glen of Weeping. This scene is deliciously painted by Mr.

W. Telbin and his son, and represents a set snow-scene by moonlight. Here we find Alaster M'Donald and his wife, who have to defend themselves on a narrow pass against Glenlyon's soldiers, but they are delivered by the timely arrival of the Cameronians of Lochiel. Other fugitives are now seen climbing the rocky stair, and a superb *tableau* is obtained. Some defects in the groupings excited remark in the pit, and the curtain finally descended accordingly to a mixed demonstration. The dramatic portion, unfortunately, gives little scope for acting to the principal performers; but the accessories are so abundant and beautiful, that the piece, notwithstanding its obvious shortcomings, will very possibly prove attractive.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP. — "What music are we to have for the wedding?" is the question now in every one's mouth. Will there be a new Bridal Anthem for St. George's Chapel? Some years ago the English Hymn for the Prince of Wales, to Haydn's "God preserve the Emperor," was published in Mr. Hullah's Part Music. That may possibly come into church and chapel use—on the occasion. As secular demonstrations, some are already before us:—A simple Welsh carol, 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' composed by Mr. Brinley Richards (Cocks & Co.), to words by Mr. G. Linley, for the singing of which our contemporaries have stated that Mr. Sims Reeves has been presented with 100*l.* by the publishers (a somewhat costly precedent). There is also a gay *Alexandra Polka*, by Carl Faust (same publishers), one of the many tributes to come. We hear of a *Wedding Cantata*, in preparation by Mr. Macfarren,—of an Air and Chorus by Miss Gabriel.—There are, of course, to be festivities at the Crystal Palace, and among the musical ones a composition by the excellent conductor, Mr. Manns, and a grand Procession March, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, which, we venture to assert, will prove not unworthy of the occasion, the place, or the composer. There is to be, also, a torch procession.

The Musical Society of London held its trial of new orchestral compositions on Wednesday last. The list contained Symphonies by Messrs. E. Perry and Silas,—Overtures by Herren Schlässer, Schröder and Oberthür,—and a Violin Concerto by Mr. E. W. Thomas.—At the next concert, we understand that Schumann's music to 'Manfred' will be produced. Be it good, be it bad, we are grateful for an opportunity of coming to some acquaintance with it.

Attention having already been called to the cheap re-issues of Bishop's Glees, in course of publication by Messrs. Boosey & Sons, and Novello, there is no need minutely to return to the subject when noticing the neat and legible edition by the latter house,—beyond saying that with all the faults which they include, both of omission and commission, the body of music made up by them will outlast any subsequent contribution to our stage. Bishop's convivial glees, again, though not exempt from a broad dash of vulgarity here and there, have a manly frankness in them not too frequently attained in these days, when modern German influence has done its part in changing, we may say spoiling, the character of national melody.

A Correspondent from Prussia announces that Middle Lucca, whose favour at Berlin is great, has been engaged by Mr. Gye for the coming season. Unless the lady has re-made herself since September last, when her singing in M. Meyerbeer's 'Camp de Silesie' was mentioned in the *Athenæum*, we cannot think this a wise engagement.

Mr. Dickens, whose readings for charity in Paris have excited the greatest possible enthusiasm there, is going to resume these entertainments, which may be called monodrames, at the Hanover Square Rooms, in March and April.

Herr Brambach, a new German composer, is named in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* as having produced a first Symphony at Bonn, with great success.—The same journal reviews at some length a new Pianoforte Concerto, by Herr Reinecke, which appears to be an important work, though the themes cited are not of the freshest.—A new opera, by M. le Comte de Reiset, French

Ambassador at Darmstadt, who writes under the pseudonyme of M. Jesper, has been played there. The title of it is 'The Miller of Marlinac.'

M. von Flotow's sickly 'Stradella' has been at last produced at the Italian Opera of Paris, the *Gazette Musicale* assures the world, with the utmost success. The singers were Mdlle. Battu, M. Naudin, Signori Zaccolini and Delle Sedie,—no very strong cast; and the music, which (for France) is the property of the proprietors of the *Gazette Musicale*, is the weakest of the weak.—M. Calzadò has quitted the management of the Italian Opera. His successor is not yet named.—The *Observer* of Sunday last stated that the treaty between Mr. Mapleson and the "powers that be," as to the occupation of the Neapolitan theatres, though pending, is not yet definitely concluded, as had been announced.

'Les Bavardes,' a two-act operetta, with music by M. Offenbach, has just been successfully produced at Les Bouffes-Parisiens in Paris, with Madame Ugalde as the hero.

The frequenters of the Conservatoire Concerts at Paris, which are now running their course, have been astounded by the directors having had the hardihood to adventure such a novelty as a chorus of nymphs from the 'Psyche' of M. Ambroise Thomas, a comic opera produced not many years ago. The chorus pleased so much that it was found good to repeat it at a second concert. Strange to say, the Society (which has been of late the most conservative of conservatives) has not perished of its temerity.

The newest "sensation" made in the Parisian theatres has been the production, at the *Odéon*, of 'Macbeth,' translated by M. Jules Lacroix. The hero is played by M. Taillade,—the *Lady* by Madame Karoly. The appearance of a young actor, M. Courdier, as *Banquo*, in the banquet scene, is universally dwelt on as something more than ordinarily fearful, even for France, where they "order these things" better than in England.—Our Naples Correspondent tells us Madame Ristori is electrifying Neapolitan audiences in her version of the same tragedy.

By way of keeping alive in the public mind attention to a matter which neither managers nor playgoers should lose sight of, it may be announced that only a few days since, after the imprisonment and suspense of many months, has Mdlle. Emma Livry, whose injuries by fire are not forgotten, was permitted to leave her bed. These terrible and frequent disasters claim a notice which they have not yet received.

The Teatro Aliberto at Rome, lately rebuilt by Prince Torlonia, was, on the last day of the Carnival, destroyed by fire.

The following is from a Correspondent:—"As there has been talk in your columns about the original idea of 'The Merry Widow,' and reference made to Madame de Girardin's admirable 'La Joie fait Peur,'—a writer having perhaps fewer readers than the Italian priest had hearers whom he addressed as 'Pochissimi Signori,' may be allowed to raise his voice and say, that a tale entitled 'Kate's December,' published in 1850 in 'The Lady's Companion,' is nearer to the new play than Madame de Girardin's story turned backwards. There was the blind mother, and the daughter who hid the bad news, and went to balls, in order to spare suspense to her family. The hero of my tale, though, was a brother, not a husband. I may add, that the tale would never have been written, had not such an instance of real heroism occurred within the circle of my own friendships. All the persons, however, were already gone, or far away in 1850, whom allusions then, or disclosures now, could annoy, had their names been told. PAUL BELL."

MISCELLANEA

Sisterhoods in the Church of England.—As you have admitted the letter of a Roman Catholic Correspondent on the subject of Miss Goodman's book, you will not refuse the opportunity of saying a word to one of your readers who belongs to the English Church. First, as to the facts. The principal Sisterhoods in the Church of England are

not, as your reviewer has been led to suppose, "irresponsible to any authority, save the absolute will or whim of the Lady Superior." The Devonport House may be so; the house at Clewer (to take the first name on your reviewer's list) certainly is not. If Miss Sellon departs from the general practice, she only uses, or abuses, that liberty which the non-paternal character of our institutions in Church and State permits. In France they regulate houses of all sorts, the worst as well as the best: we leave both alone, and must be content with certain extravagances as the result of our freedom. I have reason, however, to believe that Miss Sellon stands alone both in the severity and in the "irresponsibility" of her system.—Secondly, as to *principles*. Your reviewer intimates that religious houses are all very well for "Catholics," but not for us. If this were so, all good persons, women especially, who feel themselves called upon to live out of the world, and to spend their time in ministering to the sick and poor and ignorant, would seek the opportunity in the Church of Rome. In short, it would be a confession that the Church of England is incapable of some of the principal offices for which a Christian society exists. *Hoc Ithacus velit*; such an admission would give Rome as forcible an argument as she could wish to urge. There are many of your readers, I think, who would deny her exclusive claim to the patronage of pious and charitable works not less strenuously than

J. F. M.

Cardinal Mezzofanti.—Without questioning or doubting the acquirements of Cardinal Mezzofanti in Chinese, I cannot help thinking that the second-hand story communicated to you by Mr. Edmund Waterton is a pure myth, for the following reasons:—1. It seems highly improbable that Cardinal Mezzofanti would "put" the Bishop of Victoria "through all the dialects," in order to discover what dialect the Bishop was speaking. As there are some tens, if not scores, of dialects in Chinese, it assumes an incredible power in the Cardinal; and it would be like talking to a stranger in every possible dialect, to find out in what particular dialect he was addressing you. It argues ignorance, and not knowledge, and is simply absurd.—2. Assuming the Cardinal to have meant the *Canton* dialect, or the *Häk-kä* dialect, when he spoke of the "dialect of the sea-coast," I am perfectly certain that the Bishop of Victoria did not speak either of these when he arrived in Hong Kong in 1850; for I was then employed by him to speak the *Canton* dialect on occasions when he would undoubtedly have spoken it himself, had he been able to do so. And Bishop Smith did not then speak Mandarin to any extent, though this dialect was his chief study; for, on his expedition to Loochoo in H.M.S. *Reynard*, in 1851, his Lordship employed a Chinese interpreter, who spoke Latin, to communicate with the Loochooan authorities in the *Kwan-hwa* (Mandarin language)—the French of the far East.—3. The Bishop of Victoria did not visit Rome on his way to his diocese after consecration, as he sailed from England by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Your correspondent "B," who denies that *Kwan-hwa* adequately represents the Chinese word for "Mandarin dialect," is in error. The *K* in *Kwan* appears in five or six dialects to my knowledge, and I believe it could not change to *H* in any dialect. *Hwa*, for "language,—dialect," might be written *chwa*, as a German would pronounce this syllable. The *Pün-ti*, or "native dialect" of Canton province, and the *Häk-kä*, are spoken in Hong Kong and the neighbourhood. The *Tiu-chiu* and the *Amoy* dialects prevail a little further north. Then we have the *Fü-kién* dialect about *Fü-cheü-fü*; further north, the *Ningpo* dialect with its varieties; and in *Shanghai* and its neighbourhood a different dialect is in use. All these might be designated "dialects of the sea-coast"; but they are widely different in words and structure, and it is hardly supposable that Cardinal Mezzofanti could speak them all. JAMES SUMMERS.

King's College, London, Feb. 18, 1863.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. T.—J. R.—B. C. J.—A. L.—W. N.—T. N.—W. S. (Yes)—J. S.—received.

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From NOTES AND QUERIES, Saturday, January 10, 1863.

"He must be a most exacting critic who, with respect to a book like this now before us, containing as it does some thousands of names and dates, and professing to furnish information upon all questions which can arise touching the civil, political, military or religious history, the laws, government, arts and sciences of the world generally—but of the British Empire more particularly—should expect that it would

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But every reader of the 'Dictionary of Dates' has a right to expect that, as the patronage of the public calls for new editions, such new editions should be not only professedly but really enlarged and improved. This right on the part of the public has, we are bound to say, been fully recognised and acted upon by Mr. Vincent. Having noted on the fly-leaf of our own copy of the ninth edition articles which we had sought for in vain, but which we considered ought to have been included in a 'Dictionary of Dates,' we have used those articles as tests of Mr. Vincent's improvements and enlargements, and we are bound to say that, with two or three trifling exceptions, those omissions are supplied in this new and greatly improved edition. Not only is the Dictionary itself enlarged, but, which is equally important and valuable, the Index is much more full; and we think Mr. Vincent has in the eleventh edition gone far to realize the object he has proposed to himself—namely, to 'make his book not a mere 'Dictionary of Dates,' but a 'Dated Encyclopædia'—a digested summary of the History of the World, brought down to the very eye of its publication."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

LITERATURE

H.M.S. Hannibal at Palermo and Naples, during the Italian Revolution, 1859-1861. With Notices of Garibaldi, Francis II. and Victor Emanuel. By Rear-Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy, K.C.B. (Murray.)

In February, 1859, Admiral Mundy was nominated second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and hoisted his flag on board the *Hannibal* at Portsmouth. In May he sailed, and early in June was at Valetta. Thither came, like a burst of thunder, news of a great battle in Italy, of the French Emperor and Italian King triumphing in the streets of Milan, and of Garibaldi hovering and fighting around Como. Solferino had been fought, however, and the Imperial war was over before the Admiral, with six line-of-battle ships, began his cruise—preceded by a visit to Egypt—in the Sicilian waters. The transactions which ensued are partly described in a retrospective narrative, and partly in a journal largely made up of such trivialities as might be pleasant table-talk enough, but scarcely deserve the solemnity bestowed upon them. The Admiral is a pompous writer, and betrays an amusing amount of egotism, recording his own sayings and doings with magnificent complacency, and criticizing, from a lofty point of view, the various personages, more or less of European fame, whom he encountered. At that time, the Neapolitan Government would not allow more than four foreign ships of war to remain at anchor simultaneously in any port of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and there were now eight in want of a shelter, which, after the Admiral, "in full uniform," had diplomatized a little, were admitted into the haven of Syracuse, to fill their casks at the Fountain of Arethusa, where Nelson watered the fleet that gained the Battle of the Nile. At Syracuse, the presence of the squadron so excited the butchers that they held a meeting, and forthwith raised the price of meat, which excited the inhabitants in their turn, and led to much austere negotiation. The next anchorage was at Catania, where similar difficulties arose, to be similarly smoothed away, where the people "testified their satisfaction at seeing a British Admiral amongst them by respectfully moving their hats," and where, in the state cabin of the *Hannibal*, the Catanian gentry preferred Allsop's bitter ale to claret or champagne. Next, ten days were passed in the Gulf of Spezzia, where great fortifications are in progress, which the Admiral minutely describes. Spezzia, no doubt, is the naval hope of Italy—a splendid harbour, with the prospect of being gigantically strong as a military position. It was May, 1860, before the real Sicilian cruise began, and with this the diary commences. Palermo was then in a state of siege, deserted by the upper classes, without an inhabitant or a vehicle to be seen in the streets—only guards, patrols and camps; twenty-five thousand men lay in a mass, and a little cloud of skirmishers, coming down from the mountains, scattered them. The first the Admiral saw of the patriots was when three of them—advanced sentinels—stopped his carriage on the high-road, but, upon his name being mentioned, allowed him to pass, whereupon he calls them "ruffians."

"On the outskirts of the city I gained admission into a mansion once occupied by the Moorish governors of Sicily, from the lofty turrets of which I witnessed the burning of several of the country palaces of the nobility who were supposed by the soldiery to be hostile to the Royal cause. In which

ever direction I looked over this vast and richly-cultivated plain, the smoke of ruins and devastation presented itself to my view, whilst the constant report of musketry and the distant sound of cannon showed that armed men were in collision on the slopes of the hills."

We have now a glimpse of Garibaldi as he campaigned, and it is picturesque:—

"Garibaldi was standing in the middle of a large enclosure, amidst a group of fifteen or twenty followers, who were clothed in grey trousers and red flannel shirts, the Chief being himself in a similar costume. His principal companions at the moment were his eldest son, Menotti, a stout and tall youth of nineteen, with his arm in a sling from a recent severe wound; Col. Carini, a Sicilian; Col. Turr, Talecki and Tukuri, Hungarians; and the priest Panteleo, who, cross in hand, had fought bravely at Calatafimi. The soldiers around were mere boys, of fifteen to eighteen years of age, who seemed to look with delight at the English uniforms. Garibaldi, having invited the officers to be seated, and to partake of some strawberries fresh from the bed, alluded to the beautiful effect produced by the royal salutes from all the ships of war in honour of Her Majesty's birthday two days ago, and which he had witnessed from the heights of the Piano dei Greci. He spoke of his affection and respect for the English people as a nation, and of his hope that before long he should make the acquaintance of the English Admiral. He then moved to his tent, which was composed of a worn-out, old blanket, supported on pikes, before which a child, under the name of a sentry, was pacing to keep off the crowd."

There they thronged upon the mountain, these "cheap defences" of liberty, armed with old flint muskets, spears, scythes—very formidable weapons—and rusty cutlasses, with hundreds of Tricolors flying above them, and infinite discord in the shape of trumpets and drums. Not many hours had elapsed before these wild regiments were driving the military out of the town, forts and ships opening fire, and bells bursting into peals all at once. The scene is described by Admiral Mundy as awful, some of the Bourbon broadsides being given with the heaviest ordnance of English manufacture; and it is clear from this narrative that the British influence, represented by the squadron in the roads, was exerted with the strictest impartiality solely to prevent bloodshed. One of his officers who penetrated the city, even while the firing went on, sketched an account of what he saw, and it was enough to put the principle of "non-intervention" to shame. Certainly it was humiliating to the royal troops of Naples that, with their fleet, fortress and army, they were conquered by the insurgent Sicilians:—

"I was much surprised at the inefficiency of the barricades. Not one that I saw yesterday and the day before ought to have stopped any determined body of troops for a moment. In some places the pavement was not even torn up, but only furniture from the houses piled across the streets. In others, especially opposite the Royal Mint, omnibuses, carriages, and logs of wood, constituted the only defence. These did not form any protection from rifle bullets, and as the soldiers fired at random in hopes of hitting people passing, the passage to and fro was by no means agreeable."

It is obvious that the Neapolitans talked of mediation and listened to lectures on humanity while they were preparing reinforcements to resume the horrible bombardment. But even these, powerful though they were, failed to inspire the defenders of the Bourbon cause with courage or resolve, and the Admiral is justified in the contempt he expresses for them all, or nearly all,—soldiers, sailors and statesmen. Garibaldi was now, even in royalist mouths, His Excellency; and when he visited the flag-ship, the Neapolitan officers gave him

precedence—perhaps, it is suggested, to see whether he would be received with military honours. He was so received, and King Ferdinand's generals were insolent accordingly. A vehement discussion ensued in the Admiral's cabin, and it was suggested that Palermo should petition the Crown for a redress of grievances:—

"To this General Garibaldi, in a vehement and loud tone of voice, replied, 'No!' Then, drawing himself up, he added, 'The time for humble petitions, either to the King or to any other person, is past; besides, there is no longer any municipality. *La municipalité c'est moi!* I am the municipality! I refuse my assent. Pass on to the sixth and last proposition.'"

A very choice and memorable bit of history that! Preparations were then made for a renewal of hostilities, but the peacemakers again prevailed. Admiral Mundy, at this juncture, personally inspected the city:—

"A whole district near the Royal Palace, about a thousand yards in length by a hundred yards in width, was a crushed mass of ruins, still smouldering in its ashes. Families had been burnt alive within the buildings, and the atrocities committed by some miscreants of the Royal troops in their retreat from the convents of the Benedictines and Annunziata were frightful. In the Toledo, and other streets adjoining, convents, churches, and palaces of the nobility had been demolished by the falling shells, eleven hundred of which were thrown from the citadel, and two hundred from the ships of war, before I arrested the fire."

There was no more fighting at Palermo. The city was, at the eleventh hour, evacuated, and 15,000 troops marched away from a "rabble":

"It was one of the most humiliating spectacles that could have been witnessed, and I turned from it with disgust. At the entrance of the Toledo, the son of Garibaldi, mounted on a black charger, with a dozen red-shirted youths near him, took up a position in front of the principal barricade. This advanced post was supposed to be the guard of the main defence of the city from the seaward; but doubtless the Dictator placed his firstborn in that marked locality, in order that the vanquished hosts of disciplined men might defile before him, and their degradation if possible be made more apparent."

Such touches of colour are useful in history, and the Admiral supplies a good many of them. Garibaldi again visited the flag-ship:—

"He was now dressed in his own costume, the red shirt, with the flowing coloured silk handkerchief loosely hanging down his back, grey trousers, large curved sabre with steel scabbard, and the Tyrolese hat and black plumes. This dress was certainly more becoming to his figure than the closely-fitting coat and stiff collar of the Sardinian general officer. His narrow waist and broad hips, allowing him to wear the lower garment without braces, gave an elasticity to his movements, and, doubtless, he felt more at home in his every-day apparel than when hampered with the accoutrements of pipe-clay and etiquette."

Returning his visit, Admiral Mundy found him magnificently installed in the King's palace—a change from the "worn-out old blanket, supported on pikes," which was his tent in the field. Afterwards the Dictator wrote to his new friend a florid epistle of thanks from Palermo—Sicily—all Italy; and the reply he received sets forth amusingly the contrast between North and South in the matter of official letter-writing.

From Palermo, the *Hannibal* proceeded to Naples.—

"Whilst at exercise aloft in the evening, shifting top-sail yards, I observed a very portly gentleman, with a flowing red beard, in a very smart-looking boat, pulling round and round the ship, and at three different times he made an effort to mount the accommodation-ladder, and gain the quarter-deck. The effort was each time unsuccessful. The topping up and unrigging the heavy spar directly

over his head seemingly caused so much alarm that his courage failed, and a coil of rope from the top falling straight across the gangway, at last made him give up the attempt in despair. On inquiry, I ascertained that my intended visitor was His Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse, uncle of the King.

The next glance at Neapolitan regality is less absurd:—

"In a quarter of an hour the King entered, surrounded by his ministers. His Majesty was dressed in a close-fitting military coat, with a single large star, of great brilliancy, on his left breast. He seemed to be a well-knit, rather tall young man, with dark hair, very closely cut, and a bronze olive complexion. The expression of his countenance was that of distrust and despondency, and his manner extremely formal and ceremonious. He left the file of ministers, who were dazzling in a blaze of stars, crosses, and orders, marshalled in line at the door, and advanced by himself to our party, which had been formed in a semicircle in the centre of the vast apartment."

When the landing of Garibaldi at Melito is announced, Admiral Mundy writes, "If the royal troops are staunch, he must be annihilated in a week." In a week, the Bourbons were trembling. Salerno fell—King Ferdinand prepared to shut himself up in a fortress, and Garibaldi entered Naples. There is an animated picture of his triumph drawn, which we pass, to note a ludicrous little incident connected with a visit to Garibaldi. He was lying on a bed, in uniform, but in slippers, when Admiral Mundy arrived.—

"The Dictator remarked that it would not be becoming in him to receive the Admiral without his boots, so he commenced pulling them on, and had just succeeded in dragging the first over his foot when I entered the room. We were both much amused at this little disorder of dress, but immediately holding out his hand he said, 'I am indeed glad to see you. I told you, Admiral, when we parted at Palermo that we should meet again at Naples.' There were no chairs in the room, so we sat down upon the bed."

Among the thousand who landed at Marsala was a child, not thirteen years of age, who, when a medal was fastened to his breast by the Duchess of Verdura, could boast that he had passed unscathed through the fights of Marsala, Calatafimi, Palermo and Melazzo.

Admiral Mundy adds to the many portraits which have been drawn of Garibaldi, his own impression:—

"He stands about five feet seven inches in height, and is well and strongly made. Broad shoulders, an expansive chest, a short and thick neck, and a small waist, with well-formed hands and feet, are the features in his person which are striking to the observer. The brow is lofty; the eyes are small and deeply set, and of a greyish tint; the hair, once a bright auburn, is now of a redder tint, and perfectly straight; the beard and moustache of the same colour, with streaks of grey. The whole expression of his countenance is one of great benevolence and intelligence, without the least approach to fierceness; yet there is not wanting a look of profound astuteness, which would bespeak a more subtle temperament than that which he is generally believed to possess. There is at the same time a simplicity, and even a tenderness, in his manner and address which is most captivating; whilst his general bearing and attitude are marked with dignity and composure. No person of moderate observation could be engaged, even in a short conversation, with this remarkable man, without being struck with the clear, silvery tone of his voice, and with the originality of his style."

He describes, moreover, King Victor Emmanuel at the Opera and at home,—especially at dinner. Thus:—

"During the whole of the dinner, which occupied more than an hour, the King did not even remove the napkin from his plate. He neither

tasted a morsel of food nor took a drop of water to drink, but sat like a statue of marble, with both hands resting on the hilt of his sword, patiently awaiting the termination of a ceremony which must under such rigorous discipline have been in no slight degree irksome."

Parts of the Admiral's volume are tedious; but the narrative contains a good many interesting reminiscences and sketches, gives a fair idea of the Garibaldian war in Sicily and Naples, and abounds in welcome gossip about the great-hearted Dictator himself.

Verner's Pride. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 3 vols. (Bradbury & Evans.)

'Verner's Pride' takes its name from a house built by Mr. Verner, on discovering that he had suddenly become rich from mines lately found on his estate. His eldest son dies in India, leaving three children, of whom the eldest is a boy at Eton, named Lionel; and the old man decides, before dying, to leave his much-cherished house—his "Pride"—his home on which he has lavished so much money and pains, and of which he is proud even to folly, to the younger of his two sons, Stephen, rather than to his unknown grandson. But he saves his conscience for this act of injustice by laying strict injunctions that at Stephen's death the property should revert to Lionel. Thus "Verner's Pride" becomes Stephen's—many think, unjustly, and none more so than Lady Verner, the widow of the elder son, who, on returning from India with her second son and daughter, feels that a deep wrong has been done to her children, and is consequently disappointed and amazed. Stephen at once acknowledges Lionel as his heir, "always provided you merit it," he would say to him in private; and so the boy is universally regarded on the estate as the future master, and after school and college takes up his permanent residence there. Stephen now takes the not unusual step of marrying; and his choice is fixed on a widow lady, named Massingbird, with two nearly grown-up sons, named John and Frederick. These are described as ordinary young men, very tall (like Lionel), and Frederick distinguished by a most disfiguring black mark on his cheek the size of a pigeon's egg. A beautiful maid of Mrs. Verner's, named Rachel Frost, is found drowned one night in the Willow Pond, between the house and the village. Very little light can be discovered as to the author of this foul crime. A boy, called Dan Duff, heard in passing through the wood some cries, and saw a tall man pass up the lane which led to the house at Verner's Pride, and nowhere else. The medical evidence at the inquest proves a cause for Rachel wishing to hide her shame, perhaps by suicide; but the cries that were heard make it evident that she had been got rid of by violent means, probably by some one to whom her presence would prove hereafter a reproach. The "tall man" seen by the boy in the lane pointed a finger of suspicion at one of the three young men resident at Verner's Pride; but it can be fixed on no one in particular; they all strenuously deny it, and are eager to discover the perpetrator. A former rejected lover of Rachel's, called Luke Ray, the son of the bailiff, is the only known admirer she had; but he had left for London some days before the murder, preparatory to emigrating to Australia with John Massingbird, who was to follow him in a few days. At the inquest, Robin Frost, Rachel's brother, registers a dark vow to leave no stone unturned by night or day till he shall have found the murderer, and revenged his sister's blood.

Two years elapse, and we find Stephen Verner

and his nephew Lionel much estranged, without any known cause. Lionel's character is very fine: a youth handsome, brave and chivalrous, with a keen sense of honour—frank and open as the day—to know him was to love him; and his uncle's apparent dislike and distrust of him is inexplicable. Lady Verner, with her daughter Decima and her ward, Lucy Tempest, lives at Denham Court,—her second son, Janus Verner—never called anything but "Jan"—having joined Dr. West, the village medico, as assistant; his character is painted with much cleverness. Though wanting in the personal charms of his brother and sister, his straightforward, honest simplicity makes him a favourite with all except his mother, whose weak mind can never forgive his want of refinement and disregard of all the *bienséances* of society. Lady Verner at last renounces the hope of ever modelling him into a Lord Chesterfield or a Sir Charles Grandison, her model of what a gentleman should be. We next are introduced to Dr. West's family. Sybilla West's ruling passions are vanity and ambition, and, though she likes Fred Massingbird, she thinks it worldly-wise to keep the heir of Verner's Pride her slave as well. At this time news comes of John Massingbird having been killed on his way down from the diggings, and Frederick determines to lose no time in going out to Australia to claim possession of the various nuggets of which John had written home such glowing accounts. He determines not to leave Sybilla to his rival, so proposes that she should marry him. Dr. West gives his consent so gladly to this marriage, that Sybilla feels disturbed; but, on his whispering a few mysterious words in her ear, she colours violently and assents; and now they marry and start on their voyage, leaving Lionel, sore in heart and disappointed, for he has loved this girl with all the intensity of his strong and tender nature, and has nothing now to uphold him but the pride which belongs to all Verners, and he bravely buries this sorrow in the depths of his heart, so that no outward eye could detect the fire that is consuming his heart's core. Mr. Verner now falls ill, and, before dying, tells his executor that he has left all his property to Fred Massingbird, and in reversion to Lionel, hinting darkly that Lionel had forfeited it. After much persuasion, he adds a codicil revoking the will, and making Lionel the heir to all his wealth, and giving him various directions about the estate: this codicil is carefully locked up in the desk kept in the sick man's room, in the presence of Lionel, the doctor and the lawyer. When the time comes to open the will after the funeral, the codicil is nowhere to be found, and, after many fruitless searches, Lionel leaves the home he has so long looked on as his own, and takes up his abode at Denham Court with his mother. Mrs. Wood is not much of a lawyer, and the reader who knows anything about wills and property can only smile at her very romantic machinery. His future life blighted—his prospects, his love, all gone,—the strength and sweetness of Lionel's character now shine forth. Is Lucy Tempest insensible to his charms? She is a girl whose influence sanctifies every home; pure, simple and natural, single-minded and true in all she says or does; of rare beauty, and so unselfish that all who read the story of her struggles must feel the better for her bright example. Lionel turns to her in his misery, and finds so much sympathy that to her alone he pours out all his woes. Lucy would not have been human had she not become deeply attached to him. It is but one short step from comforter to lover; but few could sink their own future

and wreck their happiness in complete forgetfulness of self as she does. Lionel begins to feel how necessary this fair young creature is to him; and, on more than one occasion, betrays his feelings to her, and leads her to hope that she may one day fill Sybilla's place.

Death now becomes busy with the owners of *Verner's Pride*: Fred Massingbird dies of fever three weeks after landing in Australia, and Mrs. Verner falls a victim to apoplexy; so Lionel returns to his old inheritance, to the great joy of every one. He has not been in possession many months, when a carriage draws up one night, containing no less a personage than Mrs. Frederick Massingbird, and "a lovely vision glided in, clothed in deep mourning, with a shower of golden curls shading her damask cheek." Lionel's heart, we are informed, "leaped as if it would burst its bounds"; and well it might, for she arrives fancying Mrs. Verner still alive, and intending to live with her. The knowledge of her death makes no difference to her, and she persists in asking Lionel to give her a home. She will not see the impropriety of it. She declines going to her father's house; and her beauty and her helplessness and her misery completely disarm him. What follows may be guessed. Sybilla is enchanting as ever, and Lionel, in an unguarded moment, swears to love and protect her, and make her his wife. This we cannot but think weak and unnatural. We can forgive Lionel for having had his head turned *once* by so pretty a face, but having seen somewhat of her true nature, and having since had a vision of such true womanhood as Lucy Tempest, we can feel little pity on his thrusting his head again into such a noose. And now a storm bursts. Lady Verner's and Decima's misery and disapproval, his own consciousness about Lucy, and the extravagance and heartlessness of his new wife would have tried the patience of a saint, but not of Lionel Verner, whose forbearance is most exemplary, and we trust will teach a lesson to many a sorely-tried husband who may read this book.

We think '*Verner's Pride*' may be popular: it has many merits, and some faults. It is too long and detailed; and too many vicissitudes occur to the actors in the story, even for this world of change and chance. But the tone and principle are good, and the writing and dialogues easy and unaffected, though some few expressions will rather offend the ear of fastidious readers. Many of the situations are dramatic; and we may congratulate Mrs. Wood on the fact that her fourth novel has not fallen off from the promise of '*East Lynne*.'

A Dialogue on the Best Form of Government.

By Sir G. C. Lewis. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)

MONARCHY, aristocracy, democracy, never end senseless squabble. Make an acrostic from this sentence, and see what you get. Sir G. Lewis would pronounce it a legitimate practical conclusion: but not in so uncivil a way. He is the fourth interlocutor—*loqui non laborat*—and is as polite as *Scævola* in the '*De Oratore*.' His friends Monarchicæ, Aristocraticæ and Democraticæ, keep up the ball; and Crito, their host, sums up. They, the wrangling three, are earnest characters, but quiet; and the arguments put into their mouths are intended to represent those which have real force, and which are only bad so far as those on the other side are better.

It would be to little purpose to describe what three sensible persons say about the three great forms of government. The whole reads very pleasantly in the hands of Sir G. Lewis, but would

be dull in any form of description. There is no attempt at drama: the characters are fac-similes of each other with different opinions. There is but one point on which our readers will expect information. What does the democrat say to the present state of the American republic? He attributes it to the mixture of federal and state elements. All the success has been owing to democracy: the final failure has been owing to federalism. The monarchist of course holds the very reverse.

The summing up, which is the author's own share of the discussion, contains opinions to which a vast number of thinkers will consent. It is impossible to establish any best form of government applicable to all communities. Good principles must be applied in different ways to different materials. The monarchist may rely on experience, and on the frequent failure of democracy; the aristocrat may vaunt the theory of governing by an intelligent and virtuous minority; the democrat may assume fraternity, liberty and equality, and all their consequences. But all three are to remember that their problem is not to establish this or that, but to change this *into* that,—a matter which involves the consideration of all the habits and associations which actually exist.

For ourselves, we do not believe that any theory of government will explain the British constitution, or any other. We not only believe, with Sir G. Lewis, that the good or evil of a change depends on the habits of the people, but we believe that the very government they live under depends more on their own habits than on any forms: we except only the case in which a foreign force is the arm of power.

Our disposition, each one for himself, to mind his own business, except at intervals of relaxation, when every one governs the world, assigns the future of Poland, and decides on the ship canal which is to cut America into two islands: our power of grasping the meaning of liberty, as being something different from the right to keep down the wrong side: our great dislike to mending holes before they are made: our power of making things do, in that most efficacious of all ways, somehow or other:—are these things the causes or the consequences of our system? If causes, how do we know that they would not have enabled us to convert a fierce despotism into the wonder of the world, without any formal checks? If consequences, how is it that no attempt at imitation of our institutions has had any effect in producing the like? If partly one and partly the other, which may be reasonably surmised, who shall explain to us the action and reaction of the process?

The great glory of the British constitution, as it now stands, is that it is a republic to every one who chooses that it shall be so. If any person will let the monarchy and the aristocracy alone, they will let him alone. The tax-gatherer will call: but that, we guess, may happen in a democratic republic. The Queen will occasionally send greeting, to desire our republican's attendance, under penalty, &c., to give evidence in the complaint of, &c.: but this also is an incident of democracy. How do the writers on principles explain all this? Was there ever, in this world, any system except our own, which kept every one, to the extent which ours does, out of the way of feeling the power of others? In the old United States, it is notorious that the "will of the people"—i. e. the neighbourhood—could not be resisted: in England any one who chooses may, without fear of any other person except as an individual restrained by law, snap his fingers at all around him. All our writers on government pass these things over, whether they desire to maintain or to vary. Their system is all Euclid,

and never gets as far as surveying or navigation.

Journals and Correspondence of Thomas Sedgewick Whalley, D.D., of Mendip Lodge, Somerset. Edited, with a Memoir and Illustrative Notes, by the Rev. Hill Wickham, M.A. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

At the close of the last and at the commencement of the present century, Bath was inhabited by families whose members gave a character to and exercised a great influence over the locality. They were all, in their various ways, remarkable. They were saints or sinners, dancers, gamblers, play-goers, rhymers, hard drinkers, or models of propriety; ill-featured or distinguished for personal beauty. There was no middle station in this society. You were Somebody or Nobody; and it was not allowed to you to be Anybody you pleased. To one of the two divisions you perforce belonged.

The Whalleys were emphatically of the Somebody family. They came in with the Conqueror, of course,—their great ancestor carrying his standard at Hastings; and, later, a General and a Judge of that name called cousins with Oliver Cromwell. The family of Whalley in the time of the hero of these volumes were remarkable for their personal beauty, accomplishments and virtues, in honour of which there is perhaps more incense thrown about than the occasion warrants; although Hannah More said, in reference to one of the brothers, that she had known many persons who appeared to live *near* Heaven, but only Mr. Richard Whalley who seemed to live in Heaven.

Thomas Whalley, having been trained to perform the duties of a profession whose office it is to teach the way to that Heaven wherein Richard metaphorically dwelt,—he was in due time presented to a living by the Bishop of Ely. It was a rectory—Hagworthingham, Lincolnshire,—and the Bishop stipulated that the newly-made Rector should never reside in it, as the Lincolnshire fens would kill any gentleman but a native!

To hear was to obey; and the reverend gentleman retained the rectory and its emoluments for half a century, without performing an hour's duty in it. The duty was done by a curate. If he was a native, he held on for awhile; if not, the fens killed him, and the Rector had to send another man to the front, to meet and be subdued by the enemy whom the Bishop would not allow him to encounter himself. Mr. Wickham does not properly fulfil his mission as editor by omitting to inform us who this exemplary bishop was. We will supply the omission by naming this careful keeper, not of the sheep, but of the shepherds. It was Edmund Keene, who had formerly occupied and enjoyed the see of Chester. He was a man who had the talent of "securing the back stairs." He took a living of 700*l.* a year from Sir Robert Walpole as the fee for marrying one of that statesman's natural daughters; but after he was inducted, Mr. Keene would have nothing to do with the lady! To such old-world people and prelates does this book introduce us.

The Lincolnshire rector married a fortune, and set up a rather splendid home in the Crescent, at Bath; travelled largely, wrote an execrable tragedy, penned Della Cruscan poetry; and a macaroni in his younger days, effeminate and affected in his manners, ripened into a hearty, hospitable old English gentleman; his house being open to a host of friends generally, and to Mrs. Siddons in particular.

From the papers of such a man there was sure to be gathered a harvest rich in illustrations

of a past social life. Nevertheless, the volumes carry with them one capital fault. There is too much of them. The "twaddle" is superabundant. Had Mr. Wickham fully comprehended the duties of an editor, he would have rejected all superfluous matter, and would thereby have produced one interesting and amusing volume, instead of two, the light and pleasant materials of which are encumbered by heavy and intolerable nonsense akin to the registering of fools and choricling of small beer.

Among the romances of social history illustrated in these volumes, there is none, perhaps, of more interest than that of Elizabeth Cornwallis, daughter of James Bishop of Lichfield, and subsequently Earl Cornwallis. The mother of this hapless lady was the daughter of Galfridus Mann, the brother of Walpole's friend, Sir Horace Mann. In a letter from Miss Seward to Dr. Whalley, in 1803, we have this notice of her "Clarissa," as Miss Seward called her young friend:—

"You have seen, you have conversed with my Clarissa, the by me much-beloved, the angelic, the persecuted. The instant I heard she was at Bath, I fervently wished that chance might throw you together; assured, as I felt, that the attraction of kindred minds would operate between you. It is necessary to account why I never mentioned to you that I had been honoured by the fervent attachment of a young creature so highly amiable, interesting, and accomplished, and whose mind was so endowed and so noble: why, through the seven years which have elapsed since first I knew the partial fervour of her attachment, I have reserved it the unpartaken and secret treasure of my soul. Before we ever met, I heard that the bishop's only daughter was a girl of pleasing and engaging manners; that her mother, whose violent temper and despicable avarice were talked of everywhere, hated and tormented her; that she had had a youthful and fond friendship for her beautiful neighbour, Miss Turton, since Mrs. Plummer; that this attachment was prohibited at Harlow Place as a crime and disgrace, and the lovely young friends were forcibly kept asunder."

Miss Seward thus narrates her first interview with Clarissa:—

"On the 22nd of July, in the year '96, while I was packing up my clothes to go to Buxton the next day, my maid came to tell me that the bishop and Miss Clarissa were below stairs, waiting to see me. It was a few minutes ere I could go down to them. They were in the large dining-room. On opening the door, I saw the bishop in earnest conversation with the person who has the care of his affairs in this town, and Miss Clarissa, then only seventeen years of age, standing before my picture, with her hands folded, and in her whole light form an air of tender enthusiasm, and interesting grace. She turned towards me on my entrance, with such a look of beaming and endearing kindness—but I know that when you spoke of me with regard you saw the fellow to it. After civilities had passed between the bishop and myself, he resumed his earnest conversation with his agent, and left his charming daughter at liberty to tell me, that my writings had inspired her with the warmest predilection in favour of their author; that it was the first wish of her heart to become my friend, and through life that I should consider her as such. On the bishop turning his attention towards us, her manners instantly changed from the warmth of confidence and friendship to a reserved politeness; and I perfectly understood the reason."

The meetings of the two friends were few and far between; but at one of them, says Miss Seward,—

"I then learnt from dear Clarissa the long and severe maternal tyranny which had blighted all the joys of her youth; every wish studiously thwarted; hourly insulted for those talents, those sentiments, and those pursuits which form all the superiority and glory of her character; her charities, her disinterestedness, her contempt for the pageantries of society, her love of books and literary retirement,

and the added crying sin of esteeming me. Not only Mrs. Cornwallis but my lord has a great dislike to female friendships, and deems them romantic, and, where there is the least inequality of station, highly improper. Always inspecting her letters, regular correspondence between Clarissa and myself was precluded, and sometimes years have passed away without my either seeing or hearing from her."

Miss Seward speaks of Clarissa's desertion by a lover, but not with strict correctness:—

"I solemnly assure you not one of her many sighs arises from disappointed love. The man who deserted her on the eve of her proposed nuptials, never had her affections. Unexceptionable in his person, and of great wealth, his addresses were approved by her parents, when, a few years ago, they were first pressed upon her acceptance. No prior attachment existing in her bosom, by the wretchedness of her domestic life, its utter and severe slavery respecting all her friendships, she was induced to a reluctant acquiescence. She then, as she has since experienced, found it impossible to school her heart into love for that young man—and, as I am informed from others, some libertine indulgences on his part reaching her ear, she clung to them as a refuge, and pleaded them as a reason for retracting her consent. He went abroad for some time, but on his return re-proposed himself. She was then in a terrible state of health. His constancy of heart was pleaded against the youthful infidelity of his senses; and the passionate concern he showed for her illness and danger, watching almost constantly by her couch, made that impression on her gratitude to which her heart was impregnable—her dearest brother and friend for ever lost—the victim of parental opposition to his worthy and unexceptionable choice; her situation at home more and more distressing, as time rolled on, and as ripened womanhood and blameless conduct increased her right to the unrestrained power of choosing her own female friends; yet that right withheld with even augmented rigour! Thus she was again induced to try if a great and important change of situation might not lessen her miseries, though her heart told her it could give her nothing resembling happiness; besides, her spirits, weakened by disease, seemed to lose the power of contending with her destiny. Settlements were drawn, equipages bespoke, and blended armorials engraved on them and on the plate. She continued extremely ill, with occasional fits of delirium. In those situations, her appointed husband often watched alone by her couch. After having done so one day of recurring delirium, the next morning he told my lord that he had discovered it was not for his happiness to be united to Miss Clarissa; and everything was entirely and for ever broken off, to the sincere satisfaction of the fair deserted, since the nearer she had approached the irremediable marriage bourn, the more strongly she felt the apprehended guilt of plighting at the altar those vows of love which her virgin heart refused to sanction, and whose power to fulfil appeared to her more than doubtful; therefore was she contented rather to bear the ills she had, than to fly to others of a new complexion, tinged with self-reproach: a misery yet a stranger to the purest and sincerest heart that ever beat in the human bosom. She suspects that, in her wanderings of reason, she disclosed her deep-felt reluctance to those impending nuptials, and hence her secret heart acquits the deserter of any crime towards her."

Dr. Whalley's own picture of the lady is thus drawn, in 1804:—

"Our enchanting friend's letter would have made, as we found on weighing it, my former 'frank' over-weight, therefore I shall enclose it in another free cover, with my epitaphs; it will irradiate their gloom. I have taken leave, though not (I trust in God!) a last leave, of one of the most charming, noble-minded, and interesting women that ever existed. Our hearts, through her, will be linked together with new strength and ardour. What a fate is hers! To be treated with indifference where she should be cherished as the life-blood that warms the heart; and with obloquy and harshness by a mother, who, if she had any proper feeling or principle, ought to doat on and be proud

of such a daughter. May the Almighty comfort and support her and you!"

There are scattered details of the virulent persecution this beautiful and accomplished girl suffered at home. The father's heart seems, however, to have warmed a little towards her, as friends praised her beauty, her talents or her temper. She died, unmarried, in 1813, on which the lively old Piozzi says, "Elizabeth Cornwallis is dead, the papers tell me, and greatly shocked was I at hearing the news. It was put in so oddly, too, my curiosity is raised almost as much as my concern. What did she die of?" After which the old lady descants on mutton-broth and turnips.

The Cornwallises were not exemplary prelates. He of the elder branch, who after holding Lichfield, succeeded Secker in Canterbury, scandalized all good folk, from Queen Charlotte to Lady Huntingdon, by the "drums" which his wife held at Lambeth Palace on Sundays. His kinsman James, noticed above, was remarkable for looking after his own interests. With the death of Clarissa's brother, the last Earl, in 1852, the title became extinct, and her story is one of a family that has died out.

The many portraits of contemporaries are smartly touched off. Mrs. Piozzi is the reverse of lovely. Hannah More is pleasing; Johnson is truthful, but not attractive. Here is a little sketch of Miss Seward's father:—

"Her father was a minor canon of Lichfield Cathedral, and Mrs. Delany mentions having met him at Ragley, the seat of Lord Hertford, and calls him a 'learned clergyman.' Horace Walpole has an amusing anecdote of the value he put upon his metrical compositions. He was travelling-tutor to Lord Charles Fitzroy, who was taken dangerously ill at Genoa. Through the remedies applied by the physician, the crisis appeared to have passed; and Mr. Seward went to his room, and began a complimentary ode to the Esculapius; but before it was finished, a relapse took place, and the patient died. The tutor, however, was so well pleased with the commencement of his poem that he finished it, despite the failure in the moral of the tale."

Mrs. Siddons's letters form a feature in these volumes. They are interesting, as they mingle something of the freedom of thought and expression of an older time, with the more refined manner which succeeded. Here is a sample of a lady's letter to a gentleman in 1786:—

"All is well over, my dear Mr. Whalley. I have another son, healthy and lovely as an angel, born the 26th of December; so you see I take the earliest opportunity of relieving the anxiety, which I know you and my dear Mrs. Whalley will feel till you hear of me. My sweet boy is so like a person of the Royal Family, that I am rather afraid he'll bring me to disgrace; my sister jokingly tells him she's sure 'my lady, his mother, has played false with the Prince,' and I must own he's more like him than anybody else. I will just hint to you that my father was at one time very like the King, which a little saves my credit. I rejoice that you are well, and have such pleasant society, but I wish to God you would return! I have no news for you, except that the Prince is going to devote himself entirely to a Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the whole world is in an uproar about it. I know very little of her history, more than that it is agreed on all hands that she is a very ambitious and clever woman, and that 'all good seeming by her revolt will be thought put on for villany,' for she was thought an example of propriety. I hear, too, that the Duchess of Devonshire is to take her by the hand, and to give her the first dinner when the preliminaries are settled; for it seems everything goes on with the utmost formality; provision made for children, and so on. Some people rejoice and some mourn at this event. I have not heard what his mother says to it. The Royal Family have been nearly all ill, but are now recovering, and they graciously intend to command me to play in 'The Way to Keep Him,' the first night I perform. They are gracious to me beyond measure on all

occasions, and take all opportunities to show the world that they are so. How good and considerate is this: they know what a sanction their countenance is, and they are amiable beyond description. Since my confinement, I have received the kindest messages from them; they made me of consequence enough to desire I won't think of playing till I feel quite strong, and a thousand more kind things."

There was not a more astute woman living than Sarah, and well did she know how to flatter her patrons, from King George down to Dr. Whalley. Altogether, her letters do not tend to raise the old estimation of her character, but then she often writes verbosely about mere nothings, which were important in her sight as having reference to Dr. Whalley, who, though he stands in the foreground, is not the most important personage in this work. When Mrs. Siddons had something to say, she said it well enough. Witness the account of her first appearance in Ireland, in 1783:—

"We arrived in Dublin the 16th of June, half-past twelve at night. There is not a tavern or a house of any kind in this capital city of a rising kingdom, as they call themselves, that will take a woman in; and do you know I was obliged, after being shut up in the Custom-house officer's room, to have the things examined, which room was more like a dungeon than anything else,—after staying here above an hour and a half, I tell you I was obliged, sick and weary as I was, to wander about the streets on foot (for the coaches and chairs had all gone off the stands) till almost two o'clock in the morning, raining, too, as if heaven and earth were coming together. A pretty beginning! thought I; but these people are a thousand years behind us in every respect. At length Mr. Ererton, whose father had provided a bed for him on his arrival, ventured to say he would insist on having a bed for us at the house where he was to sleep. Well, we got to this place, and the lady of the house vouchsafed, after many times telling us that she never took in ladies, to say we should sleep there that night. I never was so wearied and so disgusted in my life. The city of Dublin is a sink of filthiness; the noisome smells, and the multitudes of shocking and most miserable objects, made me resolve never to stir out but to my business. I like not the people either; they are all ostentation and insincerity, and in their ideas of finery very like the French, but not so cleanly; and they not only speak but think coarsely. This is in confidence; therefore, your fingers on your lips, I pray. They are tenacious of their country to a degree of folly that is very laughable, and would call me the blackest of ingrates were they to know my sentiments of them. I have got a thousand pounds among them this summer. I always acknowledge myself obliged to them, but I cannot love them. I know but one among them that can in any degree atone for the barbarism of the rest, who thinks there are other means of expressing esteem besides forcing people to eat and to drink, the doing which to a most offensive degree they call Irish hospitality."

Although we have spoken of these volumes as being too bulky, the reader will part with them in good humour, for they contribute much that is valuable to the general history,—social, dramatic, political, and religious,—of the last quarter of the past, and the first quarter of the present century.

La Camorra: Notizie Storiche. Raccolte e Documentate per cura di Marco Monnier. (Florence, Barbera.)

THE Camorra of Naples which, like cancer in the human frame, has for years been preying on the social body of the country, and sapping in secret its vital energies, has since the Revolution been disclosed to the world in all its loathsomeness, and never since the Middle Ages has the existence of so terrible an association been brought to light. It is difficult to imagine that in the nineteenth century, in the

midst of the high civilization of modern Europe, robbery and murder should have been reduced to an organized system, and that a secret society should have exercised a power in the Two Sicilies which defied all the ingenuity of the Government to detect or its power to suppress. Yet such has been the case. Every one intimately acquainted with the affairs of Naples knew it, and no one dared to oppose it. One of its mildest phases is exhibited in the following words: "The foreigner, or even the Italian, who until lately landed in Naples, was often surprised, on putting his foot on shore, at seeing a robust-looking man approach the sailor and secretly receive from him one or two grains. If the traveller cared to ask who was this collector, better dressed than the rest of the crowd, generally covered with rings and jewelry, who presented himself like a master, and without a word divided the price of the passage with the poor sailor,—he was answered, it is the Camorrista. The foreigner, on arriving at his hotel, preceded by a *facchino* with his baggage, ordinarily discovered a second collector equally mysterious and taciturn, who received a few grains from the *facchino*. If there were two *facchini*, each deposited a copper in the hand of the imperious unknown. And if the foreigner, after observing this second contribution, persisted in asking who the collector was, he was answered in the same words: it is the Camorrista."

The traveller leaves his hotel and enters a carriage. No sooner has he mounted, than a third individual starts up before the driver, who with deference puts a grain in his hand. Is this man too a Camorrista? asks the traveller, more and more surprised at ever finding at his heels individuals who do nothing for him, and receive a portion of whatever he pays. And the driver answers sadly: it is the Camorrista. And if the stranger is not one of the travellers who believe that they know Naples after having seen the Museum, Vesuvius and Pompeii; if, taking note of men, he endeavours to study them in their daily life, at every step in the poor quarters of the city, at the railway stations, at the gates, in the markets and in the taverns, he will meet the implacable bravo, who, with a ferocious eye and uplifted head, and wearing wide trousers, mixes in all the affairs and pleasures of the poor, especially their vicious pleasures and equivocal transactions. The writer then proceeds to examine what the Camorra is, and what is its organization, and incidentally shows how much the evil was promoted by a bad and negligent Government. The infant beggar unprovided with instruction became the little vagabond, the thief on a small scale, and some fair day awoke in prison. If a coward, he was thrown aside; if courageous, he aspired to and obtained the honour of being associated with the Camorra. Before attaining, however, to the height of his ambition, he had to undergo many trials and pass through several gradations. The Camorra was, therefore, respected and venerated in times when the right of the strongest only was admitted:—

"To become *picciotto di sgarro*, the novice must give proof of devotion and courage; he must show that he can keep a secret and does not fear the knife. * * He offered himself to execute a sanguinary decree of the society, either to cut the face or, if necessary, to kill a man. When he was not ordered either to assassinate or gash the face, the candidate underwent the trial of the *tirata*, which consisted in drawing the knife against a *picciotto* already received and drawn by lot. * * On the first blood spilt, the combatants embraced one another, and the candidate was received as a novice. * * The *picciotto* underwent a novitiate of two, three, and sometimes six and eight years,

during which he bore courageously the labours of the association without sharing in their profits. He generally belonged to a Camorrista who entrusted to him all his affairs, and gave him, for charity, occasionally, a few grains. To the *picciotto* were assigned the enterprises the most dangerous and fatiguing, and he was always preferred for deeds of blood. * * When an assassination was ordered, all the *picciotti* offered to commit it; and when completed, all assumed the responsibility of it and endeavoured to be arrested instead of the guilty one. In order not to create jealousy, it was determined by drawing lots who should have the honour of committing a crime, and who should expiate it. The *picciotto*, favoured by fortune, gained sometimes ten years, sometimes twenty years in irons; but he became a Camorrista."

The prisons were, and, we may add, still are, the principal centres of the Camorra; and here, intermingled with religion in its grossest and most superstitious forms, were often perpetrated the most ferocious acts. Take one as a specimen, which was related by the man himself. It happened one day that a Calabrian priest, having been imprisoned for some affair of gallantry, was approached on his entering the prison by a Camorrista. The priest could not give a grain towards the oil for the lamp of the Madonna because he had no money. The Camorrista then became irritated, and raised his stick. "Ah!" exclaimed the priest, who was a Calabrian, and therefore courageous, "you would not be so fierce if I had arms about me."—"There is no difficulty," replied his companion, touched in his honour, and immediately he went to the next room, where he asked his superior for two knives. It is necessary to say that in all prisons the society had a deposit of arms, so well concealed that the gaolers and superiors never discovered it. This deposit was called the *pianta*, and was always under the custody and the command of the chief. The members applied to him for knives when they had need of them, never carrying them in prison, for fear of being visited and deprived of them. The Camorrista then returned with two knives exactly alike; offered one to the priest, and placed himself in an attitude of defence. We have said that the priest was a Calabrian, and, therefore, he was the more dextrous, and killed his adversary. Then only was he surprised by fear, because he felt himself doubly threatened, by the rigour of justice and the vengeance of the sect, and believed himself to be under a double sentence of death. To his great wonder, however, he escaped both dangers. Not only did the secret power mystify the matter, perhaps not to compromise itself, but the priest on lying down found in his bed a quantity of money; it was his portion of the *barattolo*, which had been distributed to him as a new brother. From that day he received it weekly during the term of his punishment! On the entrance of Garibaldi into Naples this man was liberated, and, having been introduced to some English gentlemen as a liberal priest, told the anecdote.

Such facts were of daily and hourly occurrence only a year since, and though an energetic Government has done much to destroy the evil, it still exists, and must exist until Southern Italy is regenerated, and law is executed and justice believed in. Persons in our own country who are unacquainted with the real difficulties which beset the honest reformer at every step, are too apt to prate about the state of the prisons, and complain of the little which has been done. Let them read the interesting book of Marco Monnier. Victor Emanuel has undertaken a work which the Bourbons never dared, and, perhaps, never cared to undertake. An immoral government often employed the Camorra, but under

the new régime no quarter has been given to it, and efforts have been made to extirpate a sect which has spread its ramifications throughout the whole of Southern Italy, and which renders impossible all social progress. The book describes the internal organization of Camorra—the Camorra in the prison—Homicidal Camorra—the Camorra in the Piazza—Origin of Camorra—Social and political causes of Camorra—its repression. Signor Marco Monnier is the author of 'L'Italie, est-elle la Terre des Morts?' and of 'Notizie Storiche Documentate sul Brigantaggio nelle Provincie Napolitane,'—works which are full of interest and which have gained for the writer a considerable reputation.

Six Lectures on Political Economy, delivered at Cambridge in Michaelmas Term, 1861. By W. Whewell, D.D. (Cambridge, Printed at the University Press.)

INVITED, as Dr. Whewell states, "by one of the wisest and best fathers who ever lived," to deliver a short course of lectures on Political Economy to the Prince of Wales, the Master of Trinity publishes the results with an acknowledgment—we trust something more than a courtly compliment—of the intelligence and punctuality of his royal pupil. Dr. Whewell disclaims all originality in their composition beyond that of selecting the best passages of writers of acknowledged authority, and weighing them against one another. The execution of this plan, however, is somewhat meagre, and the Lectures cannot be regarded as giving even a satisfactory outline of the principles of the science. Dr. Whewell quotes from Adam Smith the celebrated distinction between water which has value in use and none in exchange, and the diamond, which has "scarce any value in use," without any warning of the important error which it is now acknowledged to contain; and, in quoting again from Smith the well-known distinction between a mere desire and an "effectual demand," omits to direct the student's attention to Mr. Mill's exposition of the equation of demand and supply, by which the obscurity in which this portion of the fundamental principles of Political Economy had hitherto been involved was, for the first time, cleared away.

As in his introduction to the "Remains" of the late Prof. Jones, reviewed in the *Athenæum* some years ago, Dr. Whewell again combats the doctrine of rent as developed by Mr. Ricardo, and adopted by most economists of eminence since his time. This, indeed, forms the principal feature in the Lectures. Previously to Ricardo, economical writers had generally concurred in regarding the land as possessed of some attributes for creating wealth peculiar to itself. The French writers of the school of Quesnay treated it as the source of all wealth, regarding every other labour save agricultural as unproductive. Traces of this notion may be found in Adam Smith's observation, that no equal quantity of labour employed in manufactures can ever be so remunerative as that which is employed in agriculture, because the latter industry pays not only the farmer's labour with a return for his capital, but also a surplus in the shape of rent—which he also describes as representing "the work of nature, which remains after deducting or compensating everything which can be regarded as the work of man." On this view, rent was a positive blessing to the human race; and it might reasonably be inferred that it could not be too high for the general welfare. In fact, the higher it was the greater was the measure of that gratuitous service of nature which theorists of this school regarded with so much satisfaction. It

was reserved for Mr. Ricardo, carrying out the hints of some previous writers, to show the fallacy of this view. In the Ricardian theory, rent is simply a sign of the scarcity of the best land, compared with the wants of the population. If the best land were infinitely abundant, rent would not exist. In this case, according to the doctrine of Adam Smith, nature must be regarded as having ceased to labour for man, and the world as impoverished. The Ricardian doctrine, on the contrary, would regard such a case as highly desirable, and as causing no diminution in the services of nature, but only as destroying the landlord's rent, or share in the produce. Hence Mr. Ricardo describes the interest of the landlord as opposed to the interest of the consumer; by which he meant that it is beneficial to the landlord that good land should be scarce and rents high; while it is equally desirable for the consumer that the very contrary should be the case.

The objection to this statement, which Dr. Whewell adopts from Prof. Jones, is simply, that rents may increase "by the improvement of methods of culture, and that the increase of produce and of rents in England has arisen from such improvement much more than from the extension of culture to worse soils." Hence Dr. Whewell asserts that the interest of the landlord is not opposed to that of the consumers of produce. Mr. Ricardo, however, never supposed that a rise of rents might not, for a period more or less considerable, be more than counterbalanced by improvements in agriculture. He merely contended for the truth, that rent is not in itself a desirable thing from the consumer's point of view, because whatever may be the progress of agriculture it indicates that the best land is insufficient for the production of the food required to support the population. The doctrine of Ricardo is not that the necessity for the cultivation of inferior lands, or, what is the same thing, for a further application of capital to the same lands with a diminished return, is the sole cause, but only that it is the immediate cause of rent. Mr. Ricardo's words ('On the Principles of Political Economy,' 2nd edition, p. 517) are "Both the improvement in agriculture and the superior fertility will give to the land a capability of bearing, at some future period, a higher rent, because with the same price of food there will be a great additional quantity; but till the increase of population in the same proportion the additional quantity of food would not be required, and therefore rents would be lowered and not raised."

From this and many other passages in Mr. Ricardo's work it is evident that he was well aware that, although rents may temporarily fall in consequence of an increase in the gross produce caused by improvements in agriculture, that increase may afterwards be shared both by landlords and consumers; nor does Mr. Stuart Mill, the most eminent of the disciples of Ricardo, overlook the important influences of agricultural improvements in retarding the operation of the economical law of rent.

How far the large increase in the gross produce from our agricultural industry is due to improved methods, and how far to costly sacrifices of capital, in the fruits of which landlords cannot be expected to share, Dr. Whewell does not attempt to conjecture; nor, indeed, does he, in comparing the advantages of their position with that of other classes, even distinguish between these two causes of increase, apparently thinking it sufficient for the consolation of consumers that their proportion of the gross produce is greater than it was. But while the increase of rents is certain, it will hardly be contended that agricultural produce is any

cheaper, the only practical question for the consumer,—a fact which would seem to show that the benefits really arising from the progress of agricultural science have fallen entirely to the share of the landlords. These misconceptions of the Ricardian doctrine have been so often answered by previous writers that it is disheartening to find them stamped with an authority so high as that of the author of the 'History of the Inductive Sciences.'

The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George the Third, 1760-1860. By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. Vol. II. (Longman & Co.)

Mr. May's History commences at the accession of George the Third: not because that period presents any natural boundary in our Constitutional History, but because that is the time at which Mr. Hallam's History terminates. The present work is not, in form at least, a continuation of Hallam's 'Constitutional History.' The arrangement is different; for Mr. May, instead of giving a strictly chronological history, or dividing his narrative according to the reigns in which the events occurred, takes up the subject of each institution separately, and pursues every inquiry through the entire century. Considering the large and complex nature of the subject treated, we think that this arrangement is the most convenient that could be adopted. It certainly conduces to the clearness of the work, and, by riveting the mind on one branch of the inquiry at one time, until the subject is exhausted, enables the reader to follow the historian with greater ease, and to retain a more vivid recollection of the narrative. This arrangement would, in some cases, render the work less easy of consultation as a book of reference; but any difficulty on this point is obviated by a full and carefully-prepared index to each volume, in addition to copious tables of the contents.

The first volume comprised the history of the prerogatives, influence, and revenues of the Crown; and of the constitution, powers, functions and political relations of the two Houses of Parliament. The second volume gives the history of Party—of the press and liberty of opinion—of liberty of the subject—of the Church and religious liberty—of local government—and of Ireland and the British dependencies.

It is not necessary here to insist upon the extent or importance of the changes which have been wrought, in almost every one of the institutions which are comprised in this work, during the last century. We have, even in our own day, seen many of those peaceful revolutions which appear to be peculiar to the English constitution, and which have filled the minds of the few remaining politicians of the Eldon school with so much horror. We have seen the country ruined by a Reform Bill, the Parliament unchristianized by the admission of the Jews, and the whole character of the lower classes destroyed by spreading among them that education and intelligence which were intended by Heaven for the upper classes only. Strange to say, these terrible forebodings have not been realized. The House of Commons, though somewhat more independent than of old, still respects the authority of its Speaker, and has laboured in its vocation in a manner which has transformed that which was once characterized as "the pleasantest club in London" into a scene of activity but ill adapted for any but earnest men, of good constitutions and active habits. The Jews have not yet purchased the majority of the seats in the British House of Commons; while the spread

of education and intelligence amongst the working classes has produced a novelty in our history. We have seen a time of almost unexampled distress, affecting principally the most thickly-populated districts, passing over without riot, without clamour, without that increase of crime which, on former occasions of the like nature, has aggravated the distress of the people.

Mr. Krskine May is a man of liberal principles, and is impressed with the conviction that the development of popular liberties during the century which his History embraces, has been safe and beneficial. He tells us in his preface that, had he viewed this development with distrust and despondency, this book would not have been written. It could not indeed have been written with the force and freshness with which it now comes to us, except by one who fully approved of the main course of the events which he narrated. But, while Mr. May does not affect to conceal the liberality of his views, yet is he upon the whole a singularly fair historian. He is fair in his statement of facts, and in relating the arguments on one side and the other by which measures have been supported or opposed. He invariably avoids entering the field of party politics; and where a question is still unsettled—as that of Church-rates—he confines himself so scrupulously to the functions of the historian, that his own opinion as to the best solution of the difficulty does not appear.

The present volume is no less interesting than the first. The history of parties is traced with a copiousness of knowledge and a clearness of statement, which, notwithstanding that the subject has been much canvassed of late years, will be admitted by all candid students of our history to supply much that was before wanting in our information, and to define much that was before indistinct. In his view of the importance of party, Mr. May does not differ from those who have so often discussed it. He regards it as an agency inseparable from Parliamentary Government, exercising for good or for evil the greatest influence upon the political destinies of the country. Indeed, by allowing it a separate place in this History he recognizes it as a part of the constitution. With reference to the conduct of Sir Robert Peel when, in 1829, he passed the Bill for the relief of the Catholics, and when, in 1846, he abandoned the policy of protection, Mr. May has the following remarks, which illustrate his views of the duty of a leader to his party:—

“Men of all parties, whether approving or condemning the measures of 1829 and 1846, agreed that Sir Robert Peel's conduct could not be justified upon any of the conventional principles of party ethics. The relations between a leader and his followers are those of mutual confidence. His talents give them union and force: their numbers invest him with political power. They tender, and he accepts the trust, because he shares and represents their sentiments. Viewing affairs from higher ground, he may persuade them to modify or renounce their opinions, in the interests of the State: but, without their concurrence, he has no right to use for one purpose, that power which they have entrusted to him for another. He has received a limited authority, which he may not exceed without further instructions. If, contrary to the judgment of his party, he believes the public welfare to demand an entire change of policy, it is not for him to carry it out. He cannot, indeed, be called upon to conceal or disavow his own opinions; but he is no longer entitled to lead the forces entrusted to his command,—still less to seek the aid of the enemy. Elected chief of a free republic,—not its dictator,—it becomes his duty, honourably and in good faith, to retire from his position, with as little injury as may be to the cause he

abandons, and to leave to others a task which his own party allegiance forbids him to attempt.”

The author's remarks upon the effect of age upon party opinions have much truth in them, though we certainly know some sturdy old Radicals who, we believe, would belong to that party though they lived to the age of Methuselah:—

“A moral cause has further favoured the interest of the Conservatives. Conservatism is the normal state of most minds after fifty years of age,—resulting not so much from experience and philosophy, as from the natural temperament of age. The results of a life have then been attained. The rich and prosperous man thinks it a very good world that we live in, and fears lest any change should spoil it. The man who has struggled on with less success, begins to weary of further efforts. Having done his best to very little purpose, he calmly leaves the world to take care of itself. And to men of this conservative age belongs the great bulk of the property of the country.”

Having traced political parties through their various phases until, as Mr. May truly states, their differences are rather in their sympathies and wishes than in their policy or professions, the one party being desirous of leading public opinion in the course of liberty and progress, the other unwillingly following this opinion with an occasional sigh for the “good old times,” the author sums up and balances the benefits and disadvantages of Party in this manner:—

“In the history of parties, there is much to deplore and condemn; but more to approve and to commend. We observe the evil passions of our nature aroused,—envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. We see the foremost of our fellow-countrymen contending with the bitterness of foreign enemies,—reviling each other with cruel words,—misjudging the conduct of eminent statesmen, and pursuing them with vindictive animosity. We see the whole nation stirred with sentiments of anger and hostility. We find factious violence overcoming patriotism; and ambition and self-interest prevailing over the highest obligations to the state. We reflect that party rule excludes one half of our statesmen from the service of their country, and condemns them,—however wise and capable,—to comparative obscurity and neglect. We grieve that the first minds of every age should have been occupied in collision and angry conflict, instead of labouring together for the common weal. But, on the other side, we find that government without party is absolutism,—that rulers, without opposition, may be despots. We acknowledge, with gratitude, that we owe to party most of our rights and liberties. We recognise in the fierce contentions of our ancestors, the conflict of great principles, and the final triumph of freedom. We glory in the eloquence and noble sentiments which the rivalry of contending statesmen has inspired. We admire the courage with which power has been resisted; and the manly resolution and persistence by which popular rights have been established. We observe that, while the undue influence of the crown has been restrained, democracy has been also held in check. We exult in the final success of men who have suffered in a good cause. We admire the generous friendships, fidelity, and self-sacrifice,—akin to loyalty and patriotism,—which the honourable sentiments of party have called forth. We perceive that an opposition may often serve the country far better than a ministry; and that where its principles are right, they will prevail. By argument and discussion truth is discovered, public opinion is expressed, and a free people are trained to self-government. We feel that party is essential to representative institutions. Every interest, principle, opinion, theory and sentiment, find expression. The majority governs; but the minority is never without sympathy, representation and hope. Such being the two opposite aspects of party, who can doubt that good predominates over evil? Who can fail to recognize in party the very life-blood of freedom?”

We have dwelt at some length upon this

history of Parties, because we think that a better idea of the author's style and mode of thought may be imparted by so doing, than by passing shortly and discursively (as we needs must do if at all) over the whole range of subjects comprised in this volume. The chapters which follow are, however, not a whit less interesting than that upon Parties; indeed to very many the History of the Church of England will be the most attractive in the volume, embracing as it does a most important part of the history of the National Church. It is written with great ability, and, strange as it may appear where religion is the subject, with no spite to any party. The year 1760 found the clergy in a cozy slumber; they were rudely awakened by the activity of Wesley, Whitefield, and their followers, but it was some forty or fifty years before they were thoroughly awakened to a sense of their responsibilities. In the mean time the population had increased to an extent which defied, and still defies, the joint energies of the Church and of dissenters. The last forty or fifty years have been years of honest activity. Our legislature has done much by encouragement of church-building, enforcing residence of clergy, and the commutation of tithes. But the principal hope for the future is to be gathered from the increased activity and zeal of the clergy, who, notwithstanding that their usefulness has been occasionally marred by suspicions engendered by the extravagances and eccentricities of some of their body, have worked to good purpose in the mighty work which is before them.

In the History of the Church of Scotland will be found a very careful account of the prolonged struggle which terminated in the secession of the Free Church.

In a short concluding chapter, Mr. Erskine May takes a rapid view of the progress of general legislation during the past century, and of the social condition of the people, in which survey he perceives but one object which is not of an agreeable character, namely, “the formidable and continuous increase of expenditure.”

This History is, in our opinion, worthy of a place beside the great work of Hallam. We recognize in it the same careful and conscientious industry which characterizes the elder historian, and almost the same judicial fairness; while in the matter of style the superiority is, perhaps, with Mr. May.

A Welcome: Original Contributions in Poetry and Prose. (Faithfull.)

Nuptial Ode. By W. E. Aytoun. (Blackwood & Sons.)

As loud a note of preparation has sounded through this land, to greet our latest Danish Conquest, as ever roused the people to make ready when the war-ships of the Norsemen were hovering round our coasts, and the Norse powers were surging in, wave after wave, from sea, to seek an entrance at our water-gates. Amidst all the sound of hammers, and the thunder of cannon, the clangour of a thousand steeples, in full jubilant cry, and the welcoming cheer of all London,—we have the Minstrels making their music in a softer voice, but all alive and merry.

Without being in full force, our singers muster a goodly show, and sing their strains and wear their bridal favours becomingly. We find little in these three hundred pages of “Welcome” that can be called powerful, or much to the purpose; but there is some tender thought; some true and deep feeling; frequently a melodious expression that matches the theme.

Mr. Edwin Arnold drops the first flower in the princely path:—

Princess! weak is one voice in the throng and clamour of
 voices,
 Poor one flower in the rain of the roses that shower thy
 footsteps,
 Faint one prayer in the anthem of litanies uttered to bless
 thee;
 Yet to thy young fair face we make this manifold greeting,
 On thy path to the altar we lay this many-leaved blossom,
 Blossom of humble hopes, of timorous labours the token—
 Unto the God of the altar we lift our blessing together,
 We—of the men whose fathers encountered thy fathers
 with battle,
 We—of the women whose mothers turned pale at the
 galleys of Denmark,
 Heralds of happiness now—sea-birds that bring from the
 Norland
 Unto our Prince his Bride—to England omens of gladness.

Mr. Dobell's poem on maidenhood, called "Love," addressed to a little girl, is full of stray beauties, lurking sprites of fancy, and sweet subtleties. For example:—

Ah, dear and fair,
 Lo the dazzling east, and lo,
 Some one tall against the sky
 Coming, coming, like a god,
 In the rising morn!
 And when the lengthening days whose light we never saw
 Have melted his sweet awe,
 And thy fond fear is like a little hare,
 Large-eyed and passionately afraid,
 That peepeth from the covert of her nest
 Into the narrow glade
 Between two woods, and doth a moment dare
 The sunshine, and leap back; yet forth will fare
 Again, and each time ventures further from the nest,
 Till, having past the midst ere she be ware,
 Bold with fear to be so much confest
 She flees across the sun into the other shade;
 Flees as thou didst so coyly draw
 Near him and nearer, and art trembling there
 Midway twixt giving all and nought,
 In a moment, at a thought,
 Bashful to panic hidest on his breast.

As usual, Mr. Dobell hides a great deal of his poetry so cunningly that only a few will find it. He lets the grass grow too lush and tall about the jewel dews. A rough seeking hand will often dash aside the grass impatiently, and in doing so destroy the little tremulous gem.

To our thinking, the lady contributors bring the choicest gifts, and offer the best poetry. This is appropriate for a book thus printed and published. Miss Rossetti and Miss Isa Craig again head the sisterhood, which here numbers more than nine. We give preference to Miss Craig's poem, not because it is the more beautiful of the two, but because it is briefer and more to the point.—

In all green places where ye blow,
 Tenderest thoughts of God that grow,
 Violets! March violets!
 Hidden hearts that lying low,
 Sweeten all about you so,
 Violets! March violets!

The love of youth is in your breath,
 Love of youth more strong than death,
 Violets! March violets!
 Gathered in the greening glade,
 And on lips of promise laid,
 Violets! March violets!

Other sweetness too ye take,
 Often kept for saddest sake—
 Kept for soft'ning old regrets:
 To hearts throbbing ye are prest,
 Ye are laid on hearts at rest,
 Violets! March violets!

To the bride her foot who sets
 On England with the violets,
 Violets! March violets!
 For her youth and for her love—
 All her royalties above:
 A WELCOME with the violets.

WELCOME! and as, year by year,
 We hail thy time of coming here,
 To England, with the violets;
 May they bring thee no regrets
 Save for joy the heart forgets
 In a deeper, tenderer bliss:
 Waken no regret but this,
 Violets! March violets!

A large portion of the book has but little to do with the main subject. There is a compensation, however, in this. The work is less monotonous. It gains in general interest by what it loses as a special tribute, and is enriched by writers who might not have been ready

enough if bound down to dance in fetters. Mrs. S. C. Hall will raise a smile with her glimpse of Irish character. Mr. A. Trollope is entertaining and attractive, as usual, in his sketch of Miss Ophelia Gledd, an American lady, and his speculation as to whether she will be received in London as a lady. Possibly he may show us in some future pages. Mr. Maurice prints some words which have been spoken to his classes of workers and learners. M. Louis Blanc gives us a pleasant gossip on Gibbon and Hume in Paris, written in excellent English. Frederica Rowan tells a Norse legendary tale, and the manner and matter are worth listening to. Amongst the pieces that do not properly belong to the "Welcome" is a tender and touching little poem called 'The Children's Heaven,' by Mr. MacDonald. Also we find the following brief galloping ballad, by Prof. Kingsley, entitled 'The Knight's Leap,' a legend of Altenahr.

"So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;
 And the water is spent and gone?
 Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine—
 I never shall drink but this one.

"And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door:
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce
 As horse never took before.

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
 I have drank my share of wine;
 From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years two score;
 And if I must die on tree—
 Why the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
 Is the properest timber for me.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
 How the Altenahr hawk can die:
 If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
 He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
 And he mounted his horse at the door;
 And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine
 As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
 And he leapt him out over the wall;
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
 With never a bone in him whole—
 A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul.

The "Welcome" is admirably printed, sumptuously appraised, and deserves another welcome in its turn.—We note that the Publishing Office of Miss Faithfull is now in Princes Street, Hanover Square—a sign, we trust, that the Women-Printers are flourishing bravely.

Mr. Aytoun, in one pithy verse, has characterized the other three hundred and ninety-nine lines of his Ode,—

A sorry tribute though the will be good.

There is no pleasure in poetic pains like these! The writer cannot write poetry. He lacks the natural touch of its quickening spirit; the possession of its genuine fire. Here is no stirring life; no lofty music; no airy elegance; no dainty grace. Instead, we find a treatment unspeakably commonplace.

The Land and Freshwater Mollusks indigenous to or naturalized in the British Isles. By Lovell Reeve. (Reeve.)

In our notice of the first volume of Mr. Jeffrey's work on 'British Conchology,' which volume embraces only the land and freshwater forms, we thought it necessary to let the author speak for himself as to his reasons for producing a new work on a subject already so extensively illustrated. We have now before us another book from one of our accomplished malacologists, which although, unlike the former, it purports to be complete in itself, is confined to the same zoological limits as the volume just alluded to; and we must in this case also obtain from the author's own pen the grounds on

which he has considered it necessary to increase the list already so ample:—"The land and freshwater mollusks of the British Isles," he says, "have been ably described by Turton, Gray, Forbes and Hanley, Jeffreys and others, as a Fauna *per se*; and great attention has been lavished on details of form and colour, of local habitation, and of parts of the anatomy. French conchologists, commencing at the opening of the present century with the terse and philosophic Draparnaud and terminating with the accomplished Moquin-Tandon, have done even more for the natural history of our mollusks, while treating of them as members of the Fauna of France, than has been done by British authors." This, by the way, is hardly fair to Mr. Jeffreys. "But neither the conchologists of France or of Britain have worked out the distribution of the European genera and species, and the resulting phenomena, in other parts of the world. It is on this ground that I venture to add another to the already numerous manuals on the subject. . . . The genera of our own latitude are in this work collated with the similar or representative genera of other latitudes." On this comparison, there is no man living so competent to judge as the author; but his investigations have led him to conclusions to which we are not prepared to assent. "The views," he proceeds, "which I had instinctively formed on the origin of species, have gathered strength from the present study. Reasoning from the facts before me, apart from any considerations of geology, if such a mode of reasoning in the present state of science may be allowed to have any weight, the conclusions at which I have ventured to arrive do not accord with the theories of Edward Forbes, or of Darwin, but seem to point to another solution." What that solution is, and the manner in which the theory is supported, appears to require a few remarks.

After much consideration and deep research, the acute but cautious mind of Edward Forbes could come to no other conclusion on the subject of the distribution of the Mollusca, and in particular those inhabiting the land and freshwater, than that they, with other animals as well as plants now indigenous to Great Britain, were either transmitted thither on floating masses of ice, or more generally by emigration, before this country was separated from the now opposite shores of the Continent. Into the reasoning upon which this opinion was founded it is not necessary here to enter; but it was held as correlative with his conviction, that "all the individuals of a species have descended from a single progenitor or pair." As a necessary corollary to this proposition, he states that "species of opposite hemispheres, placed under similar conditions, are representative, and not identical." With this doctrine Mr. Reeve is at issue. "The distribution of species over the globe," he says, "as far as I am able to gather from the land and freshwater mollusks, appears to require that we should take for granted the doctrine of a plurality of progenitors for each species." . . . "The doctrine of more than one point of origin for a species, considered with reference to the typical character and distribution of land and freshwater mollusks, rests mainly on the following propositions:—'1. Land species with greater facilities for migration than freshwater species are less widely and evenly diffused. 2. Land and freshwater species of opposite hemispheres are not always representative, but sometimes identical. 3. The range of land and freshwater species over areas (zoological provinces) indicated by uniformity of type, is not arrested by the intervention of sea.'"

It does not appear to us that these proposi-

tions are at all borne out by Mr. Reeve's own facts. He takes it for granted that "it will be readily conceded that land species have greater facilities of locomotion than freshwater species, particularly species inhabiting stagnant ponds and ditches;" and he contrasts the small number of identical species of helix inhabiting the continental Caucasian provinces and this country, with the much larger proportion of "the sluggish, mud-dwelling *Lymnæacea* of the ponds and ditches of the province," which are found also in these islands. Now, on Edward Forbes's theory nothing would be more easy than the distribution of the freshwater mollusks from place to place, even to considerable distances, by means of aquatic birds, which, either by their periodical migration or by mere change of place in ordinary distribution, would convey, attached to their legs or their bodies, the glutinous masses of ova which are invariably deposited by these animals. All this might have taken place to any imaginable extent before the severance of these islands from the Continent; and it appears to us that the converse of Mr. Reeve's proposition, rather than the proposition itself, is proved by the facts which he adduces in its support.

The second proposition, that "Land and freshwater species of opposite hemispheres are not always representative, but sometimes identical," is attempted to be supported principally by the existence of a few of our British species in North America. But after acknowledging that the greater number of these have been "conveyed thither accidentally in casks and other packages," the author is obliged to limit the species on which he bases his proposition to four, one of which, *Pisidium obtusale*, as observed in America, is considered by a competent naturalist in that country as distinct from the English species. And what are the other three? *Paludina vivipara*, *Helix pulchella* and *Zua lubrica*, species of such easy and probable transmission as not to afford any weighty support to Mr. Reeve's proposition, even supposing them to be identical in the two localities, which may well admit of doubt.

Mr. Reeve's third proposition does not appear to us to rest upon any more conclusive data than the others; but we do not care to enter into a discussion of it, as we wish to make a few observations upon the general character of the work, as a manual or monograph.

The author of the 'Conchologia Iconica' could not fail to produce a work which would be useful and accurate. It is true that we feel a little annoyed at some of the English specific names, which are invariably mere naked translations, and not always accurate ones, of the Latin specific name. This often involves a change from that which has been universally considered as specifically indicative; for, as the author has scrupulously gone back to the specific name originally given, even before any true principles of arrangement and nomenclature were fixed upon, the English name follows the change. This sometimes involves an absurdity. Thus, *Vertigo antivertigo*, originally *Pupa antivertigo*, is called the *unreversed vertigo*, whereas seven species out of nine are what Mr. Reeve calls *unreversed*. Again, *Clausilia perversa*, formerly *Helix perversa*, is termed *reversed clausilia*, whereas every known species of *clausilia* is sinistral, or, in common language, reversed. Then we have such unmeaning names as "like *Bithynia*," "discovered *Helix*," and a thousand others equally inappropriate. The common *succinea* was considered by Linnaeus as a helix, and named by him, from its living in muddy places, *Helix putris*; this is called by our author *filthy succinea*; whilst its congener, neither more elegant nor more refined

in its habits, is the *elegant succinea*. We could multiply similar instances to any extent. We will only further notice the name of *apple snail*, as applied to *Helix pomatia*. Now it is generally allowed that the name is derived from Πῶμα, *operculum*, and not from *potum*, an apple; and certainly the shell bears no special resemblance to that fruit. This species, the well-known Continental edible snail, is recorded by Pliny (quoting Varro) as sometimes so large as to contain "octoginta quadrantes," meaning, of course, the small copper coin of that name. Pennant, mistaking the *quadrans* here for the measure of about half-a-pint, says that these snail-shells would hold "twenty quarts"! The *Helix pomatia* seems fated to be the subject of ludicrous mistakes.

All these are, however, comparatively trivial matters, and do not militate against the true value and merit of the work. The illustrations generally exhibit the highest excellence of wood engraving as applied to natural history. The delineations of the shells by the well-known pencil of Mr. Sowerby are, as might be expected, generally excellent; but we would more particularly refer to the drawings of the animals by Mr. O. Jewett as, without exception, surpassingly life-like and beautiful. The little limaces, &c., are actually gliding over the leaves, and the figure of the common garden snail, *Helix aspersa*, at page 54, is absolutely perfect in the attitude of the animal and the texture of the skin, and in the markings, we may almost say the colouring, and the texture of the shell.

The peculiarity, however, in which this publication differs, and differs favourably, from all others, is the information it contains on the geographical distribution, in other parts of the world, of the species indigenous to this country, and the relation which this distribution bears to climate, soil and other local circumstances. No one could have performed this part of the author's task so well as himself. His investigations in this respect are well known, and they have enabled him to render the present work an authority as regards this particular department of his subject. This alone, independent of its general value and interest, would fully justify its publication.

FRENCH BOOKS. *

The World before the Flood.—[*La Terre avant le Déluge*, par Louis Figuier]. (Paris, Hachette & Co.)—A handsome and well-illustrated volume on geology, having no pretensions to scientific value, and, in fact, a mere arrangement of common material in a pleasing form, and professedly for the instruction of young persons. With this object in view, the volume is descriptive and picturesque, and is issued as the first of a series which is to form a *Tableau de la Nature*. The compiler aims to show how important an educational instrument geology might become, and that, while in one great European country it is forbidden for public instruction as anti-religious, it is in truth confirmatory of religious ideas and of revelation. The most ultramontane bishop could hardly find anything in this volume to justify its insertion in the 'Index Expurgatorius,' unless it be the limitation of the Noachian deluge, and its denomination as Asiatic, instead of universal. A geologist might smile at some of the full-sized plates as a little too imaginative. There is one, for example, of the Liassic period, in which an ichthyosaurus and a plesiosaur are rather absurdly represented as opening their mouths most ominously at one another, without a chance of success on the part of the small-headed plesiosaur. Another plate shows an iguanodon and a megalosaurus in full feed upon each other, or just beginning dinner under difficulties and during fierce dental persecutions. A certain impartiality, indeed, does pervade the picture, nothing in it indicating which animal will have done dinner first. As the mega-

losaur has the largest mouthful he may succeed in devouring his would-be devourer, who, however, has so huge a tail, that, according to the drawing, it can never be disposed of inside the megalosaur. Unluckily for this picture, the iguanodon was a vegetarian. The fossils are excellently shown, and, being all copies, are correct enough. The matter, as already hinted, will hardly bear criticism. In some things the compiler ought to have done better: for instance, he should not have contented himself with quoting from Burat on the production of coals. Writing in 1863, he states our own annual production of coals to be 65,000,000 tons; whereas well-known statistics show it to be 83,635,214 tons. In similar matters the book is behind its date, though its general design and appearance are commendable.

Matters of To-day.—[*Les Choix du Temps Présent*, par Édouard Texier]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel).—A series of *feuilletons* upon social matters, written with an affectation of ease and wit. The pictures of social life are cynical in their composed recognition of demoralization, which Englishmen would be slow to put into words, much less into print. It is an insult to a whole nation to accuse the married women of the land of taking lovers for the sake of obtaining lace, jewelry and Cachemire shawls, when beyond the means of their husbands; but this is broadly asserted of all the women, who are said to dress beyond their husbands' social position or their husbands' means; and the husbands are represented as entirely blind to the fact, and unconscious of anything their wives may wear, whether it be silk or sackcloth. For the rest, the observations on social philosophy are not very profound; nor is the mirror that is held to nature very bright: the book partakes of the general spirit of dullness which broods over French literature of the present day.

Acts and Gestes of Garin de Loherain.—[*Garin de Loherain: Chanson de Geste, composée au 12^{me} Siècle*, par Jean de Flagey. Mis en Nouveau Langage, par A. P. Paris]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel).—This work is a translation of an old romance or history. It throws curious light upon the history of France at the period; the incidental pictures of manners, customs and costume are like the illuminations of an old missal put into action. The "new language" is pleasant and appropriate, and less heavy, if less vigorously true, than the original diction. M. Paris gives the modern garb with a pleasant quaintness that will content general readers, and black-letter scholars may go to the original. The story is the history of the old feudal war between Lorraine and Bordeaux—the great vassals of the north of France against the great vassals of the south, begun in the time of Charles Martel, and continued for several generations. The chief actors are Hervis of Lorraine, Duke of Metz, and Hardré of Bordeaux, Count of Artois. The King himself inclines to both sides, according to the feeling or influence of the moment. Of course, there are women on the scene. Blancheffeur, the queen, wife of King Pepin, is a leading character; and Helius, the daughter of the Duke Hardré of Bordeaux, is her enemy. There is a scene in King Pepin's palace which gives a vivid notion of the stormy quarrels which arose at a moment's notice, and which the Royal presence could not avert. Two messengers from the opposing barons come to beg assistance from the King: the Queen hates one, and the fair Helius hates the other. The Queen abuses her enemy's protégé in terms as energetic as if she were a born fishwife. The whole book would be wearisome to read through, with its interminable combats, sieges and changes of fortune, which lead to no result; but, as a lively picture of the times when the state of war was the normal condition of society, it is both curious and interesting. It was a state of social development in which the weak went to the wall, and only a few of the strongest survived.

The Pirate of St. Laurent.—[*Le Pirate de Saint-Laurent*, par H. Émile Chevalier]. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel).—For English readers who have read Cooper, Marryat, Mayne Reid, and others who have dealt with pirates, sailors and wild adventures by sea and land, this *Pirate* will be dull indeed. It is garnished here and there with English words,

as we garnish our language with French ones; and, judging by analogy, the effect in both must be respectively dull.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Ionian Islands during the present Century. By Captain Whyte Jervis, M.P. (Chapman & Hall.)—Those who wish to survey the history of the Ionian Islands during the past seventy years through the glasses of a politician who is strongly opposed to the contemplated cession of the Septinsular State to Greece, cannot do better than read this concise and spirited sketch, which sets forth, attractively rather than dispassionately, the events which led to the establishment of the British Protectorate, and the political action of the statesmen who have successively filled the post of Lord High Commissioner. Drawing attention to the value of our connexion with the Islands, Captain Whyte Jervis says, "It was their proximity to the Morea and Albania, and consequently the manner in which they might be made use of against the security and tranquillity of Turkey, that had induced Russia, in 1800, to accede to their being subject to the Porte. It was the advantage they gave a belligerent power against Austria, Italy or Turkey, that had induced Napoleon to occupy them in 1798, and get them ceded to him by the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807. It was the advantage which Napoleon had derived from their occupation which necessitated their capture by the British forces. In 1815 Austria objected to their being given to an Italian sovereign, as it would give him a command of both sides of the entrances to the Adriatic. To Russia or Austria it would have been the key for aggressive operations against Turkey. To create a perfectly independent State of them was impossible, as they would have been utterly unable to maintain it. England alone could occupy such a post without being led into quarrels arising from neighbouring territorial disputes or religious hatred, and to England it was confided by the unanimous voice of the Allied Powers." Speaking of the proposed cession of the Islands to Greece, the author maintains that to carry it out would be to take "the first step in annihilating Turkish rule," and asks, "Has the time come for Turkey to cease being one of the kingdoms of this world? Is the Greece of 1862 so improved on that of 1858, that we can now trust to her charge a people we could not then? Was the Crimean war a blunder? and were the tens of thousands who perished in it uselessly slaughtered?" At the same time, the writer acknowledges that as he is in ignorance of the particular circumstances which induced the Cabinet to make their proposal, he is not qualified to criticize its policy from every point of view. Adverting to the extraction of the modern Ionians, Captain Whyte Jervis observes, "As to the Ionian Islands, for hundreds of years they have had no connexion with Greece. The Volterras and Solomos of Zante; the Loverdos, Metaxas, Tibaldos and Voccas of Cephalonia; the Zambelli and Valacriti of Santa Maura; the Bulgari, Dandolos, &c. of Corfu, were all of Italian origin. But, like the Anglo-Irish, who became more Irish than the natives, these Ionian Italians are loudest in calling out for a union with a country with which their forefathers had nothing in common." We refrain from discussing the political questions raised by Captain Whyte Jervis, but do not hesitate to recommend his sketch as entertaining and serviceable. He writes with the warmth of a partisan, but he also displays the knowledge of a student accustomed to consider public affairs.

Our Untitled Nobility. By John Tillotson. With Illustrations by Charles Green. (Hegg & Sons.)—Under the above ill-chosen title Mr. Tillotson, in a series of brief and badly-written memoirs, endeavours to rouse in the minds of children an interest for the labours and achievements of William Smith the geologist, Thomas Waghorn, Robert Baikes, David Nasmyth, Captain Coram, Henry Martyn, William Scoresby, the two Brunels, Marshall Hall, Thomas Dick, Henry Cort, and George Wilson. "The lessons of these men's lives," Mr. Tillotson observes, "are plain and practical. They teach us that it is the bravest and

best thing in the world to be unselfish—that the men who would do good must look for no earthly reward; but that in the very doing of the good there is a higher enjoyment and a nobler satisfaction than wealth or honour can bring them. If we had to design a coat of arms for those men, it should be—stars argent in a field azure, the crest a cross, the motto 'Go thou and do likewise.'" Surely Mr. Tillotson must wish to raise a laugh at the expense of the Brunels and Dr. Marshall Hall when he speaks of them as conspicuous for Christian forgetfulness of self. Though Henry Cort's great services failed to meet with due compensation in this world, we certainly never yet regarded him as a labourer working for a heavenly reward. Moreover, what does Mr. Tillotson mean by placing Sir Isambard Brunel amongst the untitled of the earth?

Lawrence Struilly; or, Observations and Experiences during Twenty-five Years of Bush Life in Australia. Edited by the Rev. John Graham. (Longman & Co.)—Lawrence Struilly's adventures might give a few useful hints to a writer attempting to describe Australian life without the guidance of personal experience of an emigrant's trials; but while they present no useful information to those who are about to quit England for the Colonies, the mode in which they are set forth will fail to rouse the interest of the general reader. That the memoirs are authentic and truthful, we do not question; but these qualities are not sufficient to secure public favour for a work which aims only at describing the commonplace.

Bypaths of Biography. By C. L. Brightwell. (Nelson & Sons.)—The biographer of Mrs. Opie has here gathered from various sources an entertaining collection of anecdotes about certain men and women who, though they were at one time celebrities on the lips of all men, and still remain the familiar companions of students, may be fairly said to have disappeared from the grand high roads of fame, and to have found refuge in the quiet by-paths of personal history. Miss Brightwell's first chapter tells of Godefroi Mind, the captain, whom Madame Lebrun christened "Le Raphael des chats," and who never completely recovered from the shock of anguish which he experienced, in the year 1809, at the massacre of eight hundred cats by the authorities of Berne. This stern measure was occasioned by an epidemic which raged amongst the cats of the locality, and rendered them dangerous pets. Bears, scarcely less than cats, were dear to the affections of Godefroi Mind, under whose portrait a pleasant parodist wrote—

Lugete feles, ursique lugete,
Mortuus est vobis amicus.

Next follows a memoir of Jean Petitot, the painter in enamel, who, after enjoying the friendship of Sir Theodor Mayerne, and the patronage of Charles the First of England and Louis the Fourteenth of France, died at Vevey, in his eighty-fifth year. Of Michael Schuppach, the Physician of the Mountain, an excellent story is told, illustrative of the power of imagination as a remedial agent. A wealthy and hypochondriacal farmer, who believed himself to be possessed by seven devils, applied to the Swiss doctor to rout the demoniac occupants of his distressed mind. "Friend," said Schuppach gravely, "you believe there are but seven devils in you; in reality there are eight, and the eighth is the captain of the band." To expel the eight unclean spirits the physician had recourse to an electrical apparatus, with which contrivance the farmer was of course utterly ignorant. For eight successive days the patient visited the doctor and underwent an electrical shock. At each of the first seven shocks the operator said, "There goes one of your devils." On the eighth day Schuppach said, "Now, we must relieve you of the chief of the evil spirits—it'll be a tough job!" As these words were uttered, a violent shock sent the patient fairly to the floor. "And now," cried the benevolent impostor, "you are free of your devils,—that last stroke was a settler!" The cure was complete. More than one good story does Miss Brightwell tell of Prince Talleyrand's cook, Marie-Antoine Carême, who, contrasting the good and evil features of his vocation, exclaimed enthusias-

tically, "The charcoal kills us; but n'importe,—our years are few in number, but full of glory." Here, too, is a capital anecdote of Étienne Falconet, the sculptor: "Falconet had so exalted an idea of the resources of his art, that he was accustomed to say it was capable, under all circumstances, of effecting as much, in the way of illusion, as painting. 'That being the case,' said his friend and fellow-Academician, Dupont the painter, 'have the goodness to produce me a moonlight with your chisel.'" Not less delightful is the story of Marcel, Louis the Fourteenth's dancing-master, who, after having in vain attempted to make Malesherbes as graceful as he was good, said, in a voice of earnest entreaty, "Permit me, M. de Malesherbes, to implore a favour of you. It is, that you never will inform any one that I was your dancing-master." Marcel's fear for his reputation reminds us of a distinguished lady-professor of the art of dancing, whom we once heard exclaim with regard to an eminent living statesman, "That man was one of my pupils, and he was the awkwardest pupil I ever had. Oh, he is so awkward, I should not like it to be generally known that years since I tried to make him walk across a room like a gentleman."

The Painter of Athens: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Andrew Macnair. (Glasgow, Richardson.)—We should like to know how much of this tragedy has been written by its alleged author. The hero of the story is Parrhasius, the Athenian painter. Some of our readers may recollect a poem, written many years since—we believe by Mr. N. P. Willis—in which a slave is racked, by order of the same Parrhasius, that he may transfer the precise expression of agony to his canvas. This poem Mr. Macnair has thought fit to incorporate with his tragedy; and he has done so without a word of comment or acknowledgment. The tragedy is worthless, if we except the passages appropriated; and it will be well for Mr. Macnair if the imposition which he has attempted can be forgotten as easily as the work in which it occurs.

London Lyrics. By Frederick Locker. (Pickering.)—Mr. Locker now and then writes earnestly and affectingly; but we are often at a loss to know whether his pathos is serious, or whether he is laughing at us in his sleeve. He is fond of surrounding an idea, in itself poetical, with all the prosaic accidents of daily life. Brick and mortar have more charms for him than the solitudes of nature; and however mournful be his theme, he delights to ponder it, not in groves or by streams, but on the shady side of Piccadilly or in the parlour of a tavern. In the latter scene he recalls a lost illusion, as follows:—

O TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

Yes, here, once more, a traveller,
I find the Angel Inn,
Where landlord, maids, and serving-men
Receive me with a grin:
They surely can't remember me,
My hair is grey and scantly;
I'm changed, so changed since I was here—
"O tempora mutantur!"

The Angel's not much alter'd since
That sunny month of June,
Which brought me here with Pamela
To spend our honeymoon!
I recollect it down to 'en
The shape of this decanter,
—We've since been both much put about—
"O tempora mutantur!"

Ay, there's the clock, and looking-glass
Reflecting me again;
She wou'd her love was very fair—
I see I'm very plain.
And there's that dab of Prince Lebooc:
'Twas Pamela's fond banter
To fancy it resembled me—
"O tempora mutantur!"

The curtains have been dyed; but there,
Unbroken, is the same,
The very same crack'd pane of glass
On which I scratch'd her name.
Yes, there's her tiny flourish still,
It used to so enchant her
To link two happy names in one—
"O tempora mutantur!"

What brought this wanderer here, and why
Was Pamela away?
It might be she had found her grave,
Or he had found her gay.

The fairest fade; the best of men
 May meet with a supplanter;—
 I wish the times would change their cry
 Of "tempora mutantur."

We do not deny that poetic feeling may sometimes co-exist with a picture as literal and uninviting as this. No quality is less fastidious than real imagination. It can tolerate even long waistcoats, powdered hair and patches, because they recall beings who have shared our nature and figured in life's brief scene as we do now. Details, otherwise mean, may be allowable when they bring home to us some trait of character or manners; but we have no great respect for the cleverness which employs them for their own sake and makes some pathetic incident the mere excuse for a grotesque illustration. Mr. Locker is evidently a disciple of the real school; one verse from an elegy will show where such "realism" would lead us:—

O cough! O cruel cough! O gasping breath!
 These arms were round my darling at the latest:
 All scenes of death are woe—but painful death
 In those we dearly love is surely greatest!

The "cruel cough" is just one of those touches of reality which taste instinctively condemns. In the sphere of imagination bodily pain is inadmissible, save as a means to exhibit the mind. No such end is served here; the fact obtruded is one for the physician—not for the poet.

Illustrations of the Beauties of Tropical Scenery, and Sketches of Objects of Interest; with Notes, Historical and Explanatory. By the Author of 'The Nuptials of Barcelona.' (Hardwicke.)—The principal poems of this collection are in Spenserian measure, and the author giving his reasons for employing that verse says, "I chose the former, as being the easier; for, as the greatest master of the art of this century has remarked, 'In the Spenserian stanza the last line must always be good, but in blank verse every line.' I presume not to have achieved, in every instance, what is thus pronounced indispensable in a good Spenserian stanza; but I have at all events incurred less risk of failure than if I had attempted blank verse, which imposes such infinitely more arduous conditions." Since he adopts this critical view of the stanza, it must be allowed that the author of 'The Nuptials of Barcelona' displays modesty and discretion in his choice. He may also be credited with possessing some facility in arranging words harmoniously; but though he has a certain mechanical command over the metre, he has none whatever over the thoughts which it would appropriately clothe. Three pages of simple honest prose would describe the beauties of tropical scenery more effectively than all his verses. Amongst the minor pieces is one entitled 'The Sugar Cane, in which the poet apostrophizing the "mellifluous reed" sings of sugar-bags, toffee and elecampane in the following sweet strain:—

Beloved of Nature! when the infant's lip
 Lips in first accents the maternal name,
 Its soft petition is of thee to sip,
 Thou canst alone its cherub praises claim.
 Though Manhood with convivial rapture glows,
 As the red life-stream of the grape he drains,
 Palmal Innocence no banquet knows
 Like that which mellow in thy saffron veins.
 And often, when some King state-care allays
 With costly goblets, quaff'd in favored haste,
 He sighs in secret for those artless days,
 When thy pure offerings soothed his simple taste.

—A note to these lines quotes Dr. Rush as authority for the statement that children like sweetmeats. "Nature," says Dr. Rush, "seems to have implanted a love of this aliment in all children." Nothing more droll than this is to be found in Dr. Grainger's poem on the same subject, which on a memorable occasion caused merriment to a party of Sir Joshua's friends.

The Books of David Lindsey and Son. By N. Dickson. (Longman & Co.)—A system of book-keeping by single entry, short and intelligible. For ourselves, we do not believe in single entry, except in cases to be selected, and in modes to be arranged, by each one for himself, upon a sound knowledge of double entry to begin with.

Land-Surveying and Levelling. By R. Thornton. (Longman & Co.)—A neat book, of commendable brevity. Small elementary treatises are springing up in numbers, which, we hope, indicate that the

learners are increasing as rapidly: but we are not sure.

The new translations on our table include *The History of Girolamo Savonarola and his Times*, by Pasquale Villari, translated from the Italian by Leonard Horner (Longman), a work of high repute, with which our readers are familiar in the original, — *The Sharper Detected and Expused*, by Robert Houdin (Chapman & Hall), a work which we have already reviewed in the French edition, — *Stories for Young Children*, by Henriette Leidesdorf, translated from the German by Madame de Châtelain (Myers & Co.), *The Handbook of Family Devotion*, translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke (Simpkin), — and *A Literal Translation of the Latin Text and an English Translation of Domesday Book in relation to the County of Surrey* (Vacher & Sons). — Under the head of New Editions we have *The Israel of the Alps: a History of the Waldenses from their Origin to the Present Time* (Griffin, Bohn & Co.), — and Messrs. Bell & Daldy have added to their "Pocket Volumes" *Washington Irving's Sketch-Book*. — The following reprints may be enumerated: — *Miscellaneous Essays, Critical and Theological*, by the Rev. W. Kirkus (Longman), — *Letters by Historians on some Questions of International Law* (Macmillan & Co.), — *Poems from the Dawn of British Literature in the Year 1699* (Edinburgh, Maclaren), — *Historical Sketch of Popular Literature and its Influence on Society*, by W. Chambers, — *Dr. Dobell On the Prevention of Disease and the Diminution of its Fatality by Periodical Examination* (Wertheimer & Co.), — *Parts I. and II. of The Life and Death of the Irish Parliament, a Lecture*, by the Right Hon. J. Whiteside (Hodges, Smith & Co.), — *College Essays, delivered in Trinity College, Cambridge*, by W. Everett (Bell & Daldy), — and *Rome, England, and India: a Lecture*, by Sir A. Grant (Parker). — Our Second Editions include *The Slave Power: its Character, Career and Probable Designs*, by J. E. Cairnes (Macmillan & Co.), — *The Post Office London Suburban Directory* (Kelly & Co.), — *The Foggy Night at Offord: a Christmas Gift for the Lancashire Fund*, by Mrs. Henry Wood (Nisbet), — *Nice et son Climat*, par Edwin Lee (Baillière), — *Memoirs of Joshua Watson*, edited by the Archdeacon of Cleveland (J. H. & J. Parker), — *India: a Lecture*, by P. B. Smollett (Glasgow, Heddervick & Son), — *Poems*, by T. W. James (Jewell), — and Mr. Torbronn's *Treatise on the Culture of the Pine-Apple* (Allen). — Third editions: *The Pressing Necessity for increased Docks and Basins at Portsmouth; with some Observations on Mr. Cobden's "Three Panics," a Letter to Lord Palmerston*, by Rear-Admiral the Hon. J. Denman (Ridgway), — *Guide to the Church Services in London and its Suburbs* (J. H. & J. Parker), — *The Civil War and Slavery in the United States: a Lecture* (Bennett), — and *The Maintenance of the Aged and Necessitous Poor a National Tax, and not a Local Poor Rate, a Subject for the Consideration of all Ratepayers*, by H. Pownall (Shaw). — Fourth editions: *The Poetical Works of Thomas Aird* (Blackwood & Sons), — and *The Spirit of the World, and the Spirit which is of God*, a Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln (Skeffington), — and we have fifth editions of *A Advice to a Wife on the Management of her own Health*, by P. H. Chavasse (Churchill & Sons), — and *Stammering and Stuttering, their Nature and Treatment*, by Dr. Hunt (Longman), — and an eighth edition of *Soirées Dansantes, Etiquette of the Ball-Room*, by Mrs. Nicholas Henderson (Blake). We may conclude with the second annual publication of *Thom's British Directory and Official Handbook for 1863* (Simpkin). — *A Song of Joy in Anticipation of the Marriage of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark*, by F. Piercy (Weymouth, Sherren), — and *A Marriage Ode, written on the Occasion of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark*, by J. L. Moore (Hamilton).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Allan's Nobly False, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.
 Andrews' Right Rev. L., D. D., Life & Works of, by Russell. 19/6 cl.
 Atkinson's Recollections of Tartar Steppes, &c. post 8vo. 18/6 cl.
 Ayton's Ode on the Marriage of Prince of Wales, 8vo. 1/6 swd.
 Bayle's Christ on Earth, &c. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Bulew's Shakespeare's Home at New Place, Stratford, post 8vo. 15/6
 Birk's The Exodus of Israel, its Difficulties Examined, 8vo. 7/6 cl.

Blanch's Volunteer's Book of Facts, 8vo. 2/6 swd.
 Bollingbroke Henry St. John Viscount, by Macknight, 8vo. 18/6 cl.
 Browning's E. H. Greek Christian Poets, King, Poets, &c. 8vo. 8/6
 Carter's Passion & Temptation of Our Lord, Lect. Lectures, 8vo. 2/6
 Cherville's First Step to French, new edit. 12mo. 2/6 cl.
 Choise's Psalter, Noted and Pointed, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Dale's Annals of Coggeshall, otherwise Sunnedon, post 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 D'Aubign's Hist. of Reformation in Europe, V. 1 & 2, 8vo. 28/6 cl.
 D'Orsey's Spelling by Dictation, new edit. 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Ede's Management of Steel, including Forging, Hardening, &c. 1/6
 Ellis's Madagascar, its Social and Religious Progress, cr. 8vo. 3/6
 God is Love, 7th edit. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
 Groot's Index to Familiar Quotations, 8vo. 5/6 hf. bd.
 Hillary S. Magna, or the Nearest Duty First, 8vo. 4/6 cl.
 Historic Character of the Pentateuch Vindicated, 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Hutten (Ulrich von), Poet and Orator, transl. by Young, cr. 8vo. 4/6
 Joyce's Handbook of School Management, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Kane's Love's Labour not Lost, a new Temperance Tale, 8vo. 1/6
 Laurie's Sixth "Standard" Reader, 8vo. 1/6 cl.
 Maoduff's The Thoughts of God and the Words of Jesus, 18mo. 2/6
 Newland's Postils, Short Sermons on the Parables, 2nd edit. 3/6 cl.
 Order of Confirmation, illuminated by Stanesby, sq. 32mo. 5/6 cl. gt.
 Our New Life in Christ, ed. by a Parish Priest, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Parker's (Rev. Joseph T.) Sermons, cr. 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Parour Lib. "Hinchbridge Haunted," 8vo. 2/6 bds.
 Reid's The Blood of Jesus, new ed. 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Rouse's Christian Holiness and its Consequence, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Russell's Letter to Bishop of Oxford on "Essays and Reviews," 5/6
 Scott and James on Photo-Zincography, new edit. 4to. 12/6 cl.
 Sea Sketches about Ships and Sailors, cr. 8vo. 1/6 swd.
 Seton's Decrees in Equity, 2nd edit. by Harrison & Leach, Vol. 2, 14/6
 Sleight's History of Leek in Staffordshire, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 Southey's Thoughts of Many Minds, 4th ed. 12/6 cl. gt.
 Specimens of Early Wood Engraving 4to. 31/6 hf. bd.
 Spens's W. C. Dreams and Realities, Poems, 8vo. 5/6 cl.
 Stone's Practice of Petty Sessions, 7th ed. by Bell & Co., 18mo. 12/6
 Sumner's Handbook of the Chinese Language, Parts 1 & 2, 28/6
 Tynndall's Heat as a Mode of Motion, post 8vo. 12/6 cl. gt.
 Vore's Loving Counsels, 2nd Series, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Wagner's (the late Rev. G.) Lectures for Lent, cr. 8vo. 6/6 cl.

THE BRAIN IN MAN AND IN THE APE.

58, Harley Street, Feb. 26, 1863.
 I have read Prof. Owen's letter, inserted in your last number (Athen. February 21, 1863, p. 262), with every desire to retract any exaggerated statement which I may have made.

I find one mistake only, which Prof. Owen himself says "is so obvious that he believes it to have been made unintentionally." I said that in his 'Reade's Lecture' the only illustration given of the ape's brain was a reproduction of Vrolik's defective figure. This error does not affect the general faithfulness of my account of the controversy; but I regret that it should have occurred, and shall take care to remove it should a new edition of my work be called for.

At the same time, I may remark, that the figures of the marmoset's brain given in two of Prof. Owen's papers and omitted in the third, or that in the *Annals of Natural History*, in 1861, could not serve as a corrective of the erroneous impression which Vrolik's figure was calculated to make; because in describing the brain of the marmoset (*Midas rufimanus*) Prof. Owen said, both in 1837 (*Phil. Trans.* p. 93) and in 1857 (*Linn. Soc. Proceedings*, p. 18, note), that the cerebral hemispheres "extend, as in most of the Quadrumana, over the greater part (not the whole) of the cerebellum."

In the *Athenæum* (February 21, 1863, p. 262, col. 2), Prof. Owen affirms that "in his paper published in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, Vol. VII, p. 456, June, 1861, not one word is said about the relative positions of the cerebrum and cerebellum, or the degree in which the former overlaps the latter in the ape and negro." When he wrote this passage, he must surely have forgotten his own words in the memoir alluded to, which are as follows:—"Figures 1 and 2, plate xix., show the brains of the negro and the chimpanzee of the natural size, and the relative size of the cerebrum to the cerebellum as observed by Schroeder van der Kolk and Vrolik in the chimpanzee (*Trogloodytes niger*). Figures 1 and 2, in plate xx., show the extent to which the cerebellum is overlapped by the cerebrum by means of a vertical section of the brain of the negro, and by a like section of the brain of the chimpanzee."

If the reader will refer to this passage in the *Annals* and to the whole of the brief memoir of which it forms a part, he will see how unfounded is the charge of misrepresentation preferred against me by Prof. Owen.

CHARLES LYELL.

March 3, 1863.

Since writing to you on the 26th of last month, I have received a letter from Mr. Flower, Conservator of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, well known as the author of several valuable papers, printed in the *Transactions* of the Royal and other Societies, on the structure of the brain of the Quadrumana. As he treats anatomically of

† We received Sir Charles Lyell's letter of February 26 at six o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the moment of going to press, just too late for our impression of last week.

a question alluded to by Prof. Owen in his letter of February 21st, which was not noticed by Dr. Rolleston in his excellent observations which appeared in your last number, I have obtained his leave to send to you, for publication, the subjoined extract.

CHARLES LYELL.

Mr. Flower to Sir C. Lyell.

March 2, 1863.

"The principal complaint advanced by Prof. Owen against what seems to me the extremely fair and temperate summary of this controversy given in your work, appears to be your statement that he has on several occasions put before the public an inaccurate representation of the brain of a chimpanzee. He now admits that in this brain 'the cerebral hemispheres have glided forward and apart behind so as to expose a portion of the cerebellum,' although the same figure had previously been referred to by him, 'for the true proportion in which the cerebrum covers the cerebellum in the highest apes' (*Athen.* March 30, 1861). To say that it is not 'distorted,' &c. and that 'the true dimensions of each cerebral hemisphere are given,' is perfectly irreconcilable to the fact that one of the hemispheres is actually a quarter of an inch longer than the other, whereas we know that in their natural state their length was precisely the same. The only reason then for the selection of the figure given by Schroeder van der Kolk and Vrolik in preference to the more accurate one given by Gratiolet, with which Prof. Owen implies that he was acquainted in 1857, is the one now for the first time advanced, viz., that the brain figured by the Dutch anatomists, was 'from a larger and older chimpanzee.' But after a careful examination and measurement of the two figures, I do not see the grounds on which this assumption rests. The trifling and very uneven expansion seen in the upper surface is owing evidently to the flattening out of the brain when soft; for, on comparing the side views, Vrolik's brain appears not only no longer than Gratiolet's, but wants fully half an inch in height; and nothing is said in Gratiolet's work, of the age of the specimen from which his figure is taken."

March 3, 1863.

THE close correspondence between the described mental constitution of the Hottentot Venus with that manifested by the microcephalous children exhibited as "Astecs," led me, in observing the latter, to infer, and still strongly impresses me with the relation of such mental constitution with the arrested development of the brain in both cases.

In reference to the statement quoted by Dr. Rolleston, as to the convolution, of which it is affirmed: "Il est plus évident encore dans les singes que dans l'homme." I think the adverse evidence of the Dutch anatomists worthy also of consideration. V. der Kolk and Vrolik, in their 'Note on the Orang's Brain,' of 1861, affirm of that convolution, that it is an "éminence que nous croyons avoir le droit de nommer indice de pes hippocampi minor" (p. 7).

Now, the affirmation that the part so called, by reason of the resemblance it suggested in its fully-developed state in man, is peculiar to and characteristic of the human brain, is not affected by the existence in the ape's brain of that which leads the observer of it to "believe himself entitled to call it 'an indication' of such structure." As to the cavity containing that structure, figures of the full size of the parts, in the brains compared, human and simial, are needed for an unbiassed appreciation of the differences in question. In regard to the "posterior horn," I have done this in the negro's brain (*Annals and Mag. of Nat. Hist.* s. 3, vol. 7, pl. 21), and in the chimpanzee's brain (*ibid.* pl. 20, fig. 3), taking the latter from V. der Kolk and Vrolik's drawing of 1849, respecting which these estimable anatomists in their later "Note" state:—"Nous avons revu nos dessins et nos préparations de l'année 1849. Nous reconnaissons, avec M. Owen, que les dessins sont exacts" (p. 6). A comparison of those figures may justify my doubt whether a term expressive of the demonstrated difference will be "discarded for ever" from a precise comparative anatomy. And I restate the facts which oppose some present tenden-

cies, viz., that the "foot" by which we stand and walk erect, the "hand" which, so liberated, can apply its matchless structure to the biddings of a high intelligence, and the organ itself of that intelligence, are severally structures peculiar to and characteristic of the human kind. Among the parts which give its peculiarity to the brain, is the much convoluted mass, rising high above and stretching beyond the cerebellum, with its contained structures, which under their peculiar forms, proportions and directions, suggested the resemblances expressed by the quaint terms of the old anatomists.

On the assumption that such propositions imply a negation of the existence of homologous parts or indications of parts in a few of the highest members of the Gyrencephala, is based the contradictory statements.

RICHARD OWEN.

SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

THE late Prince Consort suggested throwing open the Garden at South Kensington for the reception and exhibition of Works of Sculpture, in the belief that while these works would contribute to the decoration of the garden, the exhibition would give an impetus to this branch of Art. The Prince's idea has been taken up.

The Council have made arrangements for holding an Exhibition of British and Foreign works of Sculpture in the Garden, during the months of May, June and July in the present year; inviting the Sculptors' Institute to take charge of the Exhibition, with full power to decide upon the reception or rejection of the works which may be offered, the placing of accepted works, and all other details. The Institute have accepted this duty, and appointed the following sculptors a committee for the purpose, viz.—H. Calder Marshall, R.A., H. Weekes, R.A., T. H. Foley, R.A., W. F. Woodington, and Edward B. Stephens.

The Horticultural Society have devoted a sum of 500*l.* for the purchase of one or more approved works of High Art, which may be shown at the proposed Exhibition; but the Council will not feel bound to expend that sum if no work or works of sufficient merit be sent in. A like sum is intended to be devoted by the Society for the same purpose in each of the two following years.

The Institute of Sculptors have framed the following rules:—

1. All works intended for exhibition must be sent to the Gardens from the 13th to the 18th of April, and be accompanied with a letter, addressed to the Council of the Sculptors' Institute, describing them—but without advertisement, unnecessary quotation, or narrative.
2. All works must be sent to and removed from the Royal Horticultural Gardens at the cost of the Exhibitors.
3. Attached to each work must be the name of the Sculptor, and the number (if there be more than one), to which it refers in his letter.
4. All works sent to the Royal Horticultural Gardens for exhibition are submitted to the approval of the Council of the Sculptors' Institute, whose decision is final.
5. Works not selected must be removed prior to the opening of the Exhibition, of which the sculptor will be duly informed by letter.
6. Suitable stands will be provided by the Society. Every possible care will be taken of the works sent for exhibition; but the Royal Horticultural Society, and the Sculptors' Institute, will not hold themselves accountable in any case of injury or loss, nor can they undertake to pay the carriage of any package which may be presented by carriers.
7. The price of works to be disposed of may be communicated to Mr. A. Murray, the Assistant Secretary, and will be inserted in a book for reference at the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

110, Bunhill Row, March 4, 1863.

IN reference to Dr. D'Orsan's letter inserted in your impression of last week, it is hardly necessary to say that the general statements it embodies are no answer to the charge which has been brought

against him, and that until he chooses to state publicly the dates of his lunar photographs, the locality where they were obtained, and the instruments used in their production, he will have done nothing towards clearing himself from the imputation under which he at present rests. As regards his assertion that a slip was inserted in Part I. of his work notifying that the dates of the photographs accompanying that number would be given in Part II., a simple inspection of the slip in question (a copy of which I inclose) will show that this is not the fact. I may add, on the authority of Mr. Bennett, that a gentleman of high scientific attainments, who has applied more than once for these dates, for purposes quite unconnected with the genuineness of the work, has not been favoured with a reply.

WARREN DE LA RUE.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE 'YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.'

Maldenhead, March 5, 1863.

A discovery I have recently made regarding Shakespeare and his Works, though not important, is interesting. It relates to the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' usually included in the list of spurious plays, or plays falsely imputed to him; but which I, with many others, feel convinced was, in the main, written by his pen. It was founded, as is well known, upon a domestic event which had attracted a great deal of popular attention, and which happened on the 23rd of April, 1605—not 1604, as the date is given in Stow's 'Chronicle': the publication of the 'Yorkshire Tragedy' did not take place until 1608, and copies with two different title-pages are in existence. As it has, I think, never been quoted with the correct imprint, I subjoin it:—

"A Yorkshire Tragedy. Not so New as Lamentable and true. Acted by his Majesties Players at the Globe. Written by W. Shakspeare.—At London Printed by R. B. for Thomas Pavier, and are to be sold at his shop on Cornhill, neere the Exchange. 1608." 4to.

It was one out of four short dramas performed on the same night at the same theatre, and the title, of one copy at least, so expresses it,—viz.: "All's One, or one of the foure plaies in one, called a Yorkshire Tragedy, as it was plaied by the King's Majesties Plaiers. 1608." 4to.—What were the other three pieces we have no information, the 'Yorkshire Tragedy' being the only one that has come down to us.

There is no doubt that it was composed on the spur of the moment, while the shocking catastrophe was fresh in people's minds; and the circumstance that no names are assigned to any of the principal characters may have been owing either to an unwillingness to cause additional pain, or to the interference of the Master of the Revels, who forbade that further publicity should thus be given to a family calamity. More than one dramatist was certainly engaged in the instant preparation of the piece; and while I feel sure that Shakespeare was chiefly concerned with the tragic portion, the introductory comic scene was, I think, from another hand. This will in part account for the incongruity of the dialogue between Oliver, Ralph and Sam in several places; and I am satisfied also that this particular scene has been rendered more obscure by abbreviations of it, found necessary when the comic and tragic portions were put together for rehearsal. That rehearsal must have been almost instantaneous, because, although the printed copy did not come out until 1608 (owing to the usual difficulty with publishers to obtain theatrical MSS.), we need not hesitate in believing that the 'Yorkshire Tragedy' was represented on the stage a very few days after it had been acted in reality near Wakefield: hence, in a great degree, the incomplete and "rough-hewn" form which the short drama bears.

It is not my intention here to enter into the question of the authenticity of the piece as a production by Shakespeare: various opinions have been expressed by various critics more or less competent. I only ask that it should be read with due allowance for the circumstances under which it must have been written and printed; and then I think that the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that our great dramatist "had a main finger in it." If the

introductory scene by his fellow-dramatist had to be abridged in order that the representation might be brought within the proper limits, it is not unlikely that some portion, even of the tragic scenes by Shakespeare, was unavoidably omitted. I have always felt so strongly on the question of the authenticity of the 'Yorkshire Tragedy' as a work of Shakespeare that I reluctantly left it out in the three or four editions I have superintended; and were I again called upon to go through the same undertaking, under my strong convictions I should not consider it complete if I did not include it, as at least entitled to rank with 'Pericles' and 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.'

I therefore look upon myself as fortunate in having very lately discovered a copy of the original pamphlet on which, it may be asserted, the 'Yorkshire Tragedy' was founded. It has been long known that such a tract was registered at Stationers' Hall very soon after the sad events had occurred, but it has never till now turned up, and I have it before me under the following title:—

"Two most unnatural and bloodie Murthers: the one by Maister Caverley, a Yorkshire Gentleman, practised upon his wife, and committed upon his two Children, the three and twentie of April 1605.—The other by Mistris Browne and her servant Peter, upon her Husband, who were executed in Lent last past at Bury in Suffolke. 1605.—Printed at London by V. S. for Nathaniel Butter, dwelling in Paules churchyard neare Saint Austens gate. 1605." 4to.

The true name of the perpetrator of the first of these murders appears to have been Calverley, and not Caverley or Coverly, as it has been sometimes spelt; but, as I have stated, no name is given in the drama, the hero being called "Husband," the heroine (as far as she is to be so deemed) "Wife," and the Magistrate "A Knight": in the narrative they are respectively called Master Caverley, Mrs. Caverley, and Sir John Saville, which connects the well-known Yorkshire family with the transaction: the "Master of the College" is so spoken of and to in both; and, as in the drama, he interposes on behalf of Calverley's younger brother, then at the University, who had been imprisoned on a bond into which he had entered on behalf of the reckless and extravagant hero. The first point that strikes us is the solution of the difficulty respecting a wife Calverley had taken before he was married to the heroine, and which is mentioned by the servant Sam to his fellows, Oliver and Ralph—"Why he is married to another long ago." The fact appears to be, that Calverley deserted the wife he had married in Yorkshire for one whom he married in London, so that he was guilty of bigamy as well as of murder. His first wife, and the consumption into which she had fallen in consequence of cruelty and desertion, are very interestingly described in the tract, and perhaps were touched upon in the drama as originally written:—"This gentlewoman, Maister Caverley's wife, took with an inward consideration so to heart this unjust wrong, that exercising her howres onely in continual sorrow, she brought herself to a consumption"; and it is to be presumed that she had died before Calverley committed the murder upon his second wife and two of the children that he had by her.

After thus dismissing the first wife, the daughter of a country gentleman, we are told of Calverley's brutal treatment of his second wife, of his boundless extravagance, of his gaming, and of all his other vices. He sends her to London to her guardians, in order that she may raise money by selling her dower; and she returns, not with money, but exactly as in the drama, with the promise of a good place for her husband at Court. He rejects it indignantly, strikes her, and fights with and is overcome and wounded by a gentleman who takes the wife's part. This adds to Calverley's exasperation, and his fury is at the highest, when the Master of his brother's College arrives, and enforces the young man's misery and disgrace in prison on account of the bond. Calverley promises to give the Master the money, although he knows that he has not a farthing; and while the Master is walking in the grounds waiting for payment, Calverley's eldest boy, who is

"scourging a top," as in the play, comes to his distracted and maddened father, who strikes the child with his dagger, and wounds him mortally. With the bleeding body in his arms, he rushes to his wife's room, wounds her to death, inflicts several gashes on his second son, ("the third," in the words of the pamphlet, is "at nurse abroad,") and flings the maid-servant headlong down stairs. All the particulars, many of them not adapted to the stage, are entered into with great minuteness; and after a brief and distracted interview with the Master of the College, Calverley mounts a gelding, which he found ready saddled, and gallops off to destroy his third child, which was at a considerable distance. We are informed in the tract that "his hart had made sharp the knife that was to cut his infant's own throte;" but his horse falling just before he reached the place, he was captured by the Master of the College, and some others who had closely followed him. He was carried before Sir John Saville, and, "like a strumpet made impudent by her continuance in sinne," avowed and boasted of what he had done, only regretting that one of his offspring remained alive to inherit nothing but the beggary of its father. He was by Sir John Saville committed "to one Maister Key's house, a Gaile but lately built in Wakefield."

The narrative proceeds no farther, because, like the drama, it was written on the spur of the moment, before Calverley had been brought to trial. We know that he then refused to plead, and was therefore, as the law stood at the time, pressed to death. This cruel suffering he endured in his repentance, and in order to save the wreck of his property for his surviving infant.

There are various new points in the narrative before me; but I content myself with the merest sketch of it, because I am about to reproduce it for the benefit and information of the fifty members of my new Reprinting Club. It is a curious illustration of our early popular literature, and of additional value in consequence of its relation to a drama to which good judges have been of opinion Shakespeare (whose name stands at full length upon the title-page) very importantly contributed. I rely, of course, more upon internal than upon external evidence. J. PAYNE COLLIER.

THE CASE OF LITERARY LARCENY.

47, City Road, March 3, 1863.

IN justice alike to me and to the public who have purchased, within fourteen months, nearly three editions of my volume on 'Australia, with Notes by the Way,' I am sure you will give me space to reply to a communication which appeared in your columns of February 21, but which I did not see until nearly the end of last week.

As to any quarrel which your Correspondent has had with my friends on the other side of the globe, I know nothing at all. Up to the time when his letter was given in the *Athenæum*, I had not heard of his 'Southern Lights and Shadows'; and as he states that the book is out of print, I cannot hope to examine it, else I should be curious to learn how his "little book" on New South Wales only, could supply the "leading paragraphs" "from the opening to the close" of my post-octavo volume of nearly three hundred pages, and which treats, not only of all the Australasian Colonies, but also of all the principal countries in the way to them. I might also try to ascertain whether he has broken up his own paragraphs, after the fashion of his dealing with mine. Every one knows how easy it is, by such a process, to make things look alike, which are in their own setting and original connexion, sufficiently different. Not that I am about to charge this writer with intentional misrepresentation: an attempt at brevity may be a great part of the explanation.

The fact is, that in my travels I did as everybody else does: that is, I read whatever came in my way bearing on the countries through which I was passing; but I took care to note down my own observations and impressions; and if, in doing so, some terms, perfectly true to my own views, though, possibly, they had been employed by others, adhered to my memory, and found their way into my manuscript, no reader of books of travel could

feel surprise. In the several colonies of Australia, as in other parts of the world (as often as I could do so), I availed myself of the judgment of intelligent friends, who had the advantage of longer residence, with a view to secure accuracy in the statement of facts, &c. In this instance, there are peculiar circumstances which, for explanation and proof, rest upon minute examination, not only of my own manuscript notes, but also of the written suggestions of others. And had the complainant communicated with me, through my publisher, or otherwise, there would have been supplied to him evidence fully to account for the apparent resemblances in subjects and terms to which he has referred. He has not done so; and as I do not choose to leave the case, as it really is, to depend upon my own single assertion, I have submitted it, with all the papers in question, to gentlemen whose public character and intellectual competency are above suspicion. They all have authorized the appending of their names to the following declaration by themselves; but as it is not necessary to give all their signatures, I content myself with two: the one by a gentleman of Cornwall, well known by his numerous writings; and the other by a minister of high standing in the metropolis. FREDERICK J. JOBSON.

"At Dr. Jobson's request, we have examined the manuscripts and proofs, to which reference is made above; and are fully satisfied of the correctness of his statement; and that there is no just cause, literary or otherwise, for the unfavourable reflections which have been cast upon him.

"GEORGE SMITH, LL.D., F.S.A.

"WILLIAM W. STAMP."

MADAME CINTI-DAMOREAU.

Madame Cinti-Damoreau is dead; aged, say the journals, sixty-three. Her maiden name was Laura Cinthie Montalant. From 1808 to 1814 she was a pupil in the Conservatoire at Paris; first as a student for the piano, later as a singer,—a voice having, even then, revealed itself in her of rare and delicate beauty. In 1819, she was selected as one of the "four or five dolls" whom M. Valsebègue engaged to fill up the operas which his imperial wife, Madame Catalani, was virtually to *be*. In 1821, she ventured on the stage as "first woman"; but the French public had been used to a trumpet in the Italian *prima donna*, and the exquisite promise of one who had a gentler voice, and who, besides, was born and trained at home, passed disregarded. In 1825, when the Grand Opéra fell into the hands of Signor Rossini, he had intelligence enough to discern the fascinating qualities and accomplishments of the young Frenchwoman, and to attach her to his company as a singer immeasurably superior to all who had gone before her. But though fair to see, Mlle. Cinti was no actress. The tale, however, of her excellence is told in the fact that she was the heroine in his 'Moïse,' in his 'Siège de Corinthe,' in his 'Count Ory,' in his 'Guillaume Tell,'—in M. Auber's 'La Muette' and 'Le Serment,' and was the *Princess* in M. Meyerbeer's 'Robert,' which she introduced to England. Those were the golden days of the Grand Opéra. During this brilliant period Mlle. Cinti made an unhappy marriage with M. Damoreau,—"fell out" with the managers of her old theatre (perhaps being found difficult to provide for there, owing to the absence of dramatic force), and passed to the Opéra Comique. There, she was even more popular than she had been in her former grander sphere. M. Auber wrote for her his 'Actéon,' his 'Ambasadrice' (in which Scribe turned Sontag's stately marriage to stage account), his 'Domino Noir' (that imperishable genteel comedy in music), his 'Zanetta'; and frequenters of the Salle Favart cannot forget an operetta, 'Le Mauvais Œil,' by Mlle. Lœisa Puget, in which Madame Cinti-Damoreau's singing was a marvel of bright and elegant execution. After 'Zanetta' (not one of M. Auber's successes) had failed to please, the *prima donna* ceased to agree with the Opéra Comique. Her voice had already begun to wane and to become weaker. She left her theatre, and entered on that migratory career which is habitual to declining singers; came to

London and went to America, under circumstances of mistake and mischance. For many years before her death she had become unable to appear in public, and has died after much suffering, and, we fear, not rich. She was buried with musical honours.

Of all the brilliant singers who have been heard during the last thirty years, Madame Cinti-Damoreau was the best: being without a fault. Her voice, though small, was deliciously sweet, yet not luscious; easily, and yet not frivolously, delivered. Her facility was without limits, so was her perfect measurement of time, and her expression, if not invention, of grace. There was not the slightest appearance of effort and preparation in anything she did; yet her ornaments were models, and her feeling for sentiment, if not for emotion, was true and most attractive. In her own style and in her own world we remember her as first of the list, in which artists no less excellent than Sontag, Bosio, Madame Persiani, and Madame Dorus-Gras figure. Two of these (it is true) had qualities in addition to those of her peculiar sisterhood: Sontag greater classical skill and variety, Madame Persiani more intense vocal expression; but, considered merely as a brilliant singer, Madame Cinti-Damoreau was (we repeat) the most faultless and fascinating of all.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

General Sabine, President of the Royal Society, has issued cards for Evening Receptions, on Saturday, March 28 and May 2.

Mr. Weekes, sculptor, and Mr. Boxall, portrait painter, have been elected Royal Academicians. The honours of the Associateship have been given to Mr. Le Jeune.

In answer to our question: "What music are we to have for the wedding?" we have the following reply, as regards one of the most attractive places in London—the Temple Church:—

"Goldsmith Building, Temple, March 3, 1863.

"There will be a new 'Bridal Anthem,' for the Temple Church, to be used at Morning Service, on Sunday the 15th inst. Besides the opening Semi-quartet, and the concluding Chorus, it will comprise a Solo, Recitative and Air, for Mr. Thomas, the bass, and a Solo for Mr. Wilbye Cooper, the tenor. The composer is Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Organist and Master of the Choristers for the Temple Church. I have seen part of the score, and heard one of the solos, and there is no reason to doubt that the composition will be worthy of the high character of Mr. Hopkins's other works, especially his five Services in A and in F. The words are a selection from the 21st Psalm, where the use of the future tense meets the present occasion with felicitous propriety. Such a proceeding as this is peculiarly appropriate to the Temple, considering the relation of the Prince to us as a Master of the Bench of one of the Societies. It is a satisfaction to myself to have suggested this three months ago, and that my suggestion was immediately welcomed and adopted.

"DAVID MACLACHLAN."

The British Museum will be closed this day and on Tuesday, the 10th instant,—the reception day and the marriage day of the Princess Alexandra.

Who cut off the head of Charles the First?—like the contemporary questions, Who wrote the Icen Basilike? and Where was Cromwell buried?—has puzzled writers and partisans for two hundred years. Mr. Robert Reece, while reading in the Colonial Papers at the Record Office, has fallen upon a document which some persons will think sets the matter at rest. It is a letter dated St. Michael's Town, in Barbadoes, September 30, written by Jo. Nevington, and addressed to Mr. James Drawater, Merchant, at Mr. Jo. Lindupp's at the Bunch of Grapes, in Ship's Yard, by Temple Bar. The important paragraph stands thus:—"All the matters I can write from hence is of one Hugh Peachell who hath been in this Island almost twenty years and lived with many persons of good Esteem and now last with Coll. Barwick. It was observed that he gained much money, yet none thrived less than hee and falling sick about 3 weeks past was much troubled in his conscience but

would not utter himself to any but a minister who being sent for He did acknowledge himself y^e person y^e cut off y^e head of King Charles for which he had £100 and with much seeming penitence and receiving much comfort as y^e Divine one parson Lashley an eminent man here could afford him he dyed in a quarter of an hour afterwards. This you may report for reall truth although you should not have it from any other hand. He had £100 for y^e doing of itt. There is one Wm. Hewel condemned for the same I think now in Newgate. He will be glad you acquaint him of this if he know it not already."

The House of Commons will be asked this year to vote 3,000*l.* for the publication of documents connected with the history of England, 550*l.* for editing documents from the archives of Simancas, and 400*l.* for editing documents from the archives of Venice. This will be exclusive of the usual 1,500*l.* devoted to the abstracts of State Papers. The total charge of the consolidated department of the Record Office for the year 1863-64 will be 20,234*l.*

One of the parliamentary papers issued this week possesses some interest for the historians of the Indian Mutiny. It is a return of the regiments in the Native Bengal Army, both Regular and Irregular, that remained faithful to the Government during the late mutiny, and that retained their arms during the whole time, and were actively employed in the suppression of the mutiny: distinguishing their respective services; together with a statement of the thanks or rewards that have been given to the officers and men.

The total cost this year of the manufacture of postage labels and envelopes for the Post-office will be nearly 30,000*l.* Of this sum, 19,000*l.* will be expended on the paper for labels, and the printing, gumming and folding. About 5,000*l.* will be appropriated to the salaries of the various officials, including the supervisor (500*l.*) and the superintendent of the perforating department (100*l.*). The poundage to distributors is estimated at 4,600*l.*

Lieut. Lefroy, commanding her Majesty's ship Investigator, in his ascent of the River Niger, an enterprise undertaken with a view to communicate with Dr. Baikie, has succeeded in reaching a higher point of that river than had hitherto been attained by a ship of war. On the 2nd of September he commenced the ascent. The current was strong; and some of the inhabitants of the banks were unfriendly, but the progress made was considerable, being about fifty miles a day. On the seventh day the expedition passed the large town of Iddah, supposed to contain upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, situated on a pretty hill 127 feet in height. There is a large plain on the south side. The houses are round, and the natives dressed in the blue cloth of the country. This place, in the opinion of Mr. Lefroy, might be made the key of the Niger, as the deep-water channel is very narrow, so that the town entirely commands it. Igara is the name of the country, and the King of Iddah's territory reaches as far as the confluence. The scenery about Shooter's Sound is of a fine picturesque description; hills, thickly-wooded valleys, and mountains steep and rocky. "The country," says Mr. Lefroy, "might be turned to good account, and from what I have heard the natives would be glad to work the ground, only they are prevented by fear of King Massaba, who sends down his horsemen in the dry season and takes them for slaves. The land opposite Beauford Sound grows Guinea corn, and the island itself has several farms on it." On the eleventh day they came to the last of Lieut. Glover's charts that are printed; but still pushed forward. Fourteen days later, Mr. Lefroy arrived at the camp called Eddo, where he was to see the King Massaba. There, "Mr. Southwick and myself, accompanied by a guard of five kroomen, together with the head chief and others the King had sent to escort me to his presence, proceeded to the King's house, where we found him sitting on a mat, and another spread with cushions for Mr. Southwick and myself. He is a fine-looking man, and, from the great name he bears, just the man I

expected to see. We had a little palaver and exchange of compliments, after which I presented him with the presents I brought. He seemed much pleased with the coat of mail, and said it showed him he was not forgotten in England. He then requested me to go and see his sons, whom I found in great numbers with the second King, ready to receive me. Some of them were remarkably fine men. I was then presented with some cola-nuts, in accordance with the custom of the country, which broke up the palaver, and I returned to King Massaba, with whom I had a long palaver about Dr. Baikie. He informed me that he had gone to Kano after the papers and effects of a Dr. Vogel, who had been murdered there, and that he had recovered the papers; the King had given him horses and men, but did not seem pleased at his going. The camp here is on a very large scale, and I have been informed he has upwards of 5,000 horsemen. His reason for being encamped is on account of an order from the Sultan of Socatoo to open the road between Bida and Socatoo, as the messengers were frequently robbed and murdered passing between those places; so that Massaba has taken the whole country, dethroning the Kings and placing guards of his own men in their towns. The King spoke a good deal about Dr. Baikie, and again expressed his dissatisfaction at his going away, and not returning in time for the ship, as he had promised. Called on the King in the afternoon, and he told me he felt sure I would neither hear nor see Dr. Baikie this year, but promised to send his letters to Lagos whenever he received an answer." Mr. Lefroy returned by the road he had come. When he had proceeded some way a messenger from King Massaba arrived, informing him that the King had heard from Dr. Baikie, and that he was on his way back to the camp, and requested Mr. Lefroy to wait a few days longer; but Mr. Lefroy resolved not to wait, and dropped down the river: leaving us still in doubt as to Dr. Baikie's safety.

The Alpine Club now takes rank among the publishing Societies of London. The first number of a quarterly journal was issued on the 1st of this month to the members. It contains interesting papers on Mountain Ascents, and a department for Notes and Queries relating to Mountaineering, Guides, and the various incidents of Alpine travel. As a medium of communication between Alpine explorers in various parts of the world, this journal, if efficiently conducted, will be of use.

Mr. Burford's Panorama of Rome was exhibited on Saturday. It is the intention of the proprietors to produce in succession all the panoramas of the late Mr. Burford, who for seventy years annually exhibited pictorial representations of remarkable places in Europe, Asia and America. The present season is the last of this exhibition, and the public will do well to take advantage of the opportunity.

The time when St. Thomas's Hospital is going to more wholesome quarters than its own stifling nook, is also to be marked by the removal of its ancient brother in Paris, the Hôtel Dieu, to a less unhealthy site. No such intense conservatism exists, or has ever existed in the French capital as in our own, hence the Hôtel Dieu has been once before removed. Its new site is not yet fully decided upon.

The Senate of Glasgow University have conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on John Westland Marston, author of 'The Patrician's Daughter.'

Mr. Nightingale's small cabinet of medals has just been disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, the different specimens, which were generally speaking very fine, producing high prices. The following may be cited:—The celebrated medallion of Henry the Eighth, as Supreme Head of the Church, 6*l.*—Coronation medal of Edward the Sixth, 5*l.*—Pope Julius the Third, rev. Anglia Resurgens, 6*l.*—chased medal of Mary the First, 3*l.* 10*s.*—Medal of Elizabeth, 3*l.* 10*s.*—Lord Chancellor Bacon, 5*l.* 5*s.*—Charles the First on the dispute with the Dutch as to the right of the Fisheries, 3*l.*—Lord Kimbolton, 4*l.*—Commonwealth Honorary Medal, rev. Naval Engagement

between Blake and Van Tromp, in gold, by Simon, 23*l.* 15*s.*—the same struck in silver, 6*l.* 5*s.*—James, Duke of York, rev. Battle with De Ruyter, 5*l.*—Gold medal of Charles the Second, by Rawlins, 25*l.*—James, Duke of Monmouth, 4*l.*—Archbishop Sancroft, rev. Seven Bishops, 2*l.* 16*s.*—William the Third, 6*l.*—another, with flowing hair, 3*l.*—William and Mary, 3*l.* 1*s.*—Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, 4*l.* 15*s.*—Mary Magdalen, wife of Cosmo de' Medici, 3*l.* 1*s.*—Eckhel, the Numismatist, 2*l.* 18*s.*—Van Loon, 2*l.* 2*s.* This small collection produced 625*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

In a previous sale by the same auctioneers, there occurred some remarkable coins of Amphipolis, which brought 53*l.*, 41*l.*, 27*l.* 10*s.*, and 24*l.* respectively.

Prussian Government engineers have been engaged in making surveys with a view towards forming a canal to unite the Rhine, Weser and Elbe rivers; it is understood that the needful works do not present any very formidable engineering obstacles.

The Russian Government has purchased, for the sum of 100,000 silver roubles, the celebrated collection of Caraitic manuscripts of the learned collector, Abraham Firkowitch. After the collection had been duly examined by different savants, and pronounced to be highly important for the criticism of the text of the Holy Scriptures, for palæography and chronology in general, and for the history of Southern Russia in particular, it was delivered as property to the public Imperial Library. The Caraitic scholar, Abraham Firkowitch, has devoted, we hear, thirty years of his life to the acquisition of these rare manuscripts. As early as 1830, during his stay in Constantinople, he succeeded in finding some valuable Hebrew codices. This seems to have given him the impulse for his untiring exertions in this field. He sacrificed his fortune in the search for rare and old manuscripts; bore without murmuring long separations from his family; subjected himself to all sorts of privations, and often endangered his life. Mr. Firkowitch has travelled through, and explored, the Crimea and the Caucasus in all directions; he has lived for months in churchyards and burial-places to study and copy old inscriptions; he has penetrated into synagogues and other likely places, where the Jews used to hide books on sudden attacks or invasions from the enemy; he never wearied of the struggle with fanaticism and barbarity. Thus he succeeded in collecting 124 Hebrew original copies of the Old Testament, which are older than all other Hebrew codices in any of the libraries of Europe. Twenty-five of the manuscripts in Mr. Firkowitch's collection were written before the ninth, and twenty before the tenth century. Five of the manuscripts on leather are maintained to be the oldest of all documents on the Scriptures hitherto discovered. The whole collection consists of 47 rolls of the Pentateuch, on leather and parchment; 77 codices of the Holy Scriptures; 33 translations in different languages; 272 works of Caraitic authors; 528 works of Rabbinit authors; 250 miscellaneous letters and articles; 722 inscriptions; 300 documents regarding the history of the Caraim in Western Russia, and 300 old plans of different Russian towns.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—Will shortly close.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Open from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, One Shilling. JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

'THE RAILWAY STATION.'—This Celebrated Picture, by Mr. FRITH, Esq., R.A., will be ON VIEW to the Public on MONDAY, March 9, at the FINE-ART GALLERY, 11, Haymarket.—Admission, 1*l.* Open from Ten to Five. A Descriptive Pamphlet, by Mr. Tom Taylor, M.A., price 6*d.*

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS to EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock (this day excepted).—Stalls, 3*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*l.* The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 6 o'clock.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT, SCIENTIFIC and ARTISTIC.—SAMUEL HIGLEY, F.G.S., F.C.S., &c., will exhibit every Evening, at Eight o'clock precisely, his beautiful series of MAGNIFIED and ILLUMINATED PHOTOGRAPHS which were shown with great *éclat* before the Society of Arts and the London Photographic Society in January. Programmes on application to the Secretary, by post two stamps.—Seats reserved, 3*s.*, 2*s.*, and 1*s.* Burlington Gallery, 191, Piccadilly, W.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL, Sec.

HENRI DRAYTON.—POLYGRAPHIC HALL (King William Street, Strand).—Henri Drayton has the honour to announce his Pictorial and Musical Entertainment, entitled 'FEDERALS and CONFEDERATES,' at the above Hall, commencing on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, at Eight.—Tickets may be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale & Wood's, Regent Street; at Messrs. Chappell's, New Bond Street; and at the Hall.

SCIENCE
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SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 26.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'The Effect of Temperature on the Secretion of Urea,' by Dr. E. Becher.—'On Climant Geometry,' by A. J. Ellis, Esq.—'Note on the Lines in the Spectra of some of the Fixed Stars,' by W. Huggins, Esq. and Dr. W. A. Miller.

ASIATIC.—March 2.—The Right Hon. Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.—The Rev. Dr. E. Spooner was elected a Resident, and Lieut. S. B. Miles and W. Dickson, Esq. Non-Resident Members.—A paper was read, 'On the Botany and Geology of the Country between Tamatave and Antananarivo, in Madagascar,' by C. Meller, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Feb. 26.—The President, Earl Stanhope, in the chair.—The chairman put to the vote the proposal of the Council to grant the sum of 150*l.* towards completing the collection of County Histories in the Society's library, which was carried unanimously.—J. Y. Akerman, Esq. communicated a drawing of a spear-head found at Drayton, Oxon, together with some remarks from Mr. Clutterbuck, on excavations going on at that place.—The Rev. W. Blackmore exhibited an impression of the seal of the King of Georgia.—The Rev. G. H. Dashwood exhibited two deeds: one relating to military stores in the time of Edward the Third, the other to a marriage between the Bardolph and Essex families during the same reign.—A. W. Franks, Esq., Director, exhibited a watch in the shape of the fritillary flower.—W. M. Wylie, Esq. communicated some remarks on the discovery of a copper image of Buddha, at a place called Sultangouge.—W. H. Hart, Esq. communicated remarks 'On Complaints against the Saltpetre Men in the Execution of their Office, temp. Car. I.'

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Feb. 25.—J. Lee, LL.D., President, in the chair.—Mr. W. H. Forman exhibited a beautiful bronze mask of a Satyr, with eyes and teeth of silver.—Mr. Cuming laid before the Association a pressed bronze Head of Bacchus, from Cuma, also with silver eyes, and another example from the same collection. Notices were read of this peculiar work, esteemed as the parent of the *Damaaboen* of the middle ages.—Mr. H. Durden exhibited a bronze Handle, of fine execution, belonging to the first century of the Christian era.—The Rev. E. Kell communicated the particulars of a discovery of an Urn and two Skeletons on Bembridge Downs, Isle of Wight.—Mr. Syer Cuming read a paper 'On Ancient Nielli,' tracing its history, and exhibiting specimens belonging to different periods.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Feb. 23.—A. Ashpitel, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read 'On Artificial Stone,' by R. Kerr, Esq.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—March 2.—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—E. Parfitt, Esq. was elected. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited various Coleoptera of the genera *Mycetopus* and *Homalota*, and read some notes thereupon.—Mr. Bond exhibited a specimen of *Lycena Dorylas*, which had been sent to him as a variety of *L. Adonis*, together with other insects taken in the West of England in 1862; the species was formerly considered as an inhabitant of this country, and is figured by Lewin, but no authentic record exists of its capture in England, and it has for many years been excluded from the lists of indigenous Lepidoptera.—Prof. Westwood read a paper containing descriptions of two new Australian Lucanide, to which he gave the names of

Lucanus Carbonarius and *L. Howittanus*. The President read a paper, entitled 'Descriptions of Brazilian Honey Bees, belonging to the genera *Melipona* and *Trigona*, which were exhibited, together with samples of their Honey and Wax, in the Brazilian Court of the International Exhibition of 1862, in which eleven new species of *Trigona* and two of *Melipona* were characterized.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—March 3.—C. H. Gregory, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Perennial and Flood Waters of the Upper Thames,' by the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck.—At the Monthly Ballot the following candidates were balloted for and duly elected:—Messrs. A. Bryce, I. Fraser, E. Harris, F. C. Mierns, G. Paddison, and G. K. Radford, as Members; Col. G. C. Collyer, R.M.E., and Messrs. G. O. Budd, J. M. Farfan, I. B. Fell, W. Parsey, H. Prince, S. Rendel, M.A., D. S. Sutherland and W. M. Warden, as Associates.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 2.—W. Pole, Esq., Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. E. Atkinson, The Rev. H. Blunt, Col. C. H. Dickens, F. W. Gingell, E. Hart, W. Hartree, J. Hogg, W. W. Humphry, W. E. Kilburn, H. Lainson, T. Leckie, J. Lees, W. M'Keand, A. Pope, J. Rivington, J. R. Russell, J. B. Smith, M.P. and G. S. Trower, were elected Members.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 25.—T. Bazley, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Present Position and Future Prospects of the Supply of Cotton,' by Mr. J. Cheetham.

- MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.**
- Mon. Royal Academy, 8.—'Sculpture,' Prof. Westmacott.
 - Architects, 8.
 - Geographical, 8*1/2*.—'Recent Explorations, Australia.'
 - Tues. Royal Institution, 8.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
 - Actuaries, 4*1/2*.—Council.
 - Byro-Egyptian, 7*1/2*.—'Egyptian Objects, Museum, Alnwick.'
 - Mr. Sonomi; 'Waterbed of Nile,' Mr. Ainsworth.
 - Zoological, 9.
 - Wed. Graphic, 8.
 - Society of Arts, 8.—'International Transit Route through Nicaragua,' Commander Pim.
 - Microscopical, 8.
 - Society of Literature, 8*1/2*.—'Annals of Beahrdod,' Mr. Fox Talbot; 'Campaign of Thothmas III. in Palestine,' Mr. Poole.
 - Archæological Association, 8*1/2*.—'Bracteate Coins,' Mr. Cuming.
 - Thurs. Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' Prof. Hart.
 - Royal Institution, 8*1/2*.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland.
 - Royal, 8*1/2*.
 - Antiquaries, 8*1/2*.
 - Fri. Astronomical, 8.
 - Royal Institution, 8.—'Fogs and Fog Signals,' Dr. Gladstone.
 - Sat. Royal Institution, 8.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

MR. MACLISE'S 'DEATH OF NELSON.'
THE painter of 'Wellington and Blucher's Interview after Waterloo' has now so far advanced in executing the oil version of its companion picture of 'The Death of Nelson,' destined to occupy the wall-division opposed to it in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament, that we may describe the newer and equally important work as readily as would be possible from the finished painting in water-glass or stereochrome. Mr. MacLise is so thoroughly satisfied with the success of his large experiment in that method of production, to make which he sacrificed much primarily executed work in fresco, as to proceed with this second great task on the same system. Our readers will remember the artist spent nearly two years upon a cartoon for the first picture; this was exhibited, and, at the time, noticed in the *Athenæum*. The water-glass painting which superseded the fresco we examined sixteen months ago (*Athenæum*, No. 1775). We have no cartoon now, but an oil picture. Water-glass, requiring no cartoon, delivers the artist from much labour. This, with other inestimable facilities, constitute some of the advantages attending that process. Equal permanency being predicated for stereochromic work, no wonder it is preferred to fresco, especially as after each day's task is done all retouching is, in the last, unsafe and fallacious, as well as surrendering characteristic advantages that are hardly enough obtained. Work in stereochrome may be retouched as often as desired.

The work to be examined is technically styled "a sketch"; but being nine feet long and three

feet high, containing all the figures and details of the future picture, and minutely executed, it is an important production rather than a mere memorandum of colour and composition; from it the great painting will be enlarged by "squaring." Mr. Maclise does not contemplate any noteworthy alterations in carrying out the same; more especially as he has received the highest expressions of satisfaction in the present state of his labour from the Fine Art Commissioners. These gentlemen may well be satisfied, for, excepting the artist's first work in the same locality, no national commission approaches it in epic quality or art value. Mr. Maclise has cast himself as wholly and heartily into his naval task as he did into that with a military theme. The scale of both, life-size, on a space forty-five feet long by twelve feet high, is the same; they form the largest single portions of the wall-pictures to be produced by him in the Royal Gallery—a hall set apart for his hands alone to decorate. Anxious as before to produce a permanent and eminently characteristic record of the scenes, the painter has not only availed himself of existing portraits of men engaged in the battles, but studied and portrayed every detail of manners, costume and arms of the period in question. So happily has he done this, and so vigorous are the pictures, that their subjects and motives impress the spectator before he learns that such and such were the buttons, plumes and head-dresses of the one, or the guns, rigging, pig-tails and cutlasses of the other. An artist recognizes in both that admirable generalization which is consistent with the utmost elaboration of detail; and while it renders the number on a soldier's button, gives the texture, lustre and minutest character of the thing, even to those on its stamped ornamentation, yet does not make the same distinct in the picture. To deal with the masses of blue supplied by the sailors' dresses in the new subject has been a difficulty far beyond that of the red coats in the former one. Mr. Maclise has hardly been recognized as a colourist; indeed, excepting some phases in the 'Hamlet,' he has seldom aimed at that quality. In 'The Death of Nelson,' the very difficulty referred to has stimulated him to an unwonted success; and, considering the whole nature of the task, no one will deny its value therein.

Mindful of the architectonic character of his task, the artist has placed his principal incident in the centre of his picture, and ably led the eye to that point by its colour, giving a strong note of white in the lower part of Nelson's dress, in contrast with his deep blue coat. Not less guiding the eye to the same point is the concentration of the action of the principal group upon the wounded hero, who, half-raised from the deck, and supported in the lap and arms of Capt. Hardy, lies back, with an expression of subdued suffering; while the surgeon, Dr. Beattie, heedfully raises the right arm of his patient, for it was on that side he was wounded, and, with his own disengaged hand, approaches the hole the ball has made in the upper part of the coat-breast. The lower limbs of Nelson are drawn up on the deck, his empty coat-sleeve buttoned up in the usual way. Between the surgeon's and Nelson's faces appears the handsome countenance of a Lieutenant of marines, named Ram, who was present on the occasion, and seems here full of anxious grief.

Nelson, just before dying, asked "How many flags have we taken, Hardy?" Mr. Maclise has followed the suggestion thus given, and placed a sailor in the fore part of this group, supposed to have come towards the Admiral at the moment before he fell, bearing the ensign of a captured ship. This man kneels, his glorious charge forgotten in view of the stricken commander's danger; his face, no less than those before mentioned, is admirably wrought. Around the group thus described, a host of minor incidents appear. The bustle and uproar of a battle, at sea, even more than on land, cause some occurrences within arm's reach to be beyond notice, while others, more distant, to which attention is driven, are potent to interest. News at such a time does not always travel swiftly; at Trafalgar it was not until the end of the action that Nelson's fall was known through the ship; he himself, when carried

below, spread his handkerchief over the orders on his coat, hiding them so far as possible to conceal the fact. Availing himself of this slow spread of news, the artist has shown us, in the double-ranked men forming a gun's crew in the background, one who has seen the event heedfully speaking behind his hand to his next comrade, and telling the secret the officers strove to hide: the next, or third, of this rank, a stolid fellow, has seen nothing, and thinks of nothing, but waits, with folded arms, for the word of command to haul the cannon inboard, after its discharge. The captain of the piece sights along its tube, taking aim, and, with stooping back, notes his mark in the near side of the Redoutable, the Victory's antagonist.

Nelson fell on that spot of the Victory's deck which is now marked with a brass plate. Mr. Maclise proved that, by an odd coincidence, his finished pictures and the actual deck so marked are identical in size. Thus, six feet from the marked spot is the ship's companion-way or ladder leading below: such will be the distance in the picture from the same opening, down which two sailors, naked to the waist, and full of earnest care for a younger wounded comrade, are carrying him. The elder man's face, showing him old enough to be father to the poor fellow, is a perfect study of expression, very moving to the spectator in its honest sorrow that does not weep. This incident occurs a little to the spectator's left, and, consequently, nearer the bow of the ship than the place of Nelson's fall. Immediately behind it stand the crew of a gun at their quarters, three on each side, its captain on the left: thus near, these men have seen the Admiral wounded; but, true in discipline, they keep their posts, with diverse expressions of emotion. Nothing can exceed the variety in this quality the picture shows. The artist is a master of expression, and so felicitous in dealing with it that nowhere do we get the slightest stain of melo-drama or attitudinizing, although the circumstances might well lead ordinary designers into those follies. It is impossible to look at the crews of the above-mentioned guns, still less at that which appears still further on our right, and fail to admire the power shown in rendering many personalities and varieties of human expressions among individuals of one common class engaged in a common office.

Between the two guns spoken of is seen a naked negro pointing out to a marine the man of the Redoutable who shot the Admiral; the soldier takes aim with his musket at him. Next to these, going forwards, come two marine officers looking through telescopes for signals from some other ship of the English fleet. Returning aft now, we come upon the steps that lead to the poop, ascending and descending which are marines and soldiers, some bearing wounded men. Upon the poop-deck itself is, with others, the young midshipman who shot the Admiral's slayer; the last being a mizen-top man of the Redoutable. It is related that the English sharpshooters during the rest of the fight kept their eyes so effectually upon this part of the enemy's rigging that none came down alive, and of those that did not attempt to descend the whole were slain; some of their bodies hung, arms and head downwards, over the sides of their little stronghold. The midshipman with eager face watches among the knot of French sailors for his man.

Seen under this poop as a gallery is the covered part of the quarter-deck, and just beneath the last-named group is a third gun and its crew, the captain of which pulls the lanyard or string of its flint-lock, with the true professional upward jerk of his fist. An incident so apparently barren of interest as this of a gun's discharge, has been rendered peculiarly effective by the genius, skill and care of the artist. The men keep their ranks, some quite at home and indifferent, some interested but steady; one, a stalwart fair-faced youth in his first battle, leans a little forward to watch through the port-hole the effect of the shot. Mindful of what we said respecting the artist's heedful study of costume, let us here exemplify its working. It was thought that the carronades of Nelson's time had long ago been melted into new fashions, but after much search one was dis-

covered in some half-forgotten corner of the dock-yard, refurbished up, re-fitted with its proper breaching or rope tackle, its appropriate flint-lock and carriage; this Mr. Maclise has painted most heedfully, and the thing is a record for all time of singular interest. Many things have become quite obsolete since the great Admiral's day; before the use of percussion caps flint-locks for cannon vanished, with them the horn of priming-powder the captain of each gun wore, slung by a belt across his body. Flint-locks were very fallible, and in the hurry of action not easily got to rights; on such failures, a common fuse was employed, for safety in using which each gun was furnished with a bucket, full of water, and fitted with a perforated cover, into which the burning end of the fuse could be placed after use in discharging the piece. With powder and cartridges about, and magazines open, such precautions were essential. Such a bucket stands here at the breech of this gun. Round about are many old-fashioned weapons, chain-shot, shot neatly bound up with rope to form the fearful grape, ramrods, sponges, screws, handspikes, &c. Facing us, and as if drawn inboard from the port-side of the ship, on which we stand, is a gun being sponged out by its crew; the captain, a weather-beaten fellow, strong and rough as a north-easter, stands with his thumb on the vent; a rosy, but powder-smirched boy, all heedless of death, runs along with a cartridge for this piece in his arms.

Proceeding now to the other end of the picture, passing the wounded Nelson and his friends, we come upon various excellently portrayed groups. A man, shot in the chest, is tended by comrades; one staunches the blood,—another, an old negro with a red handkerchief round his head, brings brandy in a glass. More to the right of these (forward), are three sailors mightily pulling on the main-top-sail halyard, with the purpose of clearing the rigging of fallen spars or ropes. Across the deck and on the bulwarks are the hammock-nettings, forming a sort of fortress of ropes and iron stanchions lined with the men's bedding, within which much of the work of a ship in action, and all the scene before us, take place. Here are more men, living, wounded, and dead. Thus far we have described the human element of this noble picture. Alongside of Nelson's ship are visible the three masts of the Redoutable. Showing beyond the rigging of both ships, entangled with, and borne aloft by that of the Victory, is an upper yard, with its sail attached, of her antagonist. Shot away, and thundering down upon her deck, is one of the Frenchman's masts, its head and top.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Gibson is reported to be engaged upon a statue of Hebe. Mr. Munro has executed a statue of a Naiad, larger than life; this is to be cast in bronze, and added to the Ingram Monument at Boston: also a Nymph with a vase, for a drinking fountain, commissioned by the late Lord Lansdowne; also a marble figure of Dante, for Lord Ashburton. Mr. Thornycroft is working on a statue of the Prince Consort to be erected at Wolverhampton. Mr. Durham will execute the Memorial to the late Bishop of Madras.

The dinner in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund will take place this year, the forty-eighth, on the 28th inst., at the Freemasons' Tavern: Lord Carnarvon in the chair.

The design by M. de Triqueti, representing the Transfiguration, for decorating the apse of St. Paul's, has been selected for execution. As we understand the matter, it is not decided whether this work shall be in fresco, mosaic or the water-glass process. Unless M. de Triqueti has unusual skill in fresco-painting we should advise against that system. Considering the almost universal failure of the same in this country although attempted by many hands, some of which have had success elsewhere, we believe the public voice will go with us in this point. Mosaic is even less, if at all, a tried method with us; it offers the potent objection of being singularly unsuitable to the style of Wren's edifice. Admirably fitted to fill large surfaces in Byzantine or Romanesque architecture, as in St. Vitale, Ravenna, or Sta. M. Maggiore, Rome, the hardness and inflexibility of

its decorative character unfit it for the ornate and rather heavy grandeur of our own Cathedral. It is not desirable to resort to the manner of the later schools of Art in mosaic, exemplified by the "Navicella," in the vestibule of St. Peter's, Rome, after Giotto, for the reason given. Nor should we be inclined to reproduce that fashion of more recent date seen in mosaics at St. Mark's, Venice, and elsewhere, which, however admirable in its results, would be equally out of keeping with the style of St. Paul's. Mosaic departs from its appropriate feeling in rivalling the character of fresco, and has no advantages over the same. Water-glass, being freer in working, and consequently in style, than mosaic, is suited to the building proposed for decoration; it is proved practicable by the experience of German artists, and, in this country, by Mr. MacIise, and has facilities in execution that will render it far preferable to fresco; it is moreover much less costly and tedious in production.

The Hawick Archæological Society's Museum presents a feature which might be well imitated by similar associations. This is a series of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings, by a Hawick artist, of local noteworthy personages. Many such collections would be invaluable at some future date, and interesting now. Portraits of the mere churchwardens and local authorities, unless otherwise remarkable, might have but temporary importance, yet these would be better than none. The old soldier that is known to all the town, the man who won the Victoria Cross, the valiant doctor, parson and priest, who watched out fever or cholera, the sanitary reformer, the earnest teacher, the charity founder,—in fact, the Horatius, Lartius and Herminius of each generation, these are the men for commemoration; all those to whom the little town owes gratitude, being precisely the men who are least likely to erect monuments to themselves.

A curious example of the working of the copyright law relating to sculptures occurred at Liverpool recently. Mr. Smith, sculptor, of Liverpool, stated in the police court of that town that he had last year executed a bust of Mr. Tom Sayers, registered his copyright in the same and sold many casts. One of these casts was obtained by a person named Reynolds, a proprietor of wax-works, who appears to have moulded it and sold casts out of the mould, to the plaintiff's injury. The Act provides that any person infringing the copyright of another shall be liable to a penalty of not less than 5*l.*, and not more than 30*l.*, the penalty to go as damages to the plaintiff. A penalty of 20*l.* was inflicted.

The Water-Colour Society's Winter Exhibition of Studies and Sketches will close on Saturday, the 21st inst.—The Winter Exhibition at the French Gallery will close on Saturday, the 14th inst., to make way for the French Exhibition, as that of the Water-Colour Society will give place to its ordinary annual display.

The Emperor of the French has directed that portraits of the three painters of the Vernet family shall be deposited at Versailles.

A sale of pictures which took place in Paris last week showed, by the prices obtained, that the usual high rates for first-class works still rule. It must be remembered that of the following items many of their painters are dead. The Monkey Cooking, by Decamps, 26,000 francs.—the Orange Seller, same, 12,000*l.*—a Landscape, same, 5,000*l.*—a Festival, by M. Leys, 13,700*l.*—its companion, same, 19,000*l.*—The Duke of Alba in Holland, by M. Gallait, 15,500*l.*—The Fall of the Leaves, same, 16,050*l.*—a Bashi Bazouk, by H. Vernet, 12,400*l.*—Deer in the Underwood, by Mdle. R. Bonheur, 7,720*l.*—Léonora, by Ary Scheffer, 5,500*l.*—Martha and Margaret, same, 4,000*l.*—The Old Goatherd and his Son, by Leopold Robert, 2,450*l.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Beethoven's 'Egmont' Music.—It would be hard to exaggerate the amount of pleasure given to all true musicians, this day week, at the Crystal Palace Concert. It is hard to understand how, since 1834 at least, one

of Beethoven's most glorious works, belonging to the very best period of his genius, should be as good as unknown in London. A Contemporary reminds us that it was some years ago performed by Mr. Wilson, with Mr. Willy's concert-band, at the music-hall in Store Street: but the performance did not excite any attention. And yet we were "first in the field," beyond the pale of Germany, in paying allegiance to the master. In their takings and leavings, the English are assuredly a peculiar people. Though, of course, incidental music written for a play should be performed with the play, if it is to produce its full effect. Beethoven's decorations to Goethe's tragedy, principally in the forms of symphonic "arguments" or *programmes*, are so largely developed, so wonderful in their intrinsic beauty and variety, apart from their scenic pertinence—that, considered as a set of pieces merely, they outvie the most elaborate and formal work produced by any other instrumental composer. He was, with some few happy exceptions, liable to be ill at ease and antagonistic when writing for the voice. 'Fidelio' is not without reproach in this respect; hence in classifying his music for the stage, we should rate these settings to 'Egmont' as higher in their beauty and their completeness than his one opera. 'Egmont' preceded 'Fidelio' by a brief space of time. The overture (the noblest orchestral piece extant in the sombre key of F minor), all know by heart. In *Clärchen's* first song, the rhythm, as a vocal rhythm, is not one of those we like the best. A moment's thought, however, establishes its propriety, when the "quick step" of the words is adverted to. Then comes the First *entracte*—an *andante* of the finest expression, followed by a brave and stirring *allegro*, wrought up with the uttermost brilliancy, and its close suspended by one of those happy strokes of entire freedom consistent with perfect form, of which Beethoven alone had the secret. The Second *entracte*, a *larghetto* in E flat, for rich beauty of thought and sound, and a certain majestic sweetness of expression, may pair off with the slow movement to the Symphony in B flat. Then comes *Clärchen's* gayer song, the theme of which is wrought up with such incomparable grace and fancy, in the *allegretto* which opens the Third *entracte*: it leads into Beethoven's happiest march—not excluding from the competition the choral march in his 'Ruins of Athens.' No more warlike tune, not forgetting Handel's march at the Leaguer of Jericho, in 'Joshua,' exists. The brevity of the two-bar phrases with which it opens, aids the effect; and how admirably are these combined and varied in the minor episode! The Fourth *entracte*, with its *andante agitato*, is perhaps the loveliest number in the work. Yearning and anxious tenderness cannot be more fully expressed. The movement is surcharged with beauty; yet it is no more sickly than one of Shakspeare's love soliloquies. What a lesson for those of a younger generation, who seem unable to conceive emotion in Art as dissociated from what is uncouth and hideous! This instrumental *andante* moves the soul to its depths as potently as the vocal lament "In sweetest harmony," in Handel's 'Saul,' although in neither is there an ugly chord, and though both are written in the major key, which painters of "the anguish of the present" avoid as though it must needs be frivolous, and not capable of the deepest melancholy. What is richer than a sunset on the Southern sea? but the glory intensifies the sadness. We must not loiter over the music to *Clärchen's* death, nor to that of *Egmont's* last scene, which again rises to a point where praise can hardly follow it without seeming bombast. This music should be heard again and again and again;—it will no more grow old in the hearing than the c minor Symphony, nor be heard without some new point of beauty developing itself on each repetition. The orchestral part was capitally given. Miss Armytage sang the songs: she is clever, but will do well to beware of recklessness, as a different thing from earnest, real enthusiasm. Mr. Arthur Mathison read the connecting text very well; a little more practice and polish alone being wanting to him;—and the English verses, by Mr. Bartholomew, are not easy to read, containing as they do too many "wise saws" and commonplace

pathetics such as *Dr. Dilworth* or the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy' might have serenely signed. Are they a translation of the text arranged for a similar purpose by Grillparzer? The work was most warmly received. The rest of the concert may be briefly dismissed. Mr. G. Perren sang a ballad by Kücken very well,—also one of his own composition. The Concert closed with the 'Corsaire' overture of M. Berlioz, the most delirious production, by its strange writer, that we know up to the time present. The daring is equal to the delirium, but (to play on words over a serious piece of business) there is no piracy in it;—though it contains an enormous amount of original noise, there are no themes, and the heaps of notes which stand for such would be claimed by no right-minded musical parent.—The next Concert, on the 14th, it was said, will be largely (as is graceful at the time) devoted to Danish music.

CONCERTS.—Press of matter makes it more than usually necessary to be brief regarding all the concerts, save one, which have been given since we wrote last.

'Israel' was given, as announced, by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* yesterday week. The tenor was Mr. Montem Smith: in his own walk and work a conscientious and thorough musician, of far greater value than many more showy and protesting men,—but in 'Israel' called on to bear a burthen above his strength.—Mr. John Thomas held his *Welsh Concert*, as announced, on St. David's Eve; a faery part-song by himself was among the music performed, which is pleasing, though hardly in the real Welsh style.—Miss Edith Wynne was foremost among his singers.

At Monday's *Popular Concert* the greatest novelty was Weber's *Pianoforte Sonata* in E minor, which we only recollect having heard once in public, many years ago. Though, perhaps, the least interesting of the four (that in a flat being the most so), it is still welcome, and picturesque in no common degree: the four, collectively, showing the composer in his best light as a constructor. Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist. The singers were Madame Corbari and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who sang for Mr. Sims Reeves, and who gave no less arduous a scene than "Deeper and deeper still" with very great success. There is to be a Beethoven Night on Monday next.

Mr. Ransford's Benefit Concert on Tuesday furnished a most liberal entertainment for all his friends,—among other artists Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Parepa, who sang, with extraordinary effect, a brilliant concert *scena*, composed by Mr. Benedict, with a view of showing her versatility of style. Her execution can now be hardly exceeded by any *soprano* who is singing at the time present. There was a new wedding glee by Mr. Linley,—not to speak of a version of 'God save the Queen,' with two new verses added, to suit the joyous time, by Mr. Edwin Ransford. The concert, of its miscellaneous kind, was, we repeat, liberal and lively.

Our English concert-goers, however, must not waste their speciality without being warned. We spoke the other day, in whimsical suggestion, of 'The Messiah' being given with a band of harps! Really, possible fulfilment of such a thing does not seem far off. We cannot but ask so sound a musician and so real an artist as Mr. Henry Leslie whether it was discreet, in his "national and patriotic concert" of Wednesday last, to add the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards to the choir of harpists joined to his chorus of singers? The last, we had imagined, was assembled with the view of executing unaccompanied choral music of the highest class, to compete with such a body as the *Dom Chor* of Berlin. It was not called on to do service at variance with such pretensions when assisting in a national harpers' concert—such as one of the Welsh meetings of Mr. John Thomas,—because these have a genuine and original character: the first, the best—we will add, the only good ones—of their kind. But we should be sorry to see such change of purpose becoming the rule, not the exception. Are we to be handed over to all and sundry melodies—"black, white, and grey"—accompanied anyhow? The minstrelsy—

not of the Scottish Border, but of Christy's — is as artistic as the mixture of a military band and harps however adroitly handled, to accompany so excellent and delicate a choir, in modern part-songs. Let all who make such concessions — be the argument what it will — recollect that "the fashion of the time passeth away" — but also, that

All the King's horses and all the King's men cannot restore a choice reputation to that which has once been made common.

ST. JAMES'S. — Miss Braddon's success as a novelist has gained for her works an introduction to the stage. On Saturday, a drama, by Mr. George Roberts, entitled 'Lady Audley's Secret,' was with the authoress's consent performed at this theatre. The audience was numerous as well as fashionable, and the piece was enthusiastically received. The story is well calculated for dramatic purposes, and the heroine brings out the qualities of Miss Herbert as an actress with more force than any other part in which she has appeared. It is not necessary to enter into the full details of the story. A bold, fascinating woman, with a fatal secret forming a motive strong enough for the commission of murder, and pursuing her purposes as long as reason remained to her to direct her proceedings, is a character full of opportunity for a competent actress. The playwright has managed to compress this argument into two acts without impairing its effect. The groundwork of the plot is well enough explained in the first scene, in a conversation between *Robert Audley* and *George Talboys*, the latter of whom relates the circumstances of his marriage, and how, having been driven by his father's austerities to the Australian gold-fields, he had never since heard of his wife. In the obituary of a morning paper he reads the announcement of her death at Ventnor, and is overwhelmed with grief, to the surprise and consternation of his friend. The story is then further developed in a conversation between *Phoebe* and *Luke Marks* at Audley Court, and the discovery of *Lady Audley's* reticence with the baby's sock and a tress of hair serve well to identify the wife of *Sir Michael Audley* with *Helen Talboys*. And now the visit of *Talboys* and *Robert Audley* to Audley Court takes place, where, in the library, an unveiled portrait discloses to the former that his wife had contracted a second marriage. An interview, of course, succeeds, and the murder is at once projected and carried out. *Lady Audley* persuades *George* to accompany her to the Lime Tree Walk, and causes him to drop into a well. The assassination is witnessed by *Luke Marks*, who has secreted himself under a tree by the window. The part of *George Talboys* was acted by Mr. Gaston Murray, with a power and discrimination which occasioned his recall before the curtain. Twelve months elapse between the acts. *Robert Audley*, stirred to action by the mysterious disappearance of his friend, has begun to suspect *Lady Audley* of the murder, and in an interview with her becomes more convinced, by her conduct, of the fact. He is, however, compelled by the baronet to retire from the field, and takes refuge in the village inn, now kept by *Luke Marks*, who has married *Phoebe*. *Lady Audley* sets fire to the inn, with the purpose of destroying *Robert* while sleeping there; but the youth escapes and confronts the guilty lady. The last scene, painted by Mr. William Beverley, represents the Lime Tree Walk and ancient well of Audley Court by moonlight, and was received with immense applause. Here the heroine momentarily triumphs, while her cheeks glow with the ruddy reflexion of the distant fire. Moreover, the turret-bell tolls for the death of the baronet, and all seems favourable for her interests. But *Luke Marks*, having become intoxicated, was unable to escape the fire; and, being now brought in on a litter, testifies to *Lady Audley's* guilt. For further corroboration, *George Talboys* himself is produced. Of course, he was rescued by *Marks* from the well, and went abroad. But he has now returned, with the intention of relieving the conscience of his wife from the guilt that she had intended. His presence at such a crisis at once develops the hereditary insanity which is supposed to have

prompted the lady's crimes; and the guilty woman, with a wild shriek, falls — not lifeless, but deprived of reason for a while. The last situation was powerfully interpreted by Miss Herbert, whose performance of the part altogether was of such merit that her reputation will be much increased by her fortunate assumption of the character.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP. — We understand that, among other Wedding Music, we may look for a *Serenata* from Mr. W. C. Cusina, to words by Mr. Oxenford, and that this will probably be performed, on the opening night of the season, at Her Majesty's Theatre. — We may here state, in reference to the loyal preparations on foot for Tuesday, that the *Carol* by Mr. Brinley Richards, mentioned last week, will be sung on the Prince's Wedding-day by six thousand children at Swansea.

Every good musician present at the trial-party held by the *Musical Society*, announced last week, is unanimous in speaking highly of the Symphony by M. Silas, brought to hearing there. Thus its performance, as sequel to a success so highly commended may be fairly urged on the Society as a pleasant duty for them — even by those who do not conceive that experiments are matters for report, or that any competitor should be discouraged by the preference of one name. M. Silas has not till now enjoyed all the chances which his real and solid merits deserve: and a good new Symphony, of any school, or from any man, is, indeed, a desideratum. It is indispensable for any composer, who aspires really to compose, to test himself, not by his dreams, not by his sciences — (least of all by his flatterers) — but by the public. We hope to hear this Symphony by M. Silas — thus really tested — having small doubt of the result, because we know his great worth as a musician.

On Wednesday last Miss Parepa appeared as *Amina*, in 'La Sonnambula,' at the Royal English Opera.

The Philharmonic Concerts commence on Monday. The programme of the first contains an Overture by Herr Gade — a timely selection on the wedding- eve — but no other novelty. The *Concerto* is to be Beethoven's in *F* flat, played by Mr. John Francis Barnett.

Herr Sigismund Blumner announces three Pianoforte *Soirées*, the first of which will be held on the 21st of this month. — Herr Pauer's Historical Concerts will begin on the 20th of April.

An important musical sale, both of publications and of instruments, took place at the rooms of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson on Wednesday and Thursday.

The late novelties at the Opéra Comique of Paris seem to be only so many mild failures. The latest has been 'La Déesse et le Berger,' by M. Duprato. — 'Le Caid' of M. Ambroise Thomas has been sung in Italian at Milan with great success. — M. von Flotow's 'Martha' seems to have possessed itself of Italy. — Herr Wagner's 'Lohengrin' has been given at Rotterdam. — It is said that the Italian Opera in St. Petersburg will be renounced by the Government; from which it would seem as if the dearth of singers and composers was beginning to tell its tale in Russia, as elsewhere. — "Tell me with whom thou goest," &c., is a proverb which applies to the subjects chosen by composers for music, and their results. On the authority of foreign journals, Signor Verdi is said to intend musically to illustrate M. Flaubert's hideous novel of 'Salambo,' (which, by the way, has furnished more than one lady with her costume at the late Court-balls in Paris). As fit for music is 'The Veiled Prophet' — fitter far 'Frankenstein.' — What is to become of the catastrophe? — The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* announces, among new German operas, 'Der Fürst von Hildburghausen,' by Herr Dorn, 'Die Brant von Messina,' by Herr Bonewitz, and 'Feramorz,' by Herr Rubinstein, which last is to come to a hearing at Dresden forthwith.

We have the following from Naples: — Signor Tiberini has been engaged at the San Carlo Theatre, and 'Il Ballo in Maschera' and 'Roberto il Diavolo' are in course of active preparation. Meadames Titiens and Steffanone will thus stand a fairer chance of being appreciated as they deserve

to be than they have hitherto enjoyed. There is some idea of substituting the ballet of 'Maaniello' for what are here called the "detestable" ballets of 'I Bianchi e Neri' and 'Isola degli Amori.'

MISCELLANEA

The Hall of Rufus. — For many years past, after levees or drawing-rooms have been held, the publication in the newspapers of bitter complaints of the way in which they are managed has become a thing of custom. The crowded condition of the rooms, and the limited facilities for ingress and egress lead necessarily to scenes which ought not to occur at the gallery-door of a theatre, much less in the palace of a Sovereign. Making all allowance for what might possibly be done by improved regulations, it cannot, I presume, be disputed that for the requirements of the present age the state apartments at St. James's are really insufficient in size for the reception of more than half the number of those who expect, and are expected, to attend. It is probable, therefore, that ere long the reiteration of grumbling will induce a cry from those who go to Court in favour of an enlargement of the building, and a counter-cry from many, if not all, who *don't* go, against such a measure. It is also most probable that "the eyes will have it," and that a sum of money ranging from 50,000*l.* to half a million will be handed over to the architects and builders for the purpose referred to. This is not, in my opinion, "a consummation devoutly to be wished"; inasmuch as the nation possesses already at Westminster, in its unmatched and unmatchable Hall, the means of eclipsing every Court in Europe in the impressive grandeur which Royal pageants ought to exhibit, and which could there be displayed in a manner worthy of this country, and of the Sovereign who presides over it. Westminster Hall could, for a trifle compared with what would be the cost of remodelling St. James's, be rendered available for purposes of State, even without interfering with its ordinary use as the central chamber of communication with the Courts of Law and the Houses of Parliament, which have the command of exits and entrances quite distinct from and independent of it. H. L.

New Barometrical Observations. — We read the following passage in the *Comercio de Lima* of January 8, 1863: — "Lately a large barometer has been erected in the National Astronomical Observatory of Santiago de Chile. By this instrument has been observed a singular phenomenon new to science. We know, particularly through the observations of Humboldt, that the barometer rises and falls during the day in a peculiar manner, being at its maximum height at 10 A.M. and at 10 P.M., whilst the lowest readings are between 4 P.M. and 4 A.M. The regularity of this periodical movement within the tropics is such during the year, that Humboldt could tell the time within fifteen minutes. This movement has been observed with much regularity in Santiago de Chile during the winter and summer months; but in the month of February the movement entirely ceases, showing then only the ordinary maximum and minimum heights in the twenty-four hours. Señor Moesta has tried to explain this occurrence, and has demonstrated mathematically that the oscillatory movement of the barometer is produced by the sun's power, analogous to that of gravitation, and that the said movement ought to disappear in the month of February in consequence of the great variation of temperature during the course of the day. Thus the interesting result has been arrived at, that by virtue of the sun's power a movement is manifested in the atmosphere analogous to the action of the tides; and it is this that causes the rise and fall of the barometrical column in Santiago, about '1/3 of a millimètre.' This force exercised by the sun cannot be what is generally known as that of attraction; but it is the same electric force which causes the diurnal variations of the magnetic compass, and the same that produces such visible changes in the forms of comets whenever they approach the vicinity of the sun."

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — P. B. — T. P. — J. W. — N. M. — Mahltick — E. S. — received.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

LITERATURE.

Incidents in my Life. By D. D. Home. (Longman & Co.)

THIS impudent and foolish book criticizes itself. An introduction, professing to be "written by a friend," presents Mr. Home as "delicate in health, extremely sensitive in spirit, coming forward with his narration for no conceivable end but to propagate a knowledge of what he regards as important truths; . . . a man of a religious turn of mind, pure-hearted and unworldly"—in fact, as a person who is no fit object for the jests of railing Rabshakehs! Mr. Home throughout his book indorses this sweet and saintly character of himself and of his proceedings very much after the fashion of Wandering Willie in Scott's 'Redgauntlet,' who modestly capped the panegyrics of the notorious little knave Benjie by adding, "All is true that the little boy says"! But we do not know the name of the mystic's "little boy." He is only Mr. Home's friend. Mr. Home answers for him, and he answers for Mr. Home: that is all we learn.

Then comes the table-turner's own part of the tale. His mother, he tells us, was a seer of Scotch extraction, and gifted with second sight. He began to prove himself her worthy son so early as the age of thirteen, the gift having come upon him after hearing the well-known story of the Beresford Ghost with the black ribbon round her wrist (so admirably used by Crabbe in his 'Lady Barbara'). The boy-comrade who read it to him died; and, Mr. Home assures us, appeared to him as the two had previously agreed on. This settled the profession of the youth; and confirmation of the same was administered by his mother, who prophesied her own decease and all its circumstances, some of which, we are assured, were very remarkable. A few months after she died, Mr. Home "heard three loud blows on the head of his bed, as if struck by a hammer." He was much surprised, not knowing precisely what to make of them, till an impression came on him "that they were something not of earth." He had heard ere this of "the Rochester knockings," but had paid little attention to them—puny sounds as compared with those of his spirit hammer. His aunt disapproved of the noise, and being a staunch Wesleyan convertite (Mr. Home himself having joined the Congregationalists) rated him for bringing the Devil into her house; threw a chair at him;—an idle token of disapproval, as it proved,—since, shortly afterwards, the chairs in her gifted nephew's room began to amble about of their own accord and accost him civilly, thus setting a seal on his mission as Medium. When, by way of final exorcism, the aunt placed the family Bible on the table and sate upon it, the table, "as if pleased to bear such a burden," the Bible and the aunt atop were lifted from the floor! The woman could not bear such insubordination in her furniture, however holy the pretext, and signified to Mr. Home that he had better leave her house. Sweet are the uses of persecution. Lord Byron was "cradled into poetry" by the wrong of a review; Mr. Home was strengthened in the line he declares himself to have been inspired to take by this misunderstanding; and, from that moment, shot a head of all predecessors and competitors. Friends were raised up for him. Articles in the papers narrated how, when he was aged eighteen, "the medium turned over a table into *our* (the writer's) lap." The American editor's lap must have been a large one; or the table must have been the smallest

table of a "hen and chickens" brood. This table in a journalist's lap brought Mr. Home forward at once; and his life, from that time to the time present, has been one of stupendous wonders; of attentions paid to him with unquestioning subscription by all who met him prepared to believe; favours from great personages, only too thankful to have their wearily splendid lives entertained by a new sensation which was very awful and a little irreligious; miracles and communications with the other world. That Mr. Home could not prevent all or any part of this excitement he assures us on his honour. Of course not. Then, he tells us that his power has left him at one or two critical junctures of his life. He does not pretend to account for his superiority to common mortals, neither to apologize for it; he does not offer one solitary proof of its reality which would stand examination. The presence of an element of scepticism has always a cramping effect on his manifestations; sometimes they will not appear. When the medium is about to fly or to float to the ceiling in a darkened room (the "dear spirits" will not permit such blessed marvels to be distinctly seen) he is not to be talked to or touched. Devils, too, mingle in the dance. Further, there are impostors abroad, false mediums, who, we believe, have exhibited Mr. Home's phenomena. What matter? The world is enjoined to take everything that he pleases to tell without a grain of salt. There is a good deal of mystery—not explained—about some parts of his career. His life in Florence, for example, is very briefly dismissed.

Three points may be stated as necessary to be taken in conjunction, even by those disposed to admit the existence of a class of supernatural mediators, and who may wish to judge how far Mr. Home is a sincere and self-deluded member of such priesthood, how far the reverse. First, it has been again and again urged that persons who trafficked in awful mysteries like these, being commissioned from on high, were at once vulgarized, deteriorated, handed over to the counsels of evil spirits, if they spoke with the dead, or made the dead speak, or called them or any part of them into visible presence for lucre. When one wretched charlatan after another has been unmasked, the pure have stood sorrowfully aloof, and repudiated all fellowship with one who tampered with his birthright for a mess of pottage. "Medium" after "medium," detected in imposture, has been anathematized or excused as having handed himself over to the devil by the base act of sale and barter of his gift. Now Mr. Home, as Mr. Howitt, indeed, has already told us, has gained a competence by his ghastly shows. Rings, purses (not empty), other presents more solid than praise have been showered on him as thickly as the slippers with which devout ladies glorify their dear favourite clergyman. Secondly, the Romish Church has always held practices such as those by which Mr. Home has thriven to be sinful, heretical, and tending to damnation. Those who remember this canon are invited to consider how Mr. Home, after being converted from Congregationalism to Roman Catholicism, quarrelled with the sincere and stern *Père Ravignani*, who insisted on his desisting from such unauthorized practices; also how he gave up his next confessor, who, it was hoped, might be more lenient to one who was driving so brisk and profitable a trade, and amusing so many great people and crowned heads. So that Mr. Home floats strangely, not in the air alone, but between the two stools of authority and private judgment. Thirdly, the wittnesses brought by him into the box who answer

to their names are few. A great person has testified to his marvellous power and unimpeachable integrity; a sovereign has been as much impressed for his soul's good as the Emperor of Russia was by William Allen the Quaker; but we do not learn who the great person and the sovereign were. The godfathers and godmothers who appear in these pages to accredit his proceedings are Mr. Wilkinson (a spiritualist before he saw Mr. Home), Mr. J. G. Crawford, "a gentleman who had for years resisted all belief in such phenomena," Mr. T. A. Trollope, Mr. James Wason, solicitor; Dr. Gully of Malvern, Mr. John Jones of Basinghall Street, Mr. James Hutchinson of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Cox of the hotel in Jernynr Street, Mr. Coleman of Bayswater, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt and Mrs. S. C. Hall—which last witness deposes to having received the present of a lace cap from the deceased Mrs. Home, laid by supernatural hands on her knee!

The above considerations having been purposely grouped together not to interrupt the narrative, Mr. Home's book shall, from this point, speak for itself.

The American contributions to this work are, as Mr. Howitt had prepared us to expect, more highly spiced with what is terrible and revolting than those from this side of the Atlantic. When the following dip into Pandemonium was made by the oracle, he could not have been eighteen:—

"Last winter while spending a few days at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, I became acquainted with Mr. Home. One evening, Mr. Home, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and I were engaged in general conversation, when suddenly, and most unexpectedly to us all, Mr. Home was deeply entranced. A momentary silence ensued, when the medium said 'Hannah Brittan is here!' I was surprised at the announcement, for I had not ever thought of the person indicated for many days, or perhaps months, and we parted for all time when I was but a little child. I remained silent, but mentally inquired how I might be assured of her actual presence. Immediately Mr. Home began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat, he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner and expression. He groaned in spirit, and audibly, and often smote his forehead and uttered incoherent words of prayer: He addressed me in terms of tenderness, and sighed and uttered bitter lamentations. Ever and anon, he gave utterance to expressions like the following:—'Oh, how dark! What diabolical clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep—down—far down! I see the fiery flood! Hold! Stay!—Save me from the pit! I'm in a terrible labyrinth! I see no way out! There's no light! How wild!—gloomy! The clouds roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I!—' During this exciting scene, which lasted perhaps half an hour, I remained a silent spectator, the medium was unconscious, and the whole was inexplicable to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. The circumstances occurred some twelve years before the birth of Mr. Home. No person in all that region knew aught of the history of Hannah Brittan, or that such a person ever existed. But to me the scene was one of peculiar and painful significance. She was highly gifted by nature, and endowed with the tenderest sensibilities. She became insane from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment, and when I last saw her, the terrible reality, so graphically depicted in the scenes I have attempted to describe, was present, in all its mournful details, before me!"

There was some thought, Mr. Home tells us, of his studying medicine as a profession, but the "dear spirits" would not allow it. These Spirits became very imperious and sprightly. They dragged his bed up and down the room; even when Mr. F. C. Andrae was in it as well as himself; and they could only by the most urgent

entreaty be prevailed on to stop. In America, however, there were many "mediums"; whereas Europe wanted a missionary. Accordingly, in 1855, Mr. Home came over the sea. Immediately on his arrival in London, he found himself in a congenial circle. Mr. Cox, of the hotel in Jermyn Street, (who, by the way, among other curious sights for which he was indebted to Mr. Home, testifies to having seen two decanters for one,) "welcomed him like a father." He went thence to Ealing, and there called up for the gratification of a distinguished novelist "the spirit who had influenced him to write 'Zanoni.'" Other sittings at Ealing, where matters went on less smoothly, are unreported. Why should a chronicler, who is all for truth and transparency, evade an account of his failures? Mr. Wilkinson is prolix in his details of what passed on these occasions. The "spirit hands," of which so much has been said, greeted Mr. Wilkinson, very heartily, in the dusk—slapped his knee "affirmatively," whenever he made a lucky guess as to which deceased friend he had the pleasure of chatting with, and "danced down his leg with the liveliest affirming finger tips." One hand belonged to an arm in a "cambric sleeve, which showed like biscuit porcelain in the moonlight, and terminated apparently in a graceful cascade of drapery." We are comforted, elsewhere, by learning that Superstition has a black, withered hand, by way of emblem.

When the Ealing harvest was fairly gathered in, Mr. Home went abroad, first to Florence with a friend.—

"I met there (says he) many distinguished men and women, and a Prince of one of the Royal Houses became deeply interested in what he witnessed. The manifestations while I was at Florence were very strong. I remember on one occasion while the Countess O—— was seated at one of Erard's grand action pianos, it rose and balanced itself in the air during the whole time she was playing."

Did Countess O—— rise to the occasion? and balance herself in the air as well as the "Patent Grand"? Our seer and his friends lay great stress on the musical feats of the spirits, without apparently knowing much of the art, its terms, or its celebrities. Mrs. Howitt, for instance, speaks of "M. Magnus the celebrated composer at Paris," as being a witness of some wonderful performances. We are indifferently well acquainted with the Parisian musical world, but do not know the great man appealed to. The accordion, in the hands of Mr. Home's familiars, does odd things; sometimes filling the room "with a volume of sounds like a pealing organ, and still no false note," sometimes indulging in a *fantasia* descriptive of this world and the next; after the fashion, so far as we can make out, of Mr. German Reed's composer in his clever entertainment. This world is expressed by the musical spirits in discords crude enough to set the teeth on edge; the next in celestial melodies. Oftentimes (and this shows how the spirits can be *débonnaire* and appropriate on occasions) the accordion concert concludes with the performance of "Home, sweet Home!"

In the course of his foreign wanderings, Mr. Home fell in with the sister of Count Gregoire Koucheleff Besborodko. The lady was an ardent spiritualist and medium, like himself. They were married,—the author of 'Monte Christo' being "best man" on the occasion, and undertaking a journey to do honour to the young couple, which journey also could be wrought up in a book. Never was marriage more complete. Shakspeare's *Beatrice* remembered to have heard that "a star danced when she was born," but this was a trifle as compared

with what befell the Homes, during their brief wedded life.

"On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situate on the Gagarines Quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother, the nurse and I heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright star-like light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in séances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the letter, correct us from what the child indicated."

We have not quoted the last passage without hesitation: but it is due to the author that the reader should have a clear opportunity of judging him in all the fullness of his delicacy. Mrs. Home and the rapping unborn baby are both dead. While alive they must have enjoyed a busy life, nocturnal as well as diurnal. The following, which fell out after a lecture, at St. John's Wood, by M. Louis Blanc, 'On the Mysterious Persons and Agencies in France towards the End of the Eighteenth Century,' is a sample of similar experiences.—

"On returning home, I found that my wife had retired earlier than usual in consequence of a severe headache. In the course of conversation together, she having asked how I had liked the lecture, I said, 'I have been haunted all the evening by Cagliostro,' on which she exclaimed, 'Pray do not use that word haunted, it sounds so weird-like, and quite frightens me.' I had by this time extinguished the light, and was now in bed, when to my amazement the room became as light as if the sun had for an instant shone fully in at the window. Thinking that this effect might have been only on my spiritual perception, I said, 'Sacha, did you see anything?'—Her reply was, 'No, nor could I, for my face was quite buried in my pillow, the pain in my head is so intense.' I asked her to observe, and I then mentally asked that if the light had been external, it might be reproduced. Almost simultaneously with the thought, came the light again, so distinct, and with such brilliancy, that no noon-day was ever brighter. My wife asked if this was the spirit of Cagliostro, and the affirmative reply was instantly given by three flashes of light, so vivid as almost to be blinding and painful to the sight. Answers were given to various questions in the same wonderful manner, and then in answer to a question asked, came a musical tinkle, as if a silver bell had been touched directly over our heads. In this way our farther answers were now given, and we then heard a footstep on the floor, falling so gently as if it feared to disturb us by its approach. My wife asked that it should come nearer, and it approached us till we felt a form leaning over the bed. In doing this it pressed upon the bed-clothes

just as an actual material presence would have done. We asked him if he had been a medium when on earth, and a distinct voice, audible to both of us, said in answer, 'My power was that of a mesmerist, but all misunderstood by those about me; my biographers have even done me injustice; but I care not for the untruths of earth.' Both my wife and myself were by this time so impressed by such startling and almost terribly real evidence of the presence of one who was in no way related to us, that for a few moments all power of utterance seemed to have left us. We were, however, soon recalled to ourselves by a hand being placed on our heads, and she, seizing my hands in hers, held them up, saying, 'Dear spirit, will you be one of my guardian angels—watch over me with my father, teach me what you would have me do, and make me thankful to God for all his mercies!' Our hands were clasped by a hand, and her left hand was gently separated from mine, and a ring, which was the signet-ring of my father-in-law, was placed on her third finger. This ring was previously in the room, but at a distance of at least twelve feet from where the bed stood. 'Good night, dear ones, and God bless you,' was then audibly spoken, and simultaneously with the sound came three wafts of perfume, so delicious that we both exclaimed, 'How truly wonderful!' Her headache was perfectly cured, and although our nerves had been greatly agitated, we slept soundly. The following day, and indeed for several days afterwards, my wife had occasional proofs of the presence of this spirit, and he remained with her up to the time of her passing from earth, and during the last months of our stay in England she frequently saw him."

By shuddering when coming in contact with a pot of porter at Messrs. Barclay & Perkins's, Mr. Home was acquainted with the decease of his Russian mother-in-law;—long ere the tidings could have arrived in an orderly way.

How Mr. Home floated about in the mansion of a person of distinction, in Hyde Park Terrace, London, and elsewhere, is attested by several persons: for the most part anonymous. This marvel however, almost as common, Mr. Howitt assures us, "as the flying of a bird," is considerably withheld by "the dear spirits" from the light of common day,—and one testifier confesses to having been so bewildered by what took place in these darkened rooms, as not at last to know whether that which he touched was natural or supernatural. But we must leave in all their twilight these exercises of "levitation," as less momentous and surprising than the exhibitions of Leotard, Olmar, and Verrecke, who are not afraid of the flare of gaslight.—Also, we must leave untold a tale of a monstrous branch of a poplar-tree, which would have killed Mr. Home by falling on him, when he was visiting at a country-house in France, had not the "dear spirits" interposed. By way of authentication, a section from this malevolent stick was exhibited to the elect afterwards, in London: when bits of its bark behaved curiously. Mr. and Mrs. Home resided for some time with Mrs. F. C. P., of Cornwall Terrace, in the Regent's Park, who kept a note of what happened. The "dear spirits" seem in Mrs. P.'s house to have been as spiteful in regard "to the gentlemen of the press" as though they had been so many French censors:—

"December 24th. The accordion played in Mr. Home's hand, then five raps asked for the alphabet, and 'Christmas Hymn' was spelled out; again five raps, and 'less earthly light'; we lowered the flame of the four gas jets that were burning over the table; and 'The Manger, the Life, and the passing away,' was spelled out. The accordion played a sweet air appropriate to *childhood*. 'The Life' was represented by the most harmonious strains intermingled with discords at times, as if it were thorny and painful, and the *passing away* died on the air with exquisite tenderness.—January 29th. A séance of eight persons. We had amused ourselves during the time with the article, 'Spirit-

apping made easy,' in the magazine *Once a Week*, which we left on the chiffonier. I saw something pass from the side of the room with great velocity, which vanished under the table. A curious noise was heard like the crumpling of paper, a spirit hand arose, appeared, and placed in the medium's hand a sheet of *Once a Week*, crumpled up and torn. The spirits were at work destroying the magazine—they rubbed it strongly over Mr. Home's shoe, and then placed his foot upon it. The spirits gave each person a bit of the mangled magazine, and the remainder was raised up by a large spirit hand, and placed on a vacant chair, which by invisible power had a short time before been moved from a distance to the table. The table was violently moved up to the centre window, before which stood a piece of the bough of the northern poplar which had been sent from the Château de C—, and which was a part of that, from the fall of which Mr. Home so miraculously escaped. The height of the bough was three feet eight inches, and the circumference three feet. Luminous hands were now and then visible, the table rose gently, and tipped many times against the bough; the spirits threw bits of the torn magazine about it, and placed one piece under it. I asked in Hindostanee, 'Are you making Mr. Novra do *pooja* to the branch?' To which they loudly rapped 'Yes.' The gas-lights from the streets were streaming in, the spirits closed the shutters, and we heard a curious tearing noise, a spirit hand came across my hands, and placed upon them a bit of the bark torn from the poplar, the noise recommenced, and to every one of the circle a bit was given. Invisible power opened the shutters, the trunk of the tree rocked and waved backwards and forwards, and after a time it was lifted up by invisible power and laid upon the table. At this time, 'Oft in the stilly night' was played by the accordion which lay on the floor, untouched by mortal hands. Mr. Home's arms were raised, and he walked to the end of the room, where he was lifted off the ground, and raised until his feet were on a level with the top of the chiffonier, between four and five feet from the ground."

The Spirits were no less violent against the gods of the Hindú mythology:—

"June 2nd. A séance of five persons. As twilight came on, a pleasant dimness fell over the room, and a lady said, 'Is the light the spirits love, like the odylic' to which raps answered, 'More refined.' The spirits moved the table with violence up to the window, near the Hindoo shrine, and the accordion (no human hand touching it) played in the most charming manner, exquisitely and with great power. There was much noise at the Hindoo shrine, the image of Vishnu and the Holy Bull were brought and put on the top of the table, then a large hand, which appeared dark, being between us and the light, put up the accordion entirely above the top of the table, a second hand on the other side took it down again, another hand took a bell off the table and rang it. Mr. Home was raised from his chair erect into the air, and descended on a foot-stool. Then he was drawn to the other end of the room, and raised in the air until his hand was on the top of the door; thence he floated *horizontally* forward, and descended. I saw a bright star constantly flashing forth, the raps died away in the distance, and the séance ended.—June 3rd. A séance of nine persons. I placed a large bouquet of natural flowers on the shoulder of the great marble idol Ganesh. The accordion in Mr. Home's right hand playing most beautifully, harmonized the circle, and the spirit hands touched almost every one present. * * June 11th. *En séance* seven persons. The spirits played beautiful music, and brought to us sprigs which they tore off a sweet-scented verbená which was in the room. They brought the *Deir*, a brass idol holding a mirror, from the shrine, and put it under the table. Mr. Home saw a spirit at the shrine; then they rapped, 'Faith in God, and the change of world will be most glorious, all other—' (the idols which they had placed under the table were rattled violently) 'Gods' were rapped out; again they rapped the idols violently, and beat them against one another with great noise and force, and spelled 'must'; they raised the great

idol *Mahadeo*, and put it on the table. It is the large brass idol overshadowed by the expanded hood of the *cobra di capella*. Then they rapped 'be brought.' They took the idol off the table, and pitched it down violently with a clang and noise, then rapped 'down low before him.' In this manner they elucidated the words they rapped out, 'Faith in God and the change of world will be most glorious; all other Gods must be brought down low before Him.' * * June 22nd. *En séance* seven persons. A spirit hand arose and came to Mrs. Home; it moved about; she was anxious to touch it; a long finger pointed to and motioned her to be quiet. A hand and arm were distinctly seen, and a spirit hand closed the shutters. Flowers were given to some, and were placed on the heads of other persons. My head was twice touched, and twice an arm waved over the table; three times an open hand was strongly pressed on my forehead. A spring-bell from the shutters, used as an alarm, was rung above our heads, and we saw the hand which held it. Mr. Home went into the trance, and said, 'Where the eye ought to be are placed two crosses; the Christian faith will put the eye out. I do not understand what they mean, the spirit is doing it! Hark! hark! don't write.' I ceased writing; we listened, and heard a noise like scratching on the shrine. Mr. Home woke from the trance, and the séance ended. On going to the shrine, we saw on the forehead of the great white marble image of Ganesh two crosses made in pencil by the spirits, just over the centre triple eye of the idol, which denotes its having all-seeing power. This was the noise alluded to by Mr. Home in the trance."

Here is enough, and more than enough, some readers will say, of Mr. Home's revelations, and of the testimonies of his disciples. From first to last there is not a statement in the book so presented as to warrant a sensible man in paying attention to it. To exhibit such a volume is to expose it; and we shall only repeat our first remark—the book contains its own criticism.

The Life of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the Reign of Queen Anne. By Thomas Macknight. (Chapman & Hall.)

A reader, who is also a judge of literary art, will have no trouble in assigning to Mr. Macknight's *Life of Lord Bolingbroke* its proper rank. He will find that it is not a good book, and that it is not a very bad one. To praise it highly would be a cruel pleasantry; to condemn it harshly would be a cruel injustice. It has the safe merit of mediocrity. The language in which it is written is not bright, and the materials of which it is composed are not new. The old facts are stated in it once again; and we grieve to see many of the old fictions reproduced, without a sign being given that the author is aware how far these fictions have been challenged and exposed. On the whole, in spite of a large pretension in the preface, it can hardly be called a better book than Mr. Wingrove Cooke's '*Life of Bolingbroke*.' Of course, it contains the usual outlines of general history, some parts of which are pretty well done; and it may, therefore, gain an audience from the class which has no knowledge whatever. Such persons are not critical as to details. The commonplace reader loves a commonplace book. To the man who has already some acquaintance with the age of Bolingbroke, and who desires to place his knowledge on a sound basis, it will prove unsatisfactory; conveying to him no distinct image of the shallow, splendid, profligate friend of Swift and Pope, and lacking precision of style and authority of dates even in the statement of mere outward and visible facts in the hero's life.

We use the word "hero" in the storyteller's sense; for in the high meaning of the term

Harry St. John was the very reverse of heroic. Though his qualities were showy and his fortunes romantic, he was a man essentially commonplace and imitative. For a time his excesses were ascribed to a sort of genius run mad; but even his licentiousness had been the work of a sinner more original than himself. Had his uncle Rochester never lived, it is probable that St. John would never have sought renown in the taverns and the stews. Wilnot's notoriety as a wit and profligate inflamed his mind; and he longed to hear it said that he was the wildest fellow in the town. But he imitated everybody whom he admired, or whom he thought the world admired. In his poetry he copied Dryden, in his early politics he followed Marlborough, in his gallantry he rivalled Rochester, in his ambition he emulated Harley, in his perfidies he had the example of Sunderland. As Charles the Second had made love to an orange-girl, so he made love to an orange-girl: his Clara, if we may believe his poetical rhapsodies, being scarcely so respectable a woman as Nell Gwynne. A man so weak in character, however splendid his talent and various his fortunes, is after all but a third-rate subject for literary art; and Mr. Macknight will, perhaps, feel that we pay him a compliment in dealing with the writer rather than with the hero of the tale.

The style of Mr. Macknight may be described as voluminous and correct, but at the same time as wanting in spirit, gaiety and power. It has no sweet surprises. In the seven hundred pages no happy marriage of words delights the ear, no flash of imagery direct from nature lights up the sense. The language, if it has few grammatical defects, has no depths, no mysteries, no beauties. In the main it is of prose most prosy; and where it ventures on poetical forms and secondary meanings, through impersonation, it is modestly content with trying such experiments as long usage has shown to be safe. Thus, if a thing is going to happen in Mr. Macknight's story, we are sure to hear that "the storm is coming," that "the mine is laid," that "the match is lighted," that "the explosion may be expected any moment." If a man has been doing or saying anything—say negotiating a treaty or making a speech in the House of Commons—we are pretty sure to be told that he has borne "the burden and heat of the day." Surely that mine has been laid before, and that match has been lighted at a previous fire. A man of letters would blush to crib jokes from Joe Miller: why should he not equally refrain from using these shreds and patches of poetical jargon? Very little imagery of this familiar kind is enough; and Mr. Macknight gives us a good deal of it. Sometimes his poetical touches are so badly borrowed and so strangely introduced as to become positively comic, like the shreds of finery worn by a Choctaw or a Zulu-Kaffir. For example, when Robert Harley was made a peer, the fact is stated in this wise:—"And so, just as the early summer began, while the fresh-mown hay was pleasantly fragrant in the fields about Chelsea, the boats swam gaily on the river, and the nightingales at Vauxhall were ceasing to sing, Robert Harley was made Earl of Oxford, Earl of Mortimer, and Baron Harley of Wigmore Castle. A few days afterwards he was presented by the Queen with the white wand as Lord Treasurer; and it was whispered through the City that he would shortly have the Garter." In the name of good sense, to which even literary artists have to bend sometimes, what had the fresh-mown hay, the boats on the river, and the nightingales at Vauxhall to do with the intrigues of Abigail Masham and the

success of Harley? This is the misery which comes of indiscreet appropriation. The garment which adorned the white man does not suit the savage; the imagery which brightened verse becomes ludicrous when used at second-hand in prose. The association of times and seasons with outward facts is sometimes close enough to warrant a poet in suggesting a sympathy between them: as, for instance, between May-day and marriage-bells,—between summer-tide and coming of age,—between fogs and suicide,—between singing nightingales and whispering lovers; and those who originally link such natural with human facts do so from a spiritual feeling of the large affinities which connect man and nature. With them the image rises by the side of a genuine fact, and sheds a light upon it. But with the prose writers who, like Mr. Macknight, prey on the poets, these links between man and nature are not original fancies, but acquired properties, of which they have not learnt the use. The African king put the colander on his head, supposing it to be a helmet or a crown.

So, again, with respect to Mr. Macknight's use of critical language: it is all second-hand or tenth-hand, and has the unfitness of literary and other old clothes. Thus, to take only one example out of hundreds, if he has occasion to speak of Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, it is introduced to the reader's notice—interesting stranger!—as “the most sublime production of the kind in the language.” Surely ‘St. Cecilia's Day’ needs no certificate from Mr. Macknight, who would probably think it right to present Shakspeare to his reader as “The Swan of Avon” or “The Immortal Bard.” If it were necessary to characterize Dryden's Ode, surely it was possible to describe it in terms more appropriate than those of the bit of borrowed cant, which has no more meaning than any other adjective in a lady's scale, from “magnificent” to “sweetly pretty.”

When we pass from Mr. Macknight's style to his text, the first thing, perhaps, to strike a critical reader will be the number of his errors as to facts of all kinds, minor and major, from the mis-spelling of names—Coningham for Cunningham, Barebones for Barbones; and from mistranslations of French, such as rendering *Je suis ravi*—I am glad—into “St. John was quite ravished,”—up to mistakes about persons and places, and confusions of printed matter of no consequence with manuscripts of great authority and rarity.

One of the most amusing, perhaps, is the mistake of one county for another, as lying on the road from London into France. “While the ships were approaching the river St. Lawrence,” says Mr. Macknight, “and Prior was quietly going down to the house of Sir Thomas Hanmer, to cross over unobserved from the Sussex coast, to confer with Torcy about the conditions of peace, it may be desirable to look a little more closely into the official and private life of the ambitious Secretary.”

A reader will ask, what can this mean? Sir Thomas Hanmer lived in Suffolk, as we suppose Mr. Macknight is aware. How, then, could Prior pass over unobserved from Sussex into France if he went down to Hanmer's house in Suffolk? The reader knows, indeed, that Prior did nothing of the sort, for the facts of this journey became of the utmost consequence to the poet, and to greater men than the poet; and a careful record of them is preserved in the Journals of Parliament. Prior never went down into Suffolk at this time. He went from London direct through Kent, and sailed from Dover in the usual way. All this is matter of official history. Why then, the reader asks, does Mr. Macknight send him into France by

way of Sir Thomas Hanmer's house in Suffolk? Is it an invention, like so many other fictions of biographers? That is not likely. Mr. Macknight is not poetical enough for much invention. We think the confusion in which he has got involved may be explained on very rational and simple grounds.

In one of the multitudinous pamphlets of the hour, called ‘A New Journey to Paris,’ we read that “Prior, having received his instructions from the English court, under pretence of taking a short journey of pleasure, and visiting the Chevalier de H[anmer] in the province of Suffolk, left his house on Sunday night, the 11th of July, N.S., taking none of his servants with him. Monsieur M—e [Arthur Moore], who had already prepared a bark, with all necessaries, in the road of Dover, took Monsieur P. disguised in his chariot. They lay on Monday night, the 12th of July, at the Count de J—y's [Lord Jersey] house in Kent, arrived in good time the next day at Dover, drove directly to the shore, made the sign by waving their hats, which was answered by the vessel, and the boat was immediately sent to take him in, which he entered wrapt in his cloak, and soon got aboard.”

Of this pretence of going down to Sir Thomas Hanmer's, a mere blind on the poet's part to cover his real journey, Mr. Macknight has somewhere read, very carelessly of course, even to the extent of mistaking the pretence for the fact. But how he could have overlooked the parliamentary record is curious, and how he could have dreamt that a house in Suffolk lay in the way of a journey to Paris passes understanding. We must leave this part of the text as we find it.

Let us next take an instance of mistaking printed matter of no particular value for manuscript notes of the greatest interest. At p. 643, in the midst of a chapter on Bolingbroke's relations to Pope, we read: “A genuine letter from Pope to Bolingbroke is itself a curiosity, for it is strange how few of such compositions we possess. This letter, a manuscript copy of which I have found in the library of the British Museum, is one of the most characteristic of Pope's epistles. It exhibits plainly the relation in which Pope and Bolingbroke stood towards each other.” And then follows a letter, with the date of September 3, 1740. Now this very letter was found about forty years ago, and was printed in 1825, in the supplementary volume of Pope's Works. The chief “curiosity” about the thing is that a man who has the courage to write a Life of Lord Bolingbroke should be unaware of such a fact. Nor is this ignorance of Mr. Macknight all. The old copy and the new are both taken from the MS. in the British Museum, and yet they differ in no less than twenty places. Mr. Macknight's text is, indeed, so corrupt as to imply something worse than mere carelessness. Pope wrote to Lord Bolingbroke: “There is so true a fund of all virtues, public and social, within you,”—and Mr. Macknight changes the word *fund* to “friend,” making nonsense of the passage. Where Pope wrote “must” Mr. Macknight reads “might”; where Pope wrote “moral” Mr. Macknight reads “manly.” The new version gives “dignified” instead of “distinguished,” “urged” instead of “tried,” “these” for “those,” “monk and ascetic” for “monks and ascetics,” “may” for “must,” “different” for “deferred,” “take those” for “wake others,” and “the sunny part of” for “under my house.” He inserts some words and omits others which are found in the printed work. In a few instances, he perverts the sense; as where he reads, “Lord Chesterfield despairs as much as ourselves to act,” in place of “Lord Chesterfield despairs as much, but resolves to

act.” Elsewhere he reads, “Be others at home as they will, they cannot be as generous as you,” where Pope really wrote, “Be others as honest as they will,” &c. One obvious error in the printed text, “Erinna” for “Ennius,” Mr. Macknight has avoided; but what are we to say to his reading of the line—

Awful as *Philo's* grove or *Nama's* grove!

The writer adds in a note: “This interesting letter I have given exactly as it remains in the manuscript copy”: words which the reader will now take with a very large grain of salt.

As an example of Mr. Macknight's ignorance of what recent investigation has either overturned or put in doubt, what he says of the Duchess of Marlborough and Pope may be quoted:—“The old Dowager Duchess of Marlborough had of late years been on very friendly terms with Pope, and had given him a thousand pounds to destroy the character of Atossa, which had been handed about, and which she well knew was intended for herself. Though to the last high-spirited and brave, she really dreaded Pope's satire, and had done everything to make him her friend.” The writer does not seem to be aware that this question of—Who was Atossa?—has recently undergone a good deal of exposition. That the poet never meant this hateful character to stand for Sarah Duchess of Marlborough has, we think, been proved. Those who are unconvinced, if there be any such, will allow that a strong case has been established in favour of another original. The friends of Duchess Sarah can at least say that the charge against her is “not proven.” Yet, here comes a gentleman with a Life of Bolingbroke, in which all the old scandals are raked up afresh and given to the world as honest truths, though they have been refuted and set aside in the minds of every competent judge.

We may also refer to an instance of the ease with which Mr. Macknight takes things for granted which admit of profitable inquiry and debate. It is the hostile criticism which he bestows—not once, but many times—on a book called a ‘History of the Four Last Years of the Queen’—that is, of Queen Anne; and presumed to have been written by Dean Swift. Mr. Macknight is very fierce with the Dean for having written this book. One example of his fury will suffice: “Nothing disgusts a discriminating student of those times more than the aspersions which Swift, the greatest literary advocate of this Ministry, constantly casts upon Somers and the Whigs for their tolerant principles. ‘It was the practice,’ wrote the Doctor, ‘of those politicians to introduce such men as were perfectly indifferent to any or no religion, and who were not likely to inherit much loyalty from those to whom they owed their birth:’ as if Harley's ancestors had been remarkable for their loyalty, and as if the author of The Tale of a Tub, and his friend St. John, were most earnest, pious and exemplary members of the Church of England. All this was miserable cant; the men who used it knew it to be miserable cant; and they expected that their readers would be as insincere and shameless as themselves.” Now this is very strong language, and a man who uses it should be certain that he is not attacking one man for the sins of another. What proof has Mr. Macknight that Swift wrote this ‘History of the Four Last Years’? He may answer that he finds it reproduced in the collected editions of Swift's works by Hawkesworth and Scott, and quoted in many common and uncritical works as an authority for a part of the reign of Queen Anne. The fact is so, but it counts for very little; and we are not aware of there being any proof whatever that the work was written by Swift.

What is known with certainty about this curious work may be told in a few words. It was not published by Swift. It was not published during his life. It was not found at his death among his papers. It was not published by a known and responsible friend of the Dean. It contains much that the Dean must have known to be false. No judge of style has ever pretended that it was in his manner or worthy of his pen. All this evidence goes to negative the right of any man, until further proof be adduced, to ascribe the book, abusively, to Swift.

But how, it may be fairly asked, were the two editors of Swift already named persuaded to include this doubtful pamphlet in the collected works? We think that Hawkesworth was careless, and that Scott was hasty. Swift, it was known, had composed a paper on the last four years of Queen Anne; a very stinging pasquinade, which was shown to a few persons, but never published and not preserved. That this paper was destroyed, there is no room for doubt. Our own belief is that it was burnt by Harley, with Swift's consent; but the fact that it was destroyed is clear. Well, many years after the Dean's death, Millar, the publisher, produced a work which he called a 'History of the Four Last Years of the Queen,' under the name of Swift. The story told by Millar, or by Millar's literary hack, of how the manuscript came into his possession was to the last degree suspicious. It was pretended that a gentleman in Ireland, name not given, but described as of great probity and worth, had been entrusted by Swift with a copy of the piece for his opinion; that this person of great probity and worth, being aware that Swift would not publish it, resolved to secrete and retain the copy; and, finally, that on finding either the Dean or his literary executors had destroyed the original, the honest and worthy Irish gentleman parted with his copy to some one, who is not named, so that at last it fell into Millar's hands for publication. The book came out, and this is all the evidence on which it has been ascribed to Swift.

St. Olave's. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THOUGH we do not learn from the title-page the name of the author of this charming novel, it is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as some experience and knowledge of the world. 'St. Olave's' can scarcely be the first effort of a young person: the discrimination of character, the depth of thought and felicity of expression forbid any such conjecture. 'St. Olave's' is the work of an artist. The story does not aspire to be a "sensation novel," but it deserves a higher place in the ranks of literature than many works of far greater pretension. The scene is laid in an ancient cathedral city, "a city that had been the cradle and the destiny of kings. And always as you trod the narrow winding little streets, or tracked your path by crumbling gate and ruined postern, you had but to look up and there was the grand, grey, massive old cathedral keeping watch and ward over you. Like the thought of God in the heart of man, facing all his narrow crooked aims and purposes, his crumbling vows and broken resolutions with its front of calm, eternal majesty." The inhabitants of St. Olave's were all rigidly selected, aristocratic, and exclusive, and one of the best characters in the book is a certain Mrs. Scrymgeour, the widow of a late arch-deacon. She is described as "a tall, severe, dignified-looking woman, bristling all over with ecclesiastical propriety, besides which Mrs. Scrymgeour was censor general of the

diocese of St. Olave's, and lady president of the 'Position Committee.'" No one could be received in the society of the Close families unless they had first received the sanction of Mrs. Scrymgeour; and the story opens with a long consultation as to whether it is advisable to leave cards on Miss Bruce, the sister of the new organist at the cathedral.

David Bruce does not possess many of the qualifications usually considered necessary for the character of a hero of romance. We are told that "there was neither style nor fashion about him; nothing but grave, quiet dignity and a certain resolution which could both dare and do great things if need be." His dress is worn and shabby; his bearing awkward and ungainly, and, like the famous M. Paul Emanuel in Miss Brontë's 'Vilette,' David Bruce has nothing in his outward appearance likely to prove attractive to the young ladies of St. Olave's. But when engaged at his work, whether he happens to be composing, or playing on his organ, "David's whole aspect changes. In his music-world he becomes a prince. The wrinkles smooth out from his forehead, his eyes grow full of love and tenderness, his face becomes, as it were, the face of an angel." Janet Bruce, his sister, a neat, methodical old maid, devotes herself to her brother's service, and owns "a quiet face, out of which all that the world calls joy has long ago been quenched, and upon which there rests the benediction that comes when joy has gone—even peace."

The half-page dedicated to Janet's character is worth reading. In a few lines we have the history of a lifetime:—

"Miss Bruce was matter of fact—intensely matter of fact,—that was the very expression to designate her outer life in all its phases and manifestations. Of the inner one no sign was ever given. The springiness and romance of life suddenly wrenched away from her—she buried their memory once and for ever in a grave that no resurrection could open. Instead of weeping over the past, as most do, she turned resolutely away from it; gathered up the countless little cares and duties still remaining, and out of these wove the rest of her life, making it, if not beautiful, at least useful and serviceable. Putting away, as something no longer needed, all hope and longing, she did the best she could to walk worthily in the track placed before her, which was that of a quiet maiden lady."

In contrast with this grave—under less skillful management we might almost have said uninteresting—couple, we have an excitable, haughty lady, full of vehemence and fire, who is apparently on the verge of madness. Mrs. Edenhall comes, through the medium of an advertisement, to lodge with the Bruces, who find it requisite thus to eke out their scanty income; and though an advantage in a pecuniary point of view, Mrs. Edenhall proves no great acquisition to their family circle.

The heroine of the book is a bright, sunny little creature, full of youth and hope, with "a fitful maiden-like freedom in her ways and an unschooled gracefulness in her simple speech." Living with a very old and infirm aunt in the Close, Alice Grey amuses herself in the best way she can, and her favourite pastime, after the Bruces come to St. Olave's, is to hear David playing long overtures and symphonies of his own composing. Janet likes to watch the gay little figure fitting about the quiet, old house; and David is pleased to keep Alice enraptured at his side, "looking up at him, with her young face full of reverence and wonder." He lets "the child" come and sit with him in the organ-loft during service time, and takes her into the dark and dangerous galleries high up almost in the roof of the cathedral, to which he alone has access. Janet is full of praise and admiration for their little

friend. David says nothing, but the thought of Alice is never absent from his mind; and from henceforth the quiet, grey organist has but one aim in life—to distinguish himself, to make money, to become worthy of Alice Grey, to be able to meet her on terms of equality. Little Alice, however, knows nothing of all this. She admires David as the most wonderful man she ever saw, and she likes to be with him, and she considers it an honour to be allowed to kneel beside him and help him to copy out the MS. music for his grand oratorio. She looks forward with impatience to the time when 'Jael' shall be finished, and when it will be performed at the festival at St. Olave's; but while David is long laid up with a fever, Alice "comes out" in the St. Olave's world—is admired and happy, and soon engages herself to be married to Mrs. Scrymgeour's nephew, a rich and fascinating young clergyman; and a very proper marriage it is reckoned in the Close, giving satisfaction even to Mrs. Scrymgeour herself, who has every reason to believe that Mrs. Amiel Grey will settle the whole of her property upon her niece. Alice thinks Cuthbert "very nice and kind" and believes she shall like to be married and live at Grassthorpe Rectory; but the poor Bruces meanwhile are nearly forgotten, and David goes to London to arrange matters about his oratorio, without having heard anything about the Rev. Cuthbert Scrymgeour, and without having told Alice the real end and aim of all his ambitious views.

It would be a pity to unfold the rest of the story, for the whole book is worth reading, and the *finale* is brought about in a happy and unexpected manner.

Supplementary Despatches, Correspondence, and Memoranda of Field-Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington. Edited by his Son, the Duke of Wellington, K.G. Vol. X. (Murray.)

On fait la guerre en vue d'avoir la paix is rarely so true as Grotius intended it to be, but was never more true than in 1815. Peace was then, if it ever is, the daughter of war, and the Duke of Wellington campaigned as if with the express purpose of shelving himself for life. Few men, of course, came out of the field so luckily. There is little further promotion in this world for a Duke, Field-Marshal, Knight of the Garter and conqueror of Napoleon to strive after. With most others, Waterloo was the drop-scene of an unripe career; with the Duke it was the grand gold and purple glorification which gave him finally to fame, or, as Charles Abbott, Speaker, expressed it, "left the nations of the world no longer in doubt to what name they must thenceforward ascribe the pre-eminence for military genius and unconquerable valour." But there can be no doubt that, irrespective of every personal consideration, he then made war for the simple sake of peace, or that his policy, representing the views of the British Cabinet, was in exact accord with that of Europe generally, Bonaparte not excepted, as some persist in believing. They were all weary of fighting, and the Kings and Emperors especially detested a war with a Revolution at the head of it. What might not the Czar fear, from the effect of example, when an artillery subaltern sat on the throne of France? And yet these monarchs and commanders who exchanged so many and such fervid congratulations after the mighty triumph of Waterloo either mistook the nature of their own work or made an imbecile use of it. Forty years of war procured barely forty years of peace, and how, if the profit and loss were balanced, would the general account stand? Dynastically and politically speaking, Waterloo

was a failure. It failed for France, for Russia, for Austria, for Spain, for the Netherlands, for Belgium, for Greece, for Turkey, for the Old World and the New. It failed in reviving the Bourbons and in stifling the Bonapartes. It secured liberty nowhere, and brought England very doubtful allies. But does it follow that mankind have not benefited by Waterloo? Events are not the less great because followed by other consequences than those which were prophesied in the market-place. The Crimean campaign did not liberate Poland, but it checked Russia; Solferino, while it disappointed Rome, emancipated Lombardy; and Waterloo put down the suicide of France—the restless, fevered, meddling energy of a nation whose history, reduced, if we may so speak, to an average, gives it scarcely ten years of peace to fifty years of war since the coronation of Charlemagne.

Perhaps, however, Waterloo accomplished much in disgusting Europe with war. The sense of relief experienced throughout the civilized world after that day of blood finds utterance through a thousand channels, and must have been in itself indescribable. On all sides it was repeated, that such a war had been closed as should not again be commenced without causes the most mighty and solemn. Nor have the armed powers forgotten their experience of the past century. It has been found impossible, since that 18th of June, to provoke a general contest. The dynasties have sanctioned revolutions rather than go back to the principles of the Coblentz coalition. But, on the other hand, though usurpations have not, on an extended scale, been permitted, each nation has been at war diplomatically, ever since Waterloo, with all the others. Russia, Austria, Prussia, France and Great Britain have had their incessant correspondence—correspondence between governments being nothing less than a bloodless mode of making war; the minor states have had their grievances, appeals, protectorates and mutilations; and France, notwithstanding the defeat of 1815, has played the most winning game of any,—England excepted; because, in spite of the Sepoy Mutiny, the Indian realm of England is larger and richer, and her colonial empire more splendidly developed. France in Africa, Russia in Asia, Austria on the Danube, and Prussia in the North have pursued persistently their separate objects, but all have shrunk from a general war. The German Confederacy quailed before a threat of it in 1849. The same menace was effectual in the Crimea. It was supreme in front of the Quadrilateral. Twice it has privileged the Greeks to take their own independent part. It sacrificed Cracow and consecrated Belgium. The first Waterloo did not accomplish all this. It was the fear of a second, since a great part of what has been done defies the shattered settlements of 1815, prospers in spite of them, repudiates their authority, and exults in a sentiment similar to that of the great Captain, who asked what a treaty was? and answered himself, “A penful of ink.”

These last commentaries of the Duke of Wellington upon the war which ended in 1815 suggest a miscellany of reflections upon the event at Waterloo and the results which flowed from it. There are so many mutual felicitations; there is such thanksgiving and expectancy; all the armies stand at ease; international love is made the subject of a hundred diplomatic essays; and, as we have noted, there has since been no general war. Well and good. But has there been a general peace? By no means. We have had our slaughter by instalments. India, China, Canada, the Crimea, the Baltic, Silistria and Navarino, speak for England; the Czar has not put down a soldier; France is more naval and

military than ever; Austria cannot afford to dispense with a single sentinel or casemate; and Prussia is little better than crowned pipe-clay. So that, from this point of view, war is a mistake—no matter what may be written by jurists about natural rights and the common sense of mankind. But, as a French writer once observed, granted that Waterloo was a failure, what would England or Europe have been without it? That is the question. Doubtless a hundred others, equally pertinent, might be suggested. Suppose France could only be legally governed by queens? The answer comes easily: France would have broken the law and been ruled by a man. France only obeys the laws of Nature because she cannot help doing so; and even in this respect she protests, if she does not revolutionize.

France, setting an example to England, has of late been diverting itself with original accounts of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington, in these newly-published papers, speaks of himself as the only competent authority upon that topic. Napoleon, unhappily for his own reputation, proved himself incapable of candour; and Blücher's account was necessarily partial. But Napoleon, it may be admitted, took a wider survey than the Duke of the consequences likely to follow such a battle and such a downfall of the French military power. The discussion, however, whether as to the policy or as to the incidents of the campaign, has lately been so warm and so minute that it would be fatiguing to go over the ground again, even with the guidance of Wellington; but this tenth volume of fragments contains, nevertheless, much documentary evidence which is interesting and valuable. It opens with a despatch from the Duke of York to Wellington, signifying his appointment as Commander of the British Forces serving on the Continent of Europe. Several of the subsequent letters exchanged between the Field-Marshal and Ministers at home illustrate a very jealous and quarrelsome state of things among the Allied Powers—particularly as regarded the rival pretensions of Austria and Prussia. Among these, Lord Liverpool's eighteen questions are very important, as bearing on the history of the political mind of England at that period. So are the Duke's notes on the conduct of Metternich and the Austrian Cabinet, which gained so largely by the victory and did so little to help it. “Metternich has, as usual, left us in the lurch,” was a phrase that did not apply only to the day on which it was written—April 9th, 1815.

“I wish to God you had a better army!” wrote General Torrens, on the same day, from Ghent to Brussels; but the Duke was then acting scarcely so much in a military as in a political capacity. On the 11th of April he wrote to Lord Castlereagh:—

“I have since seen Monsieur, who had sent that person to me, having previously informed me that he wished to speak to me; and he told me that the truth was that the Jacobin party in France, and a great proportion of the army, looked to place the Duc d'Orléans on the throne. Monsieur protested repeatedly that he entertained no suspicions of the Duc d'Orléans, but that he was certain the subject had been more than once mentioned to the Duc, and that he could not help thinking that his conduct in absenting himself from the King at the present moment was very extraordinary. I told him that I thought he ought to attribute his conduct to two motives: first, his desire to see his family; and, secondly, his feeling that he was unjustly suspected by the persons about the King, and his desire to keep out of the way on that account. I think it proper to mention this circumstance immediately to you, in order that you may be prepared with a decision, or that at all events you may make me acquainted with the principles on

which you think our language and conduct ought to be guided in regard to it. I entertain no doubt that the Duc d'Orléans is thought of. I heard of such a notion when I was at Paris; and you will observe that the calling the Duc d'Orléans to the throne is the only acceptable middle term between Buonaparte, the army, and the Jacobins, on the one hand, and the King and violent émigrés on the other.”

This is interesting. Not less so the following:

“The Emperor of Russia detests, and is decidedly against the Bourbons. If Buonaparte should be assassinated or killed in battle, or in any other manner put out of the way, he will in my opinion adopt any third person instead of the King; and I know he has gone so far as to think of marrying the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg to his sister, and of making him King of France.”

In those days the Duke thought very ill of the Czar, and said of Cathcart, “the worst of him is that he is disposed to pay great deference to the Emperor of Russia's opinion”; but then he was for cutting all discussions short in view of a sharp campaign, and in the same letter wrote, “I don't want a diplomatist.” Before the month of April closed he reported from Brussels—

“I confess that every day's experience convinces me that there is but little chance of restoring the poor King. Clancarty's last private letter to you speaks volumes upon this subject. In fact, the matter may be stated as arranged. Moutron brought to Talleyrand intelligence of what we know to be the wishes and intentions of the Jacobins and the army; and Talleyrand sent him back with a declaration of the intentions of the Allies upon the same point. I consider the point, therefore, as settled with respect to the King; and it remains to be seen who will be taken instead of him. You see, however, the degree of indifference of the Emperor of Russia, or rather prejudice, against the legitimate Bourbons.”

—“Our object,” he added, “should be, if possible, to restore the King, as the measure most likely to insure the tranquillity of Europe for a short time”—a very hollow basis for a battle of Waterloo! Russia was just then petitioning England for money, and, as the Duke writes, pressing “the King of France in a very urgent manner to take a popular and even Jacobinical line on his arrival in France, to call a National Assembly; and,” Wellington remarks, “it is useless to reason upon these schemes, which are as inconsistent with the wishes of our Government as they are with the wishes and interests of the King.”

On the Battle of Waterloo there are, in this volume, some remarkable additional commentaries by the Duke himself. Of these, one is lengthy; but others present the same points within a narrower compass. The first is dated from Cambrai, April 10th, 1816:—

“The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Sir John Sinclair, and is much obliged to him for the account of the defence of Hougoumont. The battle of Waterloo is undoubtedly one of the most interesting events of modern times, but the Duke entertains no hopes of ever seeing an account of all its details which shall be true. The detail even of the defence of Hougoumont is not exactly true; and the Duke begs leave to suggest to Sir John Sinclair that the publication of details of this kind which are not exact cannot be attended with any utility.”

The second is also from Cambrai, and addressed to Sir John Sinclair. It is not a very pleasing letter:—

“I have received your letter of the 20th. The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it; but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by those novels called ‘Relations,’ ‘Impartial Accounts,’ &c. &c., of that transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers,

&c. &c., and have published to the world as the truth. Hougoumont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for want of fortifications, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt. I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all that I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to suppose that the British army had never fought a battle before; and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea, of the transaction; and this is because the writers have referred as above quoted instead of to the official sources and reports. It is not true that the British army was unprepared. The story of the Greek is equally unfounded as that of Vandamme having 46,000 men, upon which last point I refer you to Marshal Ney's report, who upon that point must be the best authority."

Mr. W. Mudford fared little better:—

"Upon my return here on the 29th April I received your letter of the 13th April, and the first part of the work which you propose to dedicate to me, and I beg leave to make you my best acknowledgments for this intention. I have long, however, felt myself under the necessity of declining to give my consent that any work should be dedicated to me, with the contents of which I am not previously acquainted; and you will readily believe that I feel this necessity in a stronger degree in regard to a history of the battle of Waterloo than I should do upon any other subject. More accounts have been published of that transaction than of any other that for many years has attracted the public attention; and those who have written them have thought they possessed all the necessary information for the purpose when they have conversed with a peasant of the country, or with an officer or soldier engaged in the battle. Such accounts cannot be true; and I advert to them only to warn you against considering them as any guide to the work which you are about to publish. * * You now desire that I should point out to you where you could receive information on this event, on the truth of which you could rely. In answer to this desire, I can refer you only to my own despatches published in the *London Gazette*. General Alava's report is the nearest to the truth of the other official reports published, but even that report contains some statements not exactly correct. The others that I have seen cannot be relied upon. To some of these may be attributed the source of the falsehoods since circulated through the medium of the unofficial publications with which the press has abounded. Of these a remarkable instance is to be found in the report of a meeting between Marshal Blucher and me at La Belle Alliance; and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair on which I sat down in that farm-house. *It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, at the village of Genappe*; and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies will see that it *could not be otherwise*. The other part is not so material; but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo between eleven and twelve at night."

Among his earliest reports from the field was one, now for the first time printed, to Lady Frances Webster, dated Brussels, June 19th, 1815, half-past eight in the morning:—

"Lord Mountnorris may remain in Bruxelles in perfect security. I yesterday, after a most severe and bloody contest, gained a complete victory, and pursued the French till after dark. They are in complete confusion; and I have, I believe, 150 pieces of cannon; and Blucher, who continued the pursuit all night, my soldiers being tired to death, sent me word this morning that he had got 60 more. My loss is immense. Lord Uxbridge, Lord FitzRoy Somerset, General Cooke, General Barnes, and Colonel Berkeley are wounded: Colonel De Lancey, Canning, Gordon, General Picton killed. The finger of Providence was upon me, and I escaped unhurt."

He was not yet sure that all was over, for on that day he urged Lord Bathurst to send him "good British infantry," for, he said, "you'll

see how we are reduced. Some of the battalions have not a hundred men."

The military interest of the Duke's career almost ceases with this volume. There remain, we believe, considerable masses of memoranda and correspondence bearing on the political annals of Europe from 1815 down to the latest years of Wellington's life—a very gallant, faithful, soldierly life, but one which neither twenty years of war nor forty years of statesmanship ripened into the life of a politician.

The Bible: its Form and its Substance. By Arthur P. Stanley, D.D. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

Sermons preached before the University of Oxford: Second Series, from 1847 to 1862. By Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

WE have here two clergymen who well illustrate a distinction which we have several times had to predict as on its way. First, the Bishop who has announced that he would begin his controversy with heretical clergymen by punishing them, after which he would proceed to give an authoritative announcement of the doctrine of his church. Secondly, the Regius Professor, who pronounces the Greek Church to be "the most orthodox of European Churches," that is—more orthodox than his own.

We have several times said that if the clergy are to be restrained from open discussion of doctrine, if their extra-cathedral writings are to be subjected to a restrictive and castigative censure, the whole body will at once lose their authority with the reasoning laity. Nobody will believe in their apparent uniformity of doctrine; nobody will respect conclusions which he will know the propounder was not free to reject. We see, as plainly as any one can do, the greatness of the evil which arises from clergymen advocating doctrines which are, in appearance at least,—and very likely in reality—opposed to the plain meaning of their subscriptions. But we also see the greater harm which will arise from a general conviction that a clergyman is a doctrine automaton, whose tunes are set on a barrel, of which he is only to turn the handle. Opinion will keep liberty within limits: but opinion will never make slavery respectable.

Dr. Pusey, the head of the declining Neo-Laudian school, who, as our columns have recently shown, still does business as the spiritual director of Protestant nunneries, has, in concert with some—for him—very strange associates, attempted to prosecute Prof. Jewett for heresy in the small-debt Court at Oxford. The Court has refused to act, and is threatened with an appeal to make it act. In the newspapers, the chief promoter has declared that he never held the famous "non-natural" doctrine. Jack Wilkes used in his later days to say, "I never was a Wilkite": we suppose we shall have Dr. Pusey declaring that he never was a Puseyite. Such a little parody on greater things as this small-debt movement is just what was wanted to foreshadow the results of the repressive system, if it were to become general. At the outset, the attempts of Convocation or of the Bishop of Salisbury have a certain grandeur, or at least a certain size. Let them be fully successful, and the small-debt proceedings will come on by the score. The day is past in which a few punishments can keep down thought. The spirit of inquiry is burning throughout the clerical body; and the wind which might blow out the small flame will only fan the large one. Let the thing go on, and all the minor courts in the country will be at work chopping theology, amidst the grins of the merry and the regrets of the wise.

We are compelled to say that one of those paltry prosecutions should be aimed at Dr. Stanley. His very method marks him out for suspicion. In the old schools of divinity, when the orthodox doctor sat as moderator of the disputes, we can easily imagine that he thought *Nego* and *Concedo* were either as orthodox as himself, or in the way to become so. But we cannot help thinking that he looked askance at *Distinguo*, and said to himself, I distrust that fellow. Dr. Stanley *distinguishes*. He lectures to the University upon the "sundry times and divers manners" in which God has spoken, and abandons the orthodox theory of uniform verbal inspiration. He speaks most plainly in his preface. The doctrine of equal and uniform inspiration is called by him "the Helvetic theory," as having been first systematized in the *Formula Helvetica* in 1675. After adverting to the fact that the word "inspiration" is never used in the Book of Common Prayer in other than a general sense, and making large quotations from his contemporaries, he affirms that "The treatment of the Bible, according to a theory of literal inspiration, which would make every theology impossible [so far he is quoting Döllinger] can henceforth be no more imposed on the English Church." He then affirms that the Helvetic theory was not held by Jerome, by Chrysostom, by Erasmus, Luther or Calvin, by the most eminent biblical critics in Germany, France, or England. This is very plain speaking. We have nothing to do with these conclusions, so far as we are journalists: what we have to do with is the free right to discuss such matters, the grave necessity for the discussion, and the folly of those who think that they ought to destroy, or that they can impede, the progress of such discussion.

Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Vol. III., comprising the *Reptiles, Fishes and Invertebrate Animals*. (Routledge, Warne & Routledge.)

THE author of this work has long devoted himself to the production of a class of books for which there is, happily, in the present day, a large and increasing demand. The people, whether moderately or more highly educated, are awakening to a sense of all that is beautiful and interesting in nature. They are becoming aware that a walk in the country affords something more than mere bodily exercise, and that every step may bring them in contact with some object of interest, some striking example of "the wisdom of God in creation," upon which the mind dwells with the cheerful consciousness that the object of its contemplation is as pure as it is absorbing. Mr. Wood's previous smaller publications are well calculated to excite, and, as far as they go, to satisfy the growing desire for this branch of knowledge. In this object we consider that he has been engaged in a task peculiarly consistent with his sacred calling, and that on opening to the public mind the material volume of God's works, he has been cultivating one phase, and not an unimportant one, of the religion which it is his appointed office to teach.

His more extensive and elaborate work, the concluding portion of which is now before us, has a wider and more ambitious aim; for the 'Illustrated Natural History' includes the whole range of animal organization. It is essentially a popular work. It does not profess to assume the character of a complete scientific *résumé* of the animal kingdom; but it does profess to supply the public at large with general information on all the different classes of animals, and with detailed histories of the most interesting and important species.

The only work in this country with which it can be compared is the large folio of two volumes, published many years since by Mr. Charles Knight. The letter-press of that work is undoubtedly accurate, and, on the whole, satisfactorily written, and most of the illustrations are very beautiful and instructive; but as the work was "got up" for the purpose of utilizing still further the numerous wood engravings which had already been employed in other publications, the text had, in some degree, to be written to the figures, instead of the figures being executed to illustrate the text: and the general design is, consequently, not so entire as it should be. In the present case there was no such difficulty. The subjects for illustration are of the author's own choice, and the spirited publisher has furnished them with unstinted liberality, both as regards number and execution. No one, therefore, but the author himself is amenable for the manner in which the work is executed, either as regards the general arrangement or the selection of examples in each group. Upon the whole, he has well fulfilled his ostensible object, and there are fewer marks of haste than might have been reasonably expected considering the rapidity and the great regularity with which the successive numbers have appeared. The style is free and familiar, as it ought to be in a popular work, and the information is correct and varied; and this is particularly the case in what may be specially termed the history of the animals, their mode of life, their instincts and habits. The following account of the power of fascination commonly attributed to the rattlesnake may be quoted as a fair example of the manner in which a somewhat ambiguous subject is treated:—

"The food of the rattlesnake consists of rats, mice, reptiles and small birds, the latter of which creatures it is said to obtain by the exercise of a mysterious power termed fascination, the victim being held, as it were, by the gaze of its destroyer, and compelled to remain in the same spot until the serpent can approach sufficiently near to seize it. It is even said that the rattlesnake can coil itself at the foot of a tree, and by the mere power of its gaze force a squirrel or bird to descend and fling itself into the open mouth waiting to receive it. These phenomena have been strongly asserted by persons who say that they have seen them, and are violently denied by other persons who have never witnessed the process, and therefore believe that the circumstances could not have happened. For my own part, I certainly incline to the theory of fascination, thinking that the power exists and is occasionally employed, but under peculiar conditions. That any creature may be suddenly paralyzed by fear at the sight of a deadly foe is too well known to require argument; and it is therefore highly probable that a bird or a squirrel, which could easily escape from the serpent's jaws by its superior agility, might be so struck with sudden dread on seeing its worst enemy, that it would be unable to move until the reptile had seized it. * * Thus far there is no difficulty in accepting the theory of fascination; but the idea of a moral compulsion on the part of the snake, and a perforce obedience on the part of its victim, is so strange that it has met with very great incredulity. Still, although strange, it is not quite incredible. We all know how the immediate presence of danger causes a reckless desire to see and do the worst, and heeding only the overpowering impulse that seems to move the body without the volition of the mind. * * Some persons acknowledge the fact that the bird approaches the snake, and is then snapped up, but explain it in a different manner. They say that the bird is engaged in mobbing or threatening the snake, just as it might follow and buffet a hawk, an owl or a raven, and in its eagerness approaches so closely that the snake is able to secure it by a sudden dart. * * But the many descriptions of the fascinating process are too precise to allow of such a supposition in the particular

instances which are mentioned. Even the common snake of England can exercise a similar power. I have seen one of these snakes in chase of a frog, and the intended victim, although a large and powerful specimen of its race, fully able to escape by a succession of leaps such as it would employ if chased by a human being, was only crawling slowly and painfully like a toad, its actions reminding one of those horrid visions of the night when the dreamer finds himself running or fighting for his life, and cannot move faster than a walk or strike a blow that would break a cobweb. * * One of my friends when in Canada saw a little bird lying on the ground, fluttering about as if dusting itself, but in a rather strange manner; and on his nearer approach, a snake glided from the spot, and the bird gathered its wings together, and flew away."

We have said that there are few indications of haste. There are, however, some which we doubt not will strike the author on a re-examination of the work preparatory to any future edition. As an example, we would mention that, at page 29, the dorsal shield of the crocodile is erroneously said to be composed of *horny* plates, whereas just before they had been correctly termed *bony*. The family of the so-called soft turtles is termed "Trionycidæ." Now every one knows that in grammar derivatives are always taken from the genitive case of the primitive, and as the genitive of *ὄνυξ* is *ὄνυχος*, the family name should be *Trionychidæ*.

One of the principal deficiencies in this work is the meagreness, in many instances, of statistical and economical information. In one number, for example, at pages 304, 316 and 319, the statistics of three of our most important species of fish, in a commercial point of view, are very imperfectly treated. The Newfoundland cod-fishery, although constituting one of the most important fisheries in the world, and having, during the long war, furnished the most extensive and effective contingent to the manning of our Navy, is not even alluded to. The details of the herring fishery are very inadequate, and the pilchard is dismissed in half-a-dozen lines.

The illustrations are, almost without exception, excellent. There is a bold but natural character about them which is very striking, and the wood-cutting is worthy of the Brothers Dalziel, by whom all the figures are executed. What, for instance, can be more brilliant and effective than the fire-fish, at page 249, or the harp-shell, at page 337? The value, too, of that portion of the work which is devoted to the Mollusca is greatly enhanced by excellent figures of the animal inhabitants of the various shells.

This publication undoubtedly supplies a want in our Natural History literature. It is comprehensive, generally correct, popular both in its style and in the selection of its subjects, and on the whole is admirably suited for the object at which it aims, that of furnishing the masses with a safe, intelligible and well-written history of animals; whilst its cheapness renders it accessible to thousands who could not afford expensive works in detached departments of the subject.

The Frithiof Saga: a Poem. Translated from the Norwegian, by the Rev. R. Muckleston, M.A. (Bell & Daldy.)

THE present translation is calculated to satisfy, at all events temporarily, a veritable want on the part of the English reader. Few are there, we presume, of those who take any kind of interest in their Scandinavian kindred, who are not acquainted by name at least, with 'The Frithiof Saga,' and all readers of English indeed, have long made acquaintance with one of the most esteemed productions of the

Swedish Bishop, 'The Children of the Lord's Supper,' in the genial version of Longfellow. But the poem itself has been hitherto a sealed book, except for the few students of Swedish among us. Versions of 'The Frithiof Saga,' to the number of two or three, do indeed already exist in English; but their merits have not been sufficient to make the poem in anywise popular, which a really good version would, we imagine, be calculated to do, since the relation of English to Swedish is so intimate, that it would be possible to preserve in translation much more exactly the spirit of the original than that process ordinarily admits of. *Ha attendant*, Mr. Muckleston's is a free and, for the most part, a vigorous rendering; although there are many points against which we shall be constrained to enter a protest.

'The Frithiof Saga' deserves its reputation as, perhaps, the most perfect poem on a large scale which has been based on Scandinavian legend, and the life and manners of the Northern Viking before the introduction of Christianity.

Ewald, indeed, the Danish poet, has left a very fine poem on the death of Balder. Oehlenschläger has splendidly dramatized many heroic and tragic incidents from Norse history, and has, besides, written 'Helgø,'—a fine poem of an epical character, which Tegner has not disdained to declare was, if not the model, at least the moving cause of 'The Frithiof Saga.' But Ewald's poem, although full of the author's usual fire and energy, is not so true as Tegner's to antiquarian research; and Oehlenschläger's production is, among the mass of his compositions, by no means so carefully elaborated or so successful in its form as its Swedish successor.

'The Frithiof Saga' is worked up out of the incidents of the original old Saga of that name, as it comes down to us, in the same way as Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' are built upon the old Welsh legends of King Arthur. The events of the Saga are supposed to have veritably happened about the beginning of the eighth century of the Christian era; and, as in the case of the 'Saga of Burnt Njal,' translated by Dr. Dasent, there are localities still bearing the same names as those mentioned in the legend, or connected in designation with the names of its personages. The main story of the poem is very brief.—Ingeborg was the daughter of King Belø, who had likewise two sons,—the dark and evil-hearted Helgø and the thoughtless Halfdan. Frithiof was the son of Thorstein, a Bondè, yeoman, or rather free land-owner, just below a Jarl, the true friend and brother-in-arms of Belø, his king, whose kingdom he helped to rule in peace and defend in war. The mothers of Ingeborg and Frithiof, being dead, they were brought up together in the house of Hilding, their foster-father, and consequently became attached to each other. The old King Belø and his friend Thorstein died, recommending their sons, with their last breath, to remain united in friendship. Soon after, Frithiof, in full Thing, or assembly, demands the hand of Ingeborg in marriage of her brothers, the sons of Belø, but is rejected with insult, and Ingeborg is placed under the protection of Balder's temple, to secure her from the visits of Frithiof, who, nevertheless, violates the sanctity of the sacred precincts by forcing his way into them, and betrothing Ingeborg by means of a golden arm-ring curiously carved, one of the heirlooms of his family, which plays a great part in the narrative. Ring, a neighbouring and aged warrior, now makes war on the two brothers, and demands the hand of Ingeborg. Helgø and Halfdan, upon this demand, the service of Frithiof, who is brooding, like a Northern Achilles, over his

wrongs, but on their summons comes once more to the Thing, and offers his assistance in return for Ingeborg's hand; but Helgè again refuses him, not only because he is the son of a Bondè, but because he is hateful to the gods as the desecrater of Balder's temple. He, moreover, banishes him for ever from the land, until he has crossed the sea and brought back the tribute due from Argantyr, Jarl of the Orkney Islands. Frithiof, on the advice of Ingeborg, departs on his mission, and brings back the tribute, but returns only to find his lands laid waste and his house burnt to ashes at the commands of Helgè. The brothers have married Ingeborg to King Ring. Frithiof, full of rage, enters the temple of Balder, where the dark Helgè and the thoughtless Halfdan are sacrificing. Frithiof strode up and stood before Helgè, and hurled the purse full of tribute-money into his face, and laid him senseless (the old Saga says he knocked out two front teeth). He then spied the bracelet he had left with Ingeborg on the arm of the image of the god Balder: in his rage he rushed to seize it, overthrew the statue upon the fire of the altar; and in the confusion which ensued, not only the image of Balder, but the whole temple was consumed to ashes. Frithiof has now the ban of exile upon him, and takes to the life of a Viking for some years; at the end of which time he visits the court of King Ring and Ingeborg in disguise. Ring, who knows all the story of the loves of Ingeborg and Frithiof, recognizes the terrible Viking in the disguise of a herdsman, yet, nevertheless, entertains him hospitably, and puts his life in his power. Finding the good faith and honour of Frithiof proof against all temptation, and his own decaying strength now unequal to the task of government in those wild times, he leaves his wife, child and kingdom to Frithiof, and rips himself up with a sword, after the manner of the old Norsemen. On his death, Frithiof is elected king in his room; he makes atonement to Balder by the erection of a new and splendid temple. One of the brothers, Helgè, the dark and evil-souled, came to a bad end in war against the Finns; but with the other, Halfdan, who was only thoughtless, Frithiof was reconciled, and hero and heroine were united by his hand.

Such is the story, in which Tegner in a few points only has departed from the original. It may be doubted whether, interesting as the romance doubtless is in itself, and sufficient for the purposes of the minor epic, it has real purport and sufficient depth about it to make it suitable for an epic of the larger order. But, waiving this point, the greatest mistake which Tegner made, in our opinion, is in the adoption of the fashion of writing it in a series of ballads of different metres. He has undoubtedly shown great skill in choosing the measures of his ballads, so that they shall be characteristic of the portion of the story under treatment; but the general sweep, current and continuity of the tale is destroyed by this continual break of gauge. The mind in reading a poem gets into an habitual swing adapted to the metre in which it is written, and which seems to belong to it; but every change of rhythm brings with it new associations, and dispels the charm of continuous illusion. Besides this, the poem of Tegner wants sublimity, partly from his ballad-way of treating his subject, and partly by the limitations of his creative faculties: he never, as is the case with all great epic poets, fills a large canvas; he has no descriptions of majestic assemblages, magnificent armies and multitudinous conflicts—no exalting portraiture of any kind, little depth of feeling, small power

of conception of character, and no tragic or dramatic situations, with the exception of the one parting scene between Frithiof and Ingeborg, which, though cold, is very different in both feeling and execution from all the rest of the poem. Nevertheless, the poem has great merits from the clearness and freshness with which every thought and conception are embodied and portrayed, the true poetry and naturalness of its imagery, and the sound and healthy feeling which predominates throughout the whole, and presides over the inevitable combination of some modern sentiments into the feelings and actions of former times, however truly rendered. Some of the most successful portions of 'The Frithiof Saga' are the embodiment of precepts into lines which read with all the terseness and strength of old proverbs: the advice given by the dying King Belè and by Thorstein to their sons is one sample; another is the "Vikingabalk," or the rules of the Viking code, which is rendered as well by Mr. Muckleston as any portion of the poem.—

Then a daring sea-rover he swept o'er the main,
Like a falcon that hunts on the wave;
But stern was the rule he ordain'd for his men;
Wilt thou list to the law that he gave?—
Foes abide in each house, rest thou rather on board;
Unshelter'd on deck shalt thou lie;
On his shield sleeps the Viking, his hand on his sword,
And his tent is the starry blue sky.
In length but an ell is the sharp sword of Frey,
Ehert the hammer of conquering Thor;
Is thy scabbion too short? go thine enemy nigh!
Thou'lt it complain of its shortness no more.
In tempests hoist high on the topmast thy sail,
Hoist it higher the wilder they sweep;
But to strike it disdain in the stormiest gale;
Ere thou strike meet thy grave in the deep.
Seek thy maiden on shore; woo her not on the wave;
Were she Freya herself, yet beware!
For the dimple that lurks in her cheek is a grave,
And her tresses a glittering snare.
Wine's the drink of the gods, and a revel is good,
Yet be sure that thy wit thou retain;
If thou stagger when here, and art lost in the flood,
Thou'lt awake in the chambers of Ran.
Protect thou the merchant that crosses the main,
But his ransom must fairly be told;
Thou art king of the sea, he's the vassal of gain,
And thy steal is as good as his gold.
When the battle is o'er, and thou rest from thy toil,
Cast the dice, and the booty divide;
But the sea-king himself casts no lot for the spoil,
He's content with the glory and pride.
Does a Viking approach? Lo! the charge and the fight,
And warm is the work under shield;
Wouldst thou still bide with us? let thy courage burn bright,
We reject thee one step if thou yield.
Art thou victor? be mild! he for mercy that prays
Bears no sword, is no longer thy foe;
Prayer is Valhalla's child; list the word that he says—
He's a craven that answers him "No."

As an illustration of Tegner's finer poetical diction, the following passage may be cited,—the imagery of which, if it has not been adopted by Tennyson, is quite Tennysonian:—

Oh! what is woman if she rises asunder
The link with which Allfather's will hath bound.
Her helpless being, to the strong one's arm?
Her emblem is the pallid water-lily
Upon the lake, which rooketh to and fro
As the waves urge her; whilst her tender head
Bears the rude shock of each unheeding keel.
If she maintains her station, with her root
Fast-grounded in the sandy depths below,
She keeps her worth; and from the stars above
Borrows her delicate charms; herself a star
In the deep ornament of waters blue.
But if she once break loose, she drives at random,
A wither'd leaf upon the billows wild.

We would, however, by no means mislead our readers to think that there is the slightest similarity of thought or sentiment between Tegner and Tennyson. Tegner is rather a sort of compound between Longfellow and Sir Walter Scott,—uniting the clear and limpid expression and well-defined thought of the one with the deeper love of antiquity and sustained power of romance of the other. Tegner's favourite authors were, indeed, Ariosto and Sir

Walter Scott, whom Byron has finely called the Ariosto of the North. The passion of romance seized Tegner when quite a child: he knew at the earliest age passages of Ossian by heart, and used to talk about declaiming the speeches of Oscar and Morven, wielding and tossing a mock spear and wearing a mock helmet. He had a horror of all German mysticism and obscurity, declaring that dark expressions came from dark conceptions:—

Det dunkelt sagda, är det dunkelt tänkte.

He said the proper image of the Northern-Swedish nature was a cold, clear, but fresh winter day, which steals and braces all the energy of man to contend against an unwilling soil. 'Axel' is perhaps, after all, the most perfect though not the most ambitious of his productions. It is a romance of the Walter Scott order, applied to incidents and characters of the time of Charles the Twelfth.

Mr. Muckleston's translation may be generally characterized as meritorious, although he has permitted himself to step beyond the limits of authority conceded to a translator by endeavouring to improve upon his author and condensing and abbreviating scenes. He has, for instance, omitted the Skating scene, which Tegner purposely put in, in order to fill up his delineation of Northern life. Mr. Muckleston thinks a hero on skates cannot support the dignity of an epic, although he gives us the hero and his friend at chess. It is a misfortune that he has chosen to translate from the Danish version of Foss and Mosen, and not from Tegner's own Swedish. Moreover, we are surprised, considering that the general execution of the translation is good, that a lover of Northern song should make use of such a number of obsolete pseudo-poetic words, of Latin origin or use, such as "beauteous," "beneficent," &c.—to find our extinct friend Sol "beaming" over wastes of Norland snow, and "angelic" ministers in attendance on the heroes of Valhalla. Nevertheless, but for these mishaps, Mr. Muckleston's translation may be read with pleasure.

Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient: a Contribution to the History of Musical Drama—[*Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient: ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des musikalischen Drama*, von Alfred Baron von Wolzogen]. (Leipzig, Brockhaus.)

MUSICAL biography here receives an interesting addition in a book carefully made, by an accomplished writer, who has the fullest sympathy with his subject,—the artistic life of Madame Schröder-Devrient. With much in her character to fascinate and engage, a sort of wild, enthusiastic earnestness, which she brought with her from the stage into society, there was, unhappily, in her private history as much to regret; and this, though impossible to be concealed, it was necessary and graceful for her biographer to touch on lightly. She sacrificed her happiness, her career, her life, to the ceaseless indulgence of passion (if it deserve the name). The few friends who were not alienated from her till the last, had to go through a perpetual penance of forgetting and forgiving. Possibly, as a child she had been ill trained; it has been often said so; it is more certain that she was singularly hard to train; that she had no exalted standards of virtue before her, and was thrown by her birth into the cauldron of fever and excitement which seethes in every theatre. Her artistic education was somewhat peculiar, and exercised an influence on her whole after-career. The flexible beauty of her person and the vivacity of her temperament prompted her mother to make of her a mime and dancer, in which characters she first appeared on the

tage. Later came signs of a voice, an inheritance from her father, who was a redoubtable singer (the best *Don Juan*, it has been said, that ever appeared in Germany); and she was then subjected to vocal tuition. But either she was a rebellious scholar, or her teaching was not complete, or the dramatic influence of her mother (the Siddons of Germany) predominated. It is certain, at least, that though her voice was a real powerful *soprano*, sufficient in compass and in quality, it can never have been thoroughly subjugated and smoothed, so as to bring it to a level with those of the Italian opera queens. She was always at the antipodes to Mara, who, on being remonstrated with as lifeless in one of her parts, replied "Would you have me sing with my arms and legs? What I cannot do with my voice I will not do at all." Then, in Germany, even so early as when Wilhelmina Schroeder began her career, times had changed since the days when Graun devised the *bravura* in 'Agrippina' (since so wonderfully revived by Madame Viardot), to display the "nest of nightingales," as Goethe phrased it, in Mara's throat. The antagonism of the instrumental and vocal schools had set in; and with it the one-sided prejudice that one branch of the art must needs be neglected for the sake of another. Hence the incompleteness of Wilhelmina Schroeder—which was to be felt whenever she attempted Italian opera—did not render her less acceptable to her countrymen, who had already begun to pit what they call Nature against the refinements of singing. Compared with some of her predecessors and contemporaries, such as the Milder Hauptmann, who would never sing Italian music—because she could not,—Wilhelmina Schroeder was valuable. All these reasons explain why, on this side of the Channel and in Paris, it was as *Agatha* in 'Der Freischütz,'—as *Leonora* in 'Fidelio,'—as *The Lady* in 'Macbeth' (Chélaré's),—as *Euryanthe*, she pleased;—as *Donna Anna* more moderately,—as *Norma* and *Amina* very little. At home, she was during many years triumphant in German, French and Italian opera. As time went on her want of pure vocal skill, and her habit of intensifying expression to the last point, and "after the last" (as *Milamant* hath it), so as to meet the requirements of national taste, so far impaired her voice as to throw it off the balance which singer and actor should always preserve in musical drama. Her singing did not cease to be strenuous, but her action became too much so. Her style, in brief, was made coarse. She would be seen first and foremost, whether fairly or unfairly. She had recourse to the false effect of speaking certain words of her part written to be sung, by way of giving a semblance of immediate reality to its most poignant passages. She showed herself increasingly mindful of the splendour of her fair, profuse hair,—increasingly willing to display her person, after it had become matronly. These—so many signs of an unsettled brain, an aching heart, a burning exacting desire—may have prefigured the changes in her melancholy private life; each of which marked a descent down that ladder of false steps, which very few women can re-ascend. Her affectionate heart, her quick fancy, her keen appreciation of beauty in art and nobility in character,—precious ingredients for the best happiness which mortals can enjoy,—in her case contributed only so many materials to a mournful wreck. She was—to sum up—a great, perhaps the greatest, modern German operatic singer,—Sontag not counting as such, nor Mdle. Jenny Lind,—a remarkable, if not an unimpeachable actress (her *Leonora* being her best character),—a gifted woman, but as unhappy as richly gifted.

In tracing a career leading through so many whirlpools, and over so many sunken rocks, the Baron Alfred von Wolzogen is to be praised for a union of sincerity with delicacy too rare among biographers. Genially, wholly, German as he is, his appreciation of musical art, as displayed on the stage, is singularly clear of narrowness. He shows what we are bound to think a sound judgment, seeing that his opinions are mostly coincident with those advocated in this journal. Great pains have been taken by him to collect and arrange all the facts of Madame Schroeder-Devrient's professional career. Lastly, the style, in which the story of her stage triumphs, the intimations of her private history, and the criticisms on her art, is conveyed, though national, and insomuch relishing, is singularly clear of those overstrained fantasies and delicacies, which impair English pleasure in too many German biographies of men and—more emphatically still—women of genius.

NEW NOVELS.

True as Steel. By Walter Thornbury. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—'True as Steel,' was the motto of the Free Suiabian Knight, the Ritter Goetz von Berlichingen, the Knight of the Iron Hand. He had his own peculiar notions of right and wrong. Some of his enemies called him a robber, because he enforced his own rights of taking toll of merchants and travellers who had to pass through his domains or over his ford of the Neckar, below his castle, in return for which he gave them protection and safe conduct; but he was in other things the soul of honour. He was a brave champion for freedom during the progress of the Reformation in Germany; he headed the Suiabian peasants in their war; but he was the tool of crafty men; for he was single-hearted and straightforward, and had none of the serpent's wisdom. His estates were all confiscated, and he himself thrown into prison, where he died. Goethe has made him familiar to all readers, and the good Knight wrote his own autobiography, and now, in these latter days, Mr. Thornbury has taken what he found most characteristic in both, and gathering up all he could learn from tradition of the times of Charles the Fifth, Luther and Erasmus, or that has been illustrated in contemporary pictures by Holbein and Albert Durer, has made out of these materials an historical novel of a rather old school of literary art. It is no slight praise to say that if 'True as Steel' were given to a boy, it would take hold of his affections; thanks to the character of the hero, and the loving admiration with which Mr. Thornbury has treated him. Mr. Thornbury has skill in writing pictures; there is scarcely a page in which some stirring scene is not thrown into a clear, well-defined shape, briefly set forth in well-chosen words. The story is interesting, and, although it is historical and carefully got up in its details, it is neither tedious nor theatrical.

A Daughter of Eve: a Novel. By Hain Friswell. 2 vols. (Bentley.)—This 'Daughter of Eve' is a Surrey romantic drama. It would cut up into "lengths," and could be put upon the stage much as it stands. The dialogue is of the most conventional type; the characters are all dressed for their parts, and the incidents are exactly such as happen on the stage in romantic drama, and nowhere else. There is a certain fascinating and highly reprehensible Count de La Biche, who seems to have passed his life in going through mock marriages with beautiful young ladies, and leaving them to their fate, which produces complications. He meddles in politics and conspiracies also, and is mixed up with Orsini, whom, however, he betrays. The end of all is a duel on very French principles, with an eye apparently to certain distinguished tragedians. The stage directions are elaborate. There is cleverness in the book, but it is so utterly factitious and unreal, so entirely a story of the footlights, that it is impossible to read it with any pleasure.

Such Things Are. By the Author of 'Recommended to Mercy.' 3 vols. (Saunders, Otley

& Co.)—This old Minerva-press title heads a novel that is entirely unintelligible. It is made up of dark hints—scraps of conversation—characters introduced with the profusion of supernumeraries in a pantomime, who come and go in perplexing inconsequence. They have all done something they should not do—men and women alike; but what it is the reader is never told. The heroine, who opens the story, is living with a ruffian-like man, whom she calls her father, at a sea-side village in Wales. She goes through danger and fatigue in one night enough to have served for the hero of one of Mr. G. P. R. James's novels; being first wrecked in a violent storm, through which she swims towards shore, where she is rescued by a handsome coastguard's man, her father taking no heed of her whatever; she afterwards walks a distance of two miles in the same storm, and narrowly escapes being dashed down a precipice; after which she is married to her preserver: and then the novel goes off to other people, and nothing but hints are ever heard of her again. She, indeed, appears once or twice, but nothing intelligible is told of her, except that she and her husband live unhappily. Allusion is made to some dreadful murder, and she turns pale; and she has an odious maid who domineers over her, taken at her father's request. The novel then rambles into a labyrinth of other things and people, all narrated in the same accidental manner. This maid is recognized as the servant of the house where the murder had been committed; in a rage at something she overhears, this woman denounces her mistress as a depraved woman, and also as the person who had been suspected of having had a hand in the murder; whereupon the husband falls down and breaks a blood-vessel. What the murder was, or who the wife really is, the reader is not told. The author calmly promises to wind up the story in another novel, to be hereafter written. There is a Lord George Annesley, who has worked much woe to the female members of this rambling story. One of them, Constance by name, seems to have sustained worse than a broken heart, and there are mysterious allusions to antecedent portions of her brief history which are never told. A man appears, threatens her vaguely with his vengeance, and declares he will reveal some terrible secret about her; but he dies, poisoned by strychnine, given apparently by the gentle Constance herself; but who or what the man is, the reader is left in ignorance of. Under these circumstances we close the last volume.

Ada Fortescue: a Novel. 3 vols. (Newby.)—'Ada Fortescue' is a wonderfully silly novel: remarkable only for the entire want of any sense of delicacy in the author. The heroine is a very young lady, who, being left by her parents at home for a few days, makes a clandestine marriage with a young man who had been their guest—lives with him in their house until their return—keeps the marriage secret—has a clandestine baby, and not until her husband, proposing to commit suicide, sends the child, then four years old, to its mother, does she inform her parents what she has done; and because her father is extremely indignant at his daughter's folly and treachery there are no bounds to the hard words the author bestows on him. The remainder of the story is too foolish to specify.

A Prodigal Son. By Dutton Cook. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—This 'Prodigal Son' begins well. The death-bed of the bitter, imperious father—the interview between him and his longestranged son—the final quarrel and the irreparable separation, are all well and powerfully managed; but this good beginning is soon overclouded, and the story goes off into nonsense and futility. The prodigal son marries a charming girl, and is a happy model husband, with an intimate friend very much inclined to fall in love with his wife; but that is only a testimony to her charms, for he knows it would be of no use to speak, so he holds his tongue. All is as pleasant as possible, when one morning a dreadful French woman calls in the husband's absence, and tells Violet that she is his first and lawful wife, and shows letters which seem confirmation strong. Violet believes her, and, after fainting away, snatches up

her child and rushes away back to her home. Then the story stands still, to give an elaborate account of a pantomime plot and scenery, in which the wicked wife has to enact a good angel, but meets with an accident which nearly kills her. The prodigal son (who deserves his name) really had married her, in a fit of enthusiasm, when he was a boy, but he had believed her to be dead. It turns out that she had a husband at the time. Finally, all is made right; but the reader has lost all interest or belief in the story, which has quite fallen to pieces, and has no more cohesion than the plot of a pantomime; it is altogether inferior to what the author of 'Paul Foster's Daughter' ought to write.

The Mistakes of a Life: a Novel. By Mrs. J. Hubback. 3 vols. (Newby.)—'The Mistakes of a Life' is very dreary reading. A willful young woman is made an heiress by an injudicious relative, who leaves her everything, and the rest of the family nothing,—coupled with foolish restrictions and injunctions, which have the effect of making the fortune a misfortune to her. Mrs. Hubback does not make the story interesting. The reader cares nothing for the heroine, who imprudently marries an Italian, is tyrannized over by his family, and finally thrown off by her husband, and left stranded and miserable, her hopes thwarted and her mistakes irretrievable. The style is not pleasant, and the book is not an agreeable one. Mrs. Hubback has done better things, and will, we hope, do so again.

Christmas at the Cross Keys. By Kenner Deane. (Newby.)—This 'Christmas at the Cross Keys' is a clap-trap story—a distant imitation of the style of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins. The sentiments are grotesquely exaggerated; the story itself is in strong black and white, with no intermediate shades, and is, on the whole, as foolish a tale as could well be written. The proud family of the Clydes of Clyde Chase has fallen into a confusion of debt and mortgage; the only son is in love with the pretty daughter of the landlady of the Cross Keys, and instead of marrying her, as the hero of a Christmas Pantomime ought to do, he makes love to an ugly heiress, who will not have him. A man disguised in a red wig (who is a returned digger) comes and forecloses the mortgage on the Chase, consoles Rose for her faithless Harlequin, reveals himself, by taking off his wig, as a long-lost brother, who is come back from over sea, worth three hundred thousand pounds. Of course, he embraces his brother, gives him back the family estate, buys another for himself, marries Rose, and the story ends in all happiness and pure love. The style is detestable, as all imitations are and must be.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.

Synthetic Division in Arithmetic. By G. Suffield, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Suffield is the Examiner whom our readers may remember to have got into disgrace at Cambridge for plucking incompetency and admitting fractions with concrete terms. The University has mended on both points; and Mr. Suffield's radicalism has done good. This tract on arithmetic is an ingenious and independent speculation, akin to what has been known as "synthetic division," and leading to great simplification of certain cases of division. We shall set our readers dividing by 9, in a new fashion, as follows: Mr. Suffield simplifies every division in which the divisor ends with nine, or nines.

9) 4 0 3 2 8 6 6 7 9 1 0 2 8
 4 4 8 0 9 6 3 1 0 1 1 4—rem. 2.

Write the first figure (4) in the second place; add it to the one above, and write the sum, or the unit of the sum, in the next place. But whenever the figure about to be written down will, with the one under which it is to be written, make up 9 or more, write down one more. Thus the processes are 4; 4+0=4; 4+8=7, but 7+2=9, write down 8; 8+2=10, write down the 0; 0+8=8, and 8+6 is more than 9, write down 8+1, or 9; 9+6=15, write down not 5, but 6; and so on. The processes for 9, 99, &c. are, we believe, those of what is already known as synthetic division:

Mr. Suffield simplifies 29, 799, &c. After writing the above it struck us that there must be some corresponding mode of dividing by 11; and we soon hit on the following, as very likely others have done before us. Write down the first figure second, then subtract it from the one above (or from ten more, if needful), and write down the result in the next place. Go on in this way, with the following changes—1. when going to write down a figure, if the figure above it be less, write down one less 2. When 0 would be written down, and the lower figure is one which has been reduced by the last rule, write down 9 instead of 0. As follows:—

11) 2 1 3 8 4 9 6 5 7 3 2 9 6 4 6 1
 1 9 4 4 0 8 7 7 9 3 9 0 5 8 7—rem. 4.

We leave the reader to detect for himself a certain variation in one case of the remainder, and wish him all success.

Dual Arithmetic: a New Art. By Oliver Byrne. (Bell & Daldy.)—The author has developed, with ingenuity and labour, a method depending on the reduction of any number to the form—

$$a(1.1)^m \times (1.01)^n \times (1.001)^p, \&c.$$

This is all we can say. Our mathematical readers can now judge whether they will investigate the matter. The foundations of the system are not very clearly explained; and the author promises some further explanations in works to come. We have no hope of any general use of this system; but all such attempts are suggestive, and there may be classes of questions which this reduction may suit.

Tables of Compound Interest and Annuities. By A. H. Turnbull. (Edinburgh, Black.)—This is a good set of tables—yearly, as far as 80 years; half-yearly, as far as 40 years; quarterly, as far as 20 years. The rates are 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 6 per cent. yearly; by quarters, from 3 to 5, with 5½, half-yearly; by halves, from 3 to 5½, quarterly. The answers are given in decimals to seven places, and in currency to pence and hundredths. There are subsidiary tables for conversion of stock.

A Systematic Handbook of Volumetric Analysis; or, the Quantitative Estimation of Chemical Substances by Measure. By Francis Sutton. (Churchill & Sons.)—The commercial value of the alkalies, of manganese, of chloride of lime, of indigo, and many other substances, can only be determined by chemical analyses. Practical chemistry has indeed become a thing of general need in technology. To meet the demands made upon the science, it has become necessary to devise new and rapid means of analysis. Under this pressure chemists have developed the volumetric system, "by which a large amount of time, labour, and therefore cost, has been saved, as compared with the older methods of research." It is truly stated by the author of this work, that to make a really reliable use of the volumetric system, "the operator must possess a good knowledge of the laws of chemical combination and decomposition, so as to know where he may apply any of the processes with security." Standard solutions have to be prepared with great accuracy; vessels must be made which will deliver, without error, measured portions of their contents; and the eye must be practised to determine the moment when precipitation ceases, or when any other definite result is obtained in the substance under examination. In the hands of careful and painstaking men, this method of examination is of great value, and may be with confidence relied on as a guide; but, as Mr. Sutton says, "volumetric analysis has had an abundant crop of weeds and rubbish," owing to its having been practised by men who have never learnt the value of minute attention to results. 'The Handbook of Volumetric Analysis' is the result of considerable experience; it is written with evident care, and may be confidently received as a guide by all who are called on to practise this branch of chemistry. Its attentive study will do much to give a higher value to the use of standard solutions than they have hitherto obtained, since nearly every source of error is clearly described, and processes leading to doubtful results are distinctly marked as uncertain, and requiring yet closer examination.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art;

exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year in Mechanics and the Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Electricity, Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, Geology and Mineralogy, Meteorology and Astronomy. By John Timbs. (Lockwood & Co.)—A portrait and memoir of Sir Charles Lyell and a glimpse of the Metropolitan Underground Railway are the embellishments and light literature with which Mr. John Timbs lures readers to a perusal of his 'Year-Book of Facts' for 1862. The author's plan is to collect from newspapers or official reports those accounts of important discoveries, inventions and improvements, which appear to be adapted for purposes of popular instruction, and to publish them as "extracts" from the journals and publications in which they first appeared. Thus the 'Year-Book' is a compilation in which the compiler, as far as possible, abstains from speaking on his own personal authority. Of the facts so treated it is noteworthy what a large proportion of them refer to novel applications of iron, and schemes for the advancement of "the noble art of murdering." About fires Mr. Timbs takes from the Annual Return of the London Fire Brigade some statistics in which London residents will necessarily take interest. "The total number of calls during the year 1861 was 1,409; of these 89 were false alarms, 137 proved to be only chimney alarms, and 1,183 were fires, of which 53 resulted in the total destruction of buildings, &c., 332 in considerable damage, and 798 in slight damage. The fires of 1861, compared with those of 1860, show an increase of 127, and compared with an average of the 28 years during which the establishment has been in existence, the number is 391. This list does not include trifling damages by fires not sufficiently important to require the attendance of firemen; of these no record is anywhere kept, but they may be estimated in round numbers at 4,000. Neither does it include the ordinary calls for chimneys on fire, which may be roughly estimated at 3,000. The "totally destroyed" list, 53, is 25 in excess of the same list for 1861, and 13 in excess of the average proportion for 28 past years. Of the premises burnt, 20 were from 2 to 7 miles distant from the nearest station; 25 were used for the carrying on of hazardous trades, such as cabinet-makers, carpenters, hay and straw salesmen, steam saw-mills, &c." From the foregoing summary an estimate may be made of the exceptional damage caused by the great Tooley Street fire, which occurred in 1861. Mr. Timbs says nothing about fires caused by crinoline. He would do well to gather "facts" on this subject for his next volume.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Insect-Hunter's Companion. By the Rev. Joseph Greene, M.A. (Van Voorst.)—We had occasion lately to recommend the use of the butterfly-net to intending continental tourists, but the writer of this little volume teaches a much better plan for obtaining fine specimens of butterflies and moths (or rather moths alone) by searching for the chrysalids at the roots of trees, and then rearing the perfect insects from them. This 'Essay on Pupa-digging' is followed by 'Instructions for collecting and preserving Butterflies and Moths,' and may be cited as a useful manual to those commencing the study, although it is needlessly diffuse: thus, for instance, not fewer than nine pages are devoted to the discussion of the important question, whether the fumes of chloroform, ammonia, or bruised laurel-leaves are the most efficacious means of killing specimens for preservation. The following passage on the preference of many of these insects for a northern aspect is curious, as indicating a surprising amount of instinct in caterpillars: "The vast majority of pupæ will be found on that side of the trunk (of the tree) which faces the north. This circumstance I attribute to the fact that in this situation they are less exposed to sun and rain. We all know that exposure to the sun is fatal to pupæ, and therefore an infallible instinct leads the larva to select the shadiest side. I believe that rain or damp is equally injurious to them, and that therefore they choose the northern side as the driest. I

am well aware that some will differ from this opinion; but however doubtful the cause, the effect is certain; and so satisfied am I on this head, that I go first to the northern side, and if it present an unfavourable appearance, I, as a rule, leave the tree. As having some bearing on this point, I may mention that the insects themselves, when at rest on the trunks of trees, are almost always found on the northern side. In the former part of this paper, when speaking of ditches and palpina, I mentioned, as the most likely places for finding the pupa, poplars and willows bordering upon streams, and especially the dry sods formed on the sides facing the stream. It is, however, wholly useless to examine trees in this situation when the roots and trunks are liable to be submerged by the overflowing of the stream. In such cases there is usually a water-mark, below which a pupa never will be found. An unerring instinct seems to persuade the larva of its probable fate should it venture below this water-mark." Non-entomological readers will smile at the statement, that sugar or treacle mixed with a little rum or aniseed, and plastered upon the trunks of trees, form one of the most attractive baits for night-flying moths, which must, however, be sought for after dusk with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern. Some persons may possibly also think that the rum and sugar might be better employed!

Lectures on Horses and Stables. By Lieut.-Col. Fitzwygram, 15th (The King's) Hussars. First and Second Series. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—These Lectures on the management of horses suffer from the want of a preface, stating the circumstances under which they were delivered. If, as we infer was the case, they were originally read to the men of Col. Fitzwygram's regiment, we strongly commend the tone and clearness which render them peculiarly adapted to such auditors. Each of the two series now published, consists of four lectures, the subjects of which eight addresses are "Ventilation and Drainage of Stables," "Watering and Feeding of Horses," "Principles of Grooming," "Shoeing of Horses," "Exercise," "Stable Management," "The Action and Uses of Medicine," and "Infection and Contagion." Horse-keepers would do well to place in the hands of their grooms the concise and intelligent instructions of the cavalry officer who, in his promised continuation, will, we trust, remove the one defect of this first instalment of his collected discourses.

Life in Dixie's Land; or, South in Secession Time. By Edmund Kirke. (Ward & Lock.)—The editor of this volume takes bootless pains to impress on the reader that it "describes actual scenes and events." Whatever Mr. Edmund Kirke may be, whether (as the book represents) a Yankee who travelled southwards just before the outbreak of the American war, or merely a writer who assumes that character for literary purposes, "Life in Dixie's Land" is, for all critical purposes, "a nigger novel." Regarded as such, it falls short of the highly-seasoned literature which Mrs. Stowe and her imitators have for some time past thrown upon the market. It comprises nearly all the properties and "effects" that we have a right to look for in a book of the kind; a proper number of slaves are whipped, or shot down, or killed by cruel taskmasters; a brutal slave-driver, and a hot-tempered proprietor, who has a highly-educated, lady-like, and almost white female slave for his mistress and for mother of his manumitted children, are brought out in strong contrast with the intelligent and heavenly-minded "darkies," who are waiting their opportunity to excite and lead a servile rebellion, and a balance is struck between the characteristics of the slaves and "the white trash," greatly to the disadvantage of the latter; but the general manipulation is so clumsy that the result is a failure. In a chapter entitled "Plantation Discipline," Mr. Kirke, describing the interior of a whipping-house, says, "This was the whipping-mack, and hanging to it were several stout whips with short hickory handles and long triple lashes. I took one down for closer inspection, and found buried into the wood, in large letters, the words 'Moral Suasion.' I questioned the appropriateness of the label, but the Colonel insisted, with great gravity, that the whip

is the only 'moral suasion' a dandy is capable of understanding." Surely the time has gone by for English readers to relish humour of this kind.

Ancient Leaves; or, Translations and Paraphrases from Poets of Greece and Rome. By D'Arcy W. Thompson. (Edmonston & Douglas.)—These translations and paraphrases from classic literature are far superior to the ordinary exercises of the same kind, on which most students of Greek and Latin poets expend not unprofitable labour. Mr. Thompson has clearly read his authors with care and discernment, and a musical ear enables him to reproduce their thoughts with no more than unavoidable loss of melody. The paraphrase of the 'Funus Paseris' of Catullus may be objected to on the score of too great freedom; but it is prettily managed:—

Wee bit birdie's dead and gane,
The pet o' my ain dearie O,
And now is journeyn' all aane
The road so dark and dreary O;
The road that man be trod by all
O' mortal men and birdies O.

Sweet birdie kenn'd his mistress weel,
Her face fra ilkaither O,
As weel as e'er my lassie kenn'd
The face o' her ain mither O;
And nestled in her breast, he'd pipe
And cheep the hour thegither O.

Ah birdie, what for was thy life,
Thy puir bit life see fleetin' O;
Tis for thee my dearie's een
Are red and sair wi' greetin' O;
Tis for thee that bonny een
Are red and sair wi' greetin' O.

Scholars will find pleasures in Mr. Thompson's versions of 'Ancient Leaves.'

Imagine; or, the Flowers and Fruits of Rome: a Metrical Tale. By M. H. (Wertheim & Co.)—To "the younger portion of the community, says the Preface, who in general prefer the imaginative to the didactic," M. H. (probably a lady) offers flowers which are very faded, and fruits reminding us of those exorcising red-cheeked stone pippins which garnish old-fashioned chimney pieces, in order that the aforesaid "younger portion" may smell and taste how wicked is Popery, and how abominable in its workings. It need hardly be told that the *Athenæum* is not among the adherents of the Scarlet Lady; but a weak book like this will not make her robe a single shade less red in the eyes of those who are disposed to be attracted by the gaudy colour thereof. How strange is it that religious controversy and attack, of all subjects perhaps the most difficult, is the one which seems dearest to the family of the *Shallows* when they take pen in hand! The little tales of M. H., showing how wicked Jesuits do what they please with persons whose opinions do not please them,—of priests who are unchaste,—of beautiful girls who are kidnapped and shut up in convents,—all the old threadbare stories, in short,—are told in lengths of something imagined to be blank verse, which would be droll were it not dreary; and these tales are interspersed (possibly, in a fond emulation of 'The Princess') with lyrics of corresponding quality.

Running the Blockade. By Lieut. Warnford, R.N. (Ward & Lock.)—A collection of tales and adventures and hair-breadth escapes of different vessels which have run the blockade during the present American war. Many of them are spun out with the land adventures of the several heroes of the tales, and are interspersed here and there with a full allowance of strong language, which is supposed to be nautical. The author is aware that he is at a disadvantage; for as he is shut out from the exhaustless field of fiction, he is confined to one topic, and the stories must necessarily resemble each other. But he is glad to believe that the incidents which make up the stories save them from the almost inevitable sameness which he speaks of. In the course of the different adventures there occur the names of many American vessels which have become familiar to us through the newspapers, and they serve to make acceptable the tales in which they bear conspicuous parts. The names of the Trent, the Alabama, the Royal Charter, the Sumter, and the Nashville, are pressed into the service; whilst Charleston harbour is in certain cases the scene of operations.

Liber Cantabrigiensis. Part II. By R. Potts, M.A. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—An account of recent legislation, and many other things, with examination papers, &c. We thought to have ended here, when our eye was caught by two curiosities. The first is a question in a college examination-paper, about the credit due to "the Prince of I and Saakolinian" when they agree in their testimony. These gentlemen—if that name can be given to persons of whom the first speaks truth only once in five times, and the second only twice in seven times—are Chinese, and are known to many readers of Chinese news. The second instance is, we think, the more curiously worded. It is from the statutes of Downing College, the college of our own day, and runs thus: "If a Fellow secede from the Church of England, or be convicted of any crime by a Court of competent jurisdiction, or be guilty of disgraceful conduct rendering him unfit to be a member of the college, he may be deprived of his fellowship, or be subjected to such other punishment as the visitor, in his discretion, shall see fit." Putting these two things together, we smiled once more at the *dat veniens corvis venat castris columbis* character of tests. If the Prince of I and Saakolinian were to be elected Fellows of Downing, there they might stay, these rascals of one truth in five statements and two in seven. But the man of honesty must turn out, unless the "discretion" of the visitor should prefer to punish him otherwise. It is a remarkable thing, however, that though secession is classed with legal crime and disgraceful conduct, the visitor has a power of remission.

Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind. By Samuel Bailey. Third Series. (Longman & Co.)—In this series the author discusses in succession Comte's notion of psychology, identity, causation, evidence, laws of nature, language and moral sentiments. The contents are of a varied character, and cannot be systematically reviewed; but the writer is one who ought to be read. With some difference of opinion, we recommend the lectures on language to attentive consideration. When this collection, now in its third Part, shall come to an end, it will be for Mr. Bailey to give a good summary of results and arguments.

Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa: a Review of the Missionary Work and Adventures, 1829-1858. By the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell. (Nelson & Sons.)—The author, belonging to the United Presbyterian Church, laboured as missionary, first in Jamaica, and afterwards in Old Calabar, on the West Coast of Africa, and now publishes, in a bulky volume of 681 closely-printed pages, the narrative of his efforts to christianize the negro race. Reduced to about two-thirds of its present size, and freed from pointless dialogues in negro slang, sectarian squabbles, tedious details about new converts, and the phraseology peculiar to missionary writings, the author's materials might have been shaped into a book highly acceptable to the general reader, instead of one suited only to that narrower circle to whom what we regard as defects appear so many merits. The rising of the slaves in Jamaica, the gloomy state of that island previous to emancipation, the suspicion with which all missionaries, especially those of the dissenting bodies, were looked upon by the colonists, and the persecution which they suffered, might have been worked up into very interesting chapters by an expert hand. Again, what a capital peg for a good story Peppel, King of 'Bonny,' would have made,—that noble savage who keeps an English Poet-Laureate to sing his praises!

The Castle-Maiden; and other Stories. By Mrs. R. J. Greene. (Binns & Goodwin.)—Were it not for their exceeding mournfulness of tone, we should warmly commend these fanciful and well-written stories. The intercourse of little Elsie, the Castle-Maiden, with her flowers, is told with pathos and considerable power of imagination; but her career is so sad, that no ordinary child will like to re-peruse its history. 'The Jewelled Bridge' and 'The Oyster Reskin' are less depressing tales.

Mr. Hardwicke has commenced the issue of a new edition of the celebrated *English Botany*, of Sowerby, to appear in monthly numbers. Mr.

Syme, than whom no one is better acquainted with our wild plants, is charged with the science of the work,—Mrs. Lankester with what are called on the title-page "popular descriptions,"—Dr. Lankester with uses and medical properties,—and the three Sowerbys with the illustrations. The specimen number before us is well executed, and, containing, as it does, twenty-four coloured engravings on copper, is one of the cheapest natural-history productions we are acquainted with. Hereafter we may report more fully.

Of publications on the Pentateuch and Bishop Colenso, we have to announce 'The Pentateuch and Bishop Colenso.' Bible Inspiration; What It Is, and What It Is Not: Dr. Colenso's Difficulties Considered and Our Lord's Testimony Enforced, by the Rev. C. Bullock (Wertheim).—Colenso's Objections to the Veracity of the Pentateuch Examined and Answered, by the Rev. B. W. Savile (Freeman).—Some of Bishop Colenso's Objections to the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Examined, by the Rev. W. Houghton (Masters).—Christ or Colenso? or, a Full Reply to the Objections of the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso to the Pentateuch, by M. Hill (Hamilton).—Bishop Colenso Honestly Answered: Two Sermons, by the Rev. J. Christian (Stoek).—Dr. Colenso's Objections to the Historical Truth of the Pentateuch. Reviewed and Answered, by a Clergyman of the Church of England. (Parker).—Considerations on the Pentateuch, by Isaac Taylor (Jackson, Walford & Hodder).—Moses Right and Colenso Wrong; being Popular Lectures on the Pentateuch, by the Rev. J. Cumming (Shaw).—The Bible in the Workshop: a Refutation of Bishop Colenso's Critical Examination of the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, by Two Working Men, a Jew and a Gentile (Kant & Co.).—A Few Remarks on some of the More Prominent Errors contained in Bishop Colenso's Book on the Pentateuch, by the Rev. W. G. Cookekley (Upham & Best).—Solutions of Bishop Colenso's Bible Problems, in the Form of an Address to the Protestant Church, by an Unknown Pen (Jarrold & Sons).—Bishop Colenso and the Pentateuch; or, The Bible in the Gospels: a Vindication of the Historical Character of the Old Testament, by Alpha (Wertheim).—Bishop Colenso's Fallacies [Of Parts I. & II.], by Dr. T. de Meschin (Hendon).—Bishop Colenso and the Pentateuch (Part I.), Bishop Colenso and the Descent of Jacob into Egypt: an Analysis, by W. J. Spry (Wertheim).—The Siege of Rome and 'Bishop Colenso's Sling with a Stone: a Complete Refutation of his "Infamous" Work on the Pentateuch, by Figures and Facts, with Proofs alone from the Bible, by a Lancashire Lad (Simpkin).—Is the Pentateuch Historically True? A Handbook to the Second Part of Dr. Colenso's Work on the Pentateuch and other Books of the Old Testament, by J. B. Marsh (Simpkin).—The Family of Judah; being a Thorough Examination into and Refutation of Bishop Colenso's First Objection to the Pentateuch, by a Layman (Freeman).—The Increase of the Israelites in Egypt shown to be probable from the Statistics of Modern Populations; with an Examination of Bishop Colenso's Calculations on the Subject, by the Rev. F. Ashpittel (Parker).—and A Plain Reply to Bishop Colenso; respectfully addressed to the Laymen of England, by Walter Chamberlain, M.A. (Wertheim).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, new edit. 18mo. 1/6.
Becher's Life Thoughts, new edit. 18mo. 1/6.
Benbow's (Dr.) Bishop Colenso's Objections Examined, 8vo. 5/6.
Boston's The Crooked in the Lot, new edit. 18mo. 1/6.
Brown's Memoirs of Paul, and Thoughts on Present Age, 8/6.
Burgyn's Grace Abounding, new edit. 18mo. 1/6.
Cassell's Popular Natural History, V. 4. Reptiles, Fishes, &c. 8/6.
Clemens's 27th Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, 8vo. 1/6.
Dag's The Proverbs of Solomon, a Poetical Commentary, 8vo. 14/6.
Diary of a Hunter from the Punjab to Kara Korum, post 8vo. 10/6.
Dyer's The Famous Times of Christ, new edit. 18mo. 1/6.
Evelina, by the Author of 'Forest Keep,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 3/6.
Graham (Sir James R. G.), Life and Times of, by Torrens, V. 2, 16/6.
Hall's Smashings of the Devoted Soul, new edit. 18mo. 1/6.
Home's (D. D.) Incidents in my Life, or 8vo. 7/6.
Kleper's and Grif's Hand-Atlas der Erde und des Himmels, 64/6.
Lives from our Cyprus and see Oulu, 8vo. 4/6.
M'Culloch's Clinical Memoirs on Diseases of Women, 8vo. 14/6.
Meditations on Our Lord's Passion, from the Arsenal, 22mo. 3/6.
Miller's Stable Secours, or Puffy Dodder, his Sayings, &c. 3/6.
Phillips's Sermons on Old Testament Messianic Texts, 8vo. 5/6.
St. Leonard's Handy Book on Property Law, 7th ed. 8vo. 3/6.
Temple Bar, Vol. 7, 8vo. 5/6.
Thimons's The Princess Alexandra, a Genealogy, fo. 8vo. 1/6.
Wolcott's A. Origin of Consonants in Poetry & Prose, 10/6.
Westrop's Sixty Studies for the Violin, 4to. 1/6.
White's History of the Kings of Judah and Israel, 8vo. 12/6.

BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

A public servant, whose opinion will have weight with many persons, appears anxious to make the public pay dearer than at present for some of the publications issued by the Government. Mr. J. R. M'Culloch holds the position of Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office. It is his duty to prevent all needless extravagance in the paper, pens, and ink supplied to public departments, to note the cost of Blue Books, Army Lists, Nautical Almanacs, and whatever else is printed by the Government, to indicate how far they pay their expenses, and to suggest the means for making them as remunerative as may be. Accordingly, for some years past, along with the Annual Estimate for the Civil Service, there has appeared a letter from Mr. M'Culloch containing various suggestions for economy and retrenchment, many of which are doubtless valuable, and it appears that some have been tried, and found to work well. Among them, however, occasionally appear remarks, of which, although they profess to aim at economy, it is more than doubtful whether they have such a tendency in practice. To the following, in particular, we desire to direct attention:—

"I may mention," says Mr. M'Culloch, "that not satisfied with having publications sold at or about the cost of their production, we are frequently pressed by the parties interested to sell them at still lower rates. But this, I cannot but think, should very rarely be agreed to. The sale of a work for less than it cost deceives the Government, and is unjust to the publishing trade. The price of all, or nearly all, publications that issue from the different public departments includes nothing for authorship or editing, but merely amounts to the cost of paper, printing, and binding, and not always even to that. Hence the cheapness is, in most cases, quite factitious; but such as it is, it prevents private parties from entering into what might otherwise be an advantageous competition with official publications. A spurious cheapness of this sort is not to be encouraged; and I endeavour, in as far as practicable, to get such a price charged upon our books as will, at all events, cover our outlay upon them."

Thus the case is stated in general terms; and, assuming Mr. M'Culloch's premises, we should think no one would defend the sale of Government publications at a price that will not pay for paper, print, and binding. But Mr. M'Culloch seems to reckon under the head "cost of production" the price paid for authorship or editing, and thinks it unjust to the publishing trade to issue works at a lower price than would pay this charge also. Here we think he reasons on a totally erroneous basis. For, in the first place, there is, or ought to be, no question of competition. What private enterprise can do as well, Government ought not to do at all; but Government does very properly undertake various publications which require the sanction of its authority to give them value, or which could not possibly be remunerative if left to private enterprise. But in such cases it must be considered that the editor or author is paid by the public from the coffers of the State; and it is not right that the purchaser, who has already contributed his quota through the tax-gatherer to the fund out of which such expenses are paid, should be called upon to pay it again in the price of the book.

It would seem that the publications Mr. M'Culloch had chiefly in view in these remarks are those which proceed from the Public Record Office. In his Report of last year he makes the following remarks:—

"The sum charged in the Estimate of 19,620*l.* for Stationery Office publications is nominal only. It is the sum we expend on the production of the Gazette, the Army Lists, and the military books for the War Office, the 'Nautical Almanac,' and other Admiralty books and papers, the Record Office publications, &c. But the sale of these publications, taken as a whole, a good deal more than balances the outlay upon them; and but for the Record publications, the profit would be very large indeed."

This we can very well imagine. The price put upon the Calendars of State Papers looks as if it was intended purposely to prevent their sale. The high utility, and indeed necessity, of these works to the historical student has been generally admitted; but who is to go to the expense of 15*s.* a volume for a series of which it is difficult to calculate the extent? The series of Chronicles is a trifle cheaper: 10*s.* is the sum now charged for a volume—perhaps not very extravagant if it be a book of 700 or 800 pages; but an average volume contains only 400, and some are sold at this price which have little more than 200 pages. And when a comparison is made between Government and the publishing trade, it must be remembered that publishers make their profits by issuing dear editions first, and cheaper afterwards. How is any Government publication to pay its way at the price Messrs. Longman put upon an entertaining book, new from the press, heralded by constant advertisements for months beforehand, and a large part of the impression taken by Mudie with an allowance of 20 per cent. discount? It is quite out of the question. The books lie for years unsold, until they are at last reduced in price, with injustice to former purchasers. Thus it has been with the 'Monumenta Historica Britannica,' originally published at five guineas, now at two; several folio volumes of the old 'Record Commission' are now selling at 10*s.* 6*d.* or 15*s.* each; and the thick quarto volumes of State Papers also sell each at half-a-guinea, being exactly the quarter of their original price. If these prices are not too low, the new Record publications are too high.

The best proof that they are not too low is, that there are cheaper publications still, issued by the Government, which, according to Mr. M'Culloch, yield a profit. The Government publications do, as a whole, far more than pay their expenses; and among them no inconsiderable portion is the great array of Blue Books which sell at a halfpenny a sheet. If in them, however, Mr. M'Culloch were to reckon "payments to authors," which, in such a case, would be expenses of Parliamentary witnesses summoned from great distances, we suspect there would be found to be a very serious loss upon such publications. The 'Nautical Almanac,' a thick octavo of more than 600 pages, is sold for half-a-crown. Mr. M'Culloch surely will not tell us that all the complicated calculations and minute revision necessary to the production of this work, in which the inaccuracy of a single figure might cause shipwrecks at sea, are remunerated by the proceeds of the sale. It is plain, therefore, he judges the productiveness of the Record publications and other Government works by totally different standards, and in the interest of literature it is most desirable that the prices of the former be reduced. We are informed that an offer was lately made to the Government to take the whole impression of one of the recent Calendars of their hands if they would consent to sell it at ten shillings instead of fifteen, but it was not accepted. Yet even ten shillings would have been a high price for it if it had been any other Government publication but a Calendar.

So far, then, from agreeing with Mr. M'Culloch that the prices of the Record publications should be enhanced, we consider that they are already too dear, and greatly exceed those of all other books published by the Government. This is especially to be regretted in the case of the Calendars, as it has the effect, practically, of placing them entirely beyond the reach of the literary student for whose special use they have been compiled.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

Few persons are aware, that although an original photograph be first published in the United Kingdom, the copyright in such photograph may now be secured in France, and vice versa. As photography has grown into a branch of industry, and photographic copyrights are of considerable value, it may be useful to call attention to the existing state of the laws of England and of France affecting such copyrights. Formerly, when any work of literature or of the

fine arts was first published abroad the copyright in it became public property in England. The author was unable to obtain any protection there in respect of such copyright. This manifest injustice has been remedied by certain Acts passed in the reign of her present Majesty, "to amend the law relating to international copyright." These statutes enable the Crown by Order in Council as respects works of literature, music and art (to be defined in such order), and which shall be first published in any foreign country named in that order, to direct that the authors of such works, and their assigns, shall have the privilege of copyright therein to the same extent as allowed by law in respect of any such works first published in the United Kingdom. But no such order is to have any effect unless it states that due protection has been secured by the foreign power named in the order for the benefit of parties interested in works first published in the British dominions similar to those comprised in such order. Besides this, as a condition precedent to the acquisition of any copyright in a work so first published abroad, the statutes render it imperative that the work shall be registered at Stationers' Hall, together with the date and place of first publication thereof abroad. The time within which such registration must be made after that first publication is to be fixed by the Order in Council.

In 1852 an International Copyright Treaty was entered into between England and France, whereby it was agreed that "the authors of works of literature or of art, to which the laws of either of the two countries do now, or may hereafter, give the right of property, or copyright, shall be entitled to exercise that right in the territories of the other of such countries for the same term, and to the same extent, as the author of works of the same nature, if first published in such other country, would therein be entitled to exercise such right." But the treaty expressly stipulates that such international copyright shall not be claimable in either country, "unless the work shall have been registered," viz.:—"1st. If the work be one that has first appeared in France, it must be registered at the Hall of the Company of Stationers in London; 2nd. If the work be one that has first appeared in the dominions of her Britannic Majesty, it must be registered at the Bureau de la Librairie of the Minister of the Interior at Paris." At the time of such registration "one copy of the best edition, or in the best state," must also be deposited;—and "in every case the formality of deposit and registration must be fulfilled within three months after the first publication of the work in the other country." The treaty likewise provides that "a certified copy of the entry in the Register-book of the Company of Stationers in London shall confer within the British dominions the exclusive right of republication until a better right shall have been established by any other party before a court of justice." And that "the certificate given under the laws of France proving the registration of any work in that country shall be valid for the same purpose throughout the territories of France." The charge for registration of a single work "shall not exceed one shilling in England, nor one franc twenty-five centimes in France; and the further charge for a certificate of such registration shall not exceed the sum of five shillings in England, and six francs and twenty-five centimes in France." The ten years term for which this treaty was entered into has expired, but it provides that it shall continue in force "from year to year until the expiration of a year's notice from either party for its termination": an event which in the present advanced state of public opinion respecting international rights generally, and copyright particularly, appears to be most improbable.

In pursuance of this treaty, and of the powers vested in the Crown for that purpose, Her Majesty afterwards made an Order in Council, whereby it was ordered, "that from and after the 17th day of January, 1852, the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of any of the following works (that is to say): books, prints, articles of sculpture, dramatic works, musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts, in which the laws of Great Britain give to British

subjects the privilege of copyright, and the executors, &c. of such authors, &c. shall, as respects works first published within the dominions of France after the 17th January, 1852, have the privilege of copyright therein for a period equal to the term of copyright which authors, &c. of the like works respectively first published in the United Kingdom are by law entitled to; provided such books, dramatic pieces, musical compositions, prints, articles of sculpture, or other works of art have been registered, and copies thereof have been delivered according to the requirements of the International Copyright Act (7 Vict. c. 12. s. 6.) within three months after the first publication thereof in any part of the French dominions."

Soon after entering into the above convention the French law was placed upon what seems to us, having regard to the existing state of the law of nations, to be the only just, and, consequently, tenable ground respecting international copyright. Irrespective of any reciprocity a decree was made upon the 28th March, 1852, prohibiting within the dominions of France the piracy of works published in any foreign State; and also the importation or exportation of any pirated copies of such works.

Now with respect to copyright in *photographs*, no such copyright existed according to the law of England prior to the 29th July, 1862, when "The Copyright (Works of Art) Act" came into operation. Since that date the authors of *original* photographs, or the employers of such authors, are entitled to copyright therein for the author's life and seven years after his death; but to acquire the benefits of that statute the work must be registered at Stationers' Hall.

So likewise, according to the decisions of the French Courts, no copyright in *photographs* has until recently been held to exist in France. According to the Code Napoléon, "l'auteur d'un ouvrage de littérature ou de gravure, ou de toute autre production de l'esprit ou de génie qui appartient aux beaux-arts, en aura la propriété exclusive,"—or copyright, during the life of such author, also of his widow, and for thirty years after the death of the survivor of them in favour of their children.

Does a *photograph* come within the above definition of the French law relating to works of fine art? Some of the most eminent French artists have protested against the art of photography being deemed a fine art; and until within the last few months it seems that the French Courts were of the same opinion. But the decisions upon the point have recently been overruled by the supreme court of appeal in France, the Court of Cassation, in a case which arose out of the piracy of a photographic portrait of the late Count Cavour. It was held, that although a mere servile copy of any subject made by means of photography is not absolutely a work of art within the meaning of the Code, yet that a photograph does become a work of art, and is the subject of copyright, when its execution includes artistic conception upon the part of the author.

Practically, therefore, British photographic artists will now be enabled to obtain the benefits of copyright in France for most of their original works. If claimed under the Copyright Convention with France, to which we have alluded, it will, however, be subject to the performance of these conditions:—1st. The work must have been first published in the United Kingdom; 2nd. It must have been registered, and a copy deposited in Paris, within three months after such first publication.

Upon the other hand, it seems, French photographic artists may now secure a British International Copyright in all their original photographs upon these conditions:—1st. The work must have been first published in France; 2nd. It must have been registered, and a copy deposited in London, within three months after such first publication.

Considering the beauty of, and the immense demand for many photographic works produced both in France and England, the existing state of those international relations to which we have called attention seems calculated largely to enhance the value of original productions of that description by French and British artists.

LITERARY HONESTY.

37, Tavistock Place, March 7, 1863.

PERMIT me, in the name of literary honesty, to enter a protest against two practices, occasionally, but seldom, resorted to in book manufacture, of which a recent German publication furnishes a flagrant specimen, viz., taking the subjects of illustration from other works, possibly without due sanction, and certainly without due acknowledgment; and using the same woodblock several times over in the same book, so as to apparently increase the amount of illustration to the casual observer.

The title-page of this work bears such well-known names that it makes the offence all the more reprehensible—it is simply 'Vorschule der Kunstgeschichte, von Dr. Ernst Förster, mit 269 Holzschnitten. Leipzig, T. O. Weigel, 1862.' Unfortunately the work contains but few original illustrations. Cicognara, Gally Knight, and Cressy's Index to Hope, are standard books of reference I at once perceive to have been laid under contribution; and if any useful end could be gained by it, a little trouble would, I think, speedily produce the prototypes from other well-known publications of, I dare say, half the whole series.

Many of the most important illustrations are used twice over in the course of the volume—thus Nos. 183 and 242 are identical; as (amongst many others which have, no doubt, escaped my observation in turning over the pages) are Nos. 105 and 250,—109 and 263,—39 and 191,—196 and 228,—203 and 266,—125 and 229,—85 and 225,—214 and 236,—198 and 235,—202 and 226,—215 and 260,—129 and 194, &c. The most flagrant case is that of a large woodcut of the well-known antique group of the Three Graces, which is made to do duty no less than three times, appearing in the list of illustrations given at the commencement of the volume: firstly, as 106, "Symmetrische Gruppe"; secondly, as 201, "Die Grazien, antike Gruppe"; and, thirdly, as 231, "Die Grazien."

This list of illustrations in no case betrays the repetition of the use of the same block; thus Sansovino's library at Venice is referred to, under different numbers, as "Italienische Renaissance" and "Lebendige Baukunst"; thus Orcagna's Christ from the Pisan Last Judgment appears, firstly, as one of a series of "Gewand Formen"; and, secondly, as "Christus"; thus one of the well-known Herculanean dancing nymphs comes out, firstly, as "Gestalt im Gleichgewicht"; and, secondly, as one of a series of "Motivirte Bewegungen"; thus, a nasty little Faun, from an old bronze, whose presence may be more regretted than his absence would have been missed, figures, firstly, as a "Trunkener Silen"; and, secondly, as a "Humoristische Darstellung,"—and so on.

According to a prospectus prefixed to this book, it is designed to form the first of a series of handbooks intended ultimately to make up "eine kunstwissenschaftliche Encyclopedie"; it becomes urgent, therefore, to denounce *in limine* the system of deception which cheats the buyer, and discredits the author and publisher. Of the two latter I need scarcely say I know nothing, excepting that hitherto both have, to the best of my belief, been respected in the republic of letters. I write simply as an artist, to warn other artists who may, like me, be seduced by the promise of a good book illustrated by "269 Holzschnitten" for a rather low price.

M. DIGBY WYATT.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

March 9, 1863.

WHILE the antiquity of man on the globe and the Biblical chronology are exciting much attention, it may be interesting to many of your readers to see the opinion of the late Dr. Prichard, whose scientific researches, especially in ethnology, raised him to the highest eminence in that department. All his investigations tended to one conclusion, viz., the derivation of mankind from one primitive stock. Whatever could illustrate that opinion and make it probable, was collected and placed in a striking light. But a great difficulty connected with it arose from chronology. How could the development of those physical varieties which distinguish the different races of men take place in the brief period allowed by the received chro-

nology! This is the subject of a note on Biblical chronology at the end of the fifth volume of his 'Researches into the Physical History of Man- kind,'—a work now out of print and scarce. Dr. Prichard was not given to speculation on theological subjects. He was conservative in his religious creed. He fully admitted the divine authority and inspiration of the Old Testament. How, then, does he meet the difficulty just stated? He begins with examining the later period of Scripture chronology, viz., that from the building to the destruction of the Temple; thence he ascends to the chronology between the ages of Solomon and Moses, and between Moses and Abraham. In computing the time prior to the call of Abraham, the great longevity of the patriarchs comes in his way, which he disposes of after a fashion of his own. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that there exists no chronology, properly so termed, of the earliest ages, and that no means are to be found for ascertaining the real age of the world or of man's abode upon it. "The Hebrew chronology," he says, "may be computed with accuracy to the era of the building of the Temple, or, at least, to that of the division of the tribes. In the interval between that date and the arrival of Abraham in Palestine, it cannot be ascertained with exactness, but may be computed with a near approximation to truth. Beyond that event we can never know how many centuries, nor even how many *chilids* of years, may have elapsed since the first man of clay received the image of God and the breath of life." These words afford scope enough for the very long period during which the late researches of geologists go to prove that man has existed on the earth. Dr. Prichard, with all his orthodox opinions about the Bible, could see and admit that religion has nothing to do with man's antiquity on the globe; and that the Bible itself allows full latitude to the investigations of science. The way in which he tries to reduce the preternatural length of antediluvian life within bounds compatible with the present constitution of nature is curious; but we need not refute it at present. It may just be mentioned in conclusion, that he believed the abode of the Israelites in Egypt to have been 430 years, as the Hebrew text asserts. This number appears to me to be undoubtedly correct. S. DAVIDSON.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

Pompeii, Feb. 27, 1863.

ESCAPING from the blind and the lame, and the cracked guitar, and the wretched songster who pester our steps to the very gates of Pompeii, we enter a road, newly arranged and planted with the glowing mesembrianthemum. At the end of it is the ticket-office where we buy our permit, price two francs, and passing through an iron turnstile, which records the number of visitors, we are in the streets of the old city. The order which prevails here is a new feature in this country, and reminds one much of England; of more importance is it to observe that it indicates the action of a new spirit. In every direction there are signs of work; instead of a few lazy and extortionate custodes, and a man or two busy about nothing, there are 200 men, women and girls occupied in the interesting labour of excavating, so that if the same success continues to be displayed, the whole of Pompeii, it is calculated, will be brought to light in twenty years. What secrets will be revealed! What treasures of Art will be given to the world in that time! Along the high mound which now surrounds Pompeii, a tramroad has been laid down, and trains are continually running with the *débris*, which is carried off in the direction of the Amphitheatre. From this mound the visitor looks down on the unburied portion of the city, and forms a good idea of the interior of the houses, which are, of course, roofless. The excavations are being carried on in two spots—near the Temple of Isis, and near the house called that of Abbonanza, but we are more immediately concerned with the former site. Here in a house, in a small street just opened, were found the bodies or skeletons which are now attracting crowds. Falling in a mass of pumice-stone, these unfortunate persons had not become attached to the soil, and it was easy to cut away the ground beneath them; but above, fire,

ashes, and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their death, and insuring their preservation for nearly 2,000 years. On removing the *débris*, which consisted of the roof and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but fine powder was visible. It occurred to Cav. Fiorelli that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the remains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture,—the interior having been discovered to be hollow, in consequence of the destruction of the flesh,—and mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to the world a Roman lady of the first century. Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of the excavators was the finding of ninety-one pieces of silver money, four ear-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold, together with two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag. These interesting relics have been now successfully removed, and are lying in a house not far distant. They are to be preserved in Pompeii, and four bronze tables, of an antique fashion, are being prepared for their reception. I will describe the dry details of their appearance. The first body, so to speak, is that of a woman, who lies on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm are raised and contorted, and the knuckles are bent in tightly; the right arm is broken, and at each end of the fragments one sees the cellular character of the bones. The form of the head-dress and the hair are distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand are two silver rings, one of which is a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body is much bent, the legs are extended as if under the influence of extreme pain.

By the side of this figure lay the bags of which I have already spoken, with the money, the keys, and the rings, and the cast of it, with all that remains intermingled with or impressed on the plaster is preserved in the same room. Passing on to an inner chamber we found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs are drawn up, the left lying over the right,—the body is thinly covered over in some parts by the scoriae or the plaster, whilst the skull is visible, highly polished. One hand is partially closed, as if it had grasped something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protrude through the incrustated ashes, and on the surface of the body in various parts is distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered. There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated, whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear, which is uppermost, is very conspicuous and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress. The last figure I have to describe is that of a man, a splendid subject, lying on its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There is an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which, together with the arm, are supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress on the arm and over the whole of the upper part of the body are visible; the sandals are there, and the bones of one foot protrude through what might have been a broken sandal. The hair of the head and beard,—by which I mean, of course, the traces of them,—are there; and the breath of life has only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the 19th century the Romans of the 1st century. I gazed again and again on these lifeless forms with an interest which I cannot well describe. They might have fallen but yesterday, for were there not still remaining their sandals, their dress, the very tracery of their hair? They were trying to escape from destruction, for the bodies were found at

a short distance one from the other, as if in the act of running. What could have induced them to remain so long it is only permitted to imagine. They were three women who, terror-struck, had been unable, perhaps, to act until aided and urged forward by the man. It may be that with that attachment which binds us all so closely to our native place and our hearth, they still clung to their homes with the hope that the storm would soon pass away. I witnessed some instances of infatuation last year at Torre del Greco, where the poorer inhabitants remained in the lower rooms of their houses, the upper parts of which had fallen or were falling in, when the ground was heaving, and the crash of buildings was heard from time to time; but Vesuvius sent forth its clouds of ashes without intermission until the sun was darkened, and the only safety was in flight. Haste—haste!—fly—by the Stabian Gate, towards the Salerno road! But it was too late; the weakness of woman, or the strength of local attachment, had been too strong, and down they fell, these poor victims, on the very site from which they have now been disinterred, after an undisturbed repose of nearly 2,000 years. The first was the mother and the head of the household, for by her side was the bag of money, the keys, and two silver vases, and a silver hand-mirror, which was found only last Friday. She was of gentle birth too; the delicacy of her arms and legs indicates it; and coiffure too. The hands are closed as if the very nails must have entered into the flesh, and the body is swollen, as are those of the others, as if water had aided the cruel death. The child—perhaps her child—does not appear to have suffered so much, but, child-like, it had thrown itself on the ground, and wrapped its dress about its head, thinking thereby to exclude all danger. I judge so from the marks of the folds of the linen round the arms and on the upper part of the body, and from the partially open hand as if it had grasped something. Poor child! it was not so tenacious of life as the mother, and soon went to sleep. There is the figure of another woman, of a lower class, a servant perhaps, and I thought so from the large projecting ear, and the ring on the finger, which was of iron. She had suffered much evidently, as the right leg is twisted back and uplifted. She lies on her side, and the left hand, which is closed, rests on the ground; but her sufferings were less than those of her mistress, as her sensibility was perhaps less acute. The man, man-like, had struggled longer with the storm which raged around him, for he fell on his back, and fell dead. His limbs are stretched out at their full length, and give no sign of suffering. A more touching story than that which is told by these silent figures I have never read, and if a second Bulwer could describe the last days of Pompeii, nothing more suggestive could be found as a nucleus for his romance than the family group just brought to light. It was with comparatively little interest that I closed this day by visiting the sites where the labourers are actually at work. They are cutting out streets beneath the roots of large trees, and carting off the soil to many feet above them. Walls are coming out to view every moment, and the large red inscriptions and the popular jokes of Pompeiian. Many houses have been completely uncovered, with the exception of two or three feet of sand, which are left on the ground-floor, and cover up the antiquarian wealth which is reserved for the eyes of distinguished visitors. One house I remarked particularly, as it is the largest in Pompeii. There are two large gardens in the interior of the building, and marble fountains, around which were found the figures of a wild boar being pulled down by dogs, and a serpent and other animals, all of bronze. On the walls are elegant fresco paintings, and in one small room, a sleeping chamber, is a mosaic floor, a portion of which was repaired, and that right artistically too, by some old Roman mosaicist. This room is not far from the Temple of Isis, should visitors care to see it; and it will well repay the trouble. Amongst the many changes and improvements which my friend Cav. Fiorelli has introduced, I must not fail to notice the establishment of a museum, in which many objects of great interest are deposited, all discovered in Pompeii.

There are the skeletons of two dogs; and sixty loaves which were baking when Vesuvius burst forth, and which were "drawn" only the other day. There are the great iron doors for the mouth of the oven. There are tallies, too, and hammers, and bill-hooks, and colours, should the artist need them, and medicines for the sick, and pulse for the hungry. Vases and patens of plain and coloured glass, light and elegant in form, are there, and candelabra, so graceful that one longs to grasp them. There, too, are brasiers more ornamented and more useful and elegant than any that modern Italians have made.

H. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

NEARLY all the poets, and some who are not poets, have been singing welcomes to the young lady who is now Princess of Wales. The offerings are of various merit; but no one amongst them has sufficient beauty, emphasis and music to become at once the sole expression of a people's joy. The true welcome of the Princess Alexandra was the inexpressible loyalty and gladness of the public streets; and the great poetic facts of her reception-day made all attempts at utterance pale and weak. Mr. Tompson's "Welcome" is the best:—

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!
Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
O joy to us, love us and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

—In these laureate lines, the thought is not very happy nor the diction very choice. That theory of the young lady being a Dane, and a daughter of the Sea-Kings, on which the compliment of the piece is made to turn, is not even historically true; the Prince of Wales, as a descendant of Anne of Denmark, being more a Dane than his royal bride.

On Tuesday night the British Museum presented a novel lesson in the art of illumination to those whose visits to it in that behalf have been chiefly for the purpose of studying the illuminated manuscripts. The four pedestals along the line of the front railing in Great Russell Street, which have been waiting so long for their intended statues, were surmounted by Prince of Wales's Feathers in gas, not terminating in quills, but rising from magnificent cushions of the same material, and a series of wreaths enveloping two A's interlaced filled up the intervals between. The effect was not only splendid, but most tasteful and classical. It has been laid down as a canon of criticism, that the best method of illuminating a building in every case is simply to run the architectural lines into lines of light; and the example of the Floral Hall at Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday was a brilliant illustration of the effect of the arrangement; but the example of the Museum showed that an effect still better is sometimes to be obtained. We have heard that for the design of this display the enlightened public are indebted to Mr. Sydney Smirke and Mr. Winter Jones.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Art-Union have included, in the series of works offered to the Subscribers, a very pretty copy, in Ceramic ware, of a bust of the Princess of Wales. The Princess has been much ill-used by the photographers; but

the sculptors have done more justice to the delicate beauty of her face. The bust, by M. Felix Miller, has a good deal of natural grace; and there must be many to whom such a work will be an acquisition.

On Tuesday, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, the theatres were thrown open gratuitously to the public in honour of the Prince of Wales's marriage. In addition to the usual performances, at many of the theatres lyrical effusions appropriate to the occasion were delivered. A loyal stanza, written by Mr. George Linley and composed by Mr. Brinley Richards, was sung between the acts of 'Bonnie Dundee,' at Drury Lane. Miss Avonia Jones, at the Adelphi, delivered a long Epithalamium, composed by the Author of 'Whitefriars,' which was aided by the classical costume in which the fair speaker was attired; and Miss M. Oliver, at the Princess's, delivered with much grace a similar effusion. The Lyceum made a demonstration. After 'The Duke's Motto,' an Ode was delivered by Miss Elsworthy, who appeared as *Britannia*; views of Windsor Castle and St. George's Chapel succeeded; while behind the scenes the Chorale composed by Prince Albert was sung by a full choir. Then followed a kind of transformation scene, designed for an allegorical tableau, and exhibiting portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. James Anderson, at the City of London, delivered an Ode, written by Mr. Nelson Lee, junior. The theatres were all well attended; and, owing to the good arrangements made beforehand, there was no confusion either in gaining admission or during the performance. The lyrical demonstrations to which we have alluded were in all places enthusiastically received.

The list of candidates for election into the Royal Society for the present session is closed. The number of names "up" is forty-five.

The Prince Consort memorial statue for Cambridge has been, notwithstanding an earnest speech in favour of bronze by the Master of Trinity, decided to be executed in marble.

The rejection of the Regent Circus Railway Bill, on its second reading, by the House of Commons, will serve as a warning in future to the subscribers for schemes calculated to chop the metropolis into little pieces. Two months ago we called attention to the manner in which the Borough has been crossed near the foot of London Bridge. One of the best openings in the City has been ruined, and St. Saviour's Church buried, not through any necessity, but by indifference to public interest on the part of railway authorities. Further westward, on this same railway, even worse examples may be noticed. Waterloo Road, wide and airy, if not handsome, as it was, and affording a welcome vista, has been cut midway, not by one only, but by two of the ugliest structures it is possible to make out of iron and brick: a pair of monstrous iron boxes, more like coffins than any other things, have been placed on brick piers of commonplace form. Such is the work throughout this line.—The rejection of the plan for taking the new street from Thames Way into St. Paul's Churchyard, whereby a noble view of the Cathedral would have been gained, deprives us of the consolation hoped for, when we learned how the London, Chatham and Dover Railway is intended to cross Ludgate Hill, and shut up the existing but insufficient prospect. This company has got its Bill, but is it even now too late to make some improvement in the plan proposed? Some concession to public opinion will be wise. An Edile to save us from engineers may be—if the Commons' Committee does its duty upon each Bill—rendered needless by the appointment, announced by Mr. Milner Gibson, of an officer of the Board of Trade, to "investigate and report upon the general character of metropolitan railways." We trust this officer will not confine himself to engineering, but, if not an architect himself, be aided by one in dealing with our engineers.

The Royal Literary Fund held its annual meeting on Wednesday, the Bishop of Oxford in the chair. The Report of the General Committee stated that during the past year 1,500*l.* had been granted in the relief of fifty-four applicants. The Permanent

Fund was said to amount to 23,639*l.* 1*0s.* 10*d.*, producing 799*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* per annum in interest. The Permanent Fund was last year increased by a legacy of 1,139*l.* 1*0s.* 10*d.*, bequeathed to the Society by Mr. Patrick Kernan. Earl Stanhope was elected President of the Society.

The first Education debate of the session will probably come off on the 20th instant, when Mr. Walter will move the following resolutions:—1. That it is the opinion of this House, that the sums annually voted by Parliament for educational purposes ought to be made applicable to all the poorer schools throughout the country (not being private schools, or carried on for profit), in which the attendance and examination of the children exhibit the results required, under the Revised Code, by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. 2. That to require the employment of certificated teachers, or of pupil-teachers, by school managers, as an indispensable condition of their participation in the Capitation Grant, is inexpedient, and unjust to the managers of such schools.

Since our last we have received the following:—
"Maldenhead, March 9, 1863.

"A learned local friend correctly informs me that I have been anticipated regarding the tract illustrative of the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' by Dr. Whitaker's account of Leeds and its vicinity, published under the title of 'Loicis and Elmets.' Being confined almost to my room by inflamed eyes, I could not at the time consult any works not on my own shelves, and therefore ought not to have spoken so positively on the subject. As, however, Dr. Whitaker has omitted a full third of the tract in question, and does not follow the form, orthography, or even the words, of the original, I intend to reproduce the whole of the rarity, exactly as it stands, for the satisfaction of the members of my Reprinting Club.

"J. PAYNE COLLIER."

Mr. Boucicault has secured the site for his proposed New Metropolitan Theatre. It is in the Haymarket, on the ground occupied by the Anglesey Tavern, with the stables and livery-yard attached. The building will be immediately commenced. This gentleman will now have an opportunity of practically illustrating those theatrical reforms which he has projected, and in which the public seem disposed to assist.

The Polytechnic Institution has become a place of "sensational" entertainment. To his spectre-drama Mr. Pepper has now added another "strange lecture" not less startling. It concerns Crinoline, and the dangers to which its wearers are exposed by fire. His object is to show that the remedies usually proposed are ineffective. Stone fibre of asbestos and tungstate of soda avail little. A lay-figure is attired with an extensive crinoline, protected by these supposed preventives, and the dress is speedily ignited, leaving nothing but the charred and ghastly body of the victim. A living person is then introduced, to demonstrate the value of an invention recommended by Mr. Pepper, namely, an incombustible starch. The lady is fashionably dressed, with a preposterous appendage that sweeps over the flames in various directions with perfect impunity. The lecturer claims the result as a triumphant proof of the value of the preventive recommended.

Under the shed, at the British Museum, which contains the lions of Chersones, Cnidus and Boudrum, is a meteorite that fell at Cambourne, Victoria (Australia): to this, with unexpected humour, the Jurors of Class I. at the International Exhibition, awarded "Honourable Mention"—the card signifying which hangs still, so to say, round the neck of the thing. It is not much of a meteorite to look at, but glows anew under its honours. Was it not worth a medal? or is that distinction reserved for such stones as fell at Ægus Potamos the year Socrates was born, got "honourable mention" in the Chronicle of the Parian Marbles as being a full waggon-load, and of which Humboldt, despite a lapse of nearly twenty-four centuries, did not abandon hope of our finding? May not that which barred the river Narne in the tenth century, and is not yet found, some day come in for a medal? These might have a chance, together with that

monstrous Siberian mass which Pallas investigated so earnestly, or the Monte Videan thunderbolt that perplexed the nations. What would the Jurors of Class I. say to the Palladium itself, if that turned up, and was found to be meteoric iron, as many believe! "Honourable Mention" for aërolites that fall, as Schribers estimated, at the rate of seven hundred in each year, seems a little absurd, but still the thing in question is noteworthy. Whether the air-giants kneaded the Cambourne quoit, and cast it caudant from their hands; whether it be an asteroid, whose race is done, shot out of a lunar volcano, of solar origin, as Diogenes Laertius surmised, native terrestrial iron raised by a hurricane, as Aristotle wildly guessed about that of *Ægos Potamos*; or, strangest of all, proof of the theory of Diogenes of Apollonia, and one of "the stars that are invisible, and, consequently, have no name," no man has yet affirmed.

Mr. Warren De La Rue has exhibited an enlarged photograph of a portion of the moon's surface, with a view to promote that branch of lunar observation included under the term Selenography. The photograph in question, which is, we believe, thirty-six times larger than the original negative, represents one of the rugged ridges of our satellite with admirable definition, and with lights and shades, prominences and hollows, remarkably distinct. Hence arises the utilitarian suggestion, that if the whole of the visible lunar surface were similarly depicted, the photographs might be preserved for the use of coming generations, as with such accurate tests at hand the astronomers of 1963 would be able to compare the aspect of their moon with that of the moon of 1863.

A French naturalist has calculated that the number of birds' eggs and young birds destroyed in France every year by predatory urchins and adults amounts to twenty millions; on which calculation the editor of *Les Mondes* reads a homily which is not without its application in this country. We notice the question in the hope that as the pairing season has commenced, all persons who can exercise influence will do so on behalf of the tenants of our woods, copses and hedgerows. Agriculturists especially should bestir themselves to prevent the wanton destruction of nests and broods which takes place every spring, considering their liability to loss by attacks of insects. It is impossible to calculate the number of grubs, or embryos scarcely visible without a microscope, or insect-devourers generally, which the birds would destroy if let alone. It is true that agriculture owes much to art; but it must not on that account reject the aid of nature. If small crops are to thrive, small birds must be encouraged. Our foreign contemporary cites as praiseworthy the example of Cardinal Donnet, who on all fitting occasions exerts his eloquence in favour of the birds of the air.

Another centenary birthday will be celebrated this month, that of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, born on the 21st of March, 1763. The name of Richter, the fanciful, humorous, sentimental author of '*Hesperus*,' '*Titan*,' '*Campaner-Thal*,' '*Levana*,' '*Siebenknie*,' &c.,—the idolized poet, the favourite of the women of his time,—has far more penetrated beyond the frontiers of Germany than that of stern, simple-hearted Seume. It is now half a century since Jean Paul's writings created an enthusiasm in Germany hardly equalled, certainly not surpassed, by that which '*Die Sieden des jungen Werther*' and Schiller's '*Räuber*' raised in the hearts of old and young. These times are over. The cool and severe criticism of men like Gervinus and Hillebrand—the utter condemnation of the poet by modern writers of literary history, as Julian Schmidt—seem to take a sort of revenge on the idol of his time and of the women in particular. However, literary justice will be done by and by, and the scales resume a fair balance, after too much fame and too much blame have been thrown in on either side. This centenary birthday, no doubt, will be celebrated warmly; a literary gift for the day has already appeared. The son-in-law of the poet, Herr Ernest Förster, has begun to publish a series

of '*Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben von Jean Paul F. Richter*.' The first part, which has already appeared, shows the poet as friend, by his correspondence with Emanuel Osmund, Friedrich von Oertel and Paul Emil Thieriot; the second part will treat on the poet's relation with women; and the third will lead us into his study and make communications from his books of memoranda. The whole will be a welcome gift to the friends and admirers of the poet.

Will close on the 1st.—SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Open from Nine till Dusk.—Admission One Shilling. JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION AND SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Sec.

'THE RAILWAY STATION.'—This Celebrated Picture, by W. FRITH, Esq., R.A., NOW ON VIEW to the Public, at the FINE-ART GALLERY, 11, Haymarket.—Admission, 1s. Open from Ten to Five. A Descriptive Pamphlet, by Mr. Tom Taylor, M.A., price 4d.

THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK.—Portraits of Her Majesty, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other Members of the Royal Families of England and Denmark, comprising more than Forty Pictures, many of them life-size, all executed by Mr. Gibson from actual sittings, are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1s. N.B.—Every visitor will be presented with a Carte-de-Visite Portrait of the Princess of Wales.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWELL will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 8 o'clock.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—March 5.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: '*On Skew Surfaces, otherwise Scrolls*,' by A. Cayley, Esq.—'*Researches on the Refraction, Dispersion and Sensitiveness of Liquids*,' by Dr. Gladstone and the Rev. T. Dale.—'*On the Change of Form assumed by Wrought Iron and other Metals when Heated and then Cooled by Partial Immersion in Water*,' by Lieut.-Col. H. Clerk.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—March 9.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—D. J. Kennelly, A. H. Barford, H. Bayley, J. Burns, J. D. Campbell, R. R. Carew, S. Chapman, F. P. Dalgety, J. V. F. Foster, F. Gascogne, E. W. Jeffreys, Brigadier-Gen. J. R. A. St. George, C.B., Col. C. Sawyer, G. Scovell, R. B. Sheridan, M.P., G. Stanton, and R. Swinhoe, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—The President informed the meeting that he had received a communication, which gave some hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Petherick might still be alive.—The papers read were, '*Recent Explorations in Australia*': 1, by Mr. McDouall Stuart; 2, by Mr. Landsborough; and 3, by Mr. McKinlay.

GEOLOGICAL.—March 4.—Leonard Horner, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—F. Drake, Esq., II Commendatore Devincenzi, Cav. C. Perazzi, O. C. Marsh, Esq. and J. Watson, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The following communication was read, '*On the Permian Rocks of North-Eastern Bohemia*,' by Sir Roderick I. Murchison.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—March 5.—The Marquis of Bristol, V.P., in the chair.—A. W. Franks, Director, exhibited a bronze knife found in the Thames, and photographs of the Mortuary Urns found at Stade on the Elbe, and now in the Museum at Hanover, on which Mr. Kemble communicated a paper in the 38th volume of the '*Archæologia*.' The Director called attention to the great interest of these urns, of which more exact representations were now before the Society than those which are found in Mr. Kemble's paper.—J. Williams, Esq. exhibited, by permission of Commander Edge, R.N., some antiquities of a Danish type from the Barra Islands in the Hebrides.—The Director called attention to similar relics which had been found in the Orkney Islands in the spring of 1849.—E. Waterton, Esq. exhibited a very fine specimen of an ass's hoof-ring.—E. Peacock, Esq. exhibited a Manuscript Report

of the Proceedings of the First Session of King Charles the First's Third Parliament, from which the Director read some passages relating to charges against the Rev. Richard Burgess. The exhibition was accompanied by a letter from J. Bruce, Esq., calling attention to the interest of this portion of the manuscript.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—March 4.—P. Graham, Esq., Member of the Council, in the chair.—The paper read was '*On the Influence of Certain Social Institutions on the Progress of the Fine Arts*,' by Mr. G. B. Burnell.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Asiatic, 2.
- Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture, Prof. Westmacott.
- Tues. Ethnological, 8.—Notes on Formosa, Mr. Swinhoe; 'Compendium of Races, Western Asia,' Mr. Crawford.
- Royal Institution, 3.—Animal Mechanics, Prof. Marshall.
- Statistical, 8.—Recent Financial and Taxation Statistics, United States, Mr. Walford, Esq.
- Engineers, 8.—'Waters of the Upper Thames,' and 'Lydgate and Buckhorn Weston Rail. Tunnels,' Mr. Frazer.
- Wed. Horticultural, 1.—Camellia Show.
- Meteorological, 7.—Ordinary and Council.
- Geological, 8.—'Inferior Oolite, Middle and South of England,' Mr. Holl; 'Recent Changes in Delta of Ganges,' Mr. Ferguson.
- Society of Arts, 8.—'Geopomion of Pines,' Mr. King.
- Thurs. Royal Institution, 3.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland.
- Royal Academy, 8.—Painting, Prof. Hart.
- Numismatic, 7.
- Chemical, 8.—'Native Coppers,' Prof. Abel; 'Decomposition of Gum-cotton,' Dr. Divers; 'Choline Series,' Mr. Greville Williams; 'Oxamide,' Dr. Astfield.
- Linnean, 8.—'Remarkable Malformations affecting the genus *Lothian*,' Dr. Masters; 'Species of Fossils inhabiting Seas of Japan,' Mr. A. Adams.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Magnetic Forces,' Mr. Balfour Stewart.
- Fri. Antiquaries, 9.
- Horticultural, 11.—Council. 2.—Election of Fellows.
- Philological, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'Magnetic Forces,' Mr. Balfour Stewart.
- Sat. Royal Institution, 3.—'Science of Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Society of Female Artists' Exhibition will open in the middle of April—later this year than usual—at the new gallery of the Society, No. 48, Pall Mall. Pictures must be sent in on the 7th and 8th of that month, between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., whether the works of members or of contributors. The latter pay a small fee for hanging pictures, and 5l. per cent. on sales effected. This Society has opened a ladies' school for study of the costume model and from the antique.

The Society of Sculptors has determined to open its First Annual Exhibition on the 26th instant, in conjunction with the Architectural Exhibition, at 8, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

The Society of Wood-Carvers, composed mostly of skilled artisans, such as were the Gothic artists, who have left us such noble works, has voted the sum of 15l., to be awarded to three of the most meritorious works by its members that may be shown at the forthcoming Sculpture Exhibition.

The designs for the Prince Consort's Memorial having been submitted to the Queen, at Windsor, are to be immediately exhibited to the public in the Houses of Parliament, probably in the Royal Gallery, which Mr. Maclise is decorating with water-glass pictures. It does not seem to be generally known that this artist's most important picture, '*The Interview between Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo*,' may be seen on Saturday afternoons, by gratuitous tickets obtainable, for immediate use, on application, at the Lord Chamberlain's Office in the Houses of Parliament. The picture referred to is not alone estimable in the highest degree for its artistic qualities, but as a successful application of the water-glass process. Exteriorly placed blinds now so reduce the coloured light passing through the windows of the hall, that this picture may be seen as well as can be hoped for while the stained-glass remains in its present position.

Mr. Weekes is preparing a statue of Hunter, for the Hunterian Museum, College of Surgeons, London. It is seated, larger than life. Mr. Steele's statue of the Marquis of Dalhousie, for Calcutta, has been recently finished. It is marble, above life-size, in ordinary costume, with a cloak over the shoulders; the right hand pointing across

the body to a map held in the left. The same sculptor is engaged on a statue of the late Mr. Wilson, also for Calcutta.

The now finished exterior of the Guards' Barracks at Chelsea cannot be said to be beautiful. A frontage of about 1,250 feet offers either a great opportunity or a great snare for the architect who has to use it. Mr. G. Morgan, probably influenced by the very extent of ground at command, has trusted for most of his effect upon the eye to the façade's vast length, and not, as he might wisely have done, to grandly massing its forms. Broken by sectional groupings as the frontage and roof-line are, they are not enough to give emphasis to any one feature. Indeed, the parts are symmetrically arranged without gaining dignity or looking so large as they really are. No section is inelegant; some parts are really pleasing, as the central portal and its towers, the main loftier wings, and, above all, the detached structures at each end; yet the straightness of the general plan is such that the building lacks breadth of form as well as of light and shade.

The Church of Ross, well-known as containing the grave of John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," has been restored and enlarged under the charge of Mr. Buckler, of Oxford. Open seats have been substituted for pews, the floor lowered,—an improvement needful to show the character of this noteworthy edifice,—the organ removed from the tower to a gallery proper to itself,—two ugly galleries taken away, and the space under the tower, where the organ stood, fitted with seats. We do not learn that the spire, the peculiar incurving outline of which has puzzled many a tourist, has been restored to its originally beautiful line; its recent odd shape was given under the care of John Kyrle himself, whose eye for beauty must have been a peculiar one. Slight as is the cavity, its effect, not only upon the edifice but the whole character of the landscape, of which this spire forms so conspicuous a portion, is extraordinary. Nothing could better affirm the original architect's skill than the result produced by meddling with his work; every one sees there is something wrong,—the artist finds it to be the twenty feet added to the spire without keeping to its old outline.

On the subject of mosaic decorations in St. Paul's Cathedral a Correspondent writes as under:—"In the paragraph of last week, wherein reference is made to the project of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral with mosaics, the ornate and rather heavy grandeur of the architecture is urged as ill-suited to that style of embellishment; while the 'later school of mosaic Art,' as exemplified by the 'Navicella' of Giotto in the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome, is protested against as a bad precedent. Surely St. Peter's at Rome is of the same ornate and heavily-grand style of architecture as St. Paul's at London. If mosaic befits that cathedral, wherefore not *this* one also? And surely St. Peter's at Rome contains later mosaics than the 'Navicella' after Giotto. The Four Evangelists, beneath Michael Angelo's cupola,—the first distinct pictured figures which strike the pilgrim's eye who first paces the nave towards the *baldachino*,—pictures which, when approached near, seem merely so many collections of coarse bits of coloured tile: these offer a fairer precedent, I cannot but think, besides being a more modern example, than the 'Navicella' of the vestibule; and *could* not, it may be added, have been executed otherwise than in mosaic. Y. L. Y."

The Scottish Academicians have for a long time past kept for themselves the privileges of examining and visiting their pictures before the exhibition containing them is open to the public. By way of conciliating the most impatient, or perhaps most influential, of "outsiders," the privilege has this year been conceded to a select number of the latter. This seems to have neither rhyme nor reason in it. There might be reasons shown for excluding every person, for some might justify the old state of the matter; but to modify the rule as now seems a concession to fear rather than justice.

The long-delayed decision of the award in competition for the design of St. Fin Barr's Cathedral, Cork, has been made. Mr. W. Burges, the successful competitor, receives the first prize of 100l.

for his design, from which the cathedral will be built. The second prize, 50l., has been awarded to Mr. T. N. Deane, of Dublin. The award to Mr. Burges has been challenged, on account of the assumption that its execution will exceed the limit of cost.

The *Monde* states that French and Russian architects sent to report on the condition of the Holy Sepulchre declare that all the woodwork is so worm-eaten, that the top of the cupola is in a dangerous state, and might fall in: they suggest to have constructed a temporary roof under which the services might go on. It is further suggested that the cupola, long known to be in a precarious state, should be replaced by one of bronze.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, March 20, Mendelssohn's 'ST. PAUL.' Principal Vocalists:—Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Sainon-Doby, Mr. George Fernan, and Mr. Weiss. The Band and Chorus, on the most extensive scale available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses, nearly 700 performers)—Tickets, 2s., 5s., and Stalls 10s. 6d. each; at the Society's Office, No. 2, in Exeter Hall.

BETHOVEN ROOMS, 78, Harley Street.—Mdlle. BONDY'S FIRST CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place on March 17, at Eight o'clock. Instrumentalists: Mdlle. Bondy, M. Sainon, M. Pague, Vocalist, Miss Banks. Conductor, Herr William Ganz.—Tickets for the series, One Guinea; Family Tickets, to admit Three, Two Guineas; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each. To be had of Mdlle. Bondy, 11, Duke Street, Portland Place.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S EVENING HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, 18.—Programme: Motett, 'Eralitabo Te,' Palustrina; Chorale, 'Sleepers Awake,' Mendelssohn; Anthem, 'Almighty and merciful God, John Goss; Anthem for Advent, 'Blow ye the Trumpet,' Henry Leslie; Anthem, 'O Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake,' Farrant; Duet, for Pianoforte and Clarinet, Weber; Mr. J. G. Colcott and Mr. Lazarus; Motett, 'Ave verum,' Mozart; Motett, 'As pants the hart,' Spohr; Soprano Solo, Miss Annie Cox; Motett for double Choir, 'I wrestle and pray,' Bach; Trio, 'Ti prego,' Curschman (Miss Fisher, Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Walter Selwyn); The 3rd Psalm for an Eight-part Choir, 'Judge me, O Lord,' Mendelssohn; Pianoforte Solo, 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' Handel (Miss Marian Walsh); Part-Song, 'The deep repose of night,' Mendelssohn; Solo, for Clarinet, Mozart (Mr. Lazarus); Chorus, 'Hallelujah,' Handel. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.—Stalls, 5s.; Area, 2s. 6d.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Addison & Lucas, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; Keith, Frowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at the Hanover Square Rooms.

S. BLUMNER begs to announce that he will give THREE SUBSCRIPTION SOIRÉES at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on the 21st of March, 5th of April, and 1st of May. Tickets for the Three, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Single Soirée, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d. for the Three; Single Soirée, 5s. To be had of Herr Blumner, 5, Pelham Crescent, Brompton; at the Rooms; and at Messrs. Schott's, 156, Regent Street.

THE ROYAL WEDDING-MUSIC.—Nothing was ever seen more curiously recalling the stage of a great theatre, when a new grand drama is in preparation, than the highway of London,

From low St. James's up to high St. Paul's, last week. The rehearsals (so to say) of scenery, machinery, property, costumes, were attended by a more dense crowd than on any former occasion,—this in part owing to the increased facility of access to the metropolis,—in part to England's increased prosperity,—in part to the splendour of the March weather,—in largest part to the grace and promise of the ceremonial itself. That Music has been "up and doing" to take its due part, may have been gathered from the scattered notices which have been already presented. To speak of the performances as they have passed and gone (the best to be repeated) is not, for the moment, possible, save in a fragmentary fashion.

The Windsor music, in St. George's Chapel, for the august ceremonial was as follows:—'Triumphal March,' Beethoven; March from 'Athalia,' Mendelssohn; March from 'Joseph,' Handel; 'Chorale,' by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort; 'Grand Chant,' Psalm 67, "Hallelujah," Beethoven. The music to be conducted by Dr. Elvey. The selection was a singular one, including, as it does, three German Marches (of these, one a War-march),—the other from 'Joseph,' best known as a Funeral March, it having been thus used in 'Samson,'—and leaving England with only two notes to represent it—those of the 'Grand Chant.'

At the *Crystal Palace* the music consisted of a repetition of the pieces executed at Windsor, and a miscellaneous act, including two new compositions written for the occasion, and both of importance. The first was a festival Overture by Mr. Manns, in which there are many points to the credit of that excellent conductor; if there be also some inexperience in laying out the composition. The *allegro* contains a happy and bold phrase of melody.

The instrumentation is ingenious and well calculated for the limited and somewhat peculiar means at its writer's disposal. The close included 'God save the Queen,' with a couple of new verses, given out by a choir of children, and chorused by the 35,000 joyous holiday people (we are informed that that number were present), with "heart and voice," if ever such things spoke out in company. The composer was enthusiastically cheered; and the *allegro*, with its choral hymn, must needs be repeated. Though out of this special record, the open, hearty, orderly enjoyment of the vast crowd, and the brightness of the framework in point of decoration, are things not to be forgotten by any who were present. Mr. A. Sullivan's March is very good; and, what is more, new. He has had to compete with such composers of festive Marches as Mendelssohn, M. Meyerbeer, M. Gounod in 'La Reine de Saba,' Mr. Benedict in 'Undine,' each differing from each, and all casting their work in the modern mould, which, if less grandiose, is somewhat less formal than the one so superbly filled by Handel. The theme is large and brilliant, relieved by a short and a longer *trio*, both of great sweetness, without languor; the first *trio* happily repeated, with all the force of the orchestra, as a *coda* (published, among *The Prince of Wales's Wedding-Music*, by Messrs. Cramer & Co.). This March deserves to survive the occasion for which it was thrown off; and, we think, will do so.

The production of the week most important in scale was the *Allegorical Masque*, produced at Covent Garden, on Tuesday, 'Freya's Gift,' the words by Mr. Oxenford, the music by Mr. G. A. Macfarren: arranged from the score by E. F. Rimbault. (Lambourn, Cook & Co.) The *Cantata* contains five numbers, three of which are choral. Taken for what it professes to be, the *Masque* is happily devised, and contains some of Mr. Oxenford's most musically-thought words. Mr. Macfarren shows himself in his usual guise, as the possessor of much facility, and sometimes instinct for grace and grandeur, as in the Chorus No. 1, but incomplete in his feeling for vocal elegance, as in the *Solo* No. 1, calculated to exhibit Miss L. Pyne's brilliancy, but which is harassed and uncouth, and is followed by a recitative in which the pen, not the fancy, has rambled—a couple of pages which, were it not for the pernicious humour of publishing works as yet untried,—are well worth the trouble of cancelling if 'Freya's Gift' be meant to last. Then comes the inevitable sugared ballad about "an English home" (not a bad ballad), followed by the most developed portion of the *Cantata*, a chorus "Arouse thee, merrie England," in "the Robin Hood" humour, with more stir than real merriment, the latter being impeded by some gratuitously crude modulations. Mr. Macfarren—like other moderns—forgetting such examples as Handel's "Laughing Chorus" and "Happy we," from 'Acis,'—is nothing when he is not modulating in some out-of-the-way fashion. Lastly comes a choral hymn—once more ingeniously embedding in a movement (common *tempo*) the Danish and the English national airs. The uses to which our own noble tune has been put—from an organ fantasia by Hesse, and subtle Quartett variations by Onslow, to every conceivable choral setting and treatment "happy and glorious"—pure, puerile, pedantic, or pompous—offer matter for a curious monograph. The *Cantata* proves less effective in performance than we had expected from perusal.

Among provincial demonstrations must be mentioned a Serenade, written by Mr. J. A. Langford, and composed by Mr. A. J. Sutton, consisting of *solos*, duet, and choruses, which was performed at Aston Park, Birmingham, on Tuesday last. One quatrain will suffice as a specimen of the words:—

With hurrahs the air we rend,
As the Bridegroom, nobly proud,
On his bride doth gladly tend,
Loved and honoured by the crowd.

Of the music we may speak another day, since it will be published ere long.

As close to this desultory talk concerning a week of remarkable excitement, one or two published utterances may be noticed. The *Album*, by

Messrs. Cramer & Co., the musical portion of which has been amply announced, cannot here be further criticized. The form of publication, however, as magnificent and tasteful in no ordinary degree, is not to be passed over without admiration.

The offering of an English lady—*Alexandra National Song* (Lonsdale), the words by J. J. Lonsdale, the music by Virginia Gabriel—is among the myriad things of "favour and of prettiness" (to quote from an old Danish legend) which our English women have so gracefully lavished in the path of her whom so many hearts have gone forth and waited to greet. The words by Mr. Lonsdale (who writes with great ease and fancy for music, with some propensity to overcrowd his fancies which will cure itself), have feeling, poetry, and nationality. Miss Gabriel has set them well, and more nervously than has been till now her habit. The choral burthen is stout and bold; and the closing phrase of it (a point at which many a strong man has felt his strength dwindle) is happy, large, and in the true English style.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

Leipzig.

WITH the new year our musical life begins to flow again, after the brief suspension during the Christmas holidays.

The *Gewandhaus* New Year's Concert, of which the first part is always sacred music, opened with a selection from a Mass in A flat by Schubert, hitherto unknown here. The *Kyrie* is beautiful, both in the melodiousness of its themes and in the way they are treated. The other movements gradually decline in interest, and become much too light—I might almost say frivolous—for service music. The *Credo*, which, I am told, is the best movement, was not performed. In the same concert, an orchestral composition by Bach, the "Trumpet" Suite in D, was performed. The Guild of Trumpeters, for whose especial glorification it was written, must have been first-rate performers: for our orchestra, the trumpet parts had to be modified; one movement, "air" for solo violin, was played incomparably by Herr Concertmeister David. Herr Kapellmeister Reinecke also contributed, as a New Year's gift, his setting of Herr Ernst's poem, 'Ave Maria,' for chorus and orchestra; it is a graceful and pleasing composition. In another concert, 'Miriam's Song,' by the same composer, for *soprano* solo, with orchestra, was performed for the first time. The text is Freiligrath's translation of Moore's well-known song. In works of this heroic class Herr Reinecke is not so much at home as in others of a more tender character. Although the song has some good points, it nowhere rises to that grandeur which should mark the triumphant Israelitish maiden. A new *Concertante*, for six violins, re-introduced the veteran composer and violinist, Herr Louis Maurer, of St. Petersburg, who himself took part in the performance. It would have been a greater kindness had the directors not allowed Herr Maurer, who in his day has done good service, to bring his latest work before the public. Herr von Tarzycky, a young Polish pianist, made his first appearance in Leipzig in Henselt's *Pianoforte Concerto*. He has immense strength of finger and brilliant execution; but his playing fails in that clearness without which brilliance has but little value. The choice of his *Concerto* was unfortunate; it is too uninteresting and fragmentary. In some small pieces by Chopin, Herr Tarzycky's rendering of his music was charming. The competition for Herr Davidoff's place has introduced more violoncellists than we usually hear in one season. Herr Krumbholz, a member of the orchestra, and who has filled up the vacancy during the interim, played a *Concerto* by Goltermann, and proved himself an excellent artist in style, tone and execution. A more brilliant performer is Herr Louis Lubeck, from the Hague. In the first movement of Molique's *Concerto*, and in a *Recitativo* and *Adagio* by his father, his playing, at once musical and spirited, won deserved applause. Herr Lubeck is certainly the best of the candidates who have hitherto been heard. His performance in one of the Chamber-Music Con-

certs proves that he is also an excellent *ensemble* player. Another of these Concerts made us acquainted with Herr Lund, of Stockholm, an oboist of the first rank. The good opinion he then inspired was confirmed by a second hearing in the *Euterpe*, where he performed a *Concerto* by Stein. In tone, execution and purity of taste, he leaves nothing to be desired.

In the *Euterpe*, music of the newest school continues to receive a prominent place. Rubinstein's Symphony, No. 3, has been given for the first time in Leipzig. With not a few points of interest, it is, as a whole, the least striking of all the composer's larger orchestral works. Berlioz has been represented by his 'Benvenuto Cellini' Overture, and by the second and third movements of his 'Harold' Symphony. That these works are wonders of orchestration, and that they greatly excite the interest of the hearer, there can be no question; but whether they satisfy it is another matter. A 'Vereinslied' for "Mannerchor," by Lieszt, is an excellent composition, uniting both earnestness and jovial humour. Herr Blassmann, the Kapellmeister of the Society, has played Schumann's *Pianoforte Concerto*. In this, as in a *Concerto* of Handel's, in a former concert, he proved himself a pianist of a very high class: his tone and execution are both good; the only drawback is a certain want of clearness and decision in phrasing: this latter defect is also perceptible in his directing. In a Chamber-Music Concert of the *Euterpe*, the Herren Sielmann, Ackermann, Meinert and Schlick, the Dresden "Court" quartett, presented themselves; they are careful *ensemble* players, but neither in spirit nor in style did they give entire satisfaction.

The Concert of the Pauliner *Gesangverein*, the Students' Choral Society, always excites interest. Schumann's setting of Umland's Ballad "Das Glück von Edenhall" was new to me; this is one of the composer's posthumous works which it would have been better not to have published. Two works by Schubert were also new: 'Widerspruch'—a chorus for male voices with a pianoforte accompaniment, and a double chorus of Knights and Moors from the MS. Opera 'Fierabras.' The latter makes the most pretence, and has some vigour and life, but the former is the more pleasing. A "parting chorus" from Grétry's opera, 'The Two Misers,' was delicious.

The second of Herr von Bülow's *Pianoforte* Concerts commenced with a new "Suite" in D minor, in four movements—Fantasia and Fugue, Gigue with variations, Cavatina, March, by Herr Joachim Raff. There are some clever points in its construction, but, as a whole, to employ a useful German idiom, it is "unbeautiful," and its interest is by no means in proportion to its great length and pretension.

The first volume of a new musical periodical, *Musikalische Jahrbücher*, has been issued by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, and is edited by Dr. Chrysander. This first volume is devoted to theoretical and historical disquisitions. Two articles, on 'Tone' and on 'Temperament,' by Dr. Hauptmann, unite the profundity and humour of that admirable theorist. The other articles are by the Editor; one is devoted to the life and works of our own Carey, and to the origin of 'God save the King.' This has much interesting matter in it, but, like all the works of its writer, is marked by such a contemptuous disdain of those from whom he differs, that even when he is right the impression made upon the reader is very disagreeable. The future volumes, which will appear yearly, will contain papers on modern compositions. Especial attention is also promised to the comparative study and analysis of national songs.

For my last paragraph, I have just received a pleasant piece of news. A second volume of Mendelssohn's Letters is in active preparation. Mendelssohn's eldest son is associated with Herr Paul Mendelssohn in the supervision of the new volume, which will bring down the letters to the time of the writer's death, and will contain a greater proportion of especial musical interest.

A.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Mr. C. Halle's Concert-season at Manchester has come to a close; and successfully, we are informed,—a fact remarkable, considering how melancholy the past winter in the town has been. His programmes of the five past years are humiliating to Londoners in their affluence and variety.

We have been told that Mr. Santley, who has entered into a re-engagement with Mr. Mapleson, intends henceforth to devote himself exclusively to Italian opera,—which (if Mr. Mapleson's plans be carried out) means his singing alternately in London and Naples. In the present condition of the English musical theatre, such preference on the part of a singer so valuable as Mr. Santley can excite no surprise; but if the tale be true, we lose (for a time at least) not merely the best opera-baritone, but the best oratorio and classical concert singer, possessing his peculiar voice, who has been heard in this country.—We hear that Mr. Mapleson intends bringing out M. Gounod's 'Faust,' with Miss Kellogg, Signor Giuglini, and (we hope) Mr. Santley in the part of *Valentin*,—'La Forza del Destino,' and 'Fidelio,' among other operas;—and that Mdlle. Piccolomini is to return for two nights,—also, that Signor Belletti is engaged by him.

The *Gazette Musicale* announces that Mr. Gye intends to revive 'L'Etoile du Nord' this year, and to give 'Stradella,'—with which view M. Naudin has been engaged. We are informed, thirdly, that he will produce an Italian version of Nicolai's cheery 'Merry Wives of Windsor.'

Mr. Pittman commenced a series of four Lectures on Comic Opera at the London Institution on Monday evening last.

Mr. Howard Glover gives another aimless monster concert to day, the programme of which will include, among other matters, a *Cantata*, written on the occasion of the Princess Alexandra's departure, by Herr Salomon, the Danish Court-composer. The "run" of miscellaneous entertainments since the year came in, however profitable, has not indicated any progress in Art. We are not so far in advance of our old London Lent concerts, when 'Nid Noddin' shouldered 'The Horse and his Rider,' as we ought to have been.

It is understood that this year's Lower Rhenish Whitsuntide Musical Festival will be held at Düsseldorf, and will, probably, be conducted by Herr Otto Goldschmidt. Among the works named for performance are 'Elijah' and Handel's 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.'

The Viennese Society, that opened not long ago a competition to symphonists, has awarded one of its two prizes to Herr Joachim Raff, who has long been known as a meritorious practitioner in the transcendental school of writing. His prize Symphony, 'Germany,' is described as follows:—*Allegro*, "Picture of the German Character: Vaulting Ambition and Deep Reflection, Mildness and Boldness," with like contrasts. *Allegro Molto Vivace*, "In the Open Air, a German Wood: with Horn-Music, and National Songs on the Plain." *Larghetto*, "The Muses and Love at the Hearth." *Allegro Drammatica*, "Disappointed Struggles for German Unity." *Larghetto* and *Allegro Triumfale*, "Mourning, New Exaltation." What next? Cologne Cathedral has been set as a Symphony,—also the French Revolution. Let us recommend "the British Constitution" to any native composer inclined to walk in the clear and natural path of Herr Raff.

M. Victor Massé's new two-act opera, 'La Mule de Pédro,' was the other evening produced at the Grand Opéra of Paris with some success. The principal singers were Madame Guéymard, M. M. Warot and Faure.—The *Gazette Musicale* publishes, on a correspondent's authority, a glowing account of M. Rubinstein's 'Feramor,' just produced at Dresden; with Madame Jauner Krall as *Tulip-Cheek*, and Herr Schnorr von Carolsfeld as the disguised Prince, whose tale-telling propensities did so affront *Paddaden*.

In our last week's notice of Mr. Henry Leslie's concert, "concert-goers" was printed in place of concert-givers.

MISCELLANEA.

Papers from Simancas.—Dr. Bergenroth's interesting calendar of the documents relating to English history which are preserved at Simancas has attracted the attention of historical students to everything that comes from those Archives; and now another contribution serves only to whet our curiosity still more. A volume of papers relating to the reigns of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second has just been published in Ratisbon, under the superintendence of Dr. Döllinger, the eminent Catholic historian, and with the support of the King of Bavaria. These documents are of a more general nature than the collection of Dr. Bergenroth; but these are as interesting to the students of German history as those to the students of English history. They deal chiefly with religious questions,—with the conclave by which Pius the Fourth was elected, with the Council of Trent, and with the Spanish Inquisition. Still there is no lack of political interest, the more that religion wears a decidedly statesmanlike garment. Charles the Fifth gives accounts of his meeting the Princes of the Empire in Augsburg, states his intentions with regard to the proposed divorce of Henry the Eighth, describes his flight from Innsbruck to escape from Maurice of Saxony, and proposes Philip the Second to be elected Emperor in his room. A long report from the Nuntius Delfino states the grounds of Charles the Fifth's abdication, alluding in the bitterest terms to the hostility of the Germans. The documents relating to the reign of Philip the Second begin with his excommunication by Pope Paul the Fourth, and the orders issued by the King to prevent the entrance of the Bull into his dominions. How well this order was obeyed we may see in the next page, where the Bull itself is given in all its circumstantiality of verbose Latin, stating the crimes of Philip, and depriving him of all his power and kingly authority, releasing all his subjects from their obedience and all his allies from their promises. A short time elapses, and we find Pius the Fourth requesting support from Philip in the matter of the concessions demanded by the German Princes. Reports from the ministers in Rome during the progress of the Council of Trent are followed by fresh instructions from Philip; more than thirty documents announce the publication of the Council and the Pope's approval. We see Philip's steps to have the Council kept clear of all meddling with the Spanish Inquisition. He demands warrants from Rome to authorize the Inquisition to act with greater severity than the Roman Index. The Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria demand the communion in both kinds and the marriage of the clergy; the Emperor threatening that if the latter is not granted, the whole of Germany will adopt the Augsburg Confession. One of Philip's agents writes a detailed account of the characters of all the cardinals who will take part in the election of the next Pope. Another gives a careful sketch of the religious state of Germany in 1571. Another shudders over the danger to which the Roman Empire had been exposed, of a Protestant being elected in 1564. The documents are all published in the original language, with a short abstract preceding. It is almost to be regretted that, as the original language is mostly Spanish, the headings are not somewhat fuller, and that the editor's preface does not go more into detail. The English collections of State Papers might have served for models in this respect. Of the documents Dr. Döllinger has published, thirteen only have appeared before in the Spanish work of Navarrete Barranda and Salva. The present collection was made at Simancas by Dr. Heine, but the publication of it was prevented by his death in 1848. How great the light the papers shed on the history of the time, how many new readings they suggest, and how many secret motives they detect, have been shown in an interesting essay by Prof. Löher, who compares the information they give with that which was found sufficient by Ranke. E. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. R.—B. M. A.—D.—R. J. P.—A Yorkshire Gleeman—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

LITERATURE

The Polish Captivity: an Account of the Present Position of the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards. 2 vols. (Allen & Co.)

The Insurrection of Poland. By the Count de Montalembert. (Bentley.)

SOME years ago, Count Andrew Zamoyski presented the Church of the Holy Cross at Warsaw with a piece of sculpture, which is now placed at the entrance to the crypt. It represents Christ bending under the weight of the Cross, but still looking towards heaven; and beneath are written the words "Sursum Cor." When the whole Polish nation was recently plunged into mourning this statue seemed to all who saw it to represent the attitude of the country, borne down to the ground by the heavy yoke of oppression, but "lifting up its heart" unto heaven, and, though tempted to despair, still placing its trust in God. At the commencement of that period of trial the opposition to Russian tyranny was chiefly of a religious character. The voice of the people expressed itself in hymns and litanies, and the feelings to which Sigismund Krasinski, "the anonymous poet of Poland," had long been giving utterance in verse, appeared to animate all hearts. In one of his "Psalms" he asks God to grant, not the death of enemies, nor successes of arms, nor material force, but purity of heart, and heroic patience, and sacrifice of self, and brotherly love. A similar sentiment prevails in the address issued in March, 1861, to the workpeople of Warsaw by the Central Committee. "In all parts of ancient Poland," ran the notification, "mourning will be put on and worn for an indefinite time. . . . For nearly a century our emblem has been the Crown of Thorns! That coronal adorned the coffins of our brethren, and you have all understood its meaning. It signifies patience under suffering, self-sacrifice, pardon and deliverance." When Prince Gortchakoff endeavoured to drive Count Andrew Zamoyski into open resistance, he could not succeed. The Poles were ready to die, but at that time they refused to fight. Now all is changed. The tactics of the revolutionist leaders are altered. Zamoyski and Wielopolski have given place to Langiewicz. The fiery cross has been sent throughout the country, and, tired of passive resistance, the long-oppressed but still unconquered soldier-nation has risen in arms against its foe.

In the lives of these three men lies, as it were, a key to some understanding of the Polish question. Let us glance at them in the order of time.

For many years the hopes of the constitutional party in Poland centred in Count Andrew Zamoyski. Sprung from one of the noblest of the Polish families, he exercised all the influence which an historic name and powerful connexions could add to weight of character, joined with force of intellect and strength of will. One of his ancestors was the Grand-Constable John Zamoyski, who in the sixteenth century endeavoured to constitute a body of inferior nobles, in order to counterbalance the sway of the ruling oligarchy. His grandfather was Chancellor in 1772, but resigned his office rather than affix his seal to the first partition. The traditions of his family strengthened in him the bias towards constitutional government, which was favoured by his own turn of thought, and it was steadily developed by the education he received and the experience he

acquired on entering upon public life. He went through a prolonged course of study in England, in France and in Switzerland, and on returning home he was attached to the Ministry of the Interior as Director of Agriculture and Commerce. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, he became for a short time the Minister of the department, being then thirty years old, but was soon afterwards sent on a diplomatic mission to Vienna. At the same time the Marquis Wielopolski went to London on a similar errand, each of the young negotiators being instructed to attempt to gain a recognition of Poland as an independent country from the Court to which he was accredited.

Zamoyski had to overcome not a few difficulties before he could arrive at his destination. The cholera was raging at that time, and he had to make his way through the two or three sanitary cordons which guarded Austria as well from revolution as from disease. He had to ford the Vistula at night, holding his despatches above his head to secure them from the water, which came up to his neck. Then followed the difficulty of avoiding the police, who were on the alert in Galicia and Hungary; but eventually he made his way into Vienna without being discovered, and contrived to obtain access to Prince Metternich. The old diplomatist received the young envoy kindly, though in secret, admitting him to his house frequently, but generally after dusk, and appearing to take a pleasure in his frank, straightforward method of negotiation. Eventually he arranged a meeting between Count Zamoyski and the Russian ambassador at Vienna, and offered his services to the national government of Poland as a mediator, while he persuaded the Russian minister to direct Prince Paskievitch to suspend hostilities for a time. The necessary despatches were sent, and Zamoyski attended the secretary of legation who conveyed them. But unfortunately they arrived too late. Before they reached the Russian camp Warsaw had fallen, and Count Zamoyski found himself treated as a prisoner by Marshal Paskievitch, who threatened to shoot him. "You have no right to do so," was the characteristic reply of the Count,—a man who throughout all his life has given his whole heart to finding out what is right, and doing it. Paskievitch soon allowed him to return home, and there he lived in comparative seclusion for some time, devoting himself to the task of developing the resources of his country, raising the standard of education among the people, and preparing them by peaceful means for the changes which he foresaw time would bring. He turned his attention to husbandry and commerce, establishing breeding-stables, giving prizes for agricultural improvements, starting a number of commercial enterprises, and above all founding the Agricultural Society, which afterwards played so important a part in the opposition to the Russian government. Years passed away, but he quietly went on labouring, working with no selfish motive, but identifying himself with his country, its fortunes, its interests, and its every-day life. And so at last he became the centre and bond of every effort, the living conscience of the nation, the person whom every one in Poland spoke of with loving familiarity as *Master Andrew*.

But Count Zamoyski's was no easy position. He lived under a despotic government, which watched him with jealous eyes. He stood at the head of a great popular movement, and was often charged with coldness and over-moderation by many of its promoters. He was conscious of the difficulties which beset his path, and a natural sadness of character

must often have thrown a gloom over his prospects, yet he never swerved from the line he had laid down for himself, but with steady courage went on towards the end he had in view. At length came the eventful spring of 1861. Men's minds grew excited, and a number of projects were started, many of which were useless, or worse. Among others, it was proposed that the Agricultural Society should petition the Emperor for a constitution. Count Zamoyski would not listen to this suggestion, and his popularity was shaken for awhile, though it fully recovered its strength after the massacre of the people by the Russian troops, on which occasion the Count acted with a boldness and a resolution which proved that his moderation had nothing in common with timidity. Finally, in August, 1862, the Grand-Duke Constantine having invited the leading Poles to give their advice as to the course he should adopt, a meeting took place under the presidency of Count Zamoyski, at which certain constitutional sentiments were expressed. It afforded an excuse for banishing the Count, and accordingly he was sent to St. Petersburg to give an explanation of his conduct to the Emperor. An interview took place, at the close of which he was ordered to travel abroad. He came to London, and his exile apparently left the ground clear for his rival Wielopolski.

The theory generally adopted by the Poles with regard to the Marquis Wielopolski is a very simple one. He has sold himself to Russia, they say, body and soul, and, looking upon him as a mere renegade, they consider that any means of getting rid of him are allowable. He has been shot at and stabbed. Several attempts have been made to poison him, and his whole family appears to be doomed by the secret tribunals. But we are a little inclined to accept the popular explanation of his conduct, as to excuse the murderous attacks to which he has been subjected. One of the proudest men who ever lived, he is not likely to have stooped to accept a bribe. But self-sufficient and opinionative to a high degree, he is more dangerous to his country in his integrity, than a score of timid and vacillating traitors could be, though they were steeped in the foulest political mire.

Soon after the Revolution of 1830 broke out, and about the time when Zamoyski left Warsaw for Vienna, Wielopolski started for London. Here he struggled bravely, but in vain, to obtain from the English Government the recognition of an independent Poland. Two other envoys from that country were then among us—Count Walewski and the old patriot Niemcewicz. It is interesting to watch the fortunes of the three men, representatives of three very different classes of Poles. Niemcewicz died, a poor and forgotten emigrant, after many years of exile. Wielopolski returned home to take an active part in the Polish revolutionary proceedings, and afterwards to submit to the authorities he had tried to overthrow; now he is the chief Minister of the Grand-Duke Constantine at Warsaw. Walewski, after a short visit to his country, returned to England and France, and has become a Minister of State at Paris. What other changes fortune may have in store for the Marquis Wielopolski it is difficult to foresee. It has been rumoured that he is dead, but he has been so often ineffectually stabbed and poisoned, that we shall not believe in his death until there is perfect proof of it.

There is something very striking in the character of a man who, alone, defies the world, and relying on his own simple opinion runs counter to the feeling of a whole nation which he desires to serve. He is the very type of resistance—all his life he has been fighting with somebody,

or struggling against something. He has always preferred to disagree with other men, and the idea of yielding to the opinion of the majority has never entered his mind. His very title is characteristic of his nature, he being the only marquis in Poland. It is a title which he inherits from a maternal ancestor named Myszkowski, on whom it was bestowed by Pope Clement the Eighth. His appearance is strongly indicative of his character. His eye is bold and commanding, his head massive, and his features well defined and firm. As soon as he came of age he plunged into a number of lawsuits, carrying them on with untiring vigour, pleading many of them himself with eloquence, learning and energy, and acquiring such a habit of litigation that eventually he quarrelled with every one he met. After the failure of the revolution of 1830 he retired into private life, and gave himself up again to the enjoyment of the lawsuits, which his diplomatic employments had interrupted for a time. At length the year 1846 brought with it the terrible massacres in Galicia, when the Austrians incited the peasants to attack the nobles, setting a price on the heads of proprietors, and "suspending the Commandments of God for a fortnight." Then with an outburst of rage Wielopolski wrote his famous 'Letter to Prince Metternich from a Polish Noble,' and out of hatred to the Germans flung himself into the arms of Russia. Ever since that time he has tried with all his might to bring over Poland to his views, and to induce his countrymen to give up their existence as a separate people, and merge it in a great Slavonic nationality of which Russia is to be the head. Finding arguments and entreaties useless, he has finally had recourse to coercion, and being appointed the civil governor of the kingdom under the Grand-Duke Constantine, he has become the man whom the Poles hold in the utmost detestation, while the Russians look on him with mixed feelings of envy and distrust.

Few men have become famous more rapidly than Maryan Langiewicz. Less than three months ago he was in London, a young man of low stature, of bright face, of tried experience, but of unknown fame; now he is the recognized Dictator of revolted Poland, and his movements are watched by the anxious eyes of all Europe. An able administrator, a daring general, a cautious and prudent statesman, he unites in himself every qualification which a leader should possess. At first sight his appearance is, perhaps, not striking, and his figure might seem insignificant to a careless spectator. He is very short, considerably below the middle height, and at present he limps a little in his gait. His head is well formed, and his features animated. His eyes are rather small, full of fire when he is roused, but at other times resembling Garibaldi's in their mild and kindly expression. He has brown hair, and wears an exceedingly long moustache, but no beard or whiskers. He is sparing of his words, sometimes employing only a gesture in giving a command; but when speech is necessary he knows how to use it well, possessing to a great degree the gift of eloquence which can melt the hearts of its hearers and sweep away all opposition before it. The sweetness of his voice adds an additional charm to the influence of his words, and he is said to exert that strange power over all with whom he is brought into contact with which so many men who were born to rule over nations have been endowed. His manners are easy and graceful, and he is as successful in gaining the affections of his troops as in maintaining their discipline. He is now in the very prime of life, being about five-and-thirty years old, and he is as remarkable for

endurance of fatigue as for military talent or personal courage. He is a native of the Grand-Duchy of Posen, the son of a physician who educated him for his own profession. His brother has for some time been practising as a medical man at Breslau, but since the insurrection broke out he has left home, and is now, we believe, in London on the business of his country. At an early age Maryan Langiewicz resolved to devote himself to the service of Poland, and after a course of study at the Universities of Breslau and Prague, where he acquired a complete mastery over the various Slavonic languages, he applied himself to the acquisition of military knowledge. It is said that he passed some time in the Russian army, learning how to fight his most powerful enemies; but we cannot find any good authority for such a fact. In the Prussian army he really served for a considerable period, and distinguished himself as a good artillery officer. He was very popular in his regiment, his industry and ability gaining for him the favour of his superiors, while the charm of his personal character won the hearts of his comrades. But the service was always distasteful to him. No true Pole can ever be attached to the conquerors of his country, whether they be of German or of Russian race, and Langiewicz availed himself of an early opportunity of retiring from an army with which he could have no sympathies. And accordingly, at the time of the campaign in Lombardy, he obtained his discharge from the Prussian service, and transferred his sword to the Italian ranks. Unable to join in the war which was terminated by the treaty of Villafranca, he attached himself to the staff of Garibaldi, and served with him during a considerable part of his campaign in Southern Italy. Garibaldi fully recognized his singular capacity for military tactics, and induced him, after his refusal of a commission in the Royal army, to become one of the professors in the Military School at Cuneo. After its suppression he returned to Poland, and took an active share in the proceedings of the secret societies. There his administrative talents found ample scope for employment; and, whether on the spot or at a distance, he rendered great assistance in maintaining the organization which enabled the conspirators to defy the Russian police and gradually to mature their plans. It became understood among the counsellors of the people that, in case of an appeal to arms, Langiewicz would take the lead, and, accordingly, as soon as the insurrection broke out, he stepped at once into the foremost place. And his successes have more than realized the hopes to which he had given rise. The wonderful influence which he exercises over his troops has enabled him to enforce the strictest discipline. Their entire confidence in him gives him the power of restraining their dangerous ardour and saving them from useless sacrifices. He refuses to accept the services of any but valuable recruits, and will have nothing to do with the inexperienced volunteers who flock to his standard. He has even had the firmness to waive the offer of Garibaldi's sword, replying to the letter of his former chief with affectionate gratitude, but not encouraging him to join the Polish army. The authenticity of the letter published as Garibaldi's in the newspapers appears to be doubtful. Some such greeting the hero of Marsala sent to his old comrade—one of The Thousand,—but not, we think, the *rodomontade* printed as his text. Langiewicz and the other members of the Provisional Government are anxious to avoid all measures that may offend the Austrians or alarm the party of order throughout Europe; and therefore they disclaim all socialist and communistic

theories, and declare that they are fighting only for the independence of the nation. An attempt was made by Mieroslawski to identify their cause with that of the revolutionary party in other countries, but he was met by firm and steady opposition, and was soon obliged to retire from the field.

Mieroslawski is an able general, but he is entirely destitute of many of the qualities requisite to constitute a statesman. His whole life has been spent in fighting, and unfortunately he quarrels with his friends as readily as with his enemies. His father served under Davoust in the army of the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, and afterwards held a commission in the national army re-organized by Alexander the First. The young Mieroslawski became an ensign in a regiment of Russian infantry in 1830, and took an active part in the Warsaw insurrection of the 29th of November of the same year. On the suppression of the rebellion he retired to Paris, and there devoted himself for many years to literature and science. In 1844 he became a member of the Central Committee of the Polish Democratic Society, and he was chosen as one of the popular leaders when the insurrection of 1846 broke out. But on his way to head-quarters he was arrested in the Duchy of Posen, and after a trial at Berlin which lasted for eighteen months, he was condemned to imprisonment for life. Very soon afterwards occurred the events of 1848, and the successes gained by the insurgents threw open the doors of his prison. Having been placed at the head of the army raised in the Duchy of Posen, he for some time made head against the Prussians, but was at last taken prisoner by General Colomb. Again he was set at liberty and allowed to return to Paris. On the outbreak of the Sicilian revolt he was invited to take the command of the insurgents, and was severely wounded at the storming of Catania by the Neapolitans in April, 1849. Again imprisoned and again set at liberty, he re-appeared after a few months as the commander-in-chief of the army raised by the provisional government of Baden, and gained a series of extraordinary successes during the struggle which ensued with the Prussians. But apparently doomed never to secure the continuance of victory, he was eventually forced to betake himself to flight, and to return to his literary and scholastic pursuits at Paris. There he published a journal called the *Bacznośc*, in which he has violently attacked the more moderate revolutionist party, and recommended a general massacre of all Russians, whether friends or foes, as the only means of restoring liberty to Poland. The progress of so dangerous a leader cannot be viewed without great misgiving, and all who really have the cause of Poland at heart will be glad to see his influence superseded by that of Langiewicz.

Such are the men whose names are most identified with the question of what Mr. Edwards calls the "Polish Captivity," and M. de Montalembert "the Insurrection of Poland."

Mr. Sutherland Edwards visited Poland in the interval between the Warsaw massacres and the breaking out of the insurrection. What he saw he has described simply, but forcibly. Few English writers are so likely as he to form a correct judgment on any matter connected with Russia or Poland. His acquaintance with each of these countries, its people, its language, and its literature, gives him advantages which few other travellers possess. In wandering with him about the streets of Warsaw, we feel that we are in the hands of a trustworthy guide, one who can tell us what the people are chattering about, and who can explain the written mysteries which, under the veil of an unknown

tongue, elude our baffled eyes. His first experiences of Polish manners and customs were not very agreeable. Of the country inns he gives a very unfavourable account, and the picture he draws of the agricultural labourer is far from flattering. Speaking of the country between Breslau and Warsaw, he says—

"I am not going to generalize on the subject of agriculture in Poland from what I saw of it during a day's railway travelling through the country, but I affirm that from half-past six in the morning to five in the afternoon all the labourers I passed were ragged and dirty; that at least four-fifths of them were lying down on the ground; that not one in ten was doing any work; and that the few who seemed to be seriously occupied were employed on the railway. The contrast between the appearance of the Prussian and that of the Polish peasant is most striking. Gradually, as you proceed eastward, the labourer seems to sink lower and lower, and in Poland Proper he appears, indeed, in a most pitiable condition."

He was assured, however, that the men whose appearance on the ground had struck him as expressing the last degree of wretchedness and laziness, were abstaining from labour on high political grounds, and had the best of reasons for doing nothing. In the towns he was better pleased with the appearance of the inhabitants, and he says that whatever exaggerations have been uttered in connexion with Polish affairs, no one has ever exaggerated the grace and beauty of the Polish women. The influence they exercise over their countrymen would be wonderful, were it not accounted for by their remarkable beauty, added to the noble qualities they possess.—

"Many of the Polish women are very like our English women of the slender, delicate type, but with paler complexions, and brighter, and generally darker, eyes. I thought it was impossible to see finer and more varied expression than their faces exhibited; for I saw them at a time when their enthusiasm, their indignation, their sorrow, and all their religious feeling were awakened. I had read, in some book, that they were frivolous and changeable; but they have been constant enough to Poland, and dull persons will always mistake animation, quickness of perception, and a light manner of treating light subjects, for frivolity. In every civilized country, women give the tone to society, and this is particularly the case in Poland, where social gatherings are far more frequent than with us, and where there are no entertainments, no pleasure-parties of any kind, at which women are not present. If, however, the Polish ladies cared only for pleasure, instead of placing patriotism above all other considerations; if the balls and bribes offered to them and to their husbands, could make them forget their suffering country; then the Russians would certainly by this time have made some progress in the way of gaining adherents among the Polish families of the Kingdom, whereas, as it is, they have not advanced a step. The Polish mothers bring up the young Poles as patriots, and the Polish wives exclude from society all whose patriotism is even doubtful."

A year and a half ago the women of Poland made a tacit agreement not to dance, and they have kept their word, painful as the trial must have been: for the Poles are essentially a dancing people; and it was only because a great calamity had befallen them that they gave up their amusements and surrendered themselves to mourning. Not that they supposed that giving up dancing would "lead to anything." The testimonies of sorrow on the part of the inhabitants of all Poland proceeded from emotion, not from calculation. The blow which had been struck at Warsaw called forth a spontaneous expression of grief and pain throughout the length and breadth of the land. And the singing of the National Prayer, Mr. Edwards thinks, was not intended, in the first instance, as a demonstration. He often heard

it in places where it might be thought that none but the Poles themselves and the Heavenly Protector they addressed would hear it,—in the silence of night, before a lonely convent, in a dreary by-street of Cracow, or amid the huts of a distant village, in little remote churches, or among the solitudes of the Carpathian Mountains. When he was in Warsaw, the hymn was sung every Sunday and fête-day in all the churches. The Government used to remonstrate with the Archbishop, but his reply was that he had nothing to do in the matter, and that if the people were wrong the police should interfere. And so the performance went on. No sooner had the priest left the altar after mass than the congregation began their part of the service. An amateur played the organ accompaniment, and the vocal part was sung in unison by all present. Sometimes the leading singers were crossed on the back with a piece of chalk by a spy, and arrested on leaving the church. As to the hymn itself, it consists of "old and new words to a tune which was first sung in 1815, on the occasion of Alexander the First's entry into Warsaw." Here is the literal translation which Mr. Edwards gives of it:—

"1. O Lord, who, for so many centuries, didst surround Poland with the magnificence of power and glory; who didst cover her with the shield of Thy protection when our armies overcame the enemy; at Thy altar raise we our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

2. O Lord, who hast been touched by the woes of our injured land, and hast guided the martyrs of our sacred cause; who hast granted to us, among many other nations, the standard of courage, of unblemished honour; at Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

3. Thou whose eternally-just hand crushes the empty pride of the powerful of the earth; in spite of the enemy vilely murdering and oppressing, breathe hope into every Polish breast! At Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

4. May the Cross which has been insulted in the hands of Thy ministers give us constant strength under our sufferings! May it inspire us in the day of battle with faith that above us soars the spirit of the Redeemer! At Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

5. In the name of His Commandments, we all unite as brothers. Hasten, O Lord, the moment of resurrection! Bless with liberty those who now mourn in slavery! At Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

6. Give back to our Poland her ancient splendour! Look upon our fields soaked with blood! When shall peace and happiness blossom among us? God of wrath, cease to punish us! At Thy altar we raise our prayer: deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!"

Nothing can be more improbable than the union of Russians and Poles which the Marquis Wielopolski wishes to bring about. Until a very recent period even the democratic party of one country kept jealously aloof from that of the other, and Polish exiles in Siberia would object to associate with their Russian companions in misery. The Warsaw booksellers, Mr. Edwards informs us, refuse to keep Russian books, which can be procured from the grocers only:—

"Russian books, pictures, and music, might be advertised in the Polish newspapers as 'sold in Warsaw by all respectable tea-dealers.' In the interior of one of these literary grocers' you may fancy yourself in Russia; but there are not more than three or four of them in all Warsaw, and as soon as you have left the shop you might, for any signs of Russian civilization that meet your eye, be two thousand miles from Moscow. Worse than that, you see the Russian soldiers at the corner of every

street, and, perhaps, the Lieutenant-Governor's escort of Circassians whipping their way along the great thoroughfare which leads to the castle, and the Lieutenant-Governor himself forcing little schoolboys to salute him, under pain of being arrested and imprisoned."

The Russians certainly have not made themselves popular in Warsaw, and their position must be as disagreeable as that of the Austrians at Venice.

Mr. Edwards has taken great pains to ascertain the extent of the massacres of the 8th of April, 1861. As usual, there is great difficulty in reconciling the various statements. But—

"If the Russians did not commit a massacre, at least the Poles suffered martyrdom. That is to say, the Poles died to attest their devotion to a cause, while the Russians fired upon them not because they desired their death, but because, with their despotic habits, they knew no other mode of dispersing a crowd. I fully believe, from the account given to me by a person who was close to Prince Gortchakoff when he ordered the troops to act and for some time previously, and from another who saw him frequently afterwards and during his last illness, that he would most thankfully have escaped the bloody work in which he found himself engaged, and which he did not know how to avoid."

The number of the killed seems to have amounted to about forty. It is strange that more did not fall, for few attempted to escape:—

"Many went down on their knees, but not to their enemies. In some parts of the crowd the more timid were entreated in the name of their country to remain firm, and these appeals were not without effect. Afterwards, when numbers had been shot down and brute force was beginning to triumph, the most determined and desperate among the crowd still cried out that there must be no retreating, and some were seen to join hands so as to prevent those before them from falling back. The preconcerted plan for capturing the bodies shows plainly that the Russian commanders anticipated a resort to arms; but that Prince Gortchakoff courted the opportunity and deliberately allowed the crowd to assemble, that he might (according to an expression attributed to one of his officers) 'quell the Polish fever by drawing a pint of Polish blood,' I see no ground for believing. The reason assigned for the Russians having taken up the bodies at all is, that they feared they would be carried about the city to inflame the population, and that they would be photographed and the photographs circulated throughout Poland, as doubtless would have been the case had it been possible. It may appear strange that people should be more affected by the counterfeit presentment of a mangled corpse than by the simple statement in writing that such a one has been murdered; but the Russians certainly dreaded the effect of the bodies of their victims being brought before the eyes of their indignant countrymen in all parts of the dismembered kingdom. Besides, what an answer the photographs of the forty dead men or more, with their wounds upon them, would have been to the lying report published in the official journal!"

Mr. Edwards's book will be read with deep interest. It is very well written, and the narratives are well constructed. Count de Montalembert's pamphlet is a fiery protest in behalf of the Catholic Poles against the Greek Russians: a protest which is written for another meridian than that of London. Here it is likely to do more harm to the Poles than good.

Glimpses into Poland. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. (Bell & Daldy.)

Mr. Whittington and his cat are never likely to be rivalled in popularity by Mr. Wood and his cat,—and yet it is not possible to read this book without astonishment. During a perusal of it the feeling most frequently uppermost in the mind of the reader is an emotion of asto-

nishment that a practised compiler like Mr. J. G. Wood could have written down so many trivialities and published so much inconsequent reasoning; for Mr. J. G. Wood has written many works on natural history. His style, if incorrect and negligent, is plain and flowing, and, like many other writers of the day, he knows how to invest his truisms and platitudes with an air of authority.

"This little book," he says in his Preface, is not a mere collection of anecdotes, but is written with a "motive, and conveys a moral"; and when he leaves generalities, and "condescends upon particulars"—an excellent kind of condescension—he says, "it is written to bring the true character of the cat more prominently before the public." Cats are misunderstood. Cats, he says boldly, are more affectionate than dogs; they display, he says, a loving forethought, of which few animals would be deemed capable, only they are sensitive, nervous, electrical creatures, whose finer chords must not be jarred. If mishaps and misadventures occur in the relations of cats and men, it is not feline but human nature which is in fault; for sympathy can unite men and beasts. All animals love in common food and play; and by feeding them and by playing with them wonders can be done in taming the most unlikely animals; and if mishaps occur, they arise from mistakes in applying these great powers—mistakes committed by the persons who try to wield them.

A perusal of the two hundred and twenty-one pages of this book does not supply the inquirer with a single particle of evidence in support of these eulogies on the cat. Mr. Wood built a brick house in his garden for his pet—making the mason and his neighbours doubtful of his sanity. The cat he called Pret, and the brick house Pret Villa. He says to look after this funny animal is almost one person's business. The cat was so stupid that he was always getting into places from which he could not get out again; and when Mr. Wood, as his cat's attendant, got him out of his scrapes, and supplied him with meat and milk, the cat testified his pleasure by leaving the milk to rub his attendant's knees—an expression of gratitude which brought the moisture into the eyes of the reverend gentleman, and made him piously wish that all mankind would take an example by the cat, and be equally grateful to Heaven! Cats, Mr. Wood maintains, are not treacherous. When they scratch a caressing hand, for example, they only mean play. It is in the nature of the cat to put its claws into anything which is drawn hastily away. A lady whose hand is caught by the claws of her pet cat, and held too tightly, ought not to withdraw her hand, but to throw the cat upon its back, when it will withdraw the claws instantaneously to regain the use of its feet. Mr. Wood reports conversations with his cat. He even makes his cat talk English. An illiterate person visiting France for the first time said it was very clever of the children to talk French so well, but it was a comfort to hear the babies cry in good hearty English; and the English of Mr. Wood's pet cat was like the English of the French babies. Anybody, he says, may easily learn the cat's language by taking an interest in "the graceful and loving creatures." Mr. Wood, however, narrates facts respecting his pet which jar sadly with his eulogies. After covering himself with mud in a fight with a strange cat, Pret cleaned himself by rubbing off the mud between the sheets of his master's or keeper's bed. When he caught a mouse, the graceful and loving creature would carry it up by the tail to the top of the stairs several times, and let it drop from the top to

the bottom. Pret used to rob the larder, getting into it by concealing himself under the servant's dress. He stole a plaice, the cook's dinner, not to eat it, but to hide it among the coals. He was so jealous of the baby that he would not deign to look at the infant if any one was observing him. But the grand feat of the pet cat was the murder of the pet chameleon. He had been left alone in the room with the chameleon day after day, and even when it crawled close to him, he would only stretch out his neck, prick his ears forward, and sniff contemptuously, and then sink back into repose. But one morning the chameleon was found with its tail and fore legs torn off and its ribs and skull utterly crushed; while on the chair sat Pret, the author of the deed, "feeling," says Mr. Wood, giving the reins to his imagination, "as a culprit ought to feel." The murder was not committed from hunger, but from jealousy.

So much for the evidence in favour of the cat. Buffon said the cat was an enemy which we took into our houses to drive away another and a more inconvenient enemy. The pet chameleon was a more interesting animal than this pet cat. Mr. Wood having bought a chameleon, fastened the end of a branch with several forked twigs into a piece of deal board, and fixed it on the wall, so that the branch projected forwards. This branch the chameleon traversed from end to end with movements almost absurdly deliberate. It never lifted one foot unless the other three feet and the tail were firmly fixed, and sometimes it would stand for hours with one foot raised in the air like a pointer when he comes to the scent of game. Disturbed, it would gather its body together, make its ribs swell, and roll its body into a tight spiral. Sometimes, but rarely, it would allow its tail to fall by the side of the branch, and then curl it up like the spring of a watch or the proboscis of a butterfly. On seeing its prey it crawls towards it rather quickly, and when the insect is within range, gapes its mouth, pushes out its cylindrical tongue, which is about the size of an ordinary black-lead pencil, seems to take aim, and with a sudden dab seizes the insect and draws it into the mouth. "The whole action has a wonderful resemblance to the movement of a billiard cue as the player strikes the ball." Like the arboreal serpents, the chameleon has large eyes. One use of the projecting eyes of the chameleon probably, we submit, is to enable the animal to direct simultaneously its tongue and its tail,—one telescopic eye securing its safety, whilst the other is watching its prey. A Dr. Weissenborn seriously affirms that the chameleon sleeps with one eye open,—comparing it to two animals glued together, one of which is sometimes asleep whilst the other is awake. When asleep the chameleon becomes green.

Respecting the changing colours of the chameleon, Mr. Wood says, "Why one mental emotion should straightway cover the chameleon's cheeks and sides with yellow streaks like those of the zebra, or another emotion cause its body to be suddenly spotted with black upon a green ground, is a question that will not be rightly answered until we have vastly extended the field of philosophical inquiry." He criticizes severely the experiments of the French Academicians upon the subject, accusing them of overlooking "what any one in the least practically acquainted with zoology must know." Yet it may be remarked, that for physiologists who are abreast of the present state of science there is nothing mysterious or inexplicable in the changes of the colours of the chameleon.

But the most marvellous and novel narrative

in these 'Glimpses into Petland' is an account of the taming of two butterflies. This story is given in the words of the lady who tamed these lepidopterous insects. Mr. Wood vouches for the truth of it, and makes himself responsible for publishing it:—

"Among the many pets that I have loved and lost, few have endeared themselves more to me than my butterflies, two of which I once kept for the space of a year and a half. They came to me in their chrysalis state, and I not knowing anything of entomology, shut them up for safety in a cabinet having glass doors. The cabinet stood near a small window in my bedroom. I was very unwell that winter, and therefore a fire was kept up in my room night and day. The room was therefore very warm, and I suppose the little butterflies were deceived thereby, and thought or dreamed that summer smiled upon the earth; for a few days after Christmas, to my astonishment and delight, a little yellow butterfly was seen fluttering freely within the cabinet. My attention was first directed to the cabinet by the playful gambols of a pet pussy, who had mounted on a chair, and stood upon its hind legs, pawing at the little creature through the glass. I soon sent pussy away, opened the cabinet, and tried to induce the butterfly to alight upon my hand. But it was either dazzled and bewildered at finding itself in its new and extended sphere of existence, or had already learned the fear of man, for, at the approach of my hand, it flew wildly about, and finally settled down, as if exhausted. I now became most anxious to feed the little thing; but how this was to be achieved I had not the slightest idea, nor could any one in the house advise or help me in this important matter. Moreover, I was loudly ridiculed for the bare idea of trying to tame and feed butterflies. However, I remembered that the poets all agreed in saying that butterflies sipped nectar from the opening flowers, and therefore turned my attention to manufacture a substitute for nectar. Obtaining some honey, which I diluted with rose-water, I put one drop into the centre of the open blossoms of a fairy-rose, and placed the little plant in the cabinet. I soon had the joy of seeing the little thing flutter around the rose, and finally settle upon it. Whether it really drank or not I cannot say. I thought that it must have done so, as it appeared to grow stronger and more lively every day. I fed it in this manner every day for a fortnight; and by the end of that time it became so tame that it would step off the flowers, or anything else on which it might be standing, and appear quite happy and at rest upon my hand. It also appeared to understand that I wished it to come to me when I called it by the name of 'Psyche,' that being the name which I had given to the insect. About three weeks after the advent of Psyche, we were gladdened by the addition of another butterfly to our establishment—a peacock. He was strong and vigorous from the first, and flitted swiftly about like a gleam of prismatic light. I used to fancy that they talked to each other, as he at once fell into the ways and habits of the other; and when I called Psyche he too would come. I gave him another name, but he never seemed to understand that it belonged to him. They lived in this way until the earth had donned her glowing summer robe of lilies and roses, when I was told that their life-power could only extend over a month or two, and that it was cruel to keep them, even as happy prisoners. I was, therefore, induced to give them their liberty. The cabinet was placed with open doors before the window. It was many days before the butterflies ventured to leave the window-sill, and this much to my joy, for I thought it might be affection for me that held them back. However, one day, with many bitter tears, I saw them depart, and join some wild companions; but at night we found them again in the cabinet. On the following morning they left us, and came not back until the cold and stormy September weather set in. Yet, when in the garden, they would come if I called them, and rest for a short time on my hair or hands. At length, on a cold windy day in September, we saw them on the window-sill, and

on our opening the window, they came in and resumed possession of their old quarters, and abode there for the winter. It is true they were but poor-looking objects to what they were when they went forth. The world seemed to have used them somewhat roughly, for the sheen had gone from the rich wings of the peacock butterfly and the soft yellow bloom from Psyche's plumage. Nevertheless, they were welcome guests; and though ragged and wayworn, were not the less loved. We observed that during this winter they slept more than they did formerly. They also manifested pleasure when sung or talked to, and were very fond of being waved about, and danced up and down in the air, while they would sit upon the hand quite calmly. I think that the movement must have reminded them of the nodding flowers and fresh breezes of their summer life. The sun and earth ran their appointed course until they brought us another bright June, and again I bestowed the boon of freedom on our fairy pets, who went forth gaily; but, alas! never to return. One day, after a heavy thunderstorm, we found the inanimate form of a yellow butterfly upon the window-sill. I took it up lovingly, and did my best to revive it, for I believed it to be the material form of my own beautiful Psyche who had sought refuge from the storm, but had found the window closed. Of this I cannot be sure. * * I have since tried to tame other butterflies, but never again was so successful, although I have taught three or four to know me, and to come at my call."

Without the slightest intention to question the veracity of the writer of this extraordinary statement, we submit that it ought to be authenticated by the names and addresses of the witnesses who have put it forth. Anonymous testimony is not proof enough of the marvellous. Mr. J. G. Wood, however, we ought to add, corroborates the statement of the narrator, and says this is not a solitary instance of the taming of lepidopterous insects. The swift and wary humming-bird moth, although it usually darts away like lightning, has, he declares, been tamed enough to bear to be touched.

Narrative of a Mission to the Danish Islands in 1809. By the Rev. James Robertson. Edited from the Author's MS. by his Nephew, Alexander Clinton Fraser. (Longman & Co.)

DESCRIBING the means by which a British squadron rescued the Spanish forces under Romana, whom Napoleon had literally imprisoned in the Danish Islands, under form of military service, Sir William Napier says, "The Spaniards were in Holstein, Sleswig, Jutland, and the islands of Fünen, Zealand and Langeland. Mackenzie, through the medium of one Robertson, a Catholic priest, opened a communication with Romana, and neither the general nor soldiers hesitated. . . . This enterprise was ably conducted, and the readiness of the Spanish soldiery was very honourable, yet the danger was slight to all save Mr. Robertson." The narrative, which is now for the first time published, sets forth the dangers and difficulties successfully encountered by "one Robertson, a Catholic priest," on his way from England to Nyborg, and also on his homeward journey. The story is told with great simplicity and graphic force by the emissary himself, and it is at the same time a valuable addition to authentic secret history, and a tale of adventure which possesses some of the most stirring qualities of romantic fiction. From beginning to end the disclosures are so interesting and important that a brief summary of them will determine readers to peruse them with attention. In his travels through Germany at the close of the last century the Duke of Richmond formed a close acquaintance with the Scotch Benedictines of Ratisbon, of which fraternity Mr. Robertson was a member. Years

elapsed, and in 1807 the Duke of Richmond, who was then acting as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, received a communication from one of those same Ratisbon Benedictines, who chanced to be at that time in Dublin. The Benedictine was Mr. Robertson, and his application to the Viceroy was for "employment in any public service, consistent with his profession, that might conduce to the general good." The petition received a courteous reply, and after a brief interval the priest was admitted to an interview with the Lord Lieutenant's Chief Secretary, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who soon afterwards returned to London. In the May of the following year, just as Mr. Robertson had taken service in the family of a Catholic peer, he received through the Irish office a request that he would call at Sir Arthur Wellesley's house in Harley Street. The interview in Harley Street was followed by another at the Foreign Office, when the priest was introduced by Sir Arthur to Canning. "Being little accustomed," says the narrator, "to diplomatic or courtly forms, I no doubt made an uncouth appearance when ushered into the presence of the minister. Sir Arthur could not refrain from smiling at my visible embarrassment, and Mr. Canning by his manner, seemed to think me ill fitted for such a mission." He was, however, entrusted with the mission, and on the King's birthday (June 4) he left London on his perilous expedition to inform Romana that if he wished to escape, "British transports would convey him to any country he might name." Going on board at Harwich, the secret envoy in forty-eight hours made the passage to Heligoland, whence he was conveyed up the Weser by a contraband vessel, and landed immediately under a strong fort garrisoned by French soldiers, who fortunately had a private understanding with the smugglers. A friendly merchant conveyed him to Bremen, from which city the adventurer hastened to Hamburg, protected by a false passport, which had been made out for one "Adam Rorauer." Before he could obtain the passport, however, he had to sign his assumed name, in doing which he almost betrayed himself. "Such is the force of habit that I began with the initial letter of my real name, J., which the town-clerk observing, suddenly called out to me,—'How, sir! did you not tell me your name was Adam?' It was really an unpardonable blunder, and might have proved fatal but for one of the luckiest thoughts that ever occurred to me in a moment of difficulty. 'Sir,' I replied (and certainly, with some embarrassment), 'in the palatinate of Bavaria, where I was born, we are in the habit of affixing Johann (John) to every man's baptismal name, as we do Mary to every woman's, so that we do not say George, Peter, Adam, &c., but Hans George, Hans Peter, or Hans Adam.' This is really the case. The explanation had the air of truth, and saved me for this time." Having eluded the vigilance of the French *douaniers* and spies, and learnt that Romana was at Nyborg, in the island of Fünen, and not at Glückstadt, as the English ministry had supposed, the agent started from Hamburg furnished with samples of Havannah cigars and chocolate, and professing to be a traveller for a mercantile house. Cautious and adroit, well disguised, and familiar with the dialects of every district through which he had to pass, he proceeded from Hamburg to Lübeck, and thence to Fünen. Here and there he was assisted by sympathisers with the British policy, who suspected his object; but during his entire journey he imparted his secret to no more than three persons. Every step he took was surrounded with peril. At every post-house a French spy was on the look-out for political agents from England.

Several attempts had previously been made by the London ministry to communicate with Romana, and in each case the messenger had been apprehended and shot. At length Fünen was reached, and Romana was personally addressed by the commercial traveller, who, while he solicited the general to buy his cigars, made known to him the wishes of England. "My message," he said to the Marquis, for whom he had no written credentials, "is merely verbal; be your answer the same. All that I can offer in the way of credentials is the knowledge I have of certain particulars of your personal intercourse with Mr. Frere, whom you will remember as our ambassador in Spain. He desires me to remind your Excellency that the first time he had the pleasure of dining with you was at Toledo. After dinner you withdrew together into a cabinet containing books. In this cabinet there was one picture. That picture was by Mengs, and represented St. Peter and St. John at the gate of the Temple." Satisfied with this proof of the priest's integrity, Romana received his message, gave him two more interviews, and finally accepted the offer of England. The consequences of this decision are affairs of history. Mr. Robertson having contrived to inform his employers of the success of his mission, the English squadron under Sir Richard Keats in due course appeared off Nyborg, and removed Romana, together with the ten thousand soldiers whom the Marquis with admirable caution had managed to concentrate on the island of Fünen, with such secrecy that until his defection was an accomplished fact Bernadotte did not even suspect the plot. The most exciting part of Mr. Robertson's narrative is that which relates his adventurous retreat from Fünen, and his safe return to his native country. Incensed at Romana's escape, which they knew could not have been accomplished unless an English emissary had outwitted them, the French police were bent on apprehending the perpetrator of so much mischief. But their efforts were in vain. After many months of concealment and cautious action the clever fellow, whose brief story contains materials for half-a-dozen novels, gave his pursuers the slip, and returned to England in the spring of 1809; having well earned the liberal remuneration which the Government had promised him in case his mission should prove successful.

Horse-Racing: its History, and Early Records of the Principal and other Race-Meetings. With Anecdotes, &c. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

It would seem that in some things it were well if authors did not begin at the beginning. Here, for instance, is an historian of the horse, who unnecessarily remarks that "the sacred volume informs us that in the creation of the world the horse claims a prior existence to man": so does the flea, and every other animal. It would have been a more interesting scrap of information if he had recorded that, amid all the handicrafts named in the same volume, that of tailor is not once mentioned; and it would have been as much to the point, seeing that without that handicraftsman the jockey could not well mount, except he rode in buff, like Lady Godiva.

It will satisfy our views to know when horse-racing was first known in this country; and the author "wishes to indicate" that our sires caught the passion from the Romans, but confesses that he is unable to establish the fact. Considering what the British force of charioteers was, their dexterity, the speed of the horses, and the importance attached to this body, there can be little doubt that trials of skill were known here long before the Standard-bearer of the 10th Legion helped Cesar to get a footing on the shore.

Of the early history of the animal and the sport, the author trots over the old course. Henry the Eighth, it is to be observed, made the stealing of horses and mares capital; but the lawyer stepped in to help the thief, who, if he only stole a horse or a mare, was told that he was not liable to the unpleasant penalty: the error was amended by Edward the Sixth.

With kings, it will, perhaps, be found that this writer is less perfectly at home than with horses. Treating of both in the Stuart period, he shows that racing did not prosper under Charles and the Commonwealth, for curious reasons. Charles and the Puritans were at feud, but "he was a good man and an eminently pious Christian; and something similar was the rule and character of Cromwell. But Charles the Second was the exact reverse of either": which seems to us more cunning than instructive, and not exactly logical. However, we have this explained, perhaps, in the notice that Charles the Second's "reign was one scene of roysterousness."

Let us come, however, at once to another royal prince, not undistinguished for his "roysterousness," and who has left to his successor a title and a warning—the Prince of Wales, son of George the Third:—

"The Prince first became an owner of race-horses in 1784, and entering with ardour into turf pursuits, soon had a magnificent racing establishment, and subsequently bred some first-rate horses. In turf matters the Prince was considered to possess good judgment, and yet, despite this—considering also that in the possession of a good racing stud he had the essential material for success; and notwithstanding the advantages which it is not unreasonably supposed would to a certain extent result to a person in his high position, the 'First Gentleman of Europe'—as his admirers and flatterers were pleased to designate him—seems to have been particularly unfortunate in his Turf transactions. Two years after our royal sportsman began his turf career, viz., in 1786, he was compelled, on account of embarrassed circumstances, to dispose of his stud of racers; but another like lapse of time, and we find his debts paid, his income generously increased by Parliament, and the Prince once more upon the turf."

We catch this glimpse of him in good company:—

"In the year 1790, a print was published by J. Bodger, of No. 53, Holborn, being a picturesque view of Newmarket, showing the trains of running horses belonging to different noblemen, &c., taking their exercise. The print contained upwards of 200 figures, and the view was taken from the King's Chair, on Warren Hill. The price of the print was, coloured one guinea, plain 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. This print, says *Druid*, was the popular one of the period: 'the Warren Hill is the scene of the afternoon's revel. Quiet little Newmarket just peeps forth in the hollow, in the centre of that restless panorama, and in the far distance the Ely Minster turrets cut the cloudless sky, and struggle manfully for pre-eminence with Highflyer Hall. In the foreground is the Prince, &c., 'standing up in his phaeton, and booking a bet with the shrivelled Duke of Orleans, on horseback at his side. His brother, "York," has alighted, and is gaily pointing out to "a lady"—as the key observes—a long sheeted string, which are, West Australian fashion, cutting down the Warren Hill like a sithe, in the direction of King Charles's cupola chair, &c.'"

Five years subsequently the Prince of Wales figured in an affair, in which the jury of the whole public have never been able to agree on a verdict:—

"It appears that in the October Meeting at Newmarket, 1791, *Escape* was entered, and ran for a race both on the 20th and 21st. In explanation, and exculpation of himself and the Prince of this, at the time, notorious affair, the jockey, old Sam. Chifney, wrote and published his 'Genius Genuine,' a pamphlet of about 40 pages, price 5s. 1d. from which it appears, that in the race of the 20th the Prince had no bets upon the result, and it was

perhaps fortunate that the Prince did not bet, or at least *back* his horse, as *Escape* lost the race. This race was for sixty guineas, Ditch In, and for which four started; the betting was 2 to 1 against *Escape*, 4 to 1 against *Coriander*, and 5 to 1 against *Skylark*, and they came in thus:—Mr. Dawson's *Coriander*, 1,—Lord Grosvenor's *Skylark*, 2,—Lord Clement's *Pipator*, 3,—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's *Escape*, 4. Previous to starting for this race, the Prince told Chifney to make strong running with *Escape*. Chifney thought doing so would be imprudent, but was unable to acquaint the Prince with his ideas, as the latter left him immediately after giving his orders; but directly after he conveys the orders he had received, and his own ideas respecting them, to Mr. Lake—a gentleman who had the management of the Prince's stud, and whose orders, in running, &c., the Prince had told Chifney, when he engaged him as jockey, he was to obey—and this gentleman, acquiescing in Chifney's opinion, reversed the Prince's orders, and told him *not* to make play, and, in doing so, also told Chifney that he (Mr. Lake) would hold him harmless with the Prince in disobeying his first instructions. Although *Escape* lost the race on the 20th, the Prince informed Chifney he should run him for the race on the 21st, and the latter advised the Prince to back him, as the race *Escape* had just run would greatly improve him, and the horse would run both longer and faster. It does not appear that the Prince was angered at Chifney disobeying the orders he had given him; and again, on the 21st, he told Chifney to make play with *Escape*, but, in this instance, not to do so if strong running was made by any of the rest of the field. For this race—second year of a subscription of five guineas each, Beacon course, twelve subscribers and six starters—the betting was 4 and 5 to 1 against *Escape*, 7 to 4 against *Chanticleer*, 11 to 5 against *Skylark*, and 6 to 1 against *Grey Diomed*. In the running, *Skylark* made play, and Chifney, waiting with *Escape*, won the race. They came in as follows:—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's *Escape*, 1,—Lord Barrymore's *Chanticleer*, 2,—Lord Grosvenor's *Skylark*, 3,—Duke of Bedford's *Grey Diomed*, 4,—Lord Clermont's *Harpatior*, 5,—Mr. Barton's *Alderman*, 6. Here was a direct reversal of the former day's running; one which the members of the turf could not understand, and which, on the face of it, looked suspicious, and rendered many of them—the losers in particular we presume—indignant. The Jockey Club took the matter up; and, finally, its members—one of which was Sir Charles Bunbury, who, it is said, was the chief and severest of the Prince's accusers—must have decided upon a verdict of guilty, as Sir Charles Bunbury informed the Prince that if he suffered Chifney to ride his horses for the future, no gentleman would start against him. This resolve was simply an acquittal of the Prince upon conditions: the sacrifice of his jockey; but, to the honour of the Prince be it said, he was too generous to accept such terms at the sole expense of poor Chifney, but preferred again retiring from the turf in 1792."

There are some ugly points, not requiring to be indicated in the above account, and others that are explicable. With regard to variations in the running of the same horse:—

"I believe," says Mr. R. Tattersall in his Evidence as given before a Committee of the House of Commons on Gaming in 1814, 'that horses are fit to run to-day and not to-morrow, just as a man is often fit to do any particular exertion to-day and not the next. I think many horses have lost their character merely from being ill; take your own horses or hunters, they are not always fit for any great exertion; no man can go through violent exertion with a head-ache.'"

Some horses run closely enough on the same day. For instance:—

"A very severe race was run over the Doncaster course, September 28, 1797. The race was for 100*l.*, in two-mile heats, for which seven horses started, viz., *Warter*, *Pepper Pot*, *Stamford*, *Cardinal*, *Trumpator*, *Hipswell*, and *Commodore*. The first heat was strongly contested between *Stamford*, *Cardinal*, and *Pepper Pot*; the second was a dead

heat between *Warter* and *Pepper Pot*, *Stamford* being third; the third heat was won by *Pepper Pot*; the fourth by *Warter*; and, astonishing to relate, the fifth was a dead heat again between *Warter* and *Pepper Pot*! These two horses started again, for the sixth time or heat, when *Warter* was the victor. Such an evenly balanced and exciting struggle must have been well worth witnessing; and undoubtedly the animals must have possessed great stamina and gameness."

But others run as uncertainly, or the jockeys shift their humours, as may be seen by this illustration:—

"In the year 1835, a race was run at Goodwood, in which there was something remarkable in the proceedings and result of it. The race we allude to was for the King's Guineas, for which two only started, viz., *Lucifer* and *Rockingham*, the latter horse having won, almost in a canter, the *Cup* on the previous day. Three other horses were also weighed for, and although none of them actually started, this circumstance, as also the uncertainty that existed whether *Rockingham* would start or not, even almost up to the last moment, caused considerable fluctuation in the betting—the odds at one moment being laid against five animals, and then shifting and only quoted against two. *Rockingham* and *Lucifer*, however, were the only two competitors, and when they started the betting was 5 to 1 on the first, and 3 and 4 to 1 against the second. In the race, *Rockingham* led at a moderate pace, but at the distance-post had completely defeated *Lucifer*, who was ten or a dozen lengths behind him; seeing this, and hearing *Forth* call out to the boy who rode *Lucifer*—*Twitcheit*—to pull up, *Robinson* began to ease his horse, under an impression, which was shared in general by those looking on, that he had only to canter up to the post. The rider of *Lucifer*, however, instead of pulling up as ordered, kept his horse going, so that when *Rockingham* reached the stand, there was not half the distance between the two that there was at the distance-post; and *Twitcheit* at this moment making a desperate rush, completely took *Robinson* by surprise within a few yards of the winning-post, and before the latter could get his horse into action, had won the race by two lengths, to the utter astonishment of every person on the course! To show how forlorn the chances of *Lucifer*'s winning appeared at the distance-post, we may state that a bet of 100*l.* to half-a-crown was actually laid on *Rockingham* at the stand. An exactly similar case, as regards result, occurred between *S. Rogers* and *Fordham*, the former on *Wild Rose*, and the latter on *Amy*, at the Newmarket first October meeting of the past year, when the latter was so distressed at his unexpected and unaccountable defeat, that it was some days before all the soothing of his friends could make 'George' himself again. And at Doncaster for the great *St. Leger* of 1822, a race, quite unexpected as to result occurred when Mr. Petre's *Theodore* took it into his head to run quite contrary to the opinions of owner, trainer, jockey, and every body else who entertained an opinion upon the matter. This horse, it appears, had run very well as a two-year old, but his performances just previous to the great race had been so wretched, that *Jackson*, his jockey, was wandering about the course, it is said, almost heartbroken at his miserable chance for the race because Mr. Petre had claimed his right to his services as his first master. Mr. Petre himself, it was also stated, had been fortunate enough to get rid of his betting-book, with a bonus, by handing it over to another gentleman whom he had induced to take it with its risks; and the jockey's spirits were not enlivened by hearing odds of 'a hundred guineas to one' offered and laid against *Theodore*; nor did it in any way increase his faith in hopes of success, when he found that a bet of a hundred guineas to a walking-stick, of the value of one shilling, had actually been laid against the horse he was to ride. In the race itself, however, *Theodore* completely upset all previous calculations, for *Jackson*, managing to get off well at the start, kept his horse going, and finally, amidst a scene of great excitement and astonishment, landed his horse first past the winning-post. These

three cases may be taken as remarkable instances of the uncertainty attending horse-racing."

In his later years the Prince occasionally ran a horse, and they who remember the Boroughbridge harriers of some thirty years ago, may recollect the huntsman on one of George the Fourth's best racers—Chester Billy. In the sport he took some interest to the last; we may say, to the very last, if Nimrod's account be true, that when the Ascot meeting was being held in 1830,—he had attended that of 1829,—“he was on the bed of death, and so strong was the ruling passion in this awful hour,—and His Majesty was well aware his hour was come,—that an express was sent to him *after every race*,” but this may have been an officious, and not a royally-commanded, act.

There are amusing details in this volume, but there are many shortcomings. The history of the great St. Leger is singularly meagre, and will not satisfy Yorkshiremen. There is too much made of others. One would think by this writer's account of the Derby,—for which the Legislature makes holiday in obedience to the unwritten law of Parliament,—that it was a solemn, religious, national assembly; whereas it has become, of late years, a reproach and opprobrium on the national character. The sport is as good, no doubt, as it has ever been; but a most unpleasant change has come entirely over the class of visitors one would most prefer to see on the Downs.

History of Federal Government from the Foundation of the Achaian League to the Disruption of the United States. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. I. *General Introduction—History of the Greek Federations.* (Macmillan & Co.)

THE maxim “*qui s'excuse s'accuse*” will occur to readers of the preface, in which Mr. Freeman deprecates the suspicion that his work is due to the excitement of the American war, though he admits that the conflict of North and South has caused him “to write at once what otherwise might have been postponed for some time longer.” But no fair critic will read the author's volume and condemn him as a hasty book-maker. Though it is devoid of original or independent research, it displays enough information and reading to insure for its writer the respect of students. Still it is a faulty work, erring in such a manner that it will fail to secure the cordial approval of either of the two great sections of the educated public, to which it is especially addressed. While ordinary politicians will deem it nothing more than a tedious treatise on the republics of ancient Greece, scholars will be offended by its repeated references to the party warfare of modern Europe, and the indiscreet violence with which the author's political animosities are brought into the field of historical inquiry. For instance, Mr. Freeman is constantly girding and barking at the Emperor of the French, in note or text, by covert insinuation or noisy invective. In one passage he flies away from the seditions of “Korkyra” to the civil conflicts of France and England, with no apparent object except that he may find occasion for saying that “Strafford and Cromwell alike, one might rather say any Englishman of any sort since the days of Stephen, would have shrunk from the crimes of Guise, or Robespierre, or Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.” In the same spirit, our faithful ally is alluded to as “a perfidious magistrate who has military force at his command,” and “a born conspirator”; whilst his crown is sneered at as “pseudo-Imperial.” And elsewhere, in a fanciful but ingenious comparison of “Aratos” and “Antigonos” with

Cavour and “the Tyrant of Paris,” Mr. Freeman says, “The deliverer of the Peloponnésos, the founder of the Achaian League, was also the man who surrendered a great Achaian city into the hands of the greatest enemy of independent Greece. So we have seen a statesman as subtle and as full of resources as Aratos himself, the deliverer of Italy, the founder of the Italian kingdom, surrender two provinces of his native land into the grasp of the common enemy of Italy and mankind!”

Notwithstanding the boyish folly of these and many similar passages, Mr. Freeman takes no narrow view of his subject, and we would commend his sketch of the Amphiktyonic Council and the Achaian League to the attentive study of the popular essayist on Federal Principles, Mr. Spence, whose “utter lack of historical knowledge” the author mentions with deserved severity, where he says, “Mr. Spence, too, is without Hamilton's excuse; if he could not read Polybios, he might at least have read Thirlwall.” His definition of Federalism philosophically comprises “every union of component members, where the degree of union between the members surpasses that of mere alliance, however intimate, and where the degree of independence possessed by each member surpasses anything which can fairly come under the head of merely municipal freedom.” Thus at the outset he avoids the error of many writers, who, with remarkable confusion of ideas, have argued as if federal principles were applicable to none but republican institutions, and have even gone the length of using the words Federal and Republican as though they were in some degree synonymous. So also is he anxious to impress on readers that he has nothing in common with the superficial observers who see in the American rupture a proof that republican institutions have failed, and that Federalism is too weak a tie to bear the strain which must necessarily be put upon it in the practical working of independent commonwealths. While he maintains that republican institutions afford the best chance of prosperity to small states, he cautiously observes that “the experiment of governing a large country as a single republic has been so seldom tried that we are hardly in a position to decide whether it is necessarily a failure or not.” And on the fallacious reasoning that Federalism is to be condemned as an idle experiment, because the American States have found it expedient to dissolve partnership, he reminds his readers that monarchical federations have come to a like end,—that in different ages of European history, Sicily has seceded from Naples, Portugal from Spain, Greece from Turkey, and Belgium from Holland, and that Hungary bids fair ere long to secede from Austria. Indeed, far from using its weakness as an argument against the federal tie, he regards it as a reason why the bond should be employed by independent States, and why in practice,—for instance, as in the United States,—it has been found by no means wanting in durability. People who laugh at the American Union as the bubble of a day, would do well to reflect that it has been contemporary with “a constitutional king of the French, a convention, a directory, a consulate for a term, a consulate for life, an emperor of a republic, an emperor of an empire, a constitutional king of France, an emperor again, a constitutional king of France again, a king of the French, a provisional government, a dictator, a president for four years, a despotic president for ten years, an emperor for what period no one can foretell.”

The passages in which Mr. Freeman compares the small commonwealths of ancient

Greece with the large states of modern Europe are those in which he most signally displays his weakness. Their faults may be divided into those of which the author is guilty through taking a too romantic view of classic life, and those which may be set down to careless observation of modern society. A habit of mind not uncommon with energetic men, who live much in the study and too little in the world of action, leads him to magnify the good of a distant epoch, while it induces him to be distrustful of the present. He is too sensible a man not to admit that there is “a great, indeed an overwhelming balance of gain on the side of the large state”; but the admission is reluctantly made, and in his survey of the city-commonwealths of Greece he insists on the superiority of the average educated Athenian to the average Englishman of the nineteenth century by arguments which, when they are compared with his remarks on the disadvantages of small states, lay him open to a charge of inconsistency. “In a word, it can hardly be doubted,” he says, “that the system of small commonwealths raises the individual citizen to a pitch utterly unknown elsewhere.” This superiority is believed by Mr. Freeman to have consisted in the complete knowledge of public affairs, integrity and fervent patriotism which characterized the average citizen of a state in the Achaian League. Not one word, however, does the eulogist expend on the consideration that political science is a far higher and more difficult science in great than in small states. Surely it is easier to be a good Chairman of Quarter Sessions than a good Lord Chancellor. A man may be a very efficient vestryman who would make an insignificant Prime Minister. In the same way, there are two aspects to that morality with which the Athenian is credited. Mr. Freeman allows that Athens was rife with a kind of bribery unknown amongst ourselves; that her generals and demagogues were bribed to follow this or that line of policy; that any citizen known to be above corruption was deemed a miracle of virtue, and found his reward in the influence his reputation brought him. “But,” he says, “of bribery in the popular courts of justice we hear very little, and of bribery in the Assembly itself we absolutely hear nothing.” Even when we have allowed the author's inference that the bribery did not exist because we do not hear of it, we are not in a position to accept the conclusion which follows on the inference,—namely, that the sterling integrity of the Athenian was superior to that of the average English voter. One important fact altogether escapes the writer's observation. In the city-commonwealth public affairs were not only comparatively few and simple, but every voter had an interest, and a manifest interest, in each of them; and the knowledge of this personal interest would have protected him from voting against it had an agent of corruption proposed to buy him. In the great representative commonwealths of modern Europe the ordinary voter is not thus retained on the side of honesty by selfish considerations. In England, for instance, the corrupt voter is in nine cases out of ten a man who either has no personal interest to be advanced by the policy of either of the candidates who solicit his vote, or is a man who does not see that he has such interest. That such ignorance should be by no means uncommon is a subject for regret rather than wonder. In a great state, public questions are so vast and complicated that the uneducated are powerless to see how they affect each member of the community. To stem the tide of political corruption Mr. Freeman would like to

have voters protected by the ballot and better educated.

History of England, &c., from the Accession of James the First to the Disgrace of Chief-Justice Coke, 1603-1616. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. S. R. Gardiner, who offers these volumes as a contribution towards a 'History of England from the Accession of James the First to the Fall of Chief-Justice Coke,'—is a pupil of the dry old school of historical writing, in which facts stood for ideas and dates for pictures; and in that useful rather than ornamental academy he may occupy one of the vacant chairs. We do not every day meet an author with whom we could so easily agree, if, in reading him, we could only keep awake. Mr. Gardiner's pulse is slow, and his paragraphs long. If he has much to say, he takes an age of time in saying it, never sparing his reader a single argument, or even a single word. He forgets the French epigram which hints that the way to tire an auditor is to tell him all you know: but then, an epigram is, perhaps, the very last form in which a member of the dry old school would be likely to seek a rule of art. A suggestion in a folio might have met with more success.

A reader blessed with a good share of patience, and who comes to his study free from those prejudices which are likely to spring from previous knowledge, would not find much to object against in this History, unless, indeed, his drowsiness should take the form of objecting to the book altogether. Such facts of the period, 1603-16, as Mr. Gardiner could learn he has duly set forth; such beings as he conceives to have then lived in England, he has painted; such unpublished matters as a rapid raid through the British Museum yielded to his search, he has printed at length. The sequence of events is fairly laid down in his pages, and that in a sedate and sober spirit, far removed from the extremes of enthusiasm and vituperation which some recent writers on this particular period have not been ashamed to exhibit. We do not say that his facts are true, his characters human, or his materials fresh. The facts of the case are often very much at fault, and the actors on the scene are depicted in a small, weak way, with the grand outlines and the colour of nature all left out. There is a big book, containing a good many arguments and expositions, composed in a moderate tone, and written in passable English; but the result of this respectable labour is a dry disquisition, not a picture of living men,—a work as hard to read as the London Catalogue, a Calendar of State Papers, or a Dictionary of Dates.

Mr. Gardiner opens his undertaking with a complaint that his theme is wanting in the dramatic interest which may be found elsewhere. This is unfortunate, and, we think, it is also wrong. If it had been true, the writer should have concealed the fact with the utmost art. A reader warned at the outset that the poet himself has found his legend poor, is not likely to pursue the story with ardent zest. We do not find the reign of James the First particularly wanting in dramatic interest; indeed, whether we look at home or abroad, and without touching events which are not obviously the property of an English historian, we should point to those very years which Mr. Gardiner found so barren and left so dull, as pre-eminently abounding in epic and tragic episodes. The first great plague—the fall of Raleigh—the capture of Ostend—the death of Mountjoy—the Gunpowder Plot—the insurrection of the Levellers—the sack of Derry—the rise of the

Corsairs under Ward—the burning of Legate—the divorce of Lord Essex—the contests of Bacon and Coke—the marriage of Arabella Stewart—the murder of Overbury—all these romantic affairs occurred at home and in connexion with the Court. Abroad, yet closely entwined with English affairs, were the Dutch war—the interdict on Venice—the assassination of Henri Quatre—the marriage of Princess Elizabeth—and the foundation of the Protestant League. It was the period of great men, of great movements, and of great books. Bacon and Raleigh, Cecil and Coke, Shakspeare and Jonson, Gilbert and Torporley, Smith and Somers, Napier and Allen, were all alive. It was the period in which the Bible was translated, in which Ulster was reclaimed, in which logarithms were discovered, in which the Institutes were planned, in which Virginia was settled, in which electricity became a science, in which the Instauratio Magna took shape. Nor was it less brilliant in the region of pure literature: for within these dates appeared Raleigh's History of the World, Shakspeare's Lear and Othello, Jonson's Volpone and Alchemist, Drayton's Polyolbion, and hosts of plays and poems which will never die. Wanting in dramatic interest! Why, the very names of men are full of drama.

We have hinted above that the dry old school of historical writers are content to give facts for ideas and dates for pictures. Mr. Gardiner is not strong in his facts, but it is only in his speculations that he becomes amusingly weak. His theories of the English constitution would have made Hallam stare. These theories come out in the very title and conception of his book; for with him the period between the accession of James, in 1603, and the fall of Coke, in 1616, is one of so much importance in our constitutional history as to require a separate and enlarged exposition:—

"Up to the summer of 1616, it was a question what constitutional powers the Crown would be able to assert. At the end of the year the question was, what use would be made by it of the powers of which it had obtained possession. Nor is the date of Coke's deprivation less distinctly marked in other respects as the commencement of the period of the full-blown Stuart royalty. At home, the monopolies, which had hitherto been kept under some kind of restraint, were about to burst forth with the help of the favouritism of Buckingham and the Protectionist theories of Bacon. On the Continent, the French alliance had just been renounced, and James was nibbling at the bait of a Spanish marriage for his son. In Scotland, the future Five Articles of Perth had been recently sent down in a letter from London; and in Ireland the arrival of St. John, as the new Deputy, had convinced the Catholics that all hope of an amelioration of their position must be abandoned for the present."

All this is idle dream. The whole of this period, however much it may attract a reader on other grounds, has so very slight an interest for the constitutional writer that Hallam has dismissed the whole of it in part of one short chapter. The great constitutional writer scarcely notices Coke's disgrace at all; and then in a few cold and contemptuous words, to which he adds in a note: "he was too much affected by his dismissal from office." And Hallam was undoubtedly right in his estimate of Coke's fall:—a purely local and personal fact, of no importance whatever in a political sense, and only interesting from the comedy which it caused to be played between himself and Lady Hatton. No principle of law or practice was at stake in it, for Coke confessed that he was in the wrong, and was willing to give up the point at issue between himself and James. His temporary exclusion from office opened no new

controversy, closed no old discussion. It did not even end his contests with Bacon. After a brief retirement, he returned to the Privy Council the same man he had been before. Nor did the event coincide with other events of magnitude. There was no dissolution of Parliament, no change of ministers, no new treaty of alliance, no great movement in the Church. Scotland was unusually quiet, and Ireland perfectly at rest. The temporary disgrace of Coke was so little of a turning-point in any public affair that Hallam notes it briefly, not at the close of a book, or of a chapter, or even of a period: he records it in the middle of a sentence. Such was the transaction which Mr. Gardiner has made the great crisis in our constitutional life, and to the illustration of which he has devoted a bulky book.

The same want of grasp and largeness which has led him into this error at the outset of his task has attended him through it. The men are only half seen, the ideas only half felt. There is a light on their faces which he cannot see, a spirit in their words which he cannot hear. To him Cecil and James, and Raleigh and Bacon, are pretty much alike. Nobody is very good and nobody very bad. There is a "yet" for the worst and a "but" for the best. Mr. Gardiner can neither praise nor blame with heartiness. He thinks that James was rather a sober fellow than otherwise, and that his moral character stands pretty high. He is inclined, with some doubts however, to believe that Cecil was a highly respectable man; and is very much pained on hearing that this highly respectable man took pensions and bribes from France and Spain.

Indeed, the fundamental vice of this book—as a mere book, apart from the wrong ideas on which it is based,—is the false light in which Cecil is placed. Cecil was the first politician of the time—the man who ruled the King, the Court and country from the day of the King's accession until 1612. It is nearly the whole period covered by this narrative. Yet so far from having formed to himself any clear conceptions of this central figure, Mr. Gardiner maunders from first to last that he cannot make him out, uttering weak regrets that the Simancas papers have not yet been deciphered, and that the private library at Hatfield House has not been open to him. In all our reading we do not recollect a case in which an author has so meekly confessed his inability to grapple with a character which he, nevertheless, undertakes to endow with life and motion as in this of Cecil:—

"The labours which he underwent were enormous. As Secretary, he had to conduct the whole of the civil administration of the kingdom, to keep his eye upon the plots and conspiracies which were bursting out in every direction, to correspond with the Irish Government and to control its policy, and to carry on through the various ambassadors complicated negotiations with every state of importance in Europe. Besides all this, when Parliament was sitting, it was on him that the duty chiefly devolved of making the policy of the Government palatable to the House of Commons, of replying to all objections, and of obtaining the King's consent to the necessary alterations. As if all this were not enough, during the last few years of his life he undertook the office of Treasurer in addition to that of Secretary. Upon him fell all the burden of the attempt which he made to restore to a sound condition the disordered finances, and of mastering the numerous details from which alone he could obtain the knowledge necessary in order to remedy the evil. * * Although there are circumstances in his life which tell against him, it is difficult to read the whole of the letters and documents which have come down to us from his pen, without becoming gradually convinced of his thorough honesty of intention. It cannot be denied that he was satisfied

with the ordinary morality of his time, and that he no more thought it shame to keep a state secret, or to discover a plot by means of a falsehood, than a naval officer in our own day would think his character for truthfulness impaired because he had been known in time of war to have deceived the enemy by hoisting false signals. On one memorable occasion, indeed, he allowed himself to be carried beyond the bounds even of the conventional morality of the time. But in his ordinary conduct, so far as we can perceive, he seems to have been actuated by patriotic motives. He certainly grasped at power as one who took pleasure in the exercise of it; but he appears, in the main, to have used it for what he regarded as the true interests of his King and country."

It is scarcely necessary to point out the omissions in this picture; for, indeed, it is a work with all the Cecil lights and shades left out. Mr. Gardiner omits to say that, besides his many other duties—which he also turned to profit—Cecil was at this time Master of the Wards, one of the most lucrative offices in the kingdom; and that the holding of this office in conjunction with the Secretaryship, was one of the complaints in the celebrated Petition of Grievances presented to the King on his accession, of which famous document we do not see that Mr. Gardiner has ever heard, although it was the parent of a long line of similar papers. Of Cecil's scandalous private life, of his sumptuous lodgings, of his secret orgies, of his intrigues with Lady Suffolk and other frail women, the writer has no conception. But the Calendars of State Papers having showed him, on the authority of Digby, our Ambassador in Spain, that Cecil had a regular pension and occasional bribes of high amount from Philip—and the fact being incompatible with his idea of a respectable person—Mr. Gardiner has to reconcile his theory with the ugly truth, which he does in this odd fashion:—

"In order to explain such facts as these, only two suppositions are possible. Cecil may, no doubt, possessing as he did a considerable fortune, have sold to Spain for a few thousand pounds the secrets which were quite as much his own as his Sovereign's. There is nothing physically impossible in the theory; but, in addition to the difficulties which have been already noticed, there is one which is almost insuperable. Is it possible that a man who had sold himself to betray his master's confidence in this barefaced manner should never once have attempted to obtain money by influencing his master's actions? Would he not have dropped, at least, some word which shewed that he had been won over to the interests of Spain? And yet not only is nothing of the kind on record, but he was universally recognised as the minister who, cautiously indeed, and in no very dignified manner, but yet steadily and successfully, drew England out of the entanglements of a Spanish alliance. There is one other explanation, which would seem incredible to those who do not know the shifts to which diplomacy had recourse in those times, but which is perhaps the most probable explanation of the difficulty. May not Cecil have seen in the offers of the Spanish Government an opportunity of influencing their counsels? There were many things which he could tell them that really happened which it was important for him that they should know from an authority upon which they could depend. If, for instance, and this is a case which really occurred, James had made up his mind to resist Spanish pretensions in any quarter, Cecil would wish to give the earliest information to that Government, in order that they might not attempt to oppose him under the supposition that no real action was intended on the part of England. There may have been, and there probably were, other cases in which he wished to deceive them by false information, and he may have thought that he could do this better by his own mouth than in any other way: he may have hoped in his turn, in the course of their familiar intercourse, to worm some information out of the Spanish Ambassador

himself. With respect to the money which he demanded, he may have thought that far more credit was likely to be given him if he pretended to serve the Spaniards from purely mercenary motive, than if he presented himself in the guise of a disinterested friend of Spain. Nor is it unlikely that he would feel a kind of pleasure in pocketing the gold of which he had thus tricked the enemy of England."

It would be idle to add one word to such a commentary.

Mr. Gardiner is no less puzzled with the story of Raleigh's plot. Indeed, his want of any true insight into Cecil's character causes him to flounder helplessly in the dark through all the public transactions of the reign. In the desire to show Cecil honest and amiable, all the facts of history have been explained cross-wise. Hence Raleigh appears as something very like a fool and a knave, though Mr. Gardiner is good enough to pat him on the back, to call him, nevertheless, a very fine fellow, and to express a regret that he could not see what was best for himself. "If Raleigh," we read, "could have seen it in its true light, those who had cut him off from a courtier's life had in reality rendered him the highest service which lay in their power. . . . If England was not large enough for his genius, his own Virginia would welcome her founder to be the captain, the legislator, and almost the monarch of a new world." Fancy being a King of Virginia in 1603, when there was, in fact, no Virginia, the only spot of ground on which a few struggling colonists were dying being the lonely islet of Roanoke!

This looseness of expression runs through the whole narrative. The very first line of the book—"On the night of the 23rd of March, 1603, Elizabeth, as all England knew, was lying on her deathbed,"—contains three mistakes. The year was 1602, as the time was then kept. She was not lying on her bed, nor did she die on her bed. All England did not know it; indeed, the secret was so well kept that London did not know it.

Shakespeare's Home at New Place, Stratford-upon-Avon. Being a History of the "Great House" built in the Reign of King Henry VII. by Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, and subsequently the Property of William Shakespeare, Gent., wherein he lived and died. By J. C. M. Bellew. (Virtue, Brothers.)

THERE is some useful and curious matter in this book, but it can hardly be called a History of New Place. It is rather a collection of discursive observations on various facts and traditions respecting Shakespeare, and on families residing within, or in the neighbourhood of, the poet's native town. As to Shakespeare himself, no new facts are elicited, nor do we see that Mr. Bellew avoids the tendency he ascribes to his predecessors, to "fringe an inch of fact with acres of conjecture." With respect to his collections on the families of Clopton, Underhill, Combe and others, there is much that is new and curious. The question is, are they merely valuable in an antiquarian and topographical point of view, or do they really tend to illustrate the biography of the poet? If the first, they are not to be despised; if the latter, they should be doubly and trebly welcome to those who are anxiously listening to every whisper in the breeze that may tell of something new respecting the earthly career of "the greatest of England's authors—the greatest of all authors."

We are far from saying that the results of this kind of discursive research may not turn out in one way or other to be useful to a future biographer, but they appear to us to be chiefly

materials which might fairly be collected for reference by an earnest man who intended to compile a life of the poet,—hardly those which should fill a volume which, according to the title-page, is a History of New Place. In making this observation, we repeat that we do not pass a judgment on the value of the materials themselves. The elaborate pedigrees of the Cloptons and others must have cost Mr. Bellew much labour, and they exhibit a patience in research highly creditable to him, an earnestness in a dreary occupation we should hardly have anticipated from a writer whose attention has heretofore been devoted to a widely different branch of literature. We leave it to others who are inclined to repeat the same arduous task to test their accuracy. But with due submission, and with no desire to throw cold water on a maiden attempt in Shakspearian biography—believing that it is a field of research into which no man of talent can enter without being a labourer of some use—we would ask, where is it all to end if we are to have, in a work on Shakspeare's House, the history of a family from the time of Henry the Second to the close of the last century, merely because some of its members happened at one time to own the poet's estate? We now refer to the Cloptons; but there is one person, who possessed New Place for a few years only, viz., from 1563 to 1567, respecting whom Mr. Bellew runs absolutely wild. The name of this unfortunate individual is *William Bott*. It is one doubtless heard for the first time by our readers, and they will hardly care to hear it again. We call him unfortunate, for Mr. Bellew, on the strength of an adverse affidavit—a poor ground on which to take away a man's posthumous reputation—sets him down as one of the biggest rogues in Stratford, and as getting hold of New Place by a bit of chicanery. For the latter opinion there is literally no ground whatever. It is a gratuitous conjecture, and we hardly wanted to know of the squabbles between Bott and Harper, or to be favoured with the copy of a long indenture between Clopton and Bott, whereby the latter became possessed, not of New Place, but of lands at Hampton, Old Stratford and Shottery. Such matters are, no doubt, useful and interesting to the local antiquary, but they have no relation to the history of Shakespeare, his family or estates. William Bott purchased New Place from Clopton in 1563, and he sold it to Underhill four years afterwards. This is all that need be said of the subject so far as a History of New Place is concerned; and we really cannot sympathize with Mr. Bellew in designating his discovery, at p. 77, of a relationship having existed between the Botts and Cloptons as "most important." It may be so to local pedigree hunters and small antiquaries; but in reference to Shakspearian biography it is of no importance at all.

We turn with pleasure from the notice of these excrescences to the curious and original part of the work,—a dissertation on the disputed autograph of Shakespeare on the fly-leaf of Florio's 'Montaigne,' now in the British Museum. Mr. Bellew, noticing the name of a former possessor of this volume to be one *A. Hales*, has attempted to connect him with the celebrated John Hales, whose well-known advocacy of Shakespeare forms one of the most curious episodes in the history of opinion on the writings of the poet during the seventeenth century. The suggestion is new, and it may turn out to be true. Mr. Bellew has shown a good deal of ingenuity in tracing the story of this volume. It is a curious subject, worthy of further investigation. We do not understand how the fact of John Hales leaving all his Eng-

lish books to Mrs. Dickenson, of Eton, proves that the Florio came after the testator's death to his younger brother Anthony; but if it can be shown that the A. Hales who owned the book belonged to a Warwickshire family, we think that it would be a more important evidence in favour of the authenticity of the volume as a relic of Shakspeare's library than the circumstance of its ownership by the "ever-memorable John."

NEW NOVELS.

Richard Langdon; or, Foreshadowed: a Novel. (Hurst & Blackett.)—The chief merit of 'Richard Langdon' consists in its filling one volume instead of three. Startling incidents succeed each other with electric rapidity. We have a ball, several proposals, a race-course, a murder, an attempted murder, a suicide and two weddings. Surely such matter might have furnished food for a whole circulating-library; and, as a necessary consequence when the incidents are so superabundant, the writing is weak and inferior. The minute descriptions of the toilettes to be found in these pages—the detail and affection with which the distinctions between "tulle" and "tarlatan," "double skirts" and "flounces" are dwelt on—make our thoughts involuntarily turn to a milliner as its possible author. The writer's ideas of life are probably based on the society to be met with in a second-rate country-town, which can boast of possessing a barrack and a garrison. Nothing can be worse than the *ton de garnison* that distinguishes most of the young ladies, who all revere the cavalry and despise the infantry—call the men by their surnames, and describe them as "good fellows" or "elegant young men." The scene opens with a ball at the house of Mr. Vandeleur, and the villain of the book appears on the stage in the person of Mr. Langdon—a clever, rich Sybarite of forty, who has lived much abroad, and who is less trifling and more gentleman-like in feeling than any other character in the book. The heroine, Camilla Beaumont, is an heiress, living with a widowed mother at Castle Beaumont, and is related to Mr. Langdon, who is the next heir of her property in the event of her dying unmarried; she is, of course, lovely, tall, "purely pale," with large eyes, masses of hair, and hands so small that it only required gloves of No. 6 to encase them (a moral impossibility, let it be known). Our heroine is, further, dreamy, unconventional, lady-like, and much imbued with German poetry, and all the wild, weird, unpractical ideas that accompany that train of reading. She has a dream, in which sundry vague presentiments of coming evil at last take a tangible shape in the form of Richard Langdon. Hatred and revenge are depicted on his countenance. She sees him wandering round some invalid's room, with a bottle in his hand labelled POISON, out of which he pours some drops into her cooling draught. At this point Camilla awakes, trembling; and this dream casts a spell over the future life of our morbidly sensitive heroine that gives the title to the book. It need scarcely be told that Mr. Langdon (already much straitened in his finances from his lavish expenditure) indulged the long-cherished hope of marrying Camilla for the sake of her money; and though she had long leant on him as her nearest male relative, and looked up to him for the superiority of his mind and his apparent worth of character, yet since this strange haunting dream she has felt a repugnance to his society and a fear of him, which induced him to withdraw for a time, hoping that absence may effect a change in her feelings. We then see him in his own home, Eaglesdean, which possesses everything that a luxurious, self-indulgent and accomplished man can devise, through the mixture of "Turkish divans, Æolian harps, crystal fountains pouring perfumes, alabaster lamps, marble statues, river nymphs, with goblets, flowers, and cigars." After much preparation, a proposal is made by Richard Langdon to Camilla, in "trisyllabic adjectives," during a walk on a cliff, which is received with the utmost composure by her, and replied to in suitable language; and from the length and unexpressiveness of the words employed, it might have been copied

from 'The Polite Letter-Writer' or some such source. She requires a week to consider her decision, and, perfectly unmoved, the pair of lovers continue their walk. She loses her footing in gathering a flower at the edge of a precipice, and clutching a rose-bush which conveniently grows hard by, hung for some seconds before her enamoured swain could make up his mind whether to save her, or let her fall over, which would cut the Gordian knot of all his difficulties. We are glad to say his better nature prevailed, and he pulled her up and laid her fainting on the grass. Yet she has the heart to refuse him. There is a vast deal of love and crime in the book; the story is clumsily and badly put together, and we find a great want of freshness in the descriptions. We recommend the writer to take more pains in future with the composition and development of his plot, and to content himself with one-half the incidents.

Countess Kate. By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' (Mozley.)—Countess Kate is a little girl who at the opening of the story springs to the style and dignity of Countess of Caerwent, from the humble position of plain Kate Umfraville, an orphan dependent for protection and education on her charitable uncle, Mr. Wardour, who is the clergyman of St. James's, Oldburgh. On her elevation to the peerage, Kate is taken from the country parsonage, and brought to London, where she is placed under the charge of two excessively decorous old-maid aunts, Ladies Barbara and Jane Umfraville, who live in Bruton Street, and by the aid of carriage, horses, butler, and lady's-maid, protect their delicate constitutions and patrician tastes from close intercourse with the vulgar. The principal fun of the tale turns on the excruciating torture which these fastidious gentlemen experience in witnessing and vainly endeavouring to correct the hoydenish manners and rustic style of the niece who, in a scarcely intelligible manner, has become the possessor of the family honours. Goaded into fury by Aunt Barbara's incessant reproofs and lectures, Countess Kate seizes an opportunity for escaping from the genteel captivity of Bruton Street, slips on bonnet and cloak, runs to the nearest cab, drives to a railway station, and makes good speed to her old friends at Oldburgh, where she is received with as much surprise as kindness. What more is told of little Kate's adventures we need not indicate. The story will amuse children; and here and there it contains a scrap of good writing and pleasant reading, but upon the whole it deserves more censure than praise. Readers will complain with reason, who buy 'Countess Kate,' trusting that it has some of the good qualities which won deserved popularity for 'The Heir of Redclyffe.'

A Great Mistake. By the Author of 'Palgrave of Sycamore.' (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—The scene opens at a German town, where Mr. Myers is arranging the purchase of a house and property, and preparing manifestly to make a great mistake; for, as his companions said of him, "these foreigners come to places of this sort to sow a plentiful crop of fallacious hopes, and reap a plentiful harvest of disappointment." Mr. Myers was a planter, and his wife and daughter Carmen were natives of Cuba. They soon found the German town unbearably dull, so a sort of companion or governess, Mdlle. Delphine de Lorist, was engaged for Carmen. She is a shrewd, questionable person, and is described as being possessed of "bold black eyes, *nez retroussé*, coral lips, and off-hand manner, with which she quite dazzled and fascinated her new associates." But it being quickly discovered that she was an impostor, Mademoiselle is dismissed, and Carmen is sent to learn manners under the tutelage of Miss Compton. This lady gives her good and sensible advice at times. But the only object in life set before her by her parents was to get married; and as her father says, "when Carmen marries, she marries a coronet." On this subject Miss Compton speaks with more sense than would be looked for in the pages of 'A Great Mistake.' She says: "Never commit the great mistake of marrying purely from ambitious motives. Those only can endure the trials of such a bondage who do not mind a rebuff now and then, but battle on boldly and manfully, constantly struggling for their rights." No doubt

all this was applicable to the heroine of this tale. And Miss Compton adds: "Sham and pretence are the order of the day: every one is striving to be uppermost. But however natural the desire to rise may be, it has often led to the swallowing the gilded hook, whose iron has entered the very soul." This was all good advice in its way; but it would have interfered with the tale if it had been of any use, for Carmen had already conceived an affection for one Harold, a Dane, who turns out to be a count, and she eventually marries him. But it was "a great mistake"; and within a very short time the count commits suicide, and Carmen dies. There is but very little plot in the story, and that little is of an inferior stamp. The characters seem to be, for the most part, taken from a second-rate German watering-place; they are but poorly delineated, and proportionately uninteresting. And upon the whole the tale is very properly entitled 'A Great Mistake.'

Family Troubles: a Story. By Charlotte Hardcastle. 2 vols. (Newby.)—'Family Troubles,' true to its title, commences with a description of a wedding, with an unwilling bridegroom and an ill-advised bride; and a year is hardly passed when welcome Death comes to bring her the "total forgetfulness and unbroken sleep" which she hopes to attain for herself and her infant. The prospect, however, brightens within little more than two years, when Arnold Wilton stands before the altar for the second time, and is united in marriage to Alice Fielding. Her character is very justly drawn as a woman of good sense, warm feelings, quick perceptions, and the utmost delicacy and purity of mind. Hers, although by no means remarkable, is a quiet and well-sustained character throughout the story. This is especially shown in her conscientious care and attachment to Wilton's child by his first wife, no less than to her own son. In fact, upon the whole, matters seem to go so smoothly that the tale hardly can be called a relation of "family troubles" so much as of the vexations and annoyances of certain individuals.

Beatrice Sforza; or, the Progress of Truth. By William Brewer, M.D. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—It is, perhaps, rather a recommendation in what may be classed under the head of historical novels, if they are so written that they cannot, by any chance, mislead even a desultory reader of history; and this is more especially desirable when the events are recorded, for the most part, in an entertaining style. 'Beatrice Sforza' is successful in these particulars; for it abounds with a multitude of great historical names, which can only be grouped together in defiance of impossibilities and anachronisms. The tale opens with an entertainment given by Lord Oxford in celebration of the birthday of the sister of King Henry the Eighth. Amongst the company, as the reporter would say, we observed the Duke of Suffolk, Lord Berners, Louis d'Orleans, the Seigneur de Bayard, the Imperial Prince of the House of Hapsburg, Reginald de Comines, King Henry the Eighth, Thomas Wolsey and Katharine of Arragon. These characters taken severally are very fairly drawn, making allowance for whatever bias the author may have with regard to any of them. Amongst the ladies are the sister of King Henry and her attendant, Lady Kate Piercy: the former being betrothed to the King of France, and shortly after our introduction to her she starts on her journey, accompanied by a gorgeous cavalcade, which was to conduct her to the English coast on her way to Abbeville. But there being "many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," her journey was, at the outset, prevented by an untoward accident; and this is the occasion for introducing others of the principal personages in the tale. Amongst them was Henry Herbert, who rescued Lady Kate Piercy when falling from her horse in the procession. Unwittingly, he was in a great measure the cause of the disturbance as well; for he had been the author of some rhymes, which were being sung amongst the waiting crowd, and were considered dangerous by the authorities. Notwithstanding his rescue of the lady, and her speedy revival under the care of Dr. Butts, who was "learned and simple-minded, an honest adviser, and yet a Court physician," he was committed to prison for his disloyal rhymes.

Eventually, he became an equerry to the Princess. But in prison he met with Master Ritznow (one of the best-drawn characters in the book), who, on his first entrance, improves the occasion with several reminiscences in history, both sacred and profane, arising out of the question whether Jerome of Prague was a heretic or not. Shortly we are thrown into a goodly company of such notable men as Erasmus, Gustavus Vasa, Luther, Ignatius Loyola, with a multitude of great personages, both English and French. As the tale proceeds there is less need of the use of a multitude of grand historical characters, whilst those who remain pass through adventures, some startling and some commonplace. Amongst the latter, where personal suffering has to be endured, there is always a physician or a skilled leech ready at hand to render the desired assistance. On one occasion, the heroine needs the skill of an aurist, and the remedies supplied prove perfectly efficacious. But this is not the only good fortune which befell Beatrice Sforza, for she proves to be the daughter of a prince, having been stolen or mislaid in her infancy. She is rescued from heresy by the means of Ritznow, refuses the hand of Lorenzo de' Medici, and eventually becomes the wife of Sir Henry Herbert. The various incidents which occur before arriving at the desired end are recounted in a startling and attractive manner, whilst a number of great personages are only introduced for the sake of their names.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Advertis. How! When! Where! By William Smith. (Routledge, Warne & Routledge.)—The gaudy scarlet and yellow exterior of Mr. Smith's manual on the art of advertising is less to be commended than its amusing pages, which contain many good hints for the guidance of advertising tradesmen, and many curious facts for collectors of stories illustrating London life at the present day. Printed puffs were common in Charles the Second's London,—much more so, indeed, than Mr. Smith seems to be aware of, since he mentions Jonathan Holder, the advertising haberdasher, but does not remark on the hand-bills which the quack doctors and dealers in nostrums (who were Holder's contemporaries) used to distribute amongst the public. In 1679 Jonathan Holder's "Great Novelty" was the neatly printed list of trade articles, with prices annexed, which he used to give to every customer who laid out one guinea at his shop. The paper, from which Mr. Smith obtained his knowledge of Holder's enterprising conduct remarks that "it would be the utter destruction of trade if tradesmen lavished so much of their capital in printing useless bills." But hand-bills of ruder manufacture were well known in London before that date. When Dr. Thomas Saffold ended his long career of not disinterested benevolence in 1691, a satirical broadsheet alluding to his puff-bills called on the world to mourn for the loss of one

So skilled in drugs and verse, 'twas hard to show it,
Whether was best, the doctor or the poet.

With the greater diffusion of education amongst the people, and steadily increasing facilities for advertising, the fashion of seeking customers by means of printed statements has grown more and more general. Mr. Smith maintains that the extreme limit of the system has by no means been reached at present, and urges the public to have more confidence in it than ever. "A man," he says, "is culpable, insane and wilfully blind to his own interest, if, from a penurious or nervous feeling, he neglects to take advantage of the means which advertising offers him of increasing his connexions. * * No trade or calling at the present time can afford not to advertise." And few men can speak with greater authority on the subject than Mr. Smith, who, while 'The Dead Heart' was running at the Adelphi Theatre, sent out in London and the country 10,000,000 adhesive labels, 30,000 small cuts of the Guillotine scene, 5,000 reams of note-paper, 110,000 business envelopes, 60,000 pence envelopes, 2,000 six-sheet cuts of Bastille scene, 5,000,000 hand-bills, 1,000 six-sheet posters, 500 slips, 1,000,000 cards, the shape of a heart, 100 twenty-eight sheet posters, 20,000 folio cards for shop-windows, exclusive of newspaper wrappers,

cards for the performance in several of the Dublin, Edinburgh, America, Peninsular, Oriental and Australian boats; and every Friday and Saturday 1,500 hand-bills folded in various papers that were sent all over the country. Of the 10,000,000 adhesive labels, many were fixed by practical jokers on the clothes of unsuspecting friends, who were thus made to walk about London, doing duty as placard-bearers. "My husband," wrote one indignant wife to Mr. Smith, "went out last evening to a public dinner, and when he returned home at twenty minutes to two, perfectly sober, I found on his best dress-coat a piece of paper pasted on with the words 'The Dead Heart,' and three in the inside of his hat. I am surprised at your sanctioning such proceedings." Amongst other instances of theatrical advertising the author cites the case of Mr. Falconer, who in London alone distributed 3,000,000 of his 'Peep o' Day' cards in the course of twelve months. In 1862, Thomas Holloway, the medicine-seller, spent 40,000*l.* in advertisements. And yet the system has not reached its limit! Some trades, it is maintained, are remarkable for neglecting to puff, and amongst them, in Mr. Smith's opinion, are cabinet-makers, picture-frame makers, coffee-shops, china-shops, floor-cloth manufacturers, bed and mattress warehouses and harness and saddle makers. With good judgment, Mr. Smith observes that costermongers suffer from their unobtrusive temper. "In summer especially they should let their address be known to the buyers of flowers and plants. Many a shilling is lost from the fact that 'the lady of the house' or the 'missis,' has been looking all the morning for her flower-man, and he has not been round when she wants a fuchsia or rose-plant to fill out her stand." Amongst his many specimens of eccentric advertisements Mr. Smith gives none more laughable than the epitaph in a north-country churchyard which runs, "Sacred to the memory of John Roberts, stonemason and tomb-cutter, who died on Saturday, October the 8th, 1800. N.B. the business carried on by the widow, at No. 1, Freshfield Place." The most important of the reforms which Mr. Smith would like to introduce in trade-advertising is one that especially concerns trade-cards. In his opinion every tradesman ought to have "a card" cut in the shape of his "special article of sale." Thus a poulterer, famous for turkeys, ought to have a card cut in the shape of a turkey; the vintner's card ought to resemble a bottle; a tailor should put his address on a card-board paletot or pair of trousers; a fishmonger might have his card cut so as to represent a lobster. Of course there is little originality in a proposal which aims at nothing more than a revival of "sign advertising"; but the suggestion is good as a reminder, and might be turned to profit. In some passages of his treatise the writer's enthusiasm clearly carries him away, and leads him to over-estimate the power of puffery. Thus he concludes an account of a long walk through London, in which he accepted from bill-distributors 250 bills, with saying, "The average number of pedestrians that would pass the bill-deliverers in the route given, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. would amount to 40,000 (that is certainly under the mark). If only one-half of the passers-by took half the bills given away, the number distributed would amount, in the nine hours, to 2,300,000." A minute's reflection must satisfy the author that the assumed proportion of receivers to rejectors, on which this calculation is based, is far too high.

The Earl's Choice; and Other Poems. By Sir William à Beckett, late Chief Justice of Victoria. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—No story can be simpler than that of 'The Earl's Choice.' Lord Valmont, a nobleman of refined tastes but aristocratic prejudices, falls in love with Lucille Grantley, the sister of an artist and the daughter of a tradesman. The Earl's pride of birth proving weaker than his passion, he offers his hand to the lady, who, as it happens, has a pride of her own, and objects to enter into a family which might despise her origin. Eventually, however, she yields to the ardour of her suitor; but a new difficulty has to be encountered in the stern resistance of Lady Valmont, the Earl's mother. So intense is the dowager's mortification at her son's choice that a dangerous illness

ensues. At this crisis, Lucille herself repairs in disguise to the sick woman's house, and nurses her during her malady. Touched by the devotion of her unknown attendant, the haughty Lady Valmont becomes deeply attached to her, and, on the discovery of Lucille's true position, is prepared to welcome her as a daughter. There is a vein of romance in this little tale that interests the reader in spite of a diffuse style. But as no attempt has been made to invest the subject with the charm of fancy it would surely have been better to treat of it in prose. The author writes at an unnecessary disadvantage who imposes upon himself the shackles of verse without relieving them by the graces of imagination. So level and unadorned is the present narrative that no extract from it will account for the pleasant impression which it leaves as a whole. This effect is in a great measure due to the fresh and generous feeling which the writer everywhere displays. The following apostrophe to Woman will exemplify both his sound moral tone and his prolixity of manner:—

O sex of which it is the Briton's boast
That, in his land, thy noblest image dwells,
Believing with a fervent faith that there
Woman is dearest, purest, fairest found—
Domestic idol of each lordly home
And lowly cot—what'er thy station be—
Above it, e'er remember is thyself!
The "wheel of fortune neither love nor hate,"
And thou, dear lady, who art placed above
The wants that bow thy humbler sister down,
And tastest joys which she may never know,
Make not the barrier wider than it is
'Twixt her and thee, by apathy or scorn;
Let not the icy breath of Custom chill
Thy woman's heart, nor its imperious tone
Silence the voice of thy diviner mind:
Spite of the bonds in which it strives to hold thee,
And of the worship which the world demands
From all for this its idol; no more respect
Do thou, than may become a gentle heart
And honest mind, accord it; its fit due
Rightly discerning, pay; nay, e'en allow
Occasional exactions—for to yield,
In naught that injures truth or modesty,
Rather than, by resistance, harsh remark
Or misconception risk, were wisdom's part.
But never let its menaces scare thy soul
From off its pedestal, nor there to swerve
Beyond its balance; despot though it be
Of power almost omnipotent, should it dare
Wrong to thyself or others counsel, defy it,
And He, who is Omnipotence entire,
Shall come beside thee with a viewless strength,
And steady thee with his Almighty arm,
Till thou shalt stand more firmly fixed than ever
Against the aim of every hostile shaft
That would detach thee from thy chosen height.

—Some of the remaining poems show traces of the fancy in which 'The Earl's Choice' is deficient. But the chief merit of the volume is its liberal and unconventional spirit. Without adopting all Sir William à Beckett's conclusions, we invariably respect the feelings that prompt them.

Poems. By Frederick G. Tuckerman. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This volume is rich in the materials of poetry, though they are by no means turned to the best account. In his longer poems, Mr. Tuckerman loves to brood over the mysteries of human life and to trace its developments through the agency of suffering. But the conditions under which he expects us to feel and perceive are so imperfectly made out, that we guess at his meaning rather than apprehend it. His style, moreover, is diffuse as well as vague, and, although kindling at times into force and even brilliancy of expression, the fire smoulders long before it bursts into flame. A few of the poems, founded on anecdote or legend, are free from the prevailing ambiguity; but, unfortunately, when Mr. Tuckerman writes plainly, he ceases to be imaginative, and when he attains to imagination he becomes obscure. The sonnet which we are about to quote combines clearness of idea with poetic imagery to a greater extent than usual:—

As when, down some broad River dropping, we,
Day after day, behold the assuming shores
Sink and grow dim, as the great Water-course
Pushes his banks apart and seeks the sea;
Benches of pines, high shelf and balcony,
To flats of willow and low sycamores
Subsiding, till, where'er the wave we see,
Himself & his horizon utterly:
So fades & he portion of our early world.
Still on the ambient hangs the purple air;
Yet, while we lean to read the secret there,
The stream that by green shore-sides splashed and purled
Expands; the mountains melt to vapors rare,
And life alone circles out flat and bare.

—A painstaking reader may discover in the book many other proofs of fancy and descriptive power; but he will rarely find them connected with that vigorous outline of a whole which gives unity and significance to details.

Poems. By Thomas Wilson. (Glasgow, Murray & Son.)—The chief poem in this collection is a dramatic one, in which murders are planned on the smallest temptations, and frustrated by the sheer folly of the would-be perpetrators. The reader may here learn, if he choose, how Sir Ralph Meredith becomes largely indebted to an insidious lawyer; how that crafty knave, at length, throws off the mask, and, as the price of his forbearance, claims the hand of Sir Ralph's daughter; how Sir Ralph, resenting this demand of his creditor, employs a convenient outlaw to murder him. When this knowledge has been acquired, the student may gain some insight into the means by which guilty schemes are usually baffled or detected. He will find that the rogue who plans a murder generally sends written directions to the rogue who is to execute it; that it is the habit of the latter to carry them on his person; that the proposed victim, shrewdly aware of his danger, commonly provides himself with a pistol to meet contingencies, and in the issue not only slays his aggressor, but extorts from him the document which convicts his accomplice. This dramatic poem abounds in other details no less true to the probabilities of human motive and conduct. Mr. Wilson can write descriptive passages worthy of a less absurd plot; but, as a dramatist, he has the very rudiments of his art to acquire. His men and women are not, as they should be, characters unfolding themselves in action, but mere puppets for the production of events.

Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian. By T. W. Jackson. (Trübner & Co.)—The author is no such phrenologist as those who profess to determine individual character from the minutest preponderances of one part of the brain over another. "Ethnologists," he says, "are beginning to confess, that as the osteology of the foot determines the walk, so that of the cranium indicates the thought. This is all we ask. The principle is granted, and the details, to the minutest shade which the phrenologist could desire, will follow in due course." Though somewhat discursive, we have found this book to abound in striking aspects of thought and points of remark: with some prophecy of a dangerously bold character, its predictions are ingeniously supported. To the large number who have no notion of the extent of the "proper study of mankind," this volume would be an easy and pleasant preliminary to more systematic studies.

The Six Standards of Arithmetic. Standard II. By W. M'Leod. (Longman & Co.)—This second part goes as far as subtraction.

"Essays and Reviews," Their Origin, History, General Character and Significance, Persecution, Prosecution, the Judgment of the Arches Court, —Review of Judgment. By the Rev. R. B. Kennard. (Hardwicke.)—The Essays and Reviews here find an historian, who goes all lengths in his approbation of them. He even stands by their theory of subscription. We are not inclined to place confidence in so thoroughgoing a partisan. The equivocations—for they are nothing better—on the meaning of the subscription are the disgrace of a book which is, we believe, destined to be remembered as having done much good.

An Attempt to Assign the Square Roots of Negative Powers. By F. H. Laing. (Virtue, Brothers.)—Mr. Laing seems to know nothing of the present state of this question, at least he makes no reference to it. His own theory is a wild one: the two factors which compose $-a^2$ are not equal, as he admits.

The Englishman's Illustrated Pocket Guide to Paris and its Neighbourhood. By Fernand Strauss, R.A. (Ward & Lock.)—Mr. Fernand Strauss deserves a faint word of qualified recommendation. To those who "know Paris" his hand-book will appear a sorry piece of workmanship; but to tourists of the humbler classes, visiting the French capital for the first time without letters of introduction, and without initiated travelling compan-

ions, it might prove of greater service than a more complete and expensive manual. From the merits not less than the demerits of Mr. Strauss's hints for spending "Eight Days in Paris," we infer that he is a comparatively inexperienced traveller, who having won new knowledge in a brief first trip to the city on the Seine, wishes to use it for the instruction of others. Anyhow, he opens with a good piece of advice—"Arrival in Paris.—Before leaving the train be careful not to forget anything in it; look after your luggage." In the same spirit the guide at the close of his eighth day says, "Take care of your tickets, and good bye."

Of miscellaneous publications we have to record *Greece: her Past Condition under King Otho, her Present Requirements and Tendencies and Future Prospects: with a few Words about the Movement in favour of Prince Alfred's Election as King of Greece*, by A. J. Koulouriotis (Harrison).—*Greece: its Condition, Prospects, and Resources*, by E. Strickland (Ridgway).—*Seizure by the Japanese of Mr. Moss, and his Treatment by the Consul-General (Ridgway)*.—*Armour-Clad Ships at Shoeburyness; also, a New Principle of Construction*, by J. Jecks (Stanford).—*Guide to the Recovery of Scotch Debts, and Popular Exposition of the Law of Insolvency and Bankruptcy in Scotland*, by J. Murdoch (Blackwood).—*A Few More Words about Gold*, by E. H. Browne (Groombridge).—*Banking in Turkey*, by J. Farley (Wilson).—*Remarks on Mr. G. Peabody's Letter to the Five Trustees of his Munificent Gift of £50,000, for the Use of the Poor of London*, by Congress (Tressider).—*The Consumptive Poor of South London*, by Dr. Ladd (Pigott).—*Earlwood and its Inmates, a Lecture*, by the Rev. E. Sidney (Gray & Warren).—*A Voyage Round the World, under the Facilities afforded for Travel in the Present Day: a Lecture*, by A. Gibson (Brechin, Burns).—*Biography; its Lessons, and the Advantages of its Systematic Study, an Essay*, by "Clement" (Houlston & Wright).—*Four Centuries of Modern Europe*, by T. B. Bishop (Freeman).—*Inaugural Address delivered to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh*, by their President J. Moncreiff (Edmonston & Douglas).—*The Devon County School: its Objects, Cost, and Studies—Letters by Earl Fortescue, Prebendary Brereton, and the Head-Master (Ridgway)*.—*The Social and Political Bearings of the American Disruption*, by A. J. B. Beresford Hope (Ridgway).—*Social Waste and Waste Lands, Flax v. Slave-Grown Cotton*, by Ajax (Simpkin).—*Indian Cotton Supply, the only Effectual and Permanent Measure for Relief to Lancashire*, by A. C. Brice (Smith, Elder & Co.).—*India, China, England's Mission to the East*, by S. Laing (Saunders, Otley & Co.).—*Our Military Administration, Past and Present, considered in a Letter to the Premier*, by W. O. (Stanford).—*The Sugar Duties Discussed*, by Henry Nelson (Smith, Elder & Co.).—*Natal: a Practical Guide to that British Dependency in South-Eastern Africa*, by John Robinson (G. Street).—*English Convicts Before and After their Discharge*, by W. Bayne Ranken (Longman).—*How to Carve and How to Serve a Dinner* (Blake), and *Medical Psychology*, by R. Dunn (Churchill).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Allison's Child's French Friend, 15th ed. 18mo. 2/6 cl.
Anderson (John), Life of, edit. by Tweilretrees, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Barrère, Les Ecritains Français, leur Vie et leurs Œuvres, 6/6 cl.
Bible in the Workshop, Pt. 2, by Two Working Men, cr. 8vo. 1/6
Blunt's Coincidences of Old and New Testament, 8th ed. 8vo. 6/6
Byron's Poetical Works, illustrated new edit. 12mo. 3/6 cl. 6/6
Campin's Engineer's Pocket Remembrancer, cr. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
Chronica Monasterii S. Albani, edit. by Riley, Vol. 1, 10/6 hf. bd.
Coker's Little Crews, and How to Use them, 16mo. 2/6 cl.
Cotton, and the Want of it, 16mo. 1/6 swd.
Crothwaite's Historical Passages in the Book of Daniel, 12mo. 7/6
Curtis's Chronological Tables, Illustrative of English History, 2/6
Dalgleish's English Composition in Prose and Verse, 18mo. 2/6 cl.
Dana's Seaman's Manual, by Brown, 9th ed. cr. 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Davidson's Introduction to the Old Testament, Vol. 3, 8vo. 14/6 cl.
De Montalembert's The Insurrection of Poland, 8vo. 1/6 swd.
Eokley's Light on Dark Days, or Meditations for Lent, 18mo. 1/6
Fawcett's Manual of Political Economy, cr. 8vo. 12/6 cl.
Federic's Slave Life in Virginia and Kentucky, 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Fruits of Enterprise, Travels of Belzoni, new edit. 18mo. 3/6 cl.
Gardiner's History of England, 1803-1816, 3 vols. 8vo. 30/6 cl.
Gassner (Pastor), His Life, Labours and Persecutions, 8vo. 1/6
Giffard's Deeds of Naval Daring, new edit. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Goulbourn's Manual of Confirmation, 4th ed. 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Gullistan, The, of Shaikh Sadi of Shiraz, new ed. by Johnson, 15/6
Hamilton's Resources of a Nation, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Holbrey's Value, its Nature, Kinds, &c., 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Jackson's New Check Journal, 12th ed. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
James's Novels, "The Bazaar," 8vo. 1/6 swd.
Kant's Four Boundaries of Reason, edited by Wood, new edit. 12mo. 3/6
Keats's Poetical Works, with Memoir by Milnes, new edit. 5/6 cl.
Kindly Hints on Woman's Cottage Life, 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Kingley's Hygiene, or New Foes with an Old Face, 4th ed. 6/6 cl.
Landel's Girls' Own Toy-Maker, 3rd ed. roy. 12mo. 2/6 cl.

Lane's My Good-for-Nothing Brother, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Little by Little, Graduated Lessons in Reading Music, 3/6 cl.
London Merchant Shippers' Directory, 3rd Year, 18mo. 1/6 swd.
Lytton's Dramatic Works, new edit. 8vo. 6/6 cl.
M'Cauley's Examination of Sp. Colenso's Difficulties, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
Macleod's Dictionary of Political Economy, Vol. 1, imp. 8vo. 30/6
Moon's The Pentateuch, Objections of the Bishop of Natal, 8vo. 6/6
Morris's History of British Birds, Vol. 2, cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Observations on the Treatment of Councils in Ireland, 2nd ed. 1/6
Osborne's The South as it is, cr. 8vo. 8/6 cl.
Page's The Protestants of Sp. Colenso Considered, 8vo. 5/6 cl.
Parker's (Theo.) Collected Works, Vol. 3, Sermons, Prayers, 6/6 cl.
Pentateuch (The) and Writings of Moses Defended, 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Ponset's Prince of Wales' First French Book, new ed. 18mo. 1/6 cl.
St. James's Magazine, Vol. 6, 8vo. 5/6 cl.
Scott's Poetical Works, illust. new edit. 18mo. 3/6 cl. 6/6
Shakespeare, Works of, edited by Clark and Glover, Vol. 1, 10/6
Sheriff's Single Entry Book-Keeping, Proof Balance, roy. 5/6
Smith's 'Godwin' The Empire, Letters pub. in Daily News, 1838-9, 6/6
Stanley's Sermons preached before the Prince of Wales, 8vo. 9/6 cl.
Tennyson's Poems, 12th ed. 8vo. 9/6 cl.
Thoughts of the Day, or the World and the Cross, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
Tomlinson's Experimental Essays, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Turnbull's Tables of Compound Interest and Annuities, 12/6 cl.
Twiden's Elementary Introduction to Practical Mechanics, 10/6
Walkingame's Tutor's Companion, by Butler, new edit. 1/6 cl.
Watson's Theory and Practice of the Art of Weaving, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Weller's Dictionary, English & French and French & English, 7/6
White's History, Gazetteer and Directory of Essex, 2nd ed. 12/6
Wiseman's Points of Contact between Science and Art, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Woodfall's Law of Landlord and Tenant, 8th ed. by Cole, 25/6 cl.

MARRIAGE ODES.

March 17, 1863.

AMONG the love-songs and marriage-odes to which the late happy event has given rise, I have been surprised at seeing no allusion to Scott's exquisite song, 'A Danish Maid for Me.' For the benefit of those readers of the *Athenæum* who are not familiar with 'Harold the Dauntless,' the song may, perhaps with advantage be copied here. It will be remarked that the speaker is a Dane; and that the first four lines refer to an English girl, one of the persons of the drama. The description of the Danish maid may be applied without change to the Princess of Wales. A. B. G.

"She may be fair," he sang, "but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heart should own no foreign charms,—
A Danish maid for me.

"I love my father's northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic's echoing strand
Looks o'er each grassy sun.
I love to mark the glinging oon
From Denmark loth to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

"But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple health to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blends that shade of gold
With the cheek's rosy hue;
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

"'Tis hers, the manly sports to love
That Southern maidens fear;
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter's spear.
She can her chosen champion's fight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me."

THE CHARACTER OF MRS. SIDDONS.

14, Bachenheimer Anlage, Frankfurt-am-Main,
March 15, 1863.

DURING a sojourn of some three years on the Continent your journal has been the one most constantly attainable by me, and its advertisements of course very interesting—that of Dr. Whalley's 'Memoirs' not least so.

Some weeks ago (on what occasion I forget) the epithet "astute"—applied to my mother, Sarah Siddons, in that journal was irresistibly ludicrous from its grotesque misapplication to a woman known by her friends and intimates as the direct reverse—as one of the simplest, the highest-minded—and the least able to encounter or combat the crooked ways of the world.

The same epithet introduced into the critique of Dr. Whalley's 'Memoirs' in the *Athenæum* of the 7th of March, may reasonably be attributed to the same hand, the word being an unusual one.

However that may be, I prefer appealing to you to reconsider the epithet, and to inform yourself what ground there may be so to designate a character which, thirty years ago, would have found as

many defenders as assaulters, although I may now appear its single champion! I prefer this to holding any communication with the compiler of those Memoirs, who has published the *private* letter of a lady, writing to an intimate friend, and distinctly saying, "This is in confidence; therefore, your finger on your lips, I pray"; and who deliberately puts forth the crude prejudices of a stranger in Ireland as the opinions of one well able to judge of national character.

I could myself have once furnished letters proving that my mother, on subsequent visits to Ireland, appreciated the friendship and hospitality of some of its first and finest children.

With regard to my mother's general character, its virtues and defects still live in the memory and on the pages of many an esteemed authority; but seldom has been classed among them the "astuteness" of a worldly mind. So entirely was the contrary the fact, that some of her descendants might now have been in different positions had she been even ordinarily alert as to her own interests; and as to the flattery of patrons, she was far oftener guilty of risking the *loss* of patrons, by a sincerity which might have been called unnecessary.

Was the woman of whom Mrs. Jameson truly wrote that "she was credulous—simple to an extraordinary degree"—and "heaven is not further from earth than she was from falsehood"—and "in some things Mrs. Siddons was like a child"—was she likely to be distinguished as an "astute" character?

Passing over many other indications of questionable taste as well as authority in this article, I beg respectfully to recommend to the readers of the *Athenæum* to seek for a juster understanding of the character of Sarah Siddons in Mrs. Jameson's *brochure* than is to be found in the letters addressed to Dr. Whalley, if they are all selected with the like judgment which prompted the insertion of those in the above-named paper; and as a refutation (signed "A. P.") of some slanders of the Roman Catholics lately found place in the *Athenæum*, I rely on the same justice being allowed there to the present statement.

CECILIA COMBE.

HISTORICAL STUDY IN GERMANY.

March, 1863.

A report of the proceedings of the Historical Commission of the Munich Academy of Sciences lies before me, and I think it will be interesting to the readers of the *Athenæum* to have a short account of them. The Historical Commission is one of the many undertakings patronized by King Max., and its labours are important to the historian and the student of history. Dealing chiefly with the materials for future historical works,—ransacking archives, collecting letters and documents,—the members who composed the Commission could hardly expect sufficient support from the public, and but for the King's liberality they would have to employ their time in other pursuits than this of historical science. Juvenal's cynical remarks on the historians of his time are still applicable to every one who attempts to be the Columbus of history rather than the Americo Vespucci,—to draw his own materials from the fountain-head instead of making use of the discoveries of others. But the King of Bavaria devotes a considerable sum to forward the investigations of the Historical Commission; the first historians of Germany are members of it, and rising talent is employed in those researches which established fame has not the time to undertake; funds are provided to defray the cost of valuable publications, and prizes are offered for the best work produced on specified subjects. For instance, a prize of 2,000 florins is offered for a Handbook of German Antiquities; prizes amounting to 4,000 florins for various lives of distinguished Germans and distinguished or deserving Bavarians; 3,000 florins for a Critical History of Bavaria down to the Accession of the House of Wittelsbach; and 10,000 florins for a learned Handbook of German History from the first beginnings of historical knowledge down to the nineteenth century. The last-mentioned prize is by far the highest, as the subject proposed is the most important and the most difficult. It may well be

a question how far such an undertaking is likely to succeed. For some time past the historians of Germany have altogether ceased to attempt general histories, and the custom of treating separate periods has become almost universal. Ranke's 'History of France' begins late and ends early; and all his title-pages bear the words "chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." In the list of historical works on Germany given by the chief German book of reference, 'The Conversations-Lexikon,' I find only four general histories amidst a mass of writings on detached periods, and all the names of eminence are among the detached periods. Even the Germans must recognize the necessity of original research being confined within certain bounds, and cannot expect any one man to master the whole field of science. It is thus generally accepted that many men shall work up the materials, and one make a compilation from them. But this is not the object proposed by the Historical Commission; or if a compilation is proposed, it is one of so learned a nature that it needs more study than twenty original histories. "The general course of German history is to be specially observed; but at the same time the territorial development in each epoch must be considered. In the work, as a whole as well as in its separate points, the present state and the results of scientific research must be clearly and decidedly shown. Decisive references are to be given. The work need make no pretensions to artistic presentation; but it must be intelligible and instructive, without losing itself in minuteness of details. The abundant and difficult materials that exist may perhaps be compressed into six volumes. It is evident that several years must be given to the execution of this task; and during those years a learned man in every way competent would have to devote the full force of his energies to it." I transcribe the conditions with wonder. It would hardly be too much to employ the first historian on such a task; and if it were executed so that the public were willing to give the prize, 10,000*l.* would be nearer the mark than 10,000 florins.

The present achievements of the Historical Commission afford some guarantee that such a work will be executed if it is possible. The number of books already published or approaching completion, the light they shed upon points that were dark and baffling, the subjects that are being wrought by so many members, the archives that have been searched and the papers that have been discovered, are the most satisfactory indications of resolution and completeness. In the last sitting of the Commission, which was presided over by Ranke and attended by all the members except Von Sybel, reports were made of the collections of municipal and communal charters, proceedings of the Imperial Diet, chronicles of German towns, popular songs arranged historically, correspondence of Wittelsbach Princes, year-books of German history, researches into German history, records of sciences in Germany. Twenty-two men of scientific eminence are at work on the last division; the eminent jurist Dr. Bluntschli has undertaken the history of Political Science, and M. Döllinger the introduction to the history of Catholic Theology. Jacob Grimm made a report on the publication of the *Weisthümer*—the old collections of municipal laws, which are valued as the spring of all German national privileges, preserving as they do the traditions and usages of the remotest antiquity. For the collection of the proceedings of the Imperial Diet the archives of twenty-nine towns were ransacked, and that of Strasbourg afforded a considerable booty. The time from 1395 to 1411 is tolerably complete; the papers of those years will fill a volume and throw much light on the doings in the Empire during that period. The records of the Hanseatic League are far advanced, under the superintendence of Dr. Lappenberg. The first volume of the 'Chronicles of German Towns' has been published by Prof. Hegel, and contains Nuremberg Chronicles; the second volume is nearly ready, and is said to be still more important, as showing clearly the relations in which the Emperors stood to the Imperial towns. Four volumes in all will take the Nuremberg Chronicles down to the end of the fifteenth century, and very great stress is laid on

the value of the whole collection. The correspondence of the Wittelsbach Princes from 1550 to 1650 is divided into three parts, under the care of Professors Cornelius, Löher and Von Sybel. Prof. Von Sybel undertook the correspondence of the Electors Palatine; and the discoveries made by Sybel's deputy comprised a mass of letters between the Electors Palatine and the other Protestant Princes. These letters were found in the Archives of Munich and Cassel, and pointed to a defensive alliance formed by the Protestant Princes of Europe at the suggestion of Frederick the Second. Of this alliance Heidelberg was the centre point, as Munich was the centre of the league formed in opposition by the Catholic Princes. Prof. Löher, whose journey to Brussels and the Hague has already been mentioned in the *Athenæum*, discovered a great deal of the correspondence of the Catholic Princes in those archives. The letters that passed between the Wittelsbach Princes and Philip the Second, from the time of his accession, are said to be especially notable; and a rich correspondence exists with Alva, during his government of the Netherlands. But there is scarcely an important European personage who is not represented in this mass of material, the publication of which cannot fail to add much to our knowledge of so interesting a time. Prof. Cornelius lighted on a series of papers of the League in the Archives of Wurzburg, and at Bernburg an extensive and well-connected correspondence of Duke Christian of Anhalt. Of the year-books or annals of German history, three volumes have been published,—Prof. Dümmler's 'History of the East Frankish Empire,' vols. 1 and 2, and the first volume of the 'Annals of the German Empire under Henry the Second,' by the late Prof. Hirsch, of Berlin. Prof. Dümmler's two volumes contain the fifty years' reign of Louis the German. The second volume of 'Researches into German History,' under the direction of Prof. Waitz, of Göttingen, is just completed, and contains minor historical works, such as a history of the League of the Swabian towns from 1376 to 1389, the League of the Saxon towns between the Elbe and the Weeser to the end of the middle ages, contributions to the history of German coins and money, and similar dissertations, ending with an Essay, by Prof. Waitz, on the *Principes* in Tacitus's 'Germania.'

Such is the work proceeding in Munich under the auspices of King Maximilian. German diligence and painstaking are well and widely known, and we may expect the best results from them when aided by liberal patronage and guided by the first authorities.

E. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Dean Trench has done himself honour by his consent to receive into the holy ground of Westminster Abbey, the remains of Sir James Outram. This noble soldier was the true Sydney of our time, and like, his type in the Elizabethan age, has gone to his grave a simple knight. The decision of the Dean and Chapter to allow of a public funeral in the Abbey will give universal satisfaction, both in England and in India; though he was only a Company officer, and the honour of lying in the great Abbey has not hitherto, we think, been accorded to any man holding that position. In the glorious dust beneath that pavement, there is none more typical of heroism and sacrifice than that of James Outram.

The Annual General Meeting of the Paleontographical Society will be held at the apartments of the Geological Society, Somerset House, on Wednesday, the 25th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The volume to be issued for 1860 is said to be nearly completed,—a fact which may perhaps be noticed by those who are in need of their books and do not like to be three years in arrear.

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Irish Academy was held on the 16th of March, at the Academy's House, Dawson Street, Dublin. The chair was occupied by the President of the Academy. The Report of the Council mentions that the Academy's collection of antiquities and MSS. has been considerably increased during the past year. Among the ten members of the Academy

deceased since the last Annual Meeting were Prof. Eugene O'Curry, the eminent Gaelic scholar, and the Rev. Charles W. Wall, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, author of various works on Hebrew and Sanscrit literature. The following were elected Honorary Members of the Academy:—In the department of Science—Baron Giovanni Plansa, Christopher Hansteen, F. G. W. Struve, Louis Agassiz, H. W. Dove; in the department of Polite Literature, Prof. Max Müller, George Grote, Herman Ebel, A. De Lamartine; in the department of Antiquities—Dr. Ferdinand Keller, Zurich, L'Abbé Cochet, Rouen. After the election of the Council for the ensuing year, the following Members of Council were elected as officers of the Academy:—*Treasurer*, Rev. J. Carson, D.D.; *Secretary to the Academy*, Rev. W. Reeves, D.D.; *Secretary to the Council*, J. K. Ingram, LL.D.; *Secretary of Foreign Correspondence*, Rev. S. Butcher, D.D.; *Librarian*, J. T. Gilbert, Esq.

Mr. Newmarch has resigned his function as Honorary Secretary of the Statistical Society, and editor of the Society's *Journal*. Mr. F. Purdy has been elected to succeed him in both those offices.

The death of Thomas M'Nicoll, at the early age of forty-one, cuts off in his prime a man who possessed true power as a critic and a writer, and who, with longer life, might have done things in literature worthy of lasting fame. He was for several years the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*,—the Wesleyan organ in general literature.

Very good photographic portraits of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Tennyson have been produced by Mr. Jeffrey, an operator already favourably known by his reproductions of sculpture. Photographic portraits mostly fail from want of tact or taste in their producers. Men sit stiffly, or are thoughtlessly posed with regard to the light,—misfortunes the too faithful camera scorns to remedy. Mr. Jeffrey has thoroughly understood what he had to do, and so skilfully posed his sitters, with real feeling for the character of each, that his works, both as portraits and photographs, are worthy of the originals. We can say no more.

At the sale of a portion of the library of the late Mr. William Bird, of Liverpool, by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, the following lots may be quoted, with the prices at which they were sold:—Bewick's History of British Birds, first edition, on large paper, 5*l.* 12*s.*,—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, eighth edition, 4*l.* 18*s.*,—Dibdin's Decameron, in boards, 8*l.* 15*s.*,—Biographical and Picturesque Tour, 9*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*,—Hornæ, printed at Seville, by Cronberger, 1537, 8*l.*,—Hornæ, Paris, Tory de Bourges, 1527, 28*l.*,—Book of Thel and Visuns of the Daughters of Albus, with singular designs by Blake, 12*l.* 10*s.*,—a curious Collection of Autograph Letters of Celebrated Bibliomanias, 7*l.* 15*s.*,—Les Songes Drolatiques de Pantagruel, containing a singular series of grotesque figures, 6*l.* 6*s.*,—Ottley's History of Engraving, 5*l.*,—Palgrave's Rise and Fall of the English Commonwealth, 4*l.* 2*s.*,—Shaw's Decorations of the Middle Ages, 10*l.* 10*s.*,—Wood's Athene Oxonienses, by Bliss, 7*l.*,—Ormerod's History of Cheshire, super extra, 38*l.*,—Ottley's Italian School of Design, 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*,—Collection of the Works of George Cruikshank, 8*l.* 8*s.*,—Hornæ Divæ Virginia, Kerver, 1504, 8*l.* 15*s.*,—Lagniet, Recueil des plus Illustres Proverbes, 21*l.* 10*s.*,—Turner's England and Wales, in numbers, 27*l.*,—Whitaker's Richmondshire, 17*l.* 15*s.*

London spreads in all directions with tolerable impartiality. It is not only towards the west that houses have enormously increased; places, a few years since suburban villages, are now in solidarity with the cities. The slimy Isle of Dogs contains a new London over the Border; Stepney has small pretension to rurality; Hackney, with its old mansions, once citizens' paradises, and fine trees, is absorbed, and will soon touch upon the Lea; meanwhile, with Old Ford, it almost incloses Victoria Park in as rigid an embrace as do the mansions and gardens round Regent's Park. Feelers along the roads are grasping at Clapton, Stoke Newington, Highbury; while Islington, erst famous for cows and pastures—see Hogarth's prints—must keep the former in cellars, and has forgotten the colour

of grass. Most people can remember Hoxton as having that scurvy rurality about it which marks the process of absorption. Kentish Town is in this state now; while Hampstead, whereabouts Keats used to roam, is coming unpleasantly near to town. Fetid Bermondsey and much be-docked Rotherhithe have an aspect quite other than that which met the eyes of Defoe's sea-captains. Newington Butts was once quite a smokeless spot; now Walworth has shut it in, and been itself massed with Camberwell, as Denmark Hill and Peckham press upon the last; and New Cross, Sydenham, Norwood, Dulwich and Streatham come after in the heap. Within the last fifteen years more ground has been covered on every other side of London than the western. Yet in this section there are (to say nothing of Kensington and Buckingham Gardens) no less than five parks (Regent's, Hyde, Green, St. James's, Battersea), all paid for and maintained at public expense. Eastward lies solitary Victoria Park. From Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is as nearly as possible the actual centre of the metropolis, it is three crow's miles to the nearest corner of Victoria Park; from the same point to that of St. James's is but half that distance, and to Regent's Park only a mile and a quarter. These facts make it desirable to keep an eye on all possibilities of opening spaces in and near the City, eastwards, and to guard whatever rights of breathing fresh air may be left to us. We are sorry that the Crown has parted with its ancient rights over 2,500 acres of Epping Forest—one of the best recreation grounds of east London. Other large tracts have been squatted on. The forest land is in all about 10,000 acres. The House of Commons has passed, by a large majority, a resolution praying that Her Majesty will direct that no sales to facilitate inclosures be made of Crown lands, or forestal rights, within fifteen miles of the metropolis. This is in plain English an order to stop such proceedings for the future; doubtless it will receive attention after the lesson administered in the Thames Way stoppage affair. Something lies nearer home than Epping Forest, and requires to be done before we inclose it with iron rails. This is a park for Bermondsey and south-east London: which might be made in the still open space between the Old Kent Road and Grand Surrey Canal. Soon it may be too late; wretched houses already spread along the roads traversing this undrained fever-bed. A park there would be nearer, by London Bridge, the proposed Tower Bridge, or the Tunnel, to Finsbury and the stifled heart of the City, than Victoria Park is to St. Paul's.

The Family Bible, as is well known, has long been used as a family register of marriages, births and deaths, especially in the United States, where the practice of introducing a number of ruled leaves, headed "Family Record," between the Old and New Testament, much prevails. To this an enterprising publisher of Philadelphia has now added leaves of cardboard, arranged as in a photographic album, to contain likenesses, so that the Family Bible will now become the family portrait-book.

More and more attention is being paid to meteorology in relation to navigation and geographical science. The Meteorological Department of our own Board of Trade is doing good work in this particular; the Observatory at Paris co-operates; the Netherlands Meteorological Institute, at Utrecht, publishes reports and charts every year, and distributes them freely; and now we have printed at Rome, the *Bullettino Nautico e Geografico*. This work is published under the direction of Signor E. Fabri-Scarpellini: twelve numbers of the first volume have appeared, filled with discussions, notes and statements of all kinds bearing on the subjects included under the title of the work. A part from its usefulness, we welcome this periodical as further evidence of intellectual life in Italy.

A Correspondent writes to us as follows:—"I do not like to point out small blemishes in a work generally so well edited as Miss Williams's 'Letters of John Chamberlain,' not long since printed by the Camden Society. There are, however, two trifling defects in the notes, which it may be worth

while to remedy, merely lest they should be hereafter quoted with the errors. The first occurs on page 9, where Sir Francis Beaumont, the Judge, and father to the dramatist, is represented as the author of the poem of 'Bosworth Field,' and Foss's 'Judges,' v. 456, cited as the authority. I have not Mr. Foss's volumes; but I do not think he is likely to have stated that Sir Francis Beaumont, one of the Justices of the Common Pleas, was the author of 'Bosworth Field,' because it is known to have been written by the Judge's second son, John, who died in 1628, and whose poems were published in the next year. Another mistake is of a similar kind, where the wit, Sir John Davis, who was Attorney General for Ireland, is deprived of one of his best pieces, which is attributed to a very dull writer, distinguished as John Davies of Hereford. The latter was incapable of producing the contest for superiority between a maid, a widow and a wife; and it is inserted with the name at length in a collection, alluded to by Chamberlain, called 'Davison's Poetical Rhapsody,' 1602, 1611, &c. We have no right to complain that Miss Williams has omitted a few notes, when she has inserted so many and to such good purpose; but there is one point of extreme interest which seems to have required an illustration which it has not received. I allude to Chamberlain's account of the performance of Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' which the old news-letter writer mentions as 'a new play of humour,' under date of the 11th of June, 1597. It had, in fact, been first brought out on the 11th of May preceding, as is established by Henslowe's 'Diary.' The 'Verses by Lord Essex when he was in disgrace' are extant, though Miss Williams does not allude to them. 'Dr. Muffett's Silkworm,' of which she could find no trace in the British Museum, is a tract called 'Silkwormes and their Flies,' printed in 1599, and hitherto only known as the work of T. M., though conjectured to be by Moffatt."

We read in a letter written three weeks ago on the other side of the Atlantic:—"New York is very gay this season, socially, and trade is very brisk. Among others, the pianoforte-makers are fairly run down with work. One of them, a customer of ours, whose shops are 7 stories high and 350 feet long, turns out five pianos a day, and sells them as fast as they are made. He thinks nothing of buying 50,000 feet of rosewood at a purchase." Is it not on record that Paris was very gay, and trade lively, at one time during the Revolution,—when assignments were plentiful?

Those who crossed the Simplon last summer will probably remember brigades of workmen, under the command of engineers, clustered in various places, many of which appeared almost inaccessible, while others were waving flags or shouting to those above or below them. The result of their labours has been submitted to the Emperor of the French, at the Tuileries, in the form of a plan for a railway, which is proposed to be carried across this celebrated Pass. It is estimated to be 80 kilometres long, 44 of which will be covered over, 23 carried through tunnels, and 21 in galleries. The execution of the railway, according to the projectors, who belong to the "Italian line," would occupy about five years, and the cost, including the fixed and rolling material, is put down at 72,000,000 francs.

M. de Rochas, who has been long engaged in investigating the formation of coralline reefs and islands, has made a report upon them to the French Academy of Sciences. In this he states that while agreeing with the generally-received opinion that corals cease to build at the level left dry at low water, he disputes that which attributes their subsequent formation and elevation to the mechanical power of the waves, which break and cast up the masses of coral, but rather attributes their elevation to volcanic agency.

Certain French geologists are trying to account for the arrangement of geological strata by referring it either to the earth's annual revolution or daily rotation. In one or the other of these movements they find an explanation of certain phenomena of stratification which are not easy to explain on any other known theory, among which are the appear-

ances of stratification observable in embankments when cut through a few years after their formation.

Ranke, a German physiologist, has published, among the results of his investigations into the phenomena of electric currents in the living muscle, the fact that dead muscle is a much better conductor of electricity than living muscle, because of the presence of certain products of decomposition which do not appear till after death. He concludes, further, that the conducting power of living muscle is three million times weaker than that of mercury, and one hundred and fifteen million times below that of copper.

An autograph letter of the Emperor of Austria conveys the announcement of a Museum for Art and Industry to be founded in Vienna, and to contain objects from the Imperial Palaces, the Arsenal, the University and other public collections. The Belvedere Picture Gallery, the Cabinet of Antiquities, the Ambras collection, the Treasury, &c. are to lend different articles to this Museum, and exchange them from time to time; and the Emperor hopes that the rich inhabitants of Vienna will also make their collections available in the same manner. As the Museum is to be erected for the purpose of study and improvement, it is to be placed under the care of proper authorities, such as the Professor of the History of Art in the University, the Keeper of the Treasury Cabinet and the Cabinet of Antiques, &c. A photographic institution and a collection of plaster casts are to be connected with the Museum, which is to be placed temporarily in the Palace till a suitable building can be erected. As the design of this Museum is one of the first fruits of the International Exhibition, where Austria was so well represented, we are justified in hoping that the industry of Vienna may profit by the stimulus, and that the example of Austria may bear fruit for the rest of Germany.

Franz Dingelstedt, who occupies at Weimar the same post of Theater-Intendant that Goethe filled, writes to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that Schiller's house has at last become the property of the State, and has been allotted by the Grand-Duke to the *Schiller-stiftung*. He announces also that M. Berlioz's opera, 'Romeo and Juliet,' is to be given at Weimar in April, and as this is the first performance the opera has had in Germany, the composer himself will direct it. Herr Dingelstedt has adapted the historical plays of Shakspeare to the stage; and the whole series is to be given in Weimar, beginning with 'Richard the Second.' This last undertaking is appropriately chosen to celebrate the Jubilee of Shakspeare next year, the three hundredth anniversary of his birth.

*THE RAILWAY STATION.—This Celebrated Picture, by W. FRITH, Esq., R.A., NOW ON VIEW to the Public, at the FINE-ART GALLERY, 11, Haymarket.—Admission, 1s. Open from Ten to Five. A Descriptive Pamphlet, by Mr. Tom Taylor, M.A., price 6d.

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK.—Portraits of The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size, comprising Fifty-one Photographic Pictures and Drawings, executed by Mr. Ghémar, from actual sittings, are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1s. N.B.—Each visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte de visite size.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS to EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 5 o'clock.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—March 12.—Dr. W. A. Miller, Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read, 'On the Influence of Temperature on the Electric Conducting Power of Thallium and Iron,' by Dr. Matthiessen and Dr. Vogt.—'On the Amyloid Substance of the Liver and its Ultimate Destination in the Animal Economy,' by Dr. R. M'Donnell.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Feb. 13.—*Annual General Meeting*.—Dr. Lee, President, in the chair.—Rev. S. F. Cresswell, Major M. F. Ward, J. L. Shuter, and W. Esson, Esq. were elected Fellows.—The Report

of Auditors showed the state of the receipts to be 1,069l. 18s. 8d.; and the expenditure, 829l. 10s.; leaving a balance at the bankers' of 240l. 8s. 8d.

—The Society has to regret the loss by death of Prof. Barlow, Dr. Fisher, T. Gibbes, Esq., Capt. Jacob, J. Riddle, Esq., Sir J. C. Ross, J. Walton, Esq., Fellows of the Society; and also of M. Carlini, Prof. O. M. Mitchell, M. C. Rümker, Associates.—The Report reviewed the Proceedings at various Observatories, including the Royal Observatories at Greenwich, Edinburgh, and Cape of Good Hope; also the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, the Cambridge Observatory, Liverpool Observatory, Glasgow Observatory, Mr. De La Rue's Observatory, Hartwell Observatory and the Hopewell Observatory, Haddenham.—Address delivered by the President, Dr. Lee, on presenting the Gold Medal of the Society to M. Argelander.—The following Fellows were elected:—President, G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal; Vice-Presidents, A. Cayley, W. De La Rue, J. Lee, LL.D. and C. B. Vignoles; Treasurer, S. C. Whitbread; Secretaries, R. Hodgson and the Rev. C. Pritchard; Foreign Secretary, Admiral R. H. Manners; Council, Prof. J. C. Adams, R. C. Carrington, R. Farley, Rev. G. Fisher, C. Frodsham, J. Glaisher, J. R. Hind, Rev. R. Main, Rev. Prof. Selwyn, E. J. Stone, Lieut.-Col. A. Strange and C. V. Walker.

ASIATIC.—March 16.—The Right Hon. Lord Strangford, President, in the chair.—Capt. W. M. Carr was elected a non-resident Member.—A paper by Dr. Kern, 'On Fragments of Aryabhatta, the celebrated Hind Mathemetician,' was read. These Fragments prove conclusively that the sphericity and diurnal rotation of the earth had been correctly apprehended by that early Indian writer, who flourished at an epoch variously estimated by different investigators, but which must have been prior to A.D. 600, and has been placed as far back as B.C. 100.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—March 11.—Dr. Guet, in the chair.—J. Gaudwell, Esq., H. Sleath, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Hitchins were elected Members.—Mr. R. S. Poole read a paper 'On the List of the Confederacy defeated by Thothmes III. before Megiddo.' This document had been already commented upon by M. de Rougé, and Mr. Poole accepted and extended his results. The battle to which the List refers is shown by the Annals of Thothmes III. to have been fought in his 23rd year, according to the common opinion, B.C. cir. 1450. The Annals give the line of march, which proves the city to be the Biblical Megiddo. The List is shown by its title to be an enumeration of the tribes or cities of the confederacy, of which the territories are stated to have extended from Megiddo to Neharena, probably Mesopotamia, certainly a country east or north-east of Palestine. The list is not in geographical order. M. de Rougé had identified the following names of cities:—

1. KETESHU, the great Hittite city on the Orontes. 2. MAKETEE, Megiddo. 6. TEBEKU, Tibhath in Zobah. 11. MARAMA, Merom. 12. TEMSKU, Damascus. 14, 97. AUBERA, Two cities Abel. 15. HEMTU, Hamath. ASTERATU, Ashteroth. 30. RAWEESA, Laish. 31. HETARA (HEZARA), Hazor. 33. KEN-NARATU, Cinnereth. 37. SHENAMA, Shunem. 39. AKSEP, Achsaph. 52, 53. APRA, Two cities Ophrah. 54. KHASHBU, Heshbon(?). 56. NEKBU, Negeb, the south of Palestine. 61. YEPU, Joppa. 79. KERARA, Garar. For the remaining names M. de Rougé offers several probable Hebrew etymologies. No. 100. YAKBA-ARA, which he reads JAAKAV-ARA, he transcribes into the Hebrew יַאֲכָב־אָרָא, "nom au sujet duquel il serait facile de se livrer à des conjectures séduisantes; il est exactement composé comme Israël..... Est-il permis de supposer que ce nom de localité conserve un souvenir d'un des établissements de Jacob en Palestine?" Mr. Poole held that the name as here transcribed would most probably read "God will supplant," consisting of the future form Jacob, with the addition of the name of God, which, in such forms, is almost always the nominative. A name perfectly analogous, YESHAR-ARA, occurs in the List. Mr. Poole would read it יֵשָׁרָא אֱלֹהִים, "God will add," the name Joseph with the nominative ex-

pressed. We have no instance of the Hebrew *samech* being transcribed by the Egyptian SH, but conversely its Egyptian correspondents are used for the Hebrew SHIN. Supposing that the names Jacob and Joseph are preserved in Jacob-el and Joseph-el, such forms may be cited as Nathan, Nathanael, Nathaniah, Jehonathan, Giphthah, Jiphthah-el. Mr. Poole was disposed to recognize other tribe-names in RABANA, Reuben, SHEMANA, possibly Simeon, ASHOSHKHEN, probably Issachar (Hebrew *Issakar*), KAUTA, perhaps Gad. It is to be remarked that the confederacies of the Judge period are, when of Canaanites, of cities, when of Abrahamites, of tribes. Thus a confederacy of Canaanites and Hebrews would have been of cities and tribes. We have no record of any such confederacy in the Bible; but the tribe-names may merely indicate mercenaries, as the number of members is too numerous for individual contingents to have been large. The names Jacob and Joseph are sometimes put for the twelve tribes in the Bible: as Joseph is for Ephraim and Manasseh, Jacob may, in the List of Thothmes, more specially indicate Judah. The majority of the identifications which Mr. Poole proposed might be doubtful; but this of Jacob and Joseph, whether as tribe-names or not, could, he thought, scarcely be controverted. If accepted, it would necessitate the adoption of the earliest date of the Exodus, B.C. cir. 1650. The time would about correspond to the oppression of the Israelites by Jabin, King of Canaan. As the confederacy defeated by Thothmes was apparently headed by the Prince of KETESH, it seems possible that the King of Canaan mentioned in the Bible, whose title never occurs at any other period, was set up by the conqueror, and the Canaanites of the north of Palestine assigned to him.—Mr. Birch and Sir C. Nicholson expressed themselves as favouring the late date of the Exodus in the reign of Men-ptah, B.C. cir. 1300; but they did not consider the question as settled.—Mr. Poole communicated a paper, by Prof. Tagore, 'On the Ethnological Value of the Institutes of Manu.' The writer traced in the names of the military class certain original nations: the Chinas he held to be the Chinese; the Pehlevis, the Persians; the Cambojas, a people on the north-east frontiers of Persia; the Javanas, the Ionians; the Deradaas, the Druids; the Chassas, the Cushites; the Critas, the Cretans, &c. In the statement of Herodotus that Media was colonized by the Arian or Aryans, he found a trace of the direction of the Aryan migration; and in the list of Median tribes given by Herodotus, the originals of tribes mentioned in the Institutes. So also in the Shah-Námeh of Firdúsi, the names of the castes preserve traces of the nomenclature of those of India in the Institutes. Prof. Tagore was disposed to think that some of the names furnished him by Mr. Poole from the List of Thothmes were traceable in those of the military tribes in the Institutes. In any case, he saw in the ethnic character of the tribe-names of the Institutes the formation of castes in their elemental state.—Mr. Vaux read a paper, by Mr. Fox Talbot, containing a translation made by him of the Annals of Esarhaddon, preserved on a clay cylinder in the British Museum. In these Annals the Assyrian King describes his conquests of Sidon, the overthrow of Hazael; the conquest of the Marsh Country of Lower Chaldaea; a war with the Elamites, or people of Susiana; a war with Media; with a notice of the civil administration of his empire; and an account of the magnificent palaces which he built.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—March 11.—Dr. J. Lee, President, in the chair.—E. S. Chandos Pole, Esq. was elected an Associate.—Mr. H. Syer Cuming read a paper on some Bractate Coins that had been presented to Mr. Pettigrew by Mrs. Kerr.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—March 6.—Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., V.P., in the chair.—After the announcement of new Members elected during the previous month, a communication was read from R. W. Grey, Esq., inviting attention to the great archeological interest of the explorations of the Basilica of St. Clement, at Rome, during the

Pontificate of Pío Nono. For more than a thousand years all traces of this structure, mentioned by St. Jerome, Zosimus and Gregory the Great, had been lost. In 1857 it was rescued from oblivion; and the excavations that were prosecuted under the direction of the Archæological Commission resulted in the exhumation of three strata of constructions, belonging respectively to three periods in the history of Pagan Rome—the Imperial, the Republican and that of the Kings. A large outlay has been made upon the works; but much remains to be explored, if funds were supplied for an undertaking which may claim the aid of archæologists throughout Christendom.—Mr. J. J. Rogers, M.P., read a memoir describing certain vestiges on the coasts of West Cornwall which appear to indicate occupation by the Romans. On a former occasion Mr. Rogers had brought before the Institute the discoveries he had made on the manor of Carminow, on the shores of Mount's Bay; pottery and relics of Roman character were there disinterred. The present discovery, which is a kind of furnace that appears to have been domed over, is near the site of Mr. Rogers's previous explorations, but there was no evidence to show that it is Roman.—Mr. W. W. E. Wynne, M.P., gave a notice of several valuable Welsh MSS. in the Hengwrt collection, bequeathed to him by the late Sir Robert Vaughan. Of these he brought some for the inspection of the Meeting; one, namely, of the Taliessin Poems, in the handwriting of the 14th century, and supposed to be the earliest existing transcript; another was a history of Scottish Kings; and a third an ancient ceremonial or Service Book of the Use of Sarum.—A short account was read of two sculptured Roman altars and other remains of the same period found at Bisley, in Gloucestershire, by the Rev. H. Lowder. The chairman expressed a hope that these altars, which had been used in early mediæval times, as building materials in the construction of Bisley church tower, might be deposited in the British Museum, where so limited a collection of such relics found in our own country is to be seen.—Mr. Hewitt gave a notice of a good example of the two-hand sword of the 16th century, from the Royal Artillery Museum at Woolwich. The blade of the weapon, which was exhibited by permission of Col. Lefroy, is curiously engraved with figures of St. George and St. Barbara, accompanied by an heraldic bearing, and is fashioned precisely like that of certain swords represented in the 'Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian,' engraved by Hans Burgmaier.—The attention of the Society was called by the Rev. H. M. Scarth, Prebendary of Wells, to curious discoveries lately made in barrows on a tract of wild common between Snape and Aldborough, in Suffolk. Amongst the objects brought for exhibition were part of a Roman mirror found in Essex, by Mr. Ashurst Majendie; a fine terra-cotta tragic mask, from Torre del Greco, from Mr. Fortnum's collection; a Sassanian signet and an Etruscan gold ring, brought by Mr. R. H. Smith; a collection of enamelled Chinese vases of various styles of decoration, together with a rare vase of tortoiseshell inlaid with gold, contributed by Mr. H. G. Bohn; three small cups of gold of early Delhi work, covered with small rubies, sent by Mr. W. Stuart; a large bronze vase with singular ornamentation, brought by Mr. R. Phillips: it was obtained from the Japanese collection in the International Exhibition.—The Rev. J. Beck, M.A., contributed a beautiful collection of gold rings, chiefly rings of betrothal or nuptial tokens; also a series of penannular African rings similar to the torque rings alleged to be frequently found in Ireland. He brought besides several Battersea enamels, with subjects printed in black from engravings of rural fashionable life in the style of Hogarth.—A valuable archæological map of Belgium, lately issued at Brussels, was sent by Messrs. Letts.—Mr. Blaauw placed on the table, by permission of the Sussex Archæological Society, a fine collection of bronze weapons from their museum at Lewes Castle.

STATISTICAL.—*March 14.—Anniversary Meeting.*—The Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart., M.P., President, in the chair.—The Honorary Secretaries read the Report of the Council and of the Auditors,

and the abstract of receipts and payments. The Report stated that the number of Fellows now on the List is 365, against 374 last year. Of these 67 are Life-Members. During the twelve months the new elections had been 26; the losses by death, resignation and default, 35. The income of the year (omitting the balance of 226*l.* from 1861) had been 770*l.*, against 734*l.* in the previous year; and the expenditure had been 763*l.*, against 744*l.* in 1861. The balance brought forward to 1863 was 233*l.* The surplus of assets in favour of the Society was 1,720*l.*, after providing for all liabilities. The Council regretted the death of the Marquis of Lansdowne, one of the Founders of the Society and its first President.—A Medallion of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, the late Patron of the Society, had been placed in the Library.—A Ballot having been taken for the President, Council and Officers for the ensuing twelve months, the following was declared to be the List—the names in *italics* being those of the new Members:—*President*, Col. W. H. Sykes, M.P.; *Council*, C. Babbage, J. Bird, M.D., Sir J. Boileau, Bart., S. Boulton, S. Brown, W. Camps, M.D., W. Farr, M.D., *Right Hon.* Earl Fortescue, H. W. Freland, M.P., Sir F. H. Goldsmid, Bart., W. A. Guy, J. T. Hammick, F. Hendrika, J. Heywood, Sir R. Hill, W. B. Hodge, C. Jellicoe, L. Levi, W. G. Lumley, Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, M. H. Marsh, *Right Hon.* Lord Montagu, W. Newmarch, Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart., F. Purdy, Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., Col. W. H. Sykes, M.P., *Majr-General* Sir A. M. Tulloch, R. Valpy, C. Walford, *Rev. W. Wheelwright*, Treasurer, W. Farr, M.D.; *Honorary Secretaries*, W. A. Guy, W. G. Lumley and F. Purdy.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—*March 11.*—Sir Thomas Phillips, Chairman of Council, in the chair.—The paper read was 'On an International Transit Route through Nicaragua,' by Commander Pim.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—*March 9.*—W. H. Black in the chair.—Mr. Bonomi exhibited drawings and impressions from some objects in the Egyptian Museum of His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, in Alnwick Castle, among which were some funeral tablets of great interest and antiquity, in which was distinctly set forth a kind of ancestral worship like that practised in China at the present time.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MOR.** Architects, 8.—'Artificial Stone,' Prof. Kerr.
Geographical, 8.—'March from Kurrahee to Gwadur, 1861,' Major Goldsmid; 'Harbour of Sedashagur,' Dr. Macpherson.
TUES. Engineers, 8.—'Lydgate Railway Tunnel,' Mr. Frazer; 'Public Works, Pernambuco,' Mr. Peniston.
Royal Institution, 8.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
Zoological, 9.—'New Muskrat, British Columbia,' Mr. Lord; 'Anatomy of Sea-Otter and Humming-bird,' Dr. Crisp; 'New Species of Birds from China,' Mr. Swinhoe.
WED. Society of Literature, 4.
Society of Arts, 8.—'Present Sources of Quinine, with Reference to India,' Mr. Markham.
Archæological Association, 8.—'Thuribles,' Mr. Pettigrew; 'Ancient Snuffers,' Mr. Cumming.
THURS. Royal Institution, 8.—'Chemical Affinity,' Dr. Frankland.
Royal, 8.
—Antiquaries, 8.
FRI. Royal Institution, 8.—'Thallium,' Mr. Crookes.
SAT. Royal Institution, 8.—'Science of Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy, R. Westmacott, R.A., delivered a lecture, on Tuesday, at Cambridge, on Sculpture, the Vice-Chancellor in the chair. It was not a technical or historical lecture, but on the character of the employment of sculpture in modern times, the influences to which its origin and former power might be traced, and to those which have affected its subsequent condition,—on Pagan and Christian Art,—and on the present state of sculpture in Italy, Germany, France and England. This is doing good service. What is wanting is an educated public. There can be no high Art until there is a public capable of appreciating it,—no high or ennobling motive in the artist unless he is sure of a fit audience. We said years since that the Royal Academy could do no better service than by giving public lectures on Art, with especial reference to the more celebrated works in our National

Gallery, so that the audience might pass at once from the lecture to the illustration, and there test or acquire knowledge.

The Winter Exhibition closes to-day (Saturday). Mr. Wallis, the promoter, states, that, in consequence of the success which has attended it, he intends to offer two prizes in the next Exhibition, one, of 100*l.*, for the best figure picture, and a second of 50*l.*, for the best landscape.

Mr. Gibson is modelling a 'Dancing Girl,' said to reproduce several studies from Cerito, made during her visits to Rome. Report speaks highly of the spirit of this design. We should, however, have thought a professional dancer, even Cerito, the worst possible model for a sculptor's design or form.

The Society of Arts has appointed a Committee to consider and report what prizes it should offer for the encouragement of Art-workmanship applicable to manufactures. The Committee desire to keep in view the special object of improving workmanship *per se*, that is, execution as distinct from design, in the strictest sense. For this end, it recommends that prizes shall be offered for the best works in the following classes. The Society will furnish competitors, at a trifling price, with photographs, from excellent works of Art, to be reproduced by the several processes, otherwise casts when indispensable:—1. Modelling, in terra-cotta, plaster or wax, the human figure and ornament;—2. Repoussé work, in any metal, the same;—3. Repoussé, or hammered work, as distinct from the ordinary repoussé in iron, brass, or copper, the same;—4. Carving in ivory, the figure;—5. Chasing in metal, the same;—6. Enamel-painting, on metal, copper or gold, the figure and ornament;—7. Painting on porcelain, the same;—8. Inlaying in wood, marquetry or buhl, with ivory or metal;—9. Engraving on glass, the figure and ornament;—10. Embroidery, ornament. We hope to furnish further details soon; but may add, the Committee suggest that the Society's medal, in addition to the prizes, should be awarded for peculiarly excellent works. The models have been carefully selected to furnish saleable reproductions after the competition; a most important point for consideration, seeing that even unrewarded works may be so excellent as to remunerate their producers by a ready sale. The results will be exhibited to the public. Every manufacturer must feel more the want of skilled artisans than ingenious artists as a serious obstacle to advance in the practice of Art.

The obituary of last week states the death of Mr. John Tibbets Willmore, Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy, and most honourably known by the excellence of his works. Mr. Willmore was born about 1800, at Erdington, in Staffordshire; he was a pupil of the late W. Radcliffe, of Birmingham, with whom he served seven years. About 1822 he came to London, and commenced his professional career in the studio of the late Mr. Charles Heath, whence many excellent engravers have issued. Mr. Willmore was elected an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy in 1842, in the place vacated by the death of W. Bromley; he was a very constant contributor to the Academy Exhibition, especially of late years. His health had been for some time past exceedingly precarious.

With regard to the proposed decorations for St. Paul's, a Correspondent replies to "Y. L. Y.":—"Mosaic is objectionable whenever the decoration proposed does not consist of arabesques, diapers, or figures of a simply architectonic or decorative character—figures in which the general aspect of form and colour is the important point, especially when such decorations are not considerably removed from the eye—and this because in every other case fresco, or water-glass, would achieve more. Further, that in the former cases mosaic may be fitted by any intelligent hand to any style of architecture, and that in the latter it is suitable to none. The subject offered to the artists competing for the St. Paul's decorations, 'The Transfiguration,' falls distinctly under the second head: it cannot be considered as simply decorative; subtle and pathetic expression is peremptorily called for in the countenances, a quality which, it is needless

to say, mosaic cannot attain. This, then, is the dilemma: if mosaic is insisted on as called for by the darkness and gloom of the spaces to be filled (a valid argument enough), then a subject should be chosen within the reach of the material; if, on the other hand, the subject is paramount, then a material is required capable of carrying it out. The parallel proposed by 'Y. L. Y.' between the works suggested and the 'Evangelists' in the pendentives of St. Peter's is an unfair one, inasmuch as the last are far larger and removed to a much greater distance from the eye than those for St. Paul's would be. Mosaic will hardly avoid being far more costly than painting; moreover, we have not the skilled workmen the ancient artists employed upon St. Peter's."

M. Gallait is working on two pictures, of a somewhat smaller size, but continuing the historical series of which the 'Brussels Archers at the Bier of Counts Egmont and Horn,' and 'The Last Hours of Egmont,' that were so much admired at the International Exhibition, formed parts. The new works represent—1. The Oath of Vargas to Alba, that he would destroy all heretics, even if amongst them he found his own mother. 2. Reading the Sentence to Egmont. The figures are cut off beyond the canvas, just below the knees.

Among the many creditable additions to London architecture are the Schools and Baptistery of S. Francis of Assisi, Notting Vale; built, from the designs of Mr. Bentley, of Southampton Street, Covent Garden, of yellow and black bricks, the last set in horizontal bands, effectively yet not pretentiously relieving the surfaces, and carved stone in the bell-gable, corbels and mullions. Broadly speaking, the buildings form three sides of an open court; its fourth is divided from the road by a screen wall and portal with four openings formed by piers that carry a beam of brick horizontally across them. One-third of this court being built over, gives a covered playground; above are apartments. The school forms one side of the court, the priest's house and kitchen another; at right angles on the other is the church, opening from the court. Much effect is given by boldly massing these elements, and richness is gained, at little cost, by their varied surfaces. The bell-gable rises at the angle formed by the schools with the covered playground; another angle is chamfered off by the residence, the windows of which look diagonally across the court; above these runs a low turret, still further enriching the whole and breaking its plain forms. The church interior, although a little archaic in aspect, is skillfully composed, and is decorated in water-glass by Mr. Westlake.

A decision with regard to the competition for a new façade to the Duomo at Florence has been made; the Committee decline to award the first three premiums, and have given the three minor ones to designs 1, No. 42, by Signor C. del Conte L. Cappi, of Turin; 2, No. 25, by Signor M. Falcini, of Florence; 3, No. 38, by M. W. Petersen, of Denmark. Nos. 28, 29, 34; 22, 31, 37, have obtained honourable mention. When the designers of these last have consented, their names will be made public. The judges consider the competitive designs to be failures; but propose a future competition in the hope of a worthier result.

In our recent article upon Mr. Maclise's picture of 'The Death of Nelson,' by a slip of the pen, we said, the Admiral's death-wound is represented in his right shoulder; for "right" read left.—The picture is 12 feet long. We may add, that the midshipman who shot the Admiral's slayer, shown as watching for his man, is now Lieutenant Pollard, such promotion having fallen to his lot since 1805! He resides at Greenwich, and gave the artist many particulars of the battle.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

EWER & CO. beg to announce, that they will give TWO MORNING CONCERTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAYS, May 5 and June 2, in order to introduce to the subscribers of their Musical Library the latest and most important Compositions of Chamber Music. Subscribers will receive invitations. —Tickets to Non-Subscribers, Half-a-Guinea each. Programmes will be shortly published. —Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, 87, Regent Street, London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Beatrice, &c.—[*Beatrice et Bénédicte, &c.*] For Pianoforte and Voice. The Words and Music by Hector Berlioz. (Paris, Brandus & Dufour.)—Clearly is to be seen in this published music the want which debars M. Berlioz from the recognition due to a great composer: not of ideas, but the power of arranging them;—not of originality, but taste. This opera of 'Beatrice and Benedict' contains, as has been said in this journal, one real gem—but much besides that may be likened to stones of valuable quality, clouded, specked, and flawed; most *bizarre* too in their setting. Some account of the work was given last year, when it was produced at Baden-Baden. Now, therefore, a few general remarks may be offered. The fixed idea of M. Berlioz to disappoint expectation, from which confusion must result, is oddly evident throughout the opera. If his theme begin naturally in either a square or a triple tempo, he rarely permits half-a-dozen bars to go forward without mystifying the measure by some far-fetched division of the notes, by some disturbance in the accompaniment, which, however ingenious it be, is at variance with ease and probability. This peculiarity is turned to good account in the fantastic and piquant little *allegretto*, befittingly opening the prelude to a tale in which two capricious lovers figure. But in its *allegro* the phrase is twisted, turned, hunted into a maze which we defy the most practical ear to unthread at first hearing. Now it is fatal to an overture that it should require to be heard thrice before it is comprehended, seeing that a second hearing of that which has failed in its effect the first time may never come to pass. The happy medium has been hit, in the charming 'Duo Nocturne' (No. 8); but then the words demand a certain whispering vagueness in the accompaniment, and the vocal phrases are more distinctly shaped and persistently followed out than is usual with M. Berlioz. Nothing more dreary can be devised than the spasmodic interruptions of rhythm in the opening chorus. The 'Nuptial March' (No. 13) is not allowed to go the simple, honest way of such Marches as Glick, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn condescended to write. The periods may be complete, but the ear does not find out the fact easily. Uncouthness of modulation can hardly be pushed further than in the drinking chorus, No. 9, where the trick of versification,

Agéilas!
Hélas! &c.

is employed, it may be presumed with festive intentions. But such quips and quiddities as our author delights in, when writing words, have nothing to do with music. M. Berlioz is not happy in his operatic sarcasms. His "grotesque Epithalamium" is, musically, a dull attempt at the madrigal style. Two numbers, if we mistake not, have been added to the score since the opera was produced: No. 11, an important *trio* for female voices; and the subsequent chorus behind the scenes. The opening and close of the first are in our author's simplest and best manner: so is the second. Why should he make himself disagreeable on system, when he can prove himself the possessor of powers to please equal to those of any other man? This is one of the most perverse riddles that the voluminous annals of music contain.

Twenty-four Choral Songs, composed by the late Robert Lucas de Pearsall, Esq., of Willsbridge House, County of Gloucester, and of the Castle of Wartensee, St. Gall, Switzerland, with an ad lib. Accompaniment for the Pianoforte added, by John Hullah. (Novello & Co.)—Have we here a satire on pedigree and dedication? It is next to impossible to treat this book seriously. Every one of these two dozen choral songs is headed in the following style: "Dedicated to Owen Davies, Esq., of the House of Gwynsanneby, by Mrs. John (sometimes Philippa Swinnerton) Hughes—*née* de Pearsall." We remember no collection of good music made so absurd by perpetual reference to the Herald's College as this. The editress of the writings of her father, a more than ordinarily skilled amateur, surely can intend them to be sung by folk no less aristocratic than "Fitzes," and "O's," and "Macs," and "Vons"—by Italian princes (some of whom

let lodgings), and by counts of the Holy Roman Empire (some of whom have been known to advertise for rich English wives). Why have made a handsome and interesting volume of music ridiculous? Why have put affection into trappings no more sublime than the *Rouge* and *Azur* of Gog and Magog? The *Athenæum* has long known Mr. Pearsall, of Willsbridge, as an amateur who carried skill in the difficult art of part-writing to a very fair point of excellence. Sometimes his ingenuity was misapplied, as when he set 'Sir Patrick Spens,' that grand old ballad, in ten real parts. He was crotchety, too, when he devoted his talent to setting verses of his own, lamenting (as Miss Catherine Fanshawe did, in her bright poem) the extinction of the Minnet. But our pleasant recollections of his real talent ought not to have been depreciated by the pedigree finery of one "*née*" his daughter.

Thalberg's Art of Singing applied to the Pianoforte. (Boosey & Sons.)—This, which forms No. 1. of 'The Amateur's Library,' is a continuation of M. Thalberg's ingenious former work, regarding which our opinions were fully expressed on its publication. We cannot but in some measure consider the central principle a curious mistake. The "art of pianoforte-playing applied to singing" would not, we apprehend, yield any satisfactory results. We have never become wholly reconciled to 'Rode's Air' or the 'Carnaval,' in which instrumental variations have been allotted to the voice; and however ingeniously the favourite opera *adagio* or *barcarolle* of the hour may be decorated with rich accompaniments, the labour of the decorator and of the player had been better bestowed on some composition more exclusively within their own conditions. It is the fashion to consider the pompous and intellectual music of such special writers as Hummel and Prof. Moscheles gone by. For us they are not one-half as much exhausted as the "transcript" style carried out in such perfect richness by M. Thalberg, with so much picturesque audacity by Dr. Liszt. The wonderful two hands of the former player, the splendour of his tone, and the faultless composure of his mechanism, are such as to reconcile us to that which, rendered less perfectly, is perceived to be so much ingenious mediocrity. An instance presents itself in the last example here offered to us—"The Willow Song," from 'Otello.' The ornaments here contrived for that deliciously mournful melody (already ornamented in a delicate fashion by its composer) are so elaborate, that to maintain the pathetic simplicity of the song is next to impossible, we dare assert, to any amateur, so needless and so disturbing is the amount of difficulty.

DRURY LANE.—A change of performance took place on Monday, and Mr. Falconer's energetic comedy of 'Extremes' was reproduced, Mr. Lorraine taking the character of Hawthorn. The play was well received, and goes as smartly as ever. During the last week, a re-action has manifested itself in theatrical affairs, and, with an exception or two, the houses have been thinly attended.

PRINCESS'S.—Miss Braddon's novel of 'Aurora Floyd' has been dramatized by Mr. Cheltnam for this theatre. Miss Amy Sedgwick was the heroine, and acted the character of *Aurora Floyd* with determination and judgment. In many respects, also, she was fitted for the part, which requires strength of impulse and decision of outline. But there is an essential weakness in the character itself, as a dramatic representation. Aurora is neither thoroughly good, nor thoroughly bad; but faulty from want of purpose: and, having suffered from one impolitic marriage, is only too anxious to encounter similar perils again. Believing her first husband to be dead, she is willing to accept a second in a man who ultimately rejects her, and then transfers herself to a third candidate for her hand with a readiness that is not a little surprising. Though wanting in depth, her love for Mr. Mellish (Mr. H. Vezin) is fervent, and she is really solicitous for his happiness, as she contemplates the probable necessity for their separation. Much credit is due to Mr. Vezin for the warm-hearted manner in which he supported an unthankful part. Nor were the ma-

terials of the story so thoroughly adapted to stage exigencies as they might have been; and the first two acts were comparatively inefficient, if not tedious. The second act had introduced *Stephen Hargreaves, alias "Softy,"* the stable-help, in company with *James Conyers*. Both characters fell into hands capable of doing them justice. Mr. Roxby, as Conyers, was finely discriminating and suggestive, and awakened the dullest to the perception of the lady's danger from a man of so much resolution and fearlessness. Mr. Belmore, as "Softy," soon evinced that he meant something, and scene by scene grew into importance, until, in the last two acts, he thoroughly fascinated the audience into attention, and finally achieved a success which left no doubt that, in its low comedian, the theatre possessed an actor capable of great efforts. Another part, too, though but a sketch, was hit off with singular felicity,—that of *Matthew Harrison*, the dog-fancier, which was capitally well played by Mr. Charles Seyton. The curtain fell to a great demonstration. The houses have since been well attended, and there is reason to believe that Mr. Belmore will henceforth occupy an elevated position as a skilful delineator of what are called character-parts. His make-up for the occasion was decidedly effective; but the final impression which he produced was due to the exceedingly natural tones in which he gave utterance to the despair and supplications of the half-witted murderer, who thought by a ready confession to conciliate justice in his favour. We have rarely seen a powerful situation more powerfully realized.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We were much pleased with the new Royal Wedding Anthem by Mr. Hopkins, which was duly and well performed at the Temple Church on Sunday morning last—the only sacred music that we have heard of as written expressly for the occasion. The Anthem could not well be sounder as music; yet it is sound without being dry. The choruses are good specimens of that legitimate school of ecclesiastical writing, which is untainted by the fopperies of simulated antiquarianism. There is good melody in both of the songs—one for a tenor, the other for a bass voice. There is a certain English humour in the cast of the composition which makes it welcome. Mr. Hopkins, like Mr. Goos, whose Wedding Anthem has been in request everywhere, is one of those valuable members of our musical profession the form of whose lives and services may be said to keep them in a retirement behind their deserts. His handling of the organ, as we were reminded on Sunday last, is, in every sense of the word, superior.

Prof. Edward Taylor, known some thirty years ago as an oratorio and concert singer,—as a translator who wrought in busy and admiring co-operation with Spohr,—as a critic in the *Spectator*,—and who for many years past has lived exclusively within the circle of his duties as Gresham Lecturer,—died a few days since in his seventy-ninth year. Belonging to a family of remarkable intellectual distinction, he had originally devoted himself to other pursuits than that of music. His education as an artist had thus been irregular and incomplete; and when, in middle life, he entered the profession as a bass singer, he brought with him those decided preferences and antipathies which so frequently characterize the amateur. He sang correctly, but without charm. His criticisms were well penned, but were not liberal enough to last. To instance—binding himself up, as he did, heart and soul, in the career of Spohr, his indifference to and his disparagement of Mendelssohn were as eager and as angry as if Germany had not been wide enough for both composers. In brief, he was a man possessing more than average intelligence and general culture; but as a musician, and teacher through the press or by word of mouth, of no great value.

Many candidates for the succession to Prof. Taylor are in the field:—Dr. Wylde, Messrs. Hopkins, Lincoln, and Salaman, Prof. Hullah, and the Rev. Mr. Cox. The appointment, as it has long stood, has been one of formal duty and private emolument, rather than of any living importance.

Mr. Mapleson's programme for the coming season

of Italian Opera is showy. The new operas which he intends to give have been advertised: these being Signor Verdi's last, the production of which Signor Verdi is personally to superintend,—M. Gounod's 'Faust,' under the same conditions,—M. von Flotow's 'Stradella,' ditto,—and Signor Schira's 'Niccolò de Lapi.'—In addition to Mr. Mapleson's known company, the name of Mdlle. Artot makes a hopeful figure; Signor Delle Sedie returns to it; and several gentlemen less known to fame are to be tried from Italy. Madame Alboni is the only Italian lady left. "The chorus," we are told, "has been selected with great care and discrimination from the Italian Operas of Paris, Barcelona, Turin and Naples." We had fondly conceived that there were choristers enough, and to spare, in London. Signor Arditì is to conduct. The three principal dancing ladies are to be Mdlls. Ferraris, Beretta and Pochini; and Signor Rota is to come to superintend the production of his ballet, 'I Bianchi e Neri.'

Mr. Gye, we are told in the *Gazette Musicale*, has engaged that excellent and intelligent French *basso profundo* and actor, M. Obin, for his season. His programme is to be issued next week.

At Monday's *Popular Concert*, Mr. Halle played Beethoven's brilliant *Walstein Sonata*, to replace Madame Arabella Goddard, who had been announced to play Hummel's rich and brilliant *sola Sonata* in D major—a composition capitally adapted to powers which are brilliant rather than expressive.—Mdlle. Bondy has commenced a series of chamber concerts.—A new Cantata, 'Harvest Home,' by Mr. Allen, was performed at a concert of the *Vocal Association* on Tuesday.—A very excellent concert, of the right kind, was given by Mr. Henry Leslie's *Choir*, on Wednesday. We can speak in terms of commendation of a new Advent Anthem, by himself; the execution of two Collect anthems by Farrant and Mr. Goos; of a double Motett by Bach; of a Psalm by Spohr, "As pants the hart" (new to us and a pleasing specimen of his manner); and of Mozart's lovely 'Ave Verum,' which was encored and left little to desire. A concert like this is among the best things which London has to offer in music.—Among yesterday's events were a performance by the *Glee and Madrigal Union*, the dinner of the *Royal Society of Musicians*, and the *Sacred Harmonic Society's* rendering of 'St. Paul.'

The Symphonies at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society are to be Haydn's in E flat, No. 10, and Beethoven's in C minor. Mr. Blagrove is to play Spohr's *Concerto* in C minor; Weber's 'Preciosa' Overture and Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' are to be given, and Miss L. Pyne is to sing.—We are sorry that the Musical Society will disappoint the curiosity of many by bringing forward only the Overture to Schumann's 'Manfred,' and not the entire music, as was to be hoped.

The operetta, 'Blonde or Brunette,' by M. Meyer Lutz, is to be performed to-day at the Crystal Palace.

The Royal English Opera season will close to-night, with a performance of M. Auber's 'Black Domino,' for Miss Louisa Pyne's benefit.

M. Thalberg announces six *Matinées* as among the attractions of the season.—Mr. Halle will repeat his Beethoven performances, and this year, we believe, diversify them by selecting from that treasury of beautiful things which is made up by the composer's minor pieces—his *rombos*, airs with variations, bagatelles, and the like. There is hardly one of these where the fairy foot hath not been.

It gives us pleasure to learn that the new oratorio selected for this year's Norwich Festival is one by M. E. Silas, whose hearing-time seems to have at last come.

A new tenor, M. Villaret, is about to be tried at the Grand Opéra of Paris.

Mdlle. Anna Molioue, to whose intelligence and execution as a pianist we have more than once testified, is playing at concerts in South Germany, with success.

Mr. Benedict's 'Rose of Erin' is making a profitable tour of the German opera-houses.

It is said that the opera 'Piccarda Donati,' by Signor Moscuza, has been intensely successful at the Pergola Theatre, Florence. The principal parts were taken by Madame and Signor Tiberini.

MISCELLANEA

Economical Statistics of France.—One of the most interesting results of the new Commercial Treaty with France has been the publication by the French Government of various statistical returns, under the heads of Population, Production, Commerce, Navigation, Mines, &c. These returns are drawn up on the same plan as returns of a similar nature compiled by our Board of Trade, and are thus additionally interesting, as we are enabled to institute a comparison between the two countries. We proceed to give a few of the leading and most interesting features. The population of France in 1861 was 37,382,000 persons, which, according to the present area of that country, including Savoy and Nice, making a total of 209,420 square miles, gives a mean population of 179 persons to the square mile. The population returns show a decennial increase of only 2·23 per cent., while the increase in England and Wales between 1851 and 1861 was 12 per cent., the density of population being 344 persons to the square mile. Under the head of Agriculture we find (excluding, however, Nice and Savoy) that the following is the per-centage distribution of the soil throughout France:—grain crops, 28·80; other miscellaneous cereals, 5·00; artificial meadows, 5·00; fallow, 10·80; natural fields, 9·50; vineyards, 4·10; orchards, chestnut forests, olive and mulberry groves, &c., 0·20; pasture and waste lands, 13·50; forests, rivers and lakes, roads, houses, and uncultivated, 23·60. Under the head of wheat, we find that the total quantity raised in 1861 (still excluding Nice and Savoy) was 25½ million quarters. This quantity is far below the average produce, the quantity of wheat produced in 1857 being 37½ million quarters. Indeed, during a period of fifteen years the highest yield was in 1857, and the lowest in 1861. The total number of live stock in 1861 was as follows:—horses, 3,000,000; donkeys, 400,000; mules, 330,000; horned cattle, 10,094,000; calves, 4,104,000; sheep and lambs, 35,000,000; goats and kids, 1,400,000; swine, including sucking pigs and wild boars, 5,400,000. Few facts in these returns are more striking than those exhibiting, on the one hand, the vast extent of uncultivated country in France, and on the other, the great number of cattle imported for food. During the years from 1856 to 1860 these averaged in France 528,200, while during the same period in England they only averaged 308,500. Under the head of wine, the mean annual production, taking the average of fifteen years, is 1,089,000,000 gallons; of which 67 per cent. is consumed in the country, and 33 per cent. exported. The production of silk has greatly diminished. The average production from 1846 to 1852 was 53 million lb., while from 1858 to 1861 it was only 26¼ million lb. The quantity of coal raised in 1861 was about eight million tons, and the average price 10s. 1d. per ton. Coal has risen in price in France 31 per cent. since 1847. The total quantity of iron and steel produced was 1,595,000 tons. The increase in steam-power is very remarkable. In 1847 this was represented by a total horse-power of 145,807, while in 1859 it was 513,092. The tonnage of steam-vessels has increased in the same period from 21,134 tons in 1847 to 33,690 tons in 1859; but the latter figures contrasted with our steam-ship returns dwindle to absolute insignificance, and thus present another remarkable proof of the undeveloped resources of France. The railways at the latter end of 1861 extended to 6,269 miles, and the number of letters conveyed by the Post Office has more than doubled between 1847 and 1861. There is a great increase in the quantity of tobacco manufactured by the French Government, amounting, as compared with 1847, to no less than 22 million lb. Other articles of home consumption, such as sugar, salt, &c., also exhibit a large increase; but the result of all the returns is, that while the resources of France are almost inexhaustible, they remain most imperfectly developed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. F. T.—Musicus—E. L.—E. G. R.—W. H.—R. H.—W. W.—T.—Lynx—received.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

LITERATURE

Introduction to the Study of the Foraminifera.

By William B. Carpenter, M.D.; assisted by William K. Parker, Esq. and T. Rupert Jones, Esq. (Hardwicke.)

WATER, containing earth in solution or suspension, gives to the atoms of such earth a freedom of moving according to the impulse of the pervading polaric forces. These may be affected by the reaction of the earthy atoms themselves as aggregation proceeds; and both the course of motion and the resultant form of the crystal or other aggregate may be modified according to the nature of the fluid field of such aggregation. This fact has been lucidly demonstrated by Rainey's beautiful experiments on the artificial production of organic conditions of aggregation of carbonate of lime, inducing the same departure from crystalline shape as when the atoms aggregate in the vital production of shell and coral.

When the fluid is pure water the atoms of the earth are aggregated, under polaric guidance, into crystalline forms, distinct for each chemical kind of earth, and affording, by the angles and other properties of the crystal, characters of the "species" of the mineralogist. When the fluid is slimy, the operation of the polarizing force is modified, and apparently, though not really, impeded, and the character of a crystal is proportionally lost: the modification of, and departure from, angular or crystalline forms being greater as the slime is thicker; and especially when the atoms of such are in the condition, through condensation, to act and react upon the surrounding slime-suspending fluid, so as to attract or draw in outside atoms of slime, and to be attracted by or drawn out to such particles of assimilable slime.

The exuviations, ejections, and decay of organisms of all kinds and grades now supply to seas, lakes, rivers and other aggregates of water, the raw material for the re-commencement of those modes of action of the all-pervading force which are termed "vital."

This raw material abounds in, and indeed partly gives its character to, the kind of bed of sea or lake which is called ooze or "mud," the nature and varieties of which are manifold. At whatever depth of the ocean such "mud-bed" has been reached, the contained slime has been observed, when duly scrutinized, to be manifesting the vital form of force, and modifying the shapes in which the atoms of earth,—flinty or limy,—may be aggregated within the vitally acting slime.

The bulk of the present folio of 319 pages is devoted to the description, and its 22 plates and 47 woodcuts to the delineation, of the various leading forms in which the particles of carbonate of lime are aggregated and arranged within the portions of slimy matter, called, according to the prevalent character of their lime-aggregates, "Foraminifera." The organic basis or field of those aggregates has not been distinguished from that in which particles of silic may be precipitated, either in the form of fine needles, as in sponges, or of delicate cases, as in Polycystina; nor from that substance in which, probably from the want of the raw material in the fluid field of its existence, neither flint nor chalk is deposited, as e.g. in Actinophrys and Amœba; and such common organic basis has received the name of "sarcode" or rudimentary flesh, and of "protoplasm" as being that "in which every form of animal" (and plant?) "structure has its origin, and from which it is evolved by a process of gradual

differentiation." Under the latter term the author defines this substance as being "composed of an albuminoid base, with oil particles in a state of very fine division diffused through it; it is tenacious, extensible and contractile; it is diaphanous, reflecting light more than water, but less than oil; and it is dissolved by alkalis, rendered transparent by acetic acid, and dyed brown by iodine. In the midst of this substance are usually to be seen *vacuoles*, or cavities containing a thinner fluid, which is often coloured; these are extremely variable, both in number and size, and their deficiency in any definite limiting walls is rendered obvious by their not unfrequent coalescence" (p. 13).

Under what modification or combination of the general polarizing force, the slime of mud or ooze is first condensed into a protoplasmic centre of such low vital force is still undetermined; but, once begun, and growing as such, it successively puts forth other portions or centres; and the "Foraminifera afford one of the best examples which the animal kingdom can present of that 'vegetative' or 'irrelative' repetition which is an essential feature of all low grades of organization." The primitive protoplasmic centre of a potential foraminifer, however, contains lime-water in much greater proportion than either of the substances defined by the author as composing it; it combines the calcium of such water with carbonic acid, and precipitates it on its exterior as a thin porous crust. The sarcode or protoplasmic matter can extend itself, like threads, from the pores of the crust or shell, and hence the name "foraminifer." It is an "organism" without organs; and manifests life at its lowest grade. Budding out a second protoplasmic centre, this forms a second calcareous porous case, which may or may not be detached from the first; most commonly it is not, and the manifold variety of the Foraminifera depends upon the direction of the budding-forth, and the shape of the buds or "sarcode" centres; whilst their beauty is mainly due to the repetition of the same structure on a regular plan. Some have a rectilinear, more have a curvilinear axis of growth; and the latter, being spiral, may be either flat, like the shell of the nautilus, or may coil round a lengthened axis, like that of a whelk. But between the rectilinear and curvilinear forms there is a complete gradation.

When the varying conditions of the ocean-beds, which are the seat of the foraminiferous mode of resumption of vital force, are considered,—either in regard to distance from the surface, decreasing from depths exceeding two miles, as reached by the soundings of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of 1,600 fathoms as plumbed by Wallich between Cape Farewell and the Island of Rockall, to the shallows of tidal shores,—or in respect of the constituents of the sands and muds in which the slime-elements become aggregated into protoplasmic centres,—corresponding modifications of the forms of deposit of carbonate of lime in and upon such centres might be expected,—are, indeed, inevitable under such low conditions of a centre of vital power, with corresponding weakness of resistance of surrounding influences. Accordingly, a result of the summary of the observed forms of foraminiferous shells in Dr. Carpenter's "Introduction" is, that a definition of a species is impossible, in the terms at least to which organisms with definite organs lend themselves; and that the like "ordinary method of definition" of the genus is "impracticable." Upwards of twenty pages are, nevertheless, devoted to the attempt to classify the zoologically unclassifiable Forami-

fera. The efforts of the mineralogist towards a like systematic end are painful enough, and meet with as inadequate a reward; but the conditions of the aggregation of mineral atoms, under the guidance of polar force, in the purer fresh waters, are more definite and less varied than those in the complex solution which forms the ocean.

We have supplemented the author's definition of the protoplasmic base or seat of the chalk-precipitate by the quantity of "lime-water" which fills out the delicate, filmy, albuminous lime. Our meaning is this: every river pours a solution of lime into the sea; but pure water only evaporates from its surface. All sea-water, therefore, holds (with many other salts) a proportion of lime in solution; and if this caustic earth were not disposed of, the effect of evaporation would, in time, unfit the sea for the purposes or as a medium of life. Amongst the instruments by which the soluble caustic lime is precipitated in the condition of a mild, insoluble carbonate of lime, the Foraminifera are the most active and the most widely diffused. In the deep-sea soundings to which reference has been made "the surface layer of the ooze was formed of living shells; whilst its principal mass consisted of the exuvia of preceding generations."

To Ehrenberg we are indebted for the capital discovery of the large proportion in which the shells of Foraminifera enter, either entire or comminuted, into the formation of chalk ('Ueber die Bildung der Kreidefelsen und der Kreidemergel durch unsichtbare Organismen,' in the *Transactions of the Royal Academy of Berlin for 1838*; and 'Ueber noch jetzt zahlreich lebende Thierarten der Kreidelbildung und den Organismen der Polythalamien,' *Ibid.* 1839). When this constitution of the downs and more notable cliffs of Albion is duly examined, it is found to bear a close resemblance to that of the mud which has been dredged up from a great tract of the bed of the Atlantic, and which was composed of little else than the calcareous shells of Globigerinæ and other foraminiferous forms, with the silicious shields of the allied Polycystinæ.

If the finer part of a portion of chalk be washed away, the remaining sediment consists almost entirely of foraminiferous shells. They have also been found in similarly upheaved beds of older oceans, down to the Lower Silurian, in the instances of calcareous rocks of a consistency to be washed; and even in hard limestones and marbles foraminiferous shells can be detected, by the microscope, in polished sections and in thin slices laid upon glass.

Another kind of evidence of the share taken by the polythalamous Foraminifera in the formation of the earth's crust has been made known to us also by the original and persevering labours of the great micrographer of Berlin, in his discovery that their shells occasionally become infiltrated by a solution of silicate of iron, which fills by precipitation not only the chambers, but the pores and co-extended canals, even to their minutest ramifications; so that when a shell thus infiltrated undergoes decomposition, a perfect internal cast of the original protoplasm and its root-like extensions remains:—

"Of such casts it has been shown by Prof. Ehrenberg that the green-sands which present themselves in various geological formations, from the Silurian system upwards, are in great part composed; and his discovery has a two-fold value, as, on the one hand, it places before us far more exact representations of the configuration of the animal body, and of the connexions of its different parts, than we could obtain even from living specimens by dissolving away their shells with acid

(its several portions being disposed to heap themselves together in a mass when they lose the support of the calcareous skeleton), whilst it also enables us to identify with great certainty the types of Foraminifera by which these casts were originally formed, notwithstanding the entire destruction of the shells."

The meaning which the author attaches to the term "type" may be illustrated by his characters of the family of Lagenidæ. The shell "substance" is hyaline or vitreous, and very hard, perforated by tubes of extreme fineness. The "septal" aperture is small, circular and central, more or less prominent, sometimes produced into a siphon-like tube.

The generic name Lagenæ is retained for the Foraminifera which form a single-chambered shell, globose, with a prolonged neck and terminal aperture. But from such "typical" Lagenæ the deviations are numerous—*e. g.*, into an ovate form, pointed at the hinder end, or so narrowed as to become "fusiform," &c., or with involution of the flask-shaped neck, which then gives occasion for another generic name—*e. g.*, Entosalenia, &c.

If the protoplasm, operating under the conditions which lead it to precipitate its chalk in the texture and form of Lagenæ, be so favourably placed in regard to the acquisition and assimilation of fresh slime as to bud out successive portions thereof, an elongated vitreous shell is formed of a series of segments joined end to end in a straight line, sometimes with progressive increase, giving the entire shell a conical form.—

"From the rectilinear *Nodosaria*, through the gently-curved *Dentalina* and the more strongly-curved *Marginula*, we are led, in a series so perfectly gradational as to forbid lines of demarcation from being anywhere drawn across it to the spiral *Cristallaria*, which may be regarded as the highest manifestation of the lagenoid type. From this central stem we find a set of offsets more or less divergent, presenting modifications of the typical characters on which generic distinctions have been founded, but which we cannot recognize as of higher than varietal importance."

Nevertheless—and, indeed, of necessity in respect to finite capacities of comprehending the manifold results of the conditions of creative force—the author proceeds to arrange about a "type form" a second group of genera, forming the family *Globigerinida*; and a third group around another "type," forming the family *Nummulinida*.

This latter includes the largest and most highly-developed kinds of Foraminifera, the existing members of which are almost exclusively confined to tropical or sub-tropical regions. Under analogous influences must have been produced those giants among Foraminifera which multiplied during that early tertiary period which has been called, after them, "nummulitic." Their shells form, literally, mountain masses, once in the depths of ocean, now upraised to the surface. The "nummulitic" limestones are mere aggregates of such organic products, the interspaces of the entire shells being occupied by smaller specimens of the same kinds or by fragments of the larger ones. These rocks occur in Southern Europe, Northern Africa, India, Jamaica. The "Great Pyramid" of Egypt is built of the stone formed of the kind of Foraminifer called *Nummulites nummularia*, from its resemblance to a coin.

The above-recited three "types" or "families" of Foraminifera are grouped together under the "sub-order" *Perforata*, the shell having the tubular apertures for the exit of the filaments of protoplasm called "pseudopodia." They may be regarded as the "typical" Foraminifera. All the kinds have calcareous shells, and are marine.

Aggregates of slime, snot, or "protoplasm," however, occur, which, putting forth their pseudopodial extensions at one point only of the surface, cover the rest with a case which is imperforate. In the *Miliolida*, which are and were marine, the shell is of porcellanous texture. In the *Lituolida*, some kinds of which live in shallow seas or brackish water, the shell is "arenaceous," or composed of foreign particles cemented together upon the outside of the protoplasm. In the *Gromida*, of which many inhabit fresh water, the shell is membranous or "chitinoïd."

The freshwater *Amœbidæ* resemble the protoplasmal basis of the "perforate" Foraminifera; but the conditions for obtaining the lime are poor or absent in the sphere of their existence. The truly vital essential part of all these minute and beautiful organisms is alike. Since the great step which Dujardin ('Observations sur les Rhizopodes et les Infusoires,' *Comptes Rendus de l'Acad. des Sciences*, 1835) made in the right appreciation of their nature, observers have progressively concurred in interpreting the results of their scrutiny more or less in accordance with the following expressions of our author:—

"The physiologist has here a case in which those vital operations which he is accustomed to see carried on by an elaborate apparatus are performed without any special instruments whatever,—a little particle of apparently homogeneous jelly changing itself into a greater variety of forms than the fabled Proteus; laying hold of its food without members, swallowing it without a mouth, appropriating its nutritious material without absorbent vessels or a circulating system, moving from place to place without muscles, feeling (if it has any power to do so) without nerves, propagating itself without genital apparatus; and not only this, but in many instances forming shelly coverings of a symmetry and complexity not surpassed by those of any testaceous animals." (p. vii.)

The large experience of the Foraminifera which Dr. Carpenter has accumulated from his own studies, derivative and direct, and from those of his coadjutors in the present work, Messrs. Parker and Rupert Jones, has led him to the conclusion that—

"the ordinary notion of *species* as assemblages of individuals marked out from each other by definite characters that have been genetically transmitted from original prototypes similarly distinguished is quite inapplicable to this group. * * The only natural classification of the vast aggregate of diversified forms which this group contains, will be one which ranges them according to their direction and degree of divergence from a small number of principal family-types. * * The subordinate groupings of genera and species which may be adopted for the convenience of description and nomenclature, must be regarded merely as assemblages of forms characterized by the nature and degree of the modifications of the original type, which they may have respectively acquired in the course of genetic descent from a common ancestry. * * Even in regard to these family types, it may fairly be questioned whether analogical evidence does not rather favour the idea of their derivation from a common original than that of their primitive distinctness." (p. xi.)

We here discern the influence of Mr. Darwin's volume, 'On the Origin of Species,' on the mind of the writer, the essentially distinctive character of which work is the attribution of all animal species, as descendants "from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number,"—the author adding—"Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype." The resemblance is so close between the terms in which Dr. Carpenter repeats his main conclusion as to the origin of the acrite

Foraminifera, and those in which Mr. Darwin expresses his conclusions in regard to the origin of all the living beings of this planet, that we are led to question whether a like influence may not have affected Dr. Carpenter's conclusions and expressions as to the nature of the species and genera of antecedent investigators and classifiers of the Foraminifera.

With regard to the highly interesting and instructive facts, of the identity of some (Ehrenberg determined it in ten) of the so regarded species of fossil Foraminifera of the chalk with still existing species, and of the identity of more of the Foraminiferous *Nodosariæ* of the Triassic, Permian and Carboniferous strata, with existing forms, Dr. Carpenter explains it, agreeably with the Darwinian hypothesis, as a case "of the genetic continuity between the Foraminifera of successive geological periods; graduating backward to the period when they began to descend from a common original," or, to use the Master's words, "from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed." (*Darwin*, p. 484.)

According to this hypothesis we are compelled to conceive, or try to conceive, a period in our planet's history in which the conditions of life, or the circumstances tending to change the modes of operation of all-pervading force in the vital direction, were uniform, or at least that the uniformity which led to the impossibility of the existence of more than one "original form" had only been broken so far as to allow of the variation of such form into those of a few progenitors of succeeding classes of beings; the grade of differentiation of such progenitors from the primordial one being such as might be manifested by an *Amœba* or whatever Dr. Carpenter may conceive to have been the original "father of all Foraminifera."

The inevitable corollary of the Darwinian hypothesis seems to us to demonstrate its weakness; and to show by contrast the superiority of the Lamarckian principle of the heterogenous production of the primitive types of organisms. Agreeably with this principle, we conceive that "particles of apparently homogeneous jelly" are now, as of old, being aggregated through the operation of existing interchangeable modes of force, under special conditions, capable of causing, for example, the special characters of the Foraminifera.

The difference of atomic condition between a speck of jelly exercising the attraction of cohesion and one supplementing such attraction by the force of more intimate atomic union, call it incorporation or assimilation, may not be greater than the difference of atomic condition in a non-magnetic and a magnetic piece of iron: it is certainly very analogous to it. The latter draws to itself contiguous pieces of iron, which stick to the hard surface and cannot get in; the looser suspended atoms of the jelly-speck, under the assimilative or organic state of force, allow the attracted particles to permeate the mass, there to adhere atomically to their like, in short to be assimilated; the unassimilatable particles give way and are pushed out.

Every observer of the movements of such a sarcodal aggregate as *Amœba*, or *Actinophrys*, may recognize enough of the above-indicated correspondence with magnetic attraction and repulsion to place afresh before his judgment, for unbiassed consideration, the question whether such properties of the jelly-mass compel the invocation of a miraculous "inbreathing of life" for their initiation, and of generation exclusively for their continued display. Analogy of the phenomena of convertible modes of operation of polaric force leads us to conclude that the difference between snot and sarcode, between passive and active states of mucus, is due to a conversion of attractive or other mode of polar force

into the mode called "assimilative," "organic," or "vital." We believe, to use Darwin's common expression, that such conversion occurs under the conditions favouring it; that such conditions exist now as of old, and that they have operated in the production of Foraminifera in the ooze or mud of sea-beds from the Silurian period, or the remotest one for the possibility of such conditions of vivifying jelly-specks, to the present day.

Dr. Carpenter's studies of the porous chalk-deposits in and on these jelly-specks appear, however, to have induced him to adopt a different conclusion; to assign the beginning of such organism to an occult cause, to an operation of force or to a concurrence of forces which have now no place in Nature,—a creative force in fact, which Darwin could only express in Pentateuchal terms as the primordial form "into which life was first breathed"! Such primordial form of Foraminifera, once created, with its power of growing by assimilative atomic attraction and of propagating by pushing out and detaching particles of its substance, increased and multiplied. The foraminiferous offspring in time spread into positions and fell under conditions which, by reaction on the primordial organic properties, modified diversely the resultant conditions of the foraminiferous body and shell. The "Foraminifera of successive geological periods" have all descended from the first-created little particle of homogeneous jelly, having the properties above quoted from p. vii; they are related thereto by genetic continuity; in the author's words and type, they are "the direct lineal descendants of the Foraminifera of very ancient geological periods." The evidence of this astounding assumption he regards to be "as complete as the nature of the case admits," that is to say, as it possibly can be, or, in fewer words, to be demonstrated! Accordingly, we find writers who accept the dictum, and *in verba magistri* use the language of the Darwinian hypothesis, remarking, "not without astonishment, that scarcely any of the species of Foraminifera met with in the secondary strata have become extinct." "Nodosaria of the trias have transmitted descendants without loss of any of their essentially specific features to the present day." (*Phil. Trans.*, 1860, p. 582.)

Observation has, however, some value, though it may, or rather must, in natural objects, fall short of the extent and perfection of its subject. For example, the earliest or oldest strata with evidence of life present such evidence under a rather considerable variety of grades and conditions, agreeing, however, in a general way with the variety of states arising from different chemical constitutions of sedimentary rocks, from different depths in the sea, and other conditions likely to influence the state and form of the co-existing organisms of the period. The uniform condition of the surface of the earth at the period when the organic form of force was first capable of energizing upon such surface, which uniformity must be assumed at the period when the Darwinian primordial form of all organisms, and the Carpenterian primordial form of all Foraminifera existed in solitary state, is a condition of the earth's surface of which no geological observations whatever afford the slightest foundation or reason for assuming.

As, according to John Mill, the aim of the physical philosopher is to determine "what are the fewest and simplest assumptions, which being granted, the whole existing order of nature would result" (*Logic*, 3rd edit., vol. i., p. 327); so we hold, that the aim of the philosophic naturalist is to determine what are the assumptions having the best ground of accept-

ability from observation and analogy, on which organic forms and conditions, through known natural powers, might arise, propagating modifiable offspring concurrently with the continued operation of heterogenous productive force, which would people the globe, in the long course of its life-periods, with the various grades and forms constituting its present Fauna and Flora. We hold it to be contrary to the spirit of Mill, and of every searcher after truth, to prepose to the mind any quality of "number of primitive types," whether small or large, as a guiding idea in this high aim.

Reverting, then, to the question of the origin, or coming into existence, of a "particle of seemingly homogeneous jelly," with the powers above cited from p. vii. of the work under review: the assumption of an occult, miraculous, creative cause operating once for all, with the inevitable corollary of uniformity of vital conditions of existence during the hypothetical, uniform, primitive and primordial state of the earth's inhabitants, appears to us to be a less "simple assumption" than the following, viz., that at the period when life became possible on the earth's surface the conditions were sufficiently varied to permit the conversion of the general polaric into a special organic mode of force to operate under circumstances resulting in a variety of the simplest forms of life, such as "monad," "mucor," "ameeba," "lichen-spore," &c., and that such conditions have continued to operate in the heterogenous production of "organisms without organs" to the present day.

The atoms, attracting and attracted, causing the pushing out and drawing in of the "sarcode," intus-suscepted at any part of the surface and assimilated, augment the mass, which buds out; in some the bud falls off, in others it coheres, and may form a polythalamous or dendritic whole. So in the crystalline salt, the atoms, attracted to the surface, cohere according to the law of its crystallization and form, sometimes as beautiful dendritic wholes, as in Infusoria, zoophytes and plants. In all these cases the single cell and the primitive crystal continue to be independently and "heterogeneously" brought into being.

When observation shows that a particular form of Foraminifer occurs in fossiliferous rocks of all ascertained geological periods, we deduce from the fact that the conditions of the heterogenous creation of such form have been the same. Instead of concluding that the particular form or kind of Nodosaria of to-day is the great-&c.-grandchild of the Nodosaria of the carboniferous period, itself the lineal offspring of the occultly-created primordial Foraminifer, we deem it the "simpler" assumption, that the conditions of the "ooze" which led to the "fusuline" form Nodosaria coming into being when coal-plants flourished, operate in like manner in producing that particular form of shell-making jelly at the present day. In like manner we regard the valuable labours of Messrs. Parker and Rupert Jones 'On the Nomenclature of the Foraminifera' as a suggestive body of proof of the degree in which uniform conditions of the development of Foraminifera, characterized and named "specifically," have operated during long geological periods on this planet.

Agreeably with this "heterogenous" hypothesis is the great and significant fact of there having been "no advance in the foraminiferous type from the Palæozoic period to the present time." Most adverse is this fact to the hypothesis that one primordial form was first, and once for all, created, with a power of producing progeny susceptible of variation and improvement to the illimitable degree postulated by

Darwin. It is expressly admitted by his disciple, the author of the work under notice, that "there is no indication of any tendency to elevation towards a higher type" in the foraminiferous Fauna of any period; but the significance of this fact seems to be lost on Dr. Carpenter in reference to the most important, indeed supreme, deduction from the numerous particulars which he has ably and instructively set forth in his 'Introduction to the Study of the Foraminifera.'

In regard to the history of these most interesting and beautiful, though for the most part minute, forms of Protozoa, the salient features which, in zoology, will be remembered gratefully and with admiration of the originality, acuteness and perseverance of the observers, are—the determination of the true nature of the Foraminifera and their kinship to Amœba and other freshwater rhizopods by Dujardin,—and the discovery of their antiquity and important share in forming the earth's crust by Ehrenberg.

To the general reader there is no work on the Foraminifera which will prove more instructive and satisfactory than the richly-illustrated volume which Dr. Carpenter has brought out, with the aid of Messrs. Parker and Rupert Jones, under the auspices of the Ray Society. To the scientific reader, especially looking to the bearing of the recorded facts and observations on the generalizations of highest interest at the present phase of his science, the result, we regret to state, is such as the author himself seems to recognize when, with becoming modesty, he confesses that "he cannot venture to anticipate that his work will prove altogether satisfactory."

Live It Down: a Story of the Light Lands. By J. C. Jeaffreson. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THE title of this work is in itself a novel, and suggests half-a-dozen stories at once. The story that Mr. Jeaffreson has selected will, however, satisfy most readers; it is full, well considered, and well worked out. The interest is solid, and depends more on the delineation of inner life and character than on the accidents of a critical moment. The plot is broad, and the interest goes on increasing to the last page. The story is extremely well constructed; it is by far the best work of fiction Mr. Jeaffreson has yet written, and in great measure realizes the promise of excellence given in his former novels.

The story turns on the traditional "skeleton" said to haunt everybody's closet, and Mr. Jeaffreson gives his notion as to the best way of dealing with it. Everybody has some secret that he would not willingly impart to the world; and an authentic history of somebody else's "skeleton" has an attraction for every reader.

Mr. Jeaffreson's maxim for all secret sorrows is—"to live them down." There are different fashions of living things down: to keep any action or event absolutely secret is a wild hope—"tôt ou tard tout se sait," wrote Madame de Maintenon. Bluebeard's key was but the type of human experience. Scour out an event so that you destroy all traces of it in one place, and it breaks out visibly in another. All the characters in Mr. Jeaffreson's story have their own Secret, and they act and re-act on each other partly in blindness and partly from design. An old family, in a county town in "the light lands of Suffolk," hold themselves in retirement and dignified seclusion—their neighbours set it down to pride: alas! they have a wretched secret to live down. The old squire and the gentle, almost perfect woman, his daughter Adelaide, live together in the old manor-house, with the youth who is said to be the son of

a deceased brother. Edgar Turrett, the boy, is the hero of the story—a fine, high-spirited youth, addicted overmuch to field sports and steeple-chases, but withal a thorough gentleman in all his works and ways. There is a certain Miss Carry Broomhead, whose father, being a Dissenter and rich tradesman, causes a two-fold obstacle to her taking rank amongst the aristocracy of Merton Piggott. The shades of society, as society existed in county towns in the early part of this century and the close of the last, are well touched in, and are admirable as a picture of a time now almost passed away from living memory. The “assemblies” were, of course, the great display of beauty, fashion and exclusiveness in the world of Merton Piggott; to a place there Caroline Broomhead could not by right aspire, but she is let into the paradise by grace and favour. She captivates Edgar Turrett, and, after a slight show of opposition, the consent of their parents is obtained, and everything looks promising for their happiness. But there is the terrible Secret connected with the family of the Turretts of Castle Hollow—the Secret which the old man and his daughter have doomed themselves to hide. It is discovered in a very artfully contrived, but perfectly artistic and legitimate manner. A lady, the niece of a provincial manager and strolling player, meets with an accident; all the ladies in the town are kind to her, but she, too, has her Secret; she is married, though none knows of it; Alec Barber, her husband, being a blackleg, ruffian and betting-man on the turf. This brings him in contact with Edgar, for whom he rides a steeple-chase. Alec Barber discovers the secret, and this secures his hold on Edgar. A respectable man appears on the scene as a book-seller; Aunt Adelaide Turrett gives him all her savings to set him up in his shop, and there is a mysterious connexion between them of which Alec Barber discovers the key; also he finds out that John Braddock is a returned convict, not guilty however, having been convicted on circumstantial evidence. He plots to get Edgar still more into his power, brings him into difficulties, and considers that he has found a mine of wealth. The young man, when told of the Secret concerning himself, buys the silence of the wretch for the sake of preserving the few years that remain to his grandfather and aunt from annoyance. This is made to bear a most questionable aspect to the world; the contrast between what the reader knows and what the world thinks, is good. Carry, who has become impressed with religious sentiment, breaks off her engagement with Edgar from an imperious sense of duty. All this is told in a very unbackneyed and effective manner. There is a silent contest going on betwixt all the characters which the reader finds exciting. At last, Alec Barber is found murdered, and circumstantial evidence points to Edgar. This part of the story is managed by a man who knows how to do it. Edgar is acquitted; but though set at liberty, he is not restored to the good opinion of the world. He determines to “live down” suspicion, which he does nobly and naturally; he goes out as a physician and missionary to the people of the wild marsh districts of his own county; he lives amongst them and bears his sorrows bravely, until at last the real murderer confesses. We cannot spoil the reader's interest by revealing the Secret: indeed, telling it would give no indication of the excitement of the gradual development and the influence of every character on the plot of the story, which is managed with great ability. Edgar and his wife (for of course he marries Carry) agree to take up the burden and shame

of the Past, and not to try to conceal it, neither fearing nor defying disclosure, but taking the Past as a lot appointed to them, resolved to “live down” what is in it of disgrace.

The moral worked out from the story is, that men may not refuse any burden which is sent to them in God's providence, whether it be disgrace from the conduct of relations, or the consequences of some long-past sin of their own; that an humble trust in God is better than any scheming to escape or to hide the consequences of a wrong action. Such is the theme of this story; but the great charm lies in the working out of phases of inner life and character. This work contains knowledge which can only be learnt by having lived and suffered, and no one can read it without feeling helped and strengthened as by the words of a friend. The scenes are too much interwoven with each other to bear detaching, but there are several highly dramatic situations. The interview between Alec Barber and John Braddock, the returned convict, when the former goes to threaten him in order to extort money, is like seeing a fencing-match between two skilful swordsmen; the episode of “Little Fan,” the physician's daughter, may take its place beside little Dombey for its pathos. The story is interesting throughout; the characters stand well on their feet, and are real human beings marked with individual character; and we recommend our readers to make acquaintance with them for themselves. Mr. Jeaffreson has it in him to do still better things than his present work, and we hope he will live up to his capabilities.

Yedo and Peking: a Narrative of a Journey to the Capitals of Japan and China. With Notices of the Natural Productions, Agriculture, Horticulture, and Trade of those Countries, and other Things met with by the Way. By Robert Fortune. Map and Illustrations. (Murray.)

Mr. Robert Fortune's travels in the flowery land of the far East are known wherever tea is relished and gardens are cultivated. On these wanderings he has written more than one popular and pleasant book. Unlike the common tourist, Mr. Fortune has a speciality of object and of knowledge. He goes to China, to Japan, to India, in search of plants and flowers; he takes along with him a perfect knowledge of what has been done already in the line of his inquiries; and he has for purpose, not only to report on what he may find, but to bring it away with him in evidence. Thus, his labours have a practical, as well as a scientific end. They are undertaken in the cause of commerce and of domestic use. When he succeeds in his search, science is enriched, and our landscapes are beautified. To give only one example out of hundreds—should you hear of a new oak tree (*Quercus Sinensis*) being found on the slopes of the mountain range beyond Peking, a valuable tree, of which the acorns yield a dye, you hear at the same time that many acorns from this oak have been brought home, and are now growing very well in Mr. Standish's nursery-ground at Bagshot.

Mr. Fortune is, perhaps, the best-known Englishman in the Eastern world. For eighteen years he has lived in China, India and Japan; speaking the languages of the people, visiting them in their homes, and entering into their peculiarities of character. More, perhaps, than any other, he has helped to make the name of Englishman respected in those regions. Nor is this the only service he has done. To him, almost exclusively, belongs the credit of successfully introducing the tea-plant into the

gardens of the Himalayas,—a change which promises to do for the cool provinces of Upper India what tobacco has done for Virginia and cotton for Louisiana. To the exertions which he has made in behalf of our home gardens and landscapes there are in this country thousands of witnesses, and we need not dwell upon them. It is not strange to hear that this useful servant of science has met from our public officers abroad with every attention and every sympathy, and most of all, from those gentlemen who stand highest in the service and in the public regard. But there has been one ridiculous and mortifying exception, to which, in the cause of science, we are bound to draw attention.

Mr. Fortune made his first visit to Yeddo in company with Sir Rutherford Alcock, whose admirable book on the ‘Capital of the Tycoon’ we recently reviewed. In the Minister's company all went well: Mr. Fortune made his little social sketches; poked about in the tiny gardens; saw the tubs of Salamanders for sale; examined the Japanese principle of dwarfing plants; expressed an opinion on the comparative moralities of a Yeddo bath and an English ball-room; and made a collection of such novelties as could be found in that climate in the wintry months. Mr. Fortune then left Yeddo for a while, to explore some other parts of the coast; but when the spring came round he was anxious to return and complete his collections. By an article of the treaty no foreigner was allowed to proceed to Yeddo except on the invitation of his Minister at the Court of the Tycoon; and Sir Rutherford Alcock had gone to Europe. What was to be done? Mr. Fortune did not like to ask a permit from the person left in charge, because he thought that person would be unable to comply and unwilling to refuse. So, to save inconvenience and delay, he accepted an hospitable invitation from Mr. Harris, the American Minister at Yeddo. Mr. Harris was perfectly well aware of the importance of Mr. Fortune's labours, not only to England but to the whole civilized world, and he was proud to give our countryman help. We venture to thank the American Minister for having acted in this matter like a gentleman; we know no higher praise, or we would give it.

We undertake to say that our readers will be as much surprised as Mr. Harris was, when one day, as they sat at dinner, his guest received the following note from the person whom Sir Rutherford had unhappily left in charge of our affairs at Yeddo:—

“As no British subject can visit Yedo without an invitation from, or the sanction of, Her Britannic Majesty's Minister, or, in his absence, the officer in charge of Her Majesty's Legation, from neither of whom you have received such invitation or sanction, I have to request you will take your departure from Yedo without delay.—I have, &c.,
“F. G. MYBURGH.”

To this formal request for his instant departure, Mr. Fortune replied—

“I had the honour to receive your letter of yesterday's date, upon which I beg to make the following observations. I returned to Japan a short time ago for the purpose of examining the natural productions of the country during the spring months, hoping to make some discoveries which might prove useful at home. For this purpose it was of great importance that I should be able to visit the gardens about Yedo. Unfortunately on my arrival at Kanagawa I found Her Majesty's Minister absent from Yedo, and I was given to understand that I could not obtain permission from the officer in charge of the Legation to visit the city. His Excellency Mr. Alcock has always shown every disposition to forward my views, and had he been here I have no doubt he would willingly have granted the permission I

required. Under the circumstances I wrote to his Excellency the American Minister, and asked him to grant me that permission which I am sure I would have received from Her Majesty's representative had he been in Yedo. Mr. Harris, in the kindest manner, invited me to his house as his guest, in order to enable me to accomplish the objects I had in view. With this explanation I trust you will not insist on my leaving Yedo for a few days, as it might be a matter of public regret should I be prevented from adding to our home collection some new trees or other plants of much interest."

But the party in office, neither calmed by the moderate tone of Mr. Fortune's note, nor warned by any nimble sense of the ludicrousness of his position, insisted on his immediate departure. If Mr. Punch were quizzing some irate official in the East, no doubt the master of polite mocking would be able to dramatically "write him down an ass." But could the profound satirist conjure up a more grotesque picture of a Jack-in-office than that suggested by the following words, actually written by the man whose signature they bear?—

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of to-day, and regret that you have placed me under the necessity of again writing to you. I care not to be informed now for what object you have come to Japan, or that Her Majesty's Minister would have granted you permission to visit Yedo had he been here—I only know that you are a private individual in a private capacity in this country, and that you have not asked for nor received the requisite sanction from the British authority here to come up to Yedo. It is of no consequence to me now what you were given to understand at Kanagawa; but you must have been well aware that the American Minister has not the power to grant you, or any other British subject, permission to visit Yedo. It was your duty to have communicated with me on the subject, but this you had not the common courtesy to do; and you actually came up to Yedo without even my knowledge. I think I have said enough to show you that you have acted in a very improper manner. Whether it would be a matter of public regret or not your being unable to accomplish your private ends, is not a question for me to consider. I am only performing my public duty when I call upon you a second time to quit Yedo at once. To allow you to remain would be to establish a dangerous precedent.—I have, &c.,

"F. G. MYBURGH."

For an instant this polite and sensible person was the wielder of Her Majesty's authority at Yedo; and the man of science, for not having kissed the said person's shoe, was compelled to quit the scene of his honourable and useful toil, his task but half accomplished! It is not for us to apply the only comment proper to such an act.

We have referred to Mr. Fortune's studies at Yeddo, both social and botanical. Every reader of Sir Rutherford Alcock's book will remember the illustrations of the Japanese bath, and the opinion of our Minister on the indecency of that institution. Mr. Fortune takes a rather more favourable view of it, though he is not blind to its licentious side:—

"In one of the villages through which we passed we observed what appeared to be a family bathing-room. The baths at the time were full of persons of both sexes, old and young, apparently of three or four generations, and all were perfectly naked. This was a curious exhibition to a foreigner, but the reader must remember we are now in Japan. Bathing-houses or rooms, both public and private, are found in all parts of the Japanese Empire—in the midst of crowded cities, or, as we here see, in country villages. The bath is one of the institutions of the country; it is as indispensable to a Japanese as tea is to a Chinaman. In the afternoon, in the evening, and up to a late hour at night, the bath is in full operation. Those who can afford it have baths in their own

houses for the use of themselves and their families; the poorer classes, for a very small sum, can enjoy themselves at the public baths. After coming in from a long journey, or when tired with the labours of the day, the Japanese consider a bath to be particularly refreshing and enjoyable; and it is probably on this account, as well as for cleanliness, that it is so universally employed. The stern moralist of Western countries will no doubt condemn the system of promiscuous bathing, as it is contrary to all his ideas of decency; on the other hand, there are those who tell us that the custom only shows simplicity and innocence such as that which existed in the Garden of Eden before the fall of man. All I can say is, that it is the custom of the country to bathe in this way; and that, if appealed to on the subject, the Japanese would probably tell us that many of the customs amongst ourselves—such, for example, as our mode of dressing and dancing—are much more likely to lead to immorality than bathing, and are not so useful nor so healthy; at any rate, the practice cannot be attributed to habits of primitive innocence in this case, as no people in the world are more licentious in their behaviour than the Japanese."

On the art of dwarfing plants—an art which is beginning to find much favour in our own greenhouses—he is a more confident and competent authority. Many readers will like to learn the lesson from the original source—the more so as they can do so in a passage variously suggestive:—

"The art of dwarfing trees, as commonly practised both in China and Japan, is in reality very simple and easily understood. It is based upon one of the commonest principles of vegetable physiology. Anything which has a tendency to check or retard the flow of the sap in trees, also prevents, to a certain extent, the formation of wood and leaves. This may be done by grafting, by confining the roots in a small space, by withholding water, by bending the branches, and in a hundred other ways, which all proceed upon the same principle. This principle is perfectly understood by the Japanese, and they take advantage of it to make nature subservient to this particular whim of theirs. They are said to select the smallest seeds from the smallest plants, which I think is not at all unlikely. I have frequently seen Chinese gardeners selecting suckers for this purpose from the plants of their gardens. Stunted varieties were generally chosen, particularly if they had the side branches opposite or regular, for much depends upon this: a one-sided dwarf-tree is of no value in the eyes of the Chinese or Japanese. The main stem was then, in most cases, twisted in a zigzag form, which process checked the flow of the sap, and at the same time encouraged the production of side-branches at those parts of the stem where they were most desired. The pots in which they were planted were narrow and shallow, so that they held but a small quantity of soil compared with the wants of the plants, and no more water was given than was actually necessary to keep them alive. When new branches were in the act of formation they were tied down and twisted in various ways; the points of the leaders and strong-growing ones were generally nipped out, and every means were taken to discourage the production of young shoots possessing any degree of vigour. Nature generally struggles against this treatment for a while, until her powers seem to be in a great measure exhausted, when she quietly yields to the power of Art. The artist, however, must be ever on the watch; for should the roots of his plants get through the pots into the ground, or happen to receive a liberal supply of moisture, or should the young shoots be allowed to grow in their natural position for a time, the vigour of the plant, which has so long been lost, will be restored, and the fairest specimens of Oriental dwarfing destroyed. It is a curious fact that when plants, from any cause, become stunted or unhealthy, they almost invariably produce flowers and fruit, and thus endeavour to propagate and perpetuate their kind. This principle is of great value in dwarfing trees. Flowering trees—such, for example, as peaches and plums—produce their blossoms most profusely

under the treatment I have described; and as they expend their energies in this way, they have little inclination to make vigorous growth."

The book is full of gossip about trees, plants and flowers, and which gossip is interspersed, as we have seen, with remarks on the social and moral condition of those who cultivate them. It is a thoroughly useful and pleasant volume.

The Story of Queen Isabel, and other Verses.
By M. S. (Bell & Daldy.)

IN 'The Story of Queen Isabel' we have one more reflection of the Laureate's influence. It is impossible to read this tale of the young bride whom John of England stole from her betrothed without recalling the sentiment that pervades the 'Morte d'Arthur' and the 'Idylls of the King.'

This being said, we may add that M. S. is among the best of Mr. Tennyson's followers. The resemblance which we here detect springs from no servile imitation. It is a response—not an echo; it reveals itself in spirit still more than in manner, and by analogy rather than by reproduction. The writer's imagination has been moulded, but not enslaved, by a higher one. His pages often show real insight into feeling and character, and a power to express both by touches as subtle as they are true. He has qualities, in short, which admiration may colour and bias, but which it cannot bestow.

At the opening of the story Isabel, the future queen, is affianced to Hugh de Lusignan. She is so mere a girl that love is still dormant in her heart, which makes no reply to the devotion of Lusignan. Vain of her beauty, dazzled by the state of a royal suitor, and beguiled by his flatteries, she breaks her troth to Lusignan and marries Prince John. This event is quickly followed by the death of Cœur-de-Lion and John's accession to the throne. The base nature of her husband is soon apparent, and Isabel learns in time to appreciate by contrast the noble heart which she has forsaken. In the war with France, Lusignan is taken captive, but Isabel effects his release. At length, after a series of persecutions and indignities from her jealous husband, she is released from him by his death. She then seeks out Lusignan, to whom her daughter has been confided, confesses her error, and obtains his forgiveness. All this is told, in the main, with clearness and effect. We must except, however, to the mode in which Lusignan regains his liberty. Warders are bribed and prison-doors thrown open with an ease that taxes the credulity of the reader. Again, Lusignan has obtained the custody of Isabel's daughter under a promise of marrying her; but we are left in doubt as to whether this promise was serious or a mere desire to win back the mother.

It is in the nice perception of motive and in the unfolding of character that our new poet is at his best. Lusignan, gay, stately and reserved,—Isabel, with her nature shallow at first, but gradually deepening into moral apprehension,—John, veiling his cowardice with levity, and his cruelty with sinister courtesy—stand before us in life-like distinctness. Few glimpses into the untried and trusting heart of girlhood can be truer than those which we are about to instance. Isabel and John are in full flight from Lusignan, and already the evil bias of the Prince betrays itself:—

A day and night
They rode together, each swift hour more rich
In tender thought and wonder than the last;
Her dreams had all been vague; and now she dream'd
This bright reality should teach her all.
For she knew nothing—judged not—but received.
He smiled, and "So," she thought, "a hero smiles."
He spoke, she listen'd greedily, to learn

The way in which a model knight made love;
He swore a little when his courser tripp'd,
And "This," she thought, "is done by angry kings,
I must not heed it." So she question'd not,
Mild not, expected not, but still received;
Till once his bold eyes burn'd upon her face
So fiercely, that she shrank and dropp'd her veil,
And trembled inwardly a little while.
Then to herself said, chiding, "This is love.
I have been told I am too young for love;
When I am older, I shall bear it better."

Our next extract winds up a tragic episode. It refers to a certain knight whom Isabel's beauty and suffering have inspired with loyal devotion. The heart of the desolate lady turns for support to this one friend, and the King's suspicions are aroused:—

One summer's day she rode to join the King
At his new palace, where he summon'd her;
And, wearily dismounting, to resume
The chains a little while laid by, she read
Such truth and pity in those loyal eyes,
That her stray hand fell lightly on his brow
Bent to her stirrup, and she spake and sigh'd,—
"Friend, pray for me, I need it!" All in tears
He turn'd away; and she, with tears, went in
Watch'd from a window by her lord, who show'd
The gesture to his train, and bade them mark;
Then greeted her so gaily, that she knew
He had some bitter purpose in his soul.

Beside her at the banquet, still he show'd
Unwanted homage, but her shuddering looks
Could nowhere find a substance for their fear;
(She noted not the absence of her knight.)
She waited till the long carouse was done,
Then, at his signal, rose. "Your cheeks are pale,
My queen," he said, "sleep must their springtide prove,
To make them bloom anew. Give me your hand,
I'll see you to your chamber." So they went
Together, with a train to marshal them.
The chamber was a blaze of light; the King
Stood still a moment by the curtain'd couch,
Holding her hand, and looking in her face,
As a wolf eyes the fawn before he springs,
Then dropp'd her hand, and drew the curtain back,
And hiss'd into her ear, "Your rest be soft!"
—This is no bed; it is an open tomb.
Upon the pillow lies the dumb despair
Of a familiar face without a soul,
A loyal breast, uncover'd and transfix'd,
And under the close dagger-hilt a stain
Slow spreading while they gazed.

This relation, so full of graphic details that appeal to the eye no less than to the mind, deserves high praise. We are made to feel, with the Queen, the ill omen of her husband's mirth; we tremble at the pomp which precedes her to her chamber, and shrink at the door from the mocking blaze. Not less powerfully drawn is the feline malignity of John, as he toys with the victim he is about to crush. The point of tragic terror is here reached—and without straining.

The foregoing examples show a dramatic faculty rather than a reflective one. At times, however, both are combined, and we meet with passages remarkable alike for their general truth, for the light shed upon characters, and for happiness of expression. Here is an instance:—

There is a day in Spring
When under all the earth the secret germs
Begin to stir and glow before they bud;
The wealth and festal pomps of Midsummer
Lie in the heart of that inglorious day,
Which no man names with blessing, though its work
Is blest by all the world. Such days there are
In the slow story of the growth of souls,
And such a day was this for Isabel.

This portrait of Lusignan, too, has real individuality:—

Under the curve
Of the dark portal, on his steed, Sir Hugh
Sate like a picture, half his calm face light,
Half shadow, framed in azure sheens of steel,
And crown'd with plumes that scarcely moved, he sate
So still; but in his eyes the shadow fix'd,
And seem'd the symbol of an inward gloom;
For he had pour'd his heart in one farewell,
Going to war, and on its flood a frost
Had fallen—I know not how—a look, a tone,
A touch, a silence—life is full of such,
Full till it overflows, and drops itself
At last into the tranquil depths of death.
You would have wonder'd at his face, it seem'd
Too grand to be so troubled; but a rock,
Scorning the strokes of ocean, will grow dark
Under the passage of an April cloud.

Isabel in her early wifhood meets with a proof of John's cowardice:—

The queen stood still
Like one who hath been struck, who knows not yet
Where is the blow, or what the pain, but feels
A certain chillness in the heart and brain,
As if life paused a little while and doubted
Whether it should resume its course. But then,
As a branch stoops with over-weight of snow,
Lets down its burden, and starts back again
Noiselessly and unwounded to its place,
She dropp'd the cold oppression from her heart,
And rose, and seem'd unscathed.

We have quoted enough to show that, if the work before us be that of a young man, there is much to be hoped from him. He has already the power to feel and observe on his own account, though within limits determined by another's influence. He must now learn to regard man and nature from his own standpoint, and in obedience to his own impulses. And there is one more counsel that we would offer to him. Some of the minor poems in this volume are not less healthy than sweet; but in others we find a sentimentalism that cannot be too early resisted. To indulge in vain laments may be a luxury for the young, whose very glow of life seeks to temper itself with a fictitious gloom. But the habit is as enervating as it is seductive. Faith and courage are vital elements of poetic genius; and, although in life's chequered scene, grief and doubt must at times intrude, he alone is worth hearing who can make the lessons of grief an antidote for doubt.

Town and Borough of Leominster; with Illustrations of its Ancient and Modern History.
By the Rev. G. F. Townsend, M.A.; and a Chapter on the Parish Church and Priory, by E. A. Freeman. (Leominster, Partridge; London, Hall & Co.)

Of the above pleasant Hertfordshire town—its old-world traditions, its historical legends, its church history, its political troubles, its progress in the manufacture of gloves and hats, and the preparation of leather,—of these and many other subjects relative to them, Mr. Townsend discourses unpretendingly, agreeably, and profitably. Over such a stage many a group of great personages pass and re-pass; but there is one especially who attracts our attention, for his name is familiar to us all, and his history known to few—that name is Coningsby.—

The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues,
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.

This Pope's Coningsby is the man who is conspicuous in this account of Leominster, of which he was one of the representatives in Parliament. Mr. Townsend publishes some few details of Coningsby not hitherto known; but he might have gone much further, had he only been aware in what direction the materials lay.

Coningsby was of a good house. Leicester knighted his great-grandfather at the siege of Rouen in 1591, for valiant carriage there. His family held land in Ireland, but Coningsby himself was born in England, where his early life was a wild one, without culture or control, and marred by a forced marriage with the daughter of his guardian, Barbara Gorges. Young Coningsby was member for Leominster during fourteen parliaments, previous to his being raised to the Peerage; and was always elected free of expense, by a town which was so full of dissenters, that he used to call it "Little Amsterdam."

He became a landed proprietor thereabout; and in the last years of Charles the Second was a fine gentleman, keeping a jester, one Thomas Williams, who was called "the pleasant fool of Hampton Court," but whose true designation, we think, was "of Hampton Wafer." With his colleague, Mr. Colt, he was a bitter adversary of James, both as Duke of York and as King, and was a Revolutionist before the Revolution. Mr. Townsend notices his presence by the side of William at the Boyne, when the latter was

wounded. A portion of the King's coat, drawn from the wound, and presented to Coningsby as a remembrance, was enshrined by him in a locket. The relic probably still exists; at all events, at fashionable parties in the last century, Mrs. Walsingham used to exhibit it to all her particular friends.

Coningsby was at Aghrim as well as at the Boyne, and was so useful in executing the Treaty of Limerick, that for this and other services William created him Lord Coningsby of Clanbrassil. Mr. Townsend is mistaken in thinking Lord Coningsby "retired from all public duties" during the reign of Queen Anne; he was in office throughout nearly the whole of it. If Mr. Townsend would wish to see the quality of my lord illustrated by his drawing-up of a state-paper, we recommend to him a perusal of his lordship's account of parties in the reign of the Queen, which he drew up for the enlightenment of George the First. It is among the Lansdowne MSS., but it is also printed in the last volume of the 'Archæologia.' If George the First was enlightened by it, he must have been a clever fellow, for the paper is the finest heap of confusion, of conclusions having nothing to do with premises, all in the circumbendibus style, wending away from all meaning, that can be imagined. However, George the First, in gratitude perhaps for having survived the perusal, made the Irish Baron an English Earl, a title which, at Coningsby's particular desire, was limited not to his then children, but to the eldest of any he might have by a future marriage. Of this strange limitation Mr. Townsend does not seem to be aware.

Coningsby hated his powerful neighbour and triumphant rival, Harley, and Harley despised Coningsby. When Walpole impeached Bolingbroke, Coningsby angrily exclaimed, "The worthy member has impeached the hand, but I impeach the head; he has impeached the clerk, but I the Justice; he has impeached the scholar, but I the master";—and Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, was designed to come to grief, from which both he and Bolingbroke escaped. Our readers already know Oxford's killing retort when he was told Coningsby was determined to have his head—"I wouldn't have his at a gift!"

He "got it" as severely from Atterbury, in a debate on what Mr. Townsend calls "a certain bill"; it was the most important Conformity Bill. The author mars the story, too. Coningsby rebuked Atterbury for playing the prophet, and compared him to Balaam, who drove so furiously that the ass opened his mouth to reprove him. Atterbury, demure and calm, accepted the application of the prophet Balaam to himself, as he was a priest; and as Lord Coningsby was the only one who had rebuked him, he supposed his Lordship was the ass! Coningsby was ever afterwards known as "Atterbury's pad." In the only complete edition of Samuel Wesley's poems, that by the late James Nichols, there is a smart little poem on this incident. Samuel, the orthodox brother of heterodox John, loved Atterbury; and his verses, rattling at the greater ass of the two—not the one "that was smote before speech made," but the second, "just after what was said"—thus conclude:—

O Coningsby, learn wisdom hence,
And give the prophets no offence,
For Levi's tribes best know the art
How to make Issachars to smart.

The limitation noticed above in Coningsby's peerage had a romantic foundation. Of his first, and to him distasteful, marriage, there was issue. By his second and dearly-loved wife, daughter of the Earl of Ranelagh, he had one little son, whose early death, through swallow-

ing a cherry, tore the father's very heart-strings. Both mother and son were dead when Coningsby was made an English peer, from succession to which he barred his son by his first wife, and formally allowed it to sons never likely to be born; and, failing them, the patent, to gratify him, awarded inheritance of the title to his daughter, Margaret, by his second wife. The Irish title passed to the heir by the first marriage; but that has been long extinct; and the daughter of Coningsby, who bore the title of Countess from 1729 to 1761, died childless, and all the English honours died with her. The story connected with this peerage is illustrative of the character of the man. Mr. Townsend defends him, while he shows that Coningsby, as a Whig, was an insulting and vulgar tyrant over his neighbours who had Jacobite tendencies; and, as a lord of the manor, was a ridiculous and pompous personage, claiming the exercise of almost regal rights, and wasting his revenue in attempts to win the law to support him. Mr. Townsend is altogether wrong in supposing him to be (in 1683) the last nobleman who kept a house-fool. Shadwell, in his 'Woman Captain,' does indeed say (*temp.* 1690), "It is out of fashion now for great men to keep fools"; but Jeffrey had one with him at Taunton, where he rewarded his mimicry by tossing to him the pardon of a convicted prisoner; Swift joked with Lord Suffolk's fool, Dicky Pearce; Hilton Castle, Durham, had its official buffoon as late as 1746; Jack Hafod was the waged fun-maker at Squire Bartlett's, Castlemorton, Worcestershire, still later; and in the first quarter of the present century there were persons living who remembered Robin Rush, the licensed fool of Lord Bussy Mansel.

The Employments of Women: a Cyclopædia of Woman's Work. By Virginia Penny. (Boston, U.S., Walker, Wise & Co.)

It is a vast relief to women, from the laundress upwards, to talk it over. The topic is of slight importance; but there should in mercy be a topic. One woman's work is to talk over the employments of other women, and it appears that in America there is a great deal to talk about in that respect; for by reason of the war many thousands of men have been drawn away to the battle-field, and the women are driven to their own exertions for support. This fact leads our author to conjecture some amount of consolation in the future position which women are destined to fill: although she says that "no mathematical nicety can be brought to bear on the subject, for it is one not capable of data." At the same time, she cannot conceal the satisfaction of which she is conscious in the high position which women have always held in the social scale. A great advance is foretold for them, which is good news for "those who earn a mere pittance, scarce enough to keep body and soul together," or to destitute single women and widows. Not that these would be precisely the kind of persons who would care to reverse, or correct, the state of things which, as the author says, have existed since the creation of the world. Nevertheless, she prophesies that the change is to be brought about by the superior mechanical skill of the United States. This certainly is no compliment to her countrymen, yet it implies, to say the least of it, a contented mind at the thoughts of the men destroying one another's lives like the Killenny cats, and leaving the women to conduct a Republic of their own. It is some consolation, too, that woman will not necessarily lose "that softness and gentleness that render her so lovely." Our charming author seems to forget that in her ideal state of society there would

be less opportunity of cultivating those graces, and fewer admirers to be ensnared. But laying aside those lofty aims, nothing can be more praiseworthy than the desire to attain to a suitable independence. "What destitute but industrious woman would not be glad to earn for herself a snug little cottage, to which she may resort in her old age, from the cares and conflicts of life; to enjoy the independence of a competency, earned by remunerative and well-applied labour?" This may be done without resorting to any unusual occupation.

To those who are seeking "occupations which pertain to civilized life" this 'Cyclopædia of Woman's Work' may possibly be of some use; whilst at the same time it contains little more information than would ordinarily occur during the search. It gives advice as to the kind of employment which certain women should seek, recommends them to inquire whether the demand is steady and healthy; and especially warns them to be sure of their ability to purchase the necessary implements.

Under the head of Professions open to women, is that of "lawyer." And here, no doubt, there occurred to the writer's thoughts a bright luminary of the law like to the "Sally Brass" of the old country. For she thinks that "the noisy scenes now witnessed in a court-room are scarcely compatible with the reserve, quietude and gentleness that characterize a woman of refinement." Musicians are classed with artists, and we find recorded the encouraging example of "a lady drummer who has received a diploma for her skill."

There is one remarkable occupation which seems by her account to have been followed in Paris, but has not as yet come into vogue across the Atlantic, and that is "horse-fariery"! In the medical profession but one "dentist" is mentioned, and she practised for a short time only. Miss Penny thinks it very desirable that females should be employed, because ladies "would not feel the same hesitancy in going alone at any time to a dentist of their own sex."

Reasons are given why women should practise as surgeons, whilst the difficulties are not concealed. One very laudable object is, that from the study of medicine "she can promote the well-being and preserve the health of herself and children." The knowledge of midwifery and the treatment of female complaints is, no doubt, most desirable, and is cultivated considerably in Philadelphia, whilst there are some engaged in practice in New York and some in Boston. But it appears that it is almost impossible for a lady to get a good medical education without going to Europe, whilst Philadelphia or Boston will give the legal right to practise medicine.

Under the head of "preachers" there is the bright example given us of Ann Lee, the founder of the Shakers; and Mrs. Jenkins, who was remarkable for her "mild, ladylike and amiable deportment, which made her quite beloved." It must have been very charming to sit under such a preacher!

It cannot be denied, indeed, that we have here many curious statistics. The greater number of them give information about the occupations that are usually followed by women only, or about those in which they render a becoming assistance to men.

The Book of Days: a Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar; including Anecdotes, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Life and Character. Edited by R. Chambers. Vol. I. (Chambers.)

The gentleman who declared that he would

rather write ballads than make laws, thought he was giving a preference to the easier if not the more dignified task. Ballad-making, however, is no easy matter, though it is more so than book-making; but when all is done, perhaps the most difficult task of the whole is the selection of what is most likely to amuse, and the most fitted to instruct.

This has, nevertheless, been successfully accomplished in the present volume. In 'The Book of Days' there is, besides judicious selection, able condensation and original articles of great ability. The mythic individual who is described as dangerous to meet, and who is known as the "man of one book," would prove but a poor antagonist to him who, in digesting and growing strong on this volume of days, might be really characterized as the man of a thousand books. The essence of probably more than a thousand has gone to the building up of this record.

It was the opinion of Voltaire that by reading books like the present men learned to converse well. Madame de Nanteuil thought it mattered little what people read, so long as they abstained from medical and devotional works, which she considered equally dangerous. Sir Robert Walpole loved history, because, as it was not true, it amused him in his hours of relaxation; and the Abbé Gaume has boldly laid down the maxim, that for interest, instruction, enlightenment and amusing variety, a man need go no further than read over and over again the pastorals of Popes, Cardinals and Bishops!

But there is a natural thirst for something more attractive; and it is pleasant to remember how the gravest Fathers of the Church were addicted to the study of gay pagan authors, as a relief from severer pursuits; just as the Scottish minister in one of Galt's novels was wont to read Scott's romances in a cover which gave to the book in hand the appearance of a volume of sermons! The great feature of a work like 'The Book of Days' is its infinite variety and its particular purpose. The latter, as in the case of Hone's 'Every Day Book,' is to give under each day some information particularly pertaining to that especial period. Thus, if we take St. Valentine's Day, the 14th of February, we shall find how that day is illustrated, and in what way "Chambers" differs from "Hone." The latter gives us the names of the saints who share the day with St. Valentine, and who, we may add, have quite as much claim on the regard of lovers as the Valentine who was martyred at Rome six hundred years ago. The pictorial illustration is cleverly satirical,—Cupid, as a postboy, dashing through a village on an ass; Love carried away by rampant Stupidity! A rather long-winded history of Valentines, with samples for the curious, follows. Then, as Blackstone died on the 14th of February, there ensues as long disquisitions on matters of law as there had before been on matters of love, terminating with the rattling trio between the lawyers and Giovanni "in London," to the old tune of "Soldier gave me one pound, soldier gave me two!"

In "Chambers" there is a difference, with improvement. There is not only a list of saints who are honoured on that day in various parts of the world, but of kings and dames, and heroes greater than kings, and of sages and benefactors of their kind who are greater than heroes, who first saw light or drew their last breath on that day.

Of biographies of individuals thus connected with the day, we have one of Capt. Cook, who was born in 1729, and whose neat and loquacious little widow many now living remember to have seen little more than a quarter of a century ago. Cook was killed on Valentine's

Day, on which anniversary was born the heroine of the biographical article which follows that on the great navigator, the last surviving of whose ships, by the way, reduced to a floating police-court,—was only withdrawn the other day from its station between Waterloo Bridge and Blackfriars.

The biography of Lady Sarah Lennox is extremely appropriate; for young Prince George, afterwards third king of that name, had her, if not for his Valentine, for a May morning love, as he saw her, on trotting by from Kew to London, making hay in the meadows which no longer exist at Kensington. The story of the love-passages in the life of this young couple is better told here than we have found it elsewhere; the whole of the facts being skillfully brought together.

The illustrations to the life of St. Valentine himself consist of a well-designed initial letter which is being appropriately decorated by a couple of Cupids, and of a figure of Love in a shower of valentines, against which he spreads in vain an ordinary umbrella.

The above description of one day, as illustrated in "Hone" and in "Chambers," will afford a good idea of the merits and method of each, and in what way the one differs from the other. In "Chambers" there is more matter, and much of it newer; but see how matter accumulates! Since this volume was published, it has been pretty well ascertained that our word "valentine," like many another erotic importation, comes to us from the Normans, with whom *valantin* and *galantin* implied an admirer. The like may be said of other articles; and the "Supplementary Chapter on the History of Court Fools," might be followed up by another quite as long, and without exhausting that motley subject.

This volume, however, seems to be as perfect as zeal and ability could make it. In between eight and nine hundred pages there are at least ten times that number of facts; which circumstance alone will show something of the scope, and something too of the value, of the book. There is abundance of anecdote, biography and chronology; disquisitions, essays and facetiæ; geography, history and illustrations; jurisprudence; knowledge for all classes, and love-tales for some; musical matters, "notions," opera-reminders, poetry, quotations, romance, statistics, treatises; variety yet uniformity; wit, excellence of selection and treatment; yarns of ancient and modern times, and a zest of novelty in everything narrated. To such a collection might very appropriately have been affixed the motto—

Huc undique Cassa
Congeritur.

Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au Temps de Calvin. Par J. H. Merle D'Aubigné. Tomes I. et II. (Paris, Lévy; London, Dulau & Co.)

History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Vols. I. and II. (Longman & Co.)

Calvin: sa Vie, son Œuvre, et ses Écrits. Par Félix Bungener. (Paris, Cherbuliez; London, Dulau & Co.)

Calvin: his Life, his Labours, and his Writings. Translated from the French of Félix Bungener. (Edinburgh, Clark.)

GENEVA is not one of those places which are happy in having no history. Like the Confederated Cantons of which it, at last, became a part, it is as one of those calm, heroic-looking men who have lived through the most stirring of lives. Geneva has given name to a church, just as one canton has given name to the whole

country. The people of that country have been as sleeping lions, whom it was not wise to awake, and absolute folly to provoke.

They acknowledged a dependence on the old Germanic Empire, but when Albert of Austria would have made them slaves rather than dependents, the three revolted cantons taught him a severe lesson; and the first successful battle gained on the side of liberty, in Schweitz, gave to the whole land an honoured name.

In fifty battles for liberty, that name acquired increase of glory, but Geneva had no share therein. Martyred between its prince-bishops and its earls, or counts, it had to achieve its own freedom. Weary of priest-kings, it turned to its counts, and, fearful of another absolutism, looked back at its episcopal lords. The Pope pressed them hard on one side, the House of Savoy on the other. The Republic was founded in 1512. The Pope deprived the Genevans of the right of electing their bishop, and Savoy took possession of the territory long coveted by its dukes. From the yoke of Savoy it freed itself in 1526, but it was not till towards the close of the same century that it became united to the Swiss cantons, with which it has since remained, periods of revolution excepted.

M. Merle D'Aubigné's volumes are portions of a work to be hereafter completed. The two volumes now before us include a period extending from 1512 to 1528. The introductory portion is written with unwonted spirit and picturesque power. In every chapter there is a drama, a discussion and a *tableau*; and when we arrive at one close of a series of struggles in 1526,—when we find Geneva in alliance with Switzerland, the bishop fleeing in one direction and the ducal party and the canons in all, while the jubilant people are in the front in a condition of ecstasy,—the curtain descends amid the booming of cannon and the *fanfare* of clarions; and so closes a prologue which occupies, but does not encumber, three-fourths of these volumes.

With the enjoyment of liberty came the conviction that it should be a religious as well as a political liberty. France was troubled by its Reformers, who found protection and support in Marguerite, sister of Francis the First, and subsequently to this period wife of the King of Navarre. Who would be the successful Reformer of France? and would the Reformation cross the Rhine? These were important questions in those important times—unsettled times for Geneva, as for all places where revolution has just been triumphantly established.

The man suited for Geneva and its difficulties does not appear till towards the final chapters of these introductory volumes; but we feel at once that he is, if not the *deus ex machina*, at least the man best suited for the times, and the task they enjoin on the missionaries of a reformed religion. It is Calvin. We have but a few glimpses of him, but enough to show that, as Francis the First is turning from toleration to that indiscriminate persecution which makes heroes and martyrs, Calvin will choose that course which must gain for him the rank of hero, and may win for him the crown of martyrdom.

These two volumes, brilliant in style as they are calm in argument, bold in assertion as they are courteous in meeting the assertions of adversaries, form in fact the groundwork on which the great statue of Calvin is to rest. They are complete in themselves, as all such groundwork should be; and Calvin, with his idea, not of Calvinism but of one universal church according to his own idea, will not be understood fully unless these preparatory

pages be read and considered. The reading will be found pleasant and the digestion easy, for the work is popularly written; it abounds in happy, serious thoughts, and is alive with incidents.

Awaiting the continuation of the work and the raising of the figure of Calvin on the pedestal now fixed, let us contemplate the sketch of the figure of the great reformer as drawn by M. Bungener.

A study of the life and character of Calvin by the author of the 'History of the Council of Trent,' and of various romances which serve to illustrate the eventful story of the Church of the Reformation abroad, is rather like the pleading of young Bellario, who has something dearer than a friend for a client. M. Bungener is aware that his task is delicate, but he has succeeded in effecting it with a just impartiality. Calvin is a hero, prophet, priest, teacher, spiritual sovereign; but also a part of erring humanity, and therefore fallible,—at least in small matters.

One charm of this book lies in its clearness and brevity. The Berlin Doctor Henry wrote a life of the Reformer who planted his standard in Switzerland, and who made its folds extend to England and Scotland. That biography was on an exceedingly large and heavy scale; in bulk it surpassed Dr. Tomlinson's Refutation of Calvinism, and was almost as ponderous and learned. In fewer words, Bungener tells us more than Henry told; and though he is as zealous an advocate of the Reformer of whom Picardy is not so proud as she might be, the Swiss writer displays more of the foibles or peculiarities of Calvin than the Berliner, with his serried ranks of words and wondrous brigades of chapters.

He who would understand Calvin must place himself in Calvin's time, and be conversant with the modes of thinking which then prevailed. When this is understood, his persecutors will cease to appear as monsters; and he who demanded liberty for himself and denied it to others will no longer seem to be inconsistent.

The pagan villager who was first told that the much-trusted goddess of his sparkling fountain was a delusion in which he must never again have faith, probably cudgelled his teacher. The one could not surrender the belief in a beautiful idea; the other derided such belief, denounced the priest and emperor who sanctioned it, and, refusing to fling a pinch of incense on the flaming altar before the imperial effigy, heard himself condemned to be flung to the lions, with a "Laus Deo!"

The walls of the new church were strengthened by the blood of such martyrs; but the time came when men began to doubt the traditions that were told over the very shrine of truth, and the hearers were as much startled at the new revelation as the pagan villager when asked to curse the nymph from whose fountain he had daily drawn a gift of water. When Calvin sought to perfect the task begun by the earlier Reformers, we can easily imagine how, in those days, some to whom he addressed himself, men and women full of tender human sympathies, looked upon him, through their orthodoxy, as a destroyer of the old true and the ancient beautiful. He, however, established what he felt to be the only truth and the one and indescribable beauty, from which time he conscientiously had no touch of mercy for him who would go beyond or fall short of the Reformer's task. The pile at which Servetus was slowly burnt is proof demonstrative of this. To this fact Calvin's enemies in the Church of Rome have pointed with exultation, branding him as a sanguinary persecutor. They quite forget that if the officials of the Church of Rome had not burnt that

half-mad but earnest Spaniard, it was only because he contrived to escape from between the executioner's fingers. Unluckily for him, he dropped thence into the hands of the Swiss Church Councils, and these, Calvin aiding in his earnestness too, condemned Servetus to death.

The manner of his death has raised Servetus to a level with heroes and with truer martyrs than he was. Nature was shaken in this man as the face of death drew closer to him, but he soared above such infirmity. He shook off his fears, expressed his own conviction that in the main he was right; and as the smoke swept towards and the flames gradually crept about him, and the brimstone shook down from the wreath about his brow, to aid in suffocating him, he calmly looked upwards and exclaimed, "Jesus, thou son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!" Had he only said "eternal Son of the eternal God," he might have been saved from that death of agony on the hill of Champel. But what could save a man who had called the Athanasian Creed "the *Sathanasian Creed*"?

The great interest of M. Bungener's book cumulates round Calvin and Servetus, and he treats the subject very fully, impartially,—justifying Calvin's share in the matter, but passing from phase to phase of the gloomy details with a tone of sorrow in which we heartily sympathize.

In other respects, there is something lacking. Is Collier's assertion true, that Calvin approved the "absolution" of the English Church, and would have introduced it at Geneva but for fear of his opponents there? It is certain that, despite his affection towards the young King Edward and his regard for Cranmer, he was no great admirer of the English Reformation, in which he said, we "had done like a woman who cleans her house, but sweeps the filth into a heap at her threshold." Perhaps this was said after Cranmer, who "knew his man" according to Heylin, declined the offer of Calvin to promote the work in England, and heeded not his expressed willingness to have Bishops in the superintendence of the Church in Geneva. It was at a subsequent period that Calvin proposed to Parker a general assembly of Protestant divines, a proposal which came to nothing through Calvin's death.

It was Garasse who summarily described the Genevese Reformer as having merely hatched the eggs which Rabelais had laid. In a certain sense, this is perhaps true; but Calvin was destined for other work than that, and yet he was not always certain of his convictions, for he once acknowledged that in his view of Predestination there was something "horrible." It is a singular fact, that he found an admirer, or a quasi admirer, in Bolingbroke, whom a dignitary of the Church of England once came upon, so Madan tells the tale, reading the famous "Institutes." Bolingbroke passed the volume to him, and asked what he thought of work and author?—"We do not think upon such topics," said the Rev. Poco Curante; "we teach the plain doctrines of virtue and morality, and have long laid aside those abstruse points about grace."—"Look you, Doctor," said Bolingbroke; "you know I don't believe the Bible to be a divine revelation, but they who do can never defend it on any principle but the doctrine of grace. To say truth, I have at times been almost persuaded to believe it upon this view of things; and there is one argument which has gone very far with me, which is, that the belief of it now exists upon earth, when it is committed to the care of such as you, who pretend to believe it, and yet deny the only principle on which it is defensible." There is something curious in this aspect of Bolingbroke

discerning the value of the Calvinistic doctrine of grace.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

A Treatise on the Continued Fevers of Great Britain. By Charles Murchison, M.D. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—Of all diseases that affect humanity, there are none of deeper interest than those which go by the name of Fever. The diseases which are known by this name in Great Britain carry off from 40 to 50,000 of the population annually, and are almost exclusively confined to those who are of adult age. Their greatest ravages are amongst the fathers and mothers of families, and they consequently produce more wretchedness and pauperism than any other form of disease. There is also this feature amongst them, that they are all more or less preventible. At one time these diseases were grouped under the name of continued fever, and many old practitioners cannot now see their way clearly to the distinctions which those who have deeply studied them have recently made, and of which this work by Dr. Murchison is a most masterly exposition. The French physicians were the first to indicate a difference between what they called gastric fever and the typhus fever so prevalent in England. Dr. Jenner was one of the first English physicians who maintained and pointed out the difference between these two diseases. Dr. Stewart was one of the earliest to draw attention to the difference between famine fever, or relapsing fever, and the other two. There is also a slight form of fever not confined to adults, which is easily recognized and known by the name of "Febricula." Dr. Murchison has studied these diseases not only at the bedside, but in the writings of those who have preceded him, and fully confirms the views of those who believe that under the name of fever we have in the British Islands four forms of disease:—1. Simple fever; 2. Typhus fever; 3. Gastric fever; and 4. Relapsing fever. Into the history, symptoms, causes, and treatment of these fevers, he has entered in this volume with great care and research. Nor is Dr. Murchison's volume to be regarded as a compilation. He has studied these diseases, suffered from them, and contributed many original observations, especially with regard to their origin. He has pointed out especially the different circumstances under which gastric and typhus fevers originate. He has shown that whilst gastric fever arises from neglected drains, gullies and cesspools, typhus is especially a disease of contagion. That whilst the one singles out individual victims amongst the rich and the poor, the other dwells amongst the overcrowded population of our cities and towns. A knowledge of the causes of these fevers is not only important to the medical man but to all those who would improve the condition of our working classes. It is only when the whole community is alive to the causes of these diseases that they will cease to ravage our population and spread desolation throughout the land. This work of Dr. Murchison will form a new era in our knowledge of fevers, and will largely contribute to that spread of definite information by the aid of which we may one day hope to see even these plagues stayed amongst us.

China from a Medical Point of View. By Charles Alexander Gordon, M.D. (Churchill.)—This work consists of notes, observations, and the results of reading by a medical officer attached to the expedition to China in 1860. Dr. Gordon is a well-informed, intelligent medical man, and has not at all in this work confined himself to medical points. In fact he has been wrongly advised in attaching his purely medical observations to a work which could not have failed to have been of interest to the general reader, but who may be deterred from consulting his volume from fear of purely professional subjects. The great bulk of the work is devoted to observations made on the social habits of the people, the topography, climatology and medical history of Tien-tsin. A more abominable city, we should think, it never fell to the lot of a traveller to dwell in or to write about. It is nevertheless of considerable interest to the English as the locality to which their troops were so long confined during the last expedition to China. Dr. Gordon gives a

particular account of the diseases which affected our troops at Tien-tsin during the time he was there, and comes to the conclusion that, though the mortality was high, that is, ten per cent. per annum, this mortality is not so high as in many other stations in which our troops are placed. On his return from China he visited Nagasaki, of which he gives a very favourable account as a station for convalescents.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Greek Christian Poets, and the English Poets. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (Chapman & Hall.)—It may be recalled that in this journal attention was first drawn to the remarkable originality of Mrs. Browning's genius—which, appearing as it did a quarter of a century ago, like other utterances in advance of its time, bewildered more persons than it bewitched. The public had been somewhat enervated by the easier pleasures which other muses had afforded. The flowing and pathetic sweetness (consistent with a certain high-hearted enthusiasm) of Mrs. Hemans was then in all the fullness of a charm which, though diminished in its force, has not yet died out. Miss Landon, too, who had been thrust into a fame beyond her deserts by self-interested friends, had her votaries—a race well nigh extinct. Therefore, a music so fearless, so new, and so deep, as that of the minstrel of 'The Romaunt of Margret' had to "bide its time." It is a pleasure to recollect that from the first sound of it the *Athenæum* was convinced that such time was sure to come for such music ere long. For this journal, moreover, the contents of the volume before us were written in the year 1842. It was their author's purpose, Mr. Browning thinks, to revise and amplify them. As they stand, they are only too rich in allusion, definition and epithet. With their writer, where her view was the clearest, image suggested image, distinction distinction, even within the compass of a sentence. This was singularly evidenced in her literary correspondence—a large and varied one—which it may be hoped will be arranged for publication, if not published, while those are alive and in vigour who have the right, the sympathy, and the taste to examine, to select, and to sanction with a view of publication. Only a part of Mrs. Browning's life was expressed in her poetry. Into that, as time passed on, there entered something of mannerism, something of experiment betokening a consciousness born of strong will, attended by great and deserved success. She indulged herself in licences which involved the confusion of the styles of prose and verse. Her prose, on the other hand, was from first to last always the richer for her poetry. There are many passages in these essays which could be set to music, so loftily lyrical are they; a few are flawed by conceits referable to the seclusion in which, it is no treason to say, many of their writer's years were passed, and to the recondite and peculiar nature of her studies. This volume, however, is one of remarkable and abiding interest: whether it be accepted as illustrating a personality of genius, rare in one of her sex—not over-common in the history of Poetry,—or whether it be considered with regard, solely, to its instructions and suggestions,—so many quaintly-set precious stones, in a strong and lasting casket.

An Essay on Greek Federal Coinage. By the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)—Although its chief object is to illustrate the first volume of Mr. Freeman's 'History of Federal Government,' this brief sketch of Greek Federal Coinage may be commended to the notice of numismatic students, who do not intend to read "the history." At the close of his essay the writer acknowledges his obligations to Col. Leake's 'Numismata Hellenica,' to Mr. Waddington's paper in the 'Revue Numismatique,' and to Mr. Poole's article on 'Numismatics' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Leicester Warren is so intelligent a student that we regret he has not produced an independent work, instead of modestly acting the part of torch-bearer to another writer.

Stable Secrets; or, Puffy Doodles, his Sayings and Sympathies. By John Mills. (Ward & Lock.)—The sayings of Puffy Doodles are not worthy of

repetition; but as his sympathies, stable-boy and jockey though he is, are in favour of honest men and actions, he is a character to be admired and imitated. A simple, truthful lad, bent on doing his duty thoroughly, and burning to distinguish himself on the turf, Puffy Doodles wins the goodwill of readers. The story contains other skillfully-sketched characters. Mr. James Sloper, the wily proprietor of the Great Stable of the North, is a portrait of unusual artistic merit. George Spindles, the "head lad" of the Great Stable of the North, is less distinct; but the few touches with which he is put on the canvas are so suggestive, that we regret more care was not expended on the details of his character. 'Stable Secrets' is a slight tale, but it will give satisfaction to Mr. Mill's sport-loving admirers. For ourselves, we should have been better pleased with the conclusion of the story, if it had left "Puffy Doodles" in the exercise of his profession. "The desire of his heart was gratified," says the last page, "and in an arbour, with scarlet-beans growing and climbing luxuriantly over it, he may yet be seen, the freeholder of a cottage, adjacent to a plantation, sitting of a summer's night, smoking his pipe, and riding the Leger o'er and o'er again." Such inglorious indolence ought not to satisfy such a hero as Robert Top's "best lad."

Labourers' Cottages in the Agricultural Districts of England; or, the Crowded and Defective Condition of the Dwellings of the Poor: showing the Evil—its Causes—the Remedy. Being the Essay to which was awarded the Prize of Fifty Guineas, offered by H. Tucker, Esq. (Jarrold & Sons).—When will simple people, who are more benevolent than wise, discontinue the foolish custom of offering rewards for essays on questions of social science and humanitarian enterprise? In the spring of last year, a certain Mr. Tucker offered a prize of fifty guineas for the best essay on the dwellings of Farm Labourers: the consequences of which well-meant offer have been much bootless labour, much cruel disappointment, and this wretched little pamphlet, by which no human creature will be made better or happier. Mr. Walter, M.P., was appointed to examine the manuscripts of the competitors, and decide which of them ought to bear away the money. How many papers were sent in for the judge's perusal we are not informed; but experience in the evil effects of the "prize system" warrants us in saying that they were numerous. Inspired by the hope of snatching fifty guineas, hundreds of poor people are induced by every such offer to expend on the production of unreadable themes time and energy which might be employed in other ways with a certainty of achieving good results. Nor are the wasted powers of inferior amateur writers the sole grounds of objection to a system which, while it invites incapable scribblers, repels intelligent persons from competition. No writer, able to use a pen with profit, ever thinks of entering the lists. He would as soon purchase a ticket in a lottery, containing hundreds of blanks and but one prize—the value of the said solitary prize being less than the price of a ticket. How bad the unsuccessful articles may be, it is needless to inquire; but of the actual worthlessness of the prize essays that are from time to time sent forth with a spurious trade-mark of merit upon them, the public cannot be too frequently reminded. The present treatise forms no exception to what may be regarded as a rule. At the present date, when proprietors are improving the dwellings of the poor in every part of the country, Mr. Tucker's prize essayist should have set forth, with critical comments, what has been done, and what is being done for the reform he has at heart. By such a survey of past labours and present operations he might have aided a good cause,—which cannot just now be promoted by quotations from Goldsmith and Crabbe, Sydney Smith and the Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Yelverton Correspondence. With an Introduction and Connecting Narrative. By the Hon. Theresa Yelverton. With Portraits Lithographed from Drawings by Major and Mrs. Yelverton. (Laurie).—The world has for many a month been heartily weary of Miss Theresa Longworth, *alias* the Honourable Mrs. Yelverton, and of the noise which she will continue to make till the highest tribunal of the country shall have decided whether she

became Major Yelverton's mistress on honourable, or his wife on dishonourable terms. An Anglo-Indian editor some years since created wide sensation and universal applause by wishing all evil to the Gorham Controversy in a brief, emphatic article, containing but four words, the first of which was a monosyllable that is never uttered in the drawing-rooms of ladies. The public would fain dismiss the Yelverton case in the same summary fashion. It is now felt by those who, on the occasion of the Irish trial, were her warmest friends, that enough attention has been paid to her questionable grievance, and that even if she were to establish her legal right to call Major Yelverton her husband she would still be no fit object for public sympathy. The lady's present publication is free from the gravest faults of the novelette in which she recently laid bare the secrets of her pure and guileless breast; but it will fail to achieve its object of awakening general interest. The 'Correspondence' consists of the letters, already made public by the Irish and Scotch suits, and in her Introduction the victim of misplaced affection says, "These letters were written in blissful ignorance of law proceedings, and without any conception on my part of the possibility of a marriage being other than a marriage. I had learnt in my Catechism that marriage is a sacrament,—nothing else. They were conceived in that earnest truthfulness which sheds the brightest halo round the dawn of life in the guileless unconsciousness of the very evils which they have been distorted to suggest. * * Hence amidst a hornet's nest of commentators, friendly bunglers, crotchety and one-idea'd interpreters, and foul insinulators, and hoary-headed malignants—desecration and stupidity have done their utmost. * * I stand alone with the wild, pitiless waves of all that is evil dashing around me, while only a single plank divides me from the bottomless gulf of utter desolation and shame; but the one slender plank is truth, and my help is conscious recitance."

The Prairie Traveller: a Hand-Book for Overland Expeditions, with Illustrations and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific; and a Map. By Randolph B. Marcy. Edited, with Notes, by Richard F. Burton. (Trübner & Co.).—This is a new edition of a book, published many years ago, from which Mr. Francis Galton derived much of the information which figured in his 'Notes on Travel,'—and of which, we may add, a new edition is before us, from the press of Messrs. Low & Co. Here, the American author borrows, in turn, from the English one, though far more sparingly; and Capt. Burton sets both to rights by notes, some of which are not so much additions to, as corrections of, the text. The book is a useful one, and as readable as useful, both in the original form, as it came from Mr. Marcy's pen, and in Capt. Burton's reproduction of it; especially at this time of the year, when spring's approach stirs up the mortal corruption of restlessness in us, and makes us think wistfully of foreign travel, whether the same be rough or smooth.

A Handy Book of the New Law of Joint-Stock Companies, 25 & 26 Vict. c. 89; with Directions for forming a Company. By James Walter Smith, Esq., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. (Wilson).—The present time will be remembered as the age of companies—they are born—they marry, or are amalgamated,—and alas! they die and are wound up. Should the present state of things continue we shall have lists of births, marriages and deaths of companies in our daily papers; for it will be impossible to chronicle these events in any less formal and concise manner. A handy book on this subject was therefore wanted; and the present will afford some assistance towards acquiring a knowledge of the provisions of the late Act.

Mary McNeill; or, The Word Remembered: a Story of Human Life. By J. W. C. (Johnstone, Hunter & Co.).—Mary McNeill, a Highland lassie, quits her father's cottage, and enters domestic service in London, where vanity and evil companions bring her to trouble, from which she is extricated (just as she is about to throw herself into the Thames) by remembering a text of Scripture. The story is weak in conception, and ridiculous in its details.

Maid-servants might perhaps find amusement in its pages; but they would derive more harm than good from descriptions, the moral influence of which is not likely to prove as healthy as the author's intention is amiable.

The White House at St.-Réal; a Story for School-boys. From the French of Madame E. De Prepenal. Authorized Translation. (Seeley, Jackson & Halliday).—The mildness and insipidity which ordinarily pervade the moral tales of French writers are the leading characteristics of 'The White House at St.-Réal.' In its original form it may be recommended as a story for children who are learning French; but little can be said on behalf of the English version, except that it has been carefully executed.

Our list of Reprints includes, Mr. Anthony Trollope's *Tales of all Countries* (Chapman & Hall),—Cardinal Wiseman's *Lecture, Points of Contact between Science and Art* (Hurst & Blackett),—Mr. Woolley's *Lectures delivered in Australia* (Macmillan & Co.),—Vols. XXIV. and XXV. of the Reprint of *Punch* (Bradbury & Evans),—*Prof. Owen's Inaugural Address at the Leeds Philosophical Hall* (Longman).—Mr. Lever's *Tom Burke of "Ours,"* has been added to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Select Library,"—*What is Sabbath breaking? a Discussion occasioned by the Proposal to open the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens on Sunday Afternoons.*—Dr. Ballard on *the Convulsive Diseases of Infants* (Churchill),—*The Imagination, a Lecture* by the Rev. E. Whately (Hodges, Smith & Co.),—*The Character of Hamlet, a Lecture* by the Rev. E. W. Whately (Wertheim),—*The American Church in the Disruption* (Mozley),—*Waste, a Lecture* by Dr. Symonds (Bell & Daldy),—*Life and Death of the Irish Parliament,* being the substance of two Lectures, by the Right Hon. J. Whiteside, reviewed and corrected by the Rev. S. Malone (Dublin, Fowler),—and from Messrs. Moxon, a New Edition of *The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Mr. Bohn has added to his "Classical Library" *The Orations of Demosthenes,* translated by C. R. Kennedy (Bohn). Among other translations, we have *Martial Fragments of Tyrtæus,* translated into English Verse, with a *Martial Elegy on the Demise of H. R. H. Prince Albert,* by J. W. Bailey (Harrison),—*The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, literally and idiomatically translated out of the Original Languages,* by R. Young (Fullarton). We have before us second editions of Mr. Weisse's *Grammar of the German Language* (Williams & Norgate),—and *The Duty of the Church of England to her own Children in Foreign Parts, a Sermon* by the Rev. A. J. D. D'Orsey (Bell & Daldy); a third edition of *The Two Babylons; or, the Papal Worship proved to be the Worship of Ninrod and his Wife,* by the Rev. A. Hislop (Houlston & Wright); and a sixth edition of *Deafness Practically Illustrated,* by Dr. Yearley (Churchill & Sons).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Anderson's *Light in Darkness*, 3rd edit. *fc. 8vo. 2/6 cl.*
 Armstrong's *Young Commander*, new edit. *fc. 8vo. 3/6 bds.*
 Baynes's *Canterbury Hymnal*, 34mo. *1/6 cl.*
 Book of Favourite Stories, illust. new edit. imp. 16mo. *4/6 cl. gt.*
 Bray's *Philosophy of Necessity*, 2nd edit. *8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 Champney's *Path of a Sunbeam*, *fc. 8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Charlesworth's *Book for the Cottage*, new edit. 18mo. *1/6 cl.*
 Cooper's *Eve Effingham*, new edit. *fc. 8vo. 1/6 swd.*
 De Quincey's Works, Vol. 15, Shakspeare, Pope & others, *cr. 8vo. 4/6*
 Dickens's *Great Expectations*, new edit. *cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.*
 Dimsell's *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. 3, new edit. *cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 Dray's *Deep Spirit, a Novel*, 2 vols. *8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 Edwards's *The Polish Captivity*, 2 vols. *8vo. 2/6 cl.*
 Elizabeth's *Charlotte Judah's Lion*, new edit. *fc. 8vo. 5/6 cl.*
 English Catalogue of Books for 1862, royal *8vo. 3/6 swd.*
 Estlin's *The Element, a Tale of the Confessors*, *cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.*
 First Temple of the Bible, 2 vols. post *8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 FitzRoy's *Weather Book*, 2nd edit. *8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Fortune's *Yedo and Peking*, *8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Garden Manual, 7th edit. *fc. 8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Gillian's *The Philosophy of the Sabbath*, *cr. 8vo. 1/6 swd.*
 Glimpe of the World, by Author of "My Herbert," *fc. 8vo. 7/6 cl.*
 Greene's *Manuel Matamoros & his Fellow Prisoners*, *cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 Half-Hours with our Sacred Poets, ed. by Grant, *cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 Handbook of Biography, ed. by Rich, new edit. *cr. 8vo. 10/6 hlf. bd.*
 Heart Service, or the Organist's Children, 18mo. *1/6 cl.*
 Higginson's *Spirit of the Bible*, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post *8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Historical Record of the Marriage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, 1/ Hook's *All in the Wrong*, new edit. *fc. 8vo. 3/6 bds.*
 Horse and the Hound, by Nimrod, 3rd edit. *cr. 8vo. 5/6 cl.*
 Ingoldby Legends, or Mirth and Marvel, new edit. *cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.*
 Jests and a Live It Down, a Story of the Light Lands, 3 vols. *3/6 cl.*
 John's *Ductor in Elogia*, 12mo. *3/6 cl.*
 Jones's *Handbook of Photography*, *fc. 8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Keane's *Indoor Gardening*, 2nd edit. *fc. 8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Leask's *Willy Heath and the House Rent*, *cr. 8vo. 1/6 cl.*
 Leese's *Leology, Science and Revelation*, *cr. 8vo. 7/6 cl.*
 Leifchild, John, D.D., His Public Ministry, &c., by Leifchild, 10/5
 Lever's *Davenport Dunn*, new edit. 2 vols. *cr. 8vo. 4/6 bds.*
 Lloyd's *The Flower of Christian Chivalry*, *cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.*
 M'Cauley's *Britanno-Roman Inscriptions, with Critical Notes*, 15/

M'Culloch's Taxation and the Funding System, 3rd edit. 8vo. 14/

M'Neill's The Historical Veracity of the Pentateuch, 8vo. 1/6 wd.

Marshall's Lessons of Love, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.

Marshall's Review and Exposure of Bishop Colenso's Errors, 1/6

Martin's Extra Work of a London Pastor, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.

Mildington the Barrister, a Romance, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.

Mill's Utilitarianism, 8vo. 5/ cl.

Murray's ship-building in Iron and Wood, & Steam Ships, 2 ed. 14/

Nicolson's Kilwuddle, and other Poems, fc. 8vo. 2/ cl.

Pattison's Antiquity of Man, an Examination of Lyell's Work, 1/

Railway Library: Napier's William the Conqueror, new ed. 2/

Redding's Memoirs of Remarkable Misers, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.

Scott's Moses and the Pentateuch, a Reply to Bishop Colenso, 3/6

Shefford's Law of Joint-Stock Companies, 12mo. 15/ cl.

Simmons's Constitution and Practice of Courts-Martial, 5th ed. 14/

Smith's Homilies and Communion Discourses, fc. 8vo. 3/6 cl.

Steels's Hymns, Psalms and Poems, Memoir by Sheppard, 5/ cl.

Stories from the Lips of the Teacher retold by a Disciple, fc. 8vo. 2/

Tilt's Handbook of Uterine Therapeutics, post 8vo. 6/ cl.

Traue's Handbook of Mechanics' Institutions, 2nd edit. 8vo. 2/ cl.

Tracts for the Thoughtful, 8vo. 4/6 bds.

Tratt's Literary Characteristics of the Bible, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.

Valentine's Cottage Readings, 12mo. 1/ cl.

Vindication of Bishop Colenso, by Author of 'Eclipse of Faith,' 1/

Wilkins's Manual of Latin Prose Composition, 4th edit. cr. 8vo. 5/

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH.

March 25, 1863.

In your notice last week of my book on 'Shakespeare's Home' you were good enough to allude to the discovery I believed I had made regarding the copy of Florio's 'Montaigne' (in the British Museum), which contains the autograph of Shakespeare. I am glad to inform you that, through the courtesy of the authorities at Eton College, I have been enabled to inspect the Eton Register, and also the Bursar's Accounts during the time that the "ever-memorable John Hales" was connected with Eton, i.e., 1613 to 1656. In these volumes I have found a number of his autographs, and taken tracings of them. Having also taken tracings of the Marginal Notes, &c., in the Museum copy of Florio, I have thus been enabled to compare the two hand-writings, and am glad to report that the result has fulfilled my anxious hopes. I think I may affirm with the greatest confidence that the marginal notes in Florio's 'Montaigne' are in the handwriting of John Hales, of Eton.

To every Shakesperian scholar this discovery will prove interesting, because it strengthens the credit given to the authenticity of the Poet's autograph; inasmuch as it may now be assumed, that, after Shakespeare's death, John Hales sought and gained possession of the volume on account of its having belonged to him and containing his autograph. Hence Hales's own marginal notes and classical quotations, in a volume which, for Shakespeare's sake, he prized.

I propose shortly to publish fac-similes of the handwritings in the Eton Registers and Florio's 'Montaigne,' for the satisfaction of those who are interested in this subject. J. M. BELLEV.

MOSAIC DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

4, Claverton Street, Pimlico.

I can scarcely believe that your Correspondent can be aware of the revival of the Mosaic Art by Chevalier Antonio Salviati, of Venice, whose remarkable productions were exhibited in the Italian Court of the International Exhibition last year. Your Correspondent says, that "Mosaics are objectionable whenever the decoration proposed does not consist of arabesques, diapers, or figures of a simply architectonic or decorative character." I will not do your Correspondent the injustice to suppose that he is ignorant of the mosaic pictures in the Cathedral of Monreale, where the most gorgeous effects of colour are produced without either diapers or arabesques, and where every great event recorded in Old Testament history is portrayed in mosaics. I must differ from your Correspondent in his statement that subtle and pathetic expression cannot be attained by mosaic decoration. This may be the case in a small building, but where the area is so vast as is afforded by the metropolitan Cathedral, no system of decoration can be suggested which would be so perfectly adapted to its requirements as mosaics.

Mosaic decoration is permanent: what system of painting can be pointed out which possesses this desideratum? Again, the combination of small pieces, of which a mosaic picture is composed, produces an effect of scintillation which would be of the greatest advantage in a building like St. Paul's, from the play of light which would be caused.

As to there not being mosaicists in these days capable of carrying out the artist's ideas, I think your Correspondent must have spoken hastily. Not

to mention the Russian mosaicists, there exists in Venice an establishment employing nearly 400 persons, under the management of Chevalier Salviati, where the most perfect mosaics are being continually produced, and to the care of the distinguished proprietor has recently been entrusted by Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., with the sanction of Her Majesty, the carrying out in mosaic of an entire ceiling for Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel at Windsor Castle. I will venture to say, that the execution of this work will remove all doubt of the eminent manner in which mosaics are adapted for decoration in England; and I further believe that Dr. Salviati's productions are in most of their qualities equal, and in many superior, to the productions of the mediæval mosaicists.

I regret that Dr. Salviati is at this time absent from England; but I am in possession of the works exhibited by him at Kensington, together with examples of his mosaics in all stages of their manufacture, and it would afford me much pleasure to show these either to yourself or to any of your correspondents who may feel an interest in the matter. ARTHUR B. THOMPSON.

THE PALIMPSEST OF URANIUS.

West Derby.

SEVERAL of my friends have written to me, inquiring whether I could clear up the question of the alleged removal of the modern Greek phrase *κατ' ἐμὴν ἰδέαν* from the MS. of Uranius, and the substitution of the phrase *ὡς μοι δοκεῖ*. I shall be glad if you can spare space for a few words on the subject in your next number.

The uncial writing is in many places so faint that it will not appear when the developing solution is applied; and this is the case in the line where the doubtful phrase is supposed to occur. The MS. is at present in my hands; and I have made this morning a careful drawing of the line, enlarged to about three-and-a-half times its real size, so as to render the letters more distinct.

I shall be glad if you will allow any gentlemen who are interested in the matter to examine it at your Office. It will be seen that the modern Greek reading has arisen from an ignorant or careless filling up of the spaces left blank by the fading of the uncial character. *There is no foundation whatever for the statement that an erasure has been made and other letters substituted*; on the contrary, careful microscopical investigation shows that this part of the text is in the same state as the rest. For the sake of your numerous readers, who will not be able to examine the drawing, I subjoin an approximation to the arrangement of the letters; imperfect, of course, from the impossibility of representing uncial writing with ordinary type. The small letters stand for those which are partially illegible in the original.—

Reading of Lycurgus.

ΑΑΔΟΝΚΑΤΕΜΗΝΙΔΕΑΝ ΣΠΟΥ

Text.

Α \ \ ω Ν Ω Σ Ε Μ ο Ι Δ . κ Ε Ι Σ Π Ο Υ

Reading of Simonides.

ΑΑΑΩΝΩΣΕΜΟΙΔΟΚΕΙΣΠΟΥ

I regret that Sir F. Madden declined the responsibility of the custody and examination of the MS., which might have thrown fresh light on the subject.

JOHN ELIOT HODGKIN.

THE LATE GRESHAM PROFESSOR.

Fairseat, Wrotham, March 24, 1863.

PERMIT me to supply an omission in your last number, as a small tribute of respect for the dead. The late Prof. Taylor, whom we have just lost, in his 79th year, has these claims to honourable mention and public gratitude:—

1. He was the first advocate (and a very efficient one) within the present century of music as a branch of popular education. Early efforts of mine in the same direction, I trace to an impulse derived from his lectures. Mainzer, Hullah, Curwen, Martin, and others who have laboured in the same field, found a way cleared for them in which Mr. Edward Taylor had been the chief pioneer.

2. He was the first public man to denounce, and

practically to check, the diversion of ecclesiastical funds, belonging to singing Canons, to other than the musical services of the Church.

3. He was the first in this country to organize choral societies, with purely popular elements, on a large and an efficient scale.

4. He was the first to revive a taste for the old madrigals of the time of Elizabeth, and to recover from the past many treasures of vocal harmony, which but for his exertions (not forgetting those of his friend Mr. Oliphant) would have been wholly lost, and which have since given delight to thousands.

5. He was the first to render attractive, as well as instructive, a course of lectures at Gresham College,—an institution which I remember in my boyhood as one of the sinecure foundations of the goddess Dullness, for sleepy essayists.

The benefits resulting from these labours we owe perhaps, in part, to the very fact mentioned in your notice, that Mr. Edward Taylor did not enter the profession till middle life; for he brought with him popular sympathies, and an enthusiasm for his art, which, in the trained musician, we see too often deadened by a wearying daily round of monotonous duties. This circumstance, however, (as in the case of Sir John Hawkins, the historian,) exposed Mr. Edward Taylor to more than his fair share of professional opposition. It led to rival criticisms, the merits of which we will not discuss by his grave.

One has gone from us, known to me, not as a self-seeker, but as an honest worker for public objects. A man of rare qualifications for the chair he filled, and of great private worth.

W. E. HICKSON.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

March 24, 1863.

THE charge of inaccuracy brought by Mr. Wilberforce against my statements with regard to that storm in a glass of water, the Geibel-Bodenstedt controversy, has induced me to make fresh inquiries into the subject, the result of which is a letter addressed to me by Geibel himself. The following is a faithful (although accidentally somewhat delayed) translation of this letter:—

"Munich, March 6, 1863.

"Dear Friend,—Your letter and the accompanying numbers of the *Athenæum* inform me that my name is, at this moment, subjected in the London press to various violent imputations. If these attacks were directed against my literary character, I should certainly allow them to pass without taking any notice; as they are, however, aimed at my personal character, I am forced to justify myself, even at the risk of again opening wounds which I would rather see healed. I authorize you, therefore, to make every use of the following lines which you may think proper.

"The many accusations and statements made against me by the Munich Correspondent of the *Athenæum* render it necessary for me to go somewhat far back, and to give, before all things, a full and clear account of the institution and the rules of the Maximilian Order.

"This order was founded by our King, about ten years ago, with the view to confer a special distinction on prominent productions in the different provinces of Science and Art. It consists of two sections, the one for Science and the other for Art, both of them enjoying equal rights. The order, to be sure, entitles its members to appear at certain solemnities of the Court; but this circumstance has been so little foremost in the original idea of the foundation, that we do not even find it mentioned in its statutes.

"The number of the members is not to exceed a hundred. At present it amounts to about seventy. However, from the very beginning the usage has been established that places in the order are, unless in quite exceptional cases, only given away when a seat has become vacant by death. The nomination of new members takes place by royal decree,—mostly according to the proposals of the Chapter, sometimes without them.

"The Chapter meets every year, late in autumn, for the purpose of submitting to the King its opinion on the filling up of vacancies which have arisen,

or of proposing to him the nomination of new members. It consists of from seven to nine members, who represent the different branches of Science and Art. At this moment, natural philosophy, political economy, jurisprudence, architecture, painting, music, and *belles lettres* are represented in it: the seats for history and philology are vacant. It is the natural consequence of such a constitution of the Chapter that proposals for the succession to vacant seats should emanate from those members to whose scientific and artistic province the deceased member belonged, and that the votes of these members at the election should have more weight than those of others who are generally less competent judges of the peculiar claims and merits of candidates in a province not their own. This regulation, which throws the responsibility almost always on the shoulders of a single person, may not be desirable, but is at any rate the existing mode of proceeding.

In the course of last year, the places of the two poets Zedlitz and Kerner had become vacant. As I was not present at Munich in the beginning of November, the head of the Chapter wrote to me, shortly before the usual time of the Chapter meetings, that he expected my proposals; at the same time mentioning Mörike as having been already notified by me, and suggesting Bodenstedt. This letter, however, came much later into my hands, as I had then already started for Munich.

On my arrival, I felt uncertain whether I had, this time, one or two proposals to make: for this reason, that at the last election there had been, exceptionally and from particular reasons, two new members, Hebbel and Freytag, named in the department of poetry, although only one vacancy had occurred. Yet I was prepared for both cases, and had determined, after ripe deliberation, to propose the Austrian Halm in the place of the Austrian Zedlitz, and the Suabian Mörike in the place of the Suabian Kerner. I may mention here that Mörike, among the living lyrical poets of Germany, occupies in my judgment one of the first places, if not the very first. (See Vischer's excellent article on Mörike, in the 'Kritische Gänge'.)

I then went to the head of the Chapter, to have a preliminary conversation with him on the subject. Having communicated to him my proposals, I learned from him that, owing to my absence, a proposal in favour of Bodenstedt had been made to him from another quarter. With this proposal I could not agree, as it appeared to me that others had better founded claims on the order. I declared this openly; but, desirous of avoiding personal conflicts, easily to be foreseen, and perceiving that there could be but little doubt of Halm's election, I proposed, in consideration of the double nomination of last year, to restrict the election this time to one poet only. The head of the Chapter, however, declared himself bound by a promise to submit the proposal in favour of Bodenstedt to the Chapter. Thus I had to leave the matter for discussion in the Chapter.

I should hesitate to speak of the meeting of the Chapter, if the indiscretion of others had not spoken of it before. It took place on the following day. After my recommendation of Halm had met with general approval, the head of the Chapter proposed Bodenstedt. He was warmly supported by one of the members, while I opposed in favour of Mörike. Bodenstedt's literary labours embrace three distinct fields. He is the author of comprehensive works of travel, the translator of English and Slavish poetry, and the writer of original poetical works, lyrical, epic and dramatic. As to the first field, I do not allow myself a judgment, being but imperfectly acquainted with this class of his works, not belonging to my special province; in the second, I have always highly esteemed him; but in the third, which principally came into consideration here, he appears to me decidedly inferior to more than one contemporary poet. And this was the reason which made me oppose him on an occasion when it was important to point out the most worthy among all the German poets of the present time who did not yet belong to the order. Not to be unjust, however, I declared that I should willingly assent if, in consideration of his ethnographic works, and his unde-

nable merits in the interpretation of foreign literature, he were proposed for the scientific class of the order,—just as Baron Schack, known by his 'History of the Spanish Drama,' and his excellent translations of Spanish and Oriental poetry, had been received a few years ago in the same section. This, however, did not suit my colleagues, who, as the place of a poet was to be filled up, desired that place, and no other, for Bodenstedt. I therefore had no choice left but also to insist upon my opinion, viz., that to a poet's place Mörike was more entitled than the chairman's candidate, however much the latter, because living at Munich, was the better known of the two to most of the members.

At the voting, a positive majority for Bodenstedt was the result. Those members who had been undecided till then, joined the majority, one of them with the remark, 'I am glad, however, that Mörike's name has been mentioned once more on this occasion.' Nothing remained to me under these circumstances than to repeat the conviction I had pronounced and defended in the Chapter, in a short declaration, which was added as a *separat votum* to the minutes of the meeting.

The result, namely, that the King decided in favour of Mörike, is known.

These are the facts of the case. Acting as I did, I have nowhere transgressed the boundaries of my authority. I have taken no illegal step to win the King over to my opinion; on the contrary, I have fulfilled a duty, and, indeed, a very unpleasant one, in openly expressing and maintaining my conviction.

But if my motives are suspected, as if I had not acted after a conscientious examination of the case, but from spite or personal ill-feeling, I certainly cannot produce mathematical proof of the purity of my intentions, but I can refer such critics to my whole life, which, at least in Germany, is pretty well known, as well as to an unblemished literary career of more than twenty years, during which, with all the interest in my power, I have smoothed the path of a considerable number of able men, and have never stood in the way of merit in others.

The assertion that I had not read a syllable of Bodenstedt's works bears so evidently the stamp of words escaped in a momentary excitement that a refutation seems hardly necessary. That I know Bodenstedt's works of travel only partly I have mentioned above. But I am very familiar with his translations of Russian and English poetry; and as to his original poetical productions, I know his 'Lieder des Mirza-Schaffy,' and his poems 'Aus der Heimat und Fremde,' fully as well as most of his tales in verse. His dramas, 'Demetrius' and 'Authari's Brautfahrt,' I have not only read, but seen represented on the Munich stage. I was likewise present at the representation of his 'Festspiel,' written for the Schiller Festival. This, I should think, is sufficient to form a fair judgment of the general character of the poet, as well as of the extent of his talents.

As to the words which the Correspondent mentions as having been spoken by me, I must partly deny having used them altogether, partly must say that they are incorrect, disfigured, and torn from the context. They are full of gross contradictions, and contain truth and falsehood, exaggerations and misunderstandings, just as it will happen but too often, at a time and in circles where party-feeling runs high, in telling and re-telling words and events.

May these lines settle finally this most disagreeable affair! Being an enemy of everything like scandal, I have purposely tried to make them as mild and as free from any bitterness as possible, utterly disdaining the use of arms which have been freely employed against me. At all events, this is my first and my last word in the matter.

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

I have nothing to add to the above, except joining in the poet's wish that a quarrel which must have been distasteful to all parties concerned may end here. Let me hope, besides, that it may not entirely estrange two highly estimable men.

A GERMAN FRIEND, RESIDING IN LONDON.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE National Portrait Gallery, 29, Great George Street, Westminster, will be open to the public on Easter Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, from Ten to Five o'clock.

Messrs. Hunt & Roskell have published a fine bronze medal in commemoration of the marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The die is by Mr. L. C. Wyon, to whom the Prince gave several sittings. The portrait of the Princess is from a photograph taken in Denmark. As a work of Art, the medal has many merits, including the capital necessity of likeness. When seen in profile and repose, the two faces have an extraordinary resemblance to each other.

The Duke of Sutherland, who has spent a considerable part of the winter in Southern Italy, has purchased a beautiful production of Signor Genaro Cali's chisel, called by him 'Hecate.' The history of the design—itsself a poem—is poetical. The artist, who was spending his summer in Torre dell' Annunziata some years since, was struck one night with the beauty of the crescent moon, and imagined the goddess sleeping within it. In 1855, the Count of Aquila, the uncle of the ex-King Francesco, visited London, and on his return went to the artist's studio. Struck by the composition of this Diana, His Royal Highness immediately ordered it to be executed in marble, agreeing to pay for it 3,000 ducats; and so pleased was he with the novelty and the grace of the design, that he announced his intention of presenting it to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Political embarrassments, however, arising between England and Naples, and the relations between the two Courts being interrupted, the Count broke off his bargain with the sculptor. The Duke of Sutherland, who visited his studio a few days since, was so struck with the poetry and the beauty of the work, that he immediately purchased it, and it is now en route to England. The goddess reposes in deep sleep in the crescent moon, with her right arm and head reposing on one of the horns, whilst the left arm in a state of abandonment represents Night marking the hours. The artist has well preserved the character of the chaste Diana. Signor Cali, it will not be forgotten, is the artist who sent to the Exhibition last year a group in marble representing Pieta, which belongs to the city of Naples.

The Ordnance Department has recently published, under the direction of Sir Henry James, two thin catalogues, which by their cheapness and contents will be valuable to all who ever have occasion to consult maps. The one comprises a list of the Maps, Plans and other Publications of the Ordnance Survey of England and Wales, the other a similar list of the Survey of Scotland. Both are brought down to the end of the year 1862.

Mr. Le Neve Foster, the Secretary of the Society of Arts, has been appointed a Corresponding Member of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale, an honour only conferred under special circumstances.

A meeting of the committee appointed last year to consider the best means of restoring the Chapter House, Westminster, was called for yesterday—Friday—at the Jerusalem Chamber. The public will be glad to find that this good work has not been dropped.

A commission has been appointed by the Committee of Privy Council, to inquire and report upon the best method of arresting decay in furniture, and the policy of inclosing furniture in glass cases. The members are the Master of the Mint, Messrs. Crace, Graham, Henry Rogers, J. C. Robinson and Wallis, the last being Secretary. No doubt, this subject is well worth consideration. Want of ventilation is injurious to wood-work; the roof of Lower Tooting Church, having been ingeniously and hermetically sealed so as to retain the hot air of the stoves and that breathed by the congregation, has undergone an extraordinarily rapid decay; worms having attacked the beams so as to render the whole structure dangerous. One of the queen-posts was completely eaten up at the foot.

A very creditable façade to a pile of warehouses

has been erected in Bow Churchyard, for Messrs. Copestake, Moore & Crampton, from designs by Messrs. Vries & Chamberlain. These consist of three floors under a high roof with dormer windows in it. The characteristic of the designs is the exceedingly large space given to the windows, consequently the interior's lightness. The ground tier of windows has round-arched heads; they are divided by slender columns, with carved caps, resting on pedestals, between which are open-worked iron screens before the windows, lighting the basement; this part of the design is very poor. The second tier has flat-headed windows, their angles only being rounded off, with a moulding at the top and sides; the lights are divided here by wall spaces, broad enough to give the look of strength. The same form of head is found in the third as in the second tier; little columns here rest upon a stringcourse, and are emphasized by the recessing of the windows: a not inelegant cornice rises above this to break the façade. The angle of the building is formed by a pilaster, whose capital is part of the cornice. The dormers are four in number, with iron ornaments. Ridge ornaments of iron surmount the roof. The windows are symmetrical throughout; the door is elsewhere.

The Benchers of the Inner Temple are about to restore the conical roof to the "round" or more ancient portion of the Temple Church.

The late Mr. Samuel Beltz's library, which has been disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, contained some books from the Garrick Collection, and some privately-printed works worthy of note. Addison's Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, being a present from the author to Dr. Sacheverell, and from the library of David Garrick, 4l. 4s.—Catalogue of the Hoare Library at Stourhead, privately printed, 6l. 5s.—Catalogue of Garrick's Library, on large paper, 1l. 9s.—Hoare's Pedigrees and Memoirs of the Families of Hore, privately printed, 8l.—Moore's Fables for the Female Sex, from David Garrick's library, 2l.—The Scrope and Grosvenor Roll, 14l.—Palgrave's Rise and Progress of the English Commonweal, 4l. 8s.—Roll of Arms of the Sovereign and Peers who sat in Parliament 5 Feb., 6 Henry VIII., 3l. 15s. Among the books in general literature were the following:—Lord Bacon's Works, by Basil Montagu, 7l. 12s. 6d.—Bayle, Dictionnaire Historique, 5l. 2s. 6d.—Works of Bewick, 5 vols., Newcastle, 1804-24, 8l. 10s.—Aldine Edition of the British Poets, 43 vols., 6l. 10s.—Hallam's Works, 10 vols., 5l.—Hoare's Hungerfordiana, 2l.—Ben Jonson's Works, by Gifford, 9 vols., 5l. 5s.—Publications of the Camden Society, 82 vols., 8l. 15s.—Leland's Itinerary and Collectanea, by Hearne, 5l. 8s.—Walton and Cotton's Angler, by Nicolas, 3l. 11s.—Wilson and Buonaparte's American Ornithology, 4l. 14s.—Hoare's Monastic Remains, 3l. 8s.

Mr. Samuel Bache, Unitarian Minister of Birmingham, assures us that the "Amicable Correspondence relative to some Popular Tenets," is a genuine correspondence—not merely a dramatic form of polemical composition.

It is gravely proposed, in interested quarters, to increase the peals of church bells in London. Let us protest that in old days, when things went on slowly, silently and smoothly, when the streets of a city such as London were not filled with the terrible roar that now rises from daily traffic and labour, the noise of a peal of bells may have been not unwelcome as giving some sort of jubilant climax to the day's sounds. Very few knew much of music, so even the loud clash of metal upon metal, out of time and tune as bell-ringing too often is, was not a nuisance. Ill or well performed, the so-called art of bell-ringing is best honoured now-a-days by neglect. The deafening uproar that afflicts the students of the Royal Academy when the bells of St. Martin's are rung for the leg of mutton said to have been bequeathed by Nell Gwynne does not lead them to bless her memory. We are putting down organ-grinding, and why not the noise of steeples? Any working man, literary or other, living within the din of bells, ought not to suffer by them: how much less the sick? We cannot afford to have our evening rest to overwrought minds broken by the performance of

"Campanologian youths." No greater nuisance is known to victims than that in question, and it would have been long ago stopped but for the limited number of churches where peals exist, or, it may be, parochial authorities allow their abuse. Any man who goes along the Strand when the bells of St. Clement's, which still ring oranges and laments, are in full action may believe what an intolerable affliction such a noise would be if extended to other localities. In every part of London there are hundreds of workers, either labouring or at rest, to whom such silence as London has is an inestimable treasure. In the country, nothing is sweeter than the rise and cadency, the sound-swaying or the merriment of church-bells,—in town, nothing jars the ear more cruelly. On this matter we cannot give a warning too soon, lest folks find "peals of eight three-and-twenty-hundredweight-tenors" thundering and clashing where and when they least expect them. Let Campanologian youths go out of town; there are many churches in the Essex marshes where they might not be unwelcome; and probably, if put to the vote, not a few London parishes would gladly present the uproarious peals now in use, together with a proper quantity of beer, to get rid of them.

With the embankment that is to support our new Thames Way in actual progress, we may ask, what is to become of a beautiful architectural relic of the Stuart period that still exists? Few men who know anything about old London, and very few who pass up and down the river, are ignorant of the existence of the Water-Gate, originally built for the famous York House of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, that still stands at the foot of Buckingham Street. Is this structure to be inclosed in the higher level of the embankment and have a little pond of its own, or puddle, as we might rather say? Is it to be buried in or pulled down for old materials? Would it not be better to remove and re-erect it in some locality where its original use as a water-gate may be fulfilled again? Why not set it up again at Hampton Court? it would be in tolerable keeping with the buildings there if so placed. This gate has been commonly attributed to Inigo Jones, but it appears, from a book in the Soane Library, that Nicholas Stone designed it, built it, and himself carved the right hand lion (west) on its front, while "Mr. Kearne, a Jarman, his brother by marrying his sister, did y^e Shee Lion."

Animal and vegetable acclimatization seems to be highly successful at Melbourne, Victoria (Australia). In the Botanical Garden, *Acanthus mollis*, a delicately coloured Grecian shrub, and *Gloriosa plantii*, thrive in the open air. Under glass, *Pastiflora odorata*, or scented passion-flower, is in full growth. English birds, turned loose in the aviary, are rapidly increasing in number: among them are linnets, canaries, and finches. In the bushes so inclosed the nests of these birds are to be seen. Little canaries, with woolly-looking feathers, are perched all about; some of the old hens having reared two or three lots; little linnets are also to be observed. The numerous Rockhampton finches have paired off, and some beautiful white doves been reared. The landrails are breeding; so have deer and white swans, the first hatched in the colony. Wild ducks increase. Of fish, gold-fish, bream, tench and perch breed rapidly.

A Society has been formed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, under the title of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science. It commences under favourable auspices, at a time when the public mind is attracted to the great mineral wealth of that colony, which appears until lately to have existed unknown even to the inhabitants of the country itself. Within the last year or two the colonists have exerted themselves in a laudable endeavour to develop the resources which nature appears to have lavishly afforded them; and in the general desire towards advancement, a few gentlemen, possessed of some scientific knowledge, have organized the society in question, under a firm belief that in the meeting together for the reading of papers and discussing matters pertaining to the natural history of the province, much good may arise, and many facts relating to that

branch of science, which would otherwise be lost to the general stock of useful knowledge, be made known to the public of other lands through the medium of a volume of *Transactions*, which it is proposed to publish at the close of each year. The Institute does not intend to confine its operations within the limits of its own particular province, but, under a sense of the importance of the object it desires to promote, will extend its observations to those portions of British North America which, in the north, include Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and the adjacent continent of Labrador; while to the southward, the Bermudas, which, from the singularity of their formation and their isolated character, present many features worthy of investigation. Ichthyology will naturally form an important branch of study; for from the vast extent of the fisheries in that quarter, which, commencing in Hudson's Straits, include the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the greatest fishing-ground in the world, the banks of Newfoundland, a field of vast extent is presented for the labours of the ichthyologist, who, by judiciously combining scientific with practical knowledge, might be the means of collecting a store of information which would be of the utmost value not only to science, but to the governments which have control over those fisheries; for by extending the knowledge of the habits of fish, a better judgment may be formed regarding the damage sustained at present from the various modes of "catching" resorted to by the crews of vessels frequenting the localities in question. The Institute commenced its first session with the present year under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Earl of Mulgrave.

A private letter from Hamburg mentions that an Aquarium is in progress of construction in the Zoological Gardens of that city, which will be at least three times as large as any now in existence, and its efficiency for scientific observation will be, it is believed, in the same proportion. It has been erected under the superintendence of our enthusiastic countryman, Mr. Lloyd, who is to be curator. In answer to the question of a countryman as to how he liked Hamburg, and his employment there, "Why, sir," he replied, "I think sometimes of the pleasant prospect of old London on a summer evening from Waterloo Bridge, and should like occasionally to hear the mid-day roar of the Strand; but as for the employment, if I were a man of independent property, I should just follow as an amusement what I now pursue for a living."

Two years ago, the only surviving daughter of Schiller, at the request of many friends, began the publication of a selection from the letters of her mother. Prof. Urlichs, of Würzburg, had been intrusted by her with the arrangement and editing of the undertaking, and it was everywhere warmly received. The second volume of this collection has appeared, containing letters from Schiller's mother-in-law, his sister-in-law (Caroline von Wolzogen), of her husband (Wilhelm von Wolzogen), from the Princess of Weimar, General von Wolzogen, and Wilhelm von Humboldt. The second part is filled by letters from the Erfurt and Weimar friends,—from Captain Henry Heron, Karoline von Dacheröden (afterwards wife to Wilhelm von Humboldt), Frau von Kalb, Goethe, and Frau von Stein. Then follows the Danish circle, with letters from Count and Countess Schimmelmann, Baggesen's wife and Ida Brem. Altogether, the contents of this volume may be called highly interesting and important for the knowledge and better appreciation of the Weimar circle, and in particular for that of the noble character of Schiller's gifted wife. But the greatest interest is concentrated in the letters from Frau von Stein, in which this rare woman, who more than any other influenced the great poet's life, pours out her bitter grief and mortification at the separation from Goethe, of which she herself was yet moody to blame. She once writes, "Goethe's farewell had made her fire-proof against all sorrows the world might have in store for her; she could suffer anything now, and forgive anything." It took more than ten years to quiet her deep displeasure with Goethe; she never got quite over it, and expresses herself still in 1799 as one mortally wounded. Another, a third volume, which will contain letters

from Adlerskron, Fischenich, Grass, Knebel, Körner, Niethammer, Paulus, Heinrich and Ernestine Voss, and many others, is announced, and will be expected with impatience.

The excavations at Pompeii, conducted by the enlightened and energetic director Cav. Fiorelli, are daily bringing forth fresh marvels. Two or three days since, near the Porta Oriente was found an object perfectly unique, and which has no parallel in any museum in Europe. It is a large lucerna of gold, with two lights, and must, as Fiorelli thinks, have formed a part of the treasures of some temple. The gold is of the finest quality, and as the lucerna weighs upwards of 3 lb., its value exceeds 10,000 *lire*. This wonderful object has been deposited in the museum, and may be seen in the "Raccolta degli Oggetti preziosi."

'THE RAILWAY STATION.'—This Celebrated Picture, by W. FRITH, Esq. R.A. NOW ON VIEW to the Public, at the FINE-ART GALLERY, 11, Haymarket.—Admission, 1s. Open from Ten to Five. A Descriptive Pamphlet, by Mr. Tom Taylor, M.A., price 6d.

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK.—Portraits of The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size, comprising Fifty-one Photographic Pictures and Drawings, executed by Mr. Ghémard, from actual sittings, are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1s. N.B.—Each visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte de visite size.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box-Office is open daily, from 11 till 6 o'clock.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—Readings of Shakespeare.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Mr. MITCHELL respectfully announces that Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, after an absence from London of six years, will RESUME her READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE on EASTER MONDAY, April 6, at the above Rooms, commencing at Eight o'clock precisely. The Series will be commenced in the following order:—Monday Evening, April 6, 'As You Like It'; Wednesday, April 8, 'Merry Wives of Windsor'; Friday, April 10, 'Hamlet'; Monday, April 13, 'Merchant of Venice'; Wednesday, April 15, 'Twelfth Night'; Friday, April 17, 'Othello'. Successive Arrangements will be duly announced.—Stalls, numbered and reserved, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s. each, may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—*March 19.*—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'On Peculiar Appearances Exhibited by Blood Corpuscles under the Influence of Solutions of Magenta and Tannin,' by Dr. W. Roberts.—'On Quinidine and some Double Tartrates of the Organic Bases,' by Dr. Stenhouse.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—*March 23.*—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, K.C.B., President, in the chair.—Messrs. P. Anstruther, C. N. Bagot, G. C. Brodrick, Capt. H. T. Burgoyne, the Hon. J. Carnegie, J. H. Challis, Rev. R. Greaves, E. H. Leveaux, R. J. More, Lieut. C. J. F. Smith, Rev. H. F. Tozer, and T. Turner were elected Fellows.—'Exploration from Kurrachee to Gwadâr, along the Mekram Coast,' by Major F. Goldsmid.—'On the Harbour of Sedashagur,' by Dr. D. Macpherson.

GEOLOGICAL.—*March 18.*—J. C. Moore, Esq. in the chair.—Messrs. S. Baines, H. Bauerman, R. Mushett and F. M'Clean, were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—'On the Correlation of the several Subdivisions of the Inferior Oolite of the Middle and South of England,' by H. B. Holl, M.D.—'On the Occurrence of Large Quantities of Drifted Wood in the Oxford Clay, near Peterborough,' by H. Porter, M.D.—'On a New Macrurous Crustacean from the Lias of Lyme Regis,' by H. Woodward, Esq.

SOETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—*March 19.*—W. Tite, Esq. M.P., V.P., in the chair.—Notice was given of a motion to be laid before the Society on the Anniversary meeting on April 23rd, to the following effect, viz.—that the ordinary meetings be held at 8 P.M. instead of 8.30 P.M. as at present, and that the ballot be closed at 9.30 P.M. instead of 10 P.M.—The following were elected: Messrs. W. Munk, B. Ferrey, A. Dalrymple, M. H. Bloxam, G. Worms, Dr. F. Bock and T. Lewin.

NUMISMATIC.—*March 19.*—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—C. Golding, Esq.

was elected a Member.—Mr. Evans read a communication from G. Sim, Esq., 'On a Find of Coins in the Town of Ayr.'—Mr. Evans read a communication from M. F. Calori Cesis, of Modena, written in Latin, and describing a rare coin of Offa, with the legend OFFA REX MEROR and s. PETRVS. M. Cesis wished to know something about it, stating that the only English numismatic work at Modena was the *Numismatic Chronicle*.—Mr. Evans read a paper 'On a Full-faced Brass Coin of Constantius the First.' The full-faced coins are of rare occurrence, and are usually of gold, there being only one of Maxentius in silver, and one of Carausius in third brass. M. Cohen quotes a similar coin from the Musée Tiepold. Mr. Evans discovered this rare coin in the collection of coins belonging to the Bodleian Library.—Mr. Madden read a paper, communicated by E. J. Powell, Esq., 'On Marking, not Milling.'

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—*March 9.*—W. Tite, M.P., President, in the chair.—The Rev. Dr. Whewell read a paper, 'On some Analogies between Architecture and the other Fine Arts.' Having noticed Sculpture, Painting and Music, the three imitative arts, he went on to consider whether Architecture could be called also an imitative art; and showed how that even in matters of construction, after the first idea of arrangement of parts had been conceived, the actual carrying out of these arrangements was more or less imitative. Thus a set of shafts around a central one in the pier of a Gothic building, carrying up the eye to some other series of lines, either more shafts to carry the vaulting, or the vaulting ribs themselves, and these again sub-divided into a variety of branches, are constructive in idea, but really nothing more than decorative:—for each shaft or rib is composed of stones, small or large, with their jointing lines entirely concealed or showing themselves in a directly contrary direction to the leading lines of this ideal construction. So the idea, not the reality, of constructive art governs the forms of architecture; the work being "representative imitation," from the ground to the utmost pinnacle. As the constructive framework is thus represented in cut masonry, the Art itself may be called imitative. It cannot be considered a fault that the small shafts at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, are too slender to carry the burden which would fall upon them if they were not actually a proportion of the masonry of the wall, any more than it is a fault that the marble legs of a statue, duly proportioned to the figure, would alone be too slender to bear the weight of the marble body. In this latter case the difficulty of construction is surmounted by adding a stump of a tree or of drapery: in the former the masonry contradicts the actual work of ideal construction. And these remarks hold good in all states, for all good architecture is organic, so that from one stone (the base of a pier) a pile of architecture can be often put together, in the same way as an animal form may be with certainty built up from a single bone.—The learned Doctor then traced the analogy of Architecture with Music, and compared the intervals of a colonnade or arcade to the bars of music; and showed further that not only rhythm, but also something analogous to melody and harmony was to be found in all good works of architecture. In two fronts of a building seen together, and in perspective, the increasing and decreasing forms as the lines advanced or receded from the eye had a relation like harmony, and produce a good effect, one much more pleasing at any rate than any mere elevation could be. It might not be too fanciful to compare the interior of a Gothic cathedral, with its two rows of columns, and the outer walls forming the aisles, to a psalm-tune to which treble, tenor, alto and bass were harmoniously joined. Architecture, therefore, is an art distinct in itself, and not a mere framework for sculpture or painting; and its works are even most pure when these are absent. Yet, though no carving may be necessary to the complete idea of a column, a capital for instance, yet it cannot be said to be an *impure* addition, but it should be introduced in the right place. If foliage is used, it should follow the rule of veget-

able growth, and be most luxuriant at the highest points. In Classic Art, statuary as a crowning feature seems appropriate; but if applied, as in Milan Cathedral, to Gothic pinnacles without niches, it is objectionable. But though in each successive style this general idea of construction is conceived, then imitated in masonry, and so wrought out, the constructive reality does not agree with this decorative idea. Thus Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the tracery of Melrose, says:—

Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the oster wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

Here is described the idea of the mind on seeing this example of decorative ideal construction, which differs of course from the actual constructive masonry, and may be called the magic of Art.

March 16.—*Special General Meeting.*—W. Tite, M.P., President, in the chair.—The Royal Gold Medal for the year 1862 was awarded to Mr. A. Salvin,—to Mr. T. Hardy, for his essay 'On the Application of Coloured Bricks and Terra-cotta to Modern Architecture,' the Institute Medal,—to Mr. T. Morris, for his essay 'On the Application of Timber-work in England, Constructively and Artistically, from the Year 1400 to the Present Time,' the Medal of Merit,—to Mr. G. T. Mocacey, for a set of thirteen drawings and description of St. Mary's Church, Maxey, Northamptonshire, the Silver Medal of the Institute with five guineas,—to Mr. G. A. Scappa, for a set of six drawings and description of a design for a church to contain 1,500 persons, without any detached columns or piers, the Soane Medallion. The successful competitor, if he go abroad within three years after receiving the Medallion, will be entitled to the sum of 50*l.* at the end of one year's absence, on sending satisfactory evidence of his progress and studies. The competition for the Soane Medallion is open to all members of the profession under the age of thirty years,—to Mr. R. P. Spiers, for a set of three drawings of a design for a sculpture gallery, the President Mr. Tite's prize of ten guineas; to this the Institute has added a Medal of Merit,—to Mr. T. H. Watson, for a set of three drawings of a design for an isacoustic music-hall to hold 3,000 persons, the Institute has awarded a Medal of Merit; to this the President, Mr. Tite, has added the sum of five guineas,—to Mr. R. H. Carpenter, for a set of six drawings of a design for a railway-station, F. E. Scott's prize of ten guineas.

STATISTICAL.—*March 17.*—J. Heywood, Esq. in the chair.—J. Lambert, Esq. was elected a Fellow.—Mr. Walford read a paper 'On the Recent Financial and Taxation Statistics of the United States.' After alluding to the wonderful progress of the United States during the eighty years of its existence, Mr. Walford proceeded to an examination of some of the statistical proofs of that remarkable development of material greatness. In 1790, the population of the United States consisted of 3,929,827 persons; in 1860, they contained a population of 31,429,891. This was an increase of about 28,000,000, or more than double that of Great Britain in the same period of time. The increase in the population of the United States is not so much the result of immigration as is generally believed. During the last forty years the total migration to the States was 4,908,321; the increase in the population, in the same period, was 21,000,000. The annual value of the manufactures in 1790 was 1,120,000*l.*; in 1860, their value had increased to 400,000,000*l.* Eighty years ago, the tonnage of the United States was under 200,000 tons; in 1860, it was upwards of 5,000,000 tons. The annual value of the imports into the United States increased from 4,600,000*l.* in 1790 to 72,432,000*l.* in 1860; the exports, from 4,000,000*l.* in the former year to 80,000,000*l.* in the latter. The three great staples of the United States export trade are bread-stuffs, cotton and tobacco. Of these the first increased in value from 2,468,000*l.* in 1821 to 9,000,000*l.* in 1860, and to 18,970,000*l.* in 1861; cotton, from 4,000,000*l.* in 1821 to 38,361,000*l.* in 1860, with a decline to 6,800,000*l.* in 1861; and tobacco, from 1,000,000*l.* in 1821 to 3,000,000*l.* in 1860, with a fall to 2,750,000*l.*

in 1861. Eighty years ago, the banking capital was less than 600,000*l.* In 1860, there were 1,601 banks in the United States, with an aggregate paid-up capital of 203,172,000*l.* The note circulation of the United States banks in 1861 was 40,401,000*l.*; that of the United Kingdom in the same year was 38,861,000*l.* The total amount of the precious metals coined at the United States Mint in seventy-nine years was—gold, 133,730,000*l.*; silver, 25,627,000*l.*; total, 159,358,000*l.* sterling. Mr. Walford also detailed the remarkable progress of the United States in real and personal property, in agriculture, in railway and postal communication, and in the development of the electric telegraph. This concluded the first section of Mr. Walford's paper. The second section was devoted to the financial history of the United States, and the third to a critical examination of its present financial legislation and policy. The total income of the United States in 1792 was 1,748,000*l.*, of which 733,000*l.* was revenue, the rest being raised by loans. In 1860, the total income was 15,368,000*l.*, of which upwards of 11,000,000*l.* was revenue. The sources of revenue are officially classed as follows: 1, Customs; 2, Sales of Public Lands; 3, Miscellaneous. The first Customs tariff came into operation on the 4th of July, 1789, since which date it has constantly varied. The revenue from Customs has advanced from 688,000*l.* in 1792 to upwards of 10,000,000*l.* in 1860. The principal articles upon which duties are levied are woolen, cotton and hempen goods, iron and iron manufactures, sugar, hemp, salt and coals. In 1785 the price of the public lands was fixed at a dollar an acre; but this price was increased to two dollars in 1796, in which year the revenue from land sales was only 967*l.* In the year 1840 the receipts from this source were 658,000*l.*, in 1861 they were 174,000*l.* In a period of sixty-six years the total receipts from land sales were 35,000,000*l.* The number of acres sold down to the end of 1860 was 153,928,547. The land remaining unsold at that time comprised upwards of 1,000,000,000 of acres, or eleven times the area of Great Britain. The miscellaneous revenue of which no details are given varied from 45,000*l.* in 1792 to 219,700*l.* in 1860. The public expenditure of the United States is classified under the heads of Civil List, Department of the Interior, War Department, Navy Department and the Public Debt. The total expenditure in 1792 was 375,580*l.*, in 1861 it was 12,071,000*l.* The Civil List expenditure was 1,298,000*l.* in 1841, in 1860 it was 6,385,000*l.*, in 1861, 4,637,000*l.* Passing over the expenditure of the interior, which amounted to 752,000*l.* in the year 1860-61, Mr. Walford stated that the War Department expenditure does not appear to have been officially published until 1841. In that year the sum of 2,740,000*l.* was allotted to the War Department, in 1860, 3,281,000*l.*, and in 1861, 4,596,000*l.* A summary of the War Department expenditure by Presidential periods gave some instructive results. In the period 1841-4 under President Harrison, the actual expenditure of the War Department was 7,056,000*l.*; in 1845-8, under Polk, it was 18,442,000*l.*; in 1849-52, under Taylor, it fell to 11,000,000*l.*; in 1853-6, under Pierce, it rose to 13,908,000*l.*; in 1857-60, under Buchanan, to 20,112,000*l.*; and in the two years 1861-3, under Lincoln, to 228,345,000*l.* sterling. The records of the Navy, which also appear to commence in 1841, show an expenditure of 1,200,000*l.* in that year, with a gradual increase to 2,485,700*l.* in the year 1861. Some of the details of the Navy expenditure for this latter year are very curious. Amongst them are the following items:—"For six steam frigates 38,568*l.* (or 6,426*l.* each), for five sloops of war 25,649*l.* (or 5,129*l.* each), for seven steam screw sloops and one side-wheel steamer, 12,602*l.* (or 1,575*l.* each), and for seven steam sloops of war, second class, 5,116*l.* (or 730*l.* each)."

ZOOLOGICAL.—*March 24.*—W. H. Flower, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. J. K. Lord pointed out the character of a new Musk Rat, and of a new species of *Lagomys* from British Columbia. For these animals he proposed the names *Fiber oojooensis* and *Lagomys minimus*.—A communication was read from Mr. R. Swinhoe, 'On some New Birds

from China,' being chiefly Eastern representatives of various genera of Insectores belonging to the Fauna of Europe.—A paper was read by Mr. G. Kroft, 'On a New Snake of the genus *Hoplocephalus*, from the neighbourhood of Sydney, Australia,' for which he proposed the name *Hoplocephalus carinatus*, from its having keeled scales.—Mr. F. Buckland made a further Report on the progress of the development of the fishes hatched in the tanks at the Society's Gardens.—Dr. P. L. Sclater pointed out the characters of the different known species of the American Spine-tailed Swifts of the genus *Chaetura*, and exhibited on behalf of Mr. B. Leadbeater the Head of a Musk-ox, *Oribos moschatus*.—Dr. J. E. Gray gave a notice of a new species of Chameleon from Chartoum, discovered by Mr. J. Petherick, for which he proposed the name *Chamaleo levigatus*, and of the so-called Chauco or Golden Wolf of Chinese Tartary, which he considered as probably undescribed.—Col. P. Stewart made some remarks on a species of Goat and Sheep met with by him during his travels through Persia.—Mr. A. R. Wallace made some observations on a Hornbill living in the Society's Gardens, which he believed to be a species of (*Buceros*) *Hydrocissa pica*, artificially coloured.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*Feb. 17.*—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—The discussion upon the two papers, 'On the Drainage of Dundee,' by Mr. J. Fulton, and 'On the Sewerage of Newport, Monmouthshire,' by Mr. A. Williams, occupied the whole of the evening.

March 24.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—'Description of the Lydgate and of the Buckhorn Weston Railway Tunnels,' by Mr. J. G. Fraser.—'Public Works in Pernambuco, in the Empire of Brazil,' by Mr. W. M. Peniston.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—*March 18.*—T. Hankey, Esq., in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Suppression and Extinction of Fires,' by Mr. C. B. King.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Actuaries, 7.—'Carlisle, Government, Registrar-General's and other Tables of Mortality,' Mr. Jardine Henry.
- TUES. Horticultural, 12.—'Floral Committee.'
- WED. Engineers, 8.—'Structures on the Sea, &c.,' Mr. Miller.
- THURS. Geological, 8.—'Recent Changes in Delta of Ganges,' Mr. Ferguson.
- FRIDAY. Linnæan, 8.—'Physiology of Spiders,' Mr. Blackwall; 'Nidulidæ,' Mr. Murray; 'Monstrosity in Passiflora,' Dr. Sailer.
- SAT. Chemical, 8.
- SUN. Philological, 8.

FINE ARTS

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

GOthic works predominate in this year's collection. There is the massive and economical Gothic in brick, with sparingly employed stone dressings and sparse carvings, that eschews lofty steeples and flying buttresses, that delights in round-headed windows, splayed openings, semi-circular apses and plate tracery. The most able producer of examples of this character is Mr. G. E. Street, whom we may congratulate upon having set something like a fashion. Many reproduce the elementary thoughts of the architect named, but others are evidently free and powerful in the same path of Art. A good deal of the character referred to as marking this collection is derived from the presence of several designs submitted for the *Cathedral of St. Finn Bar, Cork*, in competition, and for which the sum of 15,000*l.* was expected to produce a full-blown cathedral, with chapter-house, towers and all appurtenances to match, being rather less than a fourth of the cost of the *lantern* (octagon) of Ely in 1342. Under these circumstances, no wonder the competitors took that style which promised to give most for their money. Nevertheless, the successful design by Mr. Burgee, which is a remarkably noble and valuable work, does not so strictly comply with the conditions of the style in question. It must be highly gratifying to lovers of Art to see so many fine designs as are here shown for works of this class, *i. e.* large churches of grand and grave character suited for modern uses. Of about a dozen not one but has more or less excellence; some are

indeed admirable, and need not shame their authors because neglected for the work of Mr. Burgee.

Among the few designs here that have not a Gothic character, the best, and on the whole one of the best Italian works we have seen of modern production, is that for the great *Langham Hotel*, by Mr. J. Giles (34); a very grand and nobly massed composition of two piles of building, parallelograms in plan, standing at right angles to each other, and so that the interval between them in plan is filled by a minor square mass, carried loftier than their roofs, and emphasized so as to become a tower of great size and dignity. The surface of this design which is to be carried out, is well broken yet not at all frittered away by useless ornamentation or costly sculpture. As a work of Art, this is as far superior to the *Grosvenor Hotel* as that is to Buckingham Palace. Its light and shade dispositions are admirable. *The Restoration of Breamore House* (16), by Mr. A. Smith, an Elizabethan structure, or it may be Jacobian of the best time, has been very happy. This shows, however, how rigidly the beauty and dignity of these great country-houses depend and depended upon their whole structure being organic, so to say, the masses forming on the preconceived functions of the edifice, and not, as in modern imitations, being disposed for insignificant effect only. Effect should come, and not be made.

We find here a good many examples of the industry of our travelled students and architects, in collections of careful sketches and studies. Very noteworthy are those by Mr. F. T. Rogers (124), made in Normandy and elsewhere,—see those particularly from *St. Etienne, at Caen*, and at *Lisieux*. Note also those made on the spot at home by Mr. W. Paris, from *St. Mary Overie*, (St. Saviour's) *Southwark*. Of original designs for minor matters, especially those domestic, let us commend the many examples sent by Mr. E. B. Lamb (160, &c.), for cottages, stables, houses, &c. These are exceedingly good in their way,—a very valuable way: the stables, in No. 160, with their broad-eaved roof and louvres above the centre of its pyramid, is capital; the massing of the cottages, in the same frame, is commendable. Best of these is the Rectory House, which has simple yet varied surfaces and breadth of treatment not often given.

The series of photographs (160), from Mr. G. G. Scott's details for *Kelham Hall*, show ornament judiciously applied. The recessed and shafted windows and arched courtyard are excellent, and characteristic of the architect's style. The caps on the polished marble shafts of the first, which are coupled, do not seem in a good style; the string-course, richly carved, which accompanies these, is beautiful, although a minor feature. Mr. Lamb's study from the beautiful *Porch of West Hartlepool Church* (174) shows a most admirable work neglected, but worthy of deep consideration in its simple, solid, grave richness. Its separated thin lines of mouldings, splendidly wrought, carried to the ground are perfectly placed. This example reminds the student in many points of that very valuable branch of Gothic Art which prevailed in Scotland at the end of the fourteenth century. A *Ball-room*, by the same, for *Knole House, Kent* (175), with an open timber roof, very flat, is noteworthy for successful treatment in Jacobian manner, or like it. The wall decorations do not please us; as somewhat out of keeping.

In frame 221 is a series of works by Mr. G. Truefitt, comprising shops, schools, temporary lecture-halls of great size, churches, obelisks, lamp-posts, tombs, coffers, and what not, constructed in various parts of England. Nearly all of these are commendable, more so than a badly-executed drawing would suggest. Near it is Mr. T. E. Knight's very creditable *West Ham Schools* (304),—also (277) sixteen studies of Medieval architecture in Italy and Sicily, by Mr. M. D. Wyatt, excellently drawn and chosen. Mr. G. Jones's *Garden Front of No. 3, Kensington Palace Gardens* (333) very narrowly misses, owing to extra flatness, being an exceedingly fine work by its quiet elegance and grace of proportion.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Foley's model for the statue to the late Sir C. Barry is completed, and

represents him holding, with the left hand, a drawing-board nearly upright upon his knee, the right hand has a pencil loosely grasped, and hangs down easily.

Mr. Woolner has been commissioned to execute a colossal statue in bronze of the late W. Godley, founder of the Canterbury Settlement, New Zealand; to be erected in the centre of the Cathedral Square, Christchurch, New Zealand.

At the French Gallery, Pall Mall, will be found a collection of photographic portraits and other subjects, which from their great size, in the former class that of life and in some cases larger, are of extraordinary interest. The producer and exhibitor of these is M. Ghémar, photographic artist to the King of the Belgians. They represent an application of photography whereby examples have been enlarged from *cartes de visite*, &c., with perfect success and remarkably good effect. One of King Leopold, life-size and to the knees, is really astonishing in reproduction of character and expression. Others represent Queen Victoria, the Princess of Wales, a charming portrait, the same and the Prince of Wales in different poses, the Princes and Princesses of the English, Danish, and Belgian Royal Families. Also, a few studies of domestic character, agricultural and architectural views. Of the last, the Cathedral of Tournay is given on paper or canvas, about the size of a kit-cat, without the slightest deviation in perspective, the vertical lines of the towers being perfectly true, which has, we believe, never before been done on a large scale in photography. M. Ghémar produces faint impressions, of any size, of such examples as the above upon paper, canvas, or other substance, suitable for painting by hand, either in oil or water, so that a portrait of unquestionable accuracy is obtained. Several specimens of this class, finished by hand in chalk, are equal to the finest drawings we have seen.

At No. 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, will be found an exhibition of small models in coloured clay, illustrating life and costumes in Mexico. Many years ago, such draped statuettes as these were rife, but we do not remember to have seen such of late. As representations of national peculiarities, these things are not without interest.

The Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours,—such being the title by which the late New Society of Painters in Water Colours is to be known in future,—will open on Monday, the 20th of April. The private view will be on the 18th. Pictures are to be sent in on Tuesday, the 7th of that month, such being the works of Members and Associates only.

Mr. Hook will probably contribute to the Royal Academy some pictures, the subjects of which have been studied amongst the Scilly Islanders. One is styled 'Low Tide,' representing sailors mending their nets and their boat, that lies upon the beach. A woman, the wife of one of the men, approaches, bearing a basket of provisions—knits as she walks, but has left off doing so to attend to a child who has fallen beside her. Another work is styled 'The Sailor's Wedding'; the scene is the sea-shore; a steep bank rises up therefrom; the bride and bridegroom are walking together; an old man is creeping up the bank; about, are seen preparations for a holiday. A boy slinging stones is another subject.

Mr. Leighton will probably contribute to the Royal Academy the following pictures:—1. A Lady, upon a garden terrace, feeding peacocks, two of which, white and green, stand, gloriously feathered, by her side and at her feet.—2. A Cross-bowman, standing with his hands upon the arc of his weapon; his costume is that of Italy in the fourteenth century; he may be imagined one of the defenders of the city who has the death of one he loved to revenge: this is suggested by a perished human hand nailed to the wall behind him, and his stern countenance.—3. Herod's Daughter, dancing, a young girl performing one of those Oriental dances, the slow motions and voluptuous grace of which are and have been so powerful to fascinate; she has raised herself upon her feet, and, with arms elegantly waved above her sideway-lolling head, bends her lithe form with a slowly-

swaying motion, that seems like floating in air. Behind, a dark female musician clashes the time upon cymbals.—4. A Samian Girl, bearing upon her head a basket, of Ionian shape, filled with fruit; the effect is broad, soft sunlight casting delicate shadows upon her face and form: a study of facial beauty, colour and light.—5. A very large picture, representing Ahab and Jezebel meeting Elijah at the door of Naboth's vineyard; the prophet stands in the doorway, the King and Queen recoil before him.

The Sessional Papers of the Institute of British Architects, now before us, contain some valuable contributions to our architectural library, the most remarkable being Mr. Street's account of the singular Church of St. Michael, Penkevel, Cornwall. Also a paper by Mr. M. Walcott on the Conventual Arrangements of Canterbury; this is a very interesting contribution, containing many curious illustrations of manners, and an acutely studied disquisition on the cathedral and monastic buildings. Mr. Walcott has engraved the plan, or bird's-eye view, of the buildings made by Eadwyn the Monk before the fire in 1174—a curious treasure. Mr. Parker's paper 'On the Abbey Churches at Caen' has claims to interest. We should suggest to Messrs. Parker and Walcott some of our minor cathedrals as excellent subjects; for instance, by and by, when Worcester Cathedral has been pulled down or "scraped" away, the Dean and Chapter will be grateful to them for relating when the Deanery Hall went, how the Guesten Hall was fought for in vain, where stood the School Hall or Refectory, where were Wulstan's crypt, the choir, the tombs, the tower.—We are glad to see these excellent papers published in a suitable manner, so that they are made generally accessible.

A statue to the memory of King William the Fourth of Prussia is to be placed on the bridge over the Rhine at Cologne. It is to be of bronze, equestrian, of extraordinary size, from the designs of Prof. Blaser, of Berlin, and to form a pendant to that of the present King of Prussia, now preparing by Prof. Drake.

The pictures of the Belgian School, which so nobly sustained the historical glory of Flanders in Art, at the International Exhibition, have been re-exhibited as a whole, at Brussels.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, April 1, the usual Passion Week performance of Handel's 'MESSIAH.' Principal Vocalists:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Henry Haigh, and Mr. Weiss. The Band and Chorus, on the most extensive scale available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers.—Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each. The Offices of the Society are at No. 4, Exeter Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. WILBYE COOPER'S GRAND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 8.—Vocalists: Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Weiss, Miss Marian Moss, Miss Clara Fraser, Miss Messout, Mdlle. Lancin, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Poole, Mrs. Lockey, Madame Baxter, Miss Palmer, Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. George Perren, Mr. John Morgan, Mr. Santley, Mr. Wynn, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Lewis Thomas. The West London Glee and Madrigal Society and the Orpheus Glee Union. Solo Instrumentalists: M. Sainton, Signor Giulio Regondi, Signor Pezze, Mr. Lazarus, The Brothers Booth, Mr. Apollonias, Signor Andreoli, Mdlle. Michelin (Conservatoire de Paris). Conductors: Mr. Benedict, Herr Wilhelm Gann, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. Hargitt, Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. G. B. Allen.—Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Addison & Lucas's, 210, Regent Street; Lonsdale's, 28, Old Bond Street; Austin's, 38, Piccadilly; and all Music-sellers.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he will give THREE SÉANCES OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard), on MONDAYS, April 7th, May 11th, and June 8th, to commence at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced.—77, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

EWER & CO. beg to announce, that they will give TWO MORNING CONCERTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAYS, May 5 and June 2, in order to introduce to the Subscribers of their Musical Library the latest and most important Compositions of Chamber Music. Subscribers will receive invitations.—Tickets to Non-Subscribers, Half-Guinea each. Programmes will be shortly published.—Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, 87, Regent Street, London.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—'St. Paul,' given yesterday week, as announced, was the four hundred and thirty-ninth sign of prosperity shown by the Sacred Harmonic Society, now, in the essentials of execution, confessedly the leading body of its kind in Europe. The Oratorio itself stands less high in our favour than most other of Mendelssohn's sacred works. In spite of the celestial burial chorus,

and the airs 'Jerusalem' and 'Be thou faithful unto death'—we too rarely escape from the impression of scientific solicitude, showing that the writer had not altogether thrown off the trammels of scholarship. Till this can be done, there will be always too much chance of elaboration superseding idea. 'St. Paul' is eminently a transition work. This opinion is distasteful, we are aware, to Mendelssohn's congregation, who had become fickle and disposed to worship at new shrines before he died, and who, therefore, defend their inconstancy by maintaining, that the early works of a man whose genius ripened hour by hour were the best. We repeat this conviction and its illustrations for more than one purpose. The duty, however, which is most pressing is to represent to the *Sacred Harmonic Society* that in thus going the round of a few composers, it is not merely discouraging anything like new attempts among artists, not merely encouraging bigotry to go hand-in-hand with taste among its audiences, but sowing within its own borders the seeds of decay. Is there no example to be learnt from the proceedings of the once-famed *Philharmonic Society*, and the manner in which it has slidden out of European consideration? The truth cannot be disguised, that the difficulties in finding great *solo* singers become greater and greater—the more need is there, then, for trying by the administering of fresh interest to turn the attention of the public into unfamiliar channels. Mr. G. Perren, who is at last getting his chance (and not before it has been deserved, as every one acquainted with his singing in Roman Catholic choirs must attest), was the tenor; the schism betwixt the Society and Mr. Sims Reeves being obviously for the hour complete. Mr. Weiss was the *basso*: the *soprano* was Madame Rudersdorff, the *contralto* Madame Sainton-Dolby.

The charm of Mozart's name filled St. James's Hall at Monday's *Popular Concert*. The pieces selected were the Clarinet Quintet in A major,—what might be fancifully called the trumpet *solo Sonata* in D major,—a Pianoforte and Violin Duett in A major,—and the Clarinet, Viola and Pianoforte Trio in E major. The principal performers were M. Halle, Sainton, Piatti, and Mr. Lazarus. Surely on works so lovely and well-known, played by artists so notoriously excellent, no criticism is needed, save from those whose office it is to write primers for the rising generation. Miss Robertine Henderson gave a song by Schubert extremely firmly and well: her phrasing is better than that of the generality of ladies so comparatively inexperienced. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang a mountain song by M. Meyerbeer, with clarinet *obbligato*, showing his good qualities of grace and ingenuity in combination, and his less good quality of harassed modulations—and later (with an *encore*) an elegant ballad "The Shades of Evening close around," by our young amateur composer Mr. F. Clay. Nothing better of its kind has been given out during the past twelve months.

Signor Nappi gave a benefit concert in the Italian style on Tuesday evening.

NEW ADELPHI.—A second version of Miss Braddon's 'Aurora Floyd' has been produced here. The compilation and arrangement of the materials have been accomplished by Mr. Benjamin Webster, jun., who has bestowed on his task an extraordinary amount of thought and skill. According to stage-exigency, he has both followed and altered the story, and modified or combined the characters. His purpose was to construct out of the novel one of those colossal dramas known as Adelphi pieces, with the striking effects to which Adelphi audiences have been long accustomed. The result is a powerful drama covering an indefinite extent of time, and occupying nearly four hours in the performance. It is divided into four parts,—that is, a prologue and three acts. What most strikes us in the prologue is, that we have the dog-fancier identified with the stable-help, and the simple idea of the latter, as a man with a soft brain and limited experience, associated with a natural cunning, converted into a complex characterization, which includes the notion of a returned convict entering into a compact with the jockey, James Conyers, to

take advantage of the peculiar situation of Aurora Floyd. Of this mere arbitrary stage-combination, Mr. Webster constructs an elaborate part, full of minute details, illustrative of the class of life to which *Steeve Hargreaves*, according to this modified view, is supposed to belong. It is a piece of character—unlike, high above anything in the novel,—and wholly a creation of Mr. Webster's brain. There are few things on the stage to compare with this strange creation. In the remaining three acts, the character that becomes prominent is that of *John Mellish*, which is realized by Mr. Billington in a style so effective that this eccentric individual becomes the legitimate hero of the drama. We use the word "individual" purposely:—for the part is, by the actor, and in the intention of the adapter, *individualized* in the strictest sense of the term; and the uxorious Yorkshire squire, not only fond, but proud of being hen-pecked by a wife who possesses the business habits in which he is deficient, is drawn with a fidelity to nature that does credit to the author and the actor. *Aurora Floyd* herself is rather boisterously represented by Miss Avonia Jones; but she is distinctly and dramatically delineated. The secret that preys upon her acts as an irritant, and displays itself in violent moods and occasional ill temper, indicative of a disturbed mental state. She is made to horse-whip *Steeve* on the stage, and to rate *Mrs. Powell* (a character well conceived and executed by Mrs. Billington) with a characteristic disregard of prudence. To her, also, the adapter has appropriated the final tableau; for it is she who struggles with the murderer, and, at the peril of her life, regains the notes that prove the villain's guilt. We have now, we think, given the reader a notion of the outline of the piece. In the filling-up there are faults. The dialogue is too abundant; but the piece has also the merit of presenting to the eye some details which are better seen than heard of, and which are too frequently, in modern drama, kept in the background. The scenic illustrations, too, are many, and very complete; and of the general excellence of the acting there can be no doubt.

OLYMPIC.—'Taming the Truant' is the title of a new drama produced here, by Mr. Horace Wigan, who refers us to the 'Papillon' of M. Victorien Sardou as the original, which he has thus adapted to the English stage. The incidents are little in accordance with our manners, and the success of the piece is in a great measure due to the actors, who take great pains in the performance. The "Truant" is a husband whose rakish disposition is "tamed" by the operation of cold and hunger, and who is taught, by the want of a dinner, the advantage of being faithful to his marital obligations. *Mr. Flutter* (Mr. H. Neville) has suffered his wife (Miss Latimer) to reside in a cottage *ornée* at Great Marlow, without having once visited the place; meanwhile amusing himself with looking from the window of his Club at the fair women in the streets. One of these attracts him, and he follows her in a cab to the railway, and enters the carriage with her, believing her to be an Italian Countess. Here he makes the acquaintance of her supposed lady's maid, but who is really his wife's aunt, and who pretends to make an assignation for her mistress with him in an avenue of poplars where he is to await her arrival. The avenue is, in fact, the approach to his wife's villa, and here the supposed Countess's attendant meets him, but insists on his being blindfolded before she will conduct him to her mistress. By leading him from room to room several times, she causes him to believe that he has traversed a considerable distance; but at length he grasps the hand of a lady, who is his wife, but whom he supposes to be the Countess. An appeal is then made to his conscience, by the suggestion that his own wife may be granting a similar interview to a stranger; and he is further troubled by the arrival of the Italian lady's supposed Corsican husband. He is glad to take refuge again in the avenue; and, as the season is winter, he suffers unpleasantly from the severity of the weather, as well as of hunger. In due time, he is re-admitted, and the whole affair explained to him, when he acknowledges the justness of his correction and promises reform. Mr. Neville and

Miss Hughes, as the husband and aunt, performed their parts with peculiar brilliancy and vivacity, and thus won the approbation of the audience to the new drama.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Sothorn has appeared in a new character,—that of *Captain Walter Maydenblush* in 'The Little Treasure,' which has been selected for the *début* of Miss Ellen Terry in the character of *Gertrude*. The lady, who is young, but intelligent and pretty, was successful; and Mr. Sothorn threw so much eccentric humour into his delineation of the modest Captain, that the house was provoked into more than ordinary merriment by his peculiar manner of acting the part. Mr. Sothorn's engagement will terminate next Wednesday, when his benefit is announced to take place.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Mr. Gye's programme is not one to be briefly dismissed, as being voluminous; and if somewhat strange, as times go, possibly as satisfactory as could be expected. The principal operas undertaken for are Signor Verdi's 'La Forza del Destino' (in which there may be matter of dispute with his rival),—'Fra Diavolo,' for Signor Mario and Mdlle. Patti, whose recent Continental triumphs are announced in too florid a fashion for good taste,—also, for her, 'La Figlia,' and 'La Gazza Ladra,'—'L'Elisir,'—'Roberto,' to introduce M. Obin as *Bertram*,—'Don Pasquale,' with Signor Ronconi,—'Stradella,' in which, as has been mentioned, M. Naudin will appear,—'Guillaume Tell' (with Signor Caffieri, a new tenor, as *Arnoldo*),—'Lucia' (with Signor Feresini, another new tenor),—'Otello' (with Signora Elvira Demi)—the last-named three announcements equivalent to trial of three strangers aspiring to first class honours,—'Orfeo,' with Madame Didiée,—'Les Huguenots,' with Mdlle. Pauline Lucca as *Valentine*,—and a revival of 'L'Étoile' (the run of which was interrupted by the burning of the old theatre), with Madame Miolan-Carvalho as the heroine. Mdlle. Fioretti is to make her *début* in 'I Puritani.' Madame Penco does not return, at which we are not afflicted; neither, we are happy to say, Madame Csillag. Mdlle. Fricki does; and will adventure herself in the arduous part of *Norma*. Mdlle. Battu returns, and Madame Rudersdorff, whose available value is considerable. Another new lady or two are announced. We have named three new principal tenors who will appear, besides the known favourites, Signori Mario and Tamberlik. Signori Ronconi and Graziani return, that excellent artist, M. Faure; and in addition to M. Obin, Herr Formes (!), Signor Tagliafico, M. Zelger and Signor Ciampi. The above list is liberal enough as to quantity, it will be owned; though not rich in the *contralto* department. Let us hope that some of the new comers will strengthen a company, already including so many excellent artists, by giving us a new tragic lady.

The prospectus of a new vocal society has been laid before us. It is to consist exclusively of male singers, and to be conducted by Herr Meyer Lütz. The number intended to be gathered is fourscore. There are to be constant rehearsals, and three public concerts late in the season, with objects which the promoters themselves shall state:—"Among the musical societies of London, there is at present no one that devotes undivided attention to music for male voices alone. There are many very beautiful compositions of this description, both native and foreign, yet the masterpieces of the English glee writers, it is believed, have never before been interpreted by so large a body of trained voices as is here proposed, neither have the part-songs of Germany ever been similarly presented to a London audience, except by the Cologne Choir; and from the scope thus to be afforded excellent results are anticipated." In the above there appears some want of precision in view and in statement. The analogy between the male English glee and the German part-song is not close. The first was rarely intended to be sung by numbers, the latter always so. The English counter-tenor voice, of late years largely replaced by the female *contralto*, is not wholly equal to the duties demanded of a German first

tenor; the former being, of necessity, delicate, affected, and deficient in power; whereas the latter, on the contrary, is nothing if not robust. Each of the two styles of music thus expresses a nationality of its own, and with it a physical inequality in the distribution of executive powers which can only be evaded, at best concealed—by those not possessing them never heartily and thoroughly overcome. Wishing well to every enterprise honourably undertaken, with the view of widening our musical pleasures, we submit the above remarks as so many counsels and cautions, not discouragements.

In the address circulated at the close of the English Opera season this day week, it was announced that the next will be the last season of Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison's lesseeship of Covent Garden Theatre.

Miss Augusta Thomson, who has been for some time missing, having disappeared from London at the moment when she was beginning to be of value and to excite interest, has "turned up," we perceive, at the *Bouffes Parisiens* in Paris;—by which it would seem as if she intends to work out her career in foreign opera.

The *Gazette Musicale* states that M. Villaret, the new tenor mentioned last week, was entirely successful on his first appearance at the Grand Opéra, as *Arnold* in 'Guillaume Tell.'—M. Léon Duprez is forthwith to appear at the Théâtre Lyrique, in the French arrangement of Mozart's 'Così.'

It is understood that Herr Joachim has abandoned his known intention of resigning his Concert-Mastership at Hanover, which he will retain, with liberal permission to travel.—That excellent musician and meritorious singer, M. Jules Stockhausen, has been appointed Director of the Philharmonic Concerts of Hamburg.

The one positive satisfactory piece of operatic news which arrives from Germany is the effect produced at Carlsruhe by Herr Abert's 'King Enzo,' a work we hope to meet abroad, if not at home.—Herr Wagner is going, we read, to St. Petersburg; so that his 'Tristan und Isolde' would seem to have met the same fate at Vienna as elsewhere—that of having a run of some months, as the 'Prova d'un Opera Seria'—of rehearsals behind the curtain—not to be followed by any performance.

'Beatrice di Portogallo,' a new opera by M. Novaynko, has been given at Oporto, with immense success.

A new comic operetta, 'The Sergeant of Ouis-treham,' with music by M. Caron, has been produced at Rouen.

The world makes progress in delicacy. One Signor Dasti has been giving a comedy at Turin with the title 'Rosini a Napoli.' Are we next to have 'Mdlle. Lind in America,' or 'Liszt (with his sword by his side) in Hungary'?

"In the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*," writes our Leipzig Correspondent, "is a communication by Herr Jahn, in which he alludes to the tale, brought forward in connexion with the 'Requiem' (since the first history of its mysterious origin had somewhat fallen into discredit), of a certain gentleman having attempted to murder his wife, and afterwards having committed suicide in a fit of furious jealousy, caused by a supposed intimacy between his wife and Mozart. A document has been found in the Registry of the *Landesgericht* at Vienna, from which it appears that Herr Franz Hofdemel, the gentleman in question, *Kanzlist* in the Imperial Supreme *Justizstelle*, destroyed himself in his dwelling on the 10th of December, 1791. There is also the nurse's receipt for 120 florins, for attendance upon Frau 'Hofdemelin'; and, further, a petition from the widow for compensation from her husband's heirs on account of the permanent injury and disfigurement she had suffered. She claimed 1,000 florins, but received 550. She went to Brinn, and on the 10th of May was delivered of a son. Whether there were any grounds for Hofdemel's suspicions it is now impossible to decide, but the fact that the attempted murder and the suicide did not occur till five days after Mozart's death is not in their favour. It is remarkable that Beethoven, as Czerny related to Jahn, had refused to play before Frau Hofdemel on account of her alleged 'affair' with Mozart. That

there was an acquaintance between Mozart and Hofdemel is proved by a promissory note for 100 florins, dated the 2nd of April, 1789, drawn by the former in favour of the latter.—Though I have more to detail ere I wind up my reports of our Leipzig musical doings for the season, I will not wait to tell that the last *Gewandhaus* Concert was very interesting. All French music—Catel, Lully, Rode, Rameau, Boieldieu, Méhul, Grétry, Berlioz, Lesueur, were represented; and, besides, there were two most charming popular songs of the seventeenth century. A.—Here, again, is matter for regret; since, we fear, there is small present hope of its being considered as matter of imitation. The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* confirms the testimony of our Correspondent as to the great interest of this French Orchestral Concert; and this journal testified to the delicate and rare pleasure which English ears have found in the pianoforte pieces of Rameau, Couperin, Mondonville, when the same are artistically handled by Herren Halle and Pauer,—in Lulli's sublime *Medusa* song, and the old-world "Brunettes" given with such power, elegance and archness by Madame Viardot. Why should little Leipzig do more than large London? What would our audiences make of a *suite* of French concerts, properly provided for, and prepared, say, by such a capital conductor as Herr Manns, who has an orchestra ready to hand? Would they stay away or cry "*Pshaw!*" and ask for 'Don Juan,' and the 'Jupiter Symphony,' and Mendelssohn's *Concerto* in G minor, and Beethoven's 'Moonlight *Sonata*'? Possibly not. The hint is, at all events, worth throwing out.

MISCELLANEA

Cathedral at Sydney.—A Correspondent at Sydney informs us that St. Andrew's Cathedral in that place—the first to be founded of English Colonial cathedrals, we believe—is not so far from completion as has been reported in this country. It is true, he says, that it was commenced twenty-five years ago; but that the walls and roof, excepting those of the tower, are not completed, is untrue. The interior fittings and the windows are not yet, however, wholly decided on; so the structure cannot have been brought into use, although a quarter of a century has elapsed since it was begun. Twenty-one years seem to have passed before the roof was put on. This long delay is averred not to have arisen through any supineness on the part of members of the Church of England in the colony, "but from the nature of the work itself requiring for those engaged upon the designs, and in the execution of them, careful study and ample time." This deliberation, although excessive, may be commended to subscribers for the "restorations" carried on at home. Here energetic architects and contractors undertake to scrape a whole cathedral inside and out, to rebuild, to pull down, to tear up and take away, to re-cut the carvings, re-glaze the windows, and add no end of gilding, brass-work and tiles, in one, or at most two years. At home, the subscriber soon gets his money's worth of this sort of work, and may soon walk into the old building made so smart that he hardly knows it again, and cannot find the seat where his own mother prayed. Such is British energy, that we have got a score of cathedrals "as good as new," while these benighted Antipodeans of ours deliberate about putting their roof on. More than 3,000l. have been provided for windows to St. Andrew's; these are to be mostly of the Memorial class. The east window, a memorial to Bishop Broughton, will contain the Passion, from the Last Supper to the Entombment, of Christ; the next window, the Apostles and their fellow-labourers: in the north choir-aisle, subjects from the birth and infancy of Our Lord; in the south choir-aisle, from the Ministry and after his Resurrection: in the nave, the Parables on one side, the Miracles on the other; in the north transept, the life of St. Andrew. The clerestory windows are left to be hereafter filled by individuals.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—M. M.—M. R.—C. M.—J. R.—F. W. C.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

LITERATURE

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tunes may be made; and, undoubtedly, this class of men need greatly the information which he submits to them.

When resident in Tropical America the mind of Mr. Squier was much impressed with the question why the fibres were not turned to account. There is no necessity for adding, that the present condition of the cotton-spinners of France, England and Scotland gives this query a peculiar and impressive interest. But the question did not recur after he came to learn the rude, imperfect and laborious processes by which the relatively small quantity of fibres produced for local use and export is extracted:

"I saw (he says) the native labourers at their work slowly removing the pulpy and vascular portions of the agaves or *henequins* with a triangular scraper or a blunted knife, leaf by leaf, and ascertained that a few pounds of fibres, imperfectly cleaned, formed the total reward of a long day's toil. I turned away from the patient Indian labourer, with a smile, half of pity, half of contempt, and asked my friend, the American merchant and planter, who had lived for many years in the country, 'Why don't you import proper machinery for doing this simple work, and thus make a fortune out of tropical fibres?'—'Because,' was his answer, 'there is no such machinery to be had. I long ago sent to the United States, to England and France, and even to the Philippine Islands, where ten millions of dollars worth of plantain fibres are extracted annually, and found that no machinery suited to the purpose has been yet invented. Everywhere, as far as I can learn, throughout Tropical America, and the East Indies as well, the process of extracting these kinds of fibres is substantially that which you see practised by yonder Indian.'"

On his return to the United States Mr. Squier found that the assertion of his friend was in accordance with the fact. A machine has, however, been recently invented for the extraction of fibres which costs only one hundred dollars, and by combining crushing, scraping, hackling and washing in one operation enables an expert hand to extract more fibre and better fibre from henniquin (*Agave sisilana*) than a hundred men can extract with blunted knives. It is applicable as well to the fibres of the exogenous as to the fibres of endogenous plants. But whatever may be the merits or the demerits of the machine in question, the facts which Mr. Squier collected during ten years' residence in the Tropics merit attention during the present dearth of cotton.

Thirty years ago Dr. Henry Perrine, United States Consul at Yucatan, became deeply impressed with the value of the fibrous plants of the Tropics. Becoming, during a long residence at Campeachy, acquainted with the nature of these plants, their manner of growth, the modes of cultivating them, and the means of extracting their fibres, he made strenuous efforts to introduce them into the Southern States of North America. In 1837 he petitioned Congress for aid in carrying out his scheme upon a grand scale, and Congress, in compliance with his wishes, passed a bill giving the Tropical Fibre Company the pre-emption right to thirty-six sections of land situated in East Florida, below the parallel of 26° north latitude. Small plantations were immediately commenced at Cape Florida. The plants cultivated were the maguey or pulque agave, the cochineal cactus, the paper mulberry, the date-palm, and three or four species of agaves, including the kind which produces the seil hemp. And the enterprise was successful, until the Seminole war broke out, and the hostilities of the Indians forced the planters to abandon the plantations. Dr. Perrine, eager to resume his undertaking, returned too soon, and was killed by the savages. Many of the plants were then destroyed, and all of them neglected; but those

that were left have flourished ever since. Dr. Perrine, however, had not laboured in vain, for his experiment established the fact that nearly all, if not all, of the fibrous plants of Central America flourish freely in the peninsula of Florida. We commend this fact to the practical consideration of British colonists established in corresponding latitudes.

A notion of the importance of tropical fibres to British industry may be gathered from the fact that the estimated real value of those imported in 1855 was 4,730,875 dollars. Yet considerable as this importation is, it is nothing compared with what it might be if machinery could be found to separate the fibres cheaply from the salts and gums. At present, only six pounds of seil hemp are obtained per day by a man scraping and rubbing by hand; and similar quantities of Manilla hemp are obtained by pounding and hackling, and of New Zealand hemp by beating with mallets and then macerating, drying and hackling. Dr. G. T. Schæffer has remarked that, to obtain soft and delicate fibres, it is necessary to gather the leaves before the plants attain their full maturity. Nearly all the fibres of the vegetable world are white. It is the gum in the fibres which, when dried in them, makes them harsh and brittle. The fault of the paper made from Manilla hemp is this roughness, a fault which ought to be easily remedied. The buff, brown or green colours left in certain fibres have been fixed in them by premature drying.

Textile fabrics are either foliaceous, cortical, or capsular. The inside-growing (endogenous or monocotyledonous) plants yield the foliaceous fibres. Represented in temperate climates by herbs such as the grasses, the lily and the cat-briar, in the Tropics they form the forests of yuccas, agaves, plantains and palms. Seil hemp and Manilla hemp are formed of the fibres of the green leaves of inside-growing plants.

Cortical fibres are obtained from the bark or bast of outside-growing (exogenous or dicotyledonous) plants. The linden (bastwood), the nettle, the flax, and the bean which supplies the Sun or Bengal hemp, are examples of this class of plants. The object in preparing these fibres is to remove the woody core from its fibrous sheath by dissolving the peculiar gum which unites them.

Capsular fibres are really not fibres, but hairs obtained from the pods or capsules of the plants, the function of the hairs being to shelter and protect and regulate the temperature of the seeds.

The fibres extracted from the agaves are often confounded with those extracted from the bromelias. Clavigero, in his History of Mexico, describes the uses of the various kinds of agaves:—

"Some species furnish protecting inclosures, and afford impassable hedges to other objects of cultivation. From the juice of others are extracted honey, sugar, vinegar, *pulque* and ardent spirits. From the trunk and the thickest parts of the leaves, roasted in the earth, an agreeable food is obtained. The flowing stalks serve as beams, and the leaves as roofs for houses. The thorns answer for lances, awls, needles, arrow-heads, and other cutting and penetrating instruments. But the fibrous substance of the leaves is the most important gift of the agaves to Mexico. According to the species the fibre varies in quality from the coarsest hemp to the finest flax, and may be employed as a superior substitute for both. From it the ancient Mexicans fabricated their thread and cordage, mats and bagging, shoes and clothing, and webs equivalent to cambric and canvas; the hammocks in which they are born, repose and die; the paper on which they painted their histories, and with which they adorned

and adorned their gods. The value of the agaves is enhanced by their indifference to soil, climate and season, by the simplicity of their cultivation, and by the facility of extracting and preparing their products. It is not, therefore, surprising that the ancient Mexicans used some part or preparation of these plants in their civil, military and religious ceremonies, at marriages and deaths, nor that they perpetuated an allusion to their properties in the name of their capital."

Dr. Perrine states that the fibres of the Yashqui henniquin, strong, light and durable, extracted from the fresh leaves by simple scraping, are immediately converted into cheap cloth for bagging without spinning, twisting, or any intermediate preparation or fabrication whatever. They are used instead of hair for sieves, instead of withes for baskets, instead of leather and wood for valises and trunks; and even as curious substitutes for glass and clay in the shape of bottles, bowls, cups and saucers. Hence he believed that, if introduced into the United States, the fibres of the henniquin would speedily be converted into a thousand forms of ornament and utility, all combining cheapness, strength, lightness and durability.

The plants of the pine-apple family (*Bromelia*) alone, in the three British colonies of Jamaica, Honduras and Guiana, have been said to be capable of producing fibres of the annual value of more than half a million sterling. Humboldt estimates the produce of a single acre of the plants of the banana family, which are grown for food, to be equal to the produce of forty-four acres of potatoes. After the fruit is gathered the plant is cut down, and thus for little or no cost the fibres of millions of plants might be obtained, to be converted into cordage, cloth or paper. It is from *Musa textilis*, a variety of banana, that Manilla hemp is extracted, which fetches a higher price than the finest Russian hemp. Of the "abaca" of the Philippines, a very peculiar banana, a French botanist says in a recent work, that the coarse fibres make ropes of great tenacity, and the finer fibres muslins of great beauty. He had a number of shirts made from this muslin which lasted him a very long time, and were cool and agreeable in the use. In France, tissues of this material are made of the greatest beauty. They receive all colours with equal perfection. The abaca fibres are wrought into shirts, vests and pantaloons for men; whilst for the fair sex they are made into very beautiful, very costly and wonderfully durable veils, crapes, neckchiefs and hats.

No one can read this very interesting volume without being impressed with a deeper sense than he had before of the importance of tropical fibres to the industry and commerce of the whole world; and to the class it addresses, men of business on the outlook for new and profitable fields of enterprise, we deem it our duty to recommend it.

Diary of an Austrian Secretary of Legation at the Court of Czar Peter the Great. Translated from the Original Latin, and Edited by the Count Mac Donnell. 2 vols. (Bradbury & Evans.)

In the year 1698, the Emperor of Germany, Leopold, sent the most noble Ignatius Christopher, Lord of Guarient and Rall, on a mission to the Court of Peter the Great at Moscow. At that period Peter had been for nine years sole Czar (he had previously reigned seven years with his brother Ivan), and it was ten years more before he exchanged the barbaric title of Czar for the more civilized one of Emperor. Von Guarient carried with him a secretary of legation named Korb, and this Korb, about the year 1700, published a Diary of the mission and the inci-

dents connected therewith in very loose and slovenly Latin.

Fifteen years later, this Diary had become so rare that it was only known in a few public libraries; a rarity owing to the displeasure it excited in the breast of Peter himself, especially on account of the circumstantial information about the tragic execution of the Strelitzes. The Austrian Court, to whom indignant representations were made, caused the unsold copies to be destroyed.

A stray copy, picked up in an Italian village, has been brought to light by Count Mac Donnell, who has also found that there is another copy in the public library of Wolfenbüttel, so highly prized that it is shown under a glass case. A third is in the Imperial Library in Vienna; a fourth in the British Museum. This copy, formerly belonging to George the Third, we have examined. It is a large quarto, profusely illustrated. The copy which the Count met with belonged to the Stuart Library, its last possessor of that family being Cardinal York, at whose old house, in his old bishopric of Frascati, the Count first saw it "a few summers ago."

Such is the tale of the book. This is the history of the mission. The Czar Peter had proposed to the Kaiser Leopold a league against the Turks. Leopold, having "especial care of the advantage of Christendom," readily acceded, and held communication thereupon with "the most renowned King of Poland." The latter potentate, the well-known and not very Christian-like King, Frederick Augustus, readily enrolled himself a member of the league; and the most serene republic of Venice, being then in high wrath "against the foes of the Cross," eagerly joined hands with the other confederates.

These, each and severally, were bound to war against and exterminate Turk and Tartar; and none could make peace with the infidel, without sanction of the rest of the allied brotherhood. Whoever smote the Paynims was to receive aid from his allies, on offence being given or not; and the agreement was to stand good for three years. Leopold not only ratified all the articles of the treaty, but despatched an envoy, Von Guarient, to the Court of Moscow, in order to be safely and speedily informed, by careful and exact reports, of whatever schemes might be on foot there.

So much for the mission. The missionary or envoy was qualified for his task by experience in business, courage in carrying it out, knowledge gained in foreign travel, perils incurred, and services "with exceeding pains and fidelity rendered to the commonweal of Christendom during the siege of Vienna, when, amidst the Mohammedan camp, he craftily detected, day by day, every design of the Moslems, and at the hourly peril of his life revealed them in a regular written correspondence with the Imperial capital." In plain words, Von Guarient had been a first-rate spy in the enemy's quarters; and as envoys are but spies of a better condition and a more decent name, Leopold despatched him to St. Petersburg, thence to inform his sovereign "of whatever schemes might be on foot there." It was true and good work for such an accomplished Austrian official as Von Guarient.

Thus far, we have the matter clearly before us, and what follows is not less intelligible. In January, 1699, the Ambassador departed from Vienna with a princely retinue.

Issuing from the gates of Vienna on the 11th of January, my "Lord Envoy," before whom all difficulties were smoothed, and who enjoyed a little sacred music and occasionally attended mass on the way, reached the frontier of Poland

on the 31st. The honest Polish "toll-keeper" suspected the high and mighty personages of being smugglers as well as official individuals, so enormous was their baggage, and he would have put them to their oaths, but the "personages" laughed at the knave, and passed haughtily on. They passed through the ancient kingdom with the conviction that it was a den of thieves, against whose devices they kept watch and ward; and they thanked their stars and all protecting powers when they found themselves in comfortable quarters at the Green Meadow, in Dantzic.

The then frontier-fortress of Russia, Smolensko, was not reached till the 9th of April, after travel, compared with which a journey in the footsteps of M. Huc, from China to Thibet, would seem a luxury. They struggled on under a world of difficulties happily and graphically told,—sometimes encountering comic incidents, at others horrors indescribable,—and finally reaching Moscow and obtaining an audience of the Czar, all ferocious touching the Strelitz rebellion, on the 13th of September; nearly nine months after they first set out from the Austrian capital.

He was a weary man with long travel, and an angry man at this moment,—between this rebellion of his Strelitzes, his hatred of his wife, and his detestation of beards and beardwearers. No man dared enter the Czar's presence with a beard on his chin. However solemn the moment or august the occasion, when such a one entered the barbaric presence, he was immediately seized by Peter's own shaver, who lathered the offender, took him by the nose, and forthwith swept his chin clean of all incumbrance. No such man was spared save the Grand Archimandrite (out of respect to that person and old priestly fashion), and an aged noble or two, whose prejudices in this matter Peter himself refrained from violating.

The audience which the Envoy had of the Czar passed off without any exhibition on the part of Peter of his peculiarly unpleasant characteristics. He was so mild in speech and decent in behaviour that the account of the interview has no salient points of interest in it. But as there was a Philip drunk and Philip sober, so was there a Peter sane and a Peter mad. Here is the august King entertaining the Lord Envoy and other foreign ministers, with nobles of his own court, at dinner:—

"His Majesty, during dinner, addressing the company, was painting the wretchedness of Poland in terms like the following:—'At Vienna I was getting fat with good cheer, but hungry Poland made me quite slender again.' The Polish minister said that he was surprised that should have happened to His Majesty the Czar; that for his own part he had been brought up there, and had come hither through that country, and yet had managed to get fat; and fat he was. The Czar answered, 'It was not there, but here in Moscow that you crammed yourself;'—alluding to the free maintenance at the Czar's cost upon which he was supported. Dinner was not yet over, when His Majesty left the room in a rage with his general-in-chief, Schahin, with whom he had been warmly disputing; and nobody knew what he was going to do. It was known later that he had gone to question the soldiers, to learn from them how many colonels and other regimental officers that general-in-chief had made without reference to merit, merely for money. In a short time, when he came back, his wrath had grown to such a pitch that he drew his sword, and facing the general-in-chief, horrified the guests with this threat: 'By striking thus, I will mar thy mal-government.' Boiling over with well-grounded anger, he appealed to Prince Romadonowski, and to Dumnoi Mikitium Mosciwicz; but finding them excuse the general-in-chief, he grew so hot that he startled all the guests by striking right and left, he knew not

where, with his drawn sword. Knes Romadonowski had to complain of a cut finger, and another of a slight wound on the head. Mikitim Mosciwicz was hurt in the hand as the sword was returning from a stroke. A blow far more deadly was aimed at the general-in-chief, who beyond a doubt would have been stretched in his gore by the Czar's right hand, had not General Lefort (who was almost the only one that might have ventured it), catching the Czar in his arms, drawn back his hand from the stroke. But the Czar, taking it ill that any person should dare to hinder him from sating his most just wrath, wheeled round upon the spot, and struck his unwelcome impeder a hard blow on the back. He is the only one that knew what remedy to apply; none of the Muscovites is more beloved by the Czar than he. They say he has been raised up from the lowest condition to this envied pinnacle of authority. This man so mitigated his ire, that threatening only, he abstained from murder. Merriment followed this dire tempest: the Czar, with a face full of smiles, was present at the dancing; and, to show his mirth, commanded the musicians to play the tunes to which (so he said) he had danced at his most beloved lord and brother's, when that most august host was entertaining exalted guests. Two young ladies departing by stealth were, at an order of the Czar, brought back by soldiers."

The rebellion of the Strelitzes, which had well-nigh cost Peter his throne, if not his life, turns up constantly in this narrative—a recurring horror amid noisy gaiety. The details of the penalty paid by men and women connected with this attempt at revolution, caused by the long absence of Peter from his capital, and his unworthy favouritism, are simply sickening. Over and over again we meet with these criminals under the knout; then in the flames half-burnt; then under the knout again; and, finally, on the wheel to be broken, or into the fire, where they were consumed. Poor women disappear—they are buried alive. To some, whom Peter tortures by his own hands, he can be merciful; that is, he cuts off their ears and noses and sends them thus "stigmatized" into Siberia. The Lord Envoy from Austria rather admires the wholesome severity of such discipline, which, of course, is for the good and quiet of the holy land of Russia generally. Next to Histories of the Inquisition and Books of Martyrs, this part of Korb's Diary stands supreme for narratives of horrors and atrocities. We find better amusement in attending the Czar to supper:—

"The banquet was remarkable for the sumptuous cookery and the costly and precious wines which the well-stored cellar brought forth: for there was Tokay, red Buda, dry Spanish, Rhenish, red French, another as well as that they call Muscatel, a great variety of hydromel, and beer of various descriptions, and that complement which is not the least prized by the Muscovites—brandy (*Vinum adustum*). Boyar Golowin has, from his cradle, a natural horror of salad and vinegar: so the Czar directing Colonel Chambers to hold him tight, forced salad and vinegar into his mouth and nostrils, until the blood flowing from his nose succeeded his violent coughing. Shortly after, a kind of cold derangement of the stomach seized the Czar, and a sudden spasm running through his limbs, struck him with great terror that something was wrong. General Lefort, anxious, like everybody else, for the Sovereign's health, directed Doctor Carbonari de Bisenezz to find a vein, who, saying that this faint chill would speedily pass, asked for the most generous Tokay wine that was to be had. Most pleasing to the Czar was this quick-witted remedy, nor did he long delay to take such wholesome physic. He inquired of the doctor why he meant to sell his wife: and the physician, with a quiet laugh, answered boldly, 'Because you delay paying my yearly salary.' It happens that Carbonari had some days before, after explaining his wants to Prince Romadonowski, solicited his salary; and the Prince answering that he was

ready to lend money at interest, he replied, without hesitating, that except his wife he had no other pledge to offer; but if the Prince was resolved to lend money, that he was ready either to pawn or sell her. In other respects his Majesty all through, with a perfectly open countenance, gave evidence of his internal gaiety."

But we find it impossible to avoid this Strelitz affair altogether, so illustrative is it of the times, the people, and their master. In reading the next extract, it is only necessary to remember that the Alexasca there mentioned is the pastrycook's boy whom Peter converted into Prince Menschikoff, and that Peter's strong-minded sister Sophia was shut up in a nunnery under suspicion of having aimed at placing herself on Peter's vacant throne, had the revolt been successful:—

"All the Boyars and Magnates that were present at the Council by which the fate of the rebel Strelitz was decreed, this day were summoned to a new tribunal. A criminal was set before each, and each had to carry out with the axe the sentence which had passed. Prince Romadonowski, who was chief of four regiments of Strelitz before their revolt, laid four Strelitz low with the same weapon—His Majesty urging him to it. The more cruel Alexasca went boasting of twenty heads that he had chopped off. Galizin was unhappy at having greatly increased the criminal's sufferings by striking ill. Three hundred and thirty that were all led out together to the axe's fatal stroke impurpled the plain far and wide with civil—'tis true—but impious blood. General Lefort and Baron de Blumberg were invited also to this hangman's office, but were excused on alleging that it was foreign from the manners of the countries they came from. The Czar himself, sitting in his saddle, looked on with dry eyes at the whole tragedy—at this frightful butchery of such a multitude of men—being only irate that several of the Boyars had performed this unaccustomed function with trembling hands—for that no fatter victim could be immolated to God than a wicked man. To-day took place the execution of the popes—that is to say, of such of them as carrying images of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Nicholas to draw the common people to the side of the mutineers, had, with the customary prayers at the altar, invoked the help of God for the happy success of the impious plot. One was hung on a gibbet in front of the church of the Most Sacred Trinity; another beheaded, and set upon the wheel to remain a lasting spectacle. Two brothers, guilty of the treason, after having their extremities broken by the hangman, were tied alive upon the wheel, and enviously beheld a third brother of theirs, among twenty others who had suffered by the axe and were smeared with their gore, complaining with indignant murmurings that he should be removed from them by a swifter death, whom Nature in the first place, and Crime in the second, had joined in love. Not far from the Monastery of the Nuns there were raised thirty gibbets in the shape of a square, where the halter received 230 head of Strelitz who were deserving of a more cruel fate. But three ringleaders of this perilous mutiny, who had presented a petition inviting Sophia to take the helm of the State, were hanged over against the walls of the said monastery, close to the window of Sophia's room, and he that hangs in the middle holds a paper, folded like a petition, tied in his dead hands; perhaps in order that remorse for the past may gnaw Sophia with perpetual grief."

In giving an account of the organization of the Russian army, the Secretary of Legation, in a few words, describes the exact *status* of that renowned portion of the infantry called the Strelitz:—

"The Strelitz were all musqueteers, under the name of javelin-men, and were the same to the Muscovites as the Janissaries are to the Turks. The number of them in pay varied from 12,000 to 20,000. They were the most dexterous of the Muscovites, and for that reason the Czar's body-guard; and the guards of his capital were chosen from them. They prided themselves on the signal

privileges and great immunities that had been conferred upon them, which were nearly as great as those of the old Roman soldier. Their annual pay was seven roubles and shekels and twelve measures of oats; but by the commerce which they were allowed to exercise they often attained great and envied riches. In Moscow their houses occupied a vast space in the Czar's own capital; but after the late rebellion had led to the condemnation of many thousands of Strelitz to death, even these houses, lest they should remain a memorial of this impious faction, were, by the Czar's commands, uprooted from the foundations and broken to pieces. When all the Strelitz had been put to death or exiled, he substituted in their stead four regiments, after the system of the German armies, as regards officers and their rank. It is forbidden to call them Strelitz, as if, by inheriting the name, they might become also the heirs of the crimes that were perpetrated by those who bore it."

Barbarous as the Russians appear by the testimony of this book, unwittingly given, there was some scintillation of good common sense in the old stock, and of the old days when Gospel reading was preferred to Gospel expounding:—

"The Russians, up to the present, have always condemned the function of preachers, saying that professed preachers affect rather a useless elegance of language than earnestness in proclaiming the word of God. Yet in the present age the practice of expounding the Gospel has met with the approval of the Russians. For there are even some to be found among them who, confident of their own learning, are not content with merely reading the Gospel or holy Scripture aloud in the church (which was the old fashion), but prefer a polished and rhetorically laboured discourse of their own composition."

Korb allows that the whole race were slaves. A man dared not sign his own name to a petition to the Czar. He was compelled to use a diminutive, and if he were James he became as a petitioner "little James." That so rude and ill-educated a people made a nation of liars, seems a logical consequence to the diarist. And yet, in one sense, they were a clean people, that is, fond of the bath; but it was after a fashion compared with which that of the modern Japanese is modest and innocent. Count Mac Donnell has discreetly refrained from translating this portion of the Latin Diary. Such enduring fellows—acquired most submissive wives, under these preparatory circumstances:—

"When the promise of marriage has been given, the father summons his daughter, who comes covered with a linen veil into his presence; and asking her whether she is still minded to marry, he takes up a new rod, which has been kept ready for the purpose, and strikes his daughter lightly once or twice, saying, 'Lo! my darling daughter, this is the last that shall admonish thee of thy father's authority, beneath whose rule thou hast lived until now. Now thou art free from me. Remember that thou hast not so much escaped from away, as rather passed beneath that of another. Shouldst thou behave not as thou oughtest towards thy husband, he in my stead shall admonish thee with this rod.' With this the father, concluding his speech, stretches at the same time the whip to the bridegroom, who, excusing himself briefly, according to custom, says that he believes he shall have no need of this whip; but he is bound to accept it, and put it up under his belt, like a valuable present."

Of after-ceremonies, which are many, we will only say with modest Korb himself, that to allude to them "non patitur temporis nostri castitas."

The two volumes will be read with avidity, and we may add that those persons who have perused with horror the accounts of the atrocities committed by the Russians in Poland,—particularly that of "trampling" and then murdering the wounded foe,—will be ready to

account for it after closing this Diary, which describes manners and customs influencing the national character even in these later days.

Waiting for the Verdict: an Autobiography.
Edited by B. Aikin. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

Is it murder to steal by night into the house of a personal enemy, creep to his private room, and stab him to the heart as he lies asleep? Such is the question which Mr. Aikin confesses himself unable to answer, and to which he begs his readers to reply Yea or Nay. Until their decision has been given, the author, like his book, is "waiting for the verdict." The tale which sets forth this doubtful and very nice case of law and morals is told by its hero, Ernest Clarkson, a hideously ugly genius, "a man in stature, in face a Caliban," who at the outset of his story creates a sensation by observing, "Man that readest this brief chronicle, have patience with thy fellow-worm! . . . thou mayst yet be as I am, a mur— Great God, I cannot write the word—I cannot write it—each letter would stalk forth from the paper, like an accusing ghost, to confront me." Having thus startled his fellow-worm, Mr. Ernest Clarkson proceeds to unfold how it was that he became a sharer of "Cain's c—." The son of a poor Wiltshire curate, his boyhood was spent in poverty and mental trouble. His pious father could neither educate nor feed him liberally; his Calvinistic mother, not without reason, regarded him as destined for perdition, and persevered in telling him so. In order that he might add to the wretched pittance flung to him by an evangelical rector who wore rich raiment and fared sumptuously on three thousand a year, the curate advertised in the *Times* for "a very limited number of young gentlemen to educate with his own sons," in consequence of which advertisement a mysterious gentleman named Pattens appeared at the pastor's cottage, and left as a pupil his only child, Helen Pattens, aged ten years. True, Helen was not a young gentleman, but as Mr. Pattens promised to pay forty pounds per annum for her board and education the Rev. Ernest Clarkson made no objection to her sex. The bargain struck, Mr. Pattens took his departure, and never troubled himself to make the stipulated payments or even inquire about his little girl, who from that time till she became a woman was brought up in the poor pastor's family. After an interval another pupil was added to the family circle, in the person of Charles Forester, the villain of the drama. Years passed on. Charley Forester never went home for holidays. Helen Pattens grew to be a charming girl; and Ernest Clarkson, three years her senior, fell in love with her. She vowed to be true; Ernest vowed never to be false. He undertook to earn money by his poetic genius; Helen Pattens engaged to spend it for him. Affairs had reached this crisis when death came upon the scene, killed five little Clarksons by typhus fever, and removed the curate by a malady which the author does not describe or christen.

The scene now changes to London, and events crowd quickly upon each other; but notwithstanding the rapidity of their succession the end of the tale puts the reader much nearer 1870 than the arbitrary regulations of calendars permit. Ernest, aged twenty, brother Jack, sister Charlotte, Helen Pattens, the curate's miserable widow, and a humble friend of the family, named Gemmel Pummel, are spending their last coins in wretched lodgings. Ernest and Jack cannot get work. They have been educated to no calling; and the wolf of starvation is heard near their garret-door. Neither as clerk nor shopman can Ernest find employ-

ment. Under these circumstances, Helen Pattens ceases to love and begins to despise him. As he cannot forthwith achieve fame and win wealth, in accordance with promises made in Wiltshire, it is clear to her that she has been mistaken in him. Moreover, the Clarksons are in such a pitiful condition, she thinks it would be best for her to break off her connexion with them. So the young lady coolly tells her lover that she has had enough of his society, and has resolved not to marry him. A final rupture takes place just as Ernest gets employment in a lawyer's office. Helen quits the family party, and in the character of a wife *minus* the marriage ceremony accepts the protection of Charles Forester, who, by some mysterious process, has become an accomplished libertine and the possessor of immense wealth. On the day of her flight Ernest is "rocked to and fro, as in a storm-beaten ship," and, with a proper perception of what is due to such a sensation, gets very drunk on bad gin. "That day," he makes confession, "I had a little money in my pocket, money that my master had advanced to me. Did I take it home to buy bread for the rest? No. I rushed into a gin-palace, all glitter of marble and gilding. I swallowed glass after glass of liquid fire; for hours I was a crowned king, then woke, wallowing in my vice and misery." As soon as he has recovered from the debauch, he sets to work hard and sharp at writing poetry, and speedily becomes famous. He yearns for distinction, in order that Helen Pattens may repent her folly in casting him off; and animated by this noble ambition he at length does justice to his mighty powers. His poems make him talked about; his first novel makes him a "star," a "lion"; and as such he enters fashionable society, which he finds crowded with "tailors' blocks perfectly well dressed, and effigies of women that have walked straight out of the Paris fashions." For the literary ladies, to whom he is introduced, he expresses supreme contempt, but makes an exception in favour of "Anna Maria Hall, at whose feet any man might learn lessons of wisdom and virtue." Of the men whom he encountered in the year 1859, the only person fortunate enough to please him is Mr. George Francis Train, who is said to have "Hyperion curls," almost "the front of Jove himself," and "a face of wonderful beauty." "Such," observes Mr. Aikin, "was George Francis Train in 1859; an altered and a sadder being is George Francis Train, the wild political agitator of 1862! Yet he is still a study for poet, sculptor or painter." Leaving the year 1859 to take care of itself, Mr. Ernest Clarkson *continues to write books*. "I went on writing books, and writing them with a certain energy which supplied the place of enthusiasm." As the reader is for a few important chapters expected to measure time by the events narrated, he may fairly assign two years to this literary manufacture and the incidents concurrent therewith. At the close of the time so allotted, Ernest loses his mother; and somewhere about the same time, *i. e.* the autumn of 1861, he "fails as an author," the public having grown weary of his poems and novels, because he will not condescend to imitate "sensation" writers. At this loss of popularity he is deeply chagrined. It makes him fear that after all he will not be able to bring repentance to the faithless Helen Pattens, and wring her bosom! In the spring of 1862 he turns player, and, notwithstanding his hideous face, becomes the most admired actor of the town. Under these circumstances he determines to write plays, and expends an entire year in carrying out his resolve. In the September of 1863 the drama is put upon the stage. 'Jealousy' is the name of the play;

and its success on the first night of presentation, when the author acts the part of the principal character, is complete. Sitting in a private box, arrayed in satin, and glittering with diamonds, Helen Pattens sees her discarded lover's triumph. The play over, Ernest, without laying aside his actor's dress, hastens to the door of the theatre, and arrives there in time to see the hated Charles Forester put Helen in her carriage, and seat himself by her side. "I rushed to the spot like the maniac that I was; she saw me, she stretched out her arms to me. I swear she did; but Forester called to the coachman, and the horses went like the wind. 'Found! found and lost!' I roared, like a wild beast." Having roared out these words, after the fashion usual with wild beasts when they speak the English language, he springs upon the carriage, and, clinging to the back of it, also "goes like the wind" through the streets of London to the gates of the great mansion where Helen and her paramour dwell. The guilty lovers enter the house. At a later hour of the same night, the pursuer also crosses the threshold. "A scoffing servant," says the teller of the story, "who took me, perhaps, in my tawdry robes, for a mountebank or an escaped lunatic, told me that his master and mistress had retired. I knew the power of gold; I pushed some into his hand and penetrated to their private rooms, thirsting like a panther for blood. . . . I came upon the man sleeping, fresh from the wine-cup, sleeping in a royal-looking couch, with all the wondrous beauty of his youth still glowing in his face. . . . The silver lamp shone down upon him with a subdued light; I lifted the playhouse dagger that I still clutched and sent his soul to hell. Ha! ha! I did it well! Was it murder? . . . I had slain a man. Was it murder? I am waiting for your verdict!" The story, however, has not yet come to an end. In the summer of 1864, the hero lays Helen Pattens in her grave. "Lady Helen lies in her velvet-covered coffin, adorned with shining coronets." The exaltation of Helen Pattens into Lady Helen is thus accounted for. Shortly before her death she discovered the mystery of her birth, succeeded to great estates, became a peeress in her own right, and dying in the odour of sanctity bequeathed all her wealth to Ernest;—who, in the summer of 1865, makes the joyful discovery that after all he neither murdered nor attempted to murder his enemy. Brain fever, which has helped novelists into and out of more difficulties than either the "mad bull" or "runaway horse" of fictitious literature, is represented as having somehow or other made him the victim of a delusion. Such is the sensation novel about which Mr. Aikin is waiting for the world's verdict.

Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated into English, in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original, with Notes, by Mrs. Ramsay.—*Inferno and Purgatorio.* (Tinsley Brothers.)

Dante's Divina Commedia.—The Inferno. Translated by W. P. Wilkie, Advocate. (Edinburgh, Edmonston & Douglas.)

A translation of the 'Divina Commedia,' for the first time from the pen of a lady, may be regarded as an event in the history of Italian literature worthy of admiration. We therefore welcome these modest and unpretending volumes with satisfaction, and at the same time feel a becoming pride when we reflect on the fact that it is an Englishwoman who has done this thing, and boldly and bravely entered her name in a most difficult enterprise, where complete success

can scarcely be hoped for, and where failure is worse than defeat.

The author, however, happily possessed those acquirements and advantages which more especially fitted her for this undertaking. The Italian language had for years been as familiar to her as her own; she had long lived in Italy, and had received much advice and encouragement from some of the most distinguished Italian students of the poet. Her translation was made, as she tells us in her short and interesting preface, "during a long residence in the land of Dante, in the very scenes where he lived and wrote, beneath the shadow of the Tuscan hills, on the shores of the Bay of Naples, among the ruins of Old Rome." Pleasant reminiscences indeed are these, and it is well to lay up in early life a store of such, that we may have the advantage ever after of drawing upon them when we need, to balance, by contrast and the force of the imagination, the impressions produced by our softer and greener countryside.

The translation shows how thoroughly the author has imbibed the spirit and harmony of the original. There are many passages that might be quoted as the most successful and agreeable of all the attempts in triple rhyme version that we have read. Take, for instance, the opening *terzine* of the third canto, the Descent to Hell:—

Through me ye pass the mournful city's door;
Through me ye go to never-ending woe;
Through me are with the lost for evermore:
By justice moved, my Maker willed it so,
When I was form'd by the Supreme Mind,
From whom all love, and power, and wisdom flow.
Before me, no created thing ye find,
If not eternal; ever I endure:
O ye who enter here leave hope behind.

Where Dante describes the souls of the wicked as they come before Minos to be judged, and then are tumbled down to hell, to the place prepared for them, the poet suits the measure and sound of his words to the solemnity of the occasion; when their doom is fixed, a few monosyllables express the catastrophe. The version of Mrs. Ramsay well bears out the same adaptation:—

Alway before him stands a mournful row:
Slowly in turn they come unto their fate:
They speak, and hear, and sink unto their woe.

It is true the words of Dante in the last verse,

Dicono, ed odono, e poi son giù volte,

intimate rather rough usage in the souls being precipitated *sans façon* below, while the above version of the passage is a more lady-like way of getting rid of them; but the verbal cadences, thus to speak, are as well adapted to the occasion. So, also, in the *bufera infernale*,—that terrible wind which hurls and dashes together those wretched souls who have been lost through love, and is characteristic of unbridled passion,—here, again, her perfect mastery of the subject is obvious:—

And then I knew that to this torment dire
Those guilty ones were brought by carnal sin;
In life their reason bowed before desire.
And, as the starlings, borne upon the wing,
Fly in large flocks in the cold winter air,
Thus did the blast those wretched spirits fling
Through all that dreary clime, now here, now there;
And never may they hope for happier day
Of rest, or even a lesser pain to bear.
As cranes that fly, and, singing still their lay,
Stretch out their lengthen'd line against the sky,
Thus did I see this shadowy array,
Borne onward ever with a mournful cry.

Occasionally we think a verse here and there might be improved, and in some few places a closer rendering given, though not in more poetical language. In all passages of tenderness and kindly feeling Mrs. Ramsay's translation is unequalled. Take that exquisite scene between Virgil and the virtuous Cato, in the first canto of the 'Purgatory,' where, as a final argument to move the old man's favour, Virgil alludes to his beloved Marcia,—

"This man hath mortal life;
And I am of that region of the dead
Where she, who was on earth thy loving wife,
Still loves thee in the land of shadowy woe:
For her sake, then, befriend us in our strife.
Let us throughout thy sevenfold kingdom go:
To her I will take back a good report,
If thou wouldst be remember'd there below."
"Marcia to me such gladness did impart
On earth," he said, "that, whatsoe'er she would,
I did: so dear was she unto my heart.
Now that she dwells beyond the evil flood,
She cannot move me more; by that decree
Made when my soul forth issued with my blood."

It will be seen by this how completely the author has made the subject her own. In the last verse we have a new reading of the text, possibly a suggestion from some Italian friend. It expresses one of the physiological dicta received and held by Dante (*Purg.*, V. 75). At the end of each volume are some fifty pages of well-selected notes in reference to those subjects, persons and places mentioned by the poet, about which the English reader may be supposed to require some information. Mrs. Ramsay, in keeping to the received text, has produced a readable book; her style is free, flowing, elegant and chaste; no debatable questions have been allowed to encumber her pages with irrelevant lore: so that we have here an English Dante, such as the most fastidious may take up with pleasure, and we think her volumes will become deservedly popular.

And now a few words touching the second work we are called upon to notice—Mr. Wilkie's 'Inferno.' The author, in a Preface of three and a half lines, says, "I have occasionally taken a view of Dante's meaning for which none of his editors are responsible." He might have added—nor even Dante himself. We suspect that the manner of the translation is as original as the matter of it. See the opening of the third canto—

Through me unto the land of woe.
Through me unto eternal pain.
Through me unto the souls accur'd.
By justice was my Maker moved.
By power divine my fabric rose,
By wisdom high and primal love.
All who before me were create
Immortals were; and I eternal am.
Abandon hope who enters here.

If this be not original, we know not what is. The author is not ignorant of Italian; but it was needless to let the world know that he had no real feeling for Dante. In so irregular a version as this of the 'Divina Commedia,' there was no excuse for not being more literal, and keeping close to the text throughout.

Perils among the Heathen; or, Incidents of Missionary Life. With a Preface. By the Rev. Joseph Ridgway, M.A. (Seeley & Co.)

It is almost a truism to say that one great work of the Church is to propagate far and wide the knowledge of the Gospel; and moreover, it cannot be said that this age has failed in its duty in that respect, whilst the numberless volumes of reports and statements of missionaries bear witness to the fact. Indeed, it would seem as if the very fact of reports being so full and numerous rather encouraged people in abstaining from their perusal. For that reason, such a work as the present is welcome. It embraces the touching incidents and fragmentary notices of the experiences of many who counted not their lives dear that they might testify the Gospel. So far it may quicken the interest in their work, and induce those who read it to pursue their studies further.

The division of the subject is under the heads of the varied perils which St. Paul underwent; and it is difficult to say which will most arouse the sympathy of the reader. Not least of

them are "the journeyings" of Henry Martyn, and his "perils in the wilderness." Having with much labour translated the Gospels into Persian, he found to his great disappointment that it was too full of Arabian idioms to be of general use. For that reason he determined himself to journey into Persia, to gather the opinions of learned natives, and, if need be, to begin a new translation. Amongst the narratives there are notices of six missions to New Zealand, and of these one relates the "persecutions" which were endured by native Christians. In another, wherein the "perils in the sea" are told of, we are forcibly reminded of the ship wrecked on the coast of Melita. In both cases, after great hardships, and with exhortations from the messenger of God to take courage, it came to pass that they all got safe to land. The vessel was called the Southern Cross; and in it were embarked the Rev. B. J. Ashwell, with the Rev. J. C. Paterson, Mr. Dudley, and thirty-seven boys belonging to various Melanesian islands. They transacted the business of the voyage, and the vessel returned with only the crew, Mr. Ashwell, Mr. Kerr, and two natives. But the voyage was not accomplished before they encountered a gale and a shipwreck, from which a deliverance was given to them beyond any human anticipation. On the afternoon of one Sunday the wind increased to a gale, with very thick weather and rain.—

"At ten at night they were startled to find land on the lee bow, and only by press of sail contrived to escape foundering on an islet called the East Chicken. In about half an hour they again saw land on the lee bow, being the Southern head of Ugunuru Bay. Standing on, the vessel made the islet at the north head of that bay, but the weather was thick, and the hills not visible. Thinking they had accomplished their purpose, the ship's head was put to the North, and she soon took the ground on a spot somewhat sheltered from the full violence of the sea. Nothing could be seen beyond the breakers. When she struck the sailors exclaimed, 'We are lost; good bye, sir!' In a quarter of an hour the cuddy was filled, and the missionaries were up to their waists in water. The main cabin was soon filled also, the lights extinguished, and the missionaries were driven on deck, over which the sea was sweeping every moment. They took refuge for a while under the lee of the anchor, but were soon obliged to climb into the rigging. In less than half an hour the surf completely filled the vessel, and the boats were swept away, so that no way of getting ashore remained. From two o'clock in the morning until daylight all remained clinging to the masts and rigging. Mr. Ashwell and Mr. Kerr both spoke to the sailors, repeating hymns to them, though it was with difficulty that they retained their hold of the rigging. How welcome was the morning light! They then found that they were in a bay, and had been driven nearly up to high-mark of its sandy beach. There were also houses within sight. By nine o'clock the tide had so far fallen that one of the sailors and one of the natives succeeded in swimming ashore with a line, and thus, through the mercy of God, all, after seven hours of clinging to the rigging, were drawn through the surf safely to land."

This is one of the many incidents in the perils of missionary labour.

Calendar of State Papers. Colonial Series. East Indies, China and Japan, 1513-1616. Edited by N. Noel Sainsbury, Esq. (Longman & Co.)

Few are aware that Arctic discovery has ever been connected with the formation of the East India Company; yet such is a fact. The great commerce of the Portuguese in the eastern seas excited the envy and stimulated the enterprise of the English; while at the same time the difficulties and length of a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope damped their ardour.

The only chance of successful rivalry seemed then to lie in the discovery of a north-west or north-east passage, by which means easy access would be opened to the rich empire of Cataya, as China was then called. After many unavailing attempts by Gilbert, Frobisher and others, it appears to have been admitted that the idea was almost impracticable. These failures were, however, indirectly productive of advantage. Men's minds had been so constantly and eagerly directed to the object of an eastern trade that, foiled in one quarter, they turned resolutely to another. In 1579, while endeavours were still being made to reach India by the north-east or north-west, a voyage was accomplished to the southward by Thomas Stevens, who claims the honour of being the first English navigator of eastern waters. The following year Francis Drake arrived at Deptford. He had made the complete circuit of the globe, and amongst other places visited several islands in the Indian Archipelago.

Elizabeth was a great supporter of enterprise. On one occasion she subscribed 500*l.* towards the expenses of an Arctic voyage. She now went on board Drake's ship, and on his own quarter-deck knighted the successful explorer. In 1582 certain speculators, amongst them Lords Leicester and Burleigh, Sir Christopher Hatton and Sir Francis Drake, despatched Capt. Fenton in command of two ships, with orders to endeavour to reach India by a southern course. The expedition failed, but it was evident that with better arrangements the event might have been different. The following year Ralph Fitch, and in 1586 Cavendish met with greater success, the latter proceeding by the Straits of Magellan. In 1591 a body of English merchants sent out a fleet of five ships, under Capt. George Raymond. The vessels were scattered by a storm, he himself was never heard of again, and only Capt. Lancaster reached India. Five years later Capt. Wood, with three ships, chiefly fitted out by Dudley, sailed, bearing a letter from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor of China. Of those who went on this voyage not one returned. Whatever the object of these expeditions, the result had been merely an increase to geographical knowledge. Yet those who came back brought accounts of a vast storehouse of wealth, with doors standing open to receive any one bold and skilful enough to reach the threshold. No wonder if the merchants of London were dazzled by the prize, and thought more of a few partial successes than of the numerous absolute failures. On the 22nd of September, 1599, Sir Stephen Soame, the then Lord Mayor of London, with 108 others, chiefly aldermen, merchants and tradesmen, formed themselves into an association for trading to the East Indies. The sums subscribed varied from 200*l.* to 1,000*l.*, the total amounting to 30,133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The members resolved to petition the Queen for "her royal assent," certain privileges, and freedom of Custom for six voyages. Fifteen persons were appointed to manage affairs, with the titles of Committees or Directors. The adventurers, having determined on the undertaking, proceeded to carry it out with the utmost energy.

The first fleet sailed from Gravesend at the end of February, 1601, under the command of Capt. James Lancaster. He took with him several letters from Queen Elizabeth to the Kings of Sumatra and other countries, and a cargo consisting of iron, tin, lead, broadcloth, Devonshire kersies, Norwich stuffs, and numerous articles for presents, the whole being valued at the small sum of 545*l.*

In June, 1603, the joyful news was brought by Mr. Middleton to the Directors that Capt.

Lancaster in the Ascension had arrived off Plymouth, whereat they were so delighted that they gave the bearer 5*l.*, a large sum in those days. The voyage had been successful. Not only had Lancaster—soon after knighted for his exploit—brought back a rich cargo of pepper, cloves, cinnamon and gum lacquer, as well as some prize-money, but he had also obtained privileges of trade from the Kings of Acheen and Sumatra. From the former he likewise brought a letter, a ring, and two suits of gold embroidery for Queen Elizabeth. Trade now began in earnest.

At the beginning of 1613 Paul Canninge, one of the Company's factors, was despatched to Agra with a letter and present from James, with orders to officiate as Resident at the Court of Jehangire. On his arrival he had an interview with the Emperor, but met with no very satisfactory reception. Neither the present of which he was the bearer, nor the virginals given by Lawes, attached to the mission, pleased Jehangire's fancy. The Jesuits, who had great influence at court, took advantage of this circumstance to injure the English in his estimation. They told him that it was not the King of England who sent him anything, but only some merchants anxious for trade. Trully, who played before the Emperor on the cornet, was more fortunate. Jehangire was delighted, and said to one of his chief musicians, to whom Trully gave lessons, "If thou canst learn this I will make thee a great man." The real object of Canninge's visit altogether fell to the ground. Jehangire asked him "nothing but idle, trivial questions, not touching on business at all." In May Canninge died of dysentery.

We read in the letters of Sir Thomas Roe about the far-famed Nourmahal. With true British disregard of orthography, he calls her Nourmah. Nourmahal, which being interpreted is the Light of the Harem, how much romance is attached to her name! Beautiful, clever, brave, she was the favourite wife of Jehangire, who was accustomed to spend in her society every moment he could spare from public affairs. On her relations he heaped places of trust, and she herself was consulted on every important matter. As an imperishable monument of her charms and his love, he at her request and during her lifetime, erected the world-famed tomb, known as the Taj. She well deserved this affection, for when he was taken prisoner by the rebel forces, commanded by his son Prince Kharrum, afterwards the Emperor Shah Jehan, she raised an army and contrived to procure her husband's escape. It is sad to read that this heroine was not insensible to bribes. Sir Thomas Roe informs us that great presents were expected by both Nourmahal and her father. We find that Prince Kharrum—he is called here Coronne—was at first opposed to the English interests. Subsequently Roe succeeded in winning him over, and speaks highly of his courtesy. At that time he combined with Nourmahal and her father, Asaph Khan, to maintain an overpowering influence at court. In later years, he took up arms against both his father and Nourmahal. Jehangire, rich and powerful as he was, yet showed certain symptoms of that half-civilized childishness so often met with in Oriental despots. Sir Thomas Roe relates how delighted he was with the coach, scarf and sword he presented him with. He lost no time in causing himself to be drawn about in the coach, and as to the sword and scarf, having sent for a servant to tie them on in the English fashion, he was so proud of his weapon "that he marched up and down drawing and flourishing it, and since hath never been seen without it."

Edwardes also gives us an instance of the Emperor's vanity. He had brought him a rich cloak, which so pleased Jehangire that he hurried off to show it to Nourmahal. Of all the gifts he received, the Emperor seems to have been most delighted with an English mastiff. This gallant animal successively fought with and killed a leopard and a bear, which some dogs sent by the Shah of Persia would not face. The Great Mogul was an ardent sportsman, and cross-bows are suggested to the Directors as acceptable presents. Regarding his administration, Sir Thomas Roe did not entertain a very exalted opinion: "religions infinite; laws none; in this confusion what can be expected?" We have been shown how slightly the Emperor treated Canninge, whom he looked on as a mere merchant. Profiting by experience, Edwardes assumed the position of messenger from the King of England, and was consequently better received. Sir Thomas Roe arriving as regularly appointed "Lord Ambassador," and being a man of rank in his own country, was still more successful. Indeed, under the circumstances, the object of the embassy may be considered to have been attained as completely as could have been expected.

There is a curious passage in the Court Minutes of the Company respecting a proposition to send some of "our people" overland by way of Aden or Camboya, and thence by the Caspian Sea to England. We wonder if Lieut. Waghorn ever saw this?

A good deal of valuable historical information about Japan, Siam, Java, and other countries is to be met with in this book. During the present search for cotton to supply the gap caused by the American war, it is interesting to know that at the beginning of the seventeenth century Japan produced that commodity in abundance. The name of William Addames occurs very frequently in Mr. Sainsbury's book. This man is the hero of a romance more strange and exciting than any sensation novel. Employed by the Dutch, in 1598, as pilot-major, the ship he was in arrived, after much suffering, at Japan. Addames was at first put in prison, and the Jesuits and Portuguese did their best to have him put to death. Their efforts were fruitless. Addames was freed from prison, and granted an allowance of two pounds of rice a day and twelve ducats a year. Being employed to build a ship of eighty tons for the Emperor, and to teach him mathematics, he grew into such favour that he received "a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen that be as his slaves or servants." Hearing that English traders had arrived in Indian waters, Addames wrote a letter on chance, addressed to "My unknown friends and countrymen." In it he gives an account of his adventures and of Japan, concluding with a request that any into whose hands this letter might fall would do their best to let his wife and children hear of him.

This communication was the cause of trade being opened with Japan, Addames himself being shortly after taken into the Company's service.

A curious incident occurred at a meeting of the Directors in 1614. The King of Sumatra had expressed a desire to have an Englishwoman for a wife. "A gentleman of honourable parentage proposes his daughter," setting forth her charms with the minuteness of an auctioneer. He describes her as "of most excellent parts for music, her needle and good discourse, as also very beautiful and personable." On this a debate took place as to whether it would be productive of advantage

to the Company that she should go, but not a word was uttered of any higher grounds. Ultimately the matter was referred for consideration. When the clergy came to hear of the proposition they at once objected. The Directors met them on their own grounds, proving, to their own satisfaction at least, that it was not forbidden by Scriptura. A further objection was urged, that the King of Sumatra's other wives might poison his English bride if she became a favourite. This the ambitious and unnatural father answered himself. It does not appear that, after all, the lady was ever sent.

In concluding our notice of this valuable addition to the materials for writing a history of the East India Company, we cannot but express our regret that this body should have displayed at an early period of its existence so much carelessness respecting its records. From this cause, many important documents have been lost. Mr. Sainsbury has done his best to fill up the gap thus created, and deserves the thanks of the literary world for the able manner in which he has discovered, arranged and calendared all available papers bearing on a very interesting subject.

The Nationalities of Europe. By R. G. Latham, M.A. M.D. 2 vols. (Allen & Co.)

IN these substantial volumes, in which considerable masses of hard reading are relieved by light epitomes of romances, poems and legends, Dr. Latham endeavours to establish no set or symmetrical theory. His work is investigatory, critical, illustrative. It is offered, as the writer avows, as a contribution, partly to biological science, and partly to practical politics,—on the whole, to Political Ethnology. An Englishman, or perhaps a Russian, he thinks, is the only person who could treat the questions here discussed in a spirit of philosophical impartiality; though why the Russian is thus brought into a parallel with the Englishman is not explained, and, possibly, could not be explained to the satisfaction of many among those who represent in Europe what are called the Nationalities. This word "nationality," alternately so popular and so proscribed, is taken by Dr. Latham, at the opening of his voluminous argument, to mean anything exceptional to the predominating feeling and constituent elements in certain political aggregates,—a definition not a little indefinite. While working out his inquiry upon Europe as a basis, he follows, from the European empires, lines extending far into other continents,—from Russia through Siberia, and from Constantinople, through Syria, into Asia, Africa and America. At the same time, Englishmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Manxmen and Channel Islanders are excluded from the survey, on the questionable ground that they are supposed to know as much concerning themselves as any student can tell them. The Jews, also, are left out of sight, the author not having examined sufficiently the details of their dispersion and diffusion. Hence, the empires, kingdoms, and commonwealths treated of are Russia, which occupies a massive volume,—Turkey, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, the Low Countries, the Northern States and Austria.

Dr. Latham's method of dissertation may be illustrated by a phrase or two from his Preface: "Able—very able—men," he observes, "have written about the antagonism of the Asiatic and European families of mankind. But what if the Turks have always been in Europe? What if countries so far west as Lower Austria and Bavaria were once to a great extent Turk?" Again, "Able men, too, have written on what

may be called the missions of certain populations, e. g. the Slavonic. The Slaves have done little hitherto in history; therefore, they have a great part to play in the future. What if a thousand years ago they had done much? What if half Germany be Slavonic?" Having started with these suggestions, Dr. Latham proceeds to write down, though evasively, the national sentiments and movements which, ever since he compiled his book, have so deeply agitated Europe, and then inaugurates the treatise with a review of the remoter Polish annals, pausing now and then to correct a popular error. Russia is regarded as a great representative power, Greek in religion, Slavonic in ethnology, with forty millions of pure and proper Russians and heterogeneous elements, first and foremost among which come the kingdom of Poland and the Grand-Duchy of Lithuania. What formidable discussions are involved may be imagined from such passages as that which chokes the original fountains of the Yatsvng history,—setting forth how the Yatsvngs have been variously styled Jacuite, Jatuitæ, Gzeczwesii, Terra Gzeczwesia, Gzetzvintzite, Getvintziti, Getwezite, Jetwesen, Jazuingi, Jasuingi, Jacuingi, Jaczwingi, Jacwingi, Yatwyagi, Yatwyazhi, Yatwyagove, Getæ, and Jazyges. Lovers of plain reading must expect an immense accumulation of what was once called dictionary grit in these erudite chapters. But in the account of Lithuanian Poetry and Fairy Mythology, Dr. Latham has a softer subject to handle. This Lithuanian literature is peculiarly pagan. It celebrates not the Virgin, the Miracles, or the Saints. Neither does it sing of heroes, warriors or marauders; of kings, captains, or dauntless borderers; of Achilles or of Robin Hood, of Hercules or the Black Knight of the Forest. It is pastoral, sentimental, and picturesque. Yet the Lithuanians, in their early wars, were always a brave, and often a victorious people. From them, Dr. Latham turns to the chronicles of Poland as an elective monarchy, to the Partitions, dating from the annexation of Courland, to Polish history as bearing on that of the Turks, to Courland and Livonia generally, and to the Esthonians, the third of the Baltic or German provinces of Russia. Esthonia is "the Land of the Rahwas," and "some of the purest blood in Europe must be to be found amongst the southern, the eastern, and the central Rahwas"; who are a nation of harp-players, but their ancient class of minstrels has faded out, the last having died in the year 1813, and with him, in great part, the wizard yet graceful sort of poetry he was accustomed to chaunt in villages and at homestead doors, of which several curious specimens are translated by Dr. Latham. Even these poems, however, are scarcely so simple as those of the Vod. They sing, concerning a bad wife,—

I had a wife without a head:
She threw away my shoes,
She buried the linen in the snow,
She set the bath-room in a blaze,
She burnt half the linen—
Two pairs of stockings:
More's the pity!

Poetry was never more primitive, and yet the bath-room, the linen and the stockings betoken a certain degree of civilization. Dr. Latham has also an interesting chapter on the worth of Finland. From Russian Lapland he brings many characteristic sketches,—among others from the Murmans, a mixed race of fishers, who possess an indigenous code of laws. In the first place, their Lycurgus has ordained that "he who brings no wood to the fire shall sit away from the fire"; then, that he who makes bread-soup shall give way to him who makes fish-soup; that the woman shall give way to the man, the child to the woman, and the

hireling to the master. Advancing into the wildernesses, Dr. Latham has a picture, along and beyond the Ural ridge, of the Voguls and Ostiaks, the Samoyeds, the Yeniseians and Yukahiri, with other barbarian tribes. His next chapters are on the Turks and Tartars, of whom he remarks that all Tartars are Turks, and all Kalmuks Mongols, it being a common misnomer to speak of a Tartar as a Mongol, and of a Turk as a Kalmuk. Allied with them are the Tungús, among whom prevails the happy idea that any man possessing twelve dogs is rich and worshipful in the land. The Russian volume, as it may be termed, deals also with Russian America, with its singular tribes,—among others the Konægi, whose maidens are compelled, when approaching maturity, to occupy for six months a cabin in which they can neither stand nor lie, but must crouch with bent back and knees drawn up. After this probation, the walls are heightened and the floors lengthened, and the lonely virgin endures another half year of bodily discipline. The Caucasus and Transcaucasia, including the very remarkable Iron population, a sect who pray to God, St. Gregory, Michael, Gabriel, the Bussab-seli and the Georgian Churches, are ethnologically described, and with particular minuteness. The true Russians come almost last in the category, leading to the Kosaks, and to a general survey of Little, White, Black, Red and Great Russia, and All the Russias as they figure on the surface of the globe.

In his second volume, Dr. Latham has more variety. It begins with the Ottoman Empire, second in rank in the number and complexity of its elements to Russia, "in many respects the parallel, in many the contrast, to the empire of the Czar." Dismissing Albania as a special topic in a few pages, the author asks "How far are the modern descendants of the ancient Greeks?" Constantine Porphyrogeneta avers that all Greece was Slavonized, and became Barbarian. Fallermayer urges that the Greeks of our days are only Russians, Servians, or Bulgarians, who speak Greek. Against this doctrine the Greeks themselves naturally, though not on that account logically, protest; but, as Dr. Latham says, "That the modern Greeks are inclined to make capital of the ancient ones no one who knows their aspirations will deny." He then proceeds to denominate the mixed elements—Slavonic, Valachian, Norman, Frank, Italian, Spanish, Catalan, Albanian and Island, and, without exactly answering the inquiry with which he started, goes on to the Greek Revolution. Following these speculations and abridgments are others on Bulgaria,—the Turks in Europe and Asia Minor,—the Druzes Ismaeliyeh and Wahabis,—Serbia, Valachia, Moldavia and Montenegro; whence the patient reader will pass, with satisfaction, into Italy, which is sprinkled with alien populations. There are French in the Val d'Aosta, Germans in the Tyrol, probably Slavonians in the Val de Rescia, Albanians in Calabria and Sicily, Greeks in Calabria, and Catalonians in Sardinia. France, Dr. Latham proceeds to show, contains elements other than French—in the north of French Flanders, the southern part of Brittany, in the east of Lorraine and north of Alsace, in Savoy, Nice, Monaco, and in the Basques; while, beyond France, the French language is only popular in Belgium and the Channel Islands. When Germany falls under review, Dr. Latham separates from it, ethnologically, the Baltic provinces, which are Russian,—Holland, with its separate nationality and independent history,—the Flemish part of Belgium, and Lorraine and Alsatia. "The great divisions within the empire itself, so far as they are not simply territorial and dynastic,

are those of religion and language. The south is Catholic and High German, the north, Low German and Protestant. The literary language is High German. The blood varies with the district. In Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, the Sauerland, on the Lower Rhine, and in Westphalia, it is comparatively pure. Elsewhere, if we suppose that the German conquests were attended with any intermixture or fusion at all, it is largely Slavonic."

Upon Switzerland Dr. Latham remarks,— "What Switzerland more especially exhibits is the extent to which, under certain favourable circumstances, a mere political bond can stand in the place of a natural one. No two Cantons are exactly alike. Many of them are inordinately unlike. Yet languages as different as the German and the French, and creeds as different as Calvinism and Roman Catholicism, exist side by side." But he makes no attempt—and it might not be a very difficult attempt—to explain what superficially seems a paradox. Geography, perhaps, more than ethnology, would determine the question. Dr. Latham's purpose, however, may be best illustrated by his preliminary notice of Austria:—

"As a power, the position of Austria is peculiar. Austria is in nowise a representative power in the way of creed. Turkey is not only Mahometan, but it is a Mahometan power. (?) It gives a sort of Kalifat. Russia is not only a Greek Church power, but the Greek Church power. It is (materially, at least,) a patriarchate. Austria is simply one Catholic power out of several, and by no means the representative one. German Catholicism, however, she does represent. Austria is in nowise a representative power in the way of race. Austria is neither German as Russia is Slavonic, German as Turkey is Turk, nor German as France is (after a manner) Latin. It is scarcely a representative in the way of political ideas. It is Conservative, no doubt; but it is Conservative in association with Russia and Prussia. It is anti-revolutionary, but other states are this. Is it German? It is and it is not. It is German so far as it is the Empire, and so far as the Empire is German; but it is not German in respect to the purely Austrian elements of its prerogative. In diplomacy, it is an essentially representative power; indeed, in diplomacy, it represents many things at once. It represents Germany as the representative of the Empire. It represents anything that is anti-French as opposed to anything that is French."

The reader has in this passage a fair example, in all respects, of Dr. Latham's style as exhibited in this new, laborious, and somewhat desultory work—of his wordiness, dogmatism, and aptitude for high-sounding phrases. At the same time, it must not be inferred that the book is neither valuable nor interesting. On the contrary, it has been constructed with great care, if rather discursively, from materials found in volumes which, to most persons in England, are of difficult access. Dr. Latham is colder as a politician than as an ethnologist; but he gives weight to the expressed wishes of the nationalities he has analyzed; and though so elaborate a disquisition does not recommend itself to other than readers of a phlegmatic spirit, and is far from solving the many problems it suggests, it does considerable honour to the writer's learning, patience and sagacity.

Cups and their Customs. (Van Voorst.)

FROM the hollow of the hand to the bowl of Diogenes was a first step in Art; yet the philosopher went back to first principles when he saw the thirsty man stoop to the stream and slake his thirst even as the birds. But there are more artificial beverages which cannot be seemingly quaffed in this wise; and then what a step was made by Art between the Cynic of

Sinope and the cups and vases and urns of the early carvers:—

What leaf-fringed legends haunt about their shapes
Of detrites or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady.

The horn would seem to have been the original drinking-cup of the hunting races; an enemy's skull that of the more savage and fiercer drinking tribes. Samian earthenware and beechwood supplied the earlier Romans. Later, a wonderful artist invented the cup made from the elder-tree, which had this work of magic in it, that it allowed only the pure wine to pass the quaffer's lips, retaining in the wood all the water that had been mixed with it! The older crystal cups were wonders, too, at least of workmanship, and a slave could clean them without the fear of being cowhided, for no fall could break them. The inventor, however, was as ill rewarded as any inventor of modern times, and that, too, by that Tiberius who, from being so often in his cups, was named Biberius. When he saw that the crystal cup could not be broken even by dashing it on a marble floor, and that any bruise it might sustain could be hammered straight again, he ordered the artist to be put to death, lest by the practice of his art he should render the Imperial collection of drinking-vases of a very depreciated value. After all, the cups of brittle crystal *did* become more costly than those of the precious metals; but still more costly were those fragile murrhine vases of mother-of-pearl or transparent agate, first seen in the triumph of Pompey on his return from Asia. These were said to have been worth, or rather to have been sold for, prices varying from six to twenty thousand pounds; but if this be true, they must have been different from the murrhine cups noticed by Propertius—the "Murrheaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis." The workmanship lavished on some of these productions rendered their value incalculable. "Materiæ non cedit opus," as Martial informs us.

It is difficult to say who were and who were not the great drinkers of former days. The Scythians are ordinarily looked upon as having been inordinate toppers, but Herodotus expressly asserts that they refused to worship the joyous divinity who caused his followers to become intoxicated. On the other hand, individuals have been pitied for sufferings when they, perhaps, might have been envied for enjoyments. We condole with Ariadne, abandoned by the faithless Theseus; but when we hear that the lady found companionship and solace with Bacchus, we very well know what that means. On the other hand, there was Cranaus, king of Athens, who first quaffed cup in which he had mixed water with his wine; and see what came of that moderating of enjoyment—the gods inundated Greece and washed him off his throne! The lesson has not been lost upon mankind.

Greece itself is said to have owed "rosy wine" to an importation from Egypt; but there was certainly a time when Egypt knew of nothing stronger than beer, which beverage Xenophon, on his famous Retreat, found an Eastern tribe of mountaineers drinking through straws, as was lately done in this Western Europe with sherry cobbler. Psammethicus taught the Egyptians better things, and had a nation's gratitude for his pains.

Nestor, it will be remembered, was famous for his wisdom, and it is upon record that his own private cup, out of which he daily drank, was of such weight and capacity that a strong young man could hardly lift it; whereas the venerable sage could not only raise it to his lips with ease, but could empty it with enjoyment, though that fine old son of Neleus, and

sole survivor of a dozen brothers, had some pleasant difficulty afterwards in finding his own tent. To great men great weaknesses: the younger Dionysius drank himself blind; Macedonian Philip tumbled himself into fevers and ill temper; and his greater son, Alexander, going beyond his sire in all extravagances, had fits of drunkenness of such great length that he required a sleep of forty-eight hours uninterrupted before young Ammon was able to address himself to his cups again. For such abusers of great powers and great gifts must have been especially designed such drinking-cups as those found at Herculaneum, which take the form of a pig's, a ram's or a boar's head. It was only through the enchantment of the cup that Circe could turn the thirsty fellows of Ulysses into swine.

On the other hand, physicians recommended, philosophers praised, and poets extolled, wine, and instigated to the drinking of it liberally. Generally speaking, the Greeks who cumulated this three-piled commendation were but sorry fellows in their liquor. They lost their tempers, flung the contents of the dishes at each other, and ended by maudlin. Your Greek heroes at the end of a feast are almost invariably represented as being "crying drunk." The Romans, on the contrary, were strong-headed. The man who could carry a large amount of wine discreetly was a man to be respected and was worthy of preferment. Such an one Tiberius made Quæstor, solely for his might in drinking. In later times, as Pfarrius tells us, the Rheingraf gave the village of Hufflesheim to Boos von Waldeck, for doing what none other of his knights could do—drinking at a draught an old jack-boot full of wine. To be sure it was Rhenish! What was that to the seven "bottles of red," the last quaffed at a breath, by which Craighdarroch won the renowned "Whistle," whereon "uprose our bard like a prophet in drink," and foretold the future glories of the victor race?

The motto on the renowned old Trivulli cup is "BIBE, VIVAS MULTIS ANNIS!" The best we can remember is the one on the cup presented to the German professor by his countrymen after his release from tyrannical oppression. The tale is told at length in Russell's "Tour." The motto was "Wermuth war dir geboten; trinke Wein!"—*Wormwood was proffered to you; now drink Wine!*

But leaving our own small reminiscences, and examining the volume before us, we soon discover that this subject of "cups" is one too heavy for the anonymous writer of this book to handle. There is an affected jollity in him which reminds us of a melancholy actor trying to extract joviality out of the part of a tipsy gentleman. He alludes to health being best derived from "a firm adhesion to the pigskin and a rattling galopade to the music of the twanging horn,"—a cockney's idea of hunting, in which anything more lugubrious than the sound of the horn, never used but as a short, sharp signal to the hounds, cannot well be conceived. In folk-lore he is equally enlightened, and he takes the hanging out of a broom to imply the same as the hanging out of a briar—namely, that good wine was sold under it. He is enthusiastic on Burns's sentimental song, 'Auld Lang Syne,' as the holy spring of modern good fellowship in cups!—quite forgetting that it contains the most abominable idea of fellowship that man ever conceived; for of the two worthies there meeting, one does not order in the liquor to hallow the moment, but he frankly cries to the other,—

An' surely you'll be your pint stoup,
An' surely I'll be mine;

the shabby fellow not having the spirit to pay the score. Steele and Goldsmith our author then reckons among the "men of far-seeing and prudent philosophy"; and being as weak on topography as on other sciences, he places the "Heaven" tavern in Fleet Street, instead of opposite Westminster Hall, where it stood in opposition with the less dainty drinking-rooms at the "Hell."

A sprig of borage is recommended by this writer as a good flavourer of "cup," but he does not say which of the three varieties is the essential one to be chosen; and, indeed, his account is altogether so confused that it is difficult to learn from him whether borage has a peculiar flavour or not, or whether a slip of cucumber does not afford a better. For instance:

"This Borage is a plant having a small blue flower, and growing luxuriantly in most gardens; by placing a sprig or two of it in any cool drink, it communicates a peculiar refreshing flavour which cannot be imitated by any other means. When, however, Borage cannot be procured, a thin slice of cucumber-peel forms a very good substitute; but care must be taken to use but one slice, or the cup will be too much impregnated with the flavour to be palatable. A small piece from the outer rind of the stalk is considered by some to contain superior excellence. We have made many experiments to extract this peculiar flavouring from Borage, in all of which we have been totally unsuccessful; nor do we imagine it possible to separate it from the plant, in order to gain these peculiar properties."

Occasionally this author's candour may be commended, for he cites "the illustrious Billy Dawson (though we have not the least idea who he was) whose illustriousness (*sic*) consisted in his being the only man who could brew punch." Poor Dawson, such is fame! His idea touching punch, however, is worth quoting:—

"The man who sees, does, or thinks of anything while he is making Punch, may as well look for the North-west Passage on Mutton Hill. A man can never make good Punch unless he is satisfied, nay positive, that no man breathing can make better. I can and do make good Punch, because I do nothing else; and this is my way of doing it. I retire to a solitary corner, with my ingredients ready sorted; they are as follows; and I mix them in the order they are here written. Sugar, twelve tolerable lumps; hot water, one pint; lemons, two, the juice and peel; old Jamaica rum, two gills; brandy, one gill; porter or stout, half a gill; arrack, a slight dash. I allow myself five minutes to make a bowl on the foregoing proportions, carefully stirring the mixture as I furnish the ingredients until it actually foams; and then, Kangaroos! how beautiful it is!"

The author subsequently notices the old compound of roasted apples, ale and sugar, which our ancestors knew as "Lamb's Wool," "which derived its name," he says, "from the 1st of November." The words *La Mas Ubal*, not "*La Mas-ubal*," are good Irish, signifying the Feast, or day, of the Apple, and, pronounced *Lamasool*, soon passed into Lamb's Wool. The mixture was drunk on the evening of the above day, which was supposed to be presided over by the guardian angel of fruits and seeds.

We cannot part with this subject without noticing that in England here the "dear and precious drinking-cup" was more frequently an heirloom than a possession which the owner selfishly carried with him to the grave. The ballad-king of Thule, when he could quaff no more, foolishly flung his golden beaker into the sea, and dead pagan chiefs bore theirs in their unconscious hands ready to drink again at the first awaking in the halls of Odin. There were, however, better examples than these. Wittaf, the merrily-named king of Mercia, bequeathed the horn of his table to the monks of Croyland that they might drink from it on festivals, and

with thanksgiving remember the soul of the donor. So, to the Abbey of Ramsay, the Lady Ethelgiva left two silver cups for the refectory table, and expressed a wish that the good monks would think of her when the cups were served brimming round to them. Honest King! Excellent Lady! bright, practical samples of the "good old times."

Thematic and Chronological Catalogue of Mozart's Works—[*Chronologisch-thematische Verzeichniss sämmtlicher Ton Werke, W. A. Mozarts, von Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel*]. (Leipzig, Breitkopf & Co.; London, Ewer & Co.)

THE musician of any age or country, be his object what it will, may well regard this thick volume with admiration and reverence, as one of the holy books of his art. Five hundred and more pages are devoted to the titles of the creations of one who did not attain middle age, and whose life was largely devoted to active exhibition; among which works are a 'Don Juan,' a 'Figaro,' a Jupiter Symphony! We are not of the company of the idolaters, who can see no fault, no inequality, who will admit no mannerism in the works of Mozart. We hold, with a judgment stated a few years ago in print, that he produced nothing which has not been of its class exceeded by some other master of music: an assertion which, however startling it seems, can be sustained by fact. Taking, however, Mozart's works as a whole, the union of form and beauty, of skill, of spontaneous geniality presented in them, has never been exceeded, if ever approached. Their evenness of quality is wonderful. There is probably no one musician who has given such vast and lasting delight; and this, not to the learned and refined only, but to the enormous public, that cares merely for passing sensations of pleasure. Then, we are somehow never tired of hearing about the man. Book comes after book, life after life,—each more tedious than the last (Dr. Jahn's being, let us hope, final in point of heaviness),—yet they are not to be parted with when once taken in hand. In brief, he possessed genius in all the fullness of most exquisite charm, and was even more loveable than highly-gifted; as we remember anew while lingering over this list of treasures, just as if a large portion of it was not known to us by heart! Is it complete, even now, splendid as it is in its length? We fancy not; and that some of the slighter pieces, which were flung off by him to please his Viennese comrades, or to make the starched men of science at Leipzig stare, are not here included. On the other hand, it is possible that pieces have crept in which are not from his pen—doubts having been thrown on the authenticity of many of the remains sold by his widow after his decease. Complete or incomplete, however, the collection is unique as an example of fecundity, of beauty, of variety. Admirable, too, is the absence of an arrogant and pedantic spirit; and the willingness to be helpful, without thought of self-assertion. Mozart would throw off occasional songs for other men's operas, and additional accompaniments to other men's oratorios. He scored such music of Bach as hit his fancy. He played with the flute or the horn, when some merry and good-for-little boon companion wanted a *concerto*. He wrote dances (there are many waltzes, by the way, passing under his name that are not here). In brief, like all men of real genius, he was abundant, gracious and versatile: and thus to be ranged with the Michael Angelos, the Cellinis, the Shakespeares of Art, who know themselves to be too great, and feel themselves to be too generous, to be pinched by any narrow fears of compromising themselves, let them condescend as they please.

Probably, in all this wonderful accumulation of music, its least precious portion consists of the orchestral masses and the organ pieces. The former fall short in the devotional spirit, which breathes with such a mighty and earnest pathos in his 'Confutatis,' from the Requiem,—in his 'Ave Verum.' His English worshippers will learn with surprise, that the service so hackneyed in this country, and known as his Twelfth Mass—in Germany as No. 7—does not figure in this Catalogue;

or if so—for here is a Mass No. 7 in the same key, and in the same rhythm—with different phrases by way of opening. The organ music, though written for Germany, is apparently slighter than Handel's, which was written for England in days when the German pedals were next to unknown, without the occasional pompous grandeur of phrase so distinctive of Handel.

An unusually large portion of the six hundred and twenty-six works here indexed are in autograph manuscript. For one who notoriously took life so lightly, and wrought so hastily, Mozart's manuscript is not bad; clear, comparatively, if compared with Beethoven's. A well-known varied *Andante* in G major, for four hands, is before us, from which that fresh and genial composition has been played. It tells, as does Madame Viardot's famous possession—the manuscript of 'Don Juan'—that hasty as he was, and careless, Mozart was not too hasty and careless to reconsider himself;—whether he was pouring out such a burning utterance of passion as "Or sai che l'onore," or merely throwing off a trifle for the amateurs and the shops. To-day, we have lived to see, as rule, the temerity of publishing new works on the largest scale simultaneously with their performance,—works, it may be added, not by Mozarts, nor yet, even, by Mendelssohn. This manuscript tells its tale of the "midnight oil," or else of the midnight punch, which Mozart's *Stanerl* used to brew for him, when he was busy, in the drops which spot the time-discoloured paper. It is here and there smeared, too, as if the diligent author who left his works behind him in Somebody's Luggage had been over the page, to correct it.—But enough of these notes on a Catalogue, wanting which no musician's library of reference can be henceforth rated as complete. We should add, in conclusion, that Dr. Von Köchel's notes and annotations are sensible, to the purpose, and not over-prolix.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Leaves from our Cypress and our Oak. (Macmillan & Co.)—These poems have been written as a tribute to the virtues of the late Prince Consort, and as a token of sympathy with an august mourner. The admiration and the sorrow here recorded have been felt by the nation as by one man. In the general expression of these sentiments all readers would concur, but the particular direction here given to them will find little approval. We cannot encourage an attempt to raise the veil from a living grief,—to picture it surrounded by memories of an irrevocable past and to furnish it by proxy with gesture and articulation. Such an attempt, however leniently viewed, must be pronounced a mistake—a mistake which the best intentions can scarcely excuse. Of the intentions themselves we have no doubt. The writer's sincerity is obvious, and it is fair to grant that his error has been confined to his design, the intrusiveness of which is not heightened by coarseness of treatment. Regarded as poems, these 'Leaves' have the merit of earnest feeling, and their happier passages show some grace of manner. But there is no depth of thought; the style lacks vigour and precision, the simplest meaning being often conveyed in strained and inconsistent metaphors. The confused images of "star" and "sun" in the following extract make a case in point. Otherwise, the lines are both a just tribute to the memory of Albert the Good and a favourable specimen of the volume:—

THE SILENT GOOD.

Who moves our grief must first our love have won:
He oped our hearts, yet with no master key,
His modest youth the "Open sesame";
His after charm, the *How* his good was done;
For, like a star that hides beyond the sun,
Behind his deed of radiance mute he lay,
And but in colours spake, like purpling day—
In deeds alone! Applause he seemed to shun,
And rather chose our thanks to win than wear
Their rightful meed—to his love-labours due—
A silent good, he met us here and there,
And light and beauty 'mongst the peoples threw!
Oh, for his loss, that plucks our hopes so bare,
How meet the Nation's grief—yes, her despair!

In the concluding poems sorrow yields to bright anticipations,—the auspicious event which England has just witnessed having special commemoration. The book is elegantly got up. It is almost

a pity, indeed, that so fair a tablet should have been used for an inscription which, as a whole, is faint and infelicitous.

Christianity and its Evidences. By John Macnaught, M.A. (Longman & Co.)—Mr. Macnaught retired in 1861 from his benefice, St. Chrysostom's, Liverpool, giving some special reasons, but leaving other points vague. He now informs his late congregation, first, that "the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Resurrection, and all the miracles had become matters of scepticism, if not of positive unbelief"; secondly, that further thought has restored belief and destroyed scepticism, and left him able to resume clerical duties. To this is added the book itself, a little treatise on the Evidences. As the work of a person who returns in honest conviction after having sacrificed income and position to conscientious doubt, the book will have interest; but we really cannot find any peculiarity about it, in argument or production of fact. It is a little Paley: and the big Paley itself would have been all the more remarkable if its author had passed through a renunciation of income arising out of doubt acting upon conscience. At this some will smile; because, so little was Paley himself likely to have acted as Mr. Macnaught has done, that rumour fixes on him the remark that he "could not afford to keep a conscience." In all probability, he said no such thing: but the rumour shows that he was generally considered as likely to have wide practical notions on the subject; and his chapter on subscription shows that he had no narrow theoretical ones. It is said that such works as Paley's 'Evidences' never made a convert: if so, it is remarkable that Mr. Macnaught, whose return is no doubt as honest as his departure, should present as his process of mind a system so like that of the old evidence books in its general character. It may be, that the very arguments which were suspicious when they tended incomerwards—if we may invent such a word—gained force when there was nothing to suggest fear of bias.

Our Feathered Families: Game and Water Birds, being an Anecdotal and Descriptive Account of the Feathered Game and Wild Fowl, with their Allied Species, found in Great Britain: to which is added, a Practical Chapter on Doves and Pigeons. By H. G. Adams. (Hogg & Sons.)—Mr. H. G. Adams has completed his three volumes on the feathered families of the British Islands. The first volume was on the 'Birds of Song,' the second on the 'Birds of Prey,' and the present volume is on the 'Game and Water Birds.' He says he found a difficulty in classifying the Birds into three distinct groups, which the plan of publication required. The difficulty might surely have been got over better than by an arrangement which brings the doves and pigeons in at the end of this volume after the sea-swallows. According to Macgillivray, as Mr. H. G. Adams reminds us, there are 143 species of residents, 44 species of summer, with 36 of winter visitors, and 97 species of stragglers, making in all 320 species of British birds. And the number has somewhat increased since Macgillivray rendered his great services to ornithological science. Now, if Mr. H. G. Adams had but described 107 species in each of his volumes he would have made a better division of the bird-world than he has done in the present work. Students desirous of obtaining certificates from the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education are requested to study birds under the types—Falcon, Corvus, Columba, Picus, Phasianus, Ardea, Struthio and Anser; or as Hawks, Crows, Doves, Wood-peckers, Pheasants, Herons, Ostriches and Ducks; and if prior to undertaking to write three volumes on birds Mr. H. G. Adams had studied them sufficiently to pass an examination for an elementary certificate of his knowledge of them he would have been able to conquer the difficulty of grouping them into three volumes. But he appears to have had no such preparation for his task. He seems to have been acquainted with the most popular poems in the English language on birds, and desirous of writing imitations of them: and he apparently saw in his enterprise an opportunity for indulging a propensity for tawdry declamations. The conse-

quence is, that a good, cheap and popular introduction to the study of British birds is still a demand which has not been supplied. Extracts from Gould, Yarrell, Macgillivray and others; poetical quotations from Bishop Mant's 'British Months'; well-known poems, such as Delta's 'Lines on a Wounded Ptarmigan,' Bryant's 'Stanzas to a Water-fowl,' and Gerald Griffen's 'Address to a Sea Gull,' and declamations in verse and prose by the bookmaker himself, form the bulk of these three volumes on "our feathered families."

Independency: a Deduction from the Laws of the Universe. By Evan Lewis, B.A. (Stoek).—This is an argument in favour of "independency and religious freedom": but by independency special reference seems intended to the system of the Dissenters called "Independents." We shall not enter into the argument, nor attempt to show how physical and mathematical facts—such as the structure of nerves and the algebraical view of the passage of an ellipse into a parabola—help to prove the point. The truth is, that we are not very clear how it is made out. Setting this aside, we have a short attack on the Church of Rome, a fierce, detailed, and effective attack on the Subscriptions in the Church of England, and a gentle and friendly reproof of the "system of hierarchical despotism" of the Wesleyans. The play would have been more effective if the part of Hamlet had been omitted; for really the physics and mathematics do not tell upon the conclusions given more than upon any others.

The Battle Won: an Epic Poem. By a Carthusian. (Saunders, Odley & Co.)—The design of this poem embraces the chief events of Scripture story from the Patriarchs to Christ. With such a plan, unity of narrative is of course impossible. An ideal unity is therefore sought in the development of one Providential Aim through the entire series of results. So much toil and patience have evidently been bestowed upon this work, that we sincerely regret their misapplication. The author's verse, though laboured, is correct, and his command of sonorous and involved periods at times suggests to us the style of Milton. But his poem is deficient in imagination. It has something, so to speak, of the royal trappings of epic song; nothing of its inner life. The following lines, describing the Fall of Jericho, will show the obscurity into which the writer plunges when imitating his great model:—

Down as the withered bulrush prostrate falls
On Orinoco's or La Plata's banks,—
Of Neptune's realm those tributaries vast,
Both onward rolling their gigantic floods,
In whirling eddies, with the ocean's waves
Confused till in commingled grandeur lost,—
Snapped by the fury of tempestuous squalls,
From Antea's summit hurled, or cloud-veiled peak
Of Chimborazo; fast with icy bonds
Enchained, the torrid zone's lutescent heat
Whose strength defies; the vertical sun's rays
Whose robe of snow resists,—the sport of winds
Amongst the sedge it lies; so—If with such
Display of natural laws comparison
Be not irreverent, a presumptuous thought,—
Before the breath of God's displeasure fell
Devoted Jericho, with ruin dire
Dejected headlong: not in fragments torn,
But prostrate lay her walls, one huge, flat mass,
A straight path spread for Israel's ransomed feet.

—It is fair to add, that the book is more readable in its less ambitious passages. These are at times fluent and pictorial.

Ballads from Scottish History. By Norval Clyne. (Edmonston & Douglas).—It is really sad to think how many good men have turned into bad poets. Here is one, estimable for aught we know, in all the relationships of life, and yet he cannot resist the common failing. He makes the mistake, very common with the Scottish people, of confounding patriotic with poetic feeling. Patriotism is an element of poetry, but a feeling for patriotic subjects will not, of necessity, produce poetry. A great deal of their admiration for the verse of Walter Scott springs from patriotic rather than from poetic feeling. So is it with the present author. Each of the subjects chosen by him for a ballad-theme undoubtedly contains the germ of a poem, but in his hands it is killed in the first four lines. Instead of the alchemy which brightens all its touches and transmutes the leaden facts of history with fire from heaven into the gold of poetry, he only makes

the lead duller and heavier. It is curious to watch the process. Attached to the ballads are prose descriptions of the events to be sung. These are often brief, simple and sufficing. Then to see them "sorted," as the Scotch say, into lines of eight and six syllables! It is a sorry spectacle.

Mildred's Last Night; or, The Franklyns. (Bell & Daldy).—The first part of this story's title has but little to do with the book. 'The Franklyns' is its right name. Chief amongst these is the Rev. Charles Franklyn, rather a stern, thin-natured clerical specimen of a well-known type that was once noble but has been worn until the features are somewhat effaced, like those on a much-used coin. There is firmness in every line of his character, from the top of his head, where the phrenologists say it lies, to the heel which rings on the pavement for all to hear. This firmness is brought to bear very unyieldingly on his children and pupils, taking the spring out of more than one life. He is more than once engaged in a struggle to overcome Nature, and once, at least, we rejoice to say, is completely beaten. Yet Mr. Franklyn is not a mere despot; his character softens and sweetens in suffering. The fault of the story is that it goes over too much ground—too large a canvas is spread. The author would do better by limiting the space to pre-Raphaelite proportions and filling it all in with affectionate fidelity. Else it is quietly written, with a glance of genuine insight, and a touch of real tenderness.

Hellas: Her Monuments and Scenery. By Thomas Chase, M.A. (Siever & Francis).—Mr. Chase informs his readers that he commenced the present volume in the "hollow calm of the last Presidency, but that when the Federation of which he was a citizen was rudely broken asunder, he threw down his pen, for he had no heart to dwell on other themes" than his country's sorrow. But, after a lapse of twelve months, reflecting that it was "the part even of patriotism for those who are devoted to letters and arts to pursue their calling with no less vigour than before, he resumed his task." The work thus laid aside and completed at the prompting of patriotic emotion, is a brief and loosely-written journal of a trip to Greece, made in the May of 1853. One of the author's travelling companions was Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, whose pen enriched Mr. Chase's note-book with thirteen stanzas, descriptive of the ascent of Parnassus. It does not appear whether the poem was intended for general criticism; but its quality is such that if we had not before us the memory of some metrical eccentricities, with which Mr. Blackie amused his enemies in time past, we should not hesitate to declare its publication a breach of confidence. The 'Song of Parnassus' represents the learned Professor as seated on a mule; and each of the thirteen stanzas concludes with

Parnasso!
Ho! Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho! Ho!
The lofty Parnasso!

This chorus is scarcely in keeping with the verses, which are neither comical nor diabolical.

Organization, Composition, and Strength of the Army of Great Britain. Compiled by Capt. Martin Petrie. (Parker, Son & Bourn.)—In a preface to this synopsis of the Army of Great Britain, Col. Henry James says, "We are now printing returns of the entire equipment of the British Army, with the weight, cost, and place of storage of each article, the forms of demand for them, &c. The series will consist of seven parts, viz.:—1. Cavalry; 2. Artillery; 3. Engineers; 4. Military Train; 5. Infantry; 6. Commissariat; 7. Hospital Service. Each part will be accompanied by drawings; the illustrations will thus comprise the articles issued from every branch of the military service."

Records of 1862. By Edward West. (West.)—The author's method of perpetuating past events is to state them, like so many texts, in prose headings, and to append to them a few verses by way of homily. The texts have doubtless an interest of their own, but it is sadly impaired by the dullness of the sermons.

Four concluding volumes of Mr. J. S. Laurie's "Standard Series of Elementary Reading Books"

(Longman) have made their appearance:—*The Third "Standard" Reader, or Stories of Animals, —The Fourth "Standard" Reader, or Fables and Parables, —The Fifth "Standard" Reader, or Poetry and Adventure, —and The Sixth "Standard" Reader, or Descriptive Sketches.* The contents are agreeably varied, and explanations are given of difficult words. — Messrs. Chambers have issued *Book III., adapted to Standard III. of their Narrative Series of Standard Reading Books*, which we have previously described as especially deserving of a favourable reception. — M. De Porquet's *Fables Parlantes, or Speaking Fables in French* (Simpkin) is a collection of short fables in French, with questions and answers in the same language upon the subject matter of each fable, and vocabularies explaining the meanings of the words. — M. C. Rühle has collected a number of *French Examination Papers* (D. Nutt) from those set at the Military colleges, the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, the University of London Examinations, and those for the Civil Service in India. — *Questions for Examination on Miss Sewell's Child's History of Rome*, arranged by Fanny Parkhurst (Longman), is a smaller publication requiring no further description. — *An Index to Familiar Quotations, selected principally from British Authors, with Parallel Passages from various Writers, Ancient and Modern*, by J. C. Grocott (E. Howell, Liverpool), also speaks for itself. We may, however, observe, that the quotations being arranged under headings of single words occurring in them, which have rarely anything to do with the main thought expressed, are not easily available for reference, nor are they, as a general rule, well chosen. — Another work of doubtful value is *A Hand Book of School Management and Methods of Teaching*, by P. W. Joyce, A.B., M.R.I.A. (Simpkin). — *A Practical Greek Accidence, with Progressive Exercises*, by C. Matheson, M.A. (Longman), is an attempt to reduce the various inflections under general principles. The exercises would have been better if they had consisted of complete sentences instead of isolated phrases. On the whole, we doubt whether the book will be found to work so well as an ordinary grammar and delectus.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Baker's North Yorkshire, Studies in Botany, Geology, &c., 8vo. 15/6
 Bates's The Naturalist on the River Amazon, 2 vols. post 8vo. 25/
 Baynes's Canterbury Cyclopedia, 24mo. 1/6 cl.
 Beale's The Stomach Medically and Morally Considered, 8vo. 1/
 Brigantiae, The, a Story of the Sea, 2 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
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 Peter the Great, trans. and ed. by Count M'Donnell, 2 vols. 21/
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PRIMEVAL MAN.—WHAT LED TO THE QUESTION?
 Athenæum Club, March 21, 1863.

THE whole question of the antiquity of the human race in Europe hinges upon the exact determination of the geological age of the cave deposits, ossiferous breccia, and quaternary alluvia, in which, alone, human relics have, hitherto, been met with. The difference of *pre-glacial* and *post-glacial*, in these cases, involves a difference of a vast lapse of time. It is therefore of essential

importance to know how, and by whom, the age of the boundary lines, and the proof of the other facts, have been established. Two eminent English geologists, Mr. Godwin-Austen and Mr. Prestwich, have devoted themselves, with great success, to the study of the superficial quaternary or post-pliocene deposits, the former in the south of England, the latter in the valley of the Thames and other river valleys of the same geological age in the south-east of England, generally. The following remarks refer especially to the researches of Mr. Prestwich. The geological age of the quaternary gravels and brick-earths of the valley of the Thames, whether *pre-glacial* or *post-glacial*, has for thirty years been the subject of great difference of opinion among geologists, from the circumstance that nowhere could a section be found, showing them in contact, or in order of superposition with the "boulder clay." The palæontological evidence was regarded as indicating the former age, while the "general physical phenomena" led Prestwich, Morris and Joshua Trimmer to consider them as being *newer* than the "boulder clay." This opinion was expressed by Mr. Prestwich, in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, for 1855, p. 110; in that for 1856, p. 133; in his 'Clapham Lectures,' 1857, p. 30; and in 1861 he proved it stratigraphically by the "Kelsey Section" (*Quarterly Journal*, p. 446), where beds containing *Cyrena fluminalis* are in direct superposition to the "boulder clay." In 1854, he had satisfied himself, from the "special physical phenomena," that the valley of the Ouse, near Bedford, was flanked by, and excavated in the boulder clay, and that the "valley gravel," with mammalian remains, there contained *débris* of the "boulder clay," proving it to be newer than the latter. In 1858, he heard of the discovery of numerous mammalian remains in the railway cutting at Bedford, and went there with his friend, Mr. Evans, and identified bones of elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bos, equus and cervus, in a collection made by Mr. Reade, from the railway cuttings. On Mr. Prestwich's return from his first visit to Abbeville and Amiens, in company with Mr. Evans, in 1859, they fixed on Bedford as a place likely to yield flint-implements similar to those of the valley of the Somme. Mr. Prestwich was unable to go, but Mr. Evans went, and found, for the first time, land and freshwater shells in the Biddenham pit. He directed Mr. Wyatt's attention to these Bedford gravels as likely to yield flint-implements. These circumstances, combined with the experience acquired by a visit to Amiens, in 1860, induced Mr. Wyatt to turn his particular attention to the Biddenham pit, where he was at last rewarded by the discovery of two well-formed flint-implements (Prestwich, *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. xvii. 1861, p. 366). Hearing of this, Mr. Prestwich and Mr. Evans arranged to pay an immediate visit to Bedford, accompanied by Sir Charles Lyell, "to whom Mr. Prestwich pointed out on the spot the relation which the fossiliferous gravels bore to the 'boulder clay,' and their post-glacial origin, which he afterwards illustrated by a section of the valley of the Ouse, in the paper just referred to."

In the 'Antiquity of Man,' p. 164, Sir Charles Lyell gives an account of the visit, leading off thus: "I examined these" (Biddenham) "pits, in 1861, in company with Messrs. Prestwich, Evans and Wyatt, and we collected ten species of shells," &c. He then describes the valley of the Ouse, from a section, cut 23, which is copied from Mr. Prestwich, but inadvertently unacknowledged,—and concludes with the following paragraph:

"One step at least we gain by the Bedford sections, which those of Amiens and Abbeville had not enabled us to make. They teach us that the fabricators of the antique tools and the extinct animals coeval with them were all post-glacial, or, in other words, posterior to the grand submergence of central England beneath the waters of the glacial sea." (p. 166.)

The general reader might be led to believe, as I find many have, that the important conclusions here stated were original results arrived at by the author; but Mr. Prestwich objects that the language of the whole account is not sufficiently

guarded to express the fact, that the post-glacial age of the beds in question, or their relations to the "boulder clay" which involve the rest, were points not determined by Sir Charles Lyell. To arrive at the final results occupied Mr. Prestwich several years: the joint trip was despatched in a day.

Again, in the remarks on the chronology of the fluviatile deposits of the valley of the Thames, 'Antiquity of Man,' p. 160, the following passage occurs:—"Although no fragments washed out of these older and upland drifts (glacial) have been found in the gravel of the Thames containing elephants' bones, it is fair to presume that the glacial formation is the older of the two, for reasons given before at p. 130, and that it originated, as we shall see in a future chapter, when the greater part of England was submerged beneath the sea. In short, we must suppose that the basin of the Thames and its fluviatile deposits are post-glacial, in the modified sense of that term, i. e. that they were subsequent to the marine drift of the central and northern counties, and to the period of its emergence above the level of the sea." For aught that is said here, the reader might suppose that these were original inferences of the author. Mr. Prestwich dissents from the above statement, and claims to have brought forward these opinions in his published papers, at a time when Sir Charles Lyell still contended for the pre-glacial character of these deposits. There are other cases to which Mr. Prestwich makes similar objection, and which he will discuss elsewhere.

Next, as regards the ossiferous caves, in some of which human relics of remote antiquity occur. The question of the precise geological age of their mammalian fossil contents, whether pre-glacial or post-glacial, was in the same unsettled state as that of the "drift gravels," just discussed. Prof. J. Phillips in his 'Manual' of 1855, distinctly refers to the pre-glacial era "the greater number of ossiferous caves and fissures containing elephant, hippopotamus, hyæna, &c. (op. cit. p. 411). The late Joshua Trimmer, an observer of weight in all that concerns our quaternary deposits, also referred to the pre-glacial period "the mammalian crag, and the remains of the bone-caverns in general" (*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1850, vol. vii. p. 25). Sir Charles Lyell, in the fifth edition of his 'Manual,' takes a similar view, and classes them among the "Newer Pliocene Formations" below the boulder clay; while in the Supplement to that fifth edition, published in 1859, he states that they may be of any age, from the "Norwich crag" (pliocene) to the post-glacial era, embracing an enormous lapse of time (op. cit. p. 8). In May, 1860, after several years' study of the question, in all the cave districts of England, and in numerous caves abroad, I communicated to the Geological Society a Memoir on the "Gower Caves," in which, after balancing the different classes of evidence, and instituting a comparison between the Welsh caves and those of the other cave-districts in England in particular, and of Europe in general, the following conclusions were arrived at:—"1. That the Gower Caves have probably been filled up with their mammalian remains since the deposition of the boulder clay.—2. That there are no mammalian remains found elsewhere in the ossiferous caves in England and Wales referable to a Fauna of a more ancient geological date.—3. That *Elephas (Loxodon) meridionalis* and *Rhinoceros Etruscus*, which occur in, and are characteristic of, the "sub-marine forest bed" that immediately underlies the boulder clay on the Norfolk coast, have nowhere been met with in the British caverns.—4. That *Elephas antiquus* with *Rhinoceros hemitachus*, and *E. primigenius* with *Rh. tichorhinus*, though respectively characterizing the earlier and later portions of one period, were probably contemporary animals; and that they certainly were companions of the cave-bears, cave-lions, cave-hyænas, &c., and of some at least of the existing mammalia."—*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1860, 13th June.

These inferences were at least definite, in making the ossiferous caves of England and Wales to be "post-glacial": they met with lively opposition in discussion, when communicated, but they have not since been impugned; and they have now been

accepted by Sir Charles Lyell, as being in harmony with the extinct Fauna of the valley of the Ouse, and with the post-glacial age of the latter, which I have shown above was, solely, established by Mr. Prestwich's researches. I may add, that *Elephas antiquus*, Falc., and *Rhinoceros hemitachius*, Falc., which are now employed as criteria to test the antiquity of man in Europe, were first shown by me to belong to the cave Fauna, and to occur together in the valley deposits of Clacton and Northampton.

The "Gower Caves" have yielded human bones,—"Paviland" to Dr. Buckland; "Spritsail Tor" and the "Mewslade" fissure to my friend Col. Wood, besides abundance of flint-knives and bone-weapons. Early in my cave investigation, I became familiar with them all. In the spring of 1858, I made an excursion to the cave districts of the Mendips, Devon, and South Wales. At Torquay, when examining "Kent's Hole," Mr. Everest and myself heard of the discovery of a new cave at Brixham. We proceeded thither on the 17th of April. The cave was then intact: we examined it, and made overtures to the owner about an arrangement to explore it. On the 12th of May, 1858, I read to the Council of the Geological Society a communication, describing the cave, the promise which it held out of important results, and the cave-discoveries which I had already made. I urged the necessity of a "combined effort among geologists to organize operations for having it satisfactorily explored, before mischief is done by untutored zeal and desultory work." The Geological Society warmly espoused my recommendation, and forwarded it to the Royal Society, which, on the 13th of May, gave a grant of 100*l.* for the object. So hearty was the co-operation of men of science on this occasion, that within little more than twenty-four hours after the case was brought forward, the means were provided to meet it. Miss Burdett Coutts, with characteristic munificence, contributed a large donation. A committee was appointed to co-operate with me in London, Sir Charles Lyell being a member; I had the sole charge of laying down the plan, and giving the instructions upon which the exploration was to be conducted by Mr. Pengelly, of whom I am bound to say, that never, I believe, was an inquiry of the kind carried out with greater care, zeal and ability than by him. Mr. Prestwich took charge of the financial and business details, and the investigation of some of the physical phenomena. When sufficient progress had been made, Prof. Ramsay and myself proceeded to Torquay, early in September, to examine the evidence. Mr. Pengelly produced excellent and trustworthy data. I identified the fossil bones, determined the flint-implements, and drew up the preliminary Report, in which it was announced that human industrial remains occurred in the Brixham cave, indiscriminately mixed with bones of rhinoceros, hyæna, and other extinct forms, in the undisturbed ochreous cave-earth, and that we had failed to discover that they had been introduced by different agencies or at different times. That Report, dated the 9th of September, 1858, was adopted by the Geological Society, and passed on to the Royal Society, which, on the strength of the results arrived at, gave another grant of 100*l.* to prosecute the researches. The facts became generally known to the Fellows of the Royal and Geological Societies during the month of October, 1858, and excited lively interest; and from that period dates the wane of scepticism among scientific men in England respecting the geological evidence of the antiquity of man as the cotemporary of extinct animals. The documents are filed in the Geological Society which prove that, from first to last, I was the prime mover in everything connected with the exploration of the Brixham cave, except the superintendence of the excavations. The exploration was taken up solely at my suggestion in connexion with my cave researches, and for a specific object, of which the settlement of the question of the age of the human relics found in the "Gower Caves" formed a part. The account given in the 'Antiquity of Man' is such a grave mis-statement of the case that the only excuse for it is that Sir Charles Lyell may never have taken the pains to consult the

original documents, or those from whom they emanated. He abstained from applying to me on the subject, and he does not indicate the sources whence his information was derived. Mr. Prestwich declines the position assigned to him by Sir Charles Lyell on the occasion. Now, as the re-agitation of the question of the antiquity of primeval man, and the establishment of the proof, from the cave evidence by myself, and from the stratigraphical evidence by Mr. Prestwich, arose immediately out of the Brixham cave exploration, it is but right that the facts of the case should be accurately known. From the Brixham cave I proceeded to Sicily, to explore the caves there, after visiting my friend M. Boucher de Perthes, at Abbeville, by previous arrangement; and near Carini I discovered the "Grotta di Maccagnone," in which fresh proofs of the great antiquity of primeval man turned up under very remarkable conditions (*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1859, vol. xvi. p. 101). Here, again, Sir Charles Lyell opens his account of it with an untenable remark:—"Geologists have been long aware," &c. (op. cit. p. 174). I invite him to show in what geological works the familiar knowledge which he there asserts is to be found before the statement of the fact by me.

After the communication of the "Maccagnone" memoir on the 4th of May and 22nd of June, 1859, and of Mr. Prestwich's celebrated "Somme Valley" memoir, in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the 26th of May, the case of primeval man was established by two distinct lines of evidence. What has been done since has been merely that confirmation of the facts by other observers which constitutes the touchstone by which the truths of science are verified. The area of the field of observation has, also, been largely extended, but nothing has been brought out to invalidate the original conclusions.

The above is the case which I have to put forward. The two fundamental points were, to fix the precise geological ages of the quaternary deposits, and of the ossiferous caves in which human relics are found. They were both involved in great obscurity. Mr. Prestwich was mainly instrumental in settling the first: the second was determined by me. In the events which led to the re-agitation and proof of the question of primeval man, I brought to light the cave evidence; he followed it up by the investigation of the deposits containing flint-implements in the valley of the Somme. The reader of the 'Antiquity of Man' would have difficulty in arriving at a just idea of these facts from a perusal of that work. Some of the errors and omissions which its author has committed may be attributed to the circumstance that he had not acquired that intimate knowledge of the history of the subject which was requisite to qualify him for narrating what others had done. But it is much to be regretted that Sir Charles Lyell should not have been sufficiently careful to avoid using language liable to the misconception that he was mistaking the observations and generalizations of other geologists for his own. There should never be the slightest ambiguity of expression in such cases. The world at large is under obligation to those philosophers who, like Sir Charles Lyell, communicate the new results of science to the educated public, but they are expected to give an impartial narrative; and it cannot be permitted that the broad line of demarcation which separates their peculiar labours from the researches of original observers should ever be confounded. Sir Charles Lyell struck in with the set of the current, to take up the question when it was launched as a proved case in 1859, and while Mr. Prestwich and myself were still occupied in following up our inquiries. This alone should have made him scrupulously careful in his statements. He has written a work of 500 pages on the "antiquity of man." I have shown in what manner he has dealt in it with the labours of those who were concerned most in starting the question. I now invite Sir Charles Lyell, or any one else on his behalf, to point out a single new fact, or one solitary special observation, which he has contributed bearing on the immediate subject of the *proofs* of the "antiquity of man." There may be many such: I am curious to know what they are, and where they

are to be found. I exclude from the *cartel* the parallel roads of Glenroy, Greenland icebergs, New Zealand earthquakes, Archæopteryx, Himalayan Mud, and other outlying topics which he has employed, with such consummate skill, to throw light on the question.

I need hardly add, that I have been authorized by my friend, Mr. Prestwich, to make those statements contained in the above remarks which have reference to him.

H. FALCONER, M.D.

March 24.

P.S. I observe that at pp. 216-217 Sir Charles Lyell gives a list of the fossil mammalia of the pre-glacial "Forest and Lignite Beds" of the Norfolk coast between Cromer and Happisburgh, where he couples my name with the identifications: "Named by Dr. Falconer and other geologists." That list was never submitted to me: it has been published without my authority or cognizance; and, as a whole, it is either so erroneous or imperfect that I object to my name being connected with it.

H. F.

MR. TROLLOPE'S TESTIMONY.

Florence, March 21, 1863.

I have not seen Mr. Home's book entitled 'Incidents in my Life,' but having read, in the *Athenæum* for March 14, that I am named as one of "the godfathers who appear in these pages to accredit his proceedings," and considering that this leaves me and the readers of the *Athenæum* in uncertainty as to what the facts are to which I am called to bear evidence, I think it well to state, with the utmost possible brevity, what I can testify, and the limits to which I wish to confine my testimony.

I have been present at very many "sittings" of Mr. Home in England, many in my own house in Florence, some in the house of a friend in Florence. I should have been present at other sittings in the house of that friend had it not been that I was requested by Mr. Home to withdraw and absent myself for the future, in consequence of having expressed doubt and incredulity respecting a certain "manifestation," the details of which are curious, and would be worth giving were it not that they would occupy too much space to be permissible in this letter.

I divide, for brevity sake, all the phenomena into *physical* and *metaphysical*,—a division which, if not strictly philosophical, will be sufficiently understood by those who have been present at any of these or similar sittings.

My testimony then is this. I have seen and felt physical facts wholly and utterly inexplicable, as I believe, by any known and generally received physical laws. I unhesitatingly reject the theory which considers such facts to be produced by means familiar to the best professors of legerdemain. I have witnessed also many *very surprising and extraordinary* metaphysical manifestations. But I cannot say that any of these have been such as *wholly* to exclude the possibility of their being deceptive,—and indeed, to use the honest word required by the circumstances, fraudulent.

This is my testimony reduced to its briefest possible expression.

If it be asked what impression, on the whole, has been left on my mind by all that I have witnessed in this matter, I answer one of perplexed doubt, shaping itself into only one conviction that deserves the name of an opinion, namely, that quite sufficient cause has been shown to demand further patient and careful inquiry from those who have the opportunity and the qualifications needed for prosecuting it; that the facts alleged and the number and character of the persons testifying to them are such that real seekers for truth cannot satisfy themselves by merely pooh-poohing them.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

P.S. I may add, to prevent erroneous inferences, that I never saw anything of what, for brevity, may be termed professedly supernatural (so to speak) substances, such as "hands," or the like, but only professedly supernatural movements of natural substances.

THE PALIMPSEST OF URANIUS.

55, Upper Berkeley Street, March 31, 1863.

I do not think that Mr. Eliot Hodgkin's letter, in your last paper, throws any light upon the dispute about the present or former passage in the so-called Palimpsest of Uranius. On the contrary, it only makes the statements of M. Simonides and his friends more unintelligible, if possible, than they were before. For what are the various readings which we now have on authority? They are the following:—

1. Lycurgus's reading (whence I do not know)—
ΑΛΛΟΝΚΑΤΕΜΗΝΙΑΔΕΑΝΣΠΟΥ.

2. The text, according to Mr. Hodgkin—
ΑΛΛΩΝΩΣΕΜΟΙΑΔΕΑΙΣΠΟΥ.

3. The same text as read by Simonides (on Mr. Hodgkin's authority)—
ΑΛΛΩΝΩΣΕΜΟΙΑΔΟΚΕΙΣΠΟΥ.

4. The text as read by Simonides in the *Memnon*, "an antiquarian journal of which Simonides is editor, published at Munich, in Greek and German"—

Ε[Ν]ΤΡ[Ι]Σ[Ι] ΣΥΝ[Ε]ΡΡΑ[Ψ]Α ΒΙΒΑΟ[Ι]Σ
ΚΑΙ [Ο]Σ ΕΜ[Ο]Ι Δ[Ο]Κ[Ε]Ι[Σ]

"The words in the original are, it is stated, so nearly obliterated by age that only a few of the letters (in that passage) are clearly legible."

5. The text as it appears in Dindorf's (suppressed) edition, which Simonides asserts to have been an intentional mis-reading on the part of the German scholar, but which we know was edited by Dindorf from a copy supplied to him by Simonides himself—

Τὰς μὲν τῶν βασιλέων ἀναγραφὰς εἰς τρεῖς συνώψισα βιβλούς, τὰς δὲ τῶν ἀρχιερίων καὶ τὰ τούτων νόμιμα εἰς πέντε, τὰς δὲ τῶν Αἰγύπτων οἰκήσεις, τὰς καὶ μᾶλλον τῶν ἄλλων κατ' ἔμην ἰδίαν σπουδαίας, εἰς ἕξ.

I leave scholars to judge whether the above passage could have been edited from any such fragments as Simonides now describes; and ordinary readers to draw the natural inference from the various modifications of the text above stated. I will only add, that it does not appear when "the *Memnon* version" was first made public.

W. S. W. VAUX.

DR. CARPENTER AND HIS REVIEWER.

University of London, March 30, 1863.

WHILST thanking you for the honour conferred upon my 'Introduction to the Study of the Foraminifera' by the elaborate review of it contained in your last number, I must beg to be allowed to correct some misapprehensions into which the author of that article has fallen.—

1. After quoting my general conclusions as to the probable derivation of all the divergent forms of Foraminifera from a few family types, and the possible derivation even of these from a common original, your reviewer remarks: "We here discern the influence of Mr. Darwin's volume on the mind of the writer"; and he is further "led to question whether a like influence may not have affected Dr. C.'s conclusions and expressions as to the nature of the species and genera of antecedent investigators and classifiers of Foraminifera." So far is this from being the fact, that these conclusions had been arrived at by my coadjutors and myself before the publication of Mr. Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and in utter ignorance of his views; and any one who may take trouble to refer to my Address as President of the Microscopical Society in 1855, and to the first of my memoirs on this group in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1856, will see that even at that period I was far on the road to them. The question of the variability of species is one to which my attention was very early directed by Dr. Fritchard; during more than a quarter of a century I have taken every opportunity of gaining information in regard to it from zoologists, botanists and palæontologists; and the expectation of finding in the group of Foraminifera an entirely new and valuable body of material for the prosecution of this inquiry, was one of my chief reasons for applying myself to the systematic study of it.

2. In the succeeding paragraph your reviewer

cites me as representing the identity in the forms of certain fossil and existing Foraminifera, "agreeably with the Darwinian hypothesis, as a case of the genetic continuity between the Foraminifera of successive geological periods, graduating backwards to the period when they began to descend from a common original." I should be glad to be informed of the page of my book from which this professed citation is taken; I am unable to identify it with anything I have written. That I do regard the repetition of identical forms through a succession of geological epochs as indicative of continuous genetic descent is most true; and I have always understood this, so far from being "an astounding hypothesis," to be the doctrine current among our most esteemed palæontologists. Surely the derivation of a certain number of the Mollusks at present inhabiting the Mediterranean, by direct continuity of descent from the identical types whose shells are entombed in the Tertiary formations of its shores, is a fact as well established as the derivation of the existing races of Men from those which peopled the globe during the pre-historic period. And I am at a loss to see what other evidence of genetic connexion Palæontology can ever supply, than that afforded by continuity, either of identical forms, or of forms undergoing a modification so gradational as to exclude the idea of new specific creations. If your reviewer prefers to suppose that new types of Foraminifera originate from time to time out of the "ooze," under the influence of "polar forces," he has, of course, a right to his opinion; though by most naturalists such "spontaneous generation" of rotalines and nummulites will be regarded as a far more "astounding hypothesis" than the one for which it is offered as a substitute. But I hold that mine is the more scientific, as being conformable to the fact that Foraminifera do propagate their kind with more or less of modification; whilst his is not supported by any evidence that rotalines or nummulites ever originate spontaneously, either in "ooze" or anywhere else.

3. Under the influence of his foregone conclusion that I have accepted Mr. Darwin as my master and his hypothesis as my guide, your reviewer represents me as blind to the significance of the general fact stated by me, that "there has been no advance in the foraminiferous type from the paleozoic period to the present time." But for such a foregone conclusion, he would have recognized in this statement the expression of my conviction that the present state of scientific evidence, instead of sanctioning the idea that the descendants of the primitive type or types of Foraminifera can ever rise to any higher grade, justifies the *anti-Darwinian* inference, that however widely they diverge from each other and from their originals, they still remain Foraminifera.

I cannot but regret that in his anxiety to warn your readers against the heterodox tendencies of my treatise, your reviewer should have passed by the question whether the classification proposed by my coadjutors and myself as a substitute for the artificial system of M. D'Orbigny, previously in vogue, is really founded on natural principles. The fact that the Royal Society has honoured my individual labours in this field by the award of one of the royal medals in 1861, might have been expected to secure for them a trial before any scientific tribunal upon some fairer issue than their supposed tendency to Darwinism.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Trustees of the National Gallery have recently come into possession of Mr. Lewis's bequest of 10,000*l.* The will was a little singular. Mr. Lewis left a portrait of his father, "Gentleman Lewis," the well-known comedian, a crony of George the Fourth, to the nation, and on condition of its acceptance by the Trustees, he bequeathed the 10,000*l.* in money, to be applied in the first instance in taking due care of the picture, and afterwards as the authorities shall agree. The money, we understand, has been funded, and the proceeds of it, about 300*l.* a year, will be applied generally for the good of the collection.

Mr. Frith (having been relieved from Mr. Gambart's three great pictures of London Life) is now free to proceed at once with Her Majesty's commission. The price to be paid by the Queen for this marriage picture is 3,000*l.* Mr. Flatou, proprietor of 'The Railway Station,' by the same artist, has purchased the right to engrave the wedding picture for the large sum of 5,000*l.* Such prices are quite sensational,—are certainly without example in the artistic world.

Messrs. Marion & Co., of Soho Square, have published a whole-length photographic portrait of the Queen, in state robes of black *moire-antique*, and diademed. This study was taken shortly before Her Majesty's bereavement by the late Mr. Clifford, of Madrid, photographer to the Queen of Spain—who specially sent him to execute it. The likeness is highly characteristic, and the *pose* of the figure dignified. This photograph has been reproduced by Messrs. Cundall & Co. as a visiting-card portrait.

Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, has produced two timely engravings of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The work is by Mr. William Holl, after photographs by Mr. Mayall. Produced in a hurry to catch the market,—the plates bear the date of Osborne, March 14, 1863,—they are bold, bright, and effective in a high degree. Mr. Mitchell, we may add, has been appointed Bookseller and Publisher to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mr. Bennett's design for the Casket in which the Freedom of the City is to be presented to the Prince of Wales, and for which 250*l.* has been voted by the Corporation, is in the cinque-cento style, to be executed in gold of various tints and enamel of the proper colours. The front is divided into three panels, on the centre of which, on a ground of royal blue enamel, are shields bearing the arms of the Prince and Princess of Wales; above this appears the Prince's Crown of State in gold enamel and jewels. The right-hand panel contains the arms of the City of London, that on the left the arms of Rose, Lord Mayor. The casket is supported by four sea-horses, above which appear masks of Neptune. The whole is surmounted by a figure of Britannia with her trident, guarded by the lion and unicorn. The back will also be divided into three panels, the centre to contain an appropriate inscription, and those on each side the monogram (A. E. A.) of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The work, we believe, cannot be executed for the sum named; but Mr. Bennett is willing to forego profit for the sake of producing a creditable work of Art.

Mr Winwood Reade has arrived in London from the Gaboon. The traveller has brought back a large collection of notes and experiences, which he is preparing for the press.

That a man of letters should succeed to the vacant chair of the Museum Trust will appear to all men of letters right and fitting; no one, therefore, will be surprised to hear that Mr. Disraeli has been elected in the place of Lord Lansdowne. It is more important, perhaps, to notice the charity which in this case has induced politicians to forget that Mr. Disraeli is a Tory, and that Lord Lansdowne was a Whig.

Mr. Beresford Hope, President of the Architectural Museum, inaugurated the new session of that body, on Tuesday week, by an address in which he reviewed the "Condition and Prospects of Architectural Art." The address was extremely interesting, especially to admirers of Gothic work, which the audience at South Kensington unquestionably were. Mr Hope announced that no prizes would be given this summer; the comparisons of the International Exhibition having shown the serious deficiencies of our students in some branches of culture; but the prize funds will be allowed to increase, and a higher range of prizes will be given next year for superior work. The reasons adduced made this step appear a wise one. Next Tuesday evening, Mr. G. J. Wigley, a gentleman who is considered an authority on everything relating to architecture in Jerusalem, will lecture 'On Medieval Studies in Palestine.'

From Mr. Hyde Clarke, of whom our readers last heard as opening a railway to Ephesus, we have

news of the discovery, at Samos, of the foundations of the famous Temple of Juno. Excavations have been conducted on the spot by Prof. Strack, for the Berlin Museum. Nothing of value turned up for the Prussian collection, but the diggings laid bare a great number of columns of the Heraeum, renowned in ancient time as one of the Seven Wonders, so as to develop to a large extent the form, size and character of the temple. The bases of the columns are found about twelve feet below the surface; they are numerous and of gigantic size. For the present, we hear that these interesting works are stopped, awaiting instructions and funds from Prof. Strack.

Mr. Glaisher has commenced the balloon ascents for which a sum of money was appropriated last year by the British Association.

The collection of the National Portrait Gallery—which is to be thrown open to the public on Monday next—continues to increase notwithstanding the difficulties that seem to beset it. Since the period of our last record the Trustees have purchased several authentic portraits of distinguished men; but only two or three of the number deserve notice as works of Art. A clever miniature of Dr. Wolcott, more generally known as Peter Pindar, by Lethbridge, is a truthful but very favourable transcript of that selfish man and unsparing writer. As a piece of rich and honest painting, it is deserving of high praise. Bishop Horaley, the opponent of Priestley, also by Lethbridge, the miniature painter, has likewise found a place in the Gallery. King Henry the Eighth, a small square picture on copper, is from the Lee Priory Collection, and welcome as one of a class of portraits in which the Gallery has hitherto been somewhat deficient. The swarthy countenance of King Charles the Second, in large black wig, with steel cuirass and buff sleeves, is shown to considerable advantage in a clever bust-portrait by Mrs. Beale, whose imitations of Lely frequently pass for the work of her master himself. General Monk, poor as a picture, but valuable as a piece of accurate portraiture, resembles in many respects a well-known miniature of him by Cooper. Lord Chesterfield, taken at a comparatively early period of life, and probably before the commencement of his celebrated Letters, is a clear and well-painted picture, superior both in colour and in drawing to the other more generally known portraits by Hoare, of Bath, by whom this also was painted. The round, placid countenance of Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' with a pimple on his cheek, just sufficient to mark identity, without producing a disagreeable effect, is highly favourable as a specimen of Highmore's powers; whilst another portrait, exhibiting the fiery eye and flexible mouth of Dick Steele, with a sudden movement of the head, affords a striking contrast both in character and treatment to the former picture. Richardson, the painter, is certainly not seen to advantage in this picture, for the conception and execution are by no means fairly balanced. Bishop Burnet puts in an appearance through a heavily-shadowed picture, by Riley. He has a sullen and obstinate look; neither the eyes nor form of the lips would prepossess any one very strongly in his favour. He wears the blue mantle and insignia of the Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. Many of the pictures in the Gallery are now hung of necessity in the darkest places between the windows, and several of the smaller and very interesting portraits are put out of sight round the corner of a projecting wall, where few persons would think of looking for them. The terra-cotta bust of Oliver Cromwell has been carefully cleaned, and is worthy of being seen in a better light. The pictures and busts now amount to 159 in number.

The Royal Botanic Society of London commenced their Spring Exhibitions for 1863 on Saturday last. The weather was fine, and the show attractive. The second and third exhibitions will take place on April 11 and 25.

The first Evening Reception at the Royal Society was held by General Sabine, President, on Saturday last, at Burlington House. A goodly company of literary and scientific celebrities honoured the General's invitation, and the rooms

were furnished with objects of science and art. Mr. Buckland and Capt. Coles, perhaps, found the largest number of spectators; the first by his tanks for the artificial breeding of salmon and trout, the second by his model of the famous cupola ship. Among minor attractions were Prof. Maxwell's apparatus for viewing the mixed colours of the spectrum; Mr. Crooke's specimens of metal thallium; Mr. Olley's chromo-photographs; and a number of relics and memorials of Linnaeus, including some autographs, busts and medals.

Monsieur Nadault de Buffon, the grand-nephew of the great naturalist, whose name he has assumed and whose correspondence he edited, is about to bring out a second edition of the latter publication, and is anxious to make, through these pages, a last appeal to the collectors of autograph letters, for copies or information. Buffon passed several years of his youth in England, and preserved during his life most of the friends of his youth and corresponded diligently with most of them. Is it possible that so much can have been entirely lost, and that the only letters of Buffon known in England are those to the Abbé Leblanc now in the British Museum? M. Nadault de Buffon is also anxious to ascertain if it is possible to find in England any trace of the family of a Mr. Hinckman, tutor to the Duke of Kingston, as it was Mr. Hinckman who induced Buffon to become a naturalist. Any information will be thankfully received by M. Nadault de Buffon, directed either to himself at Chalon-sur-Saône, or to the care of Messrs. Williams & Norgate, London.

We hear that Mr. C. W. Heckethorn, a Swiss gentleman residing in London, who some years ago published by subscription a metrical version of Tegner's 'Frithiof Saga,' is preparing a new and improved edition of his work for the press. We may fairly expect to see a great increase of interest in all kinds of Scandinavian literature during the next twenty years.

Mr. A. J. Symington, author of 'Pen and Pencil Sketches of Farøe and Iceland,' has been elected a Founder-Member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of Copenhagen, of which the present King of Denmark is President.

The Council of the Society of Arts have agreed to offer fifteen prizes for the following subjects:—1. The Human Figure in bas-relief, in modelling in terra-cotta, plaster, or wax, one prize of 10*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 5*l.* for the next best, work executed after Raphael's design of the 'Three Graces.'—2. Ornament in bas-relief, in the same, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after arabesques by Lucas van Leyden.—3. The Human Figure as a bas-relief, in repoussé work in any metal, a prize of 10*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 5*l.* for the next best, work executed after Raphael's 'Three Graces.'—4. Ornament, in the same, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after a Flemish salver in the South Kensington Museum, date about 1670.—5. Ornament, in hammered work, in iron, brass, or copper, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after an iron German arabesque, about 1520, in the South Kensington Museum.—6. The Human Figure in bas-relief, in carving in ivory, one prize of 10*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 5*l.* for the next best, work executed after a terra-cotta ascribed to Luca della Robbia, about 1420.—7. The Human Figure in metal chasing, one prize of 10*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 5*l.* for the next best, work executed after a reduced copy of Gibson's 'Psyche.'—8. Ornament, in the same, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after a bronze plaque in the South Kensington Museum.—9. The Human Figure in enamel painting on metal, copper, or gold, one prize of 10*l.* for the best and a second prize of 5*l.* for the next best, work executed after Raphael's design of the 'Three Graces,' executed in *grisaille*.—10. Ornament in *grisaille*, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after a German arabesque, 16th century.—11. The Human Figure, in painting on porcelain, one

prize of 10*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 5*l.* for the next best, work executed after Raphael's 'Boy bearing Doves,' in the cartoon of 'The Beautiful Gate.'—12. Ornament, in the same, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after arabesques by Lucas van Leyden, 1628, and coloured according to the taste of the painter.—13. Ornament, inlays in wood (marquetry, or buhl), ivory or metal, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after a majolica plate in the South Kensington Museum, 1490.—14. Ornament, engraving on glass, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after arabesques by Lucas van Leyden, 1628, engraved the height of the photograph; and if round a glass or goblet, repeated so as to be not less than 9 inches long when stretched out.—15. Ornament in embroidery, one prize of 5*l.* for the best, and a second prize of 3*l.* for the next best, work executed after a German example in the Green Vaults at Dresden. The works will be the property of the producers, but will be retained for exhibition, in London and elsewhere, for such length of time as the Council may think desirable. The exhibitors are required to state in each case the price at which their works may be sold, or if sold previous to exhibition, at what price they would be willing to produce a copy.

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK.—Portraits of The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size, comprising Fifty-one Photographic Pictures and Drawings, executed by Mr. Ghémar, from actual sittings, are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1*s.* N.B.—Each visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte de visite size.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE.—A SPIRIT-RAPPING SEANCE. An entirely New Part, entitled 'Twenty Minutes with a Medium,' from actual sittings, are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1*s.* N.B.—Each visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte de visite size.

A MORNING IN MEXICO.—Magnificent and exquisite EXHIBITION OF CERAMIC STATUETTES, illustrating Life, Manners, Customs and Costumes in Mexico. Open daily, from Ten to Six. Gallery, 68, Newman-street, Oxford-street.—Admission, 1*s.* Saturdays, including Descriptive Catalogue, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Visitors under Fifteen, 1*s.*

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—*March 26.*—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'On a Simple Formula and Practical Rule for calculating Heights Barometrically without Logarithms,' and 'Bessel's Hypsometric Tables, as corrected by Plantamour, reduced to English Measures, and re-calculated,' by A. J. Ellis.—'Researches in the Chemical Constitution of Narcotine, and of its Products of Decomposition,' Part I., by A. Matthiessen and G. C. Foster.—'Postscript to a Paper on the Formation of Fibrin from Albumen,' by A. H. Smee, jun.—'On Diffusion of Vapours: a Means of distinguishing between Apparent and Real Vapour Densities of Chemical Compounds,' by J. A. Wanklyn and J. Robinson.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—*March 25.*—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—J. H. Challis and the Chairman (for the time being) of the Library Committee of the Corporation of London were elected Associates.—The Chairman exhibited a Charter, 15 Edw. III., giving to the Prior and Convent De Bello Loco (Newstead) the manor of North Muskham, Notts.—Mr. Wentworth exhibited a Placita in an action at Nisi Prius, 31 Edw. III., Joan Voy, of Pontefract, *versus* Sir Peter De Maulay, of Doncaster, Knt. Also an Inquisitio post Mortem, with regard to the estate of the same Joan Voy, dated 43 Edw. III.—Mr. Gunston exhibited two Bone Tubes, apparently the handles of large implements, found in Egypt; one was carved with rings and a band of eyelet-holes, the other with triangles and cross-lines. Mr. Gunston also exhibited a small Bone Haft, of early date, incised on each side with two lines of chevrons, found in Clerkenwell, and a triangular blade of bone, probably a spatula, found with Roman antiquities in Southwark.—Mr. Clarence Hopper forwarded a notice fixing the date of the decease of Bogo De Clare, 23 Edw. I., a

man of large property, whose daily expenditure had been laid before the Association as illustrative of the domestic manners of that reign, by the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne. He possessed the fruits of Thatcham and Chieveley, Berks, which upon his decease passed to Nicholas, Bishop of Sarum.—Dr. Lee exhibited a Chinese Teapot, representing various fruits, seeds, &c., peculiar to the reign of Kang-Hi (1661-1723). They are beautifully modelled.—Mr. Cumming exhibited a Chinese model, in porcelain, of the Capsule of the Hibiscus, most naturally modelled.—Mr. Baskcomb exhibited a German Tobacco-pipe, of the close of the reign of Leopold I., which, from the armorial bearings, would appear to have belonged to him.—Miss Westmacott exhibited a pair of Snuffers of the Elizabethan period.—Mr. Gunston produced a pair executed from the same mould, having a head of Mercury, with a medallion profile above, guilloche border, foliage,—and Mr. Vere Irving exhibited a pair of a later period, found in Lanarkshire,—and Mr. Cumming read a paper 'On the Various Kinds of Ancient Snuffers.'—Mr. T. Wright read a paper, written by the Chairman, 'On Thuribles,' giving their history, and an account of the most remarkable specimens in gold, silver, copper, bronze and terra-cotta.—Several examples were produced by Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Forman, Mr. Fitch and others.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—*March 28.*—W. Tite, M.P., President, in the chair.—A paper was read by the Rev. J. L. Petit, M.A., 'On the Abbeys of Ireland,' illustrated by original sketches.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—*March 31.*—J. Fowler, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The paper read was 'On Structures in the Sea, without Coffers Dams; with a Description of the Works of the new Albert Harbours at Greenock,' by Mr. D. Miller.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*Jan. 30.*—Sir H. Holland, Bart., V.P., in the chair.—'On the Points of Contact between Science and Art,' by Cardinal Wiseman.

Feb. 20.—H. B. Jones, M.D., Honorary Secretary, in the chair.—'On recent Discoveries at Jerusalem.'—'The Temple Area and the Fortress Antonia,' by the Rev. G. Williams.

March 6.—Sir H. Holland Bart., V.P., in the chair.—'On the Photographic Transparency of Bodies, and on the Photographic Spectra of the Elementary Bodies,' by W. A. Miller, M.D.

March 13.—The Rev. J. Barlow, V.P., in the chair.—'On Fogs and Fog Signals,' by J. H. Gladstone, Ph.D.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—*March 30.*—C. Jellicoe, Esq., President, in the chair.—'On the Relation of the Carlisle Table to the Government, the Registrar General's and other Tables of Mortality,' by Mr. Jardine Henry.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Entomological, 7.
- TUES. Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly Meeting.
- TUES. Photographic, 8.
- WED. Graphic, 8.
- SOCIETY OF ARTS, 8.—'Sewing Machine; its History and Progress,' Mr. Alexander.
- MICROSCOPICAL, 8.
- ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, 8.—'Discovery at Priory of St. John the Baptist, Holywell, Shoreditch,' Mr. Long; 'Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton,' Rev. C. H. Hartshorne; 'A Holy Sepulchre, Glastonbury Abbey,' Mr. Syer Cumming.
- FRI. Astronomical, 8.
- ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 4.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS Exhibition is above the average. The works of many young men appear on the walls, and give them a brighter character than we have before noticed. Of figure pictures there are not many which can pretend to take high rank; amongst them observe Mr. J. Noble's *Incident from Pepys's Diary* (No. 26), showing the worthy diarist leading the Duchess of York, "fat Anne Hyde," to the door of Lely's house, to whom she was to sit for a portrait. With an obsequious swing Pepys has taken the lady's hand, looking into her face with an expression that is a capital rendering of character. The execution lacks bright-

ness and purity.—Mr. E. J. Cobbett's *The Proposal* (38) is imperfect: the head being too large, the figure dumpy, and the textures, with all their dash, heavy; yet the character is good—a girl meditating over a written offer of marriage.—In Mr. J. Finnie's *Gossips* (59) are two north-country people; a man, seated on a wall, and a market-woman, having a chat; both of them ill-favoured, but showing expression.—Mr. J. S. Cavell's *The Woodhouse* (67), a little girl busy in chopping wood from a small forest stored up, is cleverly painted; rendering interior effect felicitously, although rather flatly. The girl is capably studied—see the tone of colour on her pinafore.—Like Messrs. Cobbett and Finnie, Mr. W. Bromley takes small heed of beauty; accordingly, his *Village School* (69) has all the variety of action seen in merry children, but not one pretty creature on the canvas.—Decidedly the best figure picture here is by Mr. Hayllar, "Sugar?" (163),—a lady with tea-equipage before her, leaning back in her seat to consult some visitor's taste. This is painted with dash, spirit, and the consent of action and accessories that signalizes artistic power. It is painted with even too much dash, so as to make one fear the artist may suffer through that very quality. The face is rather too portrait-like to be excellent, but its expression is crisp and fresh. The wall decorations and tea-service are singularly well done. Notice the fawn-brown of the gown, and its harmonies throughout the picture. Other pictures by this artist, as Nos. 48 and 294, are discreditably to his ability in their excessive flimsiness.—Contrast the style of the last picture with that of Mr. Hurlstone's *At Seville* (207), a Spanish woman with the inevitable fan. Get to a little distance and see what Mr. Hurlstone means by all those smears and patches of colour; this done, the whole work falls into a keeping that entitles the artist to be styled, as he has been, a Birmingham Velasquez.—For a strong contrast, go a little further on, to Mr. P. R. Morris's *Butterfly Days* (214), with its timid execution, real feeling for childish beauty and sentiment, free from sentimentality. Here is a child, hat in hand, chasing a butterfly under summer trees and sky. This work is exceedingly pretty and bright; the flesh, in the shaded side of the face especially, rather thin in handling—a defect the young artist may overcome. Another excellent work by Mr. Morris we shall place here, although it is a coast-scene—*Lights of the Ocean* (672); a large, brilliant moon is about to pass behind a climbing bank of clouds; her light makes a long wake towards us.

Mr. F. G. Price's *Tuning-up* (614), an old amateur tuning his violin, showing to us the cunning eye and the wise and sidelong ear as he tests the strings, is a capital example of expression; notice the sly, dry wrinkles about the eyes, the lean and thoughtful features, the set mouth, as very characteristic. There is bright and pleasant colour in this picture.—Mr. R. Tucker's *Preparing the Nets* (701) is a scene in a fisherman's house. The subject, a Devonshire lass and her lover, having a quiet flirtation, while she mends her father's nets, is excellently painted. Outside the doorway we catch a glimpse of the Devon coast, the sea, and its cliffs in sunlight. There is a pleasant homeliness about the girl's face which is pleasant.—Mr. J. T. Lucas has another *Fisherman's Daughter* (282), showing some beauty, study of nature and brilliancy.

Foremost among the landscapes as a work of art is Mr. Anthony's *Langham Castle, Carmarthenshire* (400), a coast-castle, which rears its tall grey towers, round whose summits the rich, dark ivy clings, rising from a stark beach, whence the tide has retired, leaving a ragged, stony wilderness; behind the fortress is a great swirl of rain-cloud, such as Mr. Anthony can paint perfectly, and glimpses of deep, pure blue sky with snowy masses heaped upon it. The absolute truth and effective poetry of this work are proofs of singular powers possessed by the artist, and triumphantly assert that Art can be poetic in fidelity.—Mr. B. W. Leader's *Fine Morning in the Llechl Valley* (42) is an excellent work, removed, by the painter's love of nature, from the mechanical treatment which has ruined the popular

Boddington school, so called. This picture is assimilated to such works in subject, but is far more careful in execution; in fact, its feeling is more honest.—*The Lodge, Kippington Park, Sevenoaks* (44), by Mr. W. S. Rose,—a true park entrance with its pretty lodge,—is a little painty in execution, yet has such a brightness, clearness and dainty touch that it ought not to be overlooked when we are seeking for creditable and pleasant pictures.—Mr. J. F. Hardy's *Chepstow Castle, with the Wymcliff* (89) gives a fine idea of that noble site; is a little dry and thin in colour and handling; its look of air and that somewhat rare quality of the painter's which enables him to grasp the whole of a scene or subject are so well marked that we gladly call attention to it.—Mr. V. Cole's *Road over the Heath* (95) will hardly satisfy his admirers or soothe their fears that his undeniable skill and love of nature may degenerate into mannerism. The scene is a sunny, sandy, far-spanning heath, from whose heights we look over distant counties; to the left is the ever-recurring group of pines against the sky. Brilliant as this picture is, we shall pay the debt of old admiration for its artist's ability by warning him that many parts show the mechanism of mere execution to be overcoming his love of truth and nature.—Mr. Holliday's *Foss Noyon, on the Conway* (107) shows that deep track of the immemorial stream that has been eaten through rocks and amongst boulders, mossed and streamer-hung, lichen-stained, and shaded from the sun by trees of brilliant green. It is rare indeed to find a landscape so good as this, so solidly and vigorously painted, with such a fine appreciation for nature, such care in rendering that appreciation, and such power to do it justice. Notice the clear shadows on the walls of rock, the rich, deep colouring of the mosses and lichens on the boulders, the pure, swift stream's effect upon its bed, and the sheeny swirl where it passes the rocks, the blue sky-reflections on the surface. So far as literal translation goes, this picture, completely different as it is, is equal to that by Mr. Anthony. It has the pathos that comes out of fidelity, but not the pathos of human thought added to that: hence its inferiority in conception and performance.

Mr. T. Collier's *On the Lluydy, N. Wales* (148), a black cloud over a sunny scene, is thially painted to excess; it is therefore a little weak and over bright in colour, but its feeling for nature is beyond challenge. The effect is excellent.—Mr. H. Moore sometimes paints with careless pretension that is pitiable; his *Ripe for the Sickle* (109), the edge of a cornfield, with the corn wind-tossed and tawny in the sun, is exceedingly beautiful and true. The vista of a path and removed trees is worthy of note.—*A Summer Crisp with Shining Woods* (167), by Mr. F. Walton, a study of a beech wood, under the boughs of which are seen the sunny cornfields and distant purple-greyish hills. One laments the artist has not handled it with greater purity of colour; yet the work is strong, bright and suggestive. If its style had been weaker, we should have hoped better from the artist in future.—*Spring-time* (341), by Mr. G. H. Boughton, is by an artist whose little picture attracted attention at the British Institution—('Passing into the Shade'). This is wrought in the same almost French manner. A girl is sowing seed in a newly-ploughed field. The feeling for tone, the sober, rich expressiveness, and softness of execution which mark this little picture are pleasant to an artist's eye.—A few other estimable pictures may be added to the above, *A Farm Yard* (111), by Mr. A. Corbould, has some well-painted horses.—*A Doubtful Reception* (77), by Mr. R. Physick, jun., shows spirit in treating canine character.—a kitten's visit to a kennel.—Mrs. Anderson's *Still Life* (245), dead game, peacock, and fruit, has a commendable colour and rendering of texture.—*The Wounded Kite* (367), by Mr. J. C. Bell,—such a bird, with an injured wing, screaming as he flies,—is inspired.—*The Grand Canal, Venice* (392), by Mr. W. Henry, renders very solidly and powerfully that often-painted scene.—Mr. T. F. Wainwright's *A Summer Noon* (694) is warm, truthful and bright in treatment.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The French Exhibition will open to the public on the 13th of April; the private view will be on the 11th, next Saturday. We understand that it will contain a large collection of French and Belgian pictures; also about twenty statuettes of animals, in bronze and plaster, by M. Hähnel, of Dresden. Amongst these are hippopotami, lions roaring, sleeping, walking, and lions of the Cape, and lionesses, giraffes, camels, ostriches, cocks, eagles, stags and leopards.

At Messrs. H. Graves's Rooms, in Pall Mall, may be seen a picture of the view from Richmond Hill, by Mr. Cropsey. Remembering who has painted that scene, it is rather too much to be told that this work is "far beyond all former pictorial representations of the subject." Turner, for one, did it indifferently well. Judging this production by its own standard as a popular picture intended for engraving (by Mr. K. Wallis) it has considerable merit. If, like most American landscape painters, the artist fails to render the pure brilliancy, which is the most beautiful characteristic of colour, and so errs almost to paintiness, he has grasped the subject as a whole powerfully, and, with the reservation stated, with some fidelity. Exceeding in solidity, this picture is yet various and rich, and ought to engrave well because it is in good tone. The shortcoming observable in this work would, no doubt, have been avoided if the painter, instead of executing it "entirely from sketches made on the spot," had done the work itself on the spot.

The awards of medals and honourable mentions to students of the Female School of Art at South Kensington, have reached this year the fullest number allowed by the Art Department, *i. e.* thirty. The recipients are named as under:—Medals, and to compete for national medallions, Mrs. Kemp (2 medals); Misses E. Bradley, R. M. David, C. Davis, C. Edwards, E. Fisher, H. Gransmore, S. Hull (2 medals), M. A. Holt, J. K. Humphreys (2 medals), E. Martin, M. Mason, C. Tripé and H. Wilkie.—Medals only, Misses A. M. Abbot, A. E. Black, A. Challice, K. Grose, C. Hull, F. Hall, J. Hodges, E. Harker, J. Laing, F. Redgrave, E. Royal, E. A. Schutze and W. A. Walker (2 medals).—Honourable mention, Mrs. Charles, Misses A. Bradley, J. Hunter, J. Hands, A. Lushington, E. Miles, M. A. Phillips, J. Snell, M. E. Slack, J. Warry and E. S. Westbrook.

The sale of Mr. Beckingham's pictures, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, on Saturday last, produced the following prices for noteworthy examples:—Mr. T. Creswick, Haddon, The Old Bowling Green at Haddon, and A Picnic Party at Roslyn, 110 guineas (Mr. Cracken).—Mr. P. F. Poole, Mountain Spring, 145 guineas.—Mr. R. Ansdell, Going to the Lodge, 270 guineas.—Mr. W. P. Frith, Measuring Heights, from 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 800 guineas (Mr. Ellis).—Mr. T. S. Cooper, Summer, and companion, 325*l.* 10*s.* (Sharpe).—Mr. T. Faed, Rest, 105*l.* (Haigh).

Workmen are now erecting in the North Court at the South Kensington Museum the Tribune, or *Cappella Maggiore* of the conventual church of Santa Chiara, Florence, which was originally erected in 1493. As a complete specimen of a style which is by no means desirable for imitation, this is a valuable acquisition. It may serve as a warning only in its general character, although many of its details have extraordinary beauty. Mr. Robinson's account of the edifice we condense thus. The convent stood in the Via Santa Maria B.—Santo Spirito was suppressed early in this century; the portion now imported was used until 1842, then formally desecrated and converted into a studio. The owner began to sell portions of it, and a public appeal for its preservation as a whole meeting with no response in Florence, the complete structure was acquired for South Kensington. All the ashlar stone facings of the interior, with the marble high altar, are now being re-erected. It is supposed to have been built by *Ti Cronaca*, a follower of Brunellesco, and "is so entirely coincident in every line, form and detail with the corresponding parts of Brunellesco's churches S. Spirito and S. Lorenzo as to be a perfect typical representation of his style." There is a frieze of glazed terra-cotta, probably by Della Robbia, round the interior, comprising cherubim,

garlands and religious emblems in coloured enamel on a blue ground. The altar is known to be the work of L. del Tasso. We cannot agree with Mr. Robinson that it was intended to be part of the entire composition of the tribune; at any rate, if so, it was not well designed. The *tabernacolo*, also acquired, is probably by D. da Settignano. The area of the building is about 18 feet square, the height 37 feet to the summit of the cupola which covers it; the marble high altar, standing detached within, is about 19 feet high, by 10 feet wide. We regret to see so large a space as this appropriated in the museum to a confessedly second-rate work, not characteristic of a noble period, and deriving its art-value from sculptures that might have been placed singly with other details comprising the national collection. Surely a photograph or drawing would suffice to show what the building was. Would not casts of the best works of the true Renaissance, so often glorious, be more valuable than such as the above and the clumsy *Cantoria*, also imported?

"An old reader," referring to the *Athenæum's* review of Mr. Benrose's 'Manual of Wood Carving' (No. 1810), requests us to point out examples, accessible to the London wood-carver, which illustrate the period and style advocated by us. These were the Early, and true, Renaissance, and best periods of Gothic carving, as being preferable to the commonly-styled Renaissance, the Rococo, Goutier, and merely imitative fashions of Gibbons and the later Dutch school. It is not difficult to satisfy our Correspondent. Most English cathedrals contain inimitable Gothic examples: at Wells a nearly perfect set of *Miserere* seats exists, which may be taken as models; these have been photographed by Messrs. Cundall & Downes. In Westminster Abbey (Henry the Seventh's Chapel) and St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, are many like and excellent works. In the South Kensington Museum is a splendid collection of casts from wood and stone carvings (that are equally useful) of Gothic character, of all periods, from archaic, consummated or over-florid character. We do not say, copy these; but study their spirit, and, informed thereby, go to Nature in answer to modern requirements. In the same place are many Jacobian works that should not be overlooked. Superb specimens of pure Renaissance are in another part of this Museum, in castings from Ghiberti's Florentine doors, which the student may profitably compare with the casts from real fruit and foliage exhibited by Mr. Brucciani, and the thin, hard, liney, but exquisitely finished works of M. de Triqueti, from the "Madeleine Frieze," Paris,—all in the same place. Not far from these are exquisite specimens, in terra-cotta, &c., by Della Robbia, wood carvings in *quattro* and *cinq-ento* styles, *cassoni*, chests, panels, &c. In the Crystal Palace are innumerable casts of the most various and valuable character. Let such as these be studied after heedful observation of the works of Gibbons, of which the churchwardens' pews in Allhallows Barking Church, Tower Street, are most elaborate; in St. Paul's, his own, or made under his superintendence, is an enormous quantity; the old pulpit is by Mowatt. At Hampton Court there is no end of such work. Of larger and exterior work much remains in the City Halls, in Aldersgate Street, Prince's Square, Finsbury (griffins); at the Sir Paul Pindar's Head, Bishopsgate Street (a ceiling); on the hammer-beams of Westminster Hall roof, in Great Ormond Street and Queen Square, Westminster (doorways). In Gothic diapers, Westminster Abbey is inexhaustible.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

SEASON 1863.

Mr. GYE has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, and the Public, that the Opera Season of 1863 will commence on TUESDAY NEXT, April 7th,

on which occasion will be performed Auber's celebrated Opera, **MASANIELLO.**

The following is a List of the Engagements already entered into:—

Mademoiselle ADELINA PATTI,
Madame DIDIÉE,
Mademoiselle ANTONIETTA FRICCI,
Mademoiselle MARIE BATTU,

Mademoiselle DOTTINI,
Madame RUDERS DOERFF,
Mademoiselle BRESSE,
Madame TAGLIAFICO,
AND
Madame MIOLAN-CARVALHO.

Mademoiselle FIORETTI,
(Her First Appearance in England.)
Mademoiselle MAURENSI,
(Her First Appearance in England.)
Mademoiselle ELVIRA DEMI,
(Her First Appearance in England.)
Madame DE MAFFEI,
(Her First Appearance in England.)
AND
Mademoiselle PAULINE LUCCA,
(Her First Appearance in England.)

Signor TAMBERLIK,
Signor NERI-BARGLI,
Signor LU'CHESI,
Signor RUSSI,
AND
Signor MARIO.

Signor NAUDIN,
(His First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)
Signor FERENZI,
(His First Appearance in England.)
AND
Signor CAFFIERI,
(His First Appearance in England.)

Signor RONCONI,
(His First Appearance these two years, since his severe illness.)
Monsieur FAUBE,
AND
Signor GRAZIANI.

Herr FORMES,
Signor TAGLIAFICO,
Signor FELLAR,
Signor PATRIOSNI,
Monsieur ZELIGER,
Signor CAPPONI,
Signor CIAMPI,
AND
Monsieur OBIN,
(His First Appearance in England.)

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor,
Mr. COSTA.

Principal Danseuses.

Mademoiselle SALVIONI,
Mademoiselle ZINA RIGLIARD,
Mademoiselle MONTEBRO,
(Her First Appearance in England.)
Mademoiselle DUREZ,
(Her First Appearance in England.)
AND
Mademoiselle LUMILATRE,
(Her First Appearance in England.)

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| Maestro al Piano | Signor LI CALSI. |
| Leader of the Military Band (Coldstream) | Mr. GOUFREY. |
| Chorus Master | Mr. SMYTHSON. |
| Poet | Signor MAGGIORI. |
| Prompter | Signor MONTEBRO. |
| Leader of the Ballet | Mons. NADALD. |
| Machinist | Mons. DESPLACES. |
| | Mr. SLOMAN. |

THE UNRIVALLED ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Stage Manager—Mr. A. HARRIS.
The Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM BEVERLEY,
Mr. GRILEVE, and Mr. TELBIN.

Artists Costumiers,
Madame VALLET, Monsieur HENRIER, Mrs. JAMES,
and Mr. COOMBE.

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF FORTY NIGHTS.

But as there will (after the first week) be regularly Four Nights in each Week, viz. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Subscribers will, by marking known their wishes at the commencement of the season, have the choice of selecting either two of the Four Nights. Subscribers of last season are also respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same at once to Mr. PARSONS, at the Box Office.

TERMS:—

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| Boxes on the Second Tier | (for Four Persons) 100 Guineas. |
| Ditto First Tier | (ditto) 300 " |
| Ditto Ditto at the back of the Theatre | 150 " |
| Ditto Grand Tier | (ditto) 240 " |
| Ditto Pit Tier | (ditto) 230 " |
| Orchestra Stalls | (Each) 35 " |
| Amphitheatre Stalls, First Row | (ditto) 18 " |
| Ditto Second Row | (ditto) 12 " |

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

Application for Boxes and Stalls to be made to Mr. PARSONS, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre.
Also of Mr. MITCHELL, Messrs. LACON & OLLIER, Mr. HOOKHAM, Messrs. CHAPPELL, Mr. BURN, Messrs. COCK & HUTCHINGS, Bond-street; Mr. SAMS, St. James's-street; Messrs. CHAMBER, BEALE & WOOD, Regent-street; and of Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE & Co. Cheap-side.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. WILBY COOPER'S GRAND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 8. To commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.—Vocalists: Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Weiss, Miss Clari Fraser, Miss Messent, Mdlle. Lancia, Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, Miss Poole, Mrs. Lockey, Madame Baxter, Miss Palmer, Madame Sainton-Doby; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. John Morgan, Mr. Santley, Mr. Winn, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Lewis Thomas. The West London Madrigal Society (conducted by Mr. Joseph Heming, and the Orpheus Glee Union. Solo Instrumentalists: M. Sainton, Signor Fozze, Mr. Lazarus, The Brothers Booth, Mr. Antonmar, Signor Andreoli, Mdlle. Michelin (Conservatoire de Paris). Conductors: Mr. Benedict, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Mr. Haggitt, Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. G. B. Allen.—Stalls, 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*; Balcony, 2*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Admission, 1*s.*—Tickets at Addison & Lucas's, 20, Regent-street; Longdale's, 25, Old Bond Street; Austin's, 25, Piccadilly; and all Music-sellers.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he will give THREE REANCES OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by the kind permission of Messrs. Colliard), on MONDAYS, April 7th, May 11th, and June 8th, to commence at Three o'clock. Particulars will be duly announced.—72, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

EWER & CO. beg to announce, that they will give TWO MORNING CONCERTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAYS, May 5 and June 2, in order to introduce to the subscribers of their Musical Library the latest and most important Compositions of Chamber Music. Subscribers will receive invitations.—Tickets to Non-Subscribers, Half-a-Guinea each. Programmes will be shortly published.—Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, 8, Regent Street, London.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

THERE appear to us some signs of awakening among our publishers. The number of good reprints and re-issues increases; the heap of trifles and transcripts is smaller than we have known it in former years, and the scale and pretension of some of the new music would seem to imply that all parties are disposed to venture out a little more than formerly.

Here, to begin, is a *Grand Prelude and Fugue* for the organ, by G. Gretton (Op. 28). (Cramer & Co.) Both prelude and fugue are aimed at players in the highest state of development: for the former, the phrase announced at the opening shows fancy; and more, it is one capable of being turned and twined and wrought out, as the style demands. The second subject, however, announced at bar 4, p. 4, is puerile and common. Mr. Gretton is little more happy in the subject of his Fugue. Within such narrow limits as those in question, the repetition of the same bar should be eschewed. Then, he has broken away too far from the sage old rule of constancy to a given number of parts. There is too large a variety, without any corresponding effect; the great object to be desired in this form of writing being by persistence, skillfully exhibited, to work up a climax out of clear and well-selected materials. Mr. Gretton's fugue, however, is brought to its close with a considerable amount of point and animation.

Three *Andantes* for the Organ, intended as *Introductory or Middle Voluntaries*, by Henry Smart, (Ashdown & Parry),—are more complete for what they profess to be than the organ-music just left. Mr. H. Smart is more experienced than Mr. Gretton. His ideas are generally graceful (especially that of *Andante* No. 2). He is grave even when brilliant, as a writer for the organ should be, but he is rarely dull.

Mr. J. Lodge Ellerton's *Trio* in D major, No. 2, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello (Op. 112), (Schott, Mayence)—is another result of that fertile and sincere industry which we had lately occasion to characterize. The opening *allegro* has, as is promised, a good share of *brío*. The theme of the *andante* is sickly and affected; the *scherzo* is too slight; the *finale Siciliana* is gay, with more of the *Saltarella* than of the *Siciliana* in its humour. There is nothing in this Trio to alarm players of moderate powers; indeed, like other amateur composers who may naturally refer to their own executive accomplishments, the pianist's left hand is appealed to somewhat sparingly, which gives a general effect of feebleness to the composition.

Dream Pictures—[*Traumbilder*]. Six Pieces for the Pianoforte. By Stephen Heller (Op. 79). (Ashdown & Parry).—M. Heller never speaks, unless he has something to say. The first of these short pieces (as usual graced by a fanciful title) is the least significant.—The second, an *Allegro Energico* in A minor, is as fine a movement of its kind as was ever written, requiring a player, however, of extraordinary force of wrist and extension of finger in the left-hand.—No. 3 is light and coquettish.—No. 4, an *Allegro Agitato*, pleases us less, because less definite in style.—No. 5 may be called a little study of dotted notes used with reference to a particular rhythm.—No. 6 is one for the simultaneous action of both hands, with episodes. Simple though it looks, this will be found anything but easy—music to tax the fingers of well-exercised players.

Song of the Blacksmith—[*Chanson du Chaudronnier*, *Morceau Caractéristique*, par Jules Egghard]. Op. 124 (Ewer & Co.),—by its title, disadvantageously recalls a certain 'Harmonious Blacksmith' by Handel. How vigorous was his anvil-beat!—how feeble is this one!

Morning and Evening: Two Nottornos for the Pianoforte, Op. 6,—*Tugend und Liederschaft, Charakterische Duetten, für Pianoforte und Violine*, von Leon Kerbusch, Op. 7, No. 1 (Augener & Co.), are both above the mark, as betokening the thoughts and powers of one who could write something better than these musical scraps, of which every real lover of music bids fair to become heartily tired, so remorselessly is the shortest string of fancy and acquirement played on at the time present.

Grand Fantasia for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte on Subjects from 'Le Domino Noir', by R. Sidney Pratten (published by the Author), was written with reference to the "Prize Medal Perfected Flute" of last year's Exhibition—a brilliant Concert-piece, which will find few flute-players so able to render its brilliancies as their author.

Nos. 8, 9 and 10 of *The Musical Antiquarian Magazine*, edited by Mr. Pittman (Lonsdale), add to our knowledge of Ricciotti's music by three more specimens. All are worthy of disinterment. All have style—a mixture of freedom and sweetness, without frivolity, that is very agreeable—and are virtually more modern (as we have said of other good ancient music) than the larger portion of today's bubbles.

We must deal briefly with the pianoforte works still waiting notice, some of which have been mentioned incidentally on the occasion of their performance; as, for instance, the 'Queen Mab,' the *scherzo* by Mr. Cusins, here arranged for four hands (Lambourn, Cock & Co.),—the single pieces from Mr. A. Sullivan's 'Tempest' (Cramer & Co.),—the superb *Marche et Cortège* from M. Gounod's 'Reine de Saba,' arranged as a pianoforte solo and duett (same publishers).—We have now two new works from that fertile writer, Mr. Brinley Richards, *Ariel, Caprice à la Valse; Andante con Moto* (Williams), two of his best works.—Mr. M'Lellan's name is new to us. His "Adieu, Fairy Fountain," and *La Belle Amazone* (Ashdown & Parry) show a feeling for colour and character which, if their writer be young, and self-mistrustful withal, may come to good.—*La Sylphide*, by Alfred Jaell (Ewer & Co.), is his hundred and sixteenth work.—"Tis *Lovely Summer Day*" and "*Toujours le même*" (Lea) are transcripts of ballads by Mr. Lea, made by M. Arnold Hennen, of Aix-la-Chapelle.—"*Remembrance: Romance*, by Alfred Baylis (Addison & Lucas), may be described as the attempt of one having more grace than experience.—We have a heap of dance-music, signed Joseph Kremer (Paris, Brandus & Co.), the worth of which is small,—*The Ettie Valse*, by Mr. C. Rennie Powell (Olliver),—and (best of the dance-music before us) *The Stamp Galop*—a very good galop—by Mr. Arthur O'Leary (Ewer & Co.).

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—Our concert societies move with an irrational unsteadiness. Instead of each maintaining some special object of its own, each appears eager to interfere with its neighbour. The society under notice, directed as it is by a competent musical composer, and doing a showy amount of business, is not satisfactory. That its choral singing, to cultivate which it was gathered, makes no progress was to be heard in the only great choral piece of the evening, Mendelssohn's organ anthem, "Hear my prayer," the execution of which was coarse and inferior. The first act of the concert contained a pretty 'May Song,' by Mr. Wallace, sung by Miss De Courcy, and *encored*.—'The Lady of the Lea,' one of Mr. H. Smart's most graceful and pleasant melodies, excellently said by Miss Palmer,—a ballad from 'Freya's Gift,' by Miss Saunders,—a *Serenade* by Mr. Allen, allotted to Mr. W. Cooper, and *encored*. After these came "Ah, mon fils," from 'Le Prophète,' which was given in the most robust and exaggerated German style, with tremblings and pauses, by Madame Theresa Ellinger, from Vienna. These vocal pieces, with Bishop's "O, by rivers," taken too slow, and Mr. Benedict's pretty student's song, "Blest be the home," began the concert. Of the composition which closed the first act we have now to speak separately.

The elegantly imagined songs of Miss Gabriel have made her name familiar to the public. Yesterday week she tried a more ambitious flight in a *cantata*, 'Dream-land,' containing several numbers, setting a good idea by Mr. Arthur Matthison—namely, that of the influences, remembrances and hopes of a man's life, dreamed by a pilgrim during his night-halt in a journey over the desert. We have characterized this work advisedly; and seeing that Mr. Matthison dreams good ideas—is obviously the possessor of fresh fancies, lending themselves to musical effects—it is worth while to warn him against his careless and inaccurate manner of working, which sometimes results in no-meaning and confusion of imagery, sometimes in language anything but simple and euphonious, and in rhymes which are no rhymes. It is really, after all, a craft, not an instinct, to write verse for music; and it is unfair to blame composers and singers for not bringing out clearly that which is ill expressed and ungraciously arranged.

The lady who has set this well-fancied, but unequally expressed, *cantata* has "done her spiriting gently," and moreover wisely—that is, with self-knowledge. Though there be colour in the brief connecting links of chorus, the attraction of the work does not lie in its elaboration, but in its songs and duett, all of which are becoming to the voice, and please by their refinement, if by no startling originality. They were sung by Miss Parepa and Mr. Wilbye Cooper, well aided by Mr. Winn. Three numbers—a mother's song, a war song and a love scene—were *encored*, and the composer herself was greeted most cordially at the close of the performance. We were reminded of the activity of our lady amateurs by the book of the words, containing, as it did, on one of its fly-leaves, a page of songs ascribed to "Dolores," half a page to "Claribel." Further, while thinking over *Cantatas* written by ladies (not forgetting Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew's stern and serious, yet perhaps not more essentially solid, 'Nativity'), it was impossible to forget a setting in this form of Collins's 'Passions' by Mrs. Tom Taylor, written some years ago for the Blind Asylum at York, which has vigour and merit enough to entitle it to be heard in some society where the Salique law does not prevail.

The grace and peculiarity of the concert in question, then, were due to the interest of this new music, and the courtesies (not strained ones) naturally attaching themselves to its production. But there is no counting on a repetition of such chances and sensations.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—That which may be called fresh Handelian ground is about to be broken by Herr Otto and Madame Goldschmidt, who are to present 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Pensieroso,' in aid of a charity at the St. James's Hall on the 1st of May.

The Passion-Week performances of 'The Messiah,' directed by Signor Costa and Mr. Martin, have duly taken place at Exeter Hall. What has become (for the thirtieth time of asking) of the Bach Society? The "Passions-Musik," which has been studied and performed by it in former years, belongs to the past penitential week far more intimately than a work which deals with the Nativity as well as the Ascension.

The choral rehearsal of the Sacred Harmonic Society, yesterday week, was devoted to Handel's 'Belshazzar.'

A monster concert, the first of a series which Mr. H. Russell has undertaken, was given at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the course of the last ten days, to the satisfaction of an enormous audience.

The students of the Royal Academy gave a concert of sacred music the other day, at which an Anthem by Dr. Steggall was performed.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble is again, we are glad to see, about to read Shakspeare in London,—commencing with 'As You Like It' on Monday next, and continuing the entertainment on alternate nights.

We are reminded by more than one friend and contemporary that Schumann's Overture to 'Man-

fred' is not, as the programme of the Musical Society may have led the public to expect, new to England, having been performed more than once at the Crystal Palace Concerts. To the overture we may refer on some future occasion; not undertaking in the mean time to assert that we may not have heard and spoken of it on some former occasion:—one peculiarity of this strange music being, that on our memory it leaves little or no trace, beyond a general impression of strain from dull sounds and vague phrases enlivened by discords.—The only other novelty at this concert was a violoncello *Concerto*, composed by Signor Piatti, and played (it is superfluous to say *how* played) by himself.

Among the first musical arrivals from the Continent is that of Mr. Dannreuther, the young pianist whose name has been already mentioned by those conversant with Leipzig as a pianist of more than ordinary promise. He will play, we are informed, this day week at the Crystal Palace. There, by the way, it need surprise no one, should they find established a comic opera some day, the work by M. Meyer Lütz having given so much pleasure as to call for its repetition. May-day, meanwhile, will as usual be marked with its grand concert there; on which occasion the choral force of the fifteen hundred voices, kept together by the Sacred Harmonic Society, will, we presume, be called out.

It is stated in the *Morning Post* that the appearances of the Marchese Gaetani (formerly Mdllie. Piccolomini) at Her Majesty's Theatre will be merely at three performances for the benefit of Mr. Lumley, which are to be given there during the month of May.

Letters from Barcelona describe the success of Signor Mario at the Italian Opera there to have surpassed expectation, and almost any success of his former campaigns.

We omitted, last week, to notice the decease of that useful and intelligent, if not very interesting actor, Mr. Charles Selby. In character-parts of a certain severe and sour humour his place will not be easily filled. Besides being a valuable actor, he was a neat and industrious playwright and adapter, many of whose pieces keep the stage; and, as an efficient and active member of the Dramatic Authors' Society, his loss will be felt by that body.

MISCELLANEA

The Cupola of St. Peter's at Rome.—Cardinal Wiseman, in his lecture 'On Points of Contact between Science and Art,' illustrated his argument by a striking example of the most salutary, because uncontrolled intervention, of science in a matter relating to architecture which occurred in the history of St. Peter's at Rome. "Although," said the Cardinal, "the architect, Michael Angelo, had taken the greatest precaution for the security of the dome, yet in 1681 numerous cracks appeared in various directions through the cupola. Marble dovetails placed across the crack broke with alarming rapidity, and it was feared that in a few years the whole dome might fall in. Various remedies were suggested by architects; but the Pope Benedict the Fourteenth wisely observed that this was not the business of art, but that of science. A commission of three eminent mathematicians (Boscovich, Le Sueur and Jacquier) was appointed to examine the case. In 1742 they issued their report, showing by their calculations, that the weight of the entire dome with its lantern came to 55,248 tons, and that there was a balance of 1,674 tons on the side of pressure against support; concluding with the remark, 'that irreparable ruin must be apprehended unless a timely and efficient remedy was applied.' The remedy they proposed was entirely scientific—to put six more solid iron girders round the huge periphery of 420 feet. No time was lost. In 1743 two girders were braced round the drum, and in 1744 three more were added. We have here a notable instance of Science coming to the rescue of Art in one of its most painful crises. The proposed cure fully answered; and now, after 120 years, no sign has been given of subsequent damage."

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. R.—A Subscriber—C. W. H.—R. L.—E. F.—K. S.—S. H.—F. G. S.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

LITERATURE

The Works of Thomas Hood, Comic and Serious, in Prose and Verse. Edited, with Notes, by his Son. (Moxon & Co.)

A new generation of readers has arisen to welcome the collected works of Thomas Hood. Some of us remember the pleasant hum and glow of expectancy with which we waited for the advent of one of his books. Far off its coming shone in the faces of young and old. Its presence was greeted with eyes that danced, and lungs that crowded, and sides that shook. Its merry memory was a joy for ever. And there are the same human hearts to be set beating; the same eager faces of youth to be set dimpling; the same wrinkles on the face of age to be turned into ripples of laughter now as of old.

There is no fear that these works will ever fail of their old effect. Thomas Hood's poems and pun-pictures, whims and oddities, have taken their place in our affections. They now ask a little more room on our shelves, and that we can promise for them.

Their author has established his right, as a favourite of the English heart, to have all his writings carefully gathered and garnered up. We like to know all we can of him, and have all that we can of his. Whilst an author is living we only ask for his best—the nuggets of his gold. But when he is dead and gone, we are glad to get the “washings,” and like to see careful hands seeking diligently for the golden grains. We judge the writer by his “lumps,” but do not despise the gold-dust. Thousands of faces will bend and brighten over these pages for more years than we can count, merry eyes will twinkle with the light from these books so funnily reflected, young faces will grow glorious, and young voices uproarious. A Will-o'-the-Wisp light will flit about the family circle. There will be sly ticklings at the very heart-roots by a tricky spirit, and these will out suddenly in inextinguishable mirth. There will be leaning heads of lovers that bend together with one heart over the book, and two hands clasped beneath the table; quiet chuckles of old hearts, that laugh helplessly within. There will be still higher reward for the writer. The world will pay for its smiles in gold, but keep its pearls of heart for those that make it weep. This success is Hood's, and in shy ways and shady places a tear will be the still more eloquent witness of his moving power—the noblest payment for the pleasure.

We find the wit untarnished by time; the fun has lost none of its freshness. Enjoyable as ever are the old perfectest of puns, whether in picture or verse. Hood's puns flash every time they go off,—being for all, not one, time. As, for example,—

His death, which happened in his birth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell.

Or, speaking of Orient nations,

Where woman goes to mart the same as Mangoes.

Or let us look at what we call his pun-pictures of the ‘Whims and Oddities.’ It is noticeable that the wit kept some of his best wine “in the wood,” and dealt it out fresh “on draught.” Who ever tires of that scene where the heads of two Quakers are visible just above the ice on a bitter winter's day, and there they hang surveying each other in what he would call an *ice fix*, or state of suspended animation? This he entitles a “coolness between Friends.”—Or the view of a particularly bald old gentleman who has just upset a beehive,

and how doth the little busy bee improve each shining second on the bald, shining head? This he calls an “Unfortunate Bee-ing.”—Or the “Spoilt Child,” wherein the servant is sitting with the infant under her care, she quietly reading her paper and comfortably killing the child? Then there is that unforgettable “last in bed to put out the light,” wherein the worthy couple, in all haste, dash at the bedclothes, making ends meet and heads clash at the same moment—and it's not a laughing matter; but who's to put out the light? We might refer to an infinite variety of merry thoughts that will bear an endless picking out. But in going over, or even mentioning, the works of Hood we are, as Leigh Hunt has said of wit and humour, under a St. Anthony's temptation reversed—a laughable instead of a frightful one. For “thousands of merry devils pour in on all sides,—doubles of smiles, buffooneries of burlesques, stings in the tails of epigrams, glances of innuendoes, dry looks of ironies, compulences of exaggerations, ticklings of mad fancies, claps on the back of horse-plays, complacencies of unwarenesses, floundering of absurdities, irreistibilities of iterations, significancies of jargons, wailings of pretended woes, roarings of laughters, and hubbubs of animal spirits.” The wit is showered down with all the opulence of a rain-cloud shedding its brightest, most bountiful drops. This not only represents his works, but his way of working. No sooner does a witty thought enter his head, but his mind is all mirrors, with a hundred reflections, forthwith. It is like that scene, mentioned by Sydney Smith, at the French Embassy, where he mistook the reflections of himself in the looking-glasses for a meeting of the clergy. And, not only does his mind reflect in this numerous way, but it also *refracts* in a myriad forms that range from Lilliput to Brobdingnag, and in every tint that can be conceived on any colourable pretext. It is the moment of transformation in a mental pantomime. Hey, presto! and they are all at it—change on change, and jest on jest come tripping on, and tripping up, and tripping over one another in as bright and bustling a bit of business as ever included the sparkle of harlequin, the trick of clown, the wise wag of pantaloon's beard, and the beauty of columbine. Every drop of ink from his pen, every line from his pencil swarms into life with the most fantastic shapes ever assumed by the merriest imps of mirth and mischief that play bo-peep with face and mask. His puns are often unanswerably absurd or unutterably wise. They are the sort to suit Charles Lamb, who, next to a good pun, loved a good bad one. They either shut you up, or you must laugh. There is nothing else for it. If you are wise, you will laugh! They are also the sort to obviate what Charles Lamb thought would be the greatest inconvenience of being in utter darkness, viz., if you made a pun you would have to feel all over your friend's face before you knew whether he was enjoying it. In fact, it would have to be a broad grin for you to perceive it. With Hood's, the laugh would be too ready and ringing. He makes instant appeal to another kind of *feeling*. He looked upon a pun, he says, as a horse—with him it was Pegasus—having a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind. It is warranted to carry either single or double. And so perfectly does it carry that many a grave reader will enjoy the single sober sense, and never see the second rider that sits grinning behind. Or, to change the illustration, much of his wit was the mere flashes struck out by the hoofs of the winged horse of the Muses.

Amongst the fresh features that peep out from betwixt the old faces in these new volumes,

we are caught and tickled by a few of his answers to correspondents in the *London Magazine*, marking his early punning propensity. He kept the sign of the “Lion's Head” in those days. People only saw the head, but there was also the most appropriate *wag* to the tail. One writer is informed that his “Night” is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. We do not know whether the author retorted that it must have been at least luminous. The “Essay on Agricultural Distress would only increase it.” The “Tears of Sensibility had better be dropped.” “B is surely humming.” The “Echo will not answer.” Whilst it is suggested the “Sonnet to the Rising Sun must have been written for a Lark.”

Hood's higher humour is also alone and unparagoned; there is nothing like it; nothing we can place near it to say what it is like, amongst those that have gone before. It is “Hood's own.” It never tastes bitter in the mouth after the enjoyment. It is not cynical, or destructive, or gross. He never laughs with Rabelais in his easy chair to roll down into the mud. To us the brightest gems of his humour seem trembling into tears. Surely they *are* tears set glittering in the sunshine. There is nothing hard and dry and merely shiny. The lustre is moist like that of the buttercup. Above all, there is the clearness of a good conscience, the pureness of a high heart, the aroma of a most sweet nature. The cause of an indescribable quality of Hood's wit is, that this is only his other way of crying. The smile is that of a sad heart's sunshine. The look is ineffably pathetic, as that of some dear ailing child who laughs up in the mother's face to hide its suffering, and ease her heart a little. The jewels we spoke of *are* indeed tears, live from the heart. They have not been polished for future use, like Sheridan's, and set to most advantage, “each other's beams to share.” In the midst of the merriest mood the quick ear detects a strange arresting tone, in the voice, like that note of the nightingale's which pierces through all her ecstasy, and brings the dew into our eyes. You look round; the smile is still on the face, but you know well enough that he has just dropped a tear within. It's all very funny, of course, but he is only making mouths at his own troubles, and light of his own heavy cares. He was compelled, as he said, to make broad grins under narrow circumstances, and be a lively-Hood for a livelihood. So he laughed for his living because puns sold better than poetry. The public were too much delighted with Mr. Merryman on the stage to care for sadder shows behind. Only those to whose eyes had been added the “precious seeing” of sympathy, and who listened, with the heart at the ear, could tell what a world of sorrow there was in the voice.

Thomas Hood made many attempts to convince the world that there lay something in his nature deeper than the wit that sparkled on the surface; that there was the true Hippocrene under all this effervescence and dance of frolic fun—the body of the wine, so to speak, as well as this light spirit or soul of whim, that bubbled up and beaded the surface. This was only a kind of laughing-gas which would escape first, and the world inhaled it so readily and liked it so lightheadedly, that it would not wait for or believe in the real wine. Hood himself pleaded his cause so humorously in his Prefaces, who could believe that he was sadly, seriously in earnest? Why, the very seriousness was only all the more provocative of laughter: a more cunning way of making merriment. It was like Liston insisting on playing tragedy, and tickling all

foregone comic conclusions into irresistible laughter. So the world would not have Hood's best wine. It would not let him dive down into the tragic gloom of his nature for the most precious jewels that lurked there. It would not hear him in his earnest mood. It insisted, like Elizabeth with her portrait, on having his presentment *without shadow*. He must continue to ease his heartache by laughing, or by making others laugh. He refers to this, humorously of course, in his Introduction to 'Tynley Hall,' wherein two of his proof-readers turn tormentors and insist on it that he was laughing when he thought he had been crying:—

"The Momus began; and, I confess, to my astonishment, his main objection to my novel insinuated a dearth of the pathetic. 'Not,' he said, 'but there is abundance of bloodshed and shedding of tears; if I recollect rightly, the second volume alone contains a divorce, arson, burglary and suicide. But what of that? Excuse me, sir, for saying so, but we know your tricks. We are not such fools as to snivel when all the while you are grinning at us in your sleeve.' 'Well, you amaze me, sir,' said I, involuntarily lifting up my hands; 'it was my own impression that, on the whole, my novel was too sombre.'—'Excuse me,' answered the Droll, 'you were never more mistaken. There are things that might be pathetic from other pens, but we know you of old. Even your horrors don't take us in. Show us a clot of coagulated blood, and we tip one another the wink, and say, "currant jelly." For instance, there is the murder of Belmour; Higgs tittered all the time he was setting it up; and for my own part, when the proof came before me at dinner-time, I confess I fairly choked in my pint of stout.'—'And I wish you had!' I exclaimed testily, nettled beyond patience at such a reception of my pet catastrophe."

So he *breathed* his comic vein, and let the most of his life out in that way. Hood was within himself the one great antithesis out of which sprang the antithetic character of his writings. With the roots of his life deeply grasping grave realities, he was bidden to bear only flowers and fruit of merry fancy. This antithesis—the contact and explosion of two opposites—will be found one of the chief means on which he relies for obtaining his ends—or, rather, it was so natural as to act unconsciously—both in his puns and his pathos. In his witty rhymes his mind is continually catching the light at the oddest possible angle. And this angle, so to speak, is a corner round which the two meeting extremes rush into each other's arms in a collision which shocks them with surprise and the lookers-on with laughter. In the serious poetry the finest effect is often antithetical. In the 'Song of the Shirt' he tells us, the singer sat—

Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

And she exclaims—

Oh, God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

In the 'Dream of Eugene Aram' he makes the murderer say of himself, and his victim—

A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

This tendency to antithesis, we say, was the natural outcome and expression of his life and literary conditions. It is only work of Fancy rather than of Imagination; comparison rather than creation. But then this was a fellow of "excellent fancy" as well as "infinite jest." We are sometimes apt to forget how rare was the fancy of this Poet; how genuine was the feeling. The world is still beguiled by the dazzling brilliance of the Punster. Could a more graceful fancy have been embodied in an apology to one whose birthday was in November than we find in these lines?—

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
I could find no flowers, dear;
It was when all sweets were over
Thou wert born to bless the year.

And compensation enough, say we, for this was the woman who made sunshine in the shady places all through the saddest parts of the year of Hood's life. A prettier fancy was never exquisitely wrought than the 'Plea of the Midsummer Fairies,' in which the mighty magician Shakspeare rescues the small people of elfin world from Old Time and mortal doom to confer on them immortality. The whole poem has the freshness and fragrance and rathe bloom of fancy. Take, for illustration, this picture of a weeping child:—

His pretty, pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open, like a rose-lipped shell;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears for roundness could not dwell,
But quickly rolled themselves to pearls, and fell
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wandered to the dimpled well
Which Love beside his mouth had sweetly planned,
Yet not for tears but mirth and smilings bland.

'The Two Swans,' another fairy-tale and worthy companion, is full of a delicate loveliness, the most evanescent graces being caught and reflected in its crystal clearness. It is a wave of the true wand that calls up this lustrous white vision—

A solitary swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below
Twin shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight, like an elfin thing
Charmed into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping
Her dainty plumage;—all around her grow
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring;
And all behind a tiny little clue
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

This swan is, of course, a princess in disguise to do some mighty work of love, and thus the chill white vision is made warm with a beating human heart.

We are inclined to prize these, and other poems of pure fancy, all the more because of the circumstances under which they were written. Their author had to do figuratively what the shipwrecked Camoens did literally, that is, bring his poetry on shore in his teeth, having to strike out for his life with hands and feet. It is a pity that he could not have been writing immortal poetry often when he had to make the accustomed pyrotechnic display of puns,—a pity that he had to grind down so much of his mental seed-corn into daily bread. Speaking of the poor poet whose ambrosia may be sure, but whose bread is very uncertain, he says, "Pure fame is a glorious draught enough, and the striving for it a noble ambition; but, alas! few can afford to drink it neat. Across the loftiest visions of the poet earthly faces will fit; and even while he is gazing on Castaly little familiar voices will murmur in his ear inquiring if there are no fishes that can be eaten to be caught in its waters." And, there being no fish in Castaly, he had to angle in other streams; and so he laughed and coughed, laughed and spit blood, laughed and made the public laugh, as we say, till the tears ran down its face at last; for it learned at length that this was "a fellow who could play the fool" to a higher purpose than it had thought.

He will touch the heart yet, as well as tickle the ear. There's a barb to his arrow, and, when he has driven it well home, you will scarcely feel inclined to play with the feather at the other end, which winged it to the heart. You invited him to a banquet of mirth, and it went on merrily, as though the feast would never end. You asked for a jester to jingle the bells on Folly's cap, and he did your bidding bonnily. But he will also show you that

motley is not the only wear. He is no longer Puck or Clown or Jester. You look up and see a quiet man in black, with a face gradually whitening and waning in the death-shadow. There is a set sternness about his mouth, a grim earnestness lights up the eye. He has another story to tell now; another song to sing. He has risen to his highest stature—lengthening in death—and in his grandest character, to plead the cause of the poor. No longer the funny favourite of the drawing-room, he is out in the street singing a song that will thrill through the heart of England. There is something singularly touching in the sound, as of a voice almost choked with tears. There is something doggedly stern in the march of the measure, as though it must be uttered thus to get it out at all. He sings the 'Song of the Shirt,' and you must listen. Ladies who move so high above the world of the poor, and sit in their beauty like pictures of life in the boudoir's frame of gold, or lie down to sleep in a fairy land of rest, will be compelled to come out on the balcony to hear more of the song, and see more of the sights the poet has to show them. Kind-hearted old gentlemen will lay down their paper with a "Bless me!" and begin fumbling in their breeches-pocket.

Many young men got a new glimpse of life and its duties from the moment that Hood unveiled his two acts of one great tragedy of Poverty, and showed the grim facts naked in their sternness as shroudless corpses. It is now twenty years since Hood sang, with a heart aching for humanity, his famous 'Song of the Shirt' and 'The Bridge of Sighs,' but they left echoes in the heart of his country which can never die. The rich and poor have in many ways, and through many doors, looked more closely into the face of each other than they had ever done before. And not only did those songs set many to work in all worthy ways; inspiring many schemes for the alleviation of suffering, and for the benefit of the toiling poor; they likewise left a subtler sense, a readier ear, a quicker sympathy on the part of the rich, so that when the cry of want and distress runs like the fiery cross through the land there is an instantaneous response, as in the case of our present great national calamity.

Ireland in 1862. Translated from the French of the Rev. Father Adolphe Perraud. (Dublin, Duffy.)

We need not be told that in every party there is a sprinkling of bigots. There was an Irish prelate once, who, by pronouncing Protestants to be "vermin," exposed them to the sudden death which is the lot of vermin everywhere. Only the other day, the Prussian minister, Count Bismark, sighed for the destruction of all great cities, they being the hotbeds of democracy, and the meeting-places of those thinking men who are abominable in the eyes of such personages as Count Bismark.

Father Perraud belongs to the faction of bigotry, and has written a melancholy book to excite the Irish peasants to follow the example of the Poles. The only excuse for the author which we can conceive is that this "Priest of the Oratory of the Immaculate Conception" has written the volume to order—superior ecclesiastical order;—and having nothing to say for his client, he follows the old rule and abuses England.

It is curious to observe how books of this description defeat themselves. Martin Ha-very's Celtic history of Ireland only served to show that all the old Celtic heroes and patriots were unscrupulous knaves, regardless of truth and honour, and that where three

Irishmen met each was afraid of treachery in the other two. Father Perraud as unwittingly condemns the character of the Celtic and conspiring element. He leads to the conviction that if a single Irish Catholic is on a jury, he will violate his oath to serve Irish Catholic ends. He calls the trial of the knaves who attempted a sanguinary rebellion, and whose journals advocated carrying off ladies of rank, and flinging vitriol into the faces of those who were not with the rebels, a "cruel tragedy." See what became of these conspirators. The government gave life to the men who would have spread massacre and devastation over Ireland, exiling them; and the government gave them a certain liberty under *parole*, and that word of honour the greater part of them broke. It is difficult to say much for these friends of Father Perraud. Where are those patriots now? Some of them are upholding slavery as a desirable institution in America; others are fighting to prevent a repeal of union which, as a principle, they had been ready to further and fight for elsewhere.

It is the maxim of Father Perraud that England is an enormous criminal, and that she is guilty of every calamity, woe,—of everything, in fact, that can give umbrage to a single Irishman. But the wild spirit of abuse leads him into comical and in fact troublesome dilemmas. This guilt of England he describes as being the inevitable consequence of the act of King Henry in buying the fee-simple of Ireland from the Pope. So then, it is the villainy of the Pope, who sold what he had no right to dispose of, which is the source of all Irish calamities! Surely Father Perraud says more than he intended to say.

This leads us to another consideration. Father Perraud has seen in the land so marvellously ill administered by a government whose rights are given them by a legislature wherein Roman Catholics have voices and use them loudly,—the Father has seen lately a true sample of how liberty can be enjoyed by the ultras of his favourite party. Certain students of the new Roman Catholic University, regardless of the disgrace they brought on the Irish character, insulted the young Princess of Wales by destroying the preparations made to do her honour on the occasion of her marriage. All that follows such a disgraceful act is an assurance from the head of the college to the public, that it is the principle and the practice of Roman Catholics to show respect to the sovereign family under which they live. Having explained which, the students who have illustrated the principle by their practice, go quietly to their classes unpunished. Again, very recently, one of the bigots who mar the peace and prosperity of kingdoms, protested against the idea that there was liberty for Catholics in Ireland; he abused the government, declared that his party would not be satisfied as long as government permitted Trinity College, Dublin, to exist; and forthwith went home instead of—had he been in Paris, to La Force—had he been in Rome, to Sant' Angelo.

If not in these particular samples, yet in similar exemplifications of the liberty which Ireland enjoys, and the impunity with which some men abuse it, Father Perraud sees a fine opportunity to write what he otherwise would scarcely dare even to *think* under the government of the Eldest Son of the Church and the protector of the Holy See. The inspirer of the volume is Monseigneur Dupanloup, that famous Bishop of Orleans, who holds Louis Napoleon to be no better than Pilate, but who dares not say so directly. Father Perraud says that, and much more, in this book, indirectly. While contemplating Ireland, he is forced to the con-

clusion that, after all, the sole thing to be deplored is that the Roman Catholic Church is not dominant. At all events, it may speak out when it is so minded. Ah! if such might but be the case in Christian and Catholic France! Hear him:—

"England and Ireland are under the same institutions, the same customs, and the same administrative machinery, judicial and financial. What is more, there is not a single one of all the civil and political liberties, coveted to-day by many great continental nations, of which Ireland is not in full possession: trial by jury, for instance; the independence of judges; the responsibility of all functionaries before judicial authority; the right of association and meeting; individual liberty; liberty of the press; liberty of education. These are certainly precious guarantees, and all the more valuable inasmuch as they render possible the reform of every abuse and the accomplishment of every improvement. * * Thus the great association for the Repeal of the Union; the meetings held in 1859 and 1860 in favour of the Sovereign Pontiff; the independence with which the daily press follows up and scourges the abuses of authority, criticizes the acts of government, hands over to the severity of public opinion the greatest names in the United Kingdom; the liberty enjoyed by the bishops in treating all questions, whether spiritual or temporal, without having to fear prosecution or the rigours of a superannuated legislation; all these are so many unequivocal signs of the existence of an undoubted political liberty, and of one which, notwithstanding solemn promises, has not yet come to crown the edifice of our own newly-granted institutions in France."

Having thus asserted that Ireland is far in advance of France in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty and equality, the Father has the assurance to exclaim,—“Oh, Ireland and Poland! noble sisters who have suffered, and still suffer, so much for our holy faith, grasp tightly in your hands, crimsoned with your blood, the standards of St. Patrick and St. Casimir!” The blessing of God is promised to those who persevere. Ireland is urged not to be happy so long as a Protestant Viceroy is at the Castle, every liberty and prosperity to the contrary notwithstanding. All this is to avail her nothing so long as she sees Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate.

The Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir James R. G. Graham, Bart., G.C.B., M.P.
By Torrens M'Cullagh Torrens, late M.P.
Vol. II. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

The Memoir is resumed in this volume at the retirement of Sir James Graham from the Cabinet in May, 1834. It cannot be said to become more vivacious, anecdotal, or graphic as it proceeds; but the parliamentary analysis is carefully followed out, and the apology, or panegyric, is ingeniously sustained. It is a characteristic of the biography that so much of apology should mingle with the narrative. The resignation of 1834, to begin with, necessitates a good deal of it. We believe that, several times during his career, Sir James Graham, whether under a sense of failure, or disgust with politics, or the yearnings of a born country gentleman, meditated throwing up, once for all, the responsibilities of public life. We find him, in the autumn of 1834, lying “on the purple heather,” muttering again, “What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!”—owning that he had seen more than enough of red tape, and asking himself why he, who could be a sportsman, should be a statesman? There was no “greatness” in all this, whatever Cincinnati may have to say about it. Still, he had ears for the rumours of London, and especially of the West End “that governed England,” and a keen scent for the

King's doings at Brighton in November, when it was declared that Lord Brougham could no longer hold the Great Seal, that the Whig Ministry was at an end when Peel was named Premier and the Duke of Wellington became temporarily, not only First Lord of the Treasury, but Secretary of State in all the Departments, with Lord Lyndhurst simultaneously Lord Chancellor and Chief Baron. The Netherby knight disapproved of the whole proceeding, although it was intimated to him that the new Minister might desire to know, upon his return from Rome, where he could be found. As it happened, when the King's messenger did arrive, he found him about to dine at the rectory at Arthuret, and with certain politicians of a strong blue tint. One of these, bursting with impotence and impatience, suddenly asked him, “Well, Sir James, what are you thinking of doing?”—“The only thing I am thinking of doing just now,” he answered, “is of eating a good dinner.” That evening he received the offer of a seat in the Cabinet; but both he and Lord Stanley had previously settled their resolve to refuse. They voted, however, with Government in the election of a Speaker, and on the second day, when an amendment was proposed to the address. It was during the latter debate that O'Connell quoted the lines of Canning as descriptive of Sir James Graham and those who, with him, were then led by Lord Stanley,—neither a party nor a faction. What is it, he asked, that—

Down thy hill, romantic Ashburne, glides?

—The Derby Dilly carrying six insides.

“No political *sobriquet*,” remarks Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, “ever stuck more closely, and few ever more effectually served their purpose.” With reference to his one important speech of that session, Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens points to the defects of Sir James Graham's oratory, in an analysis worth noting:—

“Besides references to Acts of Parliament and to former debates, we find in the course of a two hours' speech citations of all sorts of testimony,—wary words from Hallam, and loose exaggerations from Hume;—earnest and devout commentaries from Hooker on the subjective worth of popular belief, and external evidences from Paley of truth as established by Act of Parliament;—long quotations from Lord Minto's speech on the union with Ireland, for which nobody who listened cared a jot; and still longer quotations from the evidence of the Catholic leaders given before the Committee of 1825, as to what the effect of emancipation would be had it been given then, but which it was worse than useless to quote, considering how timely concession had been refused;—opinions of Dr. Doyle and of Dr. McHale;—statistical passages from the report of the Irish Ecclesiastical Commission, and epistolary threatenings of agitation to come, indited from Derrynane.”

Sir James was often dull in Parliament, but rarely dull upon the hustings. There, he was generally very popular, and always intensely local.

Sir James Graham did not return to office with the Whigs, but sat below the gangway, still an insider of the Derby Drag; but when the House divided on the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, his temperament as a public man was vividly illustrated:—

“When the numbers were announced on the second division, Sir James and his friends were about to cross the House to their usual seats when a cry of ‘Stay! stay!’ arose from one or two voices on the ministerial side, which drew forth a loud and protracted cheer. Lord Stanley, having been teller, resumed his accustomed seat below the gangway; but Sir James, stung by the insulting tone of the discourteous and disorderly ebullition of feeling, with a defiant and disdainful look, remained on the Opposition side.”

He had voted with the Opposition, and the Liberals told him to stay where he had voted.

This might have been on their part unwise, but on his it was unworthy.

It was in the following year that Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke's favourite Lord Chancellor, made his desperate assertion that three-fourths of the Irish people were aliens in blood, language and religion. "Never before," says Mr. Torrens, "was so much mischief wrought by one brief phrase." The ground taken, after this event, by Sir James Graham was, that while the door to compromise seemed closed he would make no concessions! In this year, too, he seceded from Brookes's, as he afterwards withdrew from the Carlton, though Pitt, at the head of Toryism, remained a member of Brookes's, as did Sir James Scarlett and Lord Rosslyn, though in office under the Duke of Wellington. But, with the Knight of Netherby, passion overcame twenty-four years of pleasant memories:—"His heart was full of bitterness on account of the manner in which he had been treated by the organs and agents of the party."—Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord Stanley withdrew from Brookes's Club in the same year.

In June, 1837, the King died, and Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens recounts an amusing incident of parliamentary life:—

"On the following day Lord J. Russell appeared at the bar of the Commons, charged with a message from the Queen. A cry immediately arose of 'Hats off,' and the Speaker, forgetful for the moment of the precise usage prescribed on such occasions, announced from the chair that 'Members must be uncovered.' Every one present forthwith complied, with the exception of Sir J. Graham, who excited some observation by continuing to wear his hat until the first words of the message were pronounced. As nothing at the time escaped the vigilance of party criticism, a paragraph appeared the same evening in the *True Sun*, reflecting on the supposed indecorum. At the meeting of the House next day, the right hon. baronet called attention to the fact, for the purpose of explaining that he had only complied with the older, and as he thought better, custom of waiting until the initiatory word 'Regina' or 'Rex' was uttered, before uncovering,—a mode of testifying respect for the Crown which was more emphatic, and which had, he thought, a better effect. * * * The Speaker said that the hon. member for East Cumberland was strictly correct in his observance of the practice of the House; and he accounted for his own apparent deviation therefrom by his desire to preserve order and to save time."

The ensuing general election tried him still more sorely. He lost his seat for Cumberland, and lost his temper too, suffering himself to declaim, at the Bush dinner, that he had "not expected to be hunted almost like a mad dog through the streets of Carlisle." At that time, apparently, he had scarcely nerve or good humour enough for public life. When he re-entered Parliament as Member for Pembroke, he began by taunting Mr. Hume as one who might be useful if "he would be content to skim along the mud of official proceedings"; but he winced when Sheil ironically spoke of him as "the member for East Cumberland," and added "I beg pardon, the member for Pembroke." In fact, Sir James Graham was in no way a relenting assailant, and employed fiercer epithets than he cared to tolerate when applied to himself.

In 1841, he hoisted the Conservative flag with due ceremony, and joined the Carlton Club. Conservatism, Mr. Torrens observes, was becoming irresistible, though he suggests no connexion between that fact and the new accession to the Carlton phalanx. Sir James now fairly turned round upon the Whigs, in a speech which proved how far he was the sensitive debater who had a right to cry for quarter:—

"Never was a country cursed with a worse, a more reckless, or a more dangerous Government. The noble Lord, the Secretary for Ireland, talks of 'lubricity'; but, thank God, we have at last pinned you to something out of which you cannot wriggle."

His biographer does not justify this language, neither did he himself upon reflection. His next seat was for Dorchester, and his place in the Cabinet at the Home Office,—a troublesome office in days of discontent and agitation. "There was hardly a day," he said in the House, "that I did not find it necessary to have personal communication with the Horse Guards, as well as with the heads of the police in the metropolis and in the manufacturing districts." But he added to the difficulties of his own position. Here is his biographer's confession:—

"There was in him, it must be owned, sometimes too much of a haughty and imperious mood, which especially betrayed itself in his demeanour as a Minister. He seemed as though he were haunted by a morbid fear of appearing (as he phrased it) 'to be hustled into doing anything by the mere pressure from without,' so long as he believed that pressure could be resisted."

Personally, he was then, in 1844, perhaps the most unpopular statesman of the day:—

"How do you account for it," said a mutual friend standing one day below the bar to a noble lord whom Sir James had lately complimented highly in debate, and towards whom he had certainly never shown anything like disrespect.—"How? Why just look at him, as he sits there, with his head thrown back, and his eyes fixed on the windows over the gallery, as if there was nothing going on in the House worth his listening to." Another distinguished supporter, when asked why so many people hated him, replied, "He has cocked his hat on the wrong side of his head; and depend upon it, that's a mistake not easily got over."

Moreover, "you could not go into the Carlton without finding some self-important country gentleman half-inarticulate with rage at the way in which he had been treated by that intolerable coxcomb whom Peel had been fool enough to put at the Home Office, and to whom he was resolved never, so long as he lived, to speak again." But he seemed intent upon manufacturing unpopularity for himself. The Post-Office Inquiry heaped it in abundance upon his head. Wrongly or rightly? Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens takes his part roundly, and endeavours to paint a sentimental portrait of the political hero, assailed by a thousand slanders, which rankled in his heart, while he scorned to manifest, by any outward expression, the pain he endured. We must say that the picture fails to win our sympathy. It is, at the best, repulsive, and not at all pathetic:—

"In a certain sense, the wound was incurable; and who shall tell of how many hours of unsuspected suffering it was the cause? With all his pluck and pride, he was femininely susceptible to opinion. He was too great an actor not to be able to laugh aloud, while he writhed with inward pain. Much of what was said against him never reached his ears. But he was fully sensible of the growing symptoms of party estrangement. He probably misapprehended, in some respects, its immediate cause, and morbidly attributed them to the universal tendency of the world to desert those who are out of popular favour. He repeatedly gave expression to his conviction that he had been made a scapegoat; and that while others who had not laboured harder or more efficiently in the framing and carrying of useful measures would obtain their meed of fame, he should be remembered only in connexion with this miserable affair of the Post Office."

That he was a laborious minister may more readily be allowed. Sir Robert Peel's testimony on this point is conclusive—"What I do in the way of work is nothing to what Graham does." And he breakfasted on a cup of tea and a

biscuit; for spare diet, in the Home Secretary's opinion,

"was essential to the preservation of his capacity for labour, such as that which he had to undergo. For any one who was subject to gout, and who could not find time for out-of-door exercise, there was nothing for it but to live low, if he would retain his capacity for mental work." He never ate luncheon, and his only meal was dinner, which he generally took at eight o'clock."

Now, this opinion is repudiated by many public men, whose exertions are enormous, and whose dinners correspond. "Eat much and drink little" is the creed of one whose official toils have been beyond any comparison with those of Sir James Graham.

In 1847, he refused the Governor-Generalship of India, as he had refused it more than once before, but this time because "he could not bring himself to take it from Lord John." He clung to the House of Commons, after the Free-Trade Debates, and during one of the great economical discussions that succeeded, let fall a few words which Mr. Torrens thinks constitute a "retort," and, therefore, are imperishable as an anecdote:—

"When addressing the House one evening, on the oft-debated subject of the connexion between the rate of wages and the price of food, Sir James reiterated his declaration that experience had convinced him that the former had a constant tendency to rise in proportion as the latter fell. Lord George, who was sitting on the front Opposition bench below him, threw back his head, and, looking round at him, exclaimed, 'Ah! yes, but you know you said the other thing before.' A shout of laughter, in which Sir James joined, was followed by cheers and counter-cheers; and curiosity was on tip-toe for the retort. From his perch, as he used to call it, the ex-minister looked down at his noble antagonist, and said in a tone of ineffable humour,—'The noble Lord's taunts fall harmless upon me; I'm not in office now.'"

Again was he offered a peerage, but once more adhered to the House of Commons, now intent on Committee-room work:—

"He would listen, with mingled amazement and amusement, to some marvellous romance of pseudo-science from the lips of a chemist or an engineer; put a quiet question or two, without dropping a hint of the impression it had made on his mind, just to fix the empiric irretrievably with his pretentious imposture; and then spend half the evening reading up, to be ready to cross-examine him the next day, which he did with a tone and air of calm superiority and scrupulous politeness, that often excited the envy and admiration of the less finished practitioners who sat on the other side of the table."

It was in 1852 that he again stood for Carlisle, abolishing all necessity for apologies and explanations by the simple words, "Well, gentlemen, the wanderer has returned." He was elected, and returned thanks. "Somebody had said that if he were returned Carlisle would be called a refuge for the destitute. Well, that was a better name for it to bear than an hospital for the incurable."

In his sixty-third year he began to feel himself an old man. He cherished the habits of parliament, but shunned the thought of office. Yet on the hustings he was vigorous as ever, and in 1859, when a squib was published, styling him a weathercock, retorted, "Well, I think it very likely that on the day of election I shall show which way the wind blows." This was exactly in his own style, suited to, and sufficient for, a popular occasion. His end, however, was near, and two years later he rested in the old church of Arthuret.

With the materials at hand, Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens has, no doubt, done his best, except that he strains his sympathy with Sir James Graham's character so far as to somewhat invidiously admire him. It is not a very flattering

thing, after all, to say of a public man that he could be amiable in private. Public men have no right to keep all their graciousness at home; at all events, if they do, the world, which sees them only in public, is not bound to reflect that superciliousness at the Home Office—an affront to all—may be compensated for—to a few—by gentle manners in a drawing-room. Personally, not much interest attaches to the life or character of Sir James Graham. Politically, though he boasted at Carlisle in 1859, referring to a contest of three-and-thirty years ago, "I then fought under the Blue Flag, and I fight under the Blue Flag still," he wrote his own epitaph when he said "In a party sense, it must be owned that mine has been a devious career."

Remarkable Adventurers and Unrevealed Mysteries. By Lascelles Wraxall. 2 vols. (Bentley.)

FROM the pages of odd volumes from the libraries of many countries, Mr. Lascelles Wraxall has drawn a series of sketches, anecdotes and characters, which Mr. Bentley has now given to the world under the title of 'Remarkable Adventurers and Unrevealed Mysteries.' The adventurers comprise such persons as the False Dauphin, Cardinal Alberoni, Baron de Ripperda, the Pretended Anne of Cleves, the Count St.-Germain, the Man in the Iron Mask, Count Ruggiero, Anacharsis Cloots, Baron de Kalb, Axel Fersen, Theodore King of Corsica, Gonzaga Deutz, Henry Reuss, Joseph Süß Oppenheimer, Prince Kaunitz, Count de Bonneval, Jacob Cazotte, Cagliostro, Hugo Schleichtweg, Charles Hesse, John Michael von Kleement, the Countess von Rochlitz, Struenzee and Königsmarck, Kaspar Hauser, the Chevalier D'Eon, William Walker, Joseph Frohn, and a few others. The members of this series have no connexion with each other, not even that of illustrating any common thought; but they have the interest attaching to what is strange, dashing, and mysterious, in a very high degree.

As some of the chapters have already appeared in periodicals, we refrain from any large amount of quotation, lest the reader should find himself treated to an old story recently re-told. A couple of paragraphs must suffice—one from the chapter on Cazotte's famous prophecy, the second from that on the Convulsionists.

Mr. Wraxall, after some examination of the evidence, is of opinion that Cazotte did actually pronounce the famous prophecy, though he is also of opinion that Laharpe, "like a true Frenchman," added a good deal to Cazotte's words by way of dramatic ornament. Use has been made of the scene by M. Louis Blanc and M. Alexandre Dumas:—

"In the year 1788, Cazotte supped with a distinguished party of guests at the house of the Duchesse de Grammont. He sat silent at one end of the table, staring at his half-empty glass, and only rousing from his reverie when the victory of philosophy over 'religious superstition' was too jactantly announced. Suddenly he sprang up, leant over the table, and said in a hollow voice, and with pallid cheeks:—'You have reason to congratulate yourselves, gentlemen, for you will all be witness of the great and sublime revolution which you so eagerly desire. As you are aware that I understand something about prophesying, be good enough to listen to me. You, M. Condorcet, will give up the ghost, lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon; you, M. N——, will die of poison; and you, M. N——, by the executioner's hand.' On hearing this strange outbreak, all began protesting that prisons, poison and executioner had nothing in common with philosophy and the sovereignty of reason, on whose speedy approach the soothsayer had just congratulated them; but Cazotte coldly continued:—'It is as I tell you, and all this will

happen in the name of reason, humanity and philosophy. All I have announced will take place when reason is the sole ruler, and has its temples.'—'In any case,' Chamfort retorted, 'you will not be one of the priests of that temple.'—'Not I, M. de Chamfort, but you assuredly will, for you deserve to be chosen before all for such functions. For all that, you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and will not die till some months after that desperate operation. As for you, M. Vicq d'Azyr, it is true that the gout will prevent you opening your veins, but you will have them opened by another person six times in the same day, and die during the following night. You, M. de Nicolai, will die on the scaffold; and so will you, M. de Maleherbes!'—'Thank heaven!' Richer exclaimed, 'M. Cazotte only owes a grudge to the Académie.' But Cazotte quickly continued:—'You, too, M. Richer, will die on the scaffold; and those who are preparing such a destiny for yourself and the rest of the company here present are all philosophers like you.'—'And when will all these fine things happen?' some one asked.—'Within six years from to-day.' Laharpe also cross-questioned the prophet of evil in a mocking voice:—'And pray what will happen to me? M. Cazotte.'—'A great miracle, sir; you will be converted, and become a good Christian.' This put an end to the feeling of awe that had begun to creep over the company; and the Duchesse de Grammont, reassured by the general laughter, asked in her turn:—'The fate of us poor women, I assume, will not be so bad, for in revolutionary times we are neglected.'—'Ladies,' Cazotte answered, 'this time your sex will not protect you; and though you may carefully refrain from interference, you will not fail to be treated exactly like the men. You, too, Madame la Duchesse, and many other great ladies, will have to mount the scaffold, and be taken to it in a cart, with your hands tied behind your back!' The duchess, who regarded this as a jest, added:—'I trust, at any rate, that I shall have a mourning coach.'—'No, no; a common cart will be your last carriage. Besides, greater ladies than you will be dragged to punishment in the same way.'—'I hope you do not allude to the princesses of the blood!'—'To even greater than they.'—'But we shall not be refused the comfort of a confessor, to exhort us in our dying moments!'—'Such a favour will only be granted to the most illustrious of all the victims.'—'But pray, what will happen to yourself, M. Cazotte?' some of his audience asked, beginning to feel rather uneasy.—'The same thing will happen to me,' he replied, 'as happened to the man who, during the last siege of Jerusalem, pronounced a final imprecation on that city, then on himself, and was straightway killed by a stone.' After saying this, Cazotte bowed to the company, and left the room."

Of course, the prophecy,—if it were prophecy,—came true. The difficulty of believing any part of this strange narrative arises from the fact that the scene was never mentioned until all the events had come to pass and all the actors, with the sole exception of Laharpe, were dead.

To the believers in table-rapping and sofa-floating as a new spiritual revelation, such good old stories as that of Madame de La Croix, the exorciser of evil spirits, may be recommended as showing that credulity and fanaticism are not things of our time only:—

"Madame de La Croix had been in her youth the most perfect model of Roman beauty. Full of grace and expression, with piercing eyes, an aquiline nose, a head well set upon fine shoulders, and a magnificently developed bosom, she would pass for the *beau-ideal* of a beautiful empress. Of all these charms there only remained to her in the serene a clever and lively face, a noble presence, pretty feet, a grand air, and great facility of elocution. These imposing remains, which in reality are far rarer than are supposed, were admirably adapted to the part which she played when she set about exorcising the demon: her menacing gestures and the sound of her voice caused a tremor; and there

was such nobility in her carriage, such elevation in her fervour, and such a lofty expression of faith and confidence in her whole person, that she might be readily taken for a saint in the act of performing a miracle. Baron von Gleichen, though he frequently called on her in the hope of seeing the fiend quit the body of a possessed person in his presence, was never so fortunate as to arrive at the right moment: as regards cures, he only witnessed those of toothache, choleric and rheumatism. Madame de La Croix described with peculiar simplicity and grace, as well as with the most picturesque expressions, the visits which the evil spirit paid her when she was alone. Her hearers fancied they could see what she was describing, for there were such naturalness and vivacity in her statements. Every time that Gleichen paid her a visit she had something new to tell him about the demoniac company. At one moment he heard of amusing tricks which had been played her: at another, she had been suffering from the most fearful persecutions. At times, entire processions of penitents, dressed from head to foot in pink, or else Capuchins, as ugly as they were offensive, or other persons ridiculously or improperly attired, came at night to walk upon her bed, the Capuchins sending her kisses, and the penitents plucking her blankets. At times, they gave her the amusement of a ball, in which she perceived the strangest costumes and most discordant fashions of every age. Another time she was shown a magnificent display of fireworks, pyramids of diamonds, dazzling illuminations, or enchanted palaces. And she described all this with so much taste, and such vivacity and facility of language, that her stories appeared far more interesting than the majority of those told in society about grand fêtes or brilliant assemblies. One day she repeated a theological discussion which she had held with one of her most familiar spirits, travestied as a doctor of the Sorbonne, who treated her as a heretic, and began defending the doctrines of the Church of Rome in the most orthodox manner. 'But,' she added, 'as he at length mingled blasphemy with his arguments, I closed his mouth with a padlock, which he will wear to the day of the last judgment.'—'But,' Gleichen asked, 'where did you get this padlock from?'—'Ah, my dear baron,' Madame de La Croix replied, 'how little do you know of the difference existing between spiritual and material reality! It was a real padlock which I placed on him: ours are only the appearances of padlocks!' Many persons, sufficiently malicious to amuse themselves at her expense, invited her to their houses, under the pretence that they saw ghosts. The jest was often carried so far that Madame de La Croix ended by seeing that she was being played with. But she laid these humiliations at the foot of the Cross, and on this point said to Gleichen, with as much good sense as frankness: 'You who have known me so jealous of my reputation and superiority, who are aware that I deprive myself of the smallest superfluities in order to give to the poor; who see that the profession I carry on only produces me shame and contempt in a country where, through my position in society and my family relations, I might play a very different part; do you not understand that the task I am fulfilling is imposed on me by a superior power! Tell me frankly if you think that my mind has broken down, and that I have lost my reason!' It was the more difficult to categorically answer these questions so bluntly asked, because the baron was forced to confess to himself that he had never known the lady's mind more lucid. He withdrew from the embarrassment by the help of conventional compliments, while thinking that a fixed idea can easily coexist with an intellect in other respects sound, and that in the best organized human brain there is always a little nook reserved for madness. However, he declares that Madame de La Croix (whom he saw for the last time in 1791, at Pierry in Champagne, the estate of Cazotte, who, after having been a Martinist, had become one of her most fervent partisans) was animated by such an active love for humanity, such edifying piety, so touching a goodness of heart, and such mature sense and nobility of character, that it was impossible not to love and esteem her. She regarded the revolution as a work of the

demon, and boasted, as a peculiar trait of bravery, of having destroyed a lapis-lazuli talisman, which the Duc d'Orléans had received in England from the celebrated High Rabbi Falck-Scheck. She declared that 'this talisman, which was destined to raise the prince to the throne, had been broken on the bosom of Philippe Egalité, by the mere power of her prayer, at the moment when he fell senseless in the midst of the National Assembly.' Baron von Gleichen concludes his anecdotes about this singular woman with the description of a scene which he said he could never forget, and which he always found it impossible to explain. A possessed man whom a neighbour of his, a miller, had compelled unconsciously to form a compact with the Fiend, came every now and then to Madame de la Croix. Hence the possessed man was still curable. Every time that he came to see her he fell on his knees, and recounted to her, with sobs, the horrible sufferings to which he was constantly a prey. Madame de la Croix made him lie down on a sofa, undressed him, and passed over his body relics dipped in holy water. Then, horrible rumblings were heard inside him and the sufferer uttered fearful yells; but the devil held firm, and the hopes of dislodging him were constantly disappointed. One day this man became furious, leapt off the sofa, and seemed ready to attack the spectators. Madame de la Croix then placed herself between him and her company, and forced him back to his place with an imperious and menacing gesture. Upon this, the possessed man began gnashing his teeth with such force that passers-by could have heard him in the street, and vomited such horrible imprecations that his hearers felt their hair stand on end; after which he broke into violent invectives upon Madame de la Croix herself, and terminated the scene by an enumeration of the most abominable sins which the lady had committed, and entering into details sufficient to make her die of shame. She listened to all this with her eyes calmly raised to heaven, her hands crossed on her chest, and shedding bitter tears. Had she been younger she might have passed for a penitent Magdalene. When the sufferer had ended, she knelt down, and said to the company: 'Gentlemen, you have just been witnesses of the just punishment of my sins which God has granted to my repentance. I deserve the humiliation which I have endured in your presence, and would willingly submit to it in the presence of all Paris, if that would procure the pardon of all my sins.'

Some paragraphs which we recently quoted from Mr. Home's 'Incidents in my Life' read wondrously like a variation of Baron Gleichen's narrative of what he saw, or thought he saw, at Madame de La Croix's house. We have seen more amusing and clever tricks done on the stage by Messrs. Houdin and Bosco.

Leavings from Low Latitudes; or, Extracts from the Journal of the Hon. Impulsia Gushington. (Murray.)

THIS charming production, originally planned by Lord Dufferin as a Christmas fun-book, is well enough timed as an Easter folly. It is even pleasanter to look at the thrilling adventures of the Pilgrim of the Desert, as here pictured, than to read the passages of the journal illustrated by them—and for a simple reason. The troubles which overtake fools from St. Mary Axe, or fools from May Fair, on their travels, have been told somewhat threadbare since the days of 'Humphrey Clinker.' Hook, Hood, Moore, Miss Waldie, Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Lever, Mr. Thackeray, recur to us as leading the van of merry folks who have delighted to narrate the absurdities of John Bull and his spouse as exhibited in foreign parts. True, there is no caricaturing the reality—no exhausting its varieties. Our own ears have heard the Venus at Florence described as "the last effort of Hadrian's chisel" by one of the Gushington family, and the Pompeian motto "Salve," on the doorway of an apothecary's shop at Naples, approved as "really appropriate" by another comfortable female tourist of the race. As for the aphorisms and allusions penned by travellers, serious and saucy, not in travellers' books alone, but with a publisher's "imprimatur" for the use of Mudie, who shall show forth the wonders of their splendour and variety? Miss Impulsia, the heroine of Lord Dufferin's romance, though "a being of the mind," is tame and sensible compared with certain of the sisterhood in flesh and blood who could be named, alive, travelling, and, what is more, publishing. Her face in the first "cut," as she sits reading 'Eothen' in Brook Street, tells us, by its sentimentality, that, like Alciphron the Epicurean, a voice within her warns her to seek the Nile; also, by its vacant stare, that she is marked out for vicissitude on her travels. She exports a lady's-maid; and Abigail on the Mediterranean becomes well nigh as portentous a sea sufferer as the one immortalized by Hood, who, in like circumstances, "found, after Christianity, only one comfort, which was, in giving her mistress warning." We were sure that at Alexandria Mrs. Minikin would "strike," leaving her lady lonely among her boxes and the donkey-boys,—and would insist on being sent home. This she did. Plate the sixth shows us the splendid descendant of Æneas, whom Miss Gushington, fancying herself Dido, preferred to all the more homely "Dragomen" proposed to her. That Dmitri proved lazy, dirty, a liar and a thief, was not to be read in his looks, nor in the "sit" of his *justanellas*. But our pilgrim, like a true Impulsia, was sure to fall into bad hands. Those who next fleeced her were a family of four M'Fishys; and how the mother was tipsy, and the father was sharp as a needle, and the pragmatic cub of a son was ill-mannered and impudent, may be here clearly seen as well as mournfully read. But the best pictures in the book are those displaying Impulsia's wonderful and lonely adventures on camel-back in the Desert and their sequel, after parting with the M'Fishys. Her mad Mazeppa ride (Plate xiv.) is wondrously funny, and will make many an Impulsia to come rate "the Ship of the Desert" as heartily as did Miss Martineau, who fairly lost her temper, and swore, it may be recollected, when she spoke of the comforts of that conveyance. Nor has anything much more comical (even in the incomparable 'Book of Nonsense') been seen than Miss Gushington's subsequent apparitions, after having been plundered of all her wardrobe by the wild Arabs,—first, presenting herself in her cage before the astonished Sheikh—next, bestriding her donkey in a disconsolate epine attire, as her solitary chance of getting back to Luxor and the decorum of petticoats! We need go little further in specifying how the ill-starred gentlewoman stumbled from this Scylla into a Charybdis, made up of the courtesies of two jocund Irish sharpers; and when clear of this third whirlpool,—how, after having flung into it one hundred pounds, she floundered into a deeper Slough of Despond by meeting a cousin of hers as stupid as Lord Dundreary, who was bringing home with him from India a lady more passionate than honest. Miss Gushington was only dragged to *terra firma* by a French Chevalier of Industry, in whose hands she is left when the curtain drops. Poor lady! She ought to have been allowed some glimpses of sunshine had she been twice as gushing as she was. If there be a fault in this merry Easter offering, it is the want of relief. "Sham upon sham," said the Doctor in Miss Edgeworth's 'Manœuvring,' "is too much for any man!" The disasters showered upon Madame D'Arblay's "L. S." in her 'Wanderer' utterly

chilled our interest. Spohr's 'Jessonda' is spoilt by the excess of lachrymose music it contains; and what bore is so wearisome as the funny man who never ceases cracking jokes and launching provocative riddles? But the fault of Miss Gushington's dilemmas, as above specified and illustrated, can have only a partial effect on the acceptance of a book which is full of genuine and permissible whimsies.

The Second War of Independence in America.

By E. M. Hudson, Juris Utriusque Doctor.
Translated by the Author from the Second Revised and Enlarged German Edition.
With an Introduction by Bolling A. Pope.
(Longman & Co.)

THE contents of Mr. E. M. Hudson's volume may be divided into what is said too late, and what had better not have been said at all. Its exposition of the United States Constitution, and arguments in support of the right of secession have more than once been placed before English readers, and have long since been accepted by those who take part with the South. The portion of the book which had better not have been written is that which relates to compulsory labour. Slavery, according to Mr. Hudson, is so beneficent a system that the highest interests of negro and planter alike demand its maintenance and development. It brings the African savage in contact with the influences of Christianity, and raises the proprietor of black men to the highest grade of civilized humanity. "Slavery in America," observes the author, "may be considered from two points of view: on the one hand, as a *social*, on the other, as a *political* relation. Regarded from the first point of view, slavery is decidedly patriarchal. The head of the family is the slave-owner or master, while the slaves are incorporated into the family. The wife and children excepted, the slaves claim the chief care and attention of the head of the family. Interest and feeling unite to induce the master to bestow the greatest kindness and protection upon his dependents, and in this way a more intimate bond of affection is created than is possible between master and hireling in any country. The master is, at the same time, the protector, confidant, and friend of his slaves, and must afford them clothing, support, medical attention and religious instruction. The children of the slave-proprietor grow up with those of the slaves, so that from the earliest youth there exists a mutual affection between the future masters and their slaves." In like fashion is the character of the Southern planter put upon the canvas. "The relation of the slaveholder," says Mr. Hudson, "guarantees him a purely independent position, allows him leisure for devoting his time to literature, science and politics, affords opportunity for the improvement of his tastes, enables him to reap the benefits of elevated social intercourse, and develops in him a more pure appreciation of what is noble, while producing a superior degree of refinement." No unprejudiced reader will refrain from laughing at this flattering picture of life in Dixie's Land, where there is actually no literature whatever superior to pro-slavery journalism, no science higher than that "social science" which left the New Orleans jail what Mr. Russell found it, no politics apart from a fierce determination to keep black serfs in firm bondage,—where refined taste expresses itself in deep drinking, "elevated social intercourse" is tempered by duelling, and appreciation of what is noble manifests itself in incessant calumny of England and the English. When the Southerners were being injured by the misrepresentations and fictions of abolition-

enthusiasts, we did our best to expose the falsehood of statements which were misleading our countrymen; and now that pro-slavery cant is making itself heard with corresponding influence, and aims at depreciating the labours of the philanthropists whom Clarkson and Wilberforce led on to victory, we are equally prompt in giving it its right name. We can assure Southern writers that the tone which has of late become prevalent amongst them will fail to achieve its object, as far as English opinion is concerned. It is true that just now there is a fashion in England with careless and frivolous people to profess admiration for "the patriarchal character" of American slavery, but it is the folly of "a season." It will soon die out, and in the mean time it will not touch the strong hatred of "the peculiar institution" which lives in the heart of our race.

Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect. By William Barnes. Third Collection. (J. R. Smith.)

THREE distinct collections of these rural poems have now appeared, and the first of the series has been twice re-demanded. This popularity has been gained in spite of a dialect which must, to some extent, startle and perplex the general reader. Such a result, for reasons which we are about to state, speaks well for the public discrimination.

We are by no means desirous that the example of Mr. Barnes should be widely followed. Works written in a dialect must, of necessity, be deviations from the national standard of language. It will be an ill day for our literature when each shire shall set up a laureate, whose verse must be elsewhere obscure; when Cumberland, for instance, shall produce poems that will need the help of a translator to be understood in Cheshire. Still it is undeniable that the experiment of Mr. Barnes has its peculiar advantages, and, viewed as an exception, we can give it not only toleration, but welcome.

It must be remembered, in the first place, that in these rural poems life is regarded, for the most part, from the side of the yeoman and the peasant. Mr. Barnes has the great merit of letting his rustics speak for themselves; from their own lips we learn how events affect them, how the influences of nature cheer or soften them. They are no idealized shepherds and shepherdesses with crooks, ribbons, and cloaked stockings, but the plain dwellers beneath thatched roofs who wear smocks and lineys. In thus exhibiting them, Mr. Barnes, though nominally a lyric poet, becomes virtually a dramatic one. The characters into which he throws himself express their own individuality in thought, feeling and language, as they would in a play. It is this fact, indeed, that best justifies the adoption of a dialect. The writer himself shows the limits of such a medium when he occasionally forsakes his humble favourites for persons of higher position. The phraseology, for example, which so well suits the rustic lover of "Meary" in 'Woone smile mwore,' strikes us as being entirely out of place in the "Pillar'd Geate," where the object of affection is a lady by birth, and her suitor one who has risen in life and "lightened up his mind with lore." Instances of the latter kind, however, occur but rarely.

The first collection of these poems has been some time before the public, and its pictures of external nature under many aspects—its pastoral scenes of common village life, now and then quickened by the excitement of a fair, a feast or a wooing, are familiar to many. We can hardly say that the Third Collection, now

before us, has the sustained merit of its predecessors. The pieces show less variety of subject, and some of them are less carefully finished and spring from slighter occasions. But in the faintest of these sketches we are sure to meet some redeeming touches of truth and individuality, and the best of them are equal to any that have come from the same hand. Mr. Barnes has still the sportive humour evinced in 'A Bit of Sly Coorten'; the simple and suggestive paths shown in 'Evenen, an' Maidens out at Door'; and that faithful detail which, in such bucolics as 'Evenen Twilight' and 'Evenen in the Village,' presents a distinct landscape, enlivened by distinct figures. Here, too, is an interior, in which words show, vividly as could the pencil, the glow on the hearth, the genial faces around it, and the white world beyond the window:—

NOT GOO HWOME TO NIGHT.

No, no, why you've noo wife at hwome
Abiddn up till you do come,
Zoo leave your hat upon the pin,
Vor I'an your waiter, here's your inn,
Wl' chair to rest, an' bed to roost;
You have but little work to do
This frosty time at hwome in mill,
Your frozen wheel's a-stannn'd still,
The sleopn ice woont grind vor you.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

As I come by, to day, where stood
Wl' neik'd trees, the purple wood,
The scarlet hunter's ho'es veet
Tore up the sheikn ground, wind-fleet,
Wl' reachn heads, an' pankn hides;
The while the flat-wing'd rooks in vlock,
Did zwim a-sheen'n at their height;
But your good river, since last night,
Wer all a-vrose so still's a rock.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Zee how the huffn win' do blow,
A-whirl'n down the giddy snow:
Zee how the sky's a-weikn dim,
Behind the elem's neik'd lim'
That there do lek'n above the keene;
Zoo tekke your pieses beside the dogs,
An' sip a drop o' hwome-brew'd eile,
An' sing your zong or tell your tette,
While I do baft the vire wl' logs.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Your meire's in steable wl' her hocks
In straw above her vetterlocks,
A-reachn up her meary neck,
An' pull'n down good hay vrom rock,
A-meikn slight o' snow an' sleet;
She don't want you upon her back,
To vall upon the slippy stwones
On Holly hill, an' break your bwones,
Or miss, in snow, her hidden track.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Here, Jenny, come pull out your key
An' hansell wl' zome tidy tea
The silver pot that we do owe
To your prize butter at the show,
An' put zome bread upon the board.
Ah! he do smile; now that 'll do,
He'll stay. Here, Polly, bring a light,
We'll have a happy hour to night,
I'm thankful we be in the lew.
No, no, he woont goo hwome to night,
Not Robin White o' Craglin mill.

Such are the heartiness and brightness of this extract that we could almost wish to be snowed up, like Robin White, in a Dorset farmhouse. In our next quotation, Mr. Barnes appeals to deeper sympathies, and shows a pathos as direct as his humour, and as forcibly conveyed through visible objects:—

EARLY PLAYMEATE.

A'ter many long years had a-run,
The while I wer a-gone vrom the pieece,
I come back to the vields, where the zun
Ov her childhood did show me her feace.
There her father, years wolder, did stoop,
An' her brother, wer now a-grown staid,
An' the apple tree lower did droop
Out in orchard where we had a-play'd.
There wer zome things a-seem'n the seime,
But Meary's a-married away.

There wer two little children a-sent,
Wl' a message to me, oh! so feart
As the mother that they did zool ment,
When in childhood she play'd wl' me there.
Zoo they told me that if I would come
Down to Coomb, I should zee a wold friend,

Vor a playmeate o' mine wer at hwome,
An' would stay till another week's end.
At the dear porch'd door, could I dare,
To see Meary a-married away!

On the flower-not, now all a-trod
Stwony hard, the green grass wer a-spread,
An' the long-althght woodbine did nod
Vrom the wall, wl' a loose-hangn head.
An' the martin's clay nest wer a-hung
Up below the brown oves, in the dry,
An' the rooks had a-rock'd broods o' young,
On the elems below the May sky;
But the bud on the bed, couldn' bide,
Wl' young Meary a-married away.

There the copee-wood, a-grown to a height,
Wer a-vell'd, an' the primrose in bloom,
Among chips on the ground a-tura'd white,
Wer a-quiv'ren, all beare o' their lewth.
The green moss wer a-spread on the thatch,
That I left yellow reed, an' avore
The small green, there did swing a new hatch,
Vor to let me walk in to the door.
Oh! the rook did still rock o'er the rick,
But wl' Meary a-married away.

The reader will remark in the above how touchingly the lapse of years is indicated by the features of the scene. The apple branch droops lower, the flower-not is trodden "stwony hard," the thatch that was "yellow reed" is covered with moss. The fight of time is marked, as it were, by shadows on the dial of nature. Through the whole poem there is a pensive harmony between the feelings of the bereaved lover and the surrounding landscape, while the sad sweet burden of the verse completes the charm.

We could cite other examples not inferior. The book, as we have hinted, exhibits the faults of too rapid production; but, on the whole, it is an addition to our poetical wealth. The "realism" of style, which is the first feature that strikes us, is the least of its merits, and, indeed, in another class of poetic composition might be no merit whatever. Beneath the surface of local peculiarities Mr. Barnes shows that true imagination which makes appearances representative—indexes to the inner life of nature or symbols of the heart and the mind. His sympathies are warm and healthy; his observation is accurate and deep, and his verse happily modulated to the sentiment which it expresses. Above all, he is original. At times, indeed, he reminds us of Burns; but the resemblance is free from imitation, and may fairly be traced to the common qualities of kindred minds when their themes are similar.

An Introduction to the Old Testament, Critical, Historical and Theological, containing a Discussion of the most Important Questions belonging to the several Books. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. Vol. III. (Williams & Norgate.)

In the same fearless and unfettered spirit as he began, Dr. Davidson here concludes his Introduction to the Old Testament,—a work which, with other recent publications, betokens an activity of inquiry in relation to the highest matters at the present period. Notwithstanding all opposition, modern criticism pushes forward its researches, even into regions which have been hitherto considered as belonging to the province of faith, and consequently entitled to exemption from the intrusive gaze of reason. Nor will the enlightened lover of truth regret this, knowing that, whatever temporary disturbance it may occasion, the ultimate result must be the dispersion of much mischievous error, and the establishment of clear and correct views upon a firm foundation.

Dr. Davidson's concluding volume is devoted to the prophetic and apocryphal books: the contents and authority of which are discussed with the aid of all the light that can be thrown upon the subject by the researches of German and English writers of every school. Whatever may be Dr. Davidson's predilections, he has

certainly not confined his attention to any particular class of works, but shows an acquaintance with all of importance. Whether his conclusions be erroneous or not, they are the results of no one-sided discussion, the arguments for and against being stated with sufficient fullness to enable the reader to form his own judgment. With many of the most eminent German Hebraists, and for reasons here ably set forth, he attributes the latter portion of the book of Isaiah, from the commencement of the fortieth chapter to the end, to a different author from that of the preceding thirty-nine chapters. At the same time, he protests against being supposed to charge this more recent writer, or whoever incorporated his discourses with those of Isaiah, with any attempt to impose upon the reader. On the contrary, he considers him to have been "a true prophet, inspired by God in a remarkable degree." He disputes the authenticity of the book of Daniel, though he admits it to be partly historical. As to its reception into the canon, he says—

"It is a modern view to suppose the Jews in possession of a fixed collection of canonical writings—sacred in its limits—at the time this book appeared, and yet inserting the supposititious prophecy. The canon, properly speaking, was never looked upon as *closed*. No precise barrier of inspiration belonged to it in the eyes of the Jews before Christ's advent. Their ideas of books that should or should not be put with the old writings, were vague and floating. Language and time were their guides, and not imperious ones. The prevailing spirit of the people determined the point. National taste, tone, and religious perception had some effect. *Definite canons* of ecclesiastical criticism were not the criteria employed. Till the time of Christ, or at least till the time when Judea was conquered by the Romans, the question remained in a somewhat loose state. And when the collection was finally settled, the result was brought about gradually—unconsciously for the most part to those concerned. It was not a *marked* thing. Nor did the time partake of the nature of an *era*."

With regard to the apocryphal books, Dr. Davidson denies that they are so inferior to those of the canon as many think, who hold the one class to be human and the other divine. Like Dr. Stanley, he maintains that the writers of the canonical books were not all inspired in an equal degree. He considers that in one or two instances the authors of apocryphal writings give evidence of a higher inspiration than scriptural writers, and that their works may be read with more profit.

The volume closes with a useful Index to the whole work.

The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspect of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates. 2 vols. (Murray.)

THE great artery of South America, the river Amazons, has of late years been explored by three naturalists, of whom this country may well be proud, and whom science justly places in the foremost rank of those who have extended her boundaries and enriched her with new and reliable observations: we mean Messrs. Spruce, Wallace and Bates. All three, dispensing with the pittance flung to explorers by Government, relied upon their own resources, and paid their way by sending home collections for sale to their agents in London. The fact that such an arrangement was successful speaks well for the industry of the travellers and the growing taste for the fruits of such labours at home. In tracking their steps over the immense territories explored,

and in reviewing the bold enterprises which they accomplished, we ought not for a moment to lose sight of the fact that the whole was a private undertaking likely to collapse by a single false movement. Of the three, Mr. Richard Spruce, the botanist, has performed perhaps the boldest feat by slowly working his way from the Lower Amazons to its head waters, on the eastern slopes of the Peruvian Andes, everywhere collecting specimens of the vegetation, and giving us graphic descriptions of the Flora. Every one is aware that this route had been repeatedly traversed by the early Spanish and Portuguese travellers; that the French have sent there La Condamine, and the Germans Pöppig; but few persons seem to know that Mr. Spruce is the only scientific Englishman of note who has performed the journey. Mr. Spruce ought to follow up his valuable contribution to the *Journal of Botany* by publications more accessible to the general public. Mr. Wallace, the second of the bold explorers we have named, set out in 1847; and after examining the Lower Amazons and Rio Negro, returned home richly laden with treasures, some of the most valuable of which were lost in the wreck of the vessel he had embarked in. However, sufficient had already reached England to establish his reputation as a zealous collector and a thoughtful observer of natural-history objects: which was confirmed by the publication of his 'Travels,' and 'Palm Trees of the Amazons.' Lately returned from the exploration of one of the least-known countries on the face of the earth, New Guinea, all lovers of Natural History are eagerly waiting for a volume on that region. Last, though not least, we turn to Mr. Bates, who has just presented us with the interesting work at the head of this notice, embracing an account of eleven years of travel on the Lower Amazons, and containing a mass of observation and information seldom met with in books of travel.

The author started, in 1847, in company with Mr. Wallace, both bent upon "solving the problem of the origin of species." His companion returned at the end of four years. Mr. Bates remained seven years longer, and as the two took different routes after the first two years, the reader need not fear finding the present publication a mere paraphrase of Mr. Wallace's work. The author confined himself chiefly to the collection of zoological objects, and amongst them the insects seem to have engaged his chief attention. The best proof of his zeal in this direction is furnished by a statement of the number of species composing his collection. During the eleven years he was in South America, he gathered no less than 14,712 species, 8,000 of which were entirely new to science, and of nearly all of which numerous specimens were sent home. In the list from which we have quoted we find 14,000 species of insects, 360 of birds, 140 of reptiles, 120 of fishes, 52 of mammals, 35 of mollusks, and 5 of zoophytes, a great part of which are in the hands of Messrs. Gray, Sclater, Bowerbank and Günther for the purpose of description. These figures must not be regarded as representing, even approximately, the sum total of the number of species found on the Lower Amazons, but some of them do so relatively. Of the vast preponderance of insects there can be no doubt. When at Pará, Mr. Bates writes: "It will convey some idea of the diversity of butterflies when I mention that about 700 species of that tribe are found within an hour's walk of the town; whilst the total number found in the British Islands does not exceed 66, and the whole of Europe supports only 390."

Mr. Bates's travels extend a little beyond

Ega,—a town of which Pöppig has given us a description as it was in 1832,—and he everywhere met from the Portuguese descendants and the Indians with kindness and hospitality. Of the free negroes he speaks well and hopefully, some of whom he numbered amongst his "most esteemed friends, men of temperate, quiet habits, desirous of mental and moral improvement, observant of the minor courtesies of life, and quite as trustworthy as the whites and half-castes of the province":—

"The easy, lounging life of the people amused us very much. I afterwards had plenty of time to become used to tropical village life. There is a free, familiar, *pro bono publico* style of living in these small places, which requires some time for a European to fall into. No sooner were we established in our rooms, than a number of lazy young fellows came to look on and make remarks, and we had to answer all sorts of questions. The houses have their doors and windows open to the street, and people walk in and out as they please; there is always, however, a more secluded apartment, where the female members of the families reside. In their familiarity there is nothing intentionally offensive, and it is practised simply in the desire to be civil and sociable. A young Mameluco, named Soares, an *Escrivaõ*, or public clerk, took me into his house to show me his library. I was rather surprised to see a number of well-thumbed Latin classics, Virgil, Terence, Cicero's Epistles, and Livy. I was not familiar enough, at this early period of my residence in the country, with Portuguese to converse freely with Senhor Soares, or ascertain what use he made of these books; it was an unexpected sight, a classical library in a mud-plastered and palm-thatched hut on the banks of the Tocantins."

Like the Persians and other eastern nations they "go out of town" during the heat of the summer:—

"We found here several families encamped in a delightful spot. The shore sloped gradually down to the water, and was shaded by a few wide-spreading trees. There was no underwood. A great number of hammocks were seen slung between the tree-trunks, and the litter of a numerous household lay scattered about. Women, old and young, some of the latter very good-looking, and a large number of children, besides pet animals, enlivened the encampment. They were all half-breeds, simple, well-disposed people, and explained to us that they were inhabitants of *Cametá*, who had come thus far, eighty miles, to spend the summer months. The only motive they could give for coming was, that 'it was so hot in the town in the *verão* (summer), and they were all so fond of fresh fish.' Thus these simple folks think nothing of leaving home and business to come on a three months' picnic. It is the annual custom of this class of people throughout the province to spend a few months of the fine season in the wilder parts of the country. They carry with them all the *farinha* they can scrape together, this being the only article of food necessary to provide. The men hunt and fish for the day's wants, and sometimes collect a little India-rubber, sarsaparilla, or copaiba oil, to sell to traders on their return; the women assist in paddling the canoes, do the cooking, and sometimes fish with rod and line. The weather is enjoyable the whole time, and so days and weeks pass happily away."

Those who are fond of reading about natural history will find in these volumes a rich mine of information. We have capital sketches and anecdotes of bird-killing spiders, vampire bats attacking men asleep, and moths so exactly like humming-birds in appearance that at first sight you can scarcely tell whether you have an insect or a bird before you, and almost justifying the belief of the natives that the two were the same species. Brazil, too, has its Darwinists. "Look at their feathers," they said; "their eyes are the same, and so are their tails." "This resemblance," continues the author, "has attracted the notice of the

natives, all of whom, even educated whites, firmly believe that one is transmutable into the other. They have observed the metamorphosis of caterpillars into butterflies, and think it not at all more wonderful that a moth should change into a humming-bird. The resemblance between this hawk-moth and a humming-bird is certainly very curious, and strikes one even when both are examined in the hand. Holding them sideways, the shape of the head and position of the eyes in the moth are seen to be nearly the same as in the bird, the extended proboscis representing the long beak. At the tip of the moth's body there is a brush of long hair-scales resembling feathers, which, being expanded, looks very much like a bird's tail."

Probably, in no part of the world is the vegetation more luxuriant than in the valley of the Amazons, and men like Buckle have assigned it as the reason why civilization could not gain a firm footing in a region where so much of labour and energy is expended in keeping down the thousands and thousands of germs of vegetable life ever ready to dispute with man the possession of the soil. There is much in Mr. Bates's book to confirm the correctness of this deduction. Everywhere the towns and villages are surrounded by regular "walls" of impenetrable forests; and land neglected for a few years is speedily re-occupied by trees and shrubs, densely entangled with creeping and winding plants. Fancy such a mass of vegetable giants silently but steadily encroaching, and you have the key to much that appears singular in the character and mode of thought of the inhabitants:—

"We often read, in books of travels, of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hours of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the Curupira, the wild man or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain. Myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The Curupira is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of orang-atang, being covered with long, shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others, he is said to have cloven feet and a bright red face. He has a wife and children, and sometimes comes down to the roças to steal the mandioca. At one time I had a Mameluco youth in my service, whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest; in fact, I could not get him to go alone, and whenever we heard any of the strange noises mentioned above, he used to tremble with fear. He would crouch down behind me, and beg of me to turn back. He became easy only after he had made a charm to protect us from the Curupira. For this purpose he

took a young palm leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track."

Mr. Bates gives a very interesting account of the Saüba, one of the leaf-carrying ants, which every traveller in tropical America will remember as making regular roads, often many miles in length:—

"Besides injuring and destroying young trees by despoiling them of their foliage, the Saüba ant is troublesome to the inhabitants from its habit of plundering the stores of provisions in houses at night, for it is even more active by night than in the day-time. At first I was inclined to discredit the stories of their entering habitations and carrying off grain by grain the farinha or mandioca meal, the bread of the poorer classes of Brazil. At length, whilst residing at an Indian village on the Tapajos, I had ample proof of the fact. One night my servant woke me three or four hours before sunrise by calling out that the rats were robbing the farinha baskets. The article at that time was scarce and dear. I got up, listened, and found the noise was very unlike that made by rats. So I took the light and went into the store-room, which was close to my sleeping-place. I there found a broad column of Saüba ants, consisting of thousands of individuals, as busy as possible, passing to and fro between the door and my precious baskets."

We have already stated that one of the principal objects of Mr. Bates's explorations was to gather facts "towards solving the problem of the origin of species." He thinks he has found such a solution in adopting Mr. Darwin's theory and making many of his facts bend to it.

NEW NOVELS.

The Rival Races; or, the Sons of Joel: a Legendary Romance. By Eugène Sue. 3 vols. (Trübner & Co.)—Nineteen volumes of this amazing production, left incomplete by its author, are here condensed into three. This translation can hardly have been a labour of love; and the reason of attempting it is difficult to fathom, unless the object was to present the English reader with a fiction outdoing the horrors and monstrosities of 'Les Misérables.' If so, the feat is accomplished. There are hardly three consecutive pages in these three closely printed volumes, without some abomination tainting them—some trace of lust, torture, murder, physical agony. But thus it must be with writers of M. Sue's intolerable school. Relying on what is poisonous, horrible and repulsive for effect, and seeing that the natural combinations of such monstrosities are soon exhausted, they have to goad themselves forward in the path of distemperance and frenzy. Happily such a course can have only one issue. 'Les Mystères de Paris' was poorer and more ephemeral as a work of art than 'Mathilde.' 'Le Juif Errant,' which excited some attention in its time, was swept out of notice by the 'Monte Christo' of M. Dumas. 'Martin' and 'Les Sept Péchés Capitaux' were failures. For his last effort, here paraphrased, the jaded and misanthropic Sybarite (such was M. Sue during the closing years of his life) appears to have coiled up and clotted together every perverse and morbid fancy conceivable. The frantic effort defeats itself. This legend of a Breton family, before the days of Christ, and during the first eight centuries, showing how destiny called on them to endure the most fearful sufferings for the preservation of the old traditions of their nationality, is unreadably tedious. Even disgust ceases to stir as we turn over its pages. We close the book, saying, "Can vice in fiction do no more than this?" and turn with a keen appetite to the driest piece of matter-of-fact reading that presents itself.

Loring and Winning. By Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. 2 vols. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—This story does not reveal to us scenes of gambling and their attendant train of evils, as its name might lead us to suppose; but is a sober, commonplace and closely-written tale of everyday life, in which the actors go through the various vicissitudes com-

mon to all. The author gets over difficulties by removing from the scene any that are in her way: a husband dies on the eve of giving a Christmas ball, and his wife follows him to the land of spirits in a highly romantic but very unusual manner, after a widowhood that only lasts four hours. The whole winds up in the orthodox fashion of a five-act comedy, by everybody marrying each other; no less than three couples going through the ceremony in one morning at the parish church. This tale, we imagine the first attempt of the author, betrays many faults that time and care may correct. The principles are high-toned and excellent. The writing is weak, and the interest not sufficiently sustained; and the work itself does not deserve strong praise or censure, for it seldom soars beyond the safe sphere of mediocrity.

Nobly False: a Novel. By James M'Grigor Allan. 2 vols. (Newby.)—'Nobly False' is as nonsensical in its story as it is in its claptrap title. The author avows in his preface that the story has been written with a view to future adaptation to the stage, and that the life of Shelley is the quarry from which his plot has been hewn. He disavows all intention of identifying his characters with real personages, but he has evidently had them in his mind. They are not particularly like human beings, but resemble a stiff school-boy transcription. Gerald Lindor, who is intended for Shelley, is remarkable for the perverseness with which he takes up everything at the wrong end. Lady Lindor, his mother, educates him on the model of Émile, and he becomes the most self-sufficient, impracticable young prig that home education could produce. His father, Sir Thomas, has a dislike to his son, in which the reader will sympathize. "Gerald's precocious tendencies to pry into the mysteries of metaphysical subjects, and his enthusiasm for abstract truth which led him to question generally-received opinions, and to bring them to the test of critical examination," must have been awfully tiresome, at the tender age of his early teens—and when quite a boy, the author says with pride, that "with the burning love of truth characterizing a great mind, he spurned at the boundaries attempted to be placed to his mental and moral faculties by any sect," and that he read the French philosophers and German metaphysicians, and indeed all the theological works he could lay his hands on. An immense conceit of himself, and headstrong obstinacy without a particle of common sense, is the copy from the life which the author produces. Nothing can be more stupid and wearisome; he refuses to fish, hunt or shoot, because he decides that it is wrong to destroy life; and the author's idea of a hunt is, a fox so tame that it refuses to run, and which has to be beaten to make it show sport. Gerald falls in love with the keeper's daughter, Miriam Groves, whom the author in his preface announces as his ideal of womanly love and disinterestedness, and whilst running over the names of those Queens of Hearts, Undine, Haidee, Paul's Virginia, and Faust's Marguerite, the author declares that there is still another height, or depth, of love and devotedness, and this he finds in—the *Traviata!* Gerald Lindor goes to college, whence he is expelled for his atheistical pamphlet, details copied from the Memoirs of Shelley,—his father disowns him, and he consoles himself with Miriam, to whom he means honourable marriage, but his mother on her deathbed exacted a promise that he would not marry until he is five-and-twenty. Miriam, though the mirror of virtue and the soul of purity, consents to live with him as his mistress, and he, sooner than break his promise, allows her to do so, promising marriage however when the time comes. Such a wrongheaded young man as he is made by the author could not fail to get into political mischief: he gets mixed up in seditious meetings, makes foolish speeches, and is entirely without insight to discern the false from the true. There is a clerical villain, who is black and shining without a single redeeming quality, who makes mischief and works woe to an extent that would be quite inconceivable, except that the other people are idiots. He discovers the connexion between Miriam and Gerald, and he first induces Gerald's father to confine him as a lunatic, and then he works on Miriam to set her lover free, that

he may marry a fine lady to please his father. Miriam deliberately withdraws from the home where Gerald had placed her, makes him believe from her conduct that she is an abandoned woman, and writes to tell him that she has deceived him and never loved him: this she does that he may not regret her, and then she swallows poison. Having done everything in her power to make Gerald miserable for life, she sends for him, tells him what she has done and expires in his arms! This is being "nobly false,"—and it is the author's ideal of womanly grace and goodness. Gerald's conduct is worthy of her; he marries the beautiful Lady Augusta, in order that Miriam may not have wasted her sacrifice, and then upon his wedding-night he shoots himself before the full-length portrait of Miriam in the presence of his bride, with words of execration on his lips; and Lady Augusta puts on perpetual mourning and then goes mad.

A Pilgrimage over the Prairies. By the Author of 'The Fortunes of a Colonist.' 2 vols. (Newby.)—'A Pilgrimage over the Prairies' is a sequel to 'The Fortunes of a Colonist,' and the reader who turns over its pages is presumed to be familiar with the former story. No one, therefore, should take up the present volumes who has not gone through a special course of preparatory reading. Whether those who begin with 'The Fortunes' will feel inclined to enter on 'The Pilgrimage' we cannot say; but we can state confidently that no one who commences with the journey over "the Prairies" will care to prolong his intercourse with the author.

Sephas; or, Cloudy Skies: a Story. By Michael Ford. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—The writing of this tale is of unequal merit; and, in fact, it almost gives the impression of the book being the work of more than one author. The story is not worth the trouble of telling, even in outline. Nothing can be said in its favour, except, perhaps, that here and there may be found a passage which seems to give promise of ability to write something more satisfactory in the future.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Ulrich von Hutten, Imperial Poet and Orator, the Great Knightly Reformer of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from Chauffour-Kestner's 'Études sur les Réformateurs du 16^{me} Siècle.' By Archibald Young, Esq., Advocate. (Edinburgh, Clark; London, Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—Though France has produced several, and Germany has given the world many biographies of Ulrich von Hutten, it is remarkable that no Englishman has written the life of the man who was a noble type and epitome of the age, of which the scholarship was represented by Reuchlin and Erasmus, the religious reformation by Luther and Melancthon, and the knighthood by Franz von Sickingen. It is difficult to account for this deficiency in our literature, when it is remembered that Hutten not merely played a conspicuous part on the side of the great religious conflict which commands our strongest national sympathies, but that this life of effort, adventure, and vicissitude was one peculiarly adapted for biographic treatment. "I have," observes Mr. Young in his Preface, "said that scarcely any life of the sixteenth century presents stronger elements of dramatic interest than that of Hutten. His early flight from the Abbey of Fulda; his travels, as a poor scholar and student, throughout Germany and the neighbouring countries, now the guest of a peasant or burgher, now of a powerful noble or wealthy bishop, whose hospitality he repaid by his verses and the charms of his conversation; his perils from shipwreck and robbers; his first journey into Italy, during which he was besieged in his lodgings at Pavia by French soldiers, and reduced to such straits that he gave himself up for lost, and, like a true poet, composed his own epitaph; his escape and subsequent enlistment in the army of Maximilian; his return to Germany, and publication of those eloquent philippics against Duke Ulrich of Wurtemberg, whereby he elevated his private wrongs, in the assassination of his cousin, into an affair of national importance; his second visit to Italy, and his combat, single-handed,

against five Frenchmen who had insulted Kaiser Maximilian and the fatherland; his coronation at Augsburg, as Imperial poet and orator, by the Emperor's own hand; his brilliant services at the head of that noble army of scholars, the friends and followers of Reuchlin, who emancipated the human mind from the bondage of the old scholastic teaching; his terrible assaults on the vices and corruptions of Rome; his heroic self-abnegation in giving up his patrimony to his family, lest they should suffer by his proscription; his friendship with Sickingen, and their evenings in the strong castle of Ebernberg, passed in reading the writings of Luther, till the strong hand of the Bayard of Germany grasped his war-sword, and he exclaimed, 'It is the cause of God and of Truth'; last scene of all, the defeat and death of Sickingen, the proscription of Hutten, his flight to Baale, Mulhausen and Zurich, and his early death on the little island of Uffnau,—where is the romance that possesses stronger or more varied elements of dramatic interest than this true story of one of the countless champions and martyrs of freedom! Far from being a sufficient history of the hero, Mons. Chauffour-Kestner's essay is little more than a sketch of the literary side of Hutten's career, illustrated by lengthy extracts from those of his writings which made the deepest impressions on his contemporaries. Of the personal life of the Reformer it gives nothing more than occasional glimpses. The memoir, however, is acceptable in its present form; for the sketch is good so far as it goes, and the translator's work has been well done. We trust it may inspire Mr. Young, or some other writer, to put Frederick Strauss's Life of Hutten into an English dress. It is worthy of remark that Dr. Strauss and M. Chauffour-Kestner differ as to the date of Hutten's death. The essayist makes him die at Uffnau, August 29, 1524, at the age of thirty-six; whilst Dr. Strauss puts his death at the end of August or beginning of September, 1523, when his age was thirty-five years and four months.

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863. (Philadelphia, Child; London, Trübner & Co.)—'The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863' is a statistical survey of the social, commercial and political career of the American States throughout 1862, and though it falls short of perfect completeness and accuracy, it is far superior to all works of the same class which have hitherto been produced by Transatlantic writers. Coming from a Northern source, it is animated by Northern spirit, but is not upon the whole wanting in fairness to the South, although it calls the attitude of the Slave States "rebellion," and mentions Jefferson Davis and his subordinates as "The So-called Confederate Government." Eighteen closely-printed pages set forth the unwise restrictions of "The New Tariff." Mr. Holley's article 'On Iron-clad War-Vessels' is far too brief; but the author is preparing a volume for the press, in which he engages to give the latest results of experience with regard to armour-ships. From the 'List of Books published in the United States during the Year 1862,' it appears that war has not greatly lessened the activity of the Northern book-trade. Indeed, the New York pirates of English novels seem to be doing even brisker business than the piano-manufacturers, the flourishing state of whose affairs we recently remarked upon. In the course of 1862 the North published thirty-nine works of prose fiction from the pens of English writers, of which publications a portion were reprints of old standard novels, and twenty-six were new editions of "season" tales, that are still having their run in the London circulating libraries. Thus English novelists supplied America with one new novel a fortnight throughout the entire twelve months. It would be interesting to know how often, in the same time, American publishers made remittances of money to authors in this country.

Memoirs of the Past, and Thoughts of the Present Age. By Joseph Brown, M.D. (Longman & Co.)—The writer of this pugnacious essay on things in general opens his first chapter with an announcement that his sojourn on this earth cannot be long, as he is approaching his eightieth year, and then proceeds to show with pathetic force how com-

pletely an educated man of narrow views may be found lagging in the rear whilst he believes himself in the vanguard of intellect. Wishing to pay due respect to the grey hairs of one who is himself singularly deficient in reverence for the learning and virtues of those from whom he differs in opinion, we will say no more of a book to which praise may not be awarded.

The House of the Forest of Lebanon; or, the Proverbs of Solomon. A Poetical Commentary; with Notes and Dissertations. By William Day. (Hobart Town, Walch & Sons; London, Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—"A taste for building rhymes," says Mr. Day, "cultivated in youth, and indulged in latter years as an agreeable employment of time that might otherwise have run to waste, is principally answerable for the appearance of this volume." If the labour of writing 'The House of the Forest of Lebanon' has kept Mr. Day out of mischief, his sorry attempts to improve upon Solomon have done more good before publication than they will ever again effect. One of the teacher's most familiar maxims is thus rendered by the rhymester:—

"No; 'tis not barbarous to apply,
In tender years of infancy,
Correction to your darling boy;
To spare the rod were cruelty;
Love doth the discipline employ;—
Be not the loved one's enemy."

Mr. Day has no more sense of the grandeur of Bible language than he has of the feebleness of his own.

Labourers in the Vineyard; Dioramic Scenes in the Lives of Eminent Christians. By M. H., with a Recommending Preface, by the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, B.A. (Edinburgh, Johnstone & Co.; London, Hamilton & Co.)—To the young people who are especially addressed in these brief sketches, the author says, "I purpose in these Dioramas (the pictures of which are painted with words) to bring before you events in the lives of some good and great men and women; to show you, that in every profession God can be glorified, and that in all places and circumstances the faithful servant will find work to do in his Master's vineyard." The writer's views on questions pertaining to religion are far from broad; but her temper is gentle, even as her earnestness seems to be unaffected. Her tales are told with a simplicity which will not fail to please those for whom they are written.

Danes, Saxons and Normans; or, Stories of Our Ancestors. By J. G. Edgar. (Beeton.)—Some praise is due to the pen which has written, and the pencils which have embellished with more than a hundred and fifty pictures, this child's book of history. "I have endeavoured," says Mr. Edgar, "to tell in a popular way the story of the Norman Conquest, and to give an idea of the principal personages who figured in England at the period when that memorable event took place; and I have endeavoured, I hope not without some degree of success, to treat the subject in a popular and picturesque style, without any sacrifice of historic truth. . . . I have continued my narrative for many years after the fall of Harold and the building of Battle Abbey, and have traced the Conqueror's career from the coast of Sussex to the banks of the Humber and the borders of the Tweed." Possessing more of the merits and fewer of the faults of his former books, Mr. Edgar's 'Danes, Saxons and Normans' will be read in school-room, nursery and play-room; whilst Mr. Dudley's excellent engravings will secure for it a place on many a drawing-room table.

Californian Life Illustrated. By William Taylor. With engravings.—'Californian Life Illustrated' has fewer merits than the author's previous work, 'Seven Years' Preaching in San Francisco'; but it is an entertaining picture of a Wesleyan Missionary's life in the American gold country, which should be glanced at by readers who under ordinary circumstances do not care to peruse the literature of religious sects. Brother William Roberts, the Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missionaries in Oregon and California, it appears, makes the circuit of his congregations equipped in a fashion that well becomes a minister of a church militant. "On this visit to California," observes Mr. Taylor, "Brother Roberts brought with him his blankets, sleeping and travelling gear,

and on his arrival bought and rigged up a mule, and thus travelled 'on the foal of an ass' in primitive independent style, carrying a Bible in one hand and a good Colt's revolver in the other." The sermons of this sound preacher abound in denunciations of gambling, which is the almost universal vice of Californian settlers. The Rev. Mr. Damon, a Wesleyan minister of the mealy-mouthed sort, was disposed to make terms with the professional gamblers, but Brother Roberts boldly declared cards and dice to be inventions of Satan, and denounced those who handled them for gain. That the preacher's courage was rewarded, the reader learns from a story which beautifully illustrates one side of the "voluntary system" as it works in a new country. "A friend who heard him preach at Coloma, says that the Rev. Mr. Damon, from the Sandwich Islands, preached that day in the same house, and a hat-collection of 130 dollars was raised, to be divided equally between the two preachers to defray their travelling expenses. In the 'hat' was found a twenty and a ten dollar piece, carefully folded in paper, on which was written 'I design the twenty dollars for Mr. Roberts, because he fearlessly dealt out the truth against the gamblers. The ten dollars are for Mr. Damon.' Signed by the leading gambler of the town."

My Summer Holiday: being a Tourist's Jottings about Tenby. (Freeman.)—This book has, evidently, had for its writer a good-natured person, who takes with him to his holiday that holiday-spirit, which does not disdain small pleasures because great ones are not accessible, and who can make a place like Tenby, with its rocks and sands, and coves and ruins, suffice—even though in the next house to him may be living some tourist bent on the Alpine peak which no foot has yet scaled, or the pass, to cross which is imminently dangerous nine days out of ten. But good-nature, however contagious, cannot make the most lenient of critics wholly blind nor entirely dumb. Our Tenby chronicler is too simple after the fashion of Mr. Richard Swiveller,—too largely addicted to those sentimentalities which, whether they be Della-Cruscan, or Wordsworthian, or Moore-ish, or after the fashion of Tennyson, are so enervating that admiration is tempted to go to sleep, and patience to close the book, and considerate kindness to ask, "Why give sarcasm a pretext by the employment of a style with which we are used to associate the idea of folly and false enthusiasm?"

Breton Legends, &c.—*Légendes Bretonnes: Souvenirs du Morbihan*, par C^e D'A.] (Paris, Jung-Treuttel).—There is a fashion in scenery as well as in hair-dressing. In the days of Anne Radcliffe, England looked to the Pyrenees for such picturesque beauty as France was held to possess,—or if not, to Dauphiné. The strange, picturesque desert beyond Bordeaux, with its grand sea-lake in the pine forest of Arcachon, the volcanoes of Auvergne, the towns which inclose such riches of antique art as Noyon, Troyes, Laon, Rheims, Chartres, Périgueux, Poitiers, and fifty besides,—had no virtual existence for those bent on the grand tour, who slowly ground their way along the high roads of France, too impatient for the Alps or Italy to condescend to a halt, let the temptation be ever so peculiar and unhackneyed. Towards the beginning of this century, the sphere of their sympathy was enlarged, by admitting within its round 'La Vendée' as a romantic labyrinth within which a strange resistance had been kept up by a peculiar people. Then Cotman, and Dawson Turner, and Charles Weld began to talk about and to draw the architectural treasures of Normandy; later still, M. Villemarqué and Émile Souvestre, by their legendary collections still further "brought out" the district to which this book is devoted, the last of the family, and possibly, therefore, the least interesting. It would be almost as difficult to give a fresh flavour to a Breton book as to a collection of Irish fairy tales. None of the legends before us, at all events, has any apparent novelty,—and the author has no vivacity of style to redeem the triteness of his matter.

Les Aventures d'un Chien de Chasse. By G. de Cherville. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel).—Readers of fiction who prefer stories of life pertaining to stable and kennel before all other tales, will find amusement

in these pages, which come from the pen of M. de Cherville, who, though he has never before published under his own name, has long been an esteemed "collaborateur" of Alexandre Dumas. In a prefatory letter, here published, the great novelist encourages his modest fellow-workman to prepare himself for immediate popularity. If M. de Cherville looks for brilliant success he will be disappointed, but the merit of his two stories secures them from absolute failure. The 'Adventures of a Sporting Dog' contains less force but more sprightliness and piquancy than are found in English stories of the same kind. A translation of 'Les Aventures d'un Chien de Chasse' would possibly find acceptance amongst sportsmen on this side the Channel. The second story, 'Histoire de Coco,' is not so good.

Among Sermons and other Miscellanies, which may be at once handed over to their several readers, we find on the table:—*Sermons preached before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during the Tour in the East*, by the Rev. Dr. A. P. Stanley (Murray).—*Fellowship in Joy and Sorrow: a Sermon*, by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford (Parker).—*The Abiding Presence of the Spirit in the Church: the Fulfilment of Christ's Promise*, by the Archbishop of York (Parker).—*Revue Continentale, sous la direction de M. N. Batjijn* (Willis & Sotheman).—*The Colonial Office List for 1863* (Stanford).—Vol. III. of *Pun*.—Mr. Jones's *Second Series of Lectures on the Ancient and Modern Dramatic Poets* (Allen & Co.).—Part I. *A Dictionary of Chemistry*, by H. Watts (Longman).—Part I. *First Outlines of a Dictionary of the Solubilities of Chemical Substances*, by F. H. Storer (Trübner).—*Orioso: a Play*, by Anon.—Vol. II. of *Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire* (Liverpool, Holden).—Mr. Curtis's *Chronological and Genealogical Tables illustrative of English History* (Simpkin).—*The Princess Alexandra and the Royal House of Denmark: a Genealogy*, by Frans Thimm (Thimm).—*Epithalamion; or, the Royal Nuptials: a Poem*, by W. T. Matson (Faithfull).—*A Lay of the Minister*, by the Rev. W. B. Philpot (Virtue).—*Tom Burton; or, the Better Way* (Partridge).—*Wordsworth's Excursion: Book I., The Wanderer, with Notes* by the Rev. H. G. Robinson (Hamilton).—Part I. of *Tammas Bodkin; or, the Humours of a Scottish Tailor* (Menzies).—*Napoleon III. et ses Complices, dédiés à Garibaldi* (Wilks).—*Mantie Uttair, ou le Langage des Oiseaux, Poème de Philosophie Religieuse, Traduit du Persan de Farid Uddin Attar*, par M. Garcin de Tassy (Paris, Imprimerie Impériale).—*Catalog der Kunstaammlung des Freiherrn Carl Rolas du Rosey* (Williams & Norgate).—*To a Bridegroom-Elect: a Poem*, by C. D. (Booth).—*The Rocks of the Wrekin, and what is written upon them*, by a Lady (Houlston & Wright).—*The Active Lists of Flag Officers, Captains, and Commanders of the Royal Navy, with Particulars exhibiting the Progress, &c. of Officers, from their Entry into the Service to December, 1862*, by Rev. W. Harvey (Stanford).—and *A Voice from the Motherland, answering Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe's Appeal*, by Cives Anglicus (Trübner & Co.).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Blomfield (Bp.), *Memoir of his Son*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 18/6.
- Cater's *Punch in the Pulpit*, 3rd edit. 1s. 6d.
- Clark's *Canticles*, *Psalter*, &c., pointed for Chanting, cr. 8vo. 3/6.
- Clark's *Manual for Communion Classes and Meetings*, 12mo. 3/6.
- Deserted House of Hawkesworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6.
- Dunmaine, *a Temperance Tale for 1863*, 8vo. 1/6.
- Elizabeth's (C.) *Heaven Fleetwood*, 4th edit. 1s. 6d.
- Fox's *Notes on the Lost and the Redeemed*, post 8vo. 1/6.
- Fox's *Book of Martyrs, with Notes*, &c., by Milner & Cobbin, 6/6.
- Fry's *Shilling Guide to the London Charities*, for 1863, cr. 8vo. 1/6.
- Graves's *Yachting Cruise in the Baltic*, post 8vo. 12/6.
- Hasall's *The Urine in Health and Disease*, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 12/6.
- Hedderwick's *Miscellany of Entertaining Literature*, Vol. 1, 3/6.
- Hibberd's *Profitable Gardening, Vegetables, Fruits*, &c., 3/6.
- Hill's *Village Dialogues*, 38th edit. 12mo. 4/6.
- Inrolubdy Letters, The, Vol. 2, 3rd edit. royal 8vo. 6/6.
- Inquiry of a Citizen into the Roman Catholic Religion, 18mo. 2/6.
- Kingdom (The) and the People, or the Parables Explained, 3/6.
- Langley's *The Retributive Justice of God in this Life*, 6/6.
- Longfellow's *Poetical Works*, illustrated, 8vo. 3/6.
- Masse, *Grammatologie Française*, 8vo. 6/6.
- Millhouse's *Manual of Italian Conversation*, new edit. 18mo. 2/6.
- Millhouse's *New English and Italian Dictionary*, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 14/6.
- Mitchell's *Handbook to St. Luke for the Unlearned*, 18mo. 1/6.
- Nicolson's *Kilividdie*, and other Poems, royal 18mo. 2/6.
- Oppen's *Postage-Stamp Album and Catalogue*, 2nd edit. 4to. 5/6.
- Palmer's *Scripture Facts and Scientific Doubts*, 12mo. 2/6.
- Pepper's *My Escape from Siberia*, post 8vo. 5/6.
- Practical *Meshaal's Journal*, Vol. 7, Second Series, 4th ed. 14/6.
- Quiver, The, Vol. 3, roy. 8vo. 4/6.
- Ross's *How to Train Young Eyes and Ears*, 8vo. 1/6.
- Rouse's *Practical Man*, 10th edit. obl. 24mo. 9/6.
- Sewter's *Pharmacopoeia of the London Dispensary*, 18mo. 3/6.
- Wayland's *Elements of Moral Science*, 7th edit. 12mo. 2/6.
- Worley's *Poems and Transactions*, 8vo. 5/6.

AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG, R.A.

By the death of Augustus Egg, at Algiers, the Royal Academy loses an efficient member. So efficient was he that, with the exception of Mr. Ward, we believe, no other member of that body—not a portrait-painter—has exhibited so constantly or so regularly as the deceased. From 1838, when his name first appeared in the Catalogue, until 1860, when health failed, he contributed each year, excepting only in 1852, 1853 and 1856. Sometimes he sent three works, most often two. A. L. Egg was born in Piccadilly, where his father had been settled for some years, on May the 2nd, 1816. He went to school at Bexley, Kent; and, although possessing and evincing considerable ability in painting and drawing, did not originally intend to practise Art as a profession. In 1834, however, he entered the Art-school of Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury, and in the following year, at the same time with Mr. W. P. Frith, became a student of the Royal Academy. Two years afterwards he exhibited his first picture in the Society of British Artists' Gallery, in Suffolk Street: this work was purchased by the Prince Consort.

In 1838 Mr. Egg sent to the Royal Academy a picture representing a Spanish Girl, which was very favourably received, and sold to the Art-Union of London. In 1841 appeared 'Romeo and Juliet'; in 1842, 'Cromwell discovering his Chaplain, Jeremiah White, making Love to his Daughter Frances'; in 1843 'The Introduction of Sir Piers Shafton to Halbert Glendinning,' from Scott's 'Monastery.' From the appearance of this picture we date a great improvement in the artist's style and sentiment; in it the first seemed to be strengthened, and the last to become more manly. Next came 'Scene from The Devil on Two Sticks.' The advance was still more marked in the picture of 1845, 'Scene from "A Winter's Tale"—Autolycus singing "Come buy of me, come buy, come buy."' 'Buckingham rebuffed,' the work shown in 1846, seems fresh in our memories (it was re-exhibited at Manchester, 1857), and was one of the most remarkable pictures of the year; lacking none of the qualities which succeeding years of practice gave to his pictures, except a certain solidity of painting, which Mr. Egg, with others his contemporaries, adopted about twelve years since, to the great improvement of their systems of execution, and in accordance with the general feeling that facility of sketching was unsound in theory, and but a poor kind of Art in itself. No man acknowledged the importance of this change more frequently and freely than did Mr. Egg himself: to it he owed the bolder and more solid practice which distinguishes his later from his earlier works.

'The Wooing of Katherine' ('Taming of the Shrew'), painted 1846, enhanced the artist's reputation, and is one of the best humorous Shaksperean pictures of the English school. This, with 'Lucentio and Bianca,' from the same play, appeared in 1847. The next year brought out 'Queen Elizabeth discovers she is no longer young,' and marked the artist's possession of that somewhat exaggerated tragic force, the culminating expression of which was the triptych seen at the International Exhibition. Herein are to be found the antithetical points in the artist's mind to that humour and gaiety which were expressed by subjects from Le Sage and the like writers. Soon after the exhibition of these pictures Mr. Egg was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy (1849). 'Henrietta Maria in Distress relieved by Cardinal De Retz' followed his elevation, together with 'Launce's substitute for Proteus's Dog.' That one of his works which is received as the best appeared in 1850—'Peter the Great sees Catherine, his future Empress, for the first time.' Herein the solid manner and increased care of execution to which foregone practice had led up, pronounced themselves effectively in sound drawing, thoughtful modelling, and heedful study of nature. For these advantages the warm colouring which erst characterised the painter's style was temporarily sacrificed, not to be recovered, in harmony at least, until the last picture that was to come before the world by his hands appeared. 'Peppy's Introduction to Nell Gwynne' was a transitional picture, begun, we believe, before the 'Peter the Great,' although that pre-

ceded it at the Royal Academy. In 1852 and 1853 Mr. Egg's health, never strong, was seriously affected. In 1854 was shown 'Dame Ursula and Margaret' and 'A Study.' In 1855 three pictures, 'Through the green Shade wandering,' 'Come unto this Bosom, my own stricken Deer,' and the double picture 'The Life and Death of Buckingham,' were exhibited. In 1857 the first 'Scene from "Esmond."' In this year Mr. Egg arranged the modern pictures in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, in doing which he had the good fortune to please almost every one. The selection of examples proved his tact and taste, and was singularly characteristic and satisfactory. In 1858 came 'The Knighting of Esmond' and the triptych before alluded to, representing the breaking up of a home and its consequences.

'The Night before Naseby' and a Sketch were exhibited by Mr. Egg in 1859. In 1860 his subject was from his favourite theme 'The Taming of the Shrew'—the Dinner scene. This was one of the best of his works in colouring and spirit; in it were combined some of the qualities of both his styles. In the next year Mr. Egg's name appeared as Royal Academician. Weak health, against which he had struggled for several years, compelled the painter to try the climate of Algeria. So much benefit did he get from this, that he had recently been enabled to carry on some long-delayed work, and hopes were entertained of his final recovery. He spoke cheerfully on the subject, and seemed to feel much better; indeed, he may have felt over-confident in this improvement, for it appears that he incautiously exposed himself, while riding, to a cold wind: hence an attack of asthma rapidly prostrated the recently-gained strength he had, and he died at midnight on the 25th ult. His long-seated disease of the lungs seems to have been in abeyance at the time. He was buried on the top of a high hill near the city of Algiers, that spot seeming to the friends about him preferable to the crowded cemetery. Every intimate friend he had bears testimony to the manliness and goodness of his heart; all are grieved at his early loss.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT.—THE LINES IN THE SPECTRUM.

Blackheath, April 6, 1863.

FOR the purpose of observing the black lines in the sky spectrum at different altitudes, and the sun spectrum if possible, an apparatus was employed consisting of a prism, a fine adjustable slit half an inch in length, placed in the focus of an object-glass, and a telescope directed to the prism, lent for the purpose by the Astronomer Royal, and is the same apparatus as that used by Prof. Smyth on the Peak of Teneriffe. No angular measure was prepared for or contemplated; only eye observations and comparison of differences between the spectrum as seen on the ground and at different heights during the journey. A careful examination of the spectrum between the hours of 3 and 4 P.M., before starting, showed B as the boundary at the red end, and a little beyond G at the violet end when looking at the sky; and when looking at the sun, I could not see quite to H. The lines C, D double, E, b, and F were very plainly shown, with many lines between them. At 4h. 20m., at the height of about half a mile, a cursory examination of the spectrum showed a close correspondence with that on the earth, showing lines B to G, but the extreme lines with, I thought, less distinctness. At 4h. 30m. at the height of about one mile, the spectrum was bright, but less in length, both at the violet and red ends. The line G was quite the limit, and I could not see B, and C was doubtful. At 4h. 35m., at the height of about 2 miles, G was lost entirely, and the violet was dull; I could see F and D, but not beyond. At 4h. 42m., at 3 miles high, I lost violet entirely, and could not see F. At 4h. 46m., between 3 and 4 miles high, the spectrum was very short. I could see from a little beyond D to E, I think b, but not F. At 5h. 10m. at 4 miles high, I could not see any spectrum, excepting a little yellow tinge. At 5h. 30m. at 4½ miles high, I saw no spectrum and no colour. At 5h. 45m., at the height of 3 miles, on descending, there was no

spectrum; I opened the slit, and saw a faint tinge of colour only.

Bearing in mind that the time available for this class of observations in the balloon is inadequate to take correct drawings, I only attended, with as much care as the shortness of the time admitted, to the general appearance, the limiting lines of visibility at both ends of the spectrum, and very little to the thickness, or number, or definition of the lines themselves. The general result is, that no lines were lost from the spectrum, excepting those by the shortening of the spectrum itself; but it must be borne in mind, that although it was very light with us, yet the sun was low, and the shortening of the spectrum itself may be attributable to the want of light. For this class of experiments, it will be necessary to have a balloon ascent starting either in the morning or about noon, to compare with the preceding observations, and to determine whether the spectrum does really shorten with elevation, as well as to determine whether any lines are lost by passing into a less dense atmosphere.

One of the principal subjects of research in the balloon experiments of last year was the determination of the law of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation. The results from my ascents last season were, that when the sky was clear, a decline of 1 degree took place within 100 feet of the earth, whilst at the height of 30,000 feet a space of fully 1,000 feet had to be passed for a change of 1 degree of temperature, and that between these limits a gradually increasing space was required for a change of temperature to the same amount, plainly indicating that the old theory of a decline of temperature of 1 degree for every 300 feet must be abandoned.

The previous ascents were made in the months of July, August and September. It became of the highest importance to have similar experiments in the other months of the year, and the British Association, at its meeting in Cambridge, voted 200l. for experiments to be begun in the spring, and some of which, if possible, during the prevalence of east winds.

The balloon left the earth, on March 31, from the Crystal Palace, at 4h. 16m. P.M., the temperature of the air being 50 degrees; at 4h. 25m. we were one mile high, with a temperature of 33½ degrees; the second mile was reached at 4h. 35m., with a temperature of 26 degrees; the third mile at 4h. 44m., when the temperature was 14 degrees; at 3½ miles high the temperature was 8 degrees. A warm current of air was met with, and it rose to 12 degrees at 4h. 58m.; at 5h. 2m. we passed out of the current, and when 4½ miles high the temperature was just zero of Fahrenheit's scale.

In descending, the temperature increased to 11 degrees at about three miles high, at 5h. 38m.; then a cold current was met with, and it decreased to 7 degrees. We soon passed through it, and the temperature increased to 18½ degrees at two miles high, to 25½ degrees at one mile, and to 42 degrees on the ground, which was reached at 6h. 30m.

When one mile high the deep roar of London was heard distinctly, and its murmuring noise reached us at a greater elevation. At heights of three and four miles high the view was indeed wonderful—the plan-like appearance of London and its suburbs; the map-like appearance of the country round; then running the eye down the winding Thames, to the white cliffs at Margate, and on to Dover, Brighton was seen, and the sea beyond, and all the coast line was clear up to Yarmouth. The north was obscured by clouds. Looking under us, and to the south, there were many detached cumuli clouds, resting apparently on the earth, like patches of shining wool, and in some places a solitary cloud thus apparently resting on the earth surrounded by a clear space for many miles.

JAMES GLAISHER.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE IN THE YEAR 1610.

8, St. Mary's Place, April 7, 1863.

I have the pleasure of sending, for first publication in the *Athenæum*, a copy of the most interesting document respecting this cottage which has presented itself to my notice in the course of long-continued researches for materials for a history of the Hathaway family. The tenement in question, with

its garden, and other lands, the latter now separated from them, were originally part of the manor of the Duke of Northumberland. Upon the occasion of his attainer, in the first of Queen Mary, the estate was forfeited, and it continued to belong to the Crown until the time of James the First, when it was granted by letters patent to William Whitmore and John Randall. These persons sold it in 1610 to Bartholomew Hathaway, in whose family it continued until the present century.

From the description in the deed of conveyance of 1610, here printed, it might at first sight be thought that the tenement was divided into two holdings, and that Bartholomew Hathaway had at some time previously occupied only one portion of the present building. The latter inference will, I believe, be found on examination to be erroneous, and I am inclined to think that the Hathaways occupied the whole at the time of Anne's birth and during her life. The allusion in the deed to a portion of the estate having been previously occupied by Thomas Perkins refers to a remote period, for the same description occurs in a survey of the property made in the year 1543, at which time John Hathaway held the tenement and land then described as having been previously in the tenure of Perkins. In old deeds, the descriptions of parcels were often copied from more ancient instruments, without a strict regard to existing facts.

That the two tenements mentioned in the following conveyance formed together the old building now preserved at Shottery, can be satisfactorily proved by the various title-deeds and settlements respecting the estate, copies of which, in an uninterrupted series from 1610 to the present time, are in my possession. The identification of the pieces of land attached to the tenements is a matter of greater difficulty, but names of fields continue generally unaltered; and perhaps some one in the neighbourhood will come forward to tell us where Hewlands, Hewlyns, and the various closes here named, are situate. J. O. HALLIWELL.

This Indenture, made the first daie of April, in the yeeres of the reigne of our soveraigne Lord James, by the Grace of God of England, Scotland, Fraunce and Ireland, king, defendour of the faith, &c., that is to saie, of England, Fraunce and Ireland the Eight, and of Scotland the three and fortieth, Betweene William Whitmore, of London, esquier, and John Randall, of Preston Bagott, in the countie of Warwicke, gent., on the one partie, and Bartholomew Hathaway, of Shottery, in the Countie of Warwicke, husbandman, on thother partie, Witnesseth that the said William Whitmore and John Randall, for and in consideration of the somme of two hundred poundes of good and lawfull Englishe money unto them well and trulie before thenesaling and delivery of theis presentes in hand paid by the said Bartholomew Hathaway, whereof and wherewith they the saide William Whitmore and John Randall doe acknowledge themselves to be fullie satisfied and paid, and thereof and of every parte and parcell thereof doe clearlie acquite and discharge the saide Bartholomew Hathaway, his executors and administratours, and every of them for ever, by theis presentes, Have graunted, aliened, bargained, solde, and infeoffed, and by theis presentes doe fullie, freele, and absolutelie graunt, alien, bargain, sell, infeoffe and confirm unto the said Bartholomew Hathaway, All that thaire message and tenement and one yarde land, with thappurtenaunces, scituat and being in Shottery aforessaid, in the said countie of Warwicke, sometyne in the tenure or occupation of Thomas Perkins, and now or late in the possession or occupation of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, or of his assignee or assignes; and all that thaire message and tenement, and one other yarde land, with thaire appurtenaunces, called or knowne by the name of Hewlands, scituat and being in Shotterie aforessaid, in the said countie of Warwick, now or late in the tenure or possession of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, or of his assignee; And also all that thair tofte and half yarde land, with thappurtenaunces, called or knowne by the name of Hewlyns, scituat, lyeing and being in Shotterie aforessaid, in the said countie of Warwicke, now or late in the possession or occupation of the saide

Bartholomew Hathaway, or of his assignee or assigns; and also all those three closes with theirs and every of their appurtenances, whereof one is called or knowne by the name of Hewland Close, one other called or knowne by the name of Hewlyns Close, and thother called or knowne by the name of Palmers Close, which said three closes are scituate, lying and being in Shottery aforesaide, in the said countie of Warwick, and now are or late were in the possession or occupation of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, or of his assignee or assignees; And also common of pasture goinge and pasturing of and for such and soe manie horses, beastes and cattells in the comon fieldes waste grounde places commonable in Shottery aforesaide, in such manner as other the tenants and occupiers of the premisses, or anie part thereof, have used to have for and in respect of the premisses; and also all and singular howses, barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, meadowes, pastures, feedinges, commons, common of pastures, waies, wastes, waters and watercourses, wooddes, underwoodes, hedgerowes and trees, and the grounde and soyle of the same, and all other easementes, commodities and hereditamentes whatsoever, with their and every of their rightes, members and appurtenances unto the said two mesuages and tenementes one tofte and two yardes lande and an half, three closes, or unto anie of them belonging, or in anie wise appartayning, or reputed, knowne, used or taken as parte, parcell or member of them, or anie of them; all which saide premisses now are or late were parcell of the manour of Old Stratford, in the said countie of Warwick; Except, and out of their presentes reserved unto the said William Whitmore and John Randall, and their heires and assignes for ever, all free warranties, court leetes, and viewes of franck pledge, and all that to Court Leete and view of franck pledge belongeth, waifes, straies, goodes and chattells of fellons and fugitives, fellons of themselves and of persons outlawed and putt in exigent, and all deodandes, and alsoe free liberties of hunting, hawking and fowling, and other jurisdictiones, franchises, and liberties whatsoever, To Have and to hould the said two mesuages and tenementes, one tofte, two yardes lande and a half, three closes, and all and singular other the premisses, with their and every of their appurtenances before by their presentes bargained or sold, and every part and parcell thereof (except before excepted), unto the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, To the onely and proper use and behoof of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, for ever, in as large, ample and beneficiall manner and forme, to all intentes, constructions and purposes as the same were given and graunted by our said Sovereigne Lord the Kinges Majestie unto them the said William Whitmore, John Randall, and their heires, by his highnes lettres patentes, bearing date at Westminster the two and twentieth daie of Marth last past, yielding and paying therefore yearlie for ever unto the said William Whitmore and John Randall, their heires and assignes, the yearly rent of thirtie-three shillings fowerpence of lawfull Englishe money at the feastes of St. Michael the Archangell and the Annunciacion of St. Mary the Virgin, by even porcions; And if it shall happen the said yearly rent of thirtie-three shillings fowerpence, or anie part or parcell thereof, to be behind and unpaid after anie of the said feastes in which the same ought to be paid, being lawfullie asked or demanded, That then, and at all tymes then after, it shall and may be lawfull to and for the said William Whitmore and John Randall, their heires and assignes, into the premisses herein before mentioned to enter ad distrayne, and the distresse and distresses then and there so found to leade, drive, carry away, and ymound, and in the same impounde to retaine and keepe until the said yearly rent of thirtie-three shillings fower pence, with the arrerages thereof, if anie shal bee, hee or they shalbe fullie satisfied and paid; To be holden of the cheif lord or lordes of the fee or fees thereof by the rentes and services therefore due and of right accustomed; And the said William Whitmore, for himself, his heires, executours and administratours, and every of them, doth cove-

naunte and graunt to and with the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, and to and with every of them by their presentes, that all and every the premisses with their appurtenances before mentioned and intended to be bargained and sould, are and bee, and at all times from henceforth shall and may continue, remayne and bee to the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes discharged, or upon request to be made unto the said William Whitmore or his heires saved harmeles of and from all and all manner of titles, troubles, charges and incumbrances whatsoever had, made, suffred, done or occasioned by him, the said William Whitmore, his heires or assignes; And also, that hee the saide William Whitmore, his heires and assignes, shall and will, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, during the space of six yeares next ensuing the date hereof, upon the reasonable request, costes and charges of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires or assignes, doe and suffer and cause to be done all and every such further lawfull act and actes, thing and thinges, whatsoever for the further and better assurance and conveyance and sure making and conveying of all and singular the said premisses with the appurtenances and of every part and parcell thereof to be conveyed and assured unto the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes for ever, according to the true intent and meaning of their presentes, with warranty onely against the said William Whitmore, his heires and assignes, according as by the learned councill of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, shalbe reasonably advised; And the said John Randall doth for himself, his heires, executours, administratours and assignes, covenante and graunt to and with the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, by their presentes, That all and every the premisses with the appurtenances before mentioned and intended to bee hereby bargained and sould are and bee, and at all tymes from henceforth shall and may contynue, remaine and be to the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, discharged, or upon request to be made to the said John Randall or his heires saved harmeles of and from all and all manner of titles, troubles and incumbrances whatsoever had, made, suffered, done or occasioned by him the said John Randall, his heires or assignes; And also that he the said John Randall, his heires and assignes, shall from tyme to tyme, during the space of six yeeres next ensuing upon the reasonable request, costes and charges of the said Bartholomew Hathaway make, doe or suffer to be done, anie further act or thing for the better and more perfect assurance of the premisses, and of every part thereof, with their appurtenances, to the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, with warranty onely against the said John Randall, his heires and assignes, according as by the learned councill of the said Bartholomew Hathaway, his heires and assignes, shall be reasonably advised. And it is agreed betweene the said parties to their presentes that for the doeing of anie such act or thing for the better assuring of the premisses the said William Whitmore nor his heires shall not be enforced to travell from or out of that city or county where he or they at the tyme of such request shalbe respectivelie abiding. In Witnes whereof, the parties aforesaid to their presente indentures interchangeably have sett their bandes and seales the daie and yeare first above written, 1610.

W. WHITMORE. JOHN RANDOLL.
(L.S.) (L.S.)
Sealed and delivered in the presence of
RICHARD COCKS, FRA. COLLYNS, PETER
ROWELL, JOHN ROSWELL.

PROF. OWEN ON THE HUMAN BRAIN.

At a meeting of the Anthropological Society, held on Tuesday last, after a paper had been read by Mr. Gore, 'On the Smallest Human Brain on Record,' Prof. Owen made some observations which our readers will be glad to see reported. The Professor said:—

The normal organization of the human species is liable, and perhaps more so than that of lower

species, to malformation as a consequence of arrest of development; and this is especially the case with the organ the great relative size and complexity of which form the chief characteristic of the human organization, viz., the brain.

Instances of this arrest of development are known in different varieties of the human kind, e.g. in the Negro one, as exemplified by the female called by her showman the "Hottentot Venus"; and by the hybrid Spanish and Indian children from San Salvador, called by their showman "Aztecs." But the best recorded cases of such cerebral arrests are those of Europeans, as exemplified by the idiot whose brain is preserved in St. Bartholomew's Hospital; by that whose brain, weighing 1 lb. 4 oz., is described by Dr. Todd (*Cycl. of Anat.*, vol. iii., Art. 'Nervous Centres'); and by the still smaller and more remarkable instance of the idiot with the brain weighing only 10 oz. 5 grains, avoird., described this evening by Mr. Gore.

No physiological phenomena are of greater interest and importance than those which tend to directly elucidate the relations of the cerebral organ to the mental phenomena in mankind. Such elucidation is given by these cases of variety, in which the brain and cranium fail to be developed to their normal proportional size: and the one which Mr. Gore has communicated to us is, so far as my research has extended, the smallest instance of a brain, otherwise of sound structure, with which the individual has lived in health beyond maturity to middle age. I would first remark that the brain so arrested in development does not offer a close resemblance to, or correspondence with, that of the Chimpanzee, Orang, or lower forms. It is, at best, only a general resemblance; such, e.g., as may be due to the arrest of the backward growth of the cerebral hemispheres, falling short of, or not extending beyond, the cerebellum, with the concomitant low development of the included structures indicated in Dr. Todd's description, in which he remarks, "there could scarcely be said to be any trace of the hippocampus minor." (*Cycl. of Anat.*, vol. iii. p. 719.) Sometimes, as in this case, the fetal condition of non-convolution of the surface of the hemispheres persists; more commonly there are convolutions corresponding in size and depth with the normal human ones, but fewer in number, as in the "St. Bartholomew's" brain, and in that described by Mr. Gore. But all these cases exemplify the principle that the specific character marks the embryo as essentially as the adult, that the embryo does not pass through lower forms of animals. Just as the toes, as soon as they appear in the human embryo characterize the foot, whilst they bud forth, in the ape, in the direction to form the lower hand. We know that the individual idiots supplying the examples described by Dr. Todd, Mr. Gore and myself (in the St. Bartholomew's case) were the abnormal offspring of parents with the proper human brain, of the average weight. Had any of these perished in a cavern at times when idiots were less cared for than at present, the skull, falling into the hands of the Transmutationist, might have been described, and exhibited at the Royal Institution, as that of the "missing link"; the idiot "Aztec" children were two of a family of six, with normal brains, and the parents exhibited no departure from the ordinary size of cranium and capacity of mind. In the absence of special information, and the presence of skulls of Bocheamen, Hottentots and Negroes, corroborating Tiedemann's and Peacock's evidence of the normal size and weight of the brain in those families of the human race, it is to be inferred, or held to be more probable, that the Hottentot Venus was a case of "arrest of development," rather than as manifesting the normal character of a lower race linking on the Ape to Man. It is instructive to notice the close analogy of the psychical phenomena in these cases of arrest of development.

The "Aztecs" showed lively but abrupt movements, without obvious aim; the features showed movements devoid of intelligible expression, but with the general actions indicative of internal pleasure or gaiety. When I visited the children in their bed, early in the morning, a week after my first inspection of them, they recognized me; I had examined their teeth in the first instance, and

the boy pulled down his lip to show them to me, on the second visit. I do not feel justified, however, from this evidence of their recalling an individual to mind, in ascribing to them a good memory. They were fond of beating a little drum and jingling a tambourine. They spoke a few words of English and more of Spanish, but seemed incapable of framing a definite proposition; they were pleased with, and attracted by, any bright object or toy. They had no sense or instinct of shame. The size of the cranium in the female indicated a brain arrested at the stage of that of the Hottentot Venus, figured by M. Gratiolet. The Aztecs were stupidly docile; doing what they were bidden, but not in an intelligent way. Mr. Gore states, in reference to the woman with the still smaller brain, "Her manners were exactly those of a very young child. She could say a few words, and was obedient and affectionate to those about her." If one were to affirm of such a condition of mind that "it was not idiocy, not even imbecility," such a statement would not justify the selection of any of those arrests of cerebral development as the figure by which the true relations of the highest form of brute brain and the lowest normal form of human brain would be illustrated: because, such statement does not truly illustrate the functional powers of the brain stopped short in its development; it merely enables the reader to form a fair judgment of the mental constitution of the propounder and adapter of such statement.

The late Dr. Todd has recorded the chief characters of an adult idiot's brain, which he examined in 1844, and which he regarded "as an example of the class of changes which take place in the brains of most idiots."—(Art. 'Nervous System,' *Abnormal Anatomy, Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology*, vol. iii. p. 719.) The weight of the brain was 1 lb. 4½ oz. avoirdupois "after having lain in spirits for some days. The upper surface of both hemispheres 'was perfectly smooth'; the convolutions were not (there) developed. The Sylvian fissure was well marked"; at its posterior extremity there was a slight puckering, indicating a feeble development of the "insula of Reil." A few fissures and imperfectly developed convolutions were found upon the inferior surface of the middle lobe, and upon the lateral and inferior surfaces of the anterior lobe. The *corpora mamillaria* appeared to be fused together. "The corpus striatum was exceedingly small."—"The hippocampus major was very small"; and there could scarcely be said to be any trace of the hippocampus minor. "The lateral ventricles were large and rather dilated. The fornix was well developed, as was also the corpus callosum."—"The cerebellum was well developed." The pineal gland was large.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the pictures likely to be seen at the Royal Academy in May, we can now name the following:—Mr. J. Phillip sends a 'Scene at a Church-Door';—Mr. Holman Hunt, a portrait of Dr. Lushington;—Mr. G. F. Watts, a life-size picture of 'Ariadne seated on the Sea-shore' and a 'Cupid mischievous';—Mr. Stanfield, five sea-pieces—'The Morning after Trafalgar'; 'The Coast of Calabria'; 'Mouth of the Texel—Tide out'; 'The Worm's Head Cape on the South Wales Coast';—The Pilot-House, Dover;—Mr. F. Goodall, 'The Offering of the Palm'; 'The Opium Bazaar, Cairo'; 'A Nubian Coffee-Bearer';—Mr. T. Faed, 'The Young Housewife'; 'The Silken Gown'; 'An Irish Orange-Girl';—Mr. Armitage, 'The Interment of a Christian Martyr in the Roman Catacombs';—Mr. E. M. Ward, 'The Foundlings' Visit to Hogarth's Study to see the Portrait of Capt. Coram'; and 'The Last Toilette of Charlotte Corday';—Mr. Elmore, 'Lucrezia Borgia and a Bravo'; and 'A Nun';—Mr. R. Redgrave, 'Sunshine—a Surrey Landscape, looking over Wootton Wood'; and 'Strayed Lambs—Children asleep, after Play';—Mr. E. W. Cooke, 'Catalan Bay, Gibraltar'; 'Dutch Trawler at Anohar at Scheveling'; 'Salute at Sunset, Venice';—Mr. Millais, 'The First Sermon'; 'The Lion's Den—Children at Play'; 'The Eve of St. Agnes';—Mr. Hook, 'Low Tide—a Little Harbour in Scilly'; 'The

Sailor's Wedding'; 'The Prawners';—Mr. Leighton, 'A Greek Girl with Fruit'; 'An Arquebussier'; 'Lady and Peacocks'; 'Ahab and Jezabel meeting Elijah at the Door of Naboth's Vineyard';—Mr. Calderon, 'Scene in the English Ambassador's House in Paris during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew';—Mr. H. S. Marks, 'How Shakspeare studied'; 'A Missal-Painter and his Critics';—Sir E. Landseer, 'A Picture of Bears.'—The hangers are Messrs. Frith, C. Landseer and A. Cooper.

The Italian Sculpture Court at South Kensington has been prepared for the exhibition of the Wedding Presents of the Prince and Princess of Wales. These treasures will be seen to great advantage. The room will be opened for the private view on Wednesday evening, next week, and for admission of the public on Thursday, the 16th of April; the Free and Students' days being kept as usual.

Dr. Carpenter, in the note which we printed last week, challenges his reviewer to give chapter and verse for the passage—"Of the genetic continuity between the Foraminifera of successive geological periods, graduating backwards to the period when they began to descend from a common original." This brief summary of Dr. Carpenter's view is not perhaps to be found in the book in this precise order of words. The condensation is the reviewer's. The ideas are Dr. Carpenter's; nay, the very words are his; and all that the reviewer has done is to bring them together, and express the meaning in a single phrase. A reviewer has to think of space and time. Would the reader have been better pleased—or science better served—by our quotation of the following passages?—"Even with regard to these family-types, it may fairly be questioned whether analogical evidence does not rather favour the idea of their derivation from a common original than that of their primitive distinctness." (p. iv.)—"The evidence in regard to the genetic continuity between the Foraminifera of successive geological periods, and between those of the later of these periods and the existing inhabitants of our seas, is as complete as the nature of the case admits." (p. v.)—"Hence I cannot but believe that any systematic arrangement of Foraminifera will be of real value only in so far as its basis is laid in a thorough knowledge of the nature and extent of those variations which every chief modification of this type shows itself so peculiarly disposed to exhibit, and as, in building it up, the idea of natural affinity is accepted as expressing, not only degree of mutual conformity, but actual relationship arising from community of descent, more or less remote. For the occurrence of endless gradational departures from any types which we may assume as fixed, and of links of connexion between such as present the best-marked differentiations, seems to me to point unmistakably to this as the only means of escape from that difficulty of indefinite multiplication which attends the doctrine of distinct specific creations when applied to a group in which scarcely any two individuals are alike." (p. viii.)—"This view of the case derives great force from the fact, which constitutes the special feature of interest which this group has for the geologist, that there is strong reason to regard a large proportion of the existing Foraminifera as the direct lineal descendants of those of very ancient geological periods." (p. ix.)—"Any subordinate groupings of genera and species which may be adopted for the convenience of description and nomenclature, must be regarded merely as assemblages of forms characterized by the nature and degree of the modifications of the original type, which they may have respectively acquired in the course of genetic descent from a common ancestry." (p. xi.)—Our brief passage of four lines contained the whole sense of the above. We are sure that every candid reader, even Dr. Carpenter himself, will allow that, while condensing his language, we had carefully preserved his meaning.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble's resumed readings from Shakspeare must take a new, as well as a known English place in the regard of every person who loves that which is best when produced in illustration of the best things of Art. Her reading of 'As You Like It,' on Monday last, at the Egyptian Hall, brought us back the old charm,—"the tune

of Imogen,"—belonging to a voice without paragon among voices in its varieties of delivery,—the known deep, exquisite, poetical intelligence,—and if here and there something of the old mannerism in rendering and delivery, a ripened and refined expression of the poet's imaginings, words and characters which could by no magic of voice or feature or manner be expressed, were not the matter at the heart of the interpreter.

On Easter Monday, besides Mrs. Kemble's readings from Shakspeare, the public had a new entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, assisted by Mr. Parry, in Regent Street,—and a variety introduced into an old favourite by Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Harold Power, who brought out a new scene at the Egyptian Hall, entitled 'Twenty Minutes with the Spirits,' being a sly rap at those table-rappers who were, a little while ago, a real social nuisance. The room in Regent Street was crowded to excess, to hear a pleasant trifle from Mr. Andrew Halliday's pen, called 'A Charming Cottage.' The little piece, thanks to Mrs. German Reed, was thoroughly successful. In his 'Twenty Minutes with the Spirits,' Mr. Yates dresses for one of the American charlatans who lately levied black mail upon all ranks of our society, Mr. Power for one of his victims. The humour of the thing is somewhat coarse, like the originals who have to be portrayed; yet the two clever satirists make a good deal of fun out of very slight materials, and the spectators enjoy it heartily. In the other parts of Mr. Yates's entertainment there are some agreeable changes, especially in a couple of anecdotes supplied by Mr. Charles Dickens. One of these is an extremely droll account of a public meeting, with passage of arms between the chairman and a popular orator.

On Tuesday Mr. David Fisher, comedian, late of the Adelphi Theatre, appeared, for the first time, at the Hanover Square Rooms, in a musical entertainment, entitled 'Facts and Fancies,' assisted by Miss Kate Mellor and Miss Sarah L. Kilpack. Mr. Fisher gave a burlesque imitation of an author with a sensation drama in search of a manager and a market; also a 'True History of the Two Gentlemen of Verona,' with musical and vocal accompaniments. Several other lively and amusing trifles concluded the entertainment, and the applause of a very good audience left the actor no room to suppose that the approbation was a "fancy," not a "fact."

Mr. Burford provided excellent stuff for the Easter holiday makers, in bringing out for view his splendid panoramas of the three great cities, which past history and present events have made so interesting—Athens, Mexico and Rome. Athens is the head-quarters of a singular and successful revolution; Rome is expecting its true owners to take possession; and Mexico is waiting fitfully for the advancing French. Apart, therefore, from their magical beauty, the three panoramas comprise a cycle of historical suggestions; and we know of few places in which an intelligent youth, who has not yet seen the world, could spend a day more profitably, or in which the veteran tourist who has been everywhere and seen everything could so pleasantly renew the memories of his younger days.

We are sorry to find that the arrangements about Her Majesty's commission for the Wedding Picture have not been so simple and pleasant as they might have been. Mr. Gambart, we are told, has relieved Mr. Frith from his engagement to paint the three large pictures of London Life only so far as the Queen's commission is concerned,—not finally, or even remotely, yielding any part of his right. The question is in dispute between artist and proprietor. Mr. Frith, we are informed, holds a written licence from Mr. Gambart to paint Her Majesty's picture before commencing the illustrations of London Life; but Mr. Gambart alleges that this limited release was given by him on the verbal assurance, many times repeated by Mr. Frith, that he, Mr. Gambart, and he only, could and should have the right to engrave this previously-executed work. Into the circumstances which led to the transfer of this right to Mr. Flatow, the proprietor of 'The Railway Station,' we need not now enter; enough to say, that such a

transfer was never contemplated by Mr. Gambart when he signed the licence, and is now the subject of his protests and counter-claims. The case may possibly go to arbitration.

For an infringement of copyright in the engraving of 'The Light of the World,' Mr. Gambart recovered, on the 2nd inst., 100*l.* damages from Mr. Solater, a picture-frame maker of Canterbury. It appeared that a serious falling off occurred in the sale of the engraving in question; and, after much inquiry, Mr. Gambart learned that the defendant, as he himself boasted, had sold photographic copies of the work to a considerable number. Mr. Gambart stated that he had given Mr. Holman Hunt 200 guineas for the copyright, 300 guineas to the engraver, and 130*l.* to the owner of the picture for allowing the engraving to be made. This is, of course, a process occupying considerable time; besides which, much more time was required for the exhibition of the work throughout the country to Mr. Gambart's benefit. He had expended 2,000*l.* in bringing out the print; and, he stated in court, realized, in the first year, about 10,000*l.*

The portrait of Mr. Lewis, referred to in our last as bequeathed to the National Gallery in connexion with the interest of 10,000*l.*, is by Sir M. A. Shee, and represents William Thomas Lewis, father of the testator, Thomas Denison Lewis, in the character of the *Marquis* in 'The Midnight Hour.' The actor died in 1811, aged about sixty years. His portrait was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1792.

Mr. J. E. Hodgkin has written a long letter in answer to Mr. Vaux's note on the Palimpsest of Uranus. Of this answer we can only give the few explanatory words:—"Mr. Vaux has been led into a very natural error, by copying a passage, at second-hand, from an article in the *Literary Churchman*, of March 2, 1863, in which the word *cal*, which only serves to connect two passages, separated by some three lines of text, and which should have been rendered 'and,' has been inadvertently printed in *capital* letters, as if it were a part of the text, and as if the two passages were in immediate connexion."—Mr. Hodgkin is of opinion that a full account of the five readings quoted by Mr. Vaux would explain some of that gentleman's difficulties and remove some of his scepticism. That full account—we submit—would be best given in a private communication. Results only are for the public ear. At present we see no reason for re-opening the general discussion as to the authenticity of the MS. of Uranus.

A new theatre is about to be erected in Holborn, on an eligible site nearly opposite Chancery Lane. A clearance is already commenced for the intended building, which is designed to include a refreshment-room on a very extensive and complete scale. Both it and the theatre will be constructed of iron. The directors promise a series of "dramatic performances consonant with the elevation and refinement of British taste." They also propose a number of improvements in the system of lighting, ventilating and warming the interior, and the adoption of the most recent continental inventions in regard to the arrangements on the stage. In a word, they undertake to "provide in the most liberal manner for the comfort and entertainment of all who may frequent the New Metropolitan Theatre."

Mr. Boucicault's plans for a new theatre also progress, and have taken the shape of a "New Theatre Company," which includes the Westminster Theatre, as well as the proposed structure in the Haymarket. The company announce that they have acquired nearly an acre of land on the corner of Westminster Bridge, with a frontage facing the Houses of Parliament, the value of which will be enhanced by the New Southern Embankment. We hope the competition thus indicated will lead to our having new theatres which (in Mr. Boucicault's words) may "embrace all the advantages and improvements to which the people of London are entitled, including wide entrances, roomy seats, unobstructed passages, and good ventilation."

The Council of the Society of Arts, acting on a suggestion from the Society of Wood Carvers, have

agreed to allow the use of the Society's rooms for the purpose of holding an Exhibition of Wood Carving, both modern and ancient, in the month of June, 1863. The Council offer the Society's Silver Medal and grant 30*l.*, the Society of Wood Carvers giving 15*l.*, as a fund for prizes to be awarded to exhibitors on that occasion. These prizes will be awarded thus:—Human Figure, in alto or bas relief—1st prize, 8*l.* and the Society's Silver Medal; 2nd prize, 4*l.*; 3rd prize, 3*l.* Animal or Still Life—1st prize, 8*l.*; 2nd prize, 4*l.*; 3rd prize, 3*l.* Natural foliage, fruit, or flowers, or conventional ornament in which grotesque figures or animals may form accessories—1st prize, 8*l.*; 2nd prize, 4*l.*; 3rd prize, 3*l.* Employers or private owners may be exhibitors, but *bona fide* workmen only can receive prizes. The prizes are open to all Art workmen in Great Britain, whether belonging to the Society of Wood Carvers or not.

The following needs no introduction:—

"Society of Arts, April 7, 1863.
"In your notice last week of the prizes offered by the Society of Arts for Art workmanship in various departments, sufficient prominence seems scarcely given to the important principle that these prizes are offered to the *workman* and not the employer. May I ask the favour of your stating this point.
I am, &c.,
"P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary."

The task of preparing the gold casket, to be presented by the City of London to the Prince of Wales, is confided to Mr. Benson, not Bennett, as stated by a slip of the pen.

The insurrection in Poland has brought to our table nearly as much jubilant verse as the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. If Poland could be helped by song, she would soon be free. We have scarcely any other choice than to set it all aside as useless for the end in view, though occasionally, as in the following extract from some lines by the author of the 'Story of Queen Isabel,' the poetic merits plead for insertion:—

Come Day of Truth, let Europe read her crime
In her last vaunt, slow fruit of Toil and Time,
To see a Murder wrought before her eyes,
And suffer it, because so strong and wise!

Selfish our Freedom seems and smooth our Art—
Give back the rough young World which had a heart!
Which wore its life as lightly as its glove,
And dared to fight for Truth or die for Love!

—Unhappily, if Poland is to be aided now, it must be by others than her purely literary friends.

Since the paragraph appeared concerning the Catalogues published by the Ordnance Survey Office, subsequent editions of the same useful works have been issued, which include the survey of Ireland, and are brought down to the 1st of March of the present year.

The Annual Dinner of the Members of the Institution of Civil Engineers, which was fixed for Wednesday, the 22nd inst., has been postponed, owing to a domestic calamity in the family of the President.

On the 15th of March, Dr. Luther discovered the twelfth planet, at the Bilk Observatory. The discovery was confirmed by the Observatory of Bonn on the 23rd of March. The new planet, which is the seventy-eighth of the small planets between Mars and Jupiter, has been named Diana.

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION of the ROYAL FAMILIES of ENGLAND and DENMARK.—Portraits of The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size, comprising Fifty-one Photographic Pictures and Drawings, executed by Mr. Ghémars, from actual sittings, are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1*s.* N.B.—Each visitor will be presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, *carte de visite* size.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—Readings of Shakespeare.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (Dudley Gallery).—Mr. MITCHELL has the pleasure to announce that Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE will continue her READINGS of SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, commencing at Eight o'clock. Monday, April 13, the Play of 'The Merchant of Venice'; Wednesday, 15, the Comedy of 'Twelfth Night'; Friday, 17, the Tragedy of 'Othello.'—Seats (Unreserved), 3*s.*; Stalls, 5*s.* A few Fauteuils, 7*s.* each, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS to EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE.—A SPIRIT-RAPPING SEANCE. An entirely New Part, entitled 'Twenty Minutes with a Medium,' will be given every Evening. Medium, Mr. Yates; Visitor, Mr. Power. There will also be several new arrivals at the Seaside. To commence at 8; Saturdays at 3.—Stalls, 3*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Ball-cony, 1*s.* Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Will open on Monday next, the 12th inst.
THE FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish School.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

SCIENCE
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SOCIETIES.

ASTRONOMICAL.—March 13.—G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal, in the chair.—'On the Fringes of Light observed by M. Poullain at Gorcee during the Total Eclipse, 31st December, 1861,' by M. Hermann Goldschmidt.—'On the Determination of the Longitude of Valencia, in Ireland, by Galvanic Signals, in the Summer of 1862,' by the Astronomer Royal.—'On the Movement of the Solar System in Space, deduced from the Proper Motions of 1,167 Stars,' by E. Dunkin, Esq.—'On the Rating of Chronometers,' by J. Hartnup, Esq.—'On the Parallax of certain Stars,' by M. Auwers.—'Results of the Meridional Observations of Small Planets; Occultation of a Star by the Moon; and Phenomena of Jupiter's Satellites; observed at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the month of January, 1863,' by the Astronomer Royal.—'Occultations observed at Highbury,' by T. W. Burr, Esq.—'On the Visibility of Stars in the Pleiades to the unarm'd Eye,' by the Astronomer Royal.—'Observations of Mars,' by W. Lassell, Esq.—'Proceedings of the Madras Observatory,' by Norman Pogson, Esq.—'Companions of Sirius.'

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—April 6.—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—Prof. Lacordaire, Dr. Leconte, and Dr. Hagen, were elected Honorary Members.—Sir J. Hearsey exhibited a collection of Indian Lepidoptera.—Mr. Waterhouse exhibited a British specimen of a small Coleopterous insect, which he thought would probably prove to be *Aleochara inconspicua* of Aubé.—The President exhibited specimens of *Claviger testaceus*, which he had hoped to have shown alive, as they had readily sucked sugar and water supplied to them on blotting paper; they had, however, all died before the meeting was held; they were found in the nests of *Formica rava*, near Croydon.—Mr. Lowne exhibited species of Australian ants, and made some observations on their habits and economy; several of the species were believed to be new and undescribed.—The Secretary read a letter received from Mr. C. A. Wilson, of Adelaide, a Corresponding Member of the Society, giving a brief account of the successful attempt of the South Australian exploring party under Stuart to cross to the north-west coast of the continent. The Secretary also read a paper, communicated by Mr. Hewitson, containing descriptions of two new Diurnal Lepidoptera; and a paper, communicated by Mr. R. Trimen, containing Descriptions of four new species of Rhopalocera from Tropical South-Western Africa.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 13.—W. R. Grove, V.P., in the chair.—'On Artificial Illumination,' by E. Frankland.

April 6.—The Rev. J. Barlow, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. L. F. V. Harcourt, W. Harvey, J. N. Lookyer, P. J. Reuter, O. Sturges, F. Thompson, and R. Wigram, were elected Members.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Geographical, 8.—'Frobisher Straits proved to be a Bay.' Capt. Hall: 'Visit to Red River, Dr. Rae.
- Tues. Royal Institution, 2.—'Animal Mechanics,' Prof. Marshall.
- Actuarial, 4.—Council.
- Syro-Egyptian, 7.—Anniversary.
- Ethnological, 8.—'Antiquity of Man,' Mr. Crawford.
- Statistical, 8.
- Engineers, 8.—'Structures in the Sea,' Mr. Miller; 'Seine Railway,' Mr. Bruton.
- Wed. Horticultural, 1.—'Amelia and Rose Show.
- Meteorological, 7.—Council.
- Society of Arts, 8.—'Auto-Typography,' Mr. Wallis.
- Society of Literature, 8.—'Ancient Ruins, Missolonghi,' Mr. Colnaghi.
- Thurs. Royal Institution, 2.—'Relations of Geology with Allied Sciences,' Prof. Ansted.
- Numismatic, 7.
- Linnean, 8.
- Chemical, 8.—'Derivatives of Naphthylamine,' Messrs. Purkin and Church.
- Royal, 8.
- Antiquaries, 8.
- Fri. Philological, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'Culture of Fish,' Mr. Buckland.
- Sat. Royal Institution, 2.—'Science of Language,' Prof. Müller.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Several additions to the picture galleries at South Kensington deserve special comment. Amongst these is the water-colour drawing by the late Mr. Sleep, referred to by us a few weeks since; it represents St. Paul's, as seen from off a neighbouring dock in the river below: a singularly felicitous drawing, giving the scene with brilliancy and completeness: quite another thing from the ordinary compositions in almost mono-chromatic fashion called after London sites; the artist has not been afraid to give force of colour, while he has been ashamed to "prettify" his subject with tinsel. The nation will certainly not regret the purchase, for 1,500*l.*, of Ward's magnificent 'Bull, Cow and Calf,' lately placed here after being varnished; familiar as we are with this picture, its masterly and grand treatment, its many qualities of colour, character, tone and drawing, come with new force upon us on seeing it again in the place it now occupies; a good distant view, which is obtainable, or a near one, equally show its value. Near to this are two portraits, respectively by Reynolds and Gainsborough, which, if not the best works of either, serve beyond any examples known to us, to characterize and contrast their proper styles; these are hung pendant, for this purpose it would seem. The first represents an officer, Capt. Orme, in a red coat with green and white facings, standing by his horse; such personification, such solidity of handling, vigour and grasp of every quality in his art, was scarcely ever better shown than here by Reynolds. The coat is a wonderful study of rich, sober, soft, and textural colour, quite another thing from the brick-encased military men that glare on the Academy walls every year. Not only does he stand on his feet, which these do not always, but he looks a man and a gentleman,—no padded doll. The price of this work was 210*l.* Gainsborough's is also a full-length life size, an old gentleman, Dr. Ralph Schomberg, with one of his genial, gentlemanly faces, and that air of ease in Art which hardly less distinguishes the painter than it did his rival. He wears a darkish, peach-blossomed or crimson coat, and is seen strolling through one of Gainsborough's exquisitely keyed and coloured landscape backgrounds. Price, 1,000*l.* Both these works seem in perfect condition, and are examples of the best time of each painter. A second Gainsborough, Mrs. Siddons—painted 1784—is one of his most perfect works—cost 1,000*l.*—and Hogarth's portrait of Mary Hogarth may be added to this list of recent acquisitions. Also, for 1,420*l.*, Crome's inimitable landscape, 'Mousehold Heath,' which, with good reason, delighted everybody at the International Exhibition, and taught gallery-loungers that there had existed a perfect landscape-painter who was out of their ken. The state of popular ignorance about Crome was made plain by the fact, that until May last scarcely any one had heard of him. Up to this time there have been no purchases of English pictures since the acquisition of the Hogarths and Wilkie, bought with the Angerstein pictures, in 1824. A large portion of the national collection of water-colour drawings has been hung in the beautifully-decorated galleries opened a short time since. A considerable number of sculptures, some of them recent acquisitions, have been arranged very tastily in the galleries that surround and traverse the new South Courts of the Museum; among them are several portraits of living and recently-deceased persons, artists, *literati*, &c., and many modern statues. We need not commend to lovers of Art and beauty the Loan Collection, which still flourishes, not in such a wonderful multitude of items as erst, but with an otherwise unparalleled interest in this country.

The Council of the Architectural Museum offers to artist-workmen prizes of the following descriptions:—For Wood-carving, two prizes, of 20*l.* and 5*l.*, as first and second premiums to competitors who shall most successfully execute a Miserere seat such as is found in the stalls of Cathedrals; the subject to be a profession, trade or occupation, treated in modern costume; the composition to consist of not more than two figures, or one figure and one animal; to be completed by November the

2nd next. A lithograph of the size for the work may be obtained by written application to the Hon. Sec., J. Clarke, Esq., 13, Stratford Place, W. Casts from one or both the successful works will be taken as subjects for the colour prize, under-mentioned. The Committee of the Ecclesiological Society offer, through the authorities of the Architectural Museum, a prize of 5*l.* 5*s.* for coloured decoration, to which Mr. Beresford Hope will add 3*l.* 3*s.* for one or more extra prizes. Instead of an ancient subject, as before, the above indicated wood-carving prize will, as soon as adjudicated, be employed. Casts of this will be ready within a reasonable period after the decision is made; the coloured specimens must be ready by March the 1st next. Candidates may adopt what medium for application of the colour they please. Casts will be obtainable, for 5*s.* each, at the Museum, or 2*s.* for packing and case, from the Hon. Sec. of the Architectural Museum. Duplicates allowed. The Ecclesiological Society's Council adjudicate. Certificates of merit and a minor prize of 1*l.* 1*s.* will be given for fit examples.

With the following note on the question of Mosaic Decorations for St. Paul's we must drop the subject:—

"April 6, 1863.

"Mr. A. B. Thompson could not have selected an apter illustration of the justice of my opinion respecting the use of mosaics than that which is afforded by the Cathedral of Monreale. If he will give unbiassed attention to the passage in my letter of the 21st ult., of which he quotes the half only, this will become clear to him. As to the power of mosaic to render subtle and pathetic expression, that is best decided by artists; the authority of several of the most eminent now living supports my conviction that it is much inferior, in that respect, to painting. The practice of the greatest artists in their best works will suffice to those who value authority; common sense might satisfy all on the point. Mosaic is not so much objected to by me as its employment to represent the 'Transfiguration.' Inflexible as mosaic is, no doubt something might be got out of it; but shall we not pay too high a price for its durability by sacrificing the subject for the material? Let it not be forgotten that the pictures would be within, not without, St. Paul's, and that whatever expressiveness may be got in mosaic could be far surpassed in painting. I am ignorant that Mr. G. G. Scott has consented to place a mosaic representing any such subject as the *Transfiguration* upon the ceiling of Wolsey's Chapel at Windsor; indeed, I am informed that the mosaic works now in progress are strictly decorative, heraldic insignia, &c., while fresco is to be employed upon the walls for pictorial subjects. It may be safely asserted, that the cost of mosaic over fresco is as four to one.

"YOUR CORRESPONDENT."

"Amongst other commissions given by the Duke of Sutherland," writes our Correspondent from Naples, "was one to a young Venetian sculptor, Asteo Fausto. On visiting his studio, his Grace was struck by the beautiful modelling of a work which this sculptor is executing for Victor Emmanuel. It is a dolphin, on which is seated a Cupid, with the arms uplifted, and holding reins, made of flowers, in his hands. The extreme grace of the Cupid, the beauty of the features, and the ease of the position so pleased his Grace that he has ordered it to be executed as a separate figure with a shell, the ear of Venus, in one hand, serving as a vase for flowers. The artist was an exile from Venice; he joined Garibaldi in Sicily; fought for the liberties of his country there and under the walls of Capua, on which occasion he was made an officer on the field.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—NINETEENTH SEASON.—FIRST MATINÉE, TUESDAY, April 14, at Half-past Three.—Quartett E flat, Mozart; Grand Duett in D, Piano and Violoncello, Mendelssohn; Double Quartett, E minor, Spohr; Solos on the Piano-forte. Artists: Sainton, Piatti, Ries and Webb, Pollitzer, Payne, Watson, &c. Pianist, Halle.—Members who have not received their Tickets to leave their names and addresses at St. James's Hall. Visitors' admissions, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Olliviers; Ashdown & Parry, 18, Hanover Square; and Austin, at St. James's Hall. Director, J. ELLA.

APTOMMAR'S SEVENTH HARP RECITAL, April 27, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard). The Programme will consist of Selections made by the Audience from a number of popular Compositions (by twenty Composers), including the National Melodica.

S. BLUMNER'S SOIRÉES, at Hanover Square Rooms, on April 24, May 25, and June 18. Full particulars will be duly announced.—Address, 5, Pelham Crescent, Brompton.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he will give **THREE SEANCES OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC**, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by kind permission of Messrs. Collard); on **THURSDAYS, April 30 and May 31, and MONDAY, June 8,** to commence at Three o'clock.—Violin, M. Sainton and Herr Pollitzer; Viola, Mr. H. Webb and Mr. Clementi; Violoncello, Signor Perse; Contra-Basso, Mr. C. Severn; Piano-forte, Mr. Deacon.—Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; to admit three to a single Seance, One Guinea; single Ticket, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 72, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, FRIDAY EVENING, May 1.—Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt having kindly promised their services in aid of the **ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES** at Putney, the Directors have the honour to announce that a Grand Performance of Handel's Cantata, *L'ALLEGRO* and *IL PENITENTE* (the Poetry by Milton), will take place at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on **FRIDAY EVENING, May 1,** commencing at Eight o'clock. The Solo Parts by the following eminent Artists:—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. The Band and Chorus will be complete, comprising upwards of 700 performers. The Cantata will be preceded by Handel's Orchestral Concerto, No. 12 (Grand). Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. Prices of Admission, 7*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, and One Guinea.

BETHOVEN ROOMS, 76, HARLEY STREET.—MDLLE. BONDY begs to announce that her **THIRD CONCERT** will take place on **SATURDAY MORNING, May 2,** at Three o'clock. Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each. Address, 11, Duke Street, Portland Place.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Gye's season began on Tuesday evening with a performance of 'Masaniello,' which was all but very brilliant,—the exception being made by the *Elvira* of Mdlle. Battu, which is not up to the Covent Garden mark. Happily, however, the part is not important, the musical strength of the opera lying on the tenor and baritone. These were MM. Naudin and Faure;—the former new to this theatre, though not to London. Since, however, M. Naudin sang for Mr. E. T. Smith, he has ripened and polished his style. His voice, though not of the first class, is sufficient for the stage, and fairly under his command. His expression is good, and M. Auber's music gains, it need not be told, by being sung with the true French accent. He was well received, and, on the whole, may be rated as an acquisition to the company greater in value than most recent ones. M. Faure's *Pietro* is the best we have seen—as a piece of acting, rude, fiery, sinister; as a piece of singing, polished, powerful; the music handled by a real artist. He, too, was cordially greeted, and the duett betwixt him and the fisher patriot (pity that it should be cut!) was *encored*. So also was the overture,—and no wonder. It *ashes* (no other word will describe it) under the hands of Signor Costa;—the prodigious spirit and brilliancy of whose orchestra is heard to its utmost advantage in a prelude so full of vivacity. Mr. C. Lucas, who retires from the desk of principal violoncello, is replaced by Mr. G. Collins. The chorus was as usual,—now the first stage chorus in Europe. Never was the opera more magnificently put on the stage, nor ever were the groupings, dances and mimic displays demanded by this grand musical *ballet* (for 'Masaniello' is more of a *ballet* than an opera) arranged and carried out with greater propriety and spirit than by Mr. Harris. So that, on the whole, the season has commenced auspiciously.—'I Puritani' is to be given this evening for the first appearance of Madame Fioretti.—Mdle. Carlotta Patti will sing in a concert on Thursday, and Mdle. Frizzi attempt the perilous venture of appearing as *Norma*.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday, instead of an Easter piece, Mr. Falconer contented himself with reproducing his drama, so successful at the Lyceum, of 'Peep o' Day.' The stage of the National Theatre presents superior opportunities of display; and of these the manager has availed himself to the utmost. The scenery, by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, is excellent, and the cast has been in many respects improved. Miss Cleveland, as *Kathleen Kavanagh*, supported the character throughout in the spirit of a true artist; and *Harry* himself was efficiently acted by Mr. Loraine. Mr. Graham, too, as *Black Mullins*, and Mr. Charles Verner, as *Barney O'Toole*, deserve commendation. The

performance concluded with the farce of 'Magic Toys,' supported by Miss Lydia Thompson.

HAYMARKET.—Miss Louisa Angel made her debut on Monday, as *Beatrice*, in 'Much Ado about Nothing.' The audience was impressed by her acting, which, though wanting in weight for so important a part, displayed intelligence throughout, and she supported the earlier scenes with spirit. The play was followed by an interlude entitled 'Mr. Buckstone at Home,' by Mr. Stirling Coyne; designed as an Introduction to a Panorama illustrative of the recent tour in the East of the Prince of Wales. This introduction was of a more elaborate construction than might have been expected. It exhibited the manager in a state of perplexity in regard to a mythological piece which he has accepted; when a familiar friend, in the person of Mr. Farren, enters by the trap, and at once attracts whatever he wants to his hand, so that at his wish decanters, glasses and cigars move towards him, while he delivers his opinions. Letters also are received by the manager, increasing his difficulties. Other spiritual manifestations occur. One Hamlet in a black wig enters spouting like Charles Kean, and another Hamlet in a flaxen wig deports himself like Fechter. Then Sir Peter Teazle appears with Widow Green; followed by impersonations of Italian Opera, and Miss Fanny Wright as Perea Nena. Mazeppa comes next, with Harlequin, lamenting over the change that has taken place at Astley's; and then enter the Colleen Bawn, the Peep o' Day, Jeannie Deans, and Miss Louise Keeley as Burlesque, with other similar characters too numerous to mention. At last Britannia rises, and recommends the Panorama, which succeeds, accompanied with music selected from David, Rossini, and Beethoven. Cairo and the Grand Mosque lead off the solemn procession, followed by the Temple of Isis at Philæ, Jerusalem with the Mosque of Omar, Mount Zion, the Golden Gate, and the Mount of Olives; the Ford of the Jordan, the Dead Sea; Nazareth, with the Latin Convent; the Sea of Galilee, Mount Hermon, Damascus, with a party of Mohammedans listening to an Arabian *improvisatore*, in the court-yard of a mansion; the Ruins of the Temples of the Sun and Jupiter at Baalbec; Beyrout, Lebanon, Constantinople. These pictures have been painted, at Mr. Buckstone's suggestion, by the Messrs. Telbin and Mr. T. Grieve, and are admirably executed.

PRINCESS'S.—A new farce was produced on Monday, by Mr. M. Morton, called 'Killing Time.' *Lady Milicent Mayduke* (Miss Amy Sedgwick), afflicted with *ennui* on account of six weeks' rainy weather at Tunbridge Wells, is glad to give shelter to a wet stranger (Mr. George Vining), for the sake of having somebody to talk to. That purpose served, she is anxious for his departure; but he sees the matter in a different light, and frightens her by his eccentric conduct. An explanation ensues, and he turns out to be the gentleman intended by her family for her husband. The farce was followed by a burlesque, written by Mr. Byron, and entitled 'Beautiful Haidee! or, the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers.' It is a *mélange* composed with reference to 'Don Juan,' 'Lord Bateman' and 'Lurline'; and being beautifully illustrated with scenery by Mr. F. Lloyds, was perfectly successful. It was well acted by Miss Murray, Miss Hudspeth, Miss M. Oliver, Miss Helen Howard, Mr. C. Seyton and Mr. G. Belmore.—It should be added, that Mr. George Vining has been admitted by Mr. Lindus as his partner in the management of this theatre.

OLYMPIC.—Another burlesque was produced at this house on Monday. The subject is 'Acis and Galatea,' by Mr. F. C. Burnand, who has closely copied Gay's serenata; and the new drama, in regard to its getting-up, imitates as far as possible the style in which Mr. Macready placed the original work on Drury Lane stage. The performance, which abounds with more fun than might have been expected from the theme, was greatly indebted to the excellent acting of Miss Hughes, Miss Annie Kemp, an American *débütante*, and Miss J. Taylor. The scenery has been painted by

Messrs. Telbin and Grieve, and is in all respects most satisfactory.

STRAND.—Here Mr. Byron has another burlesque, entitled 'Ali Baba; or, the Thirty-nine Thieves, in accordance with the Author's well-known habit of "taking one off," which sparkles with puns, and commanded the suffrages of the audience.

ST. JAMES'S.—Here Mr. William Brough indulges his humorous vein by an Easter Extravaganza, entitled 'The Great Sensation Trial; or, Circumstantial Effie Deans.' The purport of the piece is obvious from its title, and, assisted by the talents of Mr. James Rogers and Miss Mary Wilton, was eminently successful. It is decidedly well mounted.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Herman Vezin and Mrs. Charles Young appeared here on Monday in Shakespeare's comedy of 'As You Like It.' The engagement of these artists will probably improve the business of the house, which has lately suffered from the absence of the legitimate drama, to which the audience under previous managements had been accustomed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Among other candidates for the Gresham Professorship of Music, not hitherto named by us, the *Morning Post* announces Dr. Dearle, Mr. Clare, Mr. Benson, Mr. Martin, Mr. J. Goddard, Mr. Weber, Mr. G. F. Flowers, and Mr. W. M. Cazalet.

At the *Crystal Palace Concert* on Saturday the Symphony was Schumann's in B major, and the pianoforte *Concerto*, Beethoven's in C minor, played by M. Halle. The singers were the strenuous Mdlle. Ellinger and Miss Julia Elton. To-day Chopin's expressive and dreamy *Concerto* in F minor, which we remember to have heard only once given by Madame Dulcken many years ago, will be taken in hand by Mr. Dannreuther.

M. Vieuxtemps will play at next Monday's *Popular Concert*.

Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith and Santley, are already engaged, we perceive, for the Norwich Musical Festival. The new oratorio by M. Silas is entitled 'Joash,' the new *cantata* by Mr. Benedict 'Richard Cœur de Lion.'

The success of the harp as an instrument has decided Mr. Aptommas, one of its leading professors in this country, to give a new series of harp recitals this year.

So far as English eyes can see from a distance, the attempt to make a French marriage between Shakespeare's 'Love's Labour's Lost' and Mozart's half-Italian, half-German 'Così fan tutte,' so long announced at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, may fail to answer the expectations of those who projected it. That we are not pedantically set against modification, re-consideration, re-arrangement even, in the case of certain works, there is no need to repeat. M. Carvalho's version of Mozart's unattainable opera, 'Il Seraglio,' was, in every point of view, commendable; because, while a dull story was made less dull, there was no violence in its treatment done to musical sentiment or meaning. The original group of characters remained unaltered; and if the place of some of the musical pieces was changed, such change could be defended on the highest precedents. Now it happens, that 'Così fan tutte' contains one of Mozart's best pieces of semi-comic dramatic expression in the quintett 'Deh scrivermi,'—that admirable dialogue of false against real emotion—with the ironical *aside* comment of the old cynic, *Don Alfonso*. Not merely is the scene here displaced in musical sequence; but also, the humour of the words and the *dramatis personæ* are totally altered (we read) in the new *libretto*,—and hence the modification of the entire work cannot fail to fall dead. The opera could not have been otherwise than conscientiously executed and munificently produced under the auspices of M. Carvalho; but we fancy that the line may here have been crossed, separating that which is expedient and defensible from what is empirical.

Since writing the above, we have received from Ger-

many—Germany the immaculate—Germany which will go into spasms against the French desecration of Mozart—the 'Tempest' music of Herr Taubert, arranged to a certain play by one Shakespeare of the old country, and the play arranged in a peculiarly German fashion for the German stage by Herr Dingelstedt. That Schiller mended 'Macbeth' we know; but Schiller was a noble, real, mighty genius, and as such had more right to vindicate his fancies. Here we have a minnow setting a triton to rights. Herr Taubert's music to the 'Tempest' proves on perusal (not stage-hearing) only to be described by the epithet of paltry. One pleasant concerted piece, the setting of "Come unto these yellow sands," has been equalled, if not exceeded, as a piece of common prettiness in every French opera combination for years and years past, and can only be accepted as lovely in a land where pretty commonplace is to hold its ground by way of marvellous protest against ugliness, despair and decay! Herr Taubert's work, as also Herr Dingelstedt's arrangement of the play, is hopelessly weak, the music in no respect to be measured against Mr. Sullivan's.

Some of the leading features of the Düsseldorf Whitsuntide Musical Festival have been already mentioned. To those noted in the *Athenæum*, may be added a Psalm of Marcello's, scored by Lindpaintner, an Overture by Herr Fausch, who, conjointly with Herr Goldschmidt, will conduct the performances, some scenes from Schumann's 'Faust' music, and some from Herr Hiller's oratorio, 'The Destruction of Jerusalem.'

On Good Friday, Haydn's 'Seven Words' was performed in the Church of Saint-Roch, Paris. On Easter Sunday Cherubini's Coronation Mass.

'La Bataille de l'Amour' is the title of M. Vaucorbeil's new comic opera. A concert was to be given at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, on Wednesday last, in aid of the living descendants of Rameau, whose fortunes are very low.

M. Bagier is to manage the Italian Opera of Paris, in the stead of M. Calzadò.

A real sensation was excited the other evening at a concert of the Conservatoire, by the delicious *nocturno* from the 'Béatrice et Bénédict' of M. Berlioz, sung by Mesdames Vandenhuevel, Duprez and Viardot. It was received with a rapture such as rarely awaits modern compositions in that most conservative of conservative places—not more, let us add, than its merits deserve.

Signor Verdi is going to write an opera on the hideous subject of 'Salambo,' for the Grand Opéra of Paris, to be completed two years hence.

During the past week a concert was to be given at Vienna for the renovation of Beethoven's monument. Among other items in the programme figured the 'Sinfonia Eroica,' illustrated by *tableaux vivants*.

The Italian Opera season, in New York, according to American papers, has set in as spiritedly as if there were no such abominations in the disunited States as Confederate doings. Madame Medori is the *prima donna*.—Madame Charton-Demour is on her way home to the Old World.

'Don Juan de Marana,' by M. A. Dumas, has been revived at the Théâtre de la Porte St.-Martin.

"By royal decree," writes our Naples Correspondent, "the Teatro del Fondo has been granted to Signor Maieroni for three years beginning from the first day of Lent 1864. He is making great efforts to merit the confidence reposed in him. As writers, he has engaged Dall' Ongaro, Giotti, Revere, Sabatini, Giacometti, Indelli, Arabia, Castelvechio, Pouchani, Cuciniello, Colucci, Riocio, Avitabile, Brescia, Gualtieri, Sommas, who are amongst the best dramatic writers of Italy. He has announced his intention also of opening a gratuitous dramatic school for both sexes. Amongst the performers engaged are Fanny Sadowski, Isolina Pianureti, Grajosa Majeroni and other ladies, as also Achille Maieroni, Luigi Taddei, Alberto Vernier and many other names. Mdlle. Titiens has now concluded her engagement with the Impresario of San Carlo, and by far the most finished *artiste* we have had for many years will leave us this week. Thwarted by many obstacles, by a wretched company, by a number of Neapolitan *Faulladeens*, and by that

Southern vanity which appropriates to itself the monopoly of all musical taste and talent, she has triumphed over all these difficulties, and leaves Naples with a greater name even than when she entered it."

MISCELLANEA

Zoological Gardens.—A Zoological Garden has been established at Moscow. The new undertaking has been favoured by the present of an aviary, at the value of about 6,000 roubles, from a lady. Another present, by the Imperial Society of Acclimatization at Paris, consists of two zebras from the Soudan, and some sheep of the Mauchamp race. The menagerie of the Museum of Natural History at Paris has received in its turn an Auer ox from the Cologne Gardens. This stranger makes a great sensation in Paris, according to the *Moniteur*, being the first on French ground since Cæsar's time. Zoological Gardens become more and more the fashion on the Continent. Towns of moderate size can boast now of handsome collections of animals, while only a short time ago these were the prerogatives of large capitals, like London, Paris and Amsterdam. We gather a few interesting statistics on the rise and origin of these institutions. We read of zoological gardens in China as far back as 2,000 years ago; but they consisted chiefly of collections of some favourite animals, such as stags, fish and tortoises. The Greeks under Pericles introduced peacocks in large quantities from India. The Romans had their elephants; and the first giraffe in Rome, under Cæsar, was as great an event in the history of zoological gardens at its time as the arrival, in 1849, of the Hippopotamus was in London. The zoological gardens of former times served their masters occasionally as hunting grounds. This was constantly the case in Persia; and in Germany, so late as 1576, the Emperor Maximilian the Second kept such a park for different animals near his castle, Neugebäu, in which he frequently chased. The first zoological garden of which we have any detailed account is that in the reign of the Chinese emperor, Wen Wang, founded by him about 1150 A.D., and named by him "The Park of Intelligence." It contained mammalia, birds, fish and amphibia. Alexander the Great possessed his zoological gardens. We find in Pliny that Alexander had given orders to the keepers to send all the rare and curious animals which died in the gardens to Aristotle. Splendid must have been the zoological gardens which the Spaniards found connected with the Palace of Montezuma. The letters of Ferdinand Cortez and other writings of the time, as well as more recently 'The History of the Indians,' by Antonio Herrera, give most interesting and detailed accounts of the menagerie in Montezuma's park. The buildings belonging to these gardens were all gorgeous, as became the grandeur of the Indian prince; they were supported by pillars, each of which was hewn out of a single piece of some precious stone. Cool, arched galleries led into the different parts of the garden—to the marine and fresh-water basins, containing innumerable water-fowl,—to the birds of prey, falcons and eagles, which latter especially were represented in the greatest variety,—to the crocodiles, alligators and serpents, some of them belonging to the most venomous species. The halls of a large square building contained the dens of the lions, tigers, leopards, bears, wolves and other wild animals. Three hundred slaves were employed in the gardens tending the animals, upon which great care was bestowed, and scrupulous attention paid to their cleanliness. To this South American zoological garden of the sixteenth century no other of its time could be compared. The majority of the zoological gardens now in existence have been founded in this century, with the exception of the Jardin des Plantes, which, although founded in 1626, received its first living animals in the year 1793-94. Hitherto, it had been a garden of plants exclusively. The first zoological garden in Germany in this century is that of Berlin, which was founded fifteen years ago.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. P. S.—C. B.—M.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

LITERATURE

A Memoir of Charles James Blomfield, D.D., Bishop of London, with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by his Son, Alfred Blomfield, M.A. 2 vols. (Murray.)

It is the saying of Erasmus, that "Bishops have forgotten that in their title is the signification, literally,—labour, pains, application." Whether this could be said of the threescore and ten prelates by whom the London diocese had been administered from the year 1051 to that of 1828, we will not inquire, but we may safely assert that it is in nowise applicable to Bishop Blomfield, who presided over the see of London from the latter date until his resignation of the see in 1855.

Bishop Lowth was in the last year but one of his occupation of the metropolitan see when Charles James Blomfield was born, in 1786, the son of a schoolmaster at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, so renowned for its milk, its maids and its stiles, that all three make part of ancient county proverbs, is hardly less famous for the prelates which it has given to the Church, both before and since the Reformation;—complacent Losing, scholarly Angerville, aristocratic Paschal, Wycliffe-hating Sudbury, courtly Edwardston, well-descended Peverel, humbly-born Wolsey and fierce Stephen Gardiner are Suffolk prelates of the earlier period. Wentworth's convert, Bale, experienced May, that "discreet professor of conformity," Overall, Maw, who accompanied Prince Charles to Spain, as Edwardston did Lionel, Duke of Clarence, to Italy, Brownrigg, born, like Wolsey, in the county town of Ipswich, and Charles James Blomfield are of the second epoch. Of this goodly list, three were born in Bury,—namely, Angerville, or Richard de Bury, as Dr. Holden, of Durham, calls him, Gardiner and Blomfield. The last possessed all the restless activity of Angerville, with more than his scholarship, and all the administrative power, with the tenacious memory, of Gardiner. We may add, that, in another respect, Blomfield closely resembled Brownrigg, who was a born wit and humourist, and of whom it was prettily and creditably said that his wit was "Page, and not Privy Councillor, to his judgment." It may be that many of these names and the fortunes of those who bore them were not unknown to the Bury schoolmaster's little and delicate son, when, on being asked as to his views of a profession, replied, "I mean to be a bishop!"—and kept his word.

Sixteen or eighteen hours a day at his books, a couple devoted to rowing or walking, and three or four to sleep, helped him to gain great honours at college and to injure his health, for his hours of relaxation bore no comparison with the extent of time he devoted to labour. Yet, even when thus toiling for distinction, few persons were equal to him for the point and liveliness of his talk; and his contemporary and friend, Chief Baron Pollock, adds the crowning testimony: "I never heard him originate or repeat an expression which, as a bishop, he could wish unsaid." This could not be said of another prelate whom Suffolk furnished to episcopacy—Losing, notorious for his greed, the vices of his youth, the wisdom of his later years, and for his droll, self-complacent maxim,—"When young, go astray; when old, mend your way!"

It was not, however, the very highest motive which influenced Blomfield in selecting the Church for a profession, and the throne of a bishop for his ultimate seat there. His son is

justified by the evidence of his father's letters in saying that his sire probably preferred the clerical profession "rather as affording means and leisure for literary pursuits, than as offering in its own peculiar duties that wide field of usefulness which, ere long, opened upon him." He was at that time, too, of so nervous a temperament that, on sudden alarms, he could not stand without clinging to a tree or railing until the nervous tremor had passed off. To a scholar,

Sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,

the prospect of a quiet country living with abundance of leisure for literary pursuits, must have been a look forward in the direction of an earthly paradise. But, that attained, labour and not leisure was his portion.

Meanwhile, Blomfield began life by editing Greek plays and contending fiercely with his critics, one of whom, George Burges, is still alive, in extreme old age, and is not quite so much "forgotten" as Mr. Alfred Blomfield takes most of his father's adversaries to be. As a critic in Greek literature, Blomfield first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, for at that period he was a Whig, accepted Jeffrey's fee, took the arm of Sydney Smith, advocated Catholic Emancipation, and was, altogether, as different a man in the beginning and the end of his career as his Christian namesake, Charles James Fox himself.

Thoroughly honest, though sometimes inconsistent, he appears to have been from first to last. After his ordination he preferred being curate of Chesterford and taking pupils, to being the tutor to the sons of Bishop Pretzman, "with the salary of 400*l.* a year and the promise of a living." But he did not decline, on his first marriage, in 1810, to hold the rectory of Quarrington with the curacy of Chesterford (residing at the latter place), although it made him a pluralist and a non-resident incumbent, "a class which, in later life," after he became a bishop, "he was bent on exterminating."

In 1811, Lord Spencer added to his other benefices the Buckinghamshire rectory of Duntun, where Blomfield resided till 1817, working well as a rector, and fiercely as a critic of Greek scholars with adverse views to his own, of one of whom, Barker, who had a hand in Valpy's 'Stephens's Greek Thesaurus,' Mr. Alfred Blomfield makes this extraordinary statement: "This gentleman practised the art of writing criticisms upon himself, in periodicals, disguised under the initials of other scholars, in order to have the satisfaction of answering them in his own name. This, at least," adds Mr. A. Blomfield, after the above positive statement, "Elmsley thought he did." We suspect that those Greek controversies "bothered" the University old stagers, for we find Blomfield longing for the time "when a man may mention a Greek or Latin author to a company of Cambridge seniors without exciting a general thrill of horror and surprise." Awaiting that good time, the non-resident incumbent of Quarrington became a Buckinghamshire magistrate, riding to Sessions in yellow overalls! Rector and Justice of the Peace! but "in later years, as a bishop," says his son, "he disapproved of such unions." We may add that, if his Lordship had heard of a curate in his diocese riding through the mud in yellow overalls, the young man would have certainly come to grief.

The great scholar took the measure of the Buckinghamshire clergy, and treated them with as much scorn as he had lavished on George Burges and the other critics who had been severe upon him as an editor of Greek plays. In 1816, he had to preach the Visitation Sermon to the clergy at Aylesbury.

In writing to a friend on the choice of a subject, he says: "I was thinking of discussing the utility of learning to the clerical profession, but the mention of this might give offence to my worthy brethren in the Archdeaconry of Bucks; as it would be unpolite to hold forth in praise of a fair complexion to a party of negroes." This sort of smartness, combined with peremptory manners in transacting parochial business, gained for him a mixed reputation. He was quite as much feared as admired by the country-folk, one of whom remarked, "I call him Mr. Snaptrace."

And to these country-folk the Greek scholar was not always the most efficient preacher. When the livings of Great and Little Chesterford, and of Tuddenham, in his native county, had been flung into his lap, he preached at Chesterford, on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." He preached *ex tempore*, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse:—"Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; I think there *be* a God!"

In later life, his speeches in the House of Lords were remarkable for what this discourse wanted—clearness; but in that assembly, the Bishop never spoke without great previous preparation, his MS. notes for his harangues being made with the utmost care. At the former period, however, congregations were not critical, and people generally, between squires and supreme pastors, were very much in the case of the poor, as reported by the poet:—

"God cannot love" (says Blunt with tearless eyes).
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies;
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits and leaves them, Providence's care.

Patrons then gave livings to useful young fellows who could help them in agricultural matters, and though a new race of bishops was rising, there was the old leaven in some of those who were left. There was Bishop North, whose chaplain and son-in-law "examined two candidates for orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as one of the players." Another candidate, calling on Bishop Pelham, received word, through the butler, to go and write an essay. Bishop Bathurst was known as the "lax bishop," even among lax bishops; but he was hardly more careless than the chaplain of Bishop Douglas, who examined candidates, as Garrick did young actors, while shaving, but, unlike the great player, "stopped the examination when the candidate had construed a couple of words!"

Under pastors like these a whole generation had grown up; and when Blomfield was at Chesterford, the jolliest day in the year was Easter Sunday, not because of the festival, but because of the nobility and gentry posting down to the Newmarket Spring Meeting, which commenced on Easter Monday. There were crowds and a fair in front of the inn, which adjoined the church, and while the rector was administering the sacrament, the aristocratic sportsmen would drive up to the inn, in open carriages, playing at whist, and, throwing out their cards, would call to the waiter for fresh packs. The rector and his diocesan, Howley, endeavoured to remove this scandal, but it was not till long after that the opening day of the Spring Meeting was changed to Easter Tuesday. The strongest resistance to a change in the day came from the Duke of York, who said that "though it was true, he travelled to the races on Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer-Book in the carriage!"

At the time when a prince made such a remark to a prelate, it was the custom to consider the lower orders of rural people as hopelessly ignorant and besotted; but we find instances of their acuteness and right way of thinking combined with a simplicity savouring of wisdom, and this even in the young. Take, for instance, the reply of the little rustic lad, who being asked what was meant by the words in the Catechism, "succour my father and mother," answered, "Why, giving on 'em milk!"

In 1819, Lord Bristol called the attention of his brother-in-law, Lord Liverpool, to Mr. Blomfield, the son of Lord Bristol's old friend, and accordingly he became rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, the gross value of which was 2,000*l.* a year. The rector, now a D.D., had to do with a new race of people; city knights, like Sir W. Rawlins, who said, at a public dinner, that he hoped to see the day prophesied of, "when every man should do right in his own eyes"; others like the obstinate Quaker who would remain covered at a vestry meeting in the church, but who was overcome by the resolution proposed by the rector and adopted by the meeting, "that the beadle be directed to take off Mr. —'s hat," which was accordingly done, and the Nonconformist having saved his conscience, submitted. Then there were men, and women too, of another quality, people of the lowest order and highest smartness, people on whom Dr. Blomfield and other gentlemen constantly called in the terrible winter of 1822-3. The people were relieved partly according to their families. Dr. Blomfield thought he detected the same children in different rooms, and at last discovered that, as he went up and down stairs, the people let down children by the window, from one story to another. He was just the sort of man to encounter such persons; and knights, Nonconformists, rough-and-readys, undoubtedly, respected him. Even the Jews of Houndsditch sent their children to his parochial school; and one clergyman, at least, paid him the compliment of stealing his sermon, in which he stoutly denied that the fall of the Brunswick Theatre was a divine judgment on the particular sufferers, and applied it to the visitation of the cholera.

His own compliments to the clergy were not many. He confessed that he had never heard but one good preacher, and that was Rowland Hill. Dr. Maltby accompanied Dr. Blomfield, and greatly admired the discourse; but when Mr. Hill floundered in attempting two pieces of Greek criticism, the two future bishops sat and winked at each other. We may add, that when they became bishops, they pretty strongly protested against all such visits, whether to fashionable, semi-schismatical, or sensational preachers generally. Hill, at all events, in no one point resembled Andrewes, of St. James's, Piccadilly, who "had the merit of preaching not his own sermons; he used to preach Paley"; and when asked to publish his sermons, "declined, saying he could not publish his manner with them."

When Dr. Blomfield became Archdeacon of Colchester, he certainly made the clergy of the archdeaconry feel that there was a man among them of the new stamp, who understood his business, did it himself, and compelled others to perform their own. Suddenly, in 1824, Law passed from Chester to Bath and Wells, and then the ladies seem to have resolved that Blomfield should go to Chester. Lady Spencer was "all on tiptoe" for it, and exhorted him accordingly:—

"My dear Doctor," she writes, "I hope I need not tell you that I trust I shall soon have to shake

you by the hand as Bishop of Chester. Don't be so indiscreet as to refuse it because it is a sadly poor one—remember it is the step which you must tread on to a richer one. All the old twaddles have dropped—young ones don't depart so readily; and I am myself so old, that I am impatient to see you seated on that bench, where you will be so admirably placed and so usefully disposed of. If the Metropolitan is translated, which his looks portend, the Bishop of London replaces him; and who so likely as yourself, with all your London knowledge and experience, to be the Bishop of this diocese, if you are on the bench—but then you must be, or my plan can't take place. Seriously, Lord Spencer and I are all on tiptoe to hear of your acceptance; for, though it may be present ruin, yet it will be some future affluence. And why should you not keep your St. Botolph? Indeed, pray, pray give me a line, and pray think, reflect and ponder with all your powers, before you refuse; for, indeed, I do think it a very different thing to refuse now than it would have been to have refused some time ago. I am so hurried and so bothered with all sorts of perplexities, that I am sure I must have written nonsense, and I cannot now read it over to be sure I have done so. Excuse me, my excellent friend, and take the intention of this note in good part, although it may be so inadequately expressed.

'Ever affectionately yours, LAY. SPENCER.'

This rattling Countess was Lavinia Bingham, daughter of the first Earl of Lucan; and Dr. Blomfield, under such inspiration, accepted Chester, retained St. Botolph's, and was not yet of opinion that pluralities and non-resident incumbents were stumbling-blocks in the Church. The new bishop speedily appeared in the light of a reformer. Tillotson was the first prelate, we believe, who preached without a wig, but that old-fashioned episcopal appendage had never been, as yet, entirely laid aside. Blomfield asked Carr of Chichester to unite with him in asking the sanction of George the Fourth for a dispensation from wearing wigs, at all. Nothing came of it; but when William the Fourth was told that the Bishop of London, in obeying his commands to dine with the King, would be glad to come without his wig, the monarch replied, "I dislike wigs as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole Bench wear their own hair." And the prelatial wig went out of curl for ever!

Bishop Blomfield's life-long characteristic was a desire to set things in order, and now he indulged it to the uttermost. He put unwelcome stumbling-blocks in the way of candidates for ordination, announced that he would ordain no person who had been in the army, navy, or trade (the tent-making of St. Paul would have disqualified the apostle); and would no more admit an Irish ordained clergyman into the diocese of Chester than Illinois would a negro into its administration. The old intimation, "No Irish need apply," was practically sustained by him to the end of his days.

Mr. A. Blomfield thus describes his father in his Chester period:—

"In speaking or writing on the subject of clerical duties, the Bishop would sometimes convey his admonitions with a certain sharpness of manner, which concealed the real kindness of his heart; nor was he careful to make that difference which the Cheshire clergy expected in his treatment of the mere curate, of narrow means and no position, and of the independent squire-parson of good family. When some one remarked that his portrait, painted soon after he became a Bishop, represented him with a decided frown, 'Yes,' he replied, 'that portrait ought to have been dedicated, without permission, to the non-resident clergy of the diocese of Chester.' He used to tell a story of one clergyman, whom he had reproved for certain irregularities of conduct which had been brought to his notice by his parishioners, and who had replied, 'Your Lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappado-

cians were liars; and I can assure you that the inhabitants of — are liars too.' Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk while waiting for a funeral that he fell into the grave; another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the Bishop's own servants. A third, when rebuked for drunkenness, replied, 'But, my Lord, I never was drunk on duty.'—'On duty!' exclaimed the Bishop; 'when is a clergyman not on duty!'—'True,' said the other, 'I never thought of that.'

There can be no doubt that Bishop Blomfield was by nature a less stern man than he seemed. To him the tenets of Calvinism were repulsive; and the damatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed he declared to be no part of Christian doctrine, but simply the individual opinions of those who had compiled the articles of that doctrine previously recited in the Creed. This common-sense view of the case we owe to his natural kindness of feeling. After his sick-visitations, the visited used to say of him, that he was "the most forgiving man" they had ever met with. He certainly was not too exacting with regard to his clergy at this time, for he expressed an opinion that two full services on a Sunday were all that was needful, and that Wednesday evening lectures and similar services were not required.

In the House of Lords he at once took a distinguished place, for "his speeches were those of one who had something to say, not of one who had to say something." He had strong opponents, but they were chivalrous adversaries. In his first speech, in 1825, he thoroughly defeated an assault of Lord Holland, with great honour to the vanquisher. Upon which Lord Holland himself generously crossed the House, shook him warmly by the hand, and predicted his future success as a debater. We only wonder that a man of the Bishop's perceptions could ever have fancied that the cause of the Church might suffer if the new pleasure-grounds in St. James's Park were not closed against the public on Sunday mornings.

The Bishop, promoted to London in 1828, voted against Catholic Emancipation. He had previously listened to a five-hours' speech, in private, from George the Fourth against the same measure, and he had afterwards to meet the Duke of Clarence, who did not hold the same opinions as his brother:—

"Bishop Blomfield's acquaintance with the Sovereign who now succeeded to the throne had a singular commencement. He addressed a letter to the Countess of Dysart, at Ham House, requesting permission to see that ancient mansion. The Countess, hospitable as she generally was, at first declined, saying, 'I never saw any Bishop here in my brother's time.' Afterwards, however, she relented, and, as the most agreeable arrangement to all parties, desired Sir George Sinclair, who had married her granddaughter, to fix a day for the Bishop to dine there, adding that he might invite William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, and a large party to meet him. Sir George was not aware that the Duke had taken great offence at the Bishop for his recent speech and vote on Catholic emancipation. Observing that they took no notice of each other, he presented the Bishop to the Duke, who immediately addressed him in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, 'I had lately the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of — along with me in the lobby of the House of Lords, but I had not the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of London.'—The Bishop courteously replied, 'It is with regret that I ever vote on a different side from your Royal Highness.'—The Duke resumed, 'I was the more surprised, and I consider you the more in the wrong, because I thought I had reason to expect the reverse.'—'Whether I was actually in the wrong or not,' replied the Bishop, 'my conscience told me that I was in the right.' The Duke was about to continue, when dinner was fortunately announced. At table, the Bishop drew him

into conversation, and so completely conciliated his good opinion that some days afterwards he said to Sir George Sinclair, 'I like the Bishop far better than I expected, and I do not care how soon you invite him to meet me again.' He felt that he had gone too far, and asked, 'How did the Bishop look when I told him my mind?'—'I did not see,' replied Sir George, 'for my eyes were fixed upon the ground.'—'Did any one else observe how he looked?'—'No; I believe their eyes were turned in the same direction.' This anecdote is given on the authority of Sir George Sinclair."

The Bishop was as much opposed to the emancipation of lazy incumbents of his own Church as he was to the political freedom of another. He insisted on incumbents residing on their livings, even if these were in the worst part of the Essex marshes. If a curate could live there, a rector might. "Besides," as he said, "there are two well-known preservatives against ague. The one is a good deal of care and a little port-wine; the other a little care and a good deal of port-wine." He preferred the former; but, he added, "if any of the clergy prefer the latter, it is at all events a remedy which incumbents can afford better than curates." Then, he was seldom off his guard, even when another was decrying pluralities. Lord Tavistock was once doing this in the House, but the Bishop silenced him by the remark, "I say that it is impossible to do away with pluralities without doing away with *impropriations*,"—on which Lord Tavistock's family had waxed from maceration to fatness.

With a high hand did he subsequently rule or try to rule; but with all his seeming pride there was abounding love, and people who disliked, learned to regard him like the roughs of Bethnal Green, who began by sending a mad bull into the company who were laying the first stone of the first of the fifty new churches proposed by the Bishop to be built in the metropolis, and who ended by uncovering as the procession passed, preceding them, when the church was finished. Still, his ungovernable passion for business which led him to be the first where an attack was to be made, exposed him to satirical remark:—

"The Bishop had been bitten by a dog in the calf of the leg, and, fearing possible hydrophobia in consequence, he went, with characteristic promptitude, to have the injured piece of flesh cut out by a surgeon before he returned home. Two or three on whom he called were not at home; but, at last, the operation was effected by the eminent surgeon, Mr. Keate. The same evening the Bishop was to have dined with a party where Sydney was a guest. Just before dinner, a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith's comment was, 'I should like to hear the dog's account of the story.' When this accident occurred to him, Bishop Blomfield happened to be walking with Dr. D'Oyly, the Rector of Lambeth. A lady of strong Protestant principles, mistaking Dr. D'Oyly for Dr. Doyle, said that she considered it was a judgment upon the Bishop for keeping such company."

But the bite of the dog was as nothing compared with what he had to bear from recalcitrant clergy. Young curates of that section in the Church which professed unaffected veneration for bishops, when the latter are not opposed to them, would snub him for holding opinions quite contrary to St. Basil! It would be difficult to say whether his pity for these was not greater than his contempt for another class of young curates, who make such a business of sucking oranges and taking voice-lozenges in the vestries, as if their two or three hours' work in the day were a labour to consume them. He offended such men as these, who would have refused, in country districts, all allotments to

Dissenters,—wondering that the people in such districts were not *all* Dissenters. Not less did he offend another extreme party when he expressed his opinion that the writer of Tract 90 could hardly be a member of the Reformed Church. There certainly was no *sham* in him. He was the first to denounce Mr. Oakley's theory, that a Church of England minister might lawfully believe Romish doctrine, if he did not teach it!

Little inconsistencies are hardly worth noticing. He who had played at picquet in his early church days would not tolerate cards in his later, and he who now supported the daily service system had once been satisfied with Sunday services only. His dislike for churches exclusively for the poor was, perhaps, founded on his experience of the jobbery which would creep into such projects, the subscriptions for such alleged churches being sometimes converted into funds for churches with highly-rented pews and fashionably-dressed congregations, fellowship with whom was not to be thought of by miserable sinners in fustian. Setting aside, however, all smaller matters, Bishop Blomfield will be honourably remembered for three things—having introduced order and becomingness into the service of the Church, promoted church building, and set going the colonial church system. In all this, individuals may have suffered wrong, but the community profited; and the Bishop had to work under many disadvantages:—

"As an instance of the interruptions to which he was obliged to submit from persons who brought their real or imaginary grievances before him, the following anecdote may be related. A deputation, headed by a colonel in the army, waited upon him at London House, to represent to him the condition of the inmates of lunatic asylums, and to request him to make provision for their being regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The Bishop replied that he did not know whether the clergy would be prepared to undertake this additional burden; and that, even if they were, he did not think that the security thus afforded for the proper treatment of lunatics would be a very great one. 'But,' rejoined the colonel, 'we would hail with satisfaction any additional security; for I can assure your Lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation who has not himself, at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!' It may be imagined that, after this confession, the Bishop was not a little relieved when the deputation withdrew, and its members were seen quietly making their way past Norfolk House into Pall Mall."

Mr. A. Blomfield states that his father gave away a third of his income in charitable purposes; a little more stress is laid on his munificent almsgiving than is, perhaps, desirable. We prefer looking at the good man on his humorous side, of which there are many new instances given in these volumes, where some of the capital stories afloat might well have been preserved. However, here are samples of his humour:—

"Lord Althorp, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons, a vote of 400*l.* a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, 'What are the duties of an Archdeacon?' So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other house, to obtain an answer to the question from one of the Bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an Archdeacon as '*aide-de-camp* to the Bishop'; and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, 'the Archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi*.' Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. 'Go,' said he, 'and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straight-forward man, and will give you a plain answer.' To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question,

'What is an Archdeacon?'—'An Archdeacon?' replied the Bishop in his quick way, 'an Archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions'; and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied."

With a neat application of a text he could illustrate a Christian opinion:—

"When a friend of the Bishop's was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, 'In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul.'—'Yes,' replied the Bishop drily, '*In prisons oft.*' And when, at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he had thought of the music, he replied, 'Well, at least, it was according to Scriptural precedent: *The singers went before, the minstrels followed after.*'"

And here is a happy saying to an unsuccessful grumbler:—

"A clergyman, who had sought preferment in many quarters and had failed, once said to him, 'I never got anything I asked for.'—'And I,' replied the Bishop, with characteristic quickness, 'never asked for anything I got.'"

A little "poke" at one of his oldest friends was an enjoyment to him:—

"On a former occasion, when Bishop Maltby, had objected to receive the diminished income which the arrangements of the ecclesiastical commission had fixed for the see of Durham on the death of Bishop Van Mildert, Bishop Blomfield, in allusion to Dr. Maltby's former classical labours, had remarked that, probably, he did not wish for an *abridgment of his Thesaurus*."

To the last, this turn for humour was the Bishop's characteristic, of which we could add many illustrations not contained in this book. That last came in 1857, two years after infirmity had caused him to resign his office. He was permitted to reside in the old palace at Fulham, the moat around which is as old as the time of the Danes, and where he had found relaxation in music and gardening. His greatest opponents in the day of battle will be ready to acknowledge his merits, his services, and his good qualities generally, and to admit that he was no unworthy successor in a line of metropolitan bishops, some of whom bear the brightest names in our ecclesiastical history.

Love and Mammon; and other Poems. By Fanny Susan Wyvill. (Bell & Daldy.)

THE promise which we found in 'Pansies' is still in the bud, and has not yet flowered into full performance. But this second book is as rich, we think, in a still higher promise. Many glimpses here reveal the true poet's eye; many lines have the real poet's touch. It would be easy to find passages of prose done into verse with a commonplace look and sound; but he would be very shortsighted who could see nothing further. The author has laid herself open to this charge chiefly on account of her having treated modern life in familiar phrase. We, for our part, are glad to overlook such flaws or blemishes in any honest attempt to compete with the novelists, and thus give to poetry that narrative and dramatic interest which, in our time, it so much lacks. The tide has turned in this direction. Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh' fervently set a great example; and Mr. Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' showed him working his way with rare success towards that objectivity which enriches poetry with more incident and action, giving, as it were, the spirit of poetry a more commonly human embodiment. The younger followers must look closely at the work of this great master to see how far the poet can compete with the novelist in detail, and how much he can afford to leave

on the lower ground because of his own higher range.

Miss Wywill has in 'Love and Mammon' endeavoured to set before us the old, old story of marriage for money. The character of Flavia, with her siren beauty—soft eye, with "a fairy laughing in it,"—her "hair like golden water,"—and loose, light heart, in which the names of her lovers are written as in water,—is delicately drawn. Here is a good bit of external painting:—

Flavia that day was in her lightest mood;
And when, with evening, Philip Wynwode came,
She brightened to the zenith of her grace:
And, gliding in and out amongst the guests,
With softness, archness, waywardness for each,
Skillfully toned to chime with their ideal—
White-robed, with glittering leaves of sparry green
Carelessly thrown upon her skirts and hair;
That hair like golden water, half let loose
Over the lustrous whiteness of her neck—
She seemed the Spirit of some distant star,
Who, at quick fancy's bidding, had forsaken
Her realm of beauty.

Here again is a description which skilfully sets a stern, rejected lover, who has come for a last word, amid all the tender luxury and touching grace of the beloved's boudoir:—

A dainty roomlet, pranked in delicate green;
That high sea-tint, badge of the golden-haired.
Thro' the Venetian blinds, hot sunshine streamed
Full on a flowering rose-plant till it shone
A glowing citadel of crimson light.
Vases of choicest flowers filled the air
With sighs of too oppressive sweetness: Art
And Nature smiled harmonious: here a rose,
And there a statuette with snowy limbs;
Small pictures, each a treasure in itself,
And crystal chalices overtopped with flowers.
Twin shelves of darkest oak, grotesquely carved,
Displayed, within, such gay and goodly store
Of glittering baubles—china, filigree,
Enamel, gold-freckled lapis-lazuli—
That none could choose but think on certain stones,
Whose rugged round, cleft thro' and halved, reveals
A heart of sparkling secrets.

Not for him
Who sternly waited there, to sink in ease
Mid soft, luxurious cushions; not for him,
To bask in sunny fragrance of delight;
Or touch the ribbon of yon light guitar,
Because it once had swept her milk-white arm.
On him the appeal of luxury was lost—
He stood uncompromising and unmoved
When Flavia entered, beautiful beyond
The beauty of our common work-day earth.
A cloud of silvery grey, black knots, and jet,
Mourned gracefully the memory of him
Whose timely death had so enriched her life;
And harmonised with that unrivalled hair,
That hair like golden water.

This, of course, is only the outside of poetry's inner world; but, then, youth stands on the outside, and its eye is first caught by the fleeting glow and the vanishing grace. Our author's look, however, rests too much on externals. For example:—

Lo!
That queenly figure, bending all its pride
Beneath the load of unrequited love,
Till woman's weakness yields; and down she sinks
At her bedside, a soft, white muslin heap.

Now, this is in a description of a character very different from Flavia's, or we might have admired the cunning of that last appeal. It is a true woman who thus sinks, with bowed head, and heart breaking under the weight of its secret love. Muslin may do much in its tender sanctity and cloud-like veil of human heaven, but it fails to give the right thrill on this occasion. It is out of place; the author overrates its charms.

This glimpse of a happy home, into which a child-angel's face just peeped, with its blessing on the human love, and passed, goes deeper:—

And when red frolic warmed the winter night,
And dancing shadows were their company,
Oft at his feet she sat with upward gaze,
Reading his fiery-eyed serenity,
And holding, with his hand, the inward key
To every thought that stirred within his soul.
Yet lacked they not that hallowed nameless bond,
Known but to them whose lips have met in grief.
For three short years of fall-orbed happiness
An angel dwelt with them in human form,
With deep blue eyes and locks of dusky gold;
Lispings the sweet words, "Mother," "Father," dear;
And smiling blessings on them as they watched,
Heart linked in heart, above its dimpled sleep:

Till, life being all one sunny holiday,
It faded back into the angels' land;
Leaving behind a little daisied grave,
And, bending o'er that grave, a memory,
Faithful as sorrow—deeper far than death.

Many readers will make a music of their own for this sensible lyric:—

LITTLE MAY'S LESSON-BOOK.

She sits as steadfast o'er her task,
As Mother o'er a sleeping child:
A foolish word I paused to ask:
She answered me, but never smiled.
From lip, nor brow, nor studious eye,
Could I now win one passing look,
That aught of treason should imply,
To yonder old brown spelling-book.
Just once from earth to heaven wide,
As tho' she sought some unborn hour,
The bonnie bud looked up and sighed,
Grave with the promise of the flower.
Perhaps she saw bright shadows thrown
From motions of the angel crowds;
Or baby faces like her own,
Smiling amid the still white clouds.

And as I watch the earnest grace
Of little, tender, dark-eyed May,
Whose foot is foremost in the race,
Whose laugh rings merriest at play;
I pray that she may read aright,
A deeper lesson yet in store:
A lesson learned by heaven's light,
Or not at all for evermore.

I pray that fast in her may stand
Such purity of heart and lip,
As honours every woman's hand
That meets its clasp of fellowship:
Such purity as shed abroad
On lowered heads shall close the past,
And clear their eyesight for the road
That reaches home and rest at last.

I pray, when Love shall lead her out
Into the solemn deeps of life,
That trust may never yield to doubt,
Nor steadfast force to worldly strife.
Rather, tho' all be wrecked and lost,
May she have strength to rise and say,
"I bless this love, were life its cost;
It gives more than it takes away."

I pray that she may never scorn
Trifles that are life's daily food;
Respect towards the humbly born;
The gift of self for others' good;
The kindly look, the gentle tone;
The insight that divines a grief;
The silent sympathy alone,
Where silence best may speak relief.

Thus, standing upright to the mark
Which measures highest womanhood,
In nothing stooping, where 'tis dark,
And height may scarce be understood,
Perchance her lesson may be learned
So well that dying ones may say,
Their love, their hope, their faith was earned
From little, tender, dark-eyed May.

Altogether, 'Love and Mammon' is a book of promise, which will find its admirers.

Memoirs of Remarkable Misers. By Cyrus Redding. 2 vols. (Skeet.)

THE title of these volumes has a ring of precious metal which will be music to the ears of those who love money, and it gives promise of entertainment to idle readers who delight in personal gossip; but the work itself is not satisfactory. It is lifeless, ill-arranged, ill-written, and unworthy of its far from lofty subject. Misers are a class of moral imbeciles, who claim pity rather than scorn, charitable forbearance rather than disdainful anger; and the writer who draws attention to their unlovely infirmity should exhibit something of that reverential tenderness which protects from ridicule those who grope their way through life without the light of reason. Society has little need, and therefore little right, to exclaim against a frailty which is its own condemnation and punishment, cutting its victims off from human sympathy and separating them from every fountain of joy. But regarded from a right point of view, the miser is an instructive though sad spectacle; and the lessons taught by his sin and suffering are often pathetic and always profitable. There is wholesome warning in the universality of a passion which is found to taint men of every degree of mental capacity, every variety of natural disposition, every grade

of social condition; and there is unspeakable sadness in the reflection, that when greed of gain has once taken hold of a human being it is ineradicable, and steadily grows in strength in proportion as hopes are extinguished, perceptions deadened and faculties narrowed by increasing years. Frequently, ignoble thirst for gold is united with vicious tendencies that are extremely injurious to society; but in a large proportion of cases the miser is no one's enemy but his own. Whilst his wretched condition acts as a warning rather than as an encouragement to those who secretly nurse in their breasts the seeds of avarice, he is not seldom found the jealous guardian of principles of action which are beneficial and honourable. Honesty is a frequent characteristic of the miser. Whilst he defrauds himself of the happiness to which he has a legal right, he is often punctiliously scrupulous in his dealings with the world. Though he grudges the farthings which he spends on a repulsive meal, he would starve rather than steal the paring of an apple. In many cases sentiments more generous than strict pecuniary probity, sentiments akin to benevolence and chivalric honour, exist beneath the rags and grime that bring upon him the jeers and hootings of the street. Benson, the notorious miser of Cheshire, denied himself dignity and comfort through long years of voluntary misery in order that he might purge his honour of the blot fixed upon it by an enemy who claimed his hereditary estate. In the will by which the miser left the claimant means wherewith to test the soundness of his pretensions by legal investigation, he said "If I had gone to law and suffered the lawyers to fatten upon the property, it would have been all eaten up. There are funds now provided to determine the case, and keep the estate intact for its rightful owner. I believe it to be my own, but the idea that it may not be so has annoyed me. The individual to whom I fancy it belongs, if it does not belong to myself, will not venture into court for his right. Yet he has charged my relatives with keeping him out of it. Let him try the question when I am gone, with the money I leave behind me for the purpose. Thus he cannot say I have not left the means to others to do it for him. If he will not, let him retract his slanders against the dead and against myself, when lands and chattels can never more give me care for my family's honour or my own." Such was the aim of a life, the wretchedness and apparent meanness of which rendered a gentleman of ancient lineage and estate a byword and reproach throughout the counties in which his property was situated. Mention could be made of many other cases where the sordid rags and tatters of miserly habit have concealed from view human nature's fairest and most precious qualities, even as the pomp and glitter of ostentatious wealth have been known to blind observant eyes to the deformities of fortune's favourites. Of virtues so concealed family affection is, doubtless, the most common. The cases are numerous where men of narrow views have striven with all their little strength to acquire money, not for the sake of the money itself, but out of desire to place their offspring beyond the reach of penury; and from such cases many could be selected where death, having struck down the objects of affectionate care, has left the labourers in a cheerless old age, with no pastime but niggardly thrift, no amusement but the unsatisfying game of acquisition. To such unhappy men surely commiseration is due rather than disdain. Christian charity can even say something in behalf of a class of misers on whom it is customary to deal out unmeasured opprobrium—the very successful hoarders

who, in doting old age, delight to add pence to the millions which they have raised by persevering labour from small beginnings. Not long since, a millionaire died at a point of extreme senility, about whom rumour told strange and revolting stories. Doubtless most of these stories were gross exaggerations of the truth; possibly many of them were altogether false. It may, however, be assumed that one of the anecdotes was, at least, based on fact. In early life the old man had been a petty dealer, increasing his worldly substance by earning or saving pence; in the best years of his prosperous career he was a great capitalist and negotiator, winning thousands by a stroke of his pen; in his old age, with enfeebled powers and darkened mind, he amused himself with a daily routine of the petty transactions by which he had first raised himself from indigence. Living in a palace, which was only one of his seats, the childish old man used to be wheeled out on the terraces of his pleasure-grounds, in order that he might encounter a pretended higgler, placed in his way by his considerate children. The man who acted the part of dealer regularly, morning after morning, offered for sale the articles which the capitalist required for his dinner, and the millionaire in due form haggled and chaffered with him for the fowls and fruit thus offered for sale; and when he had bought at a rate far below market-price the produce of his own farm-yard and gardens, he was wheeled back to his library, and placed in his arm-chair, happy in the belief that he had "driven a hard bargain." Such was the scene which was day by day enacted under the shadow of the rich man's dwelling; and when it was reported to the world, there was loud derision for the Croesus who was deluded into thinking he had outwitted a tradesman, but no tenderness for the broken man whose life at its close thus reverted to the usages of humble, but laudable, industry which, nearly seventy years before, had made him a man of mark in his obscure class. Countless stories of the same kind could be told of misers. Every one remembers the great lawyer who, after winning wealth and eminence in his profession, had the nursery of his second childhood furnished with a table piled high with briefs, about which he was daily consulted by fictitious clients, who went through the form of paying him a fee at each consultation. The octogenarian did not yearn for heavy fees, but was best pleased with the small sums, which had given him delight when he first commenced the struggle of life in Temple chambers. Nor is the story less affecting of the aged miser who, on his death-bed, thinking of his early struggles, which he still believed to be affairs of the present, and wasting love on his only child—a daughter, who had been in the grave well-nigh fifty years—said, in pitiful accents, to the octogenarian wife who stood beside him, "We must be careful, dear—or our Lotty won't be a lady." His dead child's name was Charlotte.

But Mr. Redding has no tenderness for the class whom he portrays. Indeed, his remarkable misers are, with few exceptions, remarkably repulsive misers; and he delights in giving prominence to their most hideous features. For the most part, they are sordid, rag-wearing, offal-eating misers; and in his delineations of them the author's nearest approach to artistic treatment is a coarse method of contrasting gold with tatters, and accumulations in the three per cents with piles of old clothes. His "cases" are gathered from newspapers and chap-books, and he has been at no pains to point the particular moral of each memoir, or to classify his anecdotes. He omits well-known stories which show how inordinate love of money may exist in

the same person side by side with moral qualities which are most opposed to it, as in the case of "Vathek" Beckford's father, who could beard a king on his throne and yet shiver with fear at the apprehension of poverty, could spend a fortune on rebuilding his palace and yet grudge himself a glass of madeira in his last illness. In like manner no attempt is made to illustrate the most noteworthy effects of miserly habits on the intellect. Not a word is said of the tendency of misers to estimate wealth by its power to aid accumulation rather than by its power to purchase luxury. "Look," said a money-loving celebrity, when he saw a brother magistrate put his name down for 10*l.* on a charitable subscription, "that man has given away 10*s.* a year from himself and his heirs for ever." Even when the materials are ready at his hand for a striking piece of character painting, Mr. Cyrus Redding fails to make proper use of them. The story of Elwes the patrician miser, with its strange contradictions, has been told so often and so well that it might have been deemed impossible for a practised writer to give a feeble sketch of the man who refused a peerage and dressed himself in cast-off wearing apparel, who wrung pence from his servants and lent thousands to his friends, and who used to leave the whist-tables of St. James's Street to haggle for shillings with cattle-dealers and butchers in Smithfield Market; but Mr. Redding has contrived to give confusion and weakness to his portrait of the worthy whose career is familiar to all collectors of anecdotes. On other points, where a student of English literature has less excuse for stumbling, Mr. Redding has laid himself open to adverse criticism. In one page he speaks of the Tories of Queen Anne's time, as obeying their "apostolic champion, the notorious *Sachreville*," and in the next page, where he speaks of the Duchess of Marlborough, he says, "Pope satirized her in *Atossa*."

Studies in Roman Law, with Comparative View of the Laws of France, England and Scotland. By Lord Mackenzie, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE study of the Roman Law has never been popular in England. The ancient jealousy which produced the wrathful declaration of the Barons at the Parliament of Merton has existed with little diminution amongst us, if not to the present day at least to a recent time. The Civil law is a foreigner, and the natural Englishman dislikes a foreigner. He is moreover a foreigner who once tried to oust that common law which we were all taught to consider as the perfection of reason; and this has rendered our dislike still more intense. Moreover, the Civil law was the pet of the clergy, and was of course proportionally disliked by the laity; so that while the former duly obeyed orders in avoiding all knowledge of the municipal law of England, the latter prided themselves on their entire ignorance of the Roman law. The consequence has been that to the present time England has by no means kept pace with the principal nations of the Continent in the study. The list of names which we could oppose to those of the great civil lawyers of France and Germany would be so inconsiderable that we decline entering upon the comparison altogether.

Yet no person acquainted with the study of the science of the law will deny that a knowledge of the Roman law is essential to the character of an English lawyer in the higher signification of that term. Without a knowledge of the Roman law (or of any other law except our own) a man of retentive memory and natural quickness may fill his mind with those sta-

tutory provisions and legal decisions which, in nine cases out of ten, govern the common cases which arise in the every-day practice of a lawyer; but the tenth case will call for the exercise of higher power than the accurate recollection of what the legislature has enacted or what Lord Eldon has decided. Happily, there still arise some cases to be decided on principle, which call forth the powers of the real lawyer.

The study of the Roman law is as necessary to the lawyer who aspires to be something more than a mere depository of *dicta* and enactments, as the study of the nude figure is to the perfection of the sculptor, for it would be as easy for the one to trace in the beflouted outline of a lady of the present day the anatomy of the human form, as for the other to discover in the mass of statutes which are, session by session, made, tinkered, consolidated, revoked and re-enacted, the principles of the law.

The study of the Roman law being then necessary, yet being unpopular and notoriously neglected, it is no slight gain to have a readable book upon this subject. This Lord Mackenzie has undoubtedly supplied in the present volume; and the work is interesting, not from the introduction of digression or of anecdote, but simply from the fact that the author has a large and clear view of his subject, and is master of a simple and easy style of writing, which enables him to impart his knowledge in such a manner that it may be received without labour or embarrassment by the reader of ordinary intelligence and attention. Lord Mackenzie commences his work with an historical sketch of the sources of the Roman law and the political changes in the government, from the foundation of the city to the accession of Justinian. He narrates the steps by which the "many thousands of volumes which no fortune could purchase and no capacity could digest," were consolidated under that Emperor,—the fate of Justinian's legislation in the East and West,—and the revival of the study of the Roman law in Europe, with its progress to the present time.

In a chapter preliminary to the exposition of the Roman law, (which is the chief object of the work,) the author then takes a cursory glance at jurisprudence as a science, and makes some general observations on the principal divisions of law which form the subject of a course of legal education. In that part of this chapter which treats of the public law of nations there is perhaps the clearest statement of the facts and of the law of the late affair of the Trent that we have met with.

The exposition of the Roman law, which is the author's main object, is set forth in six parts, treating respectively of the law of persons, the law relating to real rights, the law of obligations—of succession, of action and procedure, and of criminal law and procedure. These parts are divided into numerous chapters, each treating of the law upon a particular *status* or thing, as Citizens and foreigners, Slavery, Marriage, Legacies, &c.; and at the end of each chapter, when the subject admits it, a short statement of the law which prevails in France, England and Scotland is added; rather intended, we apprehend, to interest the student by suggesting the more obvious comparisons which arise between the provisions of the several laws, than pretending to be a formal statement even of their principal provisions. The author freely admits the imperfection of this part of his work, arising principally from the narrow limit within which he has thought proper to compress it. In his preface, Lord Mackenzie acknowledges the great assistance he has found in this part of the work from the excellent 'Compendium of English and Scottish Law,' by Mr. Patteson. On the

law of marriage, and on several other subjects, these comparisons of the Roman, French, English and Scottish laws are very interesting, and executed with great ability.

It would not be difficult to point out some minor faults in this work. Occasionally a statement is misplaced, as that of the law which renders the Gretna Green marriage, after the manner of our forefathers, invalid in England, which should be stated under the English, not the Scottish, law of marriage. Again, we occasionally meet with phrases which none but Scottish lawyers are bound to understand, as that a Scottish promise of marriage may in certain cases be "resiled." Where the general execution of the work demands so much praise as in the present case, we are ashamed to dwell upon such defects, which are not only small, but are of rare occurrence. The book contains a view of the Roman law which is at once clear and comprehensive, and it will be invaluable to the student as the 'Blackstone' of the Roman law.

Correspondence of Fräulein Günderoode and Bettine von Arnim. (Boston, Burnham; London, Trübner & Co.)

We are afraid the world has grown too old for the proper enjoyment of a collection of rhapsodical letters, which were published, in German, some twenty years ago, under the title, 'Die Günderoode,' and which now reappear in an English translation, with a far more appropriate title, since the precocious "child" Bettine wrote a much larger proportion of the letters than her spiritual adviser, the seraphic Canoness. The period in which they are composed extends from the year 1804 to 1806, and consequently represents a state of the Teutonic mind in which the rollicking sentimentality of the romantic school had succeeded the prosaic "enlightenment" of a previous generation. The creed that prevailed was the emancipation of the artist from all conventional obligations, and the ruling passion was hatred of "Philisterei," viz., that regard for decency and order, by which civilized society is held together. Choice spirits who abhorred the old-fashioned Deism of Berlin, indulged in a fantastic paganism, and found that they were the salt of the earth recklessly scattered on an ungenial soil. In such an age, of which Novalis is the purest, and the 'Lucinde' of Frederick Schlegel the coarsest representative, excitable young ladies would naturally rush into letter-writing, and mutually bespatter each other with admiration, like Bettine and Caroline Günderoode. When the fair enthusiasts have been brought up in a highly-cultivated and intellectual society, it is likewise natural that their letters should be sometimes amusing, and that here and there a vein of shrewdness should appear amid a solid mass of nonsense. Bettine, who is a degree younger in these letters than when she corresponded with Goethe, is no bad specimen of a thoughtless devil-may-care sort of girl, who has a ready talent for observation and humorous description, and a more artificial tendency to indulge in the sentimentalities and fantasies of her time. Whether the reader will be ready to accept Fräulein Günderoode as the pure, dignified, gentle being who was exactly qualified to guide the little madcap, may be doubted, although such is evidently the belief of the American translator of the letters. Indeed, when we bear in mind that poor Günderoode killed herself at the early age of twenty-six, because (they say) Professor Creuzer, the mythologist, refused to worship her among his many deities, her qualifications as a pilot on the sea of life become extremely questionable.

The translation is very creditably executed,

and any one who has read Bettine's letters in the original will be ready to agree with the translator that his (or her) task has been one of "great difficulty." There is one thing that Bettine hates more than *Philisterei*, and that is the employment of any stop that exceeds the value of a comma. Hence sentences run into each other in a fashion which causes infinite difficulty to the reader, while it indicates the most perfect ease on the part of the writer, whose style seems to be modelled on that of the famous, though anonymous, English historian, who stated, to the great discomfiture of children, that "King Charles walked and talked, half-an-hour after his head was cut off."

In an article from 'The Dial,' which stands as a Preface to the translation, an ingenious theory is propounded. At the end of one of the early letters, Caroline says: "Wenn du Muse findest so schreib bald wieder," and, on the assumption that "Muse" is written for "Musse" (leisure), the words, "If thou findest time write soon again," appear in the text. In the Preface, however, the belief is affirmed, that "Muse" ought not to be spelt "Musse," and that the sentence means that the ladies waited for the inspiration of the Muse before they began to write. This interpretation is so very pretty, that although we should prefer "*die* Muse," we would gladly accept it, did we not find Günderoode saying a few pages further: "Es ist keine heitre Zeit in mir, viel Muse, und keine Begeisterung für sie." As we fear we cannot agree to the fact that Günderoode has "much Muse," and no inspiration for her, we must needs double the "s," and if we do it in this case, we are sorely tempted to do it in the other.

The Missionary Life and Labours of Francis Xavier, taken from his own Correspondence: with a Sketch of the General Results of Roman Catholic Missions among the Heathen. By Henry Venn, B.D. (Longman & Co.)

It was scarcely to be expected, perhaps, that the Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society should fitly write the life of Francis Xavier. That famous father of missions was a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, and seventy years after his death the fifteenth Gregory made him a saint. Mr. Venn has compiled an interesting volume, but it is one rather of controversy and criticism than of biography. Few biographers, in fact, set out with the hope of making so little of their hero. Of course, the Catholic records of Xavier are extravagant and often imaginary; yet, for the most part, they were hardly worth refuting, while, as for the miracles, it is almost amusing to encounter, in a bran-new book, a grave denial that Xavier raised the dead, rained ashes on the city of Tolo, was lifted a cubit from the ground when he celebrated mass, or had his crucifix brought back to him from the depths of the ocean by a supernatural crab. Yet Mr. Venn, it appears, still stands in awe of these legends. His whole design, indeed, is evidently that of destroying whatever authority may still attach to the name, not of Xavier alone, but of all his successors in the same faith, working in the same field. The concluding chapter is, indeed, a direct, wholesale, and, we think, unfair attack upon Roman Catholic missions, which, if they did not permanently multiply converts to the extent that their promoters alleged, at least prepared the soil and laid a wide basis for those who followed them. Few who have familiarized themselves with the particular class of publications referred to will admit that the "records of Protestant Evangelical Missions" are almost invariably, as Mr. Venn suggests, "cautious and candid," however "multitudinous" they may be. Exag-

geration has been the rule on both sides, and this memorial of Francis Xavier is one illustration of it.

The "Saint" was born in April, 1506, at the Castle of Xavier, in the Kingdom of Navarre, at the foot of the Pyrenees. On his mother's side he claimed community of blood with the Kings of Navarre and the Bourbons. The first we hear of him is twenty-seven years later at the University of Paris, whence he writes to an elder brother in Spain, vindicating from certain charges himself and his friend, Ignatius Loyola. Loyola, he acknowledges, had saved him from debt and the Protestant heresy. With other associates, these two trusty Catholics began early their proselytizing wanderings, and Xavier was appointed to labour in India,— "India" then including East Africa, Arabia, Persia, Hindostan, China and the Indian Archipelago. To that region, as "Papal Nuncio to the New World," with letters of recommendation to kings, princes and governors, he journeyed, dining on board ship with John of Portugal's Viceroy; nor did he ever return. Three years were passed in Southern India, two among the Chinese Islands, four in managing the Indian missions and apostolizing in Japan, and one on the coast of China, where he died, in December, 1552. On the voyage, visiting Socotra, he saw a woman walking with two little children: seizing the children, he forthwith baptized them—an act of zeal which might have been attended with troublesome consequences. But at Goa his prospects seemed splendid. There was a cathedral, with a resident bishop, a chapter of canons, a Franciscan convent, and many religious houses. However, the people, European and native, were proportionately godless. And here began his difficulties. For example, the Viceroy was a luxurious man, who—

"took advantage of Xavier's influence with Ignatius to supplicate from the Pope a variety of superstitious favours, such as privileged altars, and Indulgences for the Viceroy himself and his wife, together with some favours of a more practical kind, which none but Popes could grant, namely, that the season of Lent should be transferred from its present position in the Calendar, which was inconvenient for that climate, to the months of June or July, and that the Bishop of Goa should be spared the trouble of taking long voyages to administer confirmation, by enabling him to confer the benefits of that rite at distant settlements through the imposition of the hands of his vicars."

Glancing around, he might well have recoiled from the responsibility of the work he had undertaken. Westward, he saw Africa, with Ethiopia, where Prester John—or Precious John, as some of the Jesuit Fathers called him—was still supposed to reign; northward, Arabia and Persia; southward, a world of continents and islands; eastward, Hindostan; close to him, sordid factories and dissolute garisons. So he began humbly with the pearl-divers east of Comorin, amid whom he wrote his famous account of missionary triumphs. He travelled through the villages ringing a bell, preaching, praying, baptizing, until the very labour of baptizing wearied his hands, and his voice failed him through much repetition of the Creed. He adds:—

"Conceive, therefore, what kind of life I live in this place, what kind of sermons I am able to address to the assemblies, when they who should repeat my address to the people do not understand me, nor I them. I ought to be an adept in dumb show. Yet I am not without work, for I want no interpreter to baptize infants just born, or those which their parents bring; nor to relieve the famished and the naked who come in my way. So I devote myself to these two kinds of good works, and do not regard my time as lost."

He confesses to having baptized on that coast, within a year, a thousand infants "who had died before they could commit sin, and who therefore had gone up to heaven intercessors on his behalf." Afterwards, it appears that girls and boys are sinless up to the age of fourteen, which is a sweeping assertion to make in India. Alluding to the practice as persisted in to the present day, Mr. Venn cites a curious report from Dr. Perochean, Vicar-Apostolic of Su-Tchuen, in China:—

"We pay some Christians, men and women, who are acquainted with the complaints of infants, to go seek out and baptize those whom they shall find to be in danger. It is easy for them to meet them, particularly in the towns and large villages, where, on fair-days, there is to be seen a crowd of poor people reduced to the greatest poverty, who come to ask for alms. It is in winter especially that the number is highest, because want is more pinching at that time. You see then on the roads, at the gates of the towns and villages, or crowded together in the streets, poor people without number, with hardly any clothing, having neither fire nor lodging, sleeping in the open air, and so attenuated by the protracted torture of hunger, that they are nothing but skin and bone. The women, who are, in this case, the most to be pitied, carry on their back children reduced to the same extremity as themselves. Our baptizing men and baptizing women accost them in the gentle accents of compassion, offer them, gratis, pills for these little expiring creatures, give often to the parents a few farthings, always with great kindness of manner, and an expression of the liveliest interest in their situation. For these poor creatures it is a sight of transport almost unheard of. They willingly allow our people to examine into the state of the child, and spill on its forehead some drops of water, which they declare to be good for it, while, at the same time, they pronounce the sacramental words. Our Christian baptizers are divided into two classes. Some are travellers, and go to a great distance to look for dying children."

Yet Xavier refused to baptize a Brahmin who was willing to become a Christian if the fact could be concealed. Mr. Venn sneers at the ardent joy, or "seraphic feeling," expressed in Xavier's exhortations to Christians at home, that they should come forth and aid his Indian labours; but there is no reason to doubt his sincerity, or that he did actually work for the spiritual and physical welfare of his great flock. The Christians of Cape Comorin in the summer of 1544 were attacked by an unconverted tribe:—

"Some were killed, a large proportion taken away as captives, and the rest driven into caverns of the rocks overhanging the sea, where they were perishing by hunger and thirst. Instantly Xavier freighted twenty of the country boats, called dhonies, with provisions, and started with them himself to succour the distressed Christians; but adverse winds baffled all his attempts to reach the promontory of Cape Comorin. He remained eight days at sea, using every effort, but in vain, and was at last obliged to return to Manapur, to which place many of the wretched fugitives found their way. Xavier having waited in vain for a change of wind, went on foot to Cape Comorin, a distance of fifty miles, and thus describes the scene:—"Never did I witness a more wretched spectacle: attenuated countenances, ghastly with famine; the foul carnage throughout the country—here unburied corpses, there the sick and wounded at the last gasp; decrepit old men fainting through age and want; women giving birth to children on the public roads, their husbands with them, but unable to procure help; all in the extremity of one common destitution."

His efforts at this period were worthy of all imaginable praise, and it was not his fault that his admirers made miracles out of them. No doubt, he took at first a sanguine view of his own success; but, at a later epoch, after years of trial, he acknowledged where the Mission had failed:—

"The caste of fishermen on that coast retain their nominal Christianity to the present day. But they seem never to have spread, or to have exercised any influence upon the surrounding heathen."

They have not repudiated, at all events, the Christianity they embraced three centuries ago at the persuasion of Francis Xavier and his predecessor. This surely is a result, though of no very considerable magnitude. Historically, it is far from uninteresting.

At this point Mr. Venn diverges into the legendary history of Xavier, analyzing some of the reputed miracles, ten in number, which led to his canonization. Confessedly, however, the missionary himself employed the word miracles loosely and enthusiastically, without really claiming to have been a worker of "miracles." Gregory the Fifteenth declared, of course, that Xavier had raised the dead, turned salt water into sweet, and restored the blind to sight; and Mr. Venn thinks it worth while to argue upon the testimony adduced. "Let us bring these reputed miracles," he says, "to the criteria of Paley, and their authenticity vanishes." Paley's help is surely not wanted.

The next expedition of Xavier was to the Spice Islands. At Macassar, in Celebes, there were several Christian villages already:—

"A priest who had ministered to them had lately died. Xavier, therefore, immediately visited these Christians, and describes, with great satisfaction, his baptizing children and infants, many of whom died immediately afterwards, from which he inferred that they had been kept alive by a divine interposition until the entrance to eternal life had been thus opened to them."

Thence to the Moluccas, where he baptized a queen; to certain islands inhabited by poisoners, not now recognizable by this description; and back to India, where he stayed fifteen months, organizing the Jesuit missions. Mr. Venn now says of him—

"Upon reviewing Xavier's character it will appear that he possessed in a very high degree some of the essential qualities of the leader of a great enterprise. He was of a generous, noble, and loving disposition, calculated to gather followers, and to attach them firmly to his leadership."

Nevertheless, he was, Mr. Venn believes, unfitted for the command of a great mission. In 1548 and 1549, his confessions of failure begin; and they are interesting. To a missionary at Travancore he writes:—

"If you will, in imagination, search through India, you will find that few will reach heaven, either of whites or blacks, except those who depart this life under fourteen years of age, with their baptismal innocence still upon them."

And next, to Ignatius Loyola:—

"The Portuguese in this country only rule the sea and the coast. They have no footing in the interior, except in the cities where they have established themselves. The natives, on account of the enormity of their wickedness, are as little as possible fitted to embrace the Christian religion. They so abhor it, that they have no patience to listen to us if we introduce the subject. To ask them to become Christians is like asking them to submit to death. Hence all our labour is at present to guard those who are now Christians."

The proposal to which he afterwards humbled himself was, that India should be converted, not by missionaries, but by the civil power. The viceroys and magistrates of Portugal were to proselytize, and if they neglected this, were to be imprisoned for years and deprived of all their possessions. Thus for a time disheartened, he visited Japan, whereof he observes—

"The Japanese excel all other nations yet discovered in honesty; so that I believe no uncivilized nation can be compared with them in natural goodness of disposition. They are ingenious, yet not in the least given to fraud."

Moreover,—

"Xavier reports that there was an almost universal belief in the immortality of the soul; and that the learned amongst them indulged in deep speculations upon such questions as these:—"When death has silenced the voice of the body, has the soul, at the moment of its departure, the power of utterance?"—"If a departed soul were to return to the world, what would be his chief address to the living?"

Two years dispelled at least the most ambitious of his expectations, and the Mission, after ninety years' existence, was ultimately extinguished. But Xavier himself writes, contemplating a visit to China—

"I shall succeed in opening it for others, for I can do nothing myself."

The Japanese regarding the Chinese with veneration, Xavier imagined that, by influencing the latter nation he should also be influencing the former. But his new enterprise was one of enormous peril—

"He learnt upon his arrival at Sancian that any attempt of the Chinese to smuggle an European into the country would be visited with the death of themselves and of their families. Nevertheless, he tried to bribe the Chinese to run the risk. Numbers refused. He found, at length, a merchant whose junk only contained his own family and servants, who was willing to run this risk of life. The desperate nature of the risk is evident from the greatness of the bribe, Xavier calls it 'enormous.' It was to consist of twenty 'pics' of pepper, valued at 200 moidores, which, Xavier adds, would be to the Chinese merchant worth 350. In English money this would have amounted to nearly 300*l.* even at that day, a sum representing many times the amount at the present time. Such was the liberality of James Pereira, that Xavier was able to offer this sum. The courage, however, of Xavier's interpreter failed him, and he deserted. A lay brother whom Xavier was to take with him proved, he says, false, and was expelled by Xavier from the fraternity."

On that coast he died, without a companion to cheer him: no priest conducted his funeral, or laid him in his grave; he died in a shed constructed of branches, amid a mob of traders, and was hurriedly buried in the sand. In a summary of Xavier's character, Mr. Venn is generous in his attempt to be impartial, and renders high praise to the missionary's intellect, energy, goodness of heart, courage, sympathy with all other missionaries, and love of peace. But,—

"reduce his history to its true dimensions, and Protestant Missions have no reason to shun a comparison. His pretensions fall short of those of Samuel Marsden and his two European Catechists in New Zealand, spending their first Sunday amidst a crowd of warlike cannibals, upon a coast which had been shunned for many previous years by every merchant ship; or of Henry Martyn, the solitary witness for the word of Christ in Shiraz, disputing with the most learned Mahometans in their own tongue, and winning their admiration for his person, notwithstanding their bitter enmity to his religion; or of Williams, in his visits to the islands of the Pacific, where no European before himself had landed, and persevering in his efforts to impart to them the Gospel of Christ, till his life was sacrificed at their hands; or of Judson in the prisons of Burmah."

The passage was unnecessary, is invidious, and serves no purpose whatever, except that of suggesting that some missionaries are jealous of the fame which belongs to Xavier. Whatever dangers the good Jesuit encountered, he was ready to face them, no matter how formidable. It is to be regretted that a volume otherwise very welcome should have been disfigured by Mr. Venn's incessant consciousness that he is writing of a pilgrim from the gates of Rome.

Chemistry. By William Thomas Brande, D.C.L. and Alfred Swaine Taylor, M.D. (Davies.)

CHEMISTRY is a progressive science, and "a student of chemistry must be prepared for a new crop of systematic names, and a new classification of elements and compounds, every ten years." If this ceased to be the case, it is clear we must have rung out all the changes on the sixty-six known elements, and have determined every possible state of intercombination.

The philosophy, too, of an advancing science must be constantly subject to modifications. As our methods of analysis are rendered more delicate, and our applications of physics, to determine the nature of bodies, become more refined, important changes must arise out of our reasonings by the light of our improved knowledge.

The hypotheses which aid us to-day may fail us to-morrow in explaining some newly-discovered phenomena. The accepted theory of the chemists of the popular school of this year, may, probably will, fade away in the next, before some more enlarged deduction; as completely as did the phlogistic doctrine of Stahl before the positive philosophy which distinguished the disciples of Lavoisier.

Lavoisier was the first to systematize chemistry. Before his time there were numerous discoveries, proving the complex characters of matter, and pointing to the laws by which its constitution was regulated. Scheele, in 1780, brought the great powers of his philosophic mind to bear on an examination of "air and fire," and he clearly saw the true causes in operation to produce combustion. About the same time, Dr. Priestley made the discovery of oxygen, and laid the foundation of pneumatic chemistry. But the blinding influence of that philosophy which taught that "phlogiston, the simple inflammable principle," was ever present, retarded the progress of the science.

A careful study of the history of chemistry at this period will show how powerfully the language, in which truths were expressed, acted to obscure the truth itself. "A demonstration that heat or warmth is composed of phlogiston and empyreal air," while it expresses facts with which we are now familiar in the chemistry of combustion, conveyed no idea to the mind of the real nature of the phenomena under consideration. When Lavoisier, however, gave the world the advantages of a systematic nomenclature—when empyreal air received the name of oxygen gas, and its combinations with metals were termed oxides,—a wonderful stride was made. Relieved from the pressure of a false idea, truths burst, like the buds of spring under the influence of light, into leaf. Davy discovered potassium, sodium, and the other metallic bases of the alkalis and earths. He improved the chemical philosophy, and introduced yet more distinctness into the Lavoisierian nomenclature. Upon this followed the atomic theory of John Dalton, which completely explained the laws regulating every kind of chemical combination. Clear as this theory appears to us, we find Davy calling it an "ingenious supposition," and Dr. Thomson writing of it as a "curious theory." Wollaston and Proust failed for some time to penetrate the atomic mystery, and the great Berzelius only received it after long years of earnest study.

With each of the steps to which we have referred, there arose "a new crop of systematic names, and a new classification of elements and compounds." With the knowledge of this fact, and with the consciousness that in such a science as chemistry is, this must continue to be the case, why have the authors of this volume

indulged in such language as we find in their Preface? Can Drs. Brande and Taylor really intend to convey to the young student of chemistry, as the impression on their minds, the advantages of idleness, the importance of standing still? They say, "It is not necessary to the progress of this science that its language should change with the opinions of every new theorist. The numerical value of atoms and volumes is not of so much importance to a student, as a correct description of the properties and uses of the substances which they represent. On this part of the subject much labour appears to us to have been wasted by certain writers. They have apparently been engaged in working out an idea, and seeking for some Utopian standard of perfection."

With the theory of types, and the discovery of homologous series before them,—with, as we must suppose, a knowledge of the successful application of hypothesis to the discovery of anhydrous acids—of the modes of artificially constructing many organic acids and other complex natural bodies,—even to the promise of producing in the laboratory most of the substances discovered in the animal economy,—we cannot account for the strange paragraph which we have quoted. The authors are true disciples of the school of inductive philosophy, and are content with "fitting hypotheses to facts"—forgetting when they say, speaking of modern chemists, that "they have introduced a deductive system, by which facts are made to bend to hypotheses," that they are expressing their own prejudices rather than the logical truth. Modern chemistry is precisely in the position which is described by Sir John Herschel:—"The inductive and deductive methods of inquiry may be said to go hand in hand, the one verifying the conclusions deduced by the other; and the combination of experiment and theory which may be brought to bear in such cases forms an engine of discovery infinitely more powerful than either taken separately. This state of any department of science is, perhaps, of all others the most interesting, and that which promises the most to research." To the combined influences of inductive inquiry and deductive philosophy we owe the discovery of those artificially-formed essences of fruits and flowers which are now of great commercial importance. The whole series of compounds which we gather from what was formerly the refuse of the gasworks result also from them. We should never have obtained the mauve, magenta, and other beautiful dyes derived from aniline, if deduction had not aided induction. We are quite ready to admit that the student who now commences his acquaintance with chemistry must, if he desires to master the science, bring all the powers of his mind in full activity to bear upon it. With the rapid discovery of new compounds, the construction of new names has, naturally and properly, kept pace. But these names are founded on facts previously determined, and they convey to the mind the true constitution of the substance to which the compound term is applied. The principle, the hypothesis, by which this system of nomenclature is regulated, being once understood, all becomes easy.

With these remarks we advance to the more satisfactory task of recommending this volume to all who require the most recent information on chemical science. The newest discoveries have been studied with care and described in clear language. For example, the delicate processes of spectral analysis are given with great conciseness and correctness. We are told of the methods by which the beautiful coloured bands produced by burning metals are ren-

dered evident; and it is explained to the reader how he may infer the physical condition of the sun's surface from an examination of the sun's rays. The new metals discovered by this mode of analysis—cesium, rubidium and thalium—are fully described. So delicate and refined is this mode of search, that rubidium existed in the Durckheim water, in which it was first discovered by Bunsen, in the proportion of 1-2,000,000th part of the weight of the water. Further, by the same process of inquiry, this apparently rare metal has been found to exist in beetroot; and "it has also been found in the ashes of tobacco, tea, coffee, and in the crude tartar derived from the grape." Surely these are evidences of the value of deductive science! A series of useful tables and a copious index add to the value of the volume.

Friendless and Helpless. By Ellen Barlee. (Faithfull.)

'Friendless and Helpless' is a record of operations in relief of one of the most distressed classes in London—the needlewomen—and the liberal support which has been accorded in furtherance of the object, and it is the produce of "a daily gleanings of experience in the field of misfortune." This experience has suggested remedial measures which have been partly put in practice. Wisely, there has been no attempt at supplying the part of the one whose duty it is to care for the spiritual necessities of the distressed: but rather, the plan has been, first to raise the temporal prospects of the poor and necessitous, and so to prepare the soil for the divine seed to take root and expand. Such a system must have been welcome to the clergy, whose office should be not so immediately concerned with the relief of temporal wants; and at the same time it took away the excuse for that religious cant and hypocrisy which is often resorted to in order to elicit charity.

Amongst others with whom our author had to deal, and concerning whom she gives her experience, are those who are called educated women,—women who have been taught to read and write, but whose faculties never received any specific culture. These persons are principally the children of small tradespeople, and have been kept at home in indolent indulgence, struggling after *false gentility*,—dress and appearance their chief aim, whilst a little desultory assistance in housework and ill-remunerated crochet and embroidery form their principal occupations. Their parents die, and they are reduced to absolute want, all the harder to endure from their not having acquired the habits of those who are inured to hardship.

One remedy suggested for this evil was the opening of offices in London and other large towns, where the employer on the one hand, and the searcher for employment on the other, could register their various needs and capabilities. Some success attended the effort, but the experiment principally served as a test of the women's insufficiency. There was found amongst them most frequently a want of application and steady plodding perseverance: in some instances enough of spasmodic energy to conquer the first difficulties, and no more.

This little work indeed is full of valuable information with regard to the relief of distress. Amongst other things, the author condemns the habit of "impulsive street donations," as well as the careless distribution of coal, bread, and other provision tickets by district visitors. There is a chapter concerning the Government *Dépôt* in Piccadilly for the employment of 1,000 unmarried women.

Upon the whole, it may be said that, in a

small compass, this work contains much that is of interest.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Life in the South: from the Commencement of the War. By a Blockaded British Subject. *Being a Social History of those who took Part in the Battles, from a Personal Acquaintance with them in their own Homes. From the Spring of 1860 to August 1862.* 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Blockaded British Subject" of the above title appears in the body of the work under her proper name and title, as Miss Sarah Jones; and speaking of the "professional engagement which first tempted her to visit Virginia," she says, "In order to gratify a somewhat too expensive taste, and at the same time preserve my independence, I had resolved to take up my abode in a Southern family, and give lessons in the 'ornamental branches,' as all accomplishments are called." In other words, Miss Jones is an English lady who, whilst she resided as a governess in various families of the Slave States, had opportunities of studying the domestic side of Southern life, and now places before the public the results of her observations. On the whole her testimony is favourable to the Confederates; and if her volumes had appeared two years since, before English people had arrived at a just appreciation of the good as well as evil features of those whom Northern partisans have systematically misrepresented, we should have warmly recommended them to the notice of our readers. At the present date they can do but little more than corroborate the accounts of previous writers. Those, however, to whom appetite is still left for books on America, will find amusement in the pages of this Englishwoman, whose pictures of society bear to Mr. Russell's 'Diary' the same relation that Mrs. Atkinson's 'Recollections of Tartar Steppes' maintain to her husband's graver and more important works. Just as the Correspondent tells much which would never fall within the range of a woman's experience, the governess photographs much which a man would either not observe or would erroneously pass over as unworthy of narration. The intercourse between Southern ladies and their house-slaves is capitally described. The reader sees the white teeth of the indolent, garrulous, impudent "darkies," as they assemble at the outside of drawing-room windows, and unimproved watch the proceedings of their superiors; and by the guidance of womanly discernment he is made to understand the difficulties which surround those owners who endeavour to control their negroes wisely as well as firmly. The genuine F.F.V.s seem to have impressed Miss Jones less favourably than the gentle Virginian families of a slightly lower grade. The former she found not free from a sort of arrogance, to which in this country a by no means complimentary epithet would be applied; whilst from the latter she invariably experienced delicate consideration and kindness. With regard to the "peculiar institution," her testimony is simply a repetition of what unprejudiced observers have said again and again. She went South a believer in the fictions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and has returned from it bearing witness that planters are not such fools as to treat their black servants with needless severity. "Much as I had hesitated in going to the South, through a dread of witnessing the sufferings of the slaves, not once had I seen serious reason for pitying them. I had known them in houses and in fields, domestic servants and 'plantation hands,' had come upon them unexpectedly and suddenly in the midst of their labour; and in the two years and a half between six of the Slave States, exclusive of Maryland, I had never seen or heard of corporeal punishment, excepting such as has been mentioned in these pages." Still, though she maintains that plantation discipline is for the most part lenient, she allows that the negroes are kept by their owners in a condition which is but little superior to that of brutes. In her second volume Miss Jones prints the official "pass" which enabled her to journey on her homeward way from the head-quarters of the army of the Potomac to Baltimore, and in which she is described as having a "robust build," "florid com-

plexion" and "carrotty hair." Such was the pass which a Federal officer (and gentleman?) had the brutality to impose on the lady, who shows no ordinary moral courage in publishing it.

Ideal Views of the Primitive World, in its Geological and Palæontological Phases. By Dr. F. Unger. Edited by Samuel Highley. Illustrated by Photographs. (Taylor & Francis.)—Dr. Unger's original work has been popular in Germany, chiefly, perhaps, on account of the excellence of its illustrations, in which the author's thorough botanical knowledge has enabled him to impart accuracy to pictorial representations. It would be well if those who shall in future make copies of these designs for popular writers would not attempt to improve upon them, as what may seem a striking improvement may turn out a striking inaccuracy. For instance, in his illustration of the Wealden Period the designer introduces two iguanodons looking thunder and lightning at each other, which may be truthful enough; but to improve upon this by making each attempt to smother the other (as has been done elsewhere), would be untruthful as well as ludicrous. The photographic reductions from the original illustrations, which appear in this English edition, are in a high degree commendable. The "warmth of tone and general softness" which are claimed for them in the Preface may be freely conceded. So successful an attempt should encourage the editor to reproduce in like manner other superior and expensive palæontographical works published on the Continent. Several might be instanced; and we hope the acceptance of the present publication will warrant the issue of others of a like nature.

Dreams and Realities, by Walter Cook Spens (Edmonston & Douglas), has found publishers, and that is the only noticeable fact about them. We need only give one specimen. A piece headed 'To my Wife,' commencing with

I knew that she was delicate,
contains this choice stanza—

I woke from a dream of the tomb,
O God of Heaven! to see
The blood of my cherished darling
 Welling over her and me,
A spasm writhing her pallid face
 With quivering agony.

Mauritius; or, the Isle of France, being an Account of the Island, its History, Geography, Products, and Inhabitants. By the Rev. Francis P. Fleming, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—"Mauritius; or, the Isle of France" is an honest little book, and, in a small compass, gives much information about the natural characteristics, political history, and present social condition of the island, where in the days of the

— atrocious, pernicious
Soudrel that emptied the till at Mauritius,
claret cost 10d. a bottle, and pine-apples a penny each, whilst a pound of butter was worth 10s., a pair of gloves 15s., and an evening dress-coat 30l. of English money. In the year 1854, Mr. Fleming was stationed there as military chaplain, and he availed himself of his position to study the dependency with minute attention. Where he has not relied on his own personal observation, the author has had recourse to the works of Baron Grant, Montgomery Martin, and other writers. The illustrations, selected from a portfolio of the author's sketches, have considerable merit.

Sussex Archaeological Collections, relating to the History and Antiquities of the County. (Sussex Archaeological Society.)—We have to congratulate this Society upon its prosperity as shown by the Report. The number of members is maintained, the financial affairs of the Society are in a more satisfactory state, and the Society has been enabled to obtain a lease of Lewes Priory grounds, in addition to those of the Castle, which they had previously acquired. Moreover, the Annual Meeting at Hastings appears to have been a great success, the weather being favourable to the development of that picnic element which now enters so largely into archaeological pursuits. The contents of the volume before us are fully up to the average of such publications. There is the fruit of much careful research in Dr. Turner's history of Petworth, and in the Rev. Edward Turner's attempt to trace the boundaries and history of Asdown

Forest. Mr. Slade Butler relates some rather commonplace ghost stories, and then asks triumphantly, "Who shall say that this varied tradition of sane intercourse between the spirit world and our present existence is altogether a fiction?" One of the most interesting of the papers is that upon 'Old Sussex Harvest Customs, and Peculiarities of Speech at Hastings,' by Mr. James Rock. Few things are more curious than the similarity which exists between the customs of different and remote parts of the country as they appear in songs and observances at harvest festivities, showing as it does the amount of communication which must have existed when personal locomotion would appear to have been next to an impossibility. The harvest song here set out, in which the singer asserts that he has been to Plymouth and he has been to Dover, is still sung annually in the remotest parts of Norfolk, though the labourer there, if we remember rightly, makes the bolder assertion that he has been to Paris as well as to Dover. The tune, too, as here given, is sufficiently like that to which the East-Anglian sings the words, to prove that it is (with some rustic and traditional variations) the same. The existence of French words in the language of the Sussex fishermen, ascribed to their dealings with French smugglers, is also curious. These peculiarities of manners and of language are fast dying out, and one of the most interesting functions of these Societies is to preserve a record of them. One growl before we end. We cannot see the utility of transcribing the inscriptions in Icklesham church and churchyard. The pious doggrels are of the common form, and we are not aware of any interest that attaches to persons in whose honour they were engraved. It is to be regretted that this paper was not omitted, in favour of one of those said to be reserved, through superabundance of matter, for the next volume.

Burton Abbots: a Woman's Story, in Four Books. 3 vols. (Newby.)—"Burton Abbots" is an interesting story, despite its length and its rambling construction. The original characters are lost sight of, and the story becomes a minute detail of young ladies' flirtations, out of all proportion in their length to the rest of the story; indeed, the last volume is dragged out beyond all patience. The first volume is very well told, the story of the poor first wife is extremely well managed—the episode of the second wife, and the history of the household, are also very interesting, but the author's strength seems suddenly to fail; and at the moment when the black mystery of Mr. Claridge ought to have been clearly defined, the author becomes afraid of dealing with a villain, and the conclusion is lame and impotent; the secret which his associate holds over him is weak, and has to be eked out, subsequently, by the suspicion of a murder which he did not commit—and Mr. Claridge is removed from the story a raving maniac. Much more might have been made of the tale than is made of it. The superstition of the curse supposed to brood over the family on account of the estate having once been church property is very feebly indicated. The story is ill constructed, but like an old house, which has been built at various times, it is homely and comfortable, and it has an interest in defiance of criticism. There are too many short threads which break off and are not woven into the story; the unrequited attachment of the heroine is too long drawn out, and the narrator of the story, Miss White, the governess, becomes in the end foolish and tiresome; she is also needlessly ugly. The interest of the story lies in the excellent spirit in which it is written, and the healthy religious element which pervades it. There is no plot, and there are so many persons brought into the narrative, that it is impossible to give any outline of the story. Readers who begin the work will continue to the end with a mild interest of their own; but the author would do well to study compression in her next book. She should also keep to one main branch of her subject, without endeavouring to weld half-a-dozen episodes into one.

Of Religious Publications we have to record:—*The Gospel in Madagascar: a Brief Account of the English Mission in that Island*, by the Author of 'The Life of the Rev. W. B. Johnson' (Seeley),—*Prayers, Texts and Hymns for those in Service*

(Faithfull),—*On Unity of System* (Newman),—*The Prayer that teaches to Pray*, by the Rev. M. Dods (Hamilton),—*Times of Succession Times of Revival*, by the Lord Bishop of Oxford (Parker),—*Better Times Coming; or, More on Prophecy* (Tresidder),—Vol. II. of *The Christian Advocate and Review* (Wertheim),—*The Religion of School Lads, Addresses to School Boys*, by D. Cornish (Freeman),—*The Bible Examined by Modern Science and Reason*, by a New Yorker (Tousey),—*A Plain Help to Public Worship*, by the Rev. F. Exton (Mozley),—*Human Corruption*, by the Rev. Dr. Stanley (Parker),—*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London in favour of Liturgical Revision*, by the Rev. S. Minton (Longman),—*The Gospel Narrative Vindicated; or, the Roman Census, Luke ii. 1-5, explained, and with Reference to the Birthday of Our Lord, for the First Time established on Independent Historical Grounds*, by Johannes von Gumpach (Bagster),—*Notes upon the Evidence taken before the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Commission*, by Ecclesiasticus (Ridgway),—*A Few Words on the Subject of Religion*, by an Outsider (How),—*Sermon Reading and Memoriter Delivery*, by A. M. Bell (Hamilton),—*Cottage Readings*, by Mrs. R. Valentine (Mozley),—*A Sketch of the Life of John Lee: a True Story for Farm Lads* (Mozley),—*Lucy Strutt; or, Self-Confidence Humbled* (Mozley),—*The First Grave* (Mozley),—*Buller's Arguments on Miracles Explained and Defended; with Observations on Hume, Baden Powell and J. S. Mill: to which is added a Critical Dissertation by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, by the Right Hon. J. Napier (Hodges, Smith & Co.)*,—*The Unpreached Gospel: an Embedded Truth*, by the Author of 'The Study of the Bible' (Simpkin),—*Lectures on Theology, Science and Revelation*, by the late Rev. G. Legge; with a Memoir by J. Legge, edited by James Legge and John Legge (Jackson, Walford & Halliday),—*Evangelical Ethics; or, the Place assigned to Works in the Gospel Economy*, by the Rev. J. C. M'Cauleand (Hodges, Smith & Co.),—*The Spirit Interceding*, by the Rev. J. R. Woodford (Parker),—*Life Thoughts*, by the Rev. W. Morley Punahon (Wealey),—*The Sin against the Holy Ghost*, by the Rev. T. T. Carter (Parker),—*An Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans on the Principles of Scripture Parallelism*, by J. W. Hinton (Houlston & Wright),—*The Spirit convincing of Sin*, by the Lord Bishop of London (Parker),—*The Inquiry of a Retired Citizen into the Roman Catholic Religion*, edited by the Rev. T. Formby (Longman),—*The Spirit Comforting*, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey (Parker),—*English Orthodoxy, as it Is and as it Might Be*, by the Rev. G. V. Smith (Longman),—*Leaflets from Woods and Glens* (Hamilton),—*Daniel's Vision of the Four Beasts*, illustrated with Six Engravings (Tresidder),—and Vol. V. of *The Works of John Howe* (Religious Tract Society).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alford's Freebooters, illustrated, f. 8vo. 3/6 cl. gt.
 Alford's Pearl of the Andes, illustrated, f. 8vo. 3/6 cl. gt.
 Appleby's Illustrated Handbook of Machinery, &c., 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Beeton's Dictionary of Arts and Science, Vol. 2, 8vo. 8/1.
 Beutley's Practical Grammar of the Sanskrit Language, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 Bonn's God's Way of Peace, new edit. 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Boy's Handy Book of Sports, Pastimes, Games, &c., 18mo. 5/1 cl. gt.
 British Beetles, with Descriptions by Janson, 4to. 18/1.
 Bitchell's (Rev. Dr.) My Ministerial Experiences, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Clephane's Rough and Smooth, a Tale of our Own Times, 12/1.
 Close's Footsteps of Error, traced through 25 Years, 8vo. 9/1 cl.
 Cobbett's Advice to Young Men, new edit. f. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Craig's Handbook to the Modern Provençal Language, 3/6 cl.
 Daily Lucerne, a Course of Family Prayers, cr. 8vo. 3/1 cl.
 Davidson's The Pentateuch Vindicated, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 De Teissier's (G. F.) Village Sermons, cr. 8vo. 9/1 cl.
 Diraal, the Author, Orator and Statesman, by John Mill, 7/6 cl.
 Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Abridged Selection from, f. 8vo. 1/6 cl.
 Dornier's Doctrine of the Person of Christ, Division 3, Vol. 3, 10/6 cl.
 Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, new series, Vol. 6, 5/1 cl.
 Frost's Analytical Græca Minor, 18mo. 3/6 cl.
 Gall's Interpreting Concordance of the New Testament, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 Gibson's Life among Convicts, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2/1 cl.
 Griffiths (Rev. W.) Memoir of, by Rev. W. Williams, 18mo. 2/6 cl.
 Hamilton's Mount of Olives and Lake of Galilee, 18mo. 2/6 cl.
 Haps and Mishaps of the Simpkinson Family Abroad, 18mo. cl.
 Heart and Cross, post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Hinton's Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Jervill's Up and Down in the World, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3/1 cl.
 Lives of Missionaries, Green and Hans Eggede, and others, 18mo. 2/1.
 Matheson's Practical Advice to Amateur Photographers, cr. 8vo. 1/1.
 Moore's Poetical Works, illust. f. 8vo. 3/6 cl. gt.
 National Magazine, Vol. 13, roy. 8vo. 7/6 cl. gt.
 Skirmishing, post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Page's Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography, post 8vo. 2/1.
 Papers for the Schoolmaster, Vol. 12, 18mo. 3/1 cl.
 Patmore's The Angel in the House, new edit. 2 vols. f. 8vo. 12/1 cl.
 Paul's Rose Garden, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Pearce's Marston Philip of Königsmarkt, and Poema, f. 8vo. 8/6 cl.
 Ramsay's Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain, 2/6 cl.
 Ruff's Guide to the Turf, f. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Sala's Strange Adventures of Capt. Dangerous, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
 Saunders's Abel Drake's Wife, cheap edit. cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.
 Saunders's Shadow in the House, cheap edit. cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.

Scenes of Clerical Life, and Silas Marner, new edit. cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.
 Standard Novel Lib.: Armstrong's The Medora, n. ed. f. 8vo. 2/1.
 Standard Novel Lib.: Maberley's The Love Match, new edit. 2/1.
 Tauphæus's (Baroness) At Odds, a Novel, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/1 cl.
 Transactions of the Ophthalmological Society of London, Vol. 4, 8vo. 15/1.
 Two Months in Confederate States, by an English Merchant, 8/1.
 Uria and Key's Transfer of Land and Title Acts, 1862, 12mo. 10/1.
 Van Oosterzee's Commentary on St. Luke, transl. by Taylor, 8/1 cl.
 Viney's Gleanings among the Sheaves, 18mo. 1/1 cl.
 Way the Lord hath led Me, cr. 8vo. 6/1 cl.
 Whiteside's Life and Death of the Irish Parliament, cr. 8vo. 2/1 cl.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CROSS.

The only forms of monument to Albert the Good that ever had a chance of success were, A Group of statues, a Gothic memorial cross, a Grecian temple with a statue within, and a monolithic obelisk on an enormous scale. The obelisk was disposed of when it was found impossible to procure a single block of fine granite fit for the purpose. Two millions was the sum talked of to procure an English or a Scottish needle, and the sum subscribed was about 70,000l. There was little hope of any such difference as exists between these amounts being made up either by further subscriptions or by Parliamentary grant. A built-up obelisk was out of the question, although one might have been had at a comparatively small cost, and everybody felt that to remove the great needle from the banks of the Nile and set it up in Hyde Park would be a mistake. The idea of a group of statues soon absorbed itself in the alternative schemes of a temple or a cross, with either of which such a work would necessarily combine, if it did not form the leading feature. Between the temple and the cross there was small doubt that for a monument to an English Prince of Gothic descent, to be commemorated by Englishmen and to Englishmen, there was a want of keeping in the idea of a classic temple on the banks of the Serpentine. People said nobody would go into the temple except to get out of the rain; that there would be a want of keeping also in the statue itself, which must either be in classic costume, a thing not to be borne, or in modern costume, and so utterly at variance with the style of the inclosing edifice. Moreover, modern imitations of antique architecture had not, on the whole, been so satisfactory as to encourage further attempts, although the Carian Mausoleum itself had been recently dug up as if *à propos* to the occasion.

The Gothic Cross remained. This form had been proved capable of much excellent effect, and more has been hoped from it. Englishmen like a thing that has been tried and not failed, and the Martyrs' Memorial, Oxford, and the Scott Monument, at Edinburgh, were deservedly admired, and are really great successes, such as could not be predicated of a Greek or Roman Mausoleum. Above all, the exquisite Eleanor Crosses at Waltham, Northampton, and Geddington commend themselves to us, not alone as perfect works of English Art—the Building Accounts showing only one foreign carver to have been engaged on them,—but as peculiarly suited by old associations to the purpose of commemorating a good prince. Indeed, it has always been understood that if this form of memorial were not adopted for the National Monument, Her Majesty would herself erect such a cross; so that Victoria of England would repeat for Albert of Saxony what Edward of England did for Eleanor of Castile.

By some such process of elimination, the work of Mr. Scott has been brought forward, and, in effect, adopted. It combines the advantages of a memorial of noble size, with ample opportunities for display of statues, colour, and decorative carving, and is, moreover, one edifice. The general material proposed by Mr. G. G. Scott, the architect, for this structure is Sicilian marble; its total height about 150 feet, and the extreme width of its base about 70 feet, that is the space of ground on which it stands, measured from side to side; in general plan it is four-square, a matter which must be borne in mind throughout our description. Generally, it is a lofty cross, canopied by a statue, raised upon a pedestal. At the base is to be a flight of steps, divided into two grades by a platform or landing, in which the upper rests upon the lower, as on a new base. At the angles of the lower grade of, we believe, ten steps, are to be placed advanced pedestals, set angle-wise,

carrying outwards the level of the platform and sustaining colossal groups of statues, representing the quarters of the globe. In the same manner the second grade of similar steps, rising above this, has a pedestal at each angle bearing statues, in this case emblematical of the Arts of Peace; of course, on a somewhat smaller scale than those lower down. Upon the upper platform thus obtained stands the cross itself, four-square, with advanced blocks at the angles, from which rise the groups of shafts that sustain the superstructure and inclose the statue of the Prince. The base on which these shafts rest may be about 8 feet high, enriched with cornice and base mouldings, running wholly round it, and having on its four faces and those of the blocks suggestive groups of figures, sculptured in very high relief, and about life-size, representing in, let us say, somewhat the same manner as appears in Delaroché's famous Hemicycle, the Arts,—Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, and, on the fourth side, Science.

In the centre of the third platform, canopied by the roof of the cross, is a seated statue of the Prince, dressed in the robes of the Garter, about ten feet in height, and of marble. On the four faces of the pedestal are to be armorial bearings of the Prince and his connexions, executed in mosaic. It will be seen that that material appears several times in the design, and, so employed, no better material is known. The shaftings, at the angles, have this peculiarity: they are four in each group, set angle-wise in plan to that of the structure; they are banded midway of their height, and have, set somewhat in advance on their exterior faces, *i. e.* over the diagonal of the base, a decorative statue, each rising almost to the band. They are to be of red granite, polished, and with highly-ornamental capitals; they are carried up above the caps in the form of pinnacles, one over each, each consisting of four shaftlets, so to speak, inclosing minor statues, gabled, with high-pointed roofs and bold finials of metal.

Each face of the monument has a gable, of high pitch, cusped into a trefoil on its inner edge, so as to break the outline of the space canopied, crocketed on the upper sides with crockets of beaten metal, gilt; the same being very bold and effective in character, and breaking into a bold gargoyle at each angle that enriches the general outline. Over the gable-pinnacles finials are to be placed, also gilt. In the tympan, or pannelled face of each gable, forming a very characteristic feature of the whole design, is to be a mosaic, with gold ground, we believe; certainly representing incidents in the life of the Prince which may be taken to characterize his career. If we look at any one of these gables, of course the roof of two others is presented to us; this is to be covered with metal in the form of scales, richly embossed. At the intersection of each roof is the square die that rises above their ridges, its four faces decorated with elaborate diapers. Above this rise, in three stages, open canopies supported on shaftings, pinnacled, trefoiled on the face of the tympan, inclosing statues of the Christian Virtues, of the Arts of Peace, and other suitable representations. The whole is surmounted by an open cross of metal, gilt and enamelled. Such is the design, broadly described and subject to minor modifications, to execute which it is proposed to employ the 70,000l., with accumulated interest, that has been subscribed. The estimated cost is 100,000l. The House of Commons is to be asked to grant a sum sufficient to make up the deficiency; but we think, now that a decision has been arrived at with regard to the character of the monument itself, that subscribers will, without difficulty, be found for the remainder of the amount required. Unavoidably, but most unfortunately, the lack of understanding by the public of what the thing they were invited to subscribe for was likely to be, has checked many a contribution.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE PICTURE.

10, Pembroke Villas, April 13, 1863.

A statement which appeared in last Saturday's *Athenæum* relating to a difference between me and Mr. Gambart requires some explanation, and I believe I am the proper person to give it. As a return for the "written licence" which, as you

truly say, Mr. Gambart gave me with regard to the Wedding Picture, I offered him the refusal of the copyright, and he declined to take it. I then sold it to Mr. Flatou. This is a very simple matter, and as far as I am concerned "pleasant" enough. Mr. Gambart says that I gave him many verbal assurances that the copyright should be his. I did so. I quite intended it to be his,—but at a price that I thought it worth, leaving him free to refuse to pay the price if he thought it too much. He did refuse; and, very kindly, in a letter written on the day of his refusal, offered to do his best to find me a purchaser, recommending to me an eminent Pall Mall firm in that capacity. How far this is reconcilable with his declaration (I quote your own words), "that such a transfer was never contemplated by him," I do not understand. I have assured Mr. Gambart that as soon as the picture of the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, the copy, sketches, &c., are finished I will carry out my engagement with him with respect to 'The Streets of London'; or, if he prefer it, I will return him the money he has paid me on account of them, with interest, and release him from his engagement to me. What can I do more? As to arbitration, what is there to arbitrate about?

W. P. FRITH.

DISCOVERY AT ABBEVILLE.

Abbeville, April 14, 1863.

THE readers of the *Athenæum* will, I think, be glad of early information respecting the remarkable discovery just made by M. Boucher de Perthes of a human jaw-bone, imbedded in what may be considered the very oldest portion of the gravel-beds which yield the flint-implements with the osseous remains of the mammoth, tichorine rhinoceros, &c.

The history of his discovery, as recorded in the local journal, *L'Abbevillois*, for April 9, is as follows:—Towards the end of last month, a workman in the gravel-pit of Moulin-Quignon (on the outskirts of Abbeville) brought to M. Boucher de Perthes, along with a worked flint, a small fragment of bone, which he had found close by it. Having divested this bone of the sand with which it was covered, M. Boucher de Perthes found imbedded in it a tooth, which, although very imperfect (the crown having been almost entirely destroyed, apparently by caries), was distinctly recognizable as a human molar. He immediately repaired to the gravel-pit, examined the place in which the worked flint and the tooth were said to have been found, and satisfied himself that there could not have been any accidental or secondary mode of introduction of the tooth, but that it must have been imbedded (if the workman's account was to be trusted) in the original deposit. Naturally expecting that, where one fragment had turned up, others might not be far off, M. Boucher de Perthes urged the workmen to proceed very carefully with their excavations; and directed them, if they should come upon anything like a bone, at once to inform him, without removing it from its place. On the 28th of March, another workman came to inform him that what appeared to be a bone had just shown itself in the gravel; and on going to the spot, M. Boucher de Perthes found that it was really so, the projection of the bone from the face of the excavation being about 8-10ths of an inch. He carefully removed the sand from around it, and himself extracted it from its matrix; the bone proved to be the lateral half of a lower jaw, unquestionably human. From the immediate neighbourhood of this jaw, a companion of M. Boucher de Perthes (M. Oswald Dimpre, well known in Abbeville as an archaeologist and draughtsman) disinterred a flint hatchet.

M. Boucher de Perthes had yesterday the kindness to place in my hands this precious fragment, and I was immediately struck with its almost black colour, its solidity and its weight; all these peculiarities (which are in marked contrast to the characters of the bones ordinarily found in these gravel-pits) being obviously due to one and the same cause, viz., metallic (ferruginous?) infiltration. The worked flints and the ordinary flints obtained from the same deposit are all of them characterized by a like depth of colour, which is

not seen in those taken from any other part of the same pit, or from any other gravel-pit yet opened in the neighbourhood of Abbeville. Of the anatomical characters of this jaw, I should not wish to give a decided opinion without a more careful examination than I had the opportunity of making; but my impression is that they differ very decidedly from those of the same bone in any race at present inhabiting Western Europe.

This morning M. Boucher de Perthes has been kind enough to accompany me to the gravel-pit of Moulin-Quignon, and to show me, as nearly as he could, the situation in which this most interesting specimen was found. Unfortunately there had taken place, a few days previously, a slip of the overlying strata, by the debris of which the exact spot was covered; but a part of the same deposit was visible at a horizontal distance of a yard or two, so that I could indubitably verify its general character and position. That the vertical section of this pit, which is about 15 feet deep, presents a condition remarkably free from signs of disturbance, is a fact which has been verified by numerous experienced geologists, whose testimony upon such a point is of far more value than mine. The stratum in which was found the bone in question, and which lies at the very bottom of the pit, *immediately upon the subjacent chalk*, is distinguished from the whole overlying mass by the extreme depth of its ferruginous (?) colour, pervading all the flints contained in it, of which I have brought away specimens taken out by myself. We have, therefore, not merely the personal testimony of M. Boucher de Perthes and others who were present at the disinterment, but the evidence of the *pièce de circonstance* itself (which by some will be regarded as yet more satisfactory), that this bone could not have come from any less depth in the gravel-bed than that in which it is stated to have been found; and I cannot myself conceive that any one who carefully examines the undisturbed condition of that bed can entertain a doubt that the bone in question is a *true fossil*, dating back to the time of its original deposition.

I may add that the gravel-bed of Moulin-Quignon is about 100 feet above the present level of the river, and therefore corresponds in position with the upper gravels of St. Acheul, not with the lower gravels of Mancheourt; so that if we accept the conclusions of Mr. Prestwich as to the relative ages of these gravels, this human jaw was buried in the deepest (and therefore the oldest) portion of the earliest of these fluvial deposits.

W. B. CARPENTER.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Margate, April 15, 1863.

MY absence from town for Easter has prevented me from replying sooner to a letter which appeared in your columns of April 4th, p. 459, signed H. Falconer, in which a formal complaint is made of my having failed, in my recently published volume on 'The Antiquity of Man,' to do justice to the part which he and Mr. Prestwich have played in determining the true age of the cavern and ancient river-gravel deposits containing the remains of extinct mammalia and of man and his works, and of my having in some cases appropriated to myself the merit of discoveries and conclusions which belongs to them.

Shortly after the appearance of my book, I received a complimentary letter from Dr. Falconer, in which he spoke of such parts as he had then read in terms of high satisfaction, saying that he had only perused carefully a part of the volume, and that in a more cursory reading of other chapters he had detected several mistakes. I called at his house some weeks later to tell him that I was preparing a second edition, and should be glad if he would point out to me any passages which might require correction. To my surprise, I found his tone towards me and my book quite altered, and he gave me to understand that he preferred coming out in print with his objections to certain of my statements, and must therefore decline to assist me in minor points in the improvement of my new edition. I learned soon afterwards that he was to be associated in this proceeding with Mr. Prestwich, and that they were preparing a joint repre-

sentation of the circumstances on which they fancied themselves aggrieved. As I had always been on most friendly terms with both of these gentlemen, I at once offered to each, separately, that if they could explain to me in what manner I appeared to them to have acted unfairly I would do everything I could to rectify errors or omissions, but both declined by letter so nearly in the same words as to leave me in no doubt that they were acting in concert; and that they were so soon afterwards confirmed by a declaration to that effect in a note addressed to me by Dr. Falconer.

On referring again to the various and frequent occasions in which I had cited both these authors in my first edition, I could find no reason to alter or extend any one of the notices which I had made of their labours. I have therefore reproduced the work as it was, and the public must decide whether I have shown any disposition to underrate their merits. When I first speak of Mr. Prestwich (p. 98), I say that "there was no one in England whose authority deserved more weight in overcoming incredulity in regard to the antiquity of the implements in question. Since, besides having published a series of important memoirs on the tertiary formations of Europe, he had devoted many years specially to the study of the drift and its organic remains. His report therefore to the Royal Society, accompanied by a photograph showing the position of a flint tool *in situ* before it was removed from its matrix," &c. I alluded to his visit to Amiens, and quoted his notices and papers in the *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society* before mentioning my own visit to Abbeville and Amiens, which followed in the same year, and the results of which I communicated to the British Association at Aberdeen in 1859. If my observations corroborated those of Mr. Prestwich as to the co-existence of man with the extinct mammalia, it must not be forgotten that his also were in like manner simply confirmatory of results which his French predecessors had arrived at, and which had been most fully and clearly stated only four years before by Dr. Rigollot, aided by an excellent geologist, M. Buteux. They again were only adding additional evidence in support of conclusions previously announced in 1847 by M. Boucher de Perthes, in his '*Antiquités Celtiques*.'

In my address to the Geological Section of the British Association, I insisted strongly on the proof of the vast antiquity of the implements in the valley of the Somme, as deducible from the joint testimony of the repeated denudation which the valley had undergone during and after the period of the imbedding of the flint tools, as well as the time required for the extinction of so many mammalia. Mr. Prestwich in his earlier memoirs seemed to me unwilling to attribute such high antiquity to the implement-bearing beds, leaning to the opinion that the evidence tended rather to bring the mammoth and its contemporary Fauna nearer to our times, than to carry back Man to an era exceedingly remote. On this and other points, such, for example, as the relative antiquity of the upper and lower level gravels of the Somme, I had frequent discussions when exploring the neighbourhood of Amiens in company with Mr. Prestwich during one of three visits which I paid to that district. I will not pretend to say that my arguments had any influence in inclining him to adopt what appear to me to be the more enlarged views which are set forth in his later papers; but I cannot help reminding Dr. Falconer that as improvements in theory are usually the result of a free exchange of ideas, the advantage of such co-operation is most commonly mutual, even when the relative qualifications of the two debaters are as unequal as he (Dr. Falconer) would in this case pronounce them to be; for the writer of the letter to which I am now replying observes, "that some men are occupied in communicating the new results of science to the educated public, but it cannot be permitted that the broad line of demarcation which separates their peculiar labours from the researches of original observers should ever be confounded," (p. 460). He afterwards adds, after enumerating his own claims to rank, not as a mere expositor of what others have done, but as one of the original observers, "I now invite Sir Charles Lyell, or any one else on

his behalf, to point out a single new fact or one solitary special observation which he has contributed bearing on the immediate subject of the antiquity of man." Before accepting this invitation, I will turn to those portions of Dr. Falconer's letter in which he dwells particularly on the want of appreciation of his own services to science in a field which he has of late years cultivated with much assiduity. "In the events, he says, which led to the re-agitation of the question of primeval man, I brought to light the cave evidence; he (Mr. Prestwich) followed it up by the investigation of the deposits containing flint-implements in the valley of the Somme." He informs us how, in the spring of 1858, he heard of the discovery of a new cave at Brixham, and dwells on the leading part which he took in obtaining a grant from the Royal Society of 100*l.* to explore that cave. "I had the sole charge," he says, of laying down the plan, and giving the instructions upon which the exploration was to be conducted by Mr. Pengelly. * * * I identified the fossil bones, determined the flint-implements, and drew up the preliminary report for the Geological and Royal Societies, on the strength of which another grant of 100*l.* was made. From first to last, I was the prime mover in everything connected with the exploration of the Brixham cave, except the superintendence of the excavations."

Now, if the reader will refer to my account (p. 98) of the examination of this intact bone-cave at Brixham, he will see that I assign the work done to the joint labours of Mr. Prestwich, Dr. Falconer, and Mr. Pengelly. Of Mr. Prestwich it is said by Dr. Falconer, "he took charge of the financial and business details, and the investigation of some of the physical phenomena." I allude to Dr. Falconer as having shown me at Torquay numerous fossils taken from the cave, and I thought I might leave it to be inferred that the species of mammalia mentioned by me were determined by him. If I had spoken more at length and more unreservedly of what I learned at Torquay of the cave excavations, I should have said that the brunt of the work, with the exception of the naming the fossil mammalia, was done by Mr. Pengelly, who had under him Mr. Keeping, a skilled and scientific workman. Mr. Pengelly was well known as one who had acquired much experience in the examination of caves during nearly twenty previous years, having explored Kent's Hole, among others. He was also highly qualified as a geologist to observe accurately and to reason philosophically on what he saw. After examining the cave myself, and conversing with Dr. Falconer at Torquay, I derived most of my information given in 'The Antiquity of Man' from a lecture on the Brixham cave which I heard Mr. Pengelly deliver at the Royal Institution in London in 1859. I had also the advantage of referring to a speech on the same subject addressed by the same geologist to a joint meeting of the Ethnological and Archaeological Societies, on the 19th of February, 1861, and reported in the *Geologist* (vol. iv. p. 153). But my account would have been more complete had it not been for Dr. Falconer's procrastination, for he might have told us more than we now know about the fossil remains, and a paper by Mr. Pengelly, which has been for some time ready, would then have appeared. The machinery organized with so much care for enlightening the world on the contents of the Brixham cave, on which the Royal Society have spent 200*l.* of the public money, and on which a liberal donation from Miss Coutts has also been expended, is now and has been for nearly four years at a standstill, waiting till the "prime mover," as he styles himself, is ready to lead off with his report. If I have not assigned to every one his due share of credit in the working out of the Brixham cave results, I believe that Dr. Falconer is not the one who has reason to complain.

In his letter now under consideration he says— "From the Brixham cave I proceeded to Sicily, to explore the caves there, after visiting my friend M. Boucher de Perthes, at Abbeville, by previous arrangement; and near Carini I discovered the Grotta di Maccagnone, in which fresh proofs of the great antiquity of primeval man turned up,

under very remarkable conditions. (*Quart. Journ. of the Geol. Soc.* 1859, vol. xvi. p. 101.) Here, again, Sir Charles Lyell opens his account of it with an untenable remark: 'Geologists have been long aware,' &c. (op. cit. p. 174). I invite him to show in what geological works the familiar knowledge which he there asserts is to be found before the statement of the fact by me."—*Athenæum*, p. 460, col. 2.

Every reader of the letter who happens not to have had my book at hand, or who never sees this reply, will unavoidably infer from the above passages, which I have given in full, that I have ascribed to some earlier geologists the merit of discovering facts in the Sicilian caves bearing on the antiquity of man which were first worked out by Dr. Falconer; whereas in the very pages referred to ('Antiquity of Man,' pp. 174-6), I distinctly state that the earlier geologists had only found, at San Ciro and elsewhere, bones of the hippopotamus, &c., (and these I had mentioned in the 'Principles of Geology' more than thirty years before,) but that Dr. Falconer first found, in the Grotta di Maccagnone, not only the remains of hyenas, but also associated flint-knives, charcoal, and other objects indicating human intervention. My introductory sentence, of which, by an unfortunate accident, Dr. Falconer has given only one line, runs thus—"Geologists have long been familiar with the fact that on the northern coast of Sicily, between Termini on the east and Trapani on the west, there are many caves containing the bones of extinct animals."

That Dr. Falconer has, in this instance, unintentionally, and by a strange oversight, entirely misrepresented me I am fully convinced; but if so, I am at least entitled to give him back the advice which he has proffered to me, namely, "to avoid, in future, using language so liable to misconstruction."

I now come to another claim, made in behalf of Mr. Prestwich and himself, that they were the first to settle the true chronological relations of the glacial period and certain fluviatile drifts and cave deposits in which the bones of extinct quadrupeds, and in some of them also human remains, occur.

I have given, at p. 168, Mr. Prestwich's section of Hoxne, referring to his paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*, to show the posteriority in date of beds containing flint tools like those of Amiens to the boulder clay. But I remarked that having seen the section in company with Messrs. Gunn and King, we could obtain no proof of the bones of extinct animals having been found in the same stratum with any one of the tools. Dr. Falconer, in 1860, announced to the Geological Society that he and Col. Wood had found in the osseous breccia of certain caves in the Gower Peninsula, in Wales, the bones of the elephant, &c., and some contemporary relics of man. He also declared his opinion that they were all post-glacial; but as the boulder clay was not present in or near the same caves, the evidence did not convince me, who had not been on the ground; and other geologists, present at the discussion in London, who were in like manner well acquainted with Wales and its drift, were not satisfied with the proofs. The year after, April, 1861, I received a letter from Mr. James Wyatt, of Bedford, informing me that he had found two flint implements of the two types most common at Amiens, in the gravel of the valley of the Ouse, at Biddenham, near Bedford. He invited me to visit the spot, which I did, in company with Mr. Prestwich and Mr. J. Evans, before the end of the same month and within a fortnight of the discovery of the tools. My two companions had previously explored the same ground, and had told Mr. Wyatt that the ancient gravel of the Ouse resembled that in which flint tools had been met with in France. He, after qualifying himself for the search by two visits to Amiens, had watched the diggings for months, until, at last, he obtained the *works of art* alluded to. I have given a brief account of what I saw myself, pointing out that we derive from this section information which I had *looked for* in vain at Amiens and Abbeville, and I might have added, in every cave or valley previously described by Mr. Prestwich

and Dr. Falconer,—namely, unequivocal evidence of the posteriority in date of drift containing both extinct mammalia and contemporary flint tools to the glacial formation fully developed in the same place. The diagram section which I gave in illustration was not copied exactly, either from those published by Mr. Prestwich or that given by the Editor of the *Geologist* to illustrate Mr. Wyatt's paper, but abridged from both, and was such a one as I could have made sufficiently well to answer my purpose, had I not enjoyed the benefit of Mr. Prestwich's co-operation in surveying the ground. I was not called upon, in the brief space which I was able to allot to this question in my book, to make a digression on the previous state and progress of opinion as to the age of river-gravels and cave-deposits in general relatively to the boulder clay. Dr. Falconer has suggested that I had not acquired "that intimate knowledge of the history of the subject which was requisite to qualify me to narrate what others had done." This may be quite true, for I never aspired to write for the *Geology of the last eighteen years* what D'Archiac has done so well for the ten years which preceded, named 'L'Histoire des Progrès,' &c. There is a fitting time and place for such compositions; but to adjust the claims which the late Mr. Trimmer or those which Prof. Morris, or Mr. Prestwich or Dr. Falconer, and perhaps several other British and foreign observers may have to priority on this important theoretical question, in such a manner as to satisfy all, would be no easy task, and I well knew that not one in a hundred of my readers cared for the information if I had possessed it. They wanted to learn from me, in as few words as possible, what my own conclusions were after reading what others had written, and after examining myself the clearest sections I could get access to.

They were aware that my 'Principles of Geology' had been widely circulated before the successful careers of Mr. Prestwich and Dr. Falconer as scientific writers had begun. Some were aware, also, that so long ago as the year 1835, in a paper on Sweden, I had treated in the *Philosophical Transactions*, not only of the boulder formation, but of post-glacial, elevated, marine strata containing works of art,—a paper which the Royal Society had complimented by selecting it as the Bakerian Lecture of that year. From that period to the present I had devoted much time to the investigation in Europe and North America of the glacial and post-glacial formations. I had thrice examined the Norfolk cliffs, and had shown in a paper published on them in 1840 how like were the fossil remains of pre-glacial and post-glacial deposits, a fact which has caused me ever since to be very cautious in deciding whether any given drift or cave-breccia is or is not post-glacial, in cases where the boulder clay does not happen to be at hand, as at Biddenham in the valley of the Ouse. My last visit to the Norfolk cliffs was after I delivered my address at Aberdeen on the implement-bearing drifts of the valley of the Somme. I had also studied at Natchez, on the Mississippi, what was supposed to be the oldest geological position of the osseous remains of man; and again in 1859 I went to Puy-en-Velay to make up my mind as to the true date of the "fossil man of Denise." I had thrice explored the valley of the Somme, had investigated the site of Prof. Crabb's fossil remains in the loess, near Maastricht, had explored the Neanderthal cave and the caverns near Liège, as well described of old by Dr. Schimper, in order to qualify myself for the interpretation of such phenomena and written descriptions bearing on the antiquity of man and the "reorganization," as Dr. Falconer has very properly termed it, of the question whether man was coeval with extinct mammalia;—a question decided in the affirmative by competent observers and reasoners long ago, although they propounded their truths to an unbelieving generation. Whether if before visiting the Biddenham pits I had gone to South Wales, I should have come round and given in my address to Dr. Falconer's views as to the post-glacial date of the mammalia of the Gower caves, with their associated human relics, I cannot say, but certainly my conversion was not brought about by his paper or

arguments, nor by those of Mr. Prestwich, though I by no means wish to disparage or deny the effective part they have played in bringing about a reform in our theoretical opinions in regard to the relative date of man and the most intense period of glaciation in Western Europe.

Dr. Falconer concludes with a postscript respecting the erroneousness of my list of the fossil mammalia of the pre-glacial "forest and lignite" beds of the Norwich cliffs. The entire want of fairness of spirit which has dictated his comments on this head may be judged of when the reader has perused the annexed letter from the Rev. S. W. King,—which he has kindly permitted me to print.

CHARLES LYELL.

Saxlingham Rectory, April 11, 1863.

My dear Sir Charles,—I have just read Dr. Falconer's letter in the *Athenæum* of April 4th, to which you refer as stating, in a postscript, that the list of fossil mammalia from the Norfolk "Forest Bed" as given by you—"Antiquity of Man," pp. 216-217,—is either so erroneous or imperfect that he objects to his name being connected with it." Turning to your pages, I find that my impression was correct, that you had not professed to give a complete catalogue of the fossil mammalia of the Norfolk pre-glacial "Forest Bed," but only "a list of some of the species, of which the remains have been collected by Messrs. Gunn and King."

With regard, then, to the identifications thereof attributed to Dr. Falconer, I need only refer to his recent and most valuable memoir 'On the Living and Extinct Species of Elephants' (*Nat. Hist. Rev.*, Jan., 1863, p. 68), where he says,— "For a long time I was led to question the occurrence of the true mammoth in England— anterior to the deposition of the 'Boulder Clay.'.....But I have lately seen abundant proof of indisputable authenticity in the collections of the Rev. John Gunn, of Irstead, and the Rev. S. W. King, of Saxlingham, both in Norfolk, besides other cases, that *E. primigenius* of the characteristic type existed in England before the deposition of the Boulder Clay. Perfect molars, presenting every element for rigorous identification, have been found in the 'Forest Bed' at the bottom of the section, between Cromer and Happisburgh, on a horizon of fluviatile or lacustrine strata, which have yielded remains of *E. meridionalis*, *E. antiquus*, *Rhinoceros Etruscus*, and *Hippopotamus major*, &c." Therefore, as far as the first five, and perhaps most important, mammals of your list are concerned, Dr. Falconer can hardly complain that the identifications are erroneous, or object to his name being connected with them.

With respect to the remainder of the list, I am not aware of any well-founded exceptions, hitherto published, to the identification by Prof. Owen of *Equus fossilis*, 'British Fossil Mammalia,' pp. 384-8; *Sus (scrofa)*, p. 429; *Cervus Capreolus*, p. 488; *Arvicola amphibia*, p. 205; *Trogontherium Cuvieri*, pp. 185-7; *Castor Europæus*, p. 191; of each of which, excepting the first, I have authentic specimens, from the Forest Bed, kindly identified for me by Prof. Owen. At the date of publication of his work (1846), Prof. Owen, probably, had not satisfactory evidence of the occurrence of Bovides in that formation; but I have recently had unmistakable horn-cores placed in my hands of a large bovine animal from Cromer. As to the "other species of Cervus," I have numerous remains of several Cervidae awaiting determination (including, probably, Megaceros, as I wrote to you). From the pre-glacial Estuarian beds, narwhal and walrus were fully recognized from my specimens by Prof. Owen; and Cetacean remains, though necessarily very doubtful as regards specific determination, are of frequent occurrence. The British Museum possesses the unique jaw of *Palæopalaux magnus*—the Norwich Museum, *Talpa vulgaris*, *Ursus* (sp.?), &c.,—and your list might, of course, have been enlarged had you gone beyond reference to my friend Mr. Gunn's collection and my own.

Believe me, ever truly yours,

S. W. KING.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Sir George Cornwall Lewis, whose sudden death, at the age of fifty-seven, has taken the world of politics and society by surprise, was something more than a statesman among scholars and a scholar among statesmen. As author, editor, Privy Councillor, and Cabinet Minister, he was alike noticeable. He was not, indeed, a first-class writer, for he lacked, in a remarkable degree, the delightful humour, the brightness and flow of fancy, the originality, speciality and sympathy, which invest the few high priests of literature with power to charm. But he was an able man, of very large attainments, logical, sound, sedate, uncompromising, capable of doing good service to truth, and also capable of waiting for the literary rewards which, in cases like his, are slow to come. There would be no use in saying that the late Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* was a popular author. His writings won the respect, even where they failed to conquer the conviction, of scholars and authors; but they were, at best, too dry and abstruse, too solid and consecutive, to please the subscribers of a library, and the reading public, who heard him spoken of as one of the literary men of the Cabinet, knew him chiefly by name. Mr. Mudie was not troubled by many demands for 'The Astronomy of the Ancients' or the 'Enquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History.' Yet, on the other hand, it may be safely foretold that these two books will be consulted by men of learning and ability when the trumpety of the day, which jostled them into corners out of sight, will be utterly unknown. All the works of their author had the dry quality which is invaluable in wine, but intolerable in books. That on 'The Origin of the Romance Languages' might have been made as interesting and as flimsy as a romance; but Sir George chose to make it as uninviting and as durable as a dictionary. Even in his political works, those on 'Local Disturbances and the Irish Church Question,' 'On the Use and Abuse of Political Terms,' 'On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion,' 'On the Government of Dependencies,' and 'On Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics,' there is the same solidity, not to say heaviness, of treatment. The very titles of his volumes show how close an attention he had given to politics as a science. Sir George had the genius which succeeds in public office better than in Albe-marle Street or Paternoster Row. He could do any amount of work, sit up any number of hours, write any quantity of despatches. Everything that industry could accomplish he achieved: fame as a scholar, reputation as an administrator, standing as a statesman. These were victories to win, and they were all honestly won by the untiring exercise of faculties common to us all. In that fact lies the lesson of an honourable and successful life.

The daily journals announce the decease, at the advanced age of ninety-eight, of Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury, a veteran well known in scientific circles. He was proud of his longevity, as many will remark who met him within recent years at meetings of the British Association. We well remember the enthusiasm with which, on his return through London, he talked of having accomplished the long journey from Salisbury to Glasgow to attend the meeting in 1856. One essential of long life, he then said, was to "lie abed in the morning till you are done enough"; and he mentioned that having felt cold in the course of the day, he had "eaten an ice at Gunter's, which warmed him thoroughly." Dr. Fowler was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in April, 1802. His decease leaves to Lord Brougham, who has been a Fellow a little over sixty years, the venerable position of "father" of the Society.

As offerings of loyalty and affection, the Wedding Presents now on view at the South Kensington Museum have an interest for the royal recipients, for the gratified donors, and for the general public. These gifts are many and costly; but their merits as works of Art are not very striking, and, in this respect, the works in gold and precious stones suffer by comparison with the treasures around them

in the Loan Collection, against which they are necessarily judged. The most beautiful of all the jewels is the *parure* of opals designed by the Prince Consort, executed by Messrs. Garrard, and presented by the Queen. Of its kind, this work of jeweller's art is perfect. The bracelet given by the ladies of Manchester comes next in beauty, though not in commercial value. Feminine visitors speak in the highest terms of King Leopold's presents of lace; and of the Irish lace, in terms only less than the highest. The most showy article is, perhaps, the gold dressing-service; and the most sentimental, the bracelet of the bridesmaids.

The show of roses and azaleas at the Horticultural Gardens drew a goodly company on Wednesday morning. The flowers were extremely fine, and, the weather being magnificent, the grass dry, and the music good, the gathering was a great success.

The late Director of Her Majesty's Theatre is said to be preparing for publication a History of the Opera during the period of his connexion with that theatre, including much personal anecdotic matter and details of varied character.

The price of Crome's landscape, 'Household Heath,' lately purchased for the National Gallery, was 420*l*.

Fifty years ago, three benevolent gentlemen met in John Street, Minorities, animated by a desire to help the orphan and the widow in their sore distress and temptation. These three gentlemen, Dr. Andrew Reed, Mr. A. Burt, and Mr. J. Lynes, resolved to begin their good work by paying down each his own subscription, and by inviting the co-operation of other earnest men. One of the first to give them help was the late Duke of Kent, the father of our Queen. A small house was taken as a first "Home," and in it were placed three necessitous girls. In this humble way was founded the London Orphan Asylum, an institution which has rendered extraordinary services to the cause of charity for many years; since its foundation, nearly 3,000 fatherless children having received food, shelter, clothing and education within its walls. These poor orphans have been admitted from nearly every county in England, and they represent almost every class of the people, from professional families down to those of the artisan. This being the year of jubilee, it has been now resolved to celebrate the foundation of this noble charity by adding, within twelve months, accommodation for one hundred orphan children, fifty of whom shall be elected in June of this present year, and fifty in January of the next year. The public confidence and the Divine blessing which have strengthened the hands of its promoters thus far, will, doubtless, attend them in their new experiment. It is a charming incident in the subscription list now opened with this object, that a sum of 500*l*. has been contributed by old scholars of the foundation.

In a sort of postscript to his interesting communication from Abbeville, printed elsewhere, Dr. Carpenter says, in reference to the subject of a quotation from his work on the 'Foraminifera':—"I did not so much object to the representation given of my opinions as to the presentation of those opinions in what professed to be a quotation from my pages, but was really the language of the reviewer, . . . whose too concise summary of my opinions altogether fails to convey the distinction which I have myself most explicitly drawn (Preface, p. xi.) between the *conclusion* which I hold to be not merely justified, but required by the evidence at present in our possession as to the derivation of the vast aggregate of diversified forms contained in this group, by genetic descent from a small number of principal family-types; and the *question* which I suggest, whether analogical evidence does not rather favour the idea of the derivation of those family-types from a common original, than that of their primitive distinctness. As this last is a point on which I have by no means made up my own mind, I am anxious not to be represented as having answered it in the affirmative."

In the course of a few weeks the National Gallery will contain some important additional pictures, recent acquisitions. The most interesting of these are as follows:—1. The famous portrait, from the

Grimani Collection, of a tailor cutting out cloth, by Moroni. He is represented standing before a table with the shears in his hand. This work is a companion to the equally well known 'Jesuit,' called 'Titian's Schoolmaster,' in the Duke of Sutherland's Collection. 2. A portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himself, in admirable condition. 3. The Manfrini Bellini, 'St. Jerome reading in his Study.' 4. An altar-piece, by Crivelli, from Matelica. 5. 'The Death of Procris,' by Pier di Cosimò, the master of A. del Sarto. 6. An altar-piece, 'Virgin, Child and Saints,' by Lanini. 7. Two portraits, by Lorenzo Lotto; died, old, 1560.

The Ordnance Survey of England and Wales will be completed at the end of this month, and the map on the one-inch scale soon published as a whole. This work was begun in 1784, and of course needs a complete revision. Before this is undertaken a decision must be come to upon the advisability of continuing the use of the larger scales—the one-inch, employed for certain parts of the work—to the whole. This has been recommended by the Parliamentary Committee on the subject, and, by the experience of the Irish Survey, would probably be highly remunerative, and by that evidence useful. Whatever the scale be, it must be distinctly understood that nearly three generations must not elapse again before we get a decent map of the country. If it were practicable for the leading map-sellers to correct the existing map and publish photographic versions of the same, so improved, the public would be thankful and the government healthily stimulated by a little competition.

That commercial enterprise has at length taken the direction of theatrical investment is a circumstance that might be expected to excite apprehension among theatrical managers; but that astute men of the world should resort to clandestine means of opposition, could scarcely have been anticipated. The police reports, however, bear evidence to the fact. On Friday week, Mr. Boucicault was at the Lambeth Police Court, appealing to the Hon. G. C. Norton, in respect to a placard, without a printer's name, which had been exhibited in front of the Westminster Theatre, the offices of the Building Company, and the bankers of the same, with the purpose of injuring the theatrical projects in which Mr. Boucicault had taken the lead. The bill in question is as much wanting in grammar, as it is in a printer's name. We are told, for instance, that "the shares in the Covent Garden Theatre are void through being burnt down." The gist of the composition is, of course, to show that theatrical property is liable to depreciation in value. Drury Lane shares, once worth 500*l.* each, now sell at 40*l.* The rent of the theatre was once 11,000*l.*; it is now 5,000*l.* The St. James's once let for 4,500*l.*; it now lets for 1,000*l.* But the placard forgets to state that the Princess's Theatre, once let for 1,200*l.* a year, now fetches 4,000*l.* Theatres fall or rise in value according to the manner in which they are managed. Mr. Greenwood's management of Sadler's Wells led to an increase of rent, and Astley's, now that it is in Mr. Boucicault's hands, is of more value than it was in those of its former proprietor. We regret to add, that the distribution of the obnoxious and foolish placard had been traced to the door, not of Exeter Hall, but of a neighbouring theatre. Meanwhile the public has answered the fallacious objections raised in its usual practical manner. The share lists of the New Theatre Company were closed on Tuesday last, in spite of the issuing of the placard. We recommend to managers a more manly course of warfare. If they can prove to the public that new theatres are not wanted, they will be listened to; if they cannot, their case is not to be mended by the exhibition of anonymous placards.

Critical eyes seldom care to scrutinize portraits of members of the Courts of Europe which are painted "by command" of sovereigns. Critics have long ago given up the hope of finding much value in works the standard of which is habitually low. Judging, therefore, the lithographic portrait of the Princess of Wales which Messrs. Colnaghi, Scott & Co. publish, after a picture by M. Lauchert, Court-Painter at Berlin, by this standard, we do

not care to say much against it. The artist is not a Bellini or a Titian—he is not even a Chalon—still he has probably done the best he could with a subject that might make any painter happy.

A sale of the Library of the Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, a daughter of George the Third, took place at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, in the course of last week. Most of the books contained the signature of the Princess, and many of her MS. notes, chiefly showing her piety and strong feelings of friendship towards the donors. The Princess was herself artistic, and was well known to the public by her etchings, representing 'The Power and Progress of Genius,' and by her designs to 'Cupid turned Volunteer,' 'Birth and Triumph of Love,' &c. Amongst the more interesting articles were: Beauties of England and Wales, 25 vols., 22*l.* 10*s.*—Bible of 1632, in old embroidery, 10*l.* 15*s.*—Bible of 1796, with MS. note respecting John XIV., read by her "the moment after I had paid my last visit to my Angel Husband in his coffin, &c.," 1*l.* 9*s.*—Book of Common Prayer, by Sturt, 3*l.* 16*s.*—Book of Common Prayer, with a Miniature of her father, George III., apparently by herself, 1*l.* 12*s.*—Private Journal of Sir Joseph Banks, containing his Voyage round the World with Capt. Cook, transcribed entirely in the autograph of the Princess, 7*l.* 15*s.*—Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-Book, the edition of 1590, 4*l.* 8*s.*—Carter's Memoirs, illustrated with portraits, 15*l.* 10*s.*—Correspondence of Margaret Countess of Cumberland, transcript in the autograph of the Princess, 11*l.*—Horse B. Marise Virginia, Germanicè, manuscript on vellum, with illuminations by Nicholas Glockenton, 23*l.*—Harding's Account of the Dukes of Gloucester, manuscript, illustrated with drawings and engravings, 20*l.*—Holbein's Drawings for the Armour used at the Tournament of Henry VIII., 30*l.*—Marlborough Gems, with descriptions, 2 vols. 36*l.*—Sumner on St. John, with autograph note stating it to be "the most perfect and consoling I ever met with," 1*l.* 5*s.* The entire sale produced 915*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Palace of Industry in Paris is now open for the reception of works intended for the Artistic Exhibition, which will be open to the public on the 1st of May next. It is intended to award 21 medals for general works of Art, 12 for sculpture, 7 for engravings, 6 for architecture, and 1 large medal, of the value of 4,000 francs, as an Imperial prize for the best subject in any class.

M. Poey, of the Observatory at Havana, has forwarded a Report to the Academy of Sciences at Paris of 214,417 hourly meteorological observations, made by him and his assistants during the past year. The Report also embraces various interesting observations on magnetism, earthquakes, hurricanes, and spots on the sun. The latter possess great value at present, considered in connexion with the same class of observations made in Europe during the past year.

A company is being formed in Italy for the purpose of constructing scientific instruments of great accuracy. They will be made by skilled workmen, and every instrument will be verified before leaving the establishment, which will be at Turin. Among the promoters of this scheme are the names of Amici, Bechi, Bellandi, Donati and Lambruschini.

The Pasha of Egypt is said to contemplate the establishment of a line of steamers suited for Nile navigation, and, in winter, "fitted up with every convenience for European travellers." These vessels may start from Cairo, go up the river on a voyage of which Siout is but in the middle: they will go past Girgeh, past Thebes, Karnac, Luxor, Erment, Medineh Abou, Eneh, Edfou, to Assouan, and there, almost under the tropic, land their cargoes and passengers. A railway from this point to Berber, as proposed, will out-do, in strangeness, the "line" from Smyrna to Ephesus, opened last year, and offer return-tickets to above the Fifth Cataract, where the Nile must be fairly cold with mountain water, where it becomes Nile by the union of the Takatz with the Bahr el Abiad, where the trade of Birmingham, Manchester, London and Paris may

meet that of "utmost Axume," Gondar, Sennaar, Mokha, and the lands under the very Equator itself.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

MR. GHÉMAR'S EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND AND DENMARK.—Portraits of The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, life-size, Fifty-one Photographic Pictures and Drawings, by Mr. Ghémar, from actual sittings, ON VIEW at 120, Pall Mall (First Floor).—Admission, 1*s.* N.B. Each visitor presented with a Portrait of the Princess of Wales, carte size.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (Dudley Gallery).—Mr. MITCHELL begs to announce that Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE will continue her READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings, commencing at Eight o'clock. Monday, April 20, the Play of 'Henry the Fourth, Part I.'; Wednesday, April 22, the Play of 'Henry the Fifth'; and on Friday, April 24, the Tragedy of 'Macbeth.'—Seats Unreserved, 2*s.*; Stalls, 5*s.*; a few Fauteuils, 7*s.* each. Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

A MORNING IN MEXICO.—Magnificent and exquisite EXHIBITION OF CERAMIC STATUETTES illustrating Life, Manners, Customs and Costumes in Mexico. Open daily from 10 till 6. Gallery, 66, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogues, 3*d.* each; by Book-Post, 4*d.*

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES AND THE SEASIDE.—SPLITTING SNAKE; A Thirty New Part, entitled 'Twenty Minutes with a Medium,' will be given every Evening. Medium, Mr. Yates; Visitor, Mr. Power. There will also be several new arrivals at the Seaside. To commence at 8; Saturdays at 2.—Stalls, 5*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Balcony, 1*s.*—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—April 13.—Sir Roderick I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Col. the Hon. St. George Foley, C.B., G. Elder, J. Fisher, J. H. Gladstone, C. Moubot and T. Ogilvy, Esqs., were elected Fellows.—'Frobisher Strait proved to be a Bay, and on the Fate of Five Men of the Arctic Expedition in the Reign of Elizabeth,' by Mr. C. F. Hall.—'A Visit to Red River and the Saskatchewan,' by Dr. John Rae, M.D.

ASTRONOMICAL.—April 10.—The Astronomer Royal, President, in the chair.—Among the communications made at this meeting, there were two or three of more than usual interest. The first was from Mr. Stone, principal assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Mr. Stone had completed the calculations of the mean horizontal parallax of the sun, as deduced from observations made at Greenwich on the planet Mars at his recent opposition, compared with other similar observations made in Australia. The result is that the heretofore received mean distance of the earth from the sun must be diminished by about three millions of miles! The necessity of this reduction of distance had been previously suspected by M. Leverrier indirectly from certain planetary disturbances, which appeared to require an increase of the earth's mass compared with that of the sun. The Greenwich observations give 8".97 for the sun's mean horizontal parallax. Dr. Winnecke, from observations on Mars made in Germany compared with others made at the Cape of Good Hope, obtains 8".96 for this element. M. Leverrier, from planetary disturbances, suspected 8".95! The close coincidence of these results, thus independently obtained, is not only remarkable as indicating extreme accuracy of observation, but as an additional confirmation of the firmness of grasp with which gravitation binds together the planetary Cosmos.—Another interesting communication was made by M. O. Struve, the Astronomer at Pulkowa. From certain careful comparisons of the latitudes of many places in the neighbourhood of Moscow, obtained by astronomical processes, compared with those obtained by geodetic triangulation, it became manifest that Moscow stands near to the edge of a huge elliptical bowl consisting of materials lighter than those of the average density of the earth's crust. This bowl or trough is about 28 miles wide from north to south, and exceeds 40 miles in an easterly direction. The interest of the observation does not terminate with the particular case of Moscow, but seems to indicate that henceforth in all instrumental determinations depending on the level or the plumb line, attention must be given to the lithological character for the place of observation. Here, again, is a point of contact between the two

antithetical sciences of astronomy and geology.—Lastly, the Astronomer Royal communicated certain results obtained from observations of star spectra, recently made at Greenwich. It appeared that the sodium line, D, is by no means universally present in these spectra, but that the iron line, Fraunhofer's F, is very prevalent.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 1.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—Messrs. S. N. Carvalho and W. E. Wood were elected Fellows.—The Rev. Dr. O. Heer, Signor P. Savi, Signor G. Ponzi, Dr. J. Leidy, H. Marchese Pareto and Prof. A. Daubrès, were elected Foreign Correspondents.—The following communication was read:—'On recent Changes in the Delta of the Ganges,' by J. Fergusson, Esq.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—April 8.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—The following Associates were elected:—Sir H. Halford, Bart., J. Farrar, M.P., and the Rev. Dr. T. Barclay.—Mr. Fornan exhibited a bronze of Greek workmanship; also a leaden seal, supposed to be that of a magician of the fifteenth or sixteenth century.—Mr. Vere Irving produced photographs of fragments of stone conjectured to have belonged to an ancient priory, at Lesmahago, Lanarkshire.—Mr. Cæsar Long made a communication relating to the discovery of two leaden coffins on the site of the Priory of St. John the Baptist, at Holywell, Shoreditch.—Mr. Syer Cuming read a paper, 'On a Fragment of an Eastern Sepulchre in the Yeovil Museum.'—The Rev. Mr. Hartshorne's revised paper, 'On Queen Eleanor's Cross at Northampton,' was read.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—April 10.—Canon Rock, D.D., in the chair.—Dr. H. Johnson communicated a few notes on the recent progress of the investigations at Wroxeter. During the latter part of the past year the old diggings have not been touched, but have been kept open, and are visited by numerous persons. In October the ground where the old North gate is alleged to have stood was opened for the purpose of ascertaining whether any remains could be found. The foundations of a town wall were traced running towards Norton, but nothing like a gateway was found. A few days were also spent in excavating in the Cemetery, when sufficient evidence was afforded that the ancient burial-ground had extended along thus far from the gate. The diggings were undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Wright, and amongst the discoveries made were—1. A kind of square building under ground, and similar to what was found in the other part of the Cemetery: there was no floor, nor any remains of a body. 2. About a dozen entire sepulchral urns of various forms and sizes, containing burnt bones, generally human. 3. Some of the urns contained lachrymatories, in one of which Dr. Johnson detected traces of oil. 4. A beautiful clear glass urn about eight inches high. 5. One entire speculum, and another in fragments; they are of copper, with a large mixture of tin, so as to seem white; are brittle, and of a brilliant surface. 6. Several nearly perfect lamps, which Dr. Johnson supposes to be made of foreign clay: one of them has the head of Hercules. 7. A nondescript article in bronze, much resembling a lancet. Dr. Johnson stated that additions are being constantly added to the Museum of Antiquities.—The Rev. F. W. Baker, M.A., gave an interesting account of excavations and restorations which have been going on for several years past at Beaulieu Abbey, under the direction of the Duke of Buccleuch. All the foundations of the Abbey Church, upwards of 330 feet in length, have been now clearly traced; the position of every buttress and pillar discovered. The whole site, which had formerly been covered by cow-sheds, and workshops and saw-pits, has been carefully turfed and inclosed by an iron railing, to prevent further desecration. Many lead coffins have, at different times, been found on the site of the Abbey Church; and, during excavations made for the purpose of ascertaining whether there had been a crypt under the choir, the remains of a female wrapt in lead were discovered in front of the High Altar. The

body was, no doubt, that of Isabella, daughter of Earl Pembroke and wife of Richard, Earl of Cornwall—better known as King of the Romans, and brother of King Henry the Third. She was buried at Beaulieu, with great pomp, in 1239; and an incised stone, with the effigy of a female much defaced, has lately been discovered, bearing this inscription: JACET: YSABELLA: PRIMA: V...: the last word is, doubtless, VXOR, there being space for those letters before the dots. On the other side of the stone, which is much worn, may be faintly traced RICARDI: ROMANORVM. Adjoining the tombstone of Isabella is another incised slab, upwards of ten feet in length, and which once bore a figure under a canopy, and over the top of the canopy a royal crown. This stone, till lately, was supposed to have covered the remains of Isabella; but the inscription on the first-mentioned stone shows this to be incorrect.—Mr. W. Molyneux furnished a detailed account of recent excavations made by him at Beau Desert, in Staffordshire, the seat of the Marquis of Anglesea. Mr. Molyneux succeeded in laying open, in one of the series of hills in Cannock Chase, the remains of a curious building, of two rooms, the exterior walls of which were more than five feet thick. Plans of the building and of the entrenchment wherein it was found were exhibited, and the whole of the objects exhumed were laid before the Meeting.—The Duke of Buccleuch exhibited a stone vessel found a few years ago on the site of Beaulieu Abbey, but which is clearly of late Flemish manufacture.—The Count Stuart d'Albanie brought for the inspection of the Institute a plombus or glandus, found in the scoria of a large and ancient lead-mine in the kingdom of Granada, wrought by the Romans, and believed to have been worked by the Celtiberians.—Mr. J. Yates made some interesting remarks on the glandus, which was very similar to those that have been found on the plain of Marathon and in other parts of Greece.—Mr. A. Way exhibited a Spoon of pewter or some white metal, supposed to have been found in the Thames, near London. On the handle is the head of Queen Anne and the initials A. R. On the reverse are imitative Hall marks, but not conformable to those of any year in the reign of Queen Anne. The metal resembles that of which vast numbers of objects found of late years near the Thames are formed.—Mr. H. Farrer, jun., the Rev. Lambert Larking, M.A., Mr. Joseph Bond and Mr. W. Burges also exhibited objects of archaeological interest.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—April 14.—'On the Antiquity of Man,' by Mr. J. Crawford, President.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—March 20.—Major-Gen. E. Sabine, V.P., in the chair.—'On the Forces concerned in producing Magnetic Disturbances,' by B. Stewart, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 5.—P. Graham, Esq., Member of the Council, in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Sewing Machine: its History and Progress,' by Mr. E. P. Alexander.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—April 14.—Dr. W. Camps in the chair.—'On the Watershed of the Nile and the Indian Ocean,' by Mr. Ainsworth.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Asiatic, 3.
- Architects, 8.
- Tues. Statistical Society, 8.—'Direct Imperial Expenditure, Colonies,' Mr. Purdy.
- Engineers, 8.—'Scinde Railway,' Mr. Brunton; 'St. Germain's Sillice of the Middle Level Drainage,' Mr. Hawkshaw.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Animal Mechanics,' Mr. Marshall.
- Zoological, 9.—'Pheasants,' Dr. Selater; 'Birds, East Africa,' Dr. Haultaub.
- Wed. Geological, 8.—'Gneiss and other Azole Rocks, Bavaria and Bohemia,' Sir I. Murchison; 'Section at Moektrœ, near Ludlow,' Mr. Lightbody.
- Society of Arts, 8.—'Construction of Twin Screw Steamships,' Capt. Symonds.
- Archæological Association, 8.—'Roman Villa, Berke,' Dr. Palmer; 'Roman Antiquities, Corinium,' Prof. Buckman; 'Peaked Hats,' Mr. Cuming.
- Thurs. Antiquaries, 2.—'Anniversary.
- Royal, 8.
- Boyal Institution, 3.—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted.
- Fri. Horticultural, 2.—'Election of Fellows.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'Luminous Meteors,' Mr. Herschel.
- Sat. Royal Institution, 3.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THE Tenth Exhibition of French and Flemish Pictures, at the French Gallery, has one of its customary claims upon our interest, as comprising specimens of many artists' methods of treatment and courses of thought. This year the materials for contrast are strong, and it is difficult to avoid the pungency of the antitheses presented by the works of M.M. Gérôme, Leys, Décamps, Frère and Troyon. These are the leaders upon the walls in Pall Mall this year. On the whole, the proportion of figure pictures unusually exceeds that of landscapes; in some respects this is decidedly advantageous.

To the artistic eye the most important and attractive picture here is a darkly luminous piece of canvas by Décamps, exhibiting one of his dashes of fierce humour and sardonic jests at classes of men. This artist was often delighted to satirize his fellows; he presents them as monkeys in human attire. The picture is an early one. The title is *Valuers and Appraisers* (No. 16); the subject the appraisal of a large, darkly-toned landscape—a G. Poussin, it may be—that stands upon an easel. Before this sits a wealthy valuer, pury, self-satisfied and important, scrutinizing it through a glass. Behind and by the side of this monkey well-to-do are miserable, sneaking and obsequious monkeys, some seedily dressed, some hat in hand. Their countenances embody the artist's richest feeling for humour, and are supremely expressive. The student will look upon this work with interest, inspired by its marvellous execution. The glow of Rembrandtish light that exists in gloomy clearness, almost as intense as in enamel, and yet ten times softer and more jewel-like than the effect of enamel at its best, marks this work for delighted study. Every portion seems flooded with light, soberly rich and gloomily grand. The picture has the deep lucidity of oil and the brilliancy of a gem. Notice the accessories introduced behind the easel, the exquisite tones in the dresses, the keeping of the background. For execution alone, this is one of the most perfect works by the master—one, too, which it is unusually interesting to see here, after the unfinished 'Truffe Hunter' of last year, which illustrated the process of working that led to such results as now before us. It would be a service to Art to place these pictures side by side.

From the Rembrandtish intensity of this to the cold, delicate, clearness of M. Willems's picture, *The Introduction* (135), it is worth while to turn. M. Willems, several of whose paintings at the International Exhibition made him popularly known in this country, although he had before exhibited here, has not studied Jan Steen and Terberg without profit, yet with less than might have been expected from masters so capable of instructing their followers in the art of filling, no less than in the necessity of filling, the vacant spaces that are the Saharas of interior painting, and too often the desolations of so-called "conversation-pieces," such as that before us. Here a young cavalier is introducing himself to two ladies: hat in hand, he bows; one lady rises to receive her visitor, a servant places a chair. The actions are homely, natural and characteristic, the faces pleasant, and the most is made of the subject that can be made. A thorough knowledge of his models would have taught M. Willems how to fill up the dreadful blanks of the floor that recede into the picture, board after board, smoothed, lined and veined, but not wholly genuine in finish; in other parts also are great spaces "to let," as by the side of the fireplace. *The Proposal* (136), by this artist,—a youth energetically declaring himself to a young lady,—derives from Terberg less happily than the last. In both there is much solid and valuable painting.

The work which will most attract popular attention, and it may be discussion, is M. Leys's *Entrance of the Arch-duke Charles into Antwerp, 1514* (76). Love of mere character almost always masters this painter; yet, so felicitous is he in personation, that we cannot wonder at his devotion, although paid by a needless sacrifice. The work

before us must be studied in relation to its nature, —as an oil version of one of a series commissioned by the City of Antwerp to illustrate its history. As a mural painting we must consider it, and so feel the less regret at the introduction of two upright and not elegant pillars, that cut the composition into three portions, and painfully break its lines. Half the canvas is occupied by a flight of steps, at the foot of which are seated two heralds. At the top stands Charles the Fifth, then a youth, with his characteristically lean face and limbs, taking the oath (to preserve the city's privileges), which is administered by a richly-robed ecclesiastic, one of those "Moyen-Age" looking priests whom M. Leys delights to paint. Behind, are the famous Arch-duchesses who accompanied Charles; on a step lower stands an attendant priest, bearing his chief's mitre upon a cushion. Evidences of haste in this work,—see the heralds' faces and the modelling of their arms,—are to be regretted from a painter whose ability to execute is unchallengeable, but whose peculiar style will not admit anything like slighting.

Although *The Procession in Paris during the League* (93), by M. Robert Fleury, is not one of the most effective works here, nor one of his best, it will serve to illustrate some of the powers of an able painter; to this end it will reward study.—Neither is M. Gérôme's *Camels at the Fountain* (42) by any means one of his most important works; nevertheless, it will be well to look at the firm and deliberate drawing shown in the stringy limbs of the animals, no less than in their faces. There is much good execution in this picture; its admirable point is in the eager rush of the beasts that drink from the fountain, their wide strides and outstretched necks; one behind thrusts himself forward with finely expressed passion.—*The Danish Girl going to Church* (53), by Madame Jerichau, is one of the best and most agreeable of her pictures.—*Village Politicians* (61), by M. L. Knaus, has the artist's abundant humour: some neighbours have come to visit a woman cook at home: she expresses her views with decision and has them received with attention. Probably this is not a recent work, being more solid in handling and less bright than we have seen from M. Knaus of late.—One of the best humorous pictures in the gallery is by a pupil of M. Leys, M. V. Lagye, *A Toy shop in Antwerp in the Fifteenth Century* (64). An ancient street, a booth therein, with its great flap-shutters raised, the stock of toys set out upon the board, and a lady, in all the quaintness of costume and character of the time, has brought a child to buy for itself. Some parts of the execution of this work, as the textures of dresses, &c., are exquisitely done. Longer practice will probably make the artist a colourist.

M. Tissot's *Death Dance* (119), a subject in which the old German masters took grim delight, has a good deal of spirit;—his *Faust and Marguerite in the Garden* (117) makes both parties a little too old;—his *Young Luther at Church* (118) has qualities of solidity and feeling that are commendable: the Reformer looking at some girls placing votive candles.—M. Ruiperez is a pupil of M. Meissonnier, and does his master credit in representing character, although he imitates the worst faults of that master in clayey colouring and hardness of execution. *Musicians and Soldiers in a Hostelry* (95) is the best of his four works, showing troopers listening to a harpist and violin-player.—M. Meissonnier's *Etcher* (79), such an artist at work in the shaded light of a window, is characteristically red in colour, but less opaque and elaborate than usual; in many parts the treatment of tone and chiar-oscuro is beautiful. This work is, as almost always with the artist, remarkable for characteristic expression,—see the attitude of the figure and the arrangement of its accessories.—M. E. Frère is in force here with four pictures, every one of them deserving consideration. There is exquisite pathos in the face of the *Widowed Mother* (35). *Breakfast-time at the Farm* (34) shows farm-children and others gathered round a table. *The Arrival at School* (36) has much humour in it. A new boy, in an enormous pair of breeches, has brought out his presents before an elder comrade, who looks very eagerly into the basket. It is between school

hours. In the background two pupils amuse themselves by fighting.

The most remarkable landscape here is by M. Troyon, *Unloading Boats at Low-Water* (123),—a sandy shore, stretching miles off into the picture; over it lie heaped, sleepy-looking summer-clouds, with one blue gap in the mass of grey, which closes in the horizon softly, and without an edge. In the front is a smack aground. The effect of truth, and the broad, masterly treatment of this picture, are noble; of its school it is one of the best works we have seen. The sea, with the sober shimmer upon it, is a triumph of study.—M. Lambinet's landscapes, although ever of the same theme, never lack interest, so charmingly does he render them, with brilliant and pure colouring and natural truth. *A River Scene* (66), a bright river running through marshy grounds, is admirable in its water and clouds. See also *The Duck-Pond* (65), by the same.—M. Bentabole's *Coast Scene* (3), chalk cliffs, and downs above them in bright sunlight, is a pleasant and faithful study.—Among other landscapes here, see M. A. Bonheur's *Meadow Scene in Auvergne* (6),—M. T. Frère's Oriental scenes (38, 39, 40),—M. Noel's *Pécamps* (84) and *Dourtarney* (85), &c., as possessing more or less of interest.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The private views of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters' Exhibition and that of the Female Artists' Society occur this day (Saturday); the public openings of both will be on Monday next. That of the last is held at the new Gallery of the Society, 43, Pall Mall. By way of explanation of the change of title by the first-named body from that of the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, which it has borne for nearly thirty years, we learn that its constituents felt that the old designation was always liable to misconception; some persons thought the association a thing of yesterday, others that it was a sort of stepping-stone to the elder Society of Water-Colour Painters in which men underwent a probationary training; this was not so much to be wondered at when it was found that several members of the Institute left it for the Society. The recent purchase of the premises in which the Exhibition is held, formerly held on lease and of late by yearly tenancy, determined the Institute to rebuild them and assume a new name in its new quarters. This rebuilding is also an enlargement, by taking in a house that stood at the back of the former gallery, and otherwise an improvement by raising the floor so as to avoid the shadow from the adjoining and loftier gallery of the British Institution. Two full members have been elected this year, Messrs. W. L. Leitch and J. S. Prout, from the order of Associates. The Institute is to be identified as much as possible with the New Society.

Mr. Dante Rossetti has just completed a life-size picture, comprising the head and shoulders of Joan of Arc kissing the sword found in the church at Fierbois, where in a vision she had been directed to seek it. She holds the weapon in both hands, pressing her lips against the blade above the hilt. The head is bare; its hair heaped in a bold mass from off the face. The expression is given with remarkable force and spirit, embodying the intensity and enthusiasm of the heroine in every line and hue. One arm is visible, covered with plate-armor. Over her shoulders is a mantle, damasked with gold, through which the arm appears. This is executed for Mr. J. A. Rose.—A companion to this will be a head of Helen, with the goblet she dedicated to Venus; for the same gentleman. This artist has also in hand a half-figure of Fortune, represented as a female figure shuffling a pack of cards.

The new shilling Catalogue of the National Gallery, Foreign Schools, contains the noteworthy addition of fac-similes of the signatures of artists upon pictures in the Collection, mostly of the original size. This is a very useful addition, and supplies what is often wanted, so far as its scope permits, the means of inquiring into the genuineness of works of Art.

Messrs. Clayton & Bell are executing, as a memorial of the late Lord Yarborough, a window

to be placed in the choir of Lincoln Cathedral. It is in early fourteenth-century style, and contains, set upon a diaper ground, six panels, each bearing representations of incidents in the Passion and Resurrection of Christ; bands of angels are also introduced, which give an excellent effect to the well-composed whole.—We were misled by erroneous information in attributing to this firm the perpetration of such a blunder as the reproduction of Overbeck's picture—'Christ healing the Sick' for a window in Bath Abbey. The design they produced is an original one, very well suited to architectonic purposes. The same firm are executing, in marble, a life-size figure of Christ on the Cross, which is to surmount the reredos behind the high altar of Hamburg Cathedral.

Mr. M. Noble is to execute a colossal equestrian statue of the late Lord Eglinton, to be set up at Ayr.

Portraits of the Princess of Wales abound just now. We have one upon our table published by Messrs. M'Lean, of the Haymarket, lithographed by M. Desmaisons, after a photograph by M. Hausen, of Copenhagen, which is, notwithstanding its hardness, the most creditable to the artist of any we have seen.

German religious art has sustained a severe shock by the death of Heinrich von Hess, on the 29th of March, at the age of sixty-five; and Munich has lost in him the painter with whom its artistic fame is almost inseparably connected. Next to the architectural attractions of the town, which are only the first as they are the first seen, the churches built by King Ludwig arouse the traveller's interest; and to Heinrich von Hess the decoration of these churches is chiefly due. The frescoes in the Basilica of St. Boniface, and the Court Chapel, as well as the painted windows of the church in the Au, are mostly from his hand; and in naming these the most characteristic, as the most valuable, of their kind have been recorded. Probably no Englishman has visited Munich without carrying away a grateful recollection of that fresco in the Boniface church, in which the departure of the saint from Netley Abbey is presented; and this picture, as well as others of the series, has been diffused over all England by means of engravings. Hess was born in Düsseldorf, in 1798, and came of an artistic family. His father was an engraver; his elder brother, still living in Munich, a battle painter of eminence; while other of his relations have also distinguished themselves in Art. Heinrich passed some time in Rome, being assisted by King Ludwig, then Crown Prince of Bavaria, on whose accession to the throne, however, he was recalled to Munich as Professor in the Academy and Director of the Painted Glass Manufactory. In the latter capacity, he made designs for the windows of the Cathedral at Ratisbon, and, later, for the windows of the church in the Au. The new Munich glass has been the subject of much controversy, aiming as it does at presenting pictures on glass instead of painted windows; but whatever may be the verdict of the best authorities as to the truth and correctness of these works, the pictures as designed by Hess must receive their due share of praise. The frescoes in the Court Chapel were the next works undertaken by Hess and his scholars, and after these the series of pictures detailing the life and works of St. Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans. These frescoes are by far the most important of his productions, and are in many ways worthy of being considered unique in the history of modern Art. They are distinguished from the generality of German religious works by having one most important quality—that of sympathy with the subject represented. Hess seems to have been fully in his element in portraying the deeds of St. Boniface not to have been moved by the abstract fineness of the subject or by recollections of similar frescoes executed by the great masters. He leaves unfinished a picture of 'The Last Supper,' in which the Apostles receive the Sacrament kneeling; this has not yet been shown, except to visitors at his studio.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ERNST PAUER begs to announce SIX HISTORICAL PERFORMANCES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in strictly Chronological order, with an entirely new Programme, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, ON MONDAY, April 20.—The Vienna School. April 27—Italian Composers: the School of Clementi and his Pupils. May 4—Bach, his Sons, Friedemann, Emanuel, Johann, and Pupil. May 11—French Composers and the Romantic School. May 18—English Composers, and Selection of new English, French, and German Pianoforte Music. June 1.—The most Influential and Celebrated Composers. At Three o'clock each day.—Subscription Tickets, one Guinea; Single Tickets, 5s. each. May be had on application to E. Pauer, 3, Cranley Place, Onslow Square, S.W.; the principal Musicians; and of Mr. Robert W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street, W.

APRIL 20.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, Hanover Square Rooms. The Programme will include Wesley's motets—"In Exitu Israel," Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Why rage fiercely the heathen." Pianist, Charles Halle.—Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Addition's, 210, Regent Street; Hanover Square Rooms; and Austin's Ticket-Office, 28, Piccadilly; and all Musicians.

MR. DEACON begs to announce that he will give THREE SEANCES OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by the kind permission of Messrs. Colliard), on THURSDAYS, April 20 and May 21, and MONDAY, June 8, to commence at Three o'clock.—Violin, M. Sainton and Herr Pollitzer; Viola, Mr. H. Webb and Mr. Clementi; Violoncello, Signor Fesze; Contra-Basso, Mr. C. Berens; Pianoforte, Mr. Deacon.—Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; to admit three to one Seance, One Guinea; single Ticket, Half-a-Guinea: to be had of Mr. R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 72, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, FRIDAY EVENING, May 1.—Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt having generously given their services, a Grand Performance of Handel's Cantata, L'ALLEGRO and IL PENSIEROSO, will take place in AID of the FUNDS of the ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES at Putney. The Solo Parts by the following eminent Artists:—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. The Cantata will be preceded by Handel's Grand Orchestral Concerto, No. 12.—Tickets, 7s., 10s. 6d., and One Guinea each, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Academy, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Addison & Lucas's, Regent Street; at all the principal Musicians' and Libraries; and at the Office of the Hospital, 10, Poultry.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Patroness, Her Majesty the Queen.—The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of the MESSIAH will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY, May 6, at Eight o'clock, in aid of the Funds of the Charity.—Conductor, Prof. W. A. Bennett. Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whiffin, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Weiss.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s., at Addison & Lucas's, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and at the principal Music Warehouses.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In some respects Mr. Mapleson has improved on his arrangements of last season, though "more remains to do." His chorus, which a quarter of a century ago would have been thought sufficient—nay, amazing—can now pass only as mediocre. The same may be said of his orchestra, which, however, seems better under Signor Ardit's control than it was in 1862. The voices of his principal singers in 'Il Trovatore,' with which the theatre opened this day week, could hardly, we apprehend, be matched as a quartett in Europe; the artists being Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Alboni, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley. The voice of the *prima donna* was, during a great part of the evening, at its best,—and it will, and must, and should, command an audience to a certain degree in 'proportion as, for sake of splendid tone, they can dispense with delicacy of finish and sacred fire. Thus Mdlle. Titiens was weakest where she should have been strongest—in Signor Verdi's best scene, the air 'D'amor sull' all' rose,' and the following 'Miserere.' It would be a pity should it prove that one so gloriously endowed with the ninety-nine requisites has already reached the meridian of her talent; but at present it would seem as if her Neapolitan campaign had brought with it no progress. Madame Alboni and Signor Giuglini exerted themselves to their utmost. Mr. Santley is now, beyond contest, the best *Conte di Luna* on the stage;—he acts and presents himself with greater power and ease than formerly. All four singers were most warmly applauded. Between the acts of the opera, a new *Serenata* was performed in honour of the late royal marriage; the words by Mr. Oxenford, the music by Mr. Cusins (Lambourn, Cock & Co.).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye's second opera was 'I Puritani,' given this day week for the introduction of Signora Fioretti. The readers of our foreign correspondence may recollect that favourable mention of this lady, while she was singing in Naples, has appeared there. Her voice is a genuine *soprano*; her execution is finished with an honesty rare in these slovenly days. She is, in brief, a singer, as the word used to be understood; and seeing that in Paris and London we lay

greater stress on the refinements of the fascinating art as settled by the canons of the great school, than they now do in Germany and Italy, it will not surprise us if her pleasing natural gifts and good vocalism raise her to a favour she has not enjoyed at home. Her success on Saturday was complete, and being thoroughly merited is not likely to be transient,—though, probably, it must be maintained in comic, not serious, opera; her powers as an actress being limited. As regards her playmates, the cast can hardly be called satisfactory; Signor Neri-Baraldi, clever as he is, cannot be accepted as an *Arturo*, save provisionally, and the days of Signor Ronconi's glory as a sentimental singer are over. M. Faure completed the quartett.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Mr. Dannreuther.—Unless we are mistaken, Saturday last showed a remarkable first appearance in a world where first appearances become, year by year, more and more difficult,—the world of pianoforte players. Mr. Dannreuther is a player requiring small consideration on the score of youth; less allowance for inevitable inexperience; least of all, no silly sympathy such as those melancholy creatures called prodigies easily manage to engage, to the destruction of their future progress. He is simply an artist who enters his profession with an armament of means, powers, and intellectual endowments, regarding the future issue of which there can be no doubt, life and health permitting. His success, from first to last, was remarkable, we repeat. Chopin's first *Concerto*, the one in F minor, is no piece of plesantry, but a difficult, dreamy, elaborate composition, in places weak—the beauty of which (and the beauty is great) can only be developed by one who commands rare powers of execution and an innate delicacy of sentiment not to be assumed nor counterfeited—the true musician's sentiment. This difficult *Concerto* was delivered with so much command of the instrument, so much energy (when energy was wanted) and poetical grace, as not merely to hold fast a large and miscellaneous audience, to whom it was strange, but to assert, to all those who have ears to hear, the arrival of a great new player. A feat much more difficult has not often been accomplished. After this, Mr. Dannreuther played Prof. Moscheles' graceful *Serenade*, (Op. 103), a charming, real and sound single movement, and then Dr. Liszt's brilliant transcript of M. Gounod's brilliant and natural *Faust Waltz*. The themes seize the ear, and the treatment of them is most effective for every purpose of display. Better played the piece could hardly have been, save, perhaps, by Dr. Liszt himself.

ADELPHI.—A new farce has been produced here, entitled, 'The Trial of Tompkins.' It is an adaptation of 'Le Meilleur des Pères,' by MM. Adrien Decourrelle and Jules Adonis, which has been contributed to the English boards by Mr. T. J. Williams. The success of the piece depends on the humour of Mr. J. L. Toole, as *Timotheus Tompkins*, who, as suitor for the hand of *Bella Sharpshins*, is subjected to certain trials by her father as the conditions of acceptance. His courage is tested, and, by the force of brag, he at first succeeds, but his inherent cowardice is soon proved. His rival, *Henry Mowbray* (Mr. Sefton), introducing real pistols, with powder and ball, instead of those mentioned in the manuscript programme, to which he had had furtive access, Tompkins at once surrenders his claim to the lady. There is not much in such incidents as these; but the actors laboured to make them effective.

SURREY.—The notion of a sensation-piece by the managers of this house is a cumulative one. Not content with working up to a particular situation, they prefer a series of startling effects, any one of which would suffice for an ordinary drama. Every scene is a sensational scene, the last, if possible, the most so. Mr. Sawyer, a Brighton author, has determined to indulge the Surrey audience "to the top of their bent," and in a drama entitled 'Jessie Ashton; or, London by Day and Night,' has linked together as many horrors as he could

crowd into the space, and more than he could render intelligible. The heroine goes through a succession of dangers contrived for her by her lover's brother, from which she is continually delivered by her lover himself, and when she thinks, "poor easy soul," she is about to be married, finds, on the authority of her persecutor, that she has been "changed at nurse," and is the sister of her betrothed. But this is not enough; she must also be charged with murder, escape from prison, and undergo a struggle for life with a villain on Westminster Bridge. This scene is superbly set, and reconciled the audience to every inconsistency. In what we have stated, we have only indicated one of the three plots which are involved in the very complex story of the drama. In a second plot, another heroine, more fortunate, but not so innocent, poisons one of her admirers at a Casino after having cut out her sister's tongue, and ultimately falls by the dumb girl's hand. We may be excused from inserting any more of these atrocities; and the reader will, we guess, be content with what we have given, as sufficient indices of what he may expect to see, should he be an intending visitor to this theatre.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Musical Paris is about to sustain a serious loss in the departure of Madame Viardot, we perceive, who will shortly leave the capital as a resident, carrying with her the most cordial good wishes of all who take interest in what is generous, real and deep in Art. Apart from her successes as a creative artist, the influence of so consummate an intelligence, musically and intellectually exercised, as hers has been, though not paraded in public, can hardly be over-estimated or over-regretted in private. It may be said, without exaggerated praise, that there has not been one real musician of any value or significance for the last fifteen years, in the French metropolis, who has not in some form passed through her hands, and been enriched or refined, or encouraged by so passing. That her own public appearances on the stage and in the concert-room, remarkable as these have been (last and most remarkable as the interpreter of Gluck's sublime music), in no respect represent the artistic value of this gifted lady's life is known to hundreds besides ourselves. Her withdrawal is not, however, to be considered as one of those acts of formal farewell and final retirement in which many of her contemporaries and predecessors have delighted to indulge, for the sake of re-considering them. Slackened intercourse with active life need not mean utter cessation of it, and every one has good cause to hope will not—in this case.

Mr. Halle was the pianist at Monday's *Popular Concert*, at which M. Vieuxtemps re-appeared.—The programmes of the first concert of the *New Philharmonic Society* held on Wednesday, and of the *Philharmonic Concert* to be held on Monday next, might expressly have been devised to give rest to the ears of weary critics.—The only items in either having the most remote approach to novelty, are Weber's *Concerto* in c major, chosen by Dr. Wylde for Madame Arabella Goddard, and the same composer's *Concerto* in E major, which Mr. Cusins is to play on Monday.—In truth, the *Concertos* of Beethoven and Mendelssohn must be laid aside for the present,—they have been played to satiety.—Herr Pauer's *Matinées* will commence on Monday next.

It would seem, if Austrian journals are to be trusted, that Mdlle. Adelina Patti has been, during her stay in Vienna, as much assailed (the word is not too strong) with honours, cataracts of gold, and inroads of popular curiosity and rapture, as was Mdlle. Jenny Lind in America,—a fact to be left without comparison or comment, save in such a practical question as this,—"Why do not more young ladies follow Mdlle. Patti's example, and learn to sing properly?" The world is only too willing to go out and greet them, if the pretext be only tolerable.

The following is from Naples. "On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, the 'Miserere' of Signor Mercadante was executed by the pupils of the Music School, in the church of San Pietro a Maiella with success. On Thursday and Friday

evenings the 'Miserere' of Maestro Pistilla was executed in the church of San Francesco di Paolo, by a grand orchestra and the finest *artistes* in Naples. The effect of the music produced by choruses of men, women and boys was, of its kind, grand.—We English have, however, been especially interested with a musical performance which took place in the theatre of the Winter Garden on Tuesday last. Our countryman, Mr. George Douglas, Chancellor of our Consulate, had undertaken the bold task, after Pergolesi and Rossini, of setting to music the 'Stabat.' It was received with great favour. In the interval between the first and second parts, a *Sinfonia* by Achille Gardi, a young Neapolitan *artiste* of evident talent, was performed, the instrumentation of which was masterly."

German papers announce the discovery at Vienna, of an unknown Oratorio, by Schubert, on the subject of Lazarus. This is described by some writers as a composition of high interest and originality. Such, however, is the present state of German musical partisanship in praise and the reverse, and so increasingly resolute seems the humour of the people to take to themselves an exaggerated credit for certain national possessions, and to treat those of other countries with unexampled indifference and contempt,—that only limited credit can be placed in any printed recommendation which arrives from that country. "We are living now in Germany," writes one competent to speak (and who, like Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn, can perceive that Art is of no country, "in an atmosphere as bad and unwholesome for music and art altogether as is conceivable. The more one can rail against other countries, the more one will be praised at home, by those who make fair and foul weather here." Fortunately, the English at least, do not return injustice for injustice, and thus feel an interest to test for themselves the value of music by a poet, however incomplete, so rich in fancy, so real in vocation, as Francis Schubert.—Among the service-music of the Holy Week at Vienna, a "Stabat," by the same composer, was performed in the church of Alt-Lerchenfeld.

Prof. Bischoff, of Cologne, has been arranging a new text to Beethoven's hastily-written *Cantata* 'Der glorreiche Augenblick.'

Among new compositions named in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* are an overture to 'The Siege of Saragossa,' by Herr Lührs, and a comic opera, 'The Abbot of St. Gall,' by Herr Herther, produced at Leipzig on Easter Eve. Herr Tausch (not Fausch, as was erroneously printed last week) has been adding to the library of Shakspeare music by decking 'Twelfth Night.'

Writers of history, from week to week, have to tell that the revival of M. Gounod's 'Faust' at the Théâtre Lyrique, has proved so successful, that the manager has been compelled to break French engagements entered into by Madame Miolan-Carvalho (the original, and it may be said, the incomparable *Marguerite*), finding it more discreet to make heavy sacrifices and important concessions, than to attempt the run of the opera. The artist will not arrive in London before the middle or end of May. The opera, we read in Lombard journals, is the only work which has pleased at La Scala, Milan, during the past season.

It may be recollected that Marschner undertook a copyright trial, in regard to what he considered a piratical infringement of his rights, by a French published translation of his 'Vampire.' The Imperial Court has at last decided the question. The plaintiff is "cast," and condemned to pay the costs: the plaintiff has been quiet in his grave for these two years past!

Mlle. de Pommeraye that was—Signora Pomerani that is—has appeared at the Italian Opera in Paris as *Desdemona*, and is said, by the *Gazette Musicale*, to have succeeded.

The same journal undertakes that M. Offenbach shall, before the close of this year of grace, deliver to the Grand Opera at Vienna a four-act work, 'The Rhine Fairies,'—to the Victoria Theatre at Berlin, a three-act work, 'The Fair Aurora,'—for the bath-season at Ems, an operetta, 'Il Signor

Fagotto,'—and to Les Bouffes-Parisiens in Paris, a comic opera, 'The Georgians,' to inaugurate the new theatre, which will open on the first of October.

Signor Vincenzo Sarti, a new tenor singer, is said to have made a real sensation at Palermo.

The history of theatrical creations gains a new anecdote or two from the remembrances of M. Halévy, by his friend and contemporary, M. Édouard Monnaie, now being published in the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris.—'La Juive,' the opera which made Halévy's fame—his best serious opera, on a book which it has been said Signor Rossini refused—did not come to light without many difficulties to be removed. The scene was originally laid in Goa, and not in Constance. At first, on the question being broached to him, Nourrit, of whom the fickle Parisians were already beginning to complain, as past his prime, refused to personate *Eleazar*, the father, preferring *Leopold*, the lover. It would be to own that he was growing old, he said. How his re-consideration has enriched the tenor-singer's repertory with a character in its dramatic force and interest pairing off with *Otello*, all Europe knows; but Europe did not know till now, we apprehend, that Nourrit suggested the addition of the fine song, 'Rachel,' to the close of the fourth act—nay, even sketched the words,—as he also prompted Scribe and M. Meyerbeer, in 'Les Huguenots,' to produce the magnificent duet in the fourth act, following 'The Benediction of the Diggers,' which was originally set down for its *finale*. Though both additions served the dramatic singer's turn by affording room for individual display; both, also, indicate an acute and poetical dramatic intelligence, with which tenors for the most part have not proved themselves too richly provided.

MISCELLANEA

The French Post-Office.—The following facts, which regard the workings of the French post, are communicated by a German newspaper, and may be taken as supplement to the statement about the German posts which we published last December. The doings of the French post afford a fresh proof of the success of every attempt at lowering the rates of carriage and facilitating communication, for in the first year that the weight of letters was raised from 7½ to 10 grammes, the postage-stamps sold amounted to 2½ millions of francs more than in the preceding year. Registered letters were formerly charged a double rate, but as soon as this was reduced to an invariable charge of 20 centimes, the number of them more than doubled. When the postage from Paris to London amounted to 2 francs a letter, a basket was kept at the porter's lodge of the British Embassy, and every decently-dressed man might drop his letters in there, and have them conveyed by the courier who went twice a week. The want of efficient arrangement is generally the cause of postal obstruction, and, till lately, the treaties between France and other nations were in great need of reform. At present, the only state which maintains the old ineffectual scheme is, as might be expected, the Papal Government: a letter from Paris to Rome costs a franc, while one from Paris to Naples costs only 40 centimes, and to China 80 centimes, making China nearer to civilization by 20 centimes than Rome. The regulations of the book-post are, however, still faulty: a kilogramme of books costs 2 francs 40 centimes to Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia and Hanover; 4 francs 65 centimes to Baden and Wurtemberg; and 6 francs 60 centimes to Austria. Thus, if a book is sent from Paris to Baden, a journey of twelve hours, it costs double the freight to Munich, a journey of twenty-four. And a reform is wanted in the matter of proof-sheets, which are not allowed to go under a cross-band for fear people should write correspondence on the margin. A German author, residing in Paris, had a book of 100 sheets printed at home, and found correcting the proofs too great a luxury, as the postage of each sheet amounted to 3 francs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—M. D.—E. H.—G. V. S.—W.—An Old Subscriber—J. M. J.—W. H.—J. C. P.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

LITERATURE

Der chemische Process der Ernährung der Vegetabilien. Von Justus von Liebig. (Brunswick, Vieweg & Son.)

The Natural Laws of Husbandry. By Justus von Liebig. Edited by John Blyth, M.D. (Walton & Maberly.)

THE seventh German edition of Prof. von Liebig's 'Applied Chemistry' opens with an Introduction, which has been omitted in Mr. Blyth's English translation. We will not say unaccountably omitted, since a plausible reason for the omission will present itself to the mind of every reader. If Horace shuddered a little when his friend Asinius Pollio figuratively walked upon ashes, beneath which a latent fire was still glimmering, a publisher may be excused if he does not willingly put his hand into a fire.

Prof. von Liebig's Introduction owes its existence to the treatment which his mineral manures have received at the hands of the British agriculturists. Prof. Liebig is querulous, personal, and condemnatory. He has taken John Bull by the horns, and the tuzzle will afford sport for the scientific Philistines. The German is on dangerous ground; but even more irritating than the Professor himself is a certain English physician (name unknown) whose remarks form the most highly-seasoned part of the Introduction.

Prof. von Liebig, it seems, highly disgusted with the experiments of Mr. Lawes, so far as they were considered proofs of the inefficiency of his manures, and still more disgusted with the importance attached to them by Mr. Philip Pusey, President of the Royal Agricultural Society, was anxious to know what it all meant. Mr. Lawes, according to Mr. Pusey, had given a death-blow to the so-called mineral theory of Prof. von Liebig. Be this as it may, Mr. Lawes has certainly not given the death-blow to the Professor himself, who rises, with renewed vitality, in wrathful defence of his offspring, so wantonly, as he thinks, set down in the scientific obituary.

The condemnation of the mineral theory, and the manure, which is its practical result, could only originate from a defect somewhere. The defect might be in the manure itself, or it might be in the British mind. Convinced that it was not in the former, Prof. Liebig might, by a mere logical process, have arrived at the conclusion that it was certainly in the latter; but preferring direct information to the indirect form of reasoning, he applies to a scientific Englishman, by profession a physician, to report as to the general condition of natural science in this country.

The physician is delighted with the job. National pride as a British subject, and veneration for science, as represented by Prof. Liebig, are both alive within him; but they pleasantly harmonize with each other. Thus, he begins:—"We are an eminently practical people, endowed with an amount of active force, energy, boldness and perseverance in undertaking and carrying out great enterprises, that falls to the lot of no other nation. This appears not only in industrial and commercial undertakings, or in the exploits of our travellers, but in all possible directions. Observe the soldier in our little army during the Indian campaign, surrounded by a population which, naturally treacherous and cruel, only waits for his defeat to tear him in pieces. Threatened in his camp by a frightful distemper; weakened by the most wearisome marches, under a tropical sun, and

opposed to an antagonist strong in numbers, whom he himself has instructed in all the arts of war,—observe this soldier, his bravery and his devotion to his cause; in the battle itself how he bends to no danger, and how his strength increases with every obstacle! Never did the history of the world record more heroic deeds; and most elevating is the spectacle at home, when, on the arrival of an Indian post, the whole country is transformed, as it were, into an arena, round which is seated the people, with greedy eyes and outstretched heads, following the motions and the deeds of every single soldier as of the entire army, each spectator having his own especial favourite, to whom he shouts, 'Courage, brave heart! we see all that you are doing for your country, for us!'"

So much, and a little more, for the gratification of national pride; but who does not feel that a "but" is coming, nay, is the very apex to which all this eulogy is tending? These noble Britons who are packed on the seats of a vast Colosseum, in the midst of which the Indian peninsula is so conveniently placed for inspection, though thirty millions in number, have not thirty among them all who know either what science is or what is its object. Do not let Prof. Liebig, in the spirit of German cosmopolitanism, quote the names of Newton, and Adam Smith, and Davy, and Stuart Mill, to show his too sympathetic correspondent that he is going a little too far: "No," says the English physician, "the researches of these men have struck no root into the people itself; they only serve palpably to show how rare among us is the inspiration for science, and how brilliant and rich it is when manifested in an individual, since in him are reflected those great capabilities which are proper to the nation."

English science, our Doctor thinks, is only dilettantism. Brown and Owen, and Lyell and Phillips, are certainly great men, and we talk about them with becoming reverence, but we take great care never to read their books. The man of science, therefore, when he is 'cute as well as scientific, will contrive every now and then to please the dilettanti. Thus, Prof. Tyndall, whose really profound investigations in electricity and magnetism were little noticed, made a tolerable sensation with his work on the Glaciers, the scientific substance of which might, with a slight compressing power, be reduced to a brace of propositions. "Listen (says the Doctor, in pursuance of this argument) to your ingenious friend, the Duke of Argyll, when he delivers his inaugural discourse to the Edinburgh Royal Society. With what dialectical dexterity and eloquence does he refute Darwin's arguments on the origin of species! One would think he was making gilded balls dance and glimmer in the sunlight, on purpose to bid them vanish in his sleeve with the dexterity of a Bosco. Scientific questions that can be decided by the Duke of Argyll, who can only take them up as a pleasant pastime for a leisure hour, must necessarily be set down as mere dilettantism."

But if we are wretched smatterers in all the other physical sciences, we outdarken ourselves in the particular science of chemistry. Let Shadwell be supposed not a poet, but an ordinary English chemist, and these lines from Dryden's 'Mac Flecknoe' will hit him off to a nicety:—

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

Nay, even if we find a good chemist, we should be puzzled to talk about him, for we have not a word in our language—so says the Doctor—to denote what a German would call a "Chemiker." In our ignorance, we fancied that even this formidable word might be translated "Chemist" without violent inaccuracy. But, no doubt, the Doctor saw "Druggist" at the tail of the English equivalent, well knowing that there are heathens who if told that Raphael was a painter would infer that, if he had properly learnt his business, he must have been a glazier also. It is consoling to hear that the *Journal of the Chemical Society* is at any rate trying its best; the *Journal* seems as if it would like (*scheint zu wollen*) to become a chemical journal, if it could: we will give it credit for its good intentions.

Prof. Liebig is, moreover, requested by his English annotator to reflect that our teachers of chemistry do not derive from their chairs sufficient income to keep them from starving, and are therefore obliged to enter into the service of ignorant manufacturers, and to devote the time they might otherwise employ in scientific investigation to some more profitable pursuit. Want may sharpen wit, but it does not advance chemistry. Let it be borne in mind, too, that the very name of a theorist is hateful to Britons, and that the scientific attainments of one of our most eminent surgeons make him profoundly unhappy, so much does he fear lest his character as a practical man should be compromised.

All this duly considered, Prof. Liebig is warned by his adviser not to be especially wrathful with poor Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, for though "the many experiments of Lawes and Gilbert on the fattening of swine, oxen and sheep can only awaken compassion in the minds of those who know anything of physiological processes," it is to be remembered they are only Englishmen. Mr. Lawes is rather better than the rest of his countrymen, for he did make experiments of some sort or other on the manures; whereas, of the 4,600 members of the Royal Agricultural Society, not a single man did anything of the kind, though the Doctor kindly thinks it probable that they all read Liebig's book.

In the "Introduction," the English Doctor's letter is preceded by a minute examination, on the part of Prof. Liebig himself, of Mr. Lawes's experiments and the results deduced from them. Weighing his own wrongs and the information he has received, the Professor arrives at the conclusion that, as far as scientific agriculture is concerned, the landholders of Great Britain are in a very bad way. Yet, when we look about us, it is difficult to see any serious grounds for being discouraged.

When Mr. Glaisher got up nearly five miles high above the smoke of London he could see probably the whole area of the "farm" which supplies the metropolis with food,—all Essex, Kent, Herts, Middlesex and Surrey, most of Sussex, much of Hampshire, Berks, Bucks, Oxfordshire, Cambridgeshire and Suffolk. Of course, as everybody knows, the food supply of London also comes from more distant counties and from far off countries. The cattle-trains which every week unload at Paddington and King's Cross come from west and east and north as far as railroads reach, and the grain which is daily transferred to our warehouses comes literally from the ends of the earth. The counties named do, nevertheless, feed a population equal to that of London, most of whom reside in the metropolis. It is the material of their soil and of the air which floats above it, out of which the annual food of all that multitude is built; and

every year for centuries the grain and meat thus grown have been sold off from it, never to return. The soluble parts of both air and soil on which plants feed have thus been annually exported from this district; and, to aggravate the loss, as one would think, every year the soil has been washed by five times its bulk of that powerful solvent, rain-water, which carries all it can to sea. What process can be imagined more perfectly adapted to the rapid deterioration of the land and the reduction of its fertility? But what is the actual fact? What would Mr. Glaisher have seen from a similar elevation a few centuries ago? The landscape may have been as green, but it was for the most part waste and wild. Trees and gorse and scrub covered the greater portion of it—perennial plants, often taking years to gather up the power to yield an occasional autumnal produce. And the soil itself, where it was inclosed, was most of it every year in bare fallow, or only naturally clothed; thus taking years to yield an occasional and scanty crop of grain. There is not a plant the farmer grows which does not give a threefold produce, four or five times as often, from tenfold the acreage within this district, now, as compared with then,—not an animal he feeds that does not now in tenfold numbers produce double the amount of flesh in one-third the time that it did five centuries ago. And it is, of course, from an increased fertility of the soil that this immense increase of production is originally derived.

This wonderful agricultural progress and success has, indeed, been equally witnessed in all parts of the island, and local examples might be named which would even more strikingly illustrate it. On the Prince Consort's Flemish Farm of stiff clay soil, now drained, steam-cultivated, equipped with farm buildings, and producing heavy crops of wheat, oats, beans, &c., a few deer used to find a scanty living amidst gorse and rushy grass and woodland glades. Tiptree Farm was Tiptree Heath not fifty years ago. We take the general aspect of Mr. Glaisher's landscape, however, in preference to any particular locality within it, because it is the feeding-ground of wasteful London. Its produce traverses first the streets and then the sewers of the metropolis; and the enormous drain is enough to impoverish a province. That the province is, notwithstanding, being rapidly enriched is to some extent, no doubt, owing to the guano, nitre, bones, oilcake, grain and all kinds of food annually imported by the river which carries the elements of all these things to waste. Even more, it is owing to those agricultural improvements which put the natural resources of our growing crops in soil and air to their fullest use. And it is further due to improvements in the plants and animals themselves by which these resources are so economically utilized. But the fact remains, however it may be explained, that improvement, not impoverishment, is visible in all directions; and the circumstances, therefore, certainly are not favourable to the reception of the warning voice which, in the volume before us, Baron Liebig utters in the ears of British agriculturists.

British agriculturists, let us say at once, owe much to Prof. von Liebig. It is to the faith which he inspired in the chemistry of vegetable and animal growth that we owe the rapid rise of the manufacture of artificial manures among us as well as the safety and extension of so-called "artificial" feeding in the meat-manufacture, and both of these events are of first-class agricultural importance. His confident argument, bristling with apposite illustrations, has often aroused both thought and effort, the good effects of which remain, notwithstanding the diminished confidence with which, as time

has tried his theories and assertions, some of them have been ultimately received. He is here again as arrogant as ever,—warning us of our coming ruin, foreshadowed as it is by the clover sickness and turnip failures, which indicate the exhaustion of our subsoils,—laughing our scientific men to scorn, and especially sarcastic and unfair towards Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, who have supplanted him as authorities on the chemistry of agriculture in this country.

We now grow more bread and meat than ever we have done before; and, what is a still greater proof of national prosperity, even so, we do not keep pace with the increasing numbers and demands of our population. We supply all countries with our improved breeds of cattle and sheep. Ayrshire, Durham, Hereford and Devon, but a few square miles apiece, supply the agriculturists of all nations with breeds which are unequalled anywhere. We have taught our neighbours the fertilizing influence of land-drainage, by which we have ourselves immensely benefited;—we have supplied them with all the machinery of the farm;—we have at length shown them how to apply steam-power in the cultivation of the soil, as it has been already successfully applied in most other agricultural processes. Our Example Farms, the work of private enterprise, headed by those of the late Prince Consort, furnish now the rule of ordinary practice in every county; our farmers produce more food per acre than those of any other country. And although, according to all the rules of German philosophy, we ought to be languishing and moribund, certainly we have not learnt as yet "how not to do it." Leaving the work of abstract reasoning to others, true to the instincts of our race, we succeed in the accomplishment of our work. We do not, indeed, accept the Chinese as our exemplars; but, preferring cleanliness and health, we have thus saved energy and life more than sufficient to replace, by labour in other fields, whatever our cleanliness may in the mean time have cost us. And our German censors may rest assured that, as soon as the profitableness of any process for the purpose shall be proved, *vis inertia* will no more hinder us than abstract reasoning hitherto has urged us; but the work of saving London sewage, and so of inaugurating the "only safe system" of agriculture, will very soon be done.

It is in some such mood as may be thus expressed, that most readers will rise from a perusal of Baron Liebig's work. The proofs which they everywhere perceive of our agricultural progress and success cannot fail to clash grotesquely with his predictions of our failure and exhaustion; and, moreover, it is not without a mixed feeling of indignation and amusement that they will find our scientific leaders, whose good services have been long and gratefully acknowledged, treated by him with insolence.

Let us not, however, following the example of his strong personal prejudice and bias, refuse to admit the useful light which he has once more thrown on the phenomena of vegetation and of cultivation. While his arrogant self-confidence repels us, let it not hinder us as agriculturists or persons interested in agriculture, from examination of his arguments and assertions. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to find, of so energetic and powerful a teacher, that these pages betray no signs whatever of that age which he confesses in such characteristic terms, "when the elements of the mortal body betray a certain tendency to commence a new circle of action."

The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous; who was a Soldier, a Sailor, a Merchant, a Spy, a Slave among the Moors, a Bashaw in the Service of the Grand Turk, and died at last in his own House in Hanover Square: a Narrative in Old-fashioned English. Attempted by George Augustus Sala. 3 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

In the last and most humorous sentence of a characteristic Preface Mr. Sala calls this story of Captain Dangerous's strange adventures "an experiment," and admits that it has been severely handled by critics on its way into the world through the pages of a monthly magazine. What the critics have said or left unsaid we do not care to ask. Mr. Sala must settle accounts with them; and that he is able to arrange matters with his adversaries so that a balance of honest and pungent satire is left standing in his favour no one familiar with his writings will question. Perhaps no work of fiction was ever less adapted for serial publication than this remarkable and entertaining autobiography. Fortunately, we have not to judge it in parts, but to speak of it as a whole; and after many pleasant hours spent over its pages we are in a position to recommend it from more than one point of view to readers of widely different tastes. Unquestionably it is "an experiment," in these days when plot and character are the two principal ingredients in every popular novel, and when the writer of prose fiction is usually required to delineate the life of the present day, or times bordering on the present. Of plot 'The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous' has none whatever. Readers who begin at the last chapter of the third volume and work backwards, will slide into the story just as smoothly as those who in orthodox fashion begin at the beginning. From first to last it has neither mystery nor puzzle of any kind. Neither is it a novel of character; for apart from Captain Dangerous, the bluff, manly narrator of his own vicissitudes, there is not a personage in the book on whom the author has in any degree exercised that faculty for the creation of character which he displayed in 'The Seven Sons of Mammon.' Neither can it be described as a novel of incident; for though each chapter abounds with adventures, the interest of the tale does not depend upon them,—indeed, is scarcely heightened by them. Even the most sympathetic listener to stories of peril and disaster is spared the liveliest kind of pity and the most agonizing excitement of anxious fear when the hero of each position is his own historian, and in the opening of his narrative says that he has not only triumphed over his enemies and conquered evil fortune, but is at the advanced age of sixty-eight rich, hearty and respectable.

Now that the reader knows what this story is *not*, it is time to tell him what it is. When he first sits down to write his autobiography, Captain John Dangerous is the occupant of his own house in Hanover Square, and the father of a certain blue-eyed Lillias who has recently become the wife of Edward Marriner. Happy in witnessing the happiness of his child, enjoying good health and spirits, but burdened with overmuch leisure, Captain Dangerous seeks amusement in committing to paper the principal facts of his personal history. The year in which he thus turns author is 1780, and his reminiscences begin with recollections of a childhood sixty years distant, which was spent under the care of his grandmother, in the same house which he occupies in his old age. All the early part of the first volume is excellent. The portrait of the grandmother, a lady of highest quality, living in dignity and mysterious splendour, and

visited by the Jacobite aristocracy of "the town," is followed by a sketch of the aged lady's girlhood, when she was Arabella Greenville. The ease and strength with which the girl is put upon the canvas, surrounded by the historic characters of the Commonwealth and Restoration, show that Mr. Sala could succeed in the highest field of the novelist's art. The Protector's state progress to the City and his interview with Arabella, after she has attempted his life in the hope of avenging the murder of her lover, are admirably managed. So good, indeed, is the entire sketch of Captain Dangerous's ancestress that we think Mr. Sala would have done well had he given us an historical romance, based on the story of which he here gives only glimpses, and had left the adventures of the lady's grandson for another work.

Having said just enough about his grandmother to make readers wish that he had said much more, Captain Dangerous recalls how she was interred with suitable pomp, and then proceeds to tell how it fared with him after the death of his venerable protectress, when he was barely ten years of age. Acting under influences, about the exact nature of which the reader is left in doubt, malignant guardians, bent on dishonouring the well-descended child, send him to a wretched school, where he is starved and flogged with a brutality which justifies suspicion that Gnawbit, the pedagogue, has received instructions to make away with his pupil. Escaping from the clutches of the tyrant, little John Dangerous joins a gang of deer-stealers in Charlwood Chase, and works with them till the strong hand of law lays its grip on him and his companions, and he is shipped to "the Plantations," doomed to endure perpetual slavery. Returning from the West Indies to Europe, he takes service as a gentleman's servant, and travels about the Continent in attendance on a master whose feebleness, and meanness, and absurdities are delineated in a fashion which reminds the reader of Smollett's method of portraying the ludicrous. After changes of fortune, some of which are minutely set forth, though most of them are only hinted at, the adventurer figures as the servant of his country instead of a private master. As a Tower warder he sees the executions of Kilmarnock and Lovat. Throwing up his appointment, however, he soon tries his fortune in the more dignified character of a military loungee in the western quarters of the town. Then he turns sailor again; and ultimately, after countless mutations of fortune,—amongst which love, marriage, slavery and military service bear part,—he returns to London a wealthy widower, bent on spending a calm and philosophic old age. Of the means by which he acquired his riches the Captain speaks vaguely, but, from what he lets fall, it seems clear that he was not inexpert in the noble art of plundering.

This outline of a chequered and scarcely reputable career Mr. Sala has filled up with graphic sketches of such men and things as a Captain Dangerous of the last century might be presumed to deem most worthy of remark. Fielding's London is put before the reader from the point of view which a jolly, rollicking Bohemian of the period would be most likely to select as a ground for observation. In short, 'The Adventures of Captain Dangerous' does for the London of a hundred years since what 'Twice Round the Clock' has done for London of the present day. In the same way, Mr. Sala, in language suitable to the character of his hero, paints the characteristic features of distant cities at the time when Captain Dangerous visited them. Such is the narrative

which the writer calls "an experiment," and for which he anticipates the criticism that it is improbable any one person should have passed through all the adventures and vicissitudes allotted to his hero. That such a reflection on the book would be misplaced, it is almost needless to observe. The career of Captain Dangerous was, of course, no ordinary career; but it would not be difficult to match it in the actual lives of adventurers who figured in the days of our great-grandfathers. But the question of probability is out of place; the inquiry for the critic being whether the narrative, as a whole, resembles the stories with which the literary offspring of Defoe stocked the book-stalls of the eighteenth century. When it is compared with the works of which it is an imitation, Mr. Sala's "experiment" must be allowed to be a great success. As a life-like reproduction of an obsolete form of literature, setting forth, with much vigour and freshness of humour, a living writer's ideal of the views and ways of life taken by an adventurous rover some generations since, the book will delight those who are familiar with the sources from which its stores of information have been drawn. It will also be read with interest by those persons who wish to know what an eighteenth-century novel, based on the adventures of one leading character, was like, and yet would be restrained by considerations of delicacy from perusing the works of which 'Moll Flanders' may be regarded as a type. Whether, as far as the writer's reputation is concerned, the game is worth the candle,—whether he has not expended labour and much reading on a task which will, at best, only procure him praise for ingenuity, when he might have used them on work of a higher order,—and whether, now that his mimetic feat has been accomplished, he will find very many readers who can fully appreciate the merits of his performance, are open questions. Looking merely at the work before us, we do not hesitate to commend it as a book which will raise its author's reputation amongst men of letters.

Epigrams, Ancient and Modern: Humorous Witty, Satirical, Moral, Panegyric, Monumental. Edited, with an Introductory Preface, by the Rev. J. Booth, B.A. (Longman & Co.)

THE Epigram is of very respectable antiquity; yet the men of old did not, indeed, to their very great credit, show a malicious precociousness in saying sharp things. The ancient epigram had more polish than point. The maker wished to be brilliant, and not brutal or censorious. Probably, there is no older claimant to be the inventor of epigrams than the "lady's-maid" of the Eleusinian Queen Metanira, the sprightly Iambe. When Ceres, with weeping eyes and bleeding heart, was in search of that naughty daughter of hers, the wilful Proserpine, Iambe was sent with her to lighten the way by her smart sayings. The maid allowed no opportunity to slip, and the Goddess of Corn, wiping away her tears, shook like full ears of wheat in a pleasant harvest-wind at the sparkling little sayings of the tight-girdled handmaid of Metanira.

Among graver people of old the epigram did not flourish. Toplady, however, in one of his numerous writings, is disposed to look upon Elijah's address to the priests of Baal, of which he gives his own translation, as epigrammatic. But an anonymous author, in the Truth-seeker, found something more sarcastic still in the remark of Lemuel's mother to her royal son, whom she had been urging against the perils of the bowl, and who was, probably, not so at-

tentive to the matronly counsel as a dutiful son might have been: "Give *shechar* unto him who is ready to perish!" The point of which is not unlike that in one of the many epigrammatic songs of Dibdin:—

Says Father, when last I from Guinea
Returned with abundance of wealth,
"Now, Jack, pray don't be such a ninny
As to drink!"—Said I, "Father, your health!"

The old Greek epigram was, as the name implies, simply an inscription or a superscription, monumental or otherwise. Pun, point and quibble were the additions of later times. The nearest approach to *point* is in that on Sappho:

Some reckon Muses nine! Ah, careless men,
The Lesbian Sappho makes the number, ten!

The epigrams of other Greek writers are moral maxims or instructive similes; and, perhaps, the most beautiful of all is the epigram by Simmias, which is not less beautiful or touching in the English form in which it has been given to us, in the tuneful lines beginning with—

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.

Scarcely less perfect is the so-called epigram, we might say epitaph, on Euripides, which has been so well imitated by Jonson in his lines on Drayton's tomb in Westminster Abbey. Indeed, with respect to epitaphs especially, and, in many instances, epigrams also, rare Ben is equal to any Greek of them all, in excess of praise as well as excess of wit; not excepting, as an illustration of the former, the lines on Aristophanes wherein the Graces are described as looking for a shrine, and finding it at last in the $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta$ of the satirist of Cydathene.

Concentrated satire was that which the Romans added to the elegant terseness of the Greek, thereby producing the modern epigram. The Cæsars, in such examples as are given by Suetonius, were rather ambitious than successful epigrammatists. No doubt, the guests in whose presence the wit was uttered laughed hysterically: who would *not* laugh at the good things of a potentate who was occasionally in the habit of cutting off heads which would not wag in approbation? Martial, of course, stands at the head of all Latin writers of epigrams, and how strange is the mixture!—Filthy and refined, crawling and rampant—the rankest abuse and the most exquisite flattery—heavy as a sledge-hammer, and light, and bright, and piercing, and curative though painful, as the finest gold probe in one of Anel's surgical cases. He licks the feet of the Cæsars, and tells them hard truths as though he were Court jester instead of Court poet. He pours into woman's ear phrases that might revolt the very lowest of them who infested the Suburra, and anon he murmurs musical words that might win the purest heart to love. Perhaps he is at his very best when writing epigrams brimming with affection to his wife,—

Tu desiderium domine mihi mittis urbis
Esse jubes, Romam tu mihi sola facis.

—Such lines are far more enjoyable than those in which he abuses his parents for allowing him to learn to read. For the latter lines he has himself been plentifully abused; but they are evidently written in jest, and Martial is no more to be held in dishonour for them than his character is to be settled by what is unclean in his epigrams. The abounding beautiful is to be weighed against the abounding base; and his own assertion, epigrammatically put, must be allowed some weight,—

Laetiva est nobis pagina; vita proba est.

—Southerne might have said the same at the end of the dullest and dirtiest of his comedies. Congreve, on the other hand, abounds in dirty epigrammatic wit, the uncleanness of which, he maintains in his Prefaces, only exists in the base application made of the wit by his readers.

The great merit of Jonson's Epigrams, including therein his monumental inscriptions, is their originality in union with their unparalleled beauty and eloquent terseness. In all our satirical writers the epigram abounds. Young's Satires may be cut up into epigrams, and they would form a handsome volume. In less degree may this be done with Pope. Yet where it can be effected, the success is, perhaps, even more complete, Pope being less verbose than the divine. Epigrams have been said to be intended, as the lancet,—used pointedly for the benefit of the sufferer and the instruction of the looker-on. But they are too often like a splinter, which irritates and does not heal a wound. A true epigram should have many graces about its point, fine as those fair angels who, legends say, could dance together by thousands on the thin end of a needle. All depends on the spirit in which they are written. The philosophers who uttered epigrams on their deathbeds, even he who said that life was an epigram and death the point to it, may be undoubtedly set down as having had fear and vanity for their inspiring muses.

But it is time that we should turn to Mr. Booth, who has compiled a very imperfect and unsatisfactory volume on this subject. One of his objects seems to be to ridicule the "cloth," the most severe epigrams being those levelled at clergymen. If these were all *ancient*, there would be less objection to be made; but when he reprints from *Punch* all those with which Bishop Villiers and "Cheese," as Mr. Booth calls him, were pelted, we think he shows want of judgment, which includes a lack of charity. The following are Mr. Booth's illustrations of life among his brethren:—

The Traveller and Clergyman.

C. I've lost my portmanteau.
T. I pity your grief.
C. All my sermons are in it.
T. I pity the thief.

He gives, too, repeated funny illustrations of "All flesh is grass," which is miserable fun on so serious a subject. This is a sample of—

A late Bishop's Charge to his Clergy poetized.

Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
Dance not, fiddle not, fute not;
Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs;
But stay at home, and feed your pigs;
And, above all, I make it my special desire,
That, at least, once a week you dine with the Squire.

The above, against a wide-awake bishop, is perhaps condoned by another:—

On a Parson who fell asleep at a Party.

Still let him sleep, still let us talk, my friends,—
When next he preaches we'll have full amends.

Mr. Booth finds most delight in "banging the bishops":—

On B——, Bishop of Durham, and Barrington, the Pickpocket.

Two names of late, in a different way,
With spirit and zeal did bestir 'em,
The one was transported to Botany Bay,
The other translated to Durham.

Anon, the satire includes congregation as well as clerics:—

"Attend your Church," the parson cries;
To Church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

But the compiler soon "harks back" to the trail of the parsons:—

Time Enough.

A clerical prig, who one morn joined the chase,
For which he had always an itching,
Was thrown from his horse, and fell flat on his face,
A dangerous, dirty, deep ditch in.

Each Nimrod that pass'd him for help loud did cry,
But onward all eagerly panted;
The whipper-in lustily roars, "Let him lie!
'Till Sunday he will not be wanted."

With the exception of the lines on Secker, and one or two others, the clergy and Church are rather pilloried than exalted, or even fairly represented, in this collection, wherein the faults are innumerable. One of the most unpardonable

of these faults is the want of notes exactly where they are wanted. Thus we have, without any reference to the cause of quarrel between Dean and Duke, the following:—

The Duke and the Dean.

James Bridges and the Dean had long been friends;
James is be-duked, and so their friendship ends;
And sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke.

SWIFT.

The want of a note is still more felt in the following case:—

On Lord Cadogan.

By fear unmoved, by shame unawed,
Offspring of hangman and of bawd;
Ungrateful to the ungrateful men he grew by,
A bold, bad, boist'rous, blust'ring, bloody booby.

ATTERBURY.

How are young readers to understand the above? Does Mr. Booth know that the Cadogan of the above epigram was the wretched fellow who, when Bishop Atterbury was sent prisoner to the Tower, cried, "Fling him to the lions"? Atterbury went too far in the above, for it was Cadogan's grandfather, Sir Hardress Waller, who was one of the judges of Charles the First, and Cadogan's mother, Bridget Waller, was certainly not open to the episcopal abuse.

But ignorance is better than indecency; and if some epigrams are unintelligible to general readers, others are too well annotated. That on the bodies of Dr. Sacheverell and Sally Salisbury ought never to have been admitted.

The crushing epigram which Burns made against Andrew Horner is here given to the disadvantage of one Turner; and no allusion is made to the quarrel out of which it arose, and without mention of which the piece sounds like wanton brutality. The epigrams connected with English history, whether social or political, are rendered worse than useless; they are misleading, for want of an explanatory note. We cite one example out of many:—

On the late Duchess of St. Alban's.

The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms;
Her conqu'ring eyes have made their race complete;
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

The "late Duchess of St. Alban's" was the widow Coutts, the ex-actress Mellon; but the Duchess of the epigram was the sole daughter and heiress of the twentieth Earl of Oxford. She is among the Hampton Court beauties, and this daughter of Aubrey de Vere married the first Duke of St. Alban's, the son of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne. It was the great-grandson of this duke and duchess who married Miss Moses, the damsel who was refused by Lord Peterborough because her fortune did not come within 15,000*l.* of what he considered might qualify her to become his wife. The tale, told by Lord Auckland, is worth all the epigrams in this ill-arranged volume.

But it is not of ill arrangement or carelessness only that the reverend collector is guilty. Numerous are the gross errors made in naming the authorship of many of these epigrams. Thus, we find—

The Book-Worms.

Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings:
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

BURNS.

—If this is to be found in any genuine edition of Burns, it is at best an imitation of Guichard's epigram:—

Je te tiens, souris téméraire,
Un trébuchet me fait raison;
Tu me rongerais, coquine, un tome de Voltaire,
Tandis que j'avais là les œuvres de Pradon.

Mr. Booth's ignorance of the authorship of some of the commonest epigrams in our language is more pardonable when he refrains from naming any writer, as in the case of "Tender-handed touch a nettle," which is universally known to be Hill's, than when he ascribes the

work to an impossible source. He signs the following, not with the name of the author, but that of the man satirized:—

On "the Tuft Hunter."

A Duke once declared—and most solemnly too—
That whatever he liked with his own he would do;
But the son of a duke has farther gone,
He will do what he likes with what isn't his own.

LORD W. LENNOX.

This change of hero into author cannot come of respect to the peerage, as the next sample will certify:—

To Lady Mount E——, on the Death of a favourite Pig.

O dry that tear so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind;
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are still behind.

Mr. Booth does not see what a wretched imitation this is of Sir C. Hanbury Williams's epigram on the first Duke of Dorset and his son:—

Folly and Sense, in Dorset's race,
Alternately do run,—
As Carey one day told his Grace,
Praising his eldest son,
But Carey must allow for once
Exception to the rule,—
For Middlesex is but a dunce,
Though Dorset be a fool.

Mr. Booth knows nothing of this epigram. He does not even know who wrote the lines beginning—

I know the thing that's most uncommon.

Every boy recognizes them as Pope's, against whom the reverend compiler seems to have a grudge, for he ascribes to *Dryden* the following misquoted lines on

Nobility of Blood.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella.
What can ennoble fools, or knaves, or cowards?
Nothing; not all the blood of [all] the Howards.

DRYDEN.

—If he had subscribed "Lord W. Lennox" to the above, Mr. Booth would not have done Pope greater wrong. But what may we not expect from a collector of epigrams who cannot even guess at the authorship of the lines commencing with—

Who can believe with common sense
That bacon tried gives God offence?

—They are Swift's. We are thankful the compiler did not give them to Ravenscroft or Sir Samuel Tuke.

Sometimes Mr. Booth splits a poem in two, and guesses rightly at the authorship of one of the fragments. At page 52 he gives the two verses on the statue of Nash between the busts of Pope and Newton, but he names no author. The author of the last of the two verses was Chesterfield; the first is an interpolation. Then, at page 258, he gives three verses which, in the original form, precede those at page 52, and, omitting the two famous epigrammatic verses with which the poem opens, subscribes the name of Chesterfield to the bit Mr. Booth has chipped out of him. Then, Pope's fine epigram complimentary to my Lord is thus ticketed:—

Written on Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's diamond pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

Some epigrams Mr. Booth mars cruelly or absurdly. Thus, he gives the well-known epigram on Wolsey:—

Born of a butcher, by a bishop bred,
How high his highness holds his haughty head!

as—

Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred!

When he comes to the monumental epigrams *par excellence*, Mr. Booth misses a fine opportunity. The subject was chosen, recently, whereon to lecture, by the Rev. Dr. W. A. Newman, late Dean of Cape Town, and the lecturer wisely and skilfully contrasted the hopelessness of a future in the heathen inscriptions, with the holy and beautiful assurances of it on the resting-places of the early Christians. Mr.

Booth follows another method. He has no idea of drawing a moral from the treatment of the subject. He has given a few of the best ancient inscriptions, but the best among the modern he omits altogether.

This corpse
Is Tommy Thorpe's

is not edifying; nor is there profitable instruction in such as the following:—

On a Clergyman named Chest.
Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good—
Who says so of the other?

All this is in execrable taste, and Mr. Booth even goes out of his way to indulge in it. For instance, he gives the subjoined as the epitaph

On Quin, the Ador, in the Abbey Church at Bath.
The scene is changed—I am no more;
Death's the last act—now all is o'er.

—If Mr. Booth had only inquired of a friend at Bath as to the truth of this, or looked into a Bath Guide, he would not thus have offended. The epitaph on Quin is by his great rival Garrick, the actor, who snatched from him the succession to the inheritance of Betterton and Booth, and it rings in this wise:—

That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charmed the public ear, is heard no more;
Close'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue what Shakspeare writ.
Cold is that hand which, living, was stretched forth
At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin: deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last!

From the above instances, we think it will be seen that the Rev. Mr. Booth has entirely mistaken his vocation,—at all events, as a collector of epigrams: and, as the ex-King Stanislaus once epigrammatically remarked, "Notre chancelier vous dira le reste!"

Heat considered as a Mode of Motion: being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in the season of 1862. By John Tyndall. (Longman & Co.)

Prof. Tyndall says in his Preface, "I have endeavoured to bring the rudiments of a new philosophy within the reach of a person of ordinary intelligence and culture." It will be admitted by all who read these Lectures that the author has succeeded.

Our old philosophers regarded heat as a substantive entity: a subtle something diffused through all matter, and regulating its physical state. The conditions of a solid, a fluid, and a gaseous body they supposed to be determined by the quantity of heat contained in it. The "new philosophy" sets aside the labours of deeply-earnest minds for long years: it refuses to regard heat as an "imponderable element," but insists on its being only "a mode of motion." "Heat," says our modern philosopher, "can produce mechanical force, and mechanical force can produce heat; some common quality must therefore unite this agent and the ordinary forms of mechanical power." Nothing can be more certain than this: but there are many gifted minds still clinging to the view that heat is a diffusive power, and they would explain the production of heat by mechanical force, and the well-known effect of heat, in establishing and continuing mechanical power by another and an equally logical mode of reasoning from that so zealously adopted by Prof. Tyndall.

The discussion will be a long, earnest and interesting one, and truth will be advanced by the conflict of minds. There is in many portions of these Lectures too much of the spirit of an advocate, and sometimes there is evidence

of special pleading which is unbecoming the philosopher.

The mountain, upon whose "heaven-kissing" summit is seated the Angel of Truth, is not to be assailed in the spirit which has given so much celebrity to our author amidst the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland. The impetuous zeal by which the summit of Mont Blanc was achieved will not avail in climbing into the higher—the sublimer regions of Truth.

The conclusions to which the "new philosophy" leads the student may be given in Prof. Tyndall's own words:—

"Every mechanical action on the earth's surface, every manifestation of power, organic or inorganic, vital and physical, is produced by the sun. His warmth keeps the sea liquid and the atmosphere a gas, and all the storms which agitate both are blown by the mechanical force of the sun. He lifts the rivers and the glaciers up the mountains, and thus the cataract and the avalanche shoot with an energy derived immediately from him. Thunder and lightning are also his transmuted strength. Every fire that burns and every flame that glows dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. In these days, unhappily, the news of battle is familiar to us, but every shock and every charge is an application, or mis-application, of the mechanical force of the sun. He blows the trumpet, he urges the projectile, he bursts the bomb. And, remember, this is not poetry, but rigid mechanical truth. He rears, as I have said, the whole vegetable world, and through it the animal; the lilies of the field are his workmanship, the verdure of the meadows, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He forms the muscle, he urges the blood, he builds the brain. His fleetness is in the lion's foot; he springs in the panther, he soars in the eagle, he slides in the snake. He builds the forest and hews it down,—the power which raised the tree and which wields the axe being one and the same. The clover sprouts and blossoms, and the scythe of the mower swings by the operation of the same force. The sun digs the ore from our mines, he rolls the iron, he rivets the plates, he boils the water, he draws the train. He not only grows the cotton, but he spins the fibre and weaves the web. There is not a hammer raised, a wheel turned, or a shuttle thrown, that is not raised, and turned and thrown by the sun. His energy is poured forth into space, but our world is a halting-place where his energy is conditioned. Here the Proteus works his spells."

Readers of this book will not expect to find the calmness of Herschel or Faraday; for Prof. Tyndall has his own individualities as a writer and thinker, which lend to his work their character and charm.

The Law of Copyright. The Engraving, Sculpture and Designs Acts, the International Copyright Act, and the Art Copyright Act, 1862. With an Introduction and Notes. By E. M. Underdown, Esq. (Crockford.)

This is a useful and opportune book. It is adapted not only for artists, but likewise for purchasers of works of Art. It contains a mass of information well arranged and indexed, all which is of the utmost importance to persons interested in the production, sale, or purchase of such works, including photographs.

In the history of British law there is, perhaps, no branch of legislation more remarkable than that which relates to copyright. When a nation emerges from barbarism, and its population increases in density and wealth year by year, it becomes of deeper importance to furnish profitable employment to the masses. The man who has power to conceive and realize a new work, whether of Literature, Music, or of Art, then becomes a public benefactor in his generation in proportion to the usefulness of his production in advancing knowledge and creating profitable employment for others. No one who

reflects upon the subject can fail to see and appreciate the extent to which the civilization and commerce of England have been indebted to, and are now largely dependent on, the productions of literature, music and the fine arts.

How slowly the nation has appreciated the justice and the policy of protecting authors from invasion of that property to which they are entitled in the copying or reproduction of their works is extraordinary. Unless an author has the *exclusive* right of making and selling copies of his work, that is, of preventing all persons without his permission from exercising such right, of course his property in the reproduction is rendered comparatively valueless. Thence the necessity of calling in the aid of the legislature to secure to authors the exclusive reproduction of their works which in England is called copyright. Our legislation upon this subject has always been based upon the justice of protecting authors from an infringement of their *property* in the reproduction of their works. This being so, it would seem but just that the true principle upon which to legislate would have been to limit an author's enjoyment of his copyright only so far as might be considered *essential* for the public interests. Unfortunately, the legislature appears invariably to have acted upon the notion that protecting an author from being plundered of the fruits of his talent and industry was creating a "*monopoly*," thus trenching upon the rights of the public. Thence it is that bit by bit protection has been reluctantly and gradually wrung from parliament in favour of these works which are now the subject of copyright in England, and in every case the author's term of copyright seems to have been unnecessarily curtailed.

It is instructive to compare our system of legislation upon copyright with that of France. Prior to the great revolution in that country at the close of the last century, authors had no protection for their productions, excepting only such as the Crown might choose to confer as a *privilege* by special grant. One of the first uses the French made of their liberty was to institute an inquiry upon the subject of copyright: our legislation was cited as based upon the true principle of that *property* which every author of right has in the reproduction of his works; such property was stated to be "of the most sacred description," inasmuch as it was the production of the human mind. This great principle being established, it was carried out by legislation, alike simple, comprehensive and liberal. It justly placed authors of literary and musical productions, as well as authors of works of fine art, in all respects upon a perfect footing of equality, giving them the exclusive right of reproduction of their works for their lives, and also for a subsequent period in favour of their families, which has since been considerably increased. The invasion of that property renders the offender *criminally* liable, as well as civilly responsible for any damage sustained by the proprietor.

This just and beneficent law of Copyright in France has been in operation since 1793, and there can be little doubt that it has largely tended to foster new and admirable productions in literature, music and the fine arts. Above all, it has created that honourable tone of feeling existing amongst French artists which, in the higher branches of Art, has especially given them such great superiority, and which effectually precludes professional malpractices and charlatanism.

Attention is called to these facts on account of the bearing they have upon our own neglected and defective legislation as to artistic copyright. Some of the lamentable results to which it has

given rise are disclosed in the Appendix to Mr. Underdown's book.

Just seventy years after the artists of France were invested with an exclusive copyright in their works, a similar act of justice was last year accorded in favour of British artists. Prior to that time, no copyright in a picture or drawing could be acquired in England. This discreditable fact is recorded in the statute of last session, to which we have referred, and which was obtained through the influence and at the sole expense of the Society of Arts. The evidence which induced the Council of the Society to obtain the Act is judiciously given by Mr. Underdown, because it does justice to the wisdom and usefulness of the Council in carrying so important a measure of reform; while, at the same time, a careful perusal of that evidence must satisfy every reasonable author and purchaser of modern pictures and drawings that it is not only of importance to his own protection, but also to that of the profession and the public to secure the copyright in such works. For example, Mr. Poole, R.A., at p. 175, says, "I know cases of spurious copies by the dozens, or scores. They are the exact size of the original picture, the object being to deceive. Pictures have been sent to me and brought from the country, Oxford and Cheltenham, Bristol, &c., and in all cases copies; the parties who brought them to me bought them as originals, and lost large sums by the transaction. The vendors, I believe, were quite aware they were spurious copies; and I also believe that artists were employed by these persons to make the copies."

Mr. Frith, R.A., at p. 176, says, "Spurious copies are very common. A copy of one of my own pictures was sold as an original at Christie's. No doubt the seller was aware of the forgery. The instances of similar frauds are numberless."

Mr. J. B. Pyne, p. 179, says, amongst other things, "I was once waited on by a low dealer, who wished to persuade me of the authenticity of a spurious work, and who afterwards offered to bring me five pictures a week, to sign, and consequently acknowledge for mine. He proposed to weekly hand me over 10*l.*, 2*s.* per picture." As to spurious copies of his works, he says, "the most flagrant instance occurred thus. I handed over to a picture-liner a work to be mounted or lined. In less than a fortnight, a clergyman forwarded to me a very badly executed copy of the picture, saying he could buy it for a very small price, having found it in the hands of a dealer. This dealer knew my works as well as I did. The picture was in every respect as to measurement, signature, &c. an imitation of my own. It was also lined, to bear a stricter comparison with the original."

Mr. Charles Branwhite, member of the old Water-Colour Society, p. 181, says,—"The sale of spurious pictures is a very common practice. I have known a person sell as many as *seventeen* copies from one picture; and, in other cases, keeping a person constantly employed in doing nothing but make copies for sale."

Mr. George Lance, p. 190, says,—"I know of cases where copies of my works must have been made during the time of their exhibition, either before or after the hours of admitting the public. I have also heard of a dealer offering an actual commission for several pictures of fruit, on condition that my name might be introduced in some way as the designer and painter of them." Much more of the evidence is of equal interest.

If it be asked how such a lamentable state of things as some portions of this Appendix disclose could have arisen, the answer appears to be—*first*, from the non-existence of any law for the protection of copyright in pictures and

drawings prior to 1862; and, *secondly*, to a neglect of duty on the part of the Royal Academicians. For nearly a century the Sovereigns of this country have entrusted these gentlemen with certain peculiar and very questionable privileges, in consideration of the gratuitous instruction in fine art given at the schools of the Royal Academy. Considering that the training of youth was committed to their charge, it became an additional duty upon the part of the Royal Academicians towards the Sovereign and the public, by every means in their power, to put down the extensive system of deception and fraud, which, it now seems, has been long known to exist, as to the manufacture and sale of spurious copies of pictures. Can any one doubt the truth of the opinion expressed by Mr. Poole, R.A., that artists were employed to make these copies? What have the Royal Academicians ever done to repress such malpractices? Why did they leave it to the Society of Arts, by their influence, and at their sole expense, to obtain the Act of last session? If certain members of the Royal Academy have habitually made, and been "assisted" in making and selling copies of their pictures under the name of "repetitions," or "artists' copies," with and without the sanction of the owners of the original pictures, then the whole state of things becomes explained and is readily understood; otherwise, it is unaccountable.

These observations are intended in no unkindly spirit to the Academy, which, at the present time, happily numbers amongst its members some as honourable and earnest men as are to be found in any other profession. Their efforts in the cause of reform at the Academy will have the support of public opinion. For good and evil, the influence of the Academy upon British art and artists has been and is very great. If its members, as a body, are desirous of putting down the pernicious and fraudulent system prevalent in England as to works of fine art, they will do so most effectually by not allowing any picture to be included in the Royal Academy Exhibition the copyright whereof has not been protected as the Copyright Works of Art Act, 1862, directs; and as to which Mr. Underdown's book gives all the very simple but needful forms and instructions.

Essays, Critical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous. By S. F. Williams. (Freeman.)

In this book we are shown what manner of penalty is to be paid for living in an age of prose-poets and semi-German humorists. The second-hand Johnsonians were an oppressive race as writers, even when they were such women of wit and poetry as Fanny Burney and Anna Seward; yet we would rather keep company with them than with those who try at the styles of Macaulay, or of Mr. Carlyle, or of the Author of 'The Stones of Venice.' To-day's fine writing, however, will always be found staler and more surfeiting than the affectations of a bygone time. We shrink from it with something akin to personal shame,—as we do from a national folly or injustice. Mr. Williams, however, we apprehend, will take little heed of any criticism,—so complacent is, apparently, the humour in which his lucubrations have been written. Of the fifteen essays, we have only read those on Thackeray, Longfellow, Gerald Massey, Abraham Cowley, Alexander Murray, George Crabbe, and Cavour. Perhaps the reason for such abstinence will be best explained by a specimen of the style which has proved so satiating. Mr. Williams is writing of Murray:—

"Young Alexander's lineage was one of his

diadems. Though in the veins of his ancestors and his own no 'noble blood' flowed, still his was as noble and royal as kings'. Others of his kind in literature were poor—well-nigh poverty-stricken men. William Postellus was a domestic; Sebastian Castallo was a labourer; Anthony Purver was a shoemaker; Robert Hill was a tailor; Wolfgang Musculus was first a ballad-singer, a weaver, and then a sort of bricklayer; Thomas Pendrell 'stuck to the last'; Henry Wild used the 'goose' and the 'sleeveboard,' and made 'continuations.' And what was Magliabecchi! * * Everything in which he delighted clung to him. He was not leather and gutta percha. * * 'As,' says he, 'I read constantly and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I recited before them. My fame for reading and memory was loud, and several said that I was a "living miracle." I puzzled the honest elders of the Church with recitals of Scripture and discourses about Jerusalem.' We can just fancy these old gents, grey in custom as in years. * * Doggedly maintaining that all the virtue of these 'new-fangled dodges' consists in their similarity to 'what used to be'; domesticated like cats; living from day to week, from week to month, from month to year in the A B C of things; terrified when some sly urchin popped into their dwellings, and turned these letters into syllables, and the syllables into words, and, with admirable *sang-froid*, cried 'boah!' upon all their traditional nonsense. * * He was not the lad to believe that life is a playground—a vast parlour or drawing-room, filled with sofas and easy chairs. Such things were to him, when compared with mental exercise and culture, ponderous coffins, wherein people tombed themselves alive. Life was to him, what it is to every great soul, a battle. He was the Scotch Peripatetic. His father put him to mind sheep. Why, all ye gods, is it that fathers act so silly sometimes? Lads are thrust into circumstances—dragged with a cart-ropes—adverse to their genius, and what is the consequence? Why, either business is neglected—these stones and bricks and dirt are left down below—and the eagle soars on ever upward and upward, with its eye upon the sun—the spirit finds its home and its kindred and its joy; or the lads are crippled for life, maimed and blindfolded, or, what perhaps is worse, tortured out of existence. A shepherd's wand was a dull thing to him. Give him books, and wand and hill and sheep were entirely forgotten. 'I was sedentary,' says he—'given to books, and writing on boards with coals.' Here was the true man, with an eye to the future, with budding hopes and eager desires, shoving aside the circumstances in which he had been placed, and hewing, as out of a rock, a pathway for his giant self. Bravo Al!

If the above be new and true, give us what is old and false. Mr. Williams is tormented by the vain desire to be deep, brilliant and comprehensive. Often, when he is talking of one thing, he is thinking of another: as, for instance, when the writer of 'Vanity Fair' is the theme, he seems unable to settle Mr. Thackeray's place, or appraise his merits, or admire his style, without a running criticism on Mr. Dickens.

John Leifchild, D.D.: his Public Ministry, Private Usefulness, and Personal Characteristics. Founded upon an Autobiography. By J. R. Leifchild, A.M. (Jackson, Walford & Hodder.)

In general, religious biographies are so trimmed with a view to the deceased's reputation and the presumed usefulness of the work, that the human element is nearly eliminated; facts are either suppressed or told in vague allusions, and the author contrives to take up as much space as his subject. In the present work, the memoir of Dr. Leifchild by his son, there is an attempt at human portraiture,—the reader can form to himself a notion of the man. It is a very interesting and readable book.

Dr. Leifchild was the son of a cooper, living

at Barnet, in Hertfordshire: the mother was a degree higher than her husband in social position; she was the daughter of Bockman, the artist, some of whose pictures are to be seen at Hampton Court. She had been too well brought up to be altogether a suitable helpmate for one in her husband's station of life; but that circumstance may, in some degree, account for the natural refinement and good manners of her eldest son. She and her husband do not seem to have been very happy; their dispositions were opposite—the husband being a comfortable Wesleyan Methodist, whilst the wife was a decided Calvinist and a hearer of Mr. Romaine, whose works are still religious classics.

John Leifchild was from his childhood the subject of religious impressions, and always under the influence of religious restraint; his life was singularly free from any worldly admixture of scenes and impressions. He records in his Autobiography—"My fondness for reading and musing, and my acquired skill in playing upon some instruments of music (the flute and the bass-viol) preserved me from many deteriorating influences. The result was, that I never, so far as I now recollect, swore a profane oath, never played a game of cards, and continued to the last ignorant of cards and all games, except those of the most innocent kind appertaining to childhood and youth. I cannot help thinking that by this happy ignorance I was kept from scenes of dissipation and places of hazardous excitement." At this period, however, he speaks of himself as working at his father's trade, but with little steadfastness and proficiency. How could I, when I stole away as often as I could with a book in my pocket in order to peruse its contents? My imagination was heated with the works of Richardson and other novelists, while my judgment was unformed." He also mentions his own early bias towards Calvinism. When he was not more than thirteen, he used to go to the village of Whetstone, to attend a Calvinistic chapel, where Mr. Mathews, a bookseller in the Strand, London, and father of the celebrated comedian, was the usual preacher, "and a very sensible and impressive one I thought him to be, although he was not impassioned." Added, however, to the doctrinal attractions, there was another, "a young female, to whom, although so young, I was secretly attached, also attended at this chapel with her friends." The sequel of this romance is curious. She was afterwards married to a fashionable tradesman in London, who eventually became unfortunate; and in after-life, when Dr. Leifchild had become a popular preacher, she solicited relief from him. She was one of his congregation, and never dreamed that, as a boy, he had worshipped her and "feared to address her"! It was Dr. Leifchild's custom to record all the noticeable deliverances from danger he met with during his life. One of these is quaintly told. One evening, returning across Finchley Common from London to Barnet, with his father, in their own vehicle, his father, to raise their courage, said, "Child, let us sing Ottford" (a favourite hymn tune). Before the first strain could be raised, a highwayman called out, "Stop!" and, presenting a pistol, desired the father to be quick with his money. At that moment, another pair of wheels was heard close behind, and the highwayman rode off. "There, child," said his father, "God has appeared for us; now let us sing Ottford"; and Ottford was sung till they reached Barnet.

Dr. Leifchild, at sixteen, was apprenticed to a cooper at St. Albans, though he says of himself that "he had a consciousness of being born

to something better than the drudgery of trade." He had a natural genius for preaching, and about this time he attended the sermons of the Rev. Samuel Nicholson, at the Abbey Church, repeating his sermons in private, and endeavouring "to imitate his almost matchless elocution."

The first attempt he made at speaking in public was at a Wesleyan class-meeting, where he was asked to lead; and, though with some trepidation, he complied, with great liberty to himself and acceptance from those who heard him. When little more than a boy, he married his first wife, who was not long spared to him. When about nineteen he removed to London, both for the sake of getting work and for the opportunity of attending different places of worship. His talent for preaching even then was developing itself, and he was often asked to take the place of some of the "local preachers" of the Wesleyan persuasion, sometimes delivering as many as four addresses on a Sabbath afternoon; by this means he obtained fluency and boldness. All this time he was almost entirely uneducated. He split away from Methodism on the point of "effectual calling"; Wesleyan views were not sufficiently Calvinistic; and he joined the Independents, with which body he remained united to the day of his death. He found friends who placed him in the Hoxton Academy, instituted to train young men for the Independent ministry. Although the course of study was not very severe or profound, it still was training, and Dr. Leifchild made the best of it. His singular talents for preaching, for riveting the attention of large congregations, were recognized by all the directors and teachers. Rowland Hill wished to induce the young student to become his assistant; but young Leifchild was not drawn towards him. When twenty-eight years of age (and a widower) "he accepted a cordial invitation from the Christian community worshipping at Hornton Street Chapel, Kensington,"—where he soon became very popular amongst his own people, and obtained the respect of those not within the pale. There was a great prejudice in Kensington against Dissenters, but the vicar was on friendly terms with him. One of the features in this work is the complacency with which Mr. Leifchild dwells on the attention and social recognition his father received from persons superior to himself in social position. It seems as though the religious excellence of his father received additional value from being indorsed by fine people. This casts an incidental light upon the effect of religious disabilities. In those days the Test and Corporation Acts were in full force, and Dissenters were not the powerful body they are now; they felt themselves socially inferior to the members of the Established Church. Dr. Leifchild's preaching certainly raised the character and standing of Dissenters in Kensington; but there is a complacent dwelling upon the names of persons of rank and position who attended his ministry or showed him attention, as if

A saint in crape were twice a saint in lawn.

Serjeant, then Mr. Talfourd, in an article, entitled 'Pulpit Oratory,' in the *London Magazine*, for March 1821, gives the following description of his preaching:—

"Mr. Leifchild is one of those who feel 'the future in the instant.' He has almost as intense a consciousness of the world to come as he has of the visible objects around him. He speaks not only as believing, but as seeing that which is invisible. The torments of the hell which he discloses are as palpable to his mind as the sufferings of a convict stretched on a rack by a human torturer. He

speaks as if he and his hearers stood visibly on this 'end and shoal of time,' with the glories of heaven above him, and the eternal abyss beneath, and on the reception of his living words the doom of all who heard them were at the moment to be fixed for ever. He makes audible to the heart the silent flight of time, so that the wings of the hours seem to rustle as they pass by with fearful sound. * * * In the description of dying scenes, Mr. Leifchild is too frequently tempted to dwell on circumstances which border on the physically shocking. When he abstains from this, he is absolutely fearful. We remember once hearing him, at the close of a striking description of the alarm felt by a sinner at the approach of death, exclaim in a wild tone, 'His friends rush to him—he is gone!' then with a solemn impressiveness add, 'He is dead!' and, at last, in a voice that came on the ear like low thunder pronounce, 'He is damned!' The effect was petrifying and withering. It seemed as though he had actually witnessed while he spoke the passage of a soul into eternity, and the sealing of its irrevocable doom."

This is not the style of preaching to convince the understanding; there is in human nature a certain nobleness of sentiment which resents alike promises and threats. The fear of death is not at all a high motive of action to set before men, and we can imagine many men refusing to accept any form of doctrine, however sound, that was enforced by denunciations of consequences which had no connexion with grounds of belief.

Mr. Leifchild tells, with garrulous complacency, how, in the course of his father's labours on behalf of the Bible Society, "he became acquainted with and personally noticed by the Dukes of Kent and Sussex." The Duke of Sussex asked him where he preached, and the biographer remarks: "The comparatively obscure dissenting minister might excusably feel a little flattered by this royal attention and interest." Here, however, is an amusing account of a deputation to George the Fourth; it is graphic, and shows a reverence for royalty as expressed in those days:—

"Not only had my father the honour of conversing with a royal duke, but while at Kensington he was introduced to royalty itself. He must be allowed to narrate the event in his own words:— 'I was one of the ministers of the three denominations, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Independent, who proceeded to Carlton Palace, Pall Mall, with an Address of Congratulation to the Prince Regent upon his accession to the throne as George the Fourth. We were a motley group, of various dimensions, dresses, and appearance. We advanced in a somewhat confused manner through a long room, with noblemen in waiting on each side, like statues, to the king, who was seated on a low throne at the further end. He was lusty, pappy, and pale, in a kind of uniform, and with a cocked hat, which on our approach he took off with inimitable gracefulness. Dr. Rees, our senior, a Presbyterian, and a fine-looking man, read the address. The king's air of supineness had given way to a mirthful smile, as he saw the satisfaction on our countenances when we were admitted to the royal presence. At the close of the address he read a brief reply, and then unexpectedly addressed us *impromptu* in these words:—"The manner in which you have spoken of my late revered father must touch every heart, and none more than my own (laying his hand upon his breast). You may assure yourselves, gentlemen, of a continuance; while I sway the sceptre, of all the privileges you enjoyed under his auspicious reign." To this we had almost audibly said, "hear, hear." When the king was informed that we waived the usual privilege of all kissing hands on account of the fatigue it would occasion him; and that as twelve only of the clergy had been permitted to do so, six only of our number would be selected for the honour, he smilingly observed, "O you may all kiss hands." Upon this we all fell in a most humiliating posture on our knees to kiss his extended hand. Some of those who were large and aged men, especially

Doctors Rees and Waugh, had great difficulty in rising, and retired backwards in some confusion, not being accustomed to such a movement. As we retired, the king said to us, "You may stay in the adjoining room till I return." While waiting there, we saw a small deputation of Quakers advancing with an address, which one of their number held before him in a frame. One of the pages coming towards them to take off their hats, Dr. Waugh, who loved a joke, said to the foremost Quaker in an audible whisper, 'Persecution, brother'; to which the brother significantly replied, while pointing upwards, 'Not so bad to take off the hat as the head.' We saw the king again as he returned in procession, and we departed well pleased. I believe we were all remarkably loyal in our prayers the next Sunday."

In 1811 Dr. Leifchild married a second time; it was a happy marriage, and it exercised a singularly beneficial influence over his life and career. From Kensington, Dr. Leifchild was invited to Bristol to take the pastorate of Bridge Street Chapel, with a unanimity and earnestness which certainly must have been both touching and flattering. He accepted it after some consideration. His fame as a preacher widely increased; he was now recognized as one of the leading dissenting ministers. At Bristol he had a charming old-fashioned house, a quaint garden; and he was as happily and pleasantly situated as a man could be in this world. Bristol at that time was the residence of two other remarkable preachers,—whose name and fame have spread beyond the bounds of their sect,—Robert Hall and Mr. Jay. There are some interesting sketches of another distinguished Nonconformist, John Foster, the author of the 'Essays.'

After a residence of six years at Bristol, Dr. Leifchild received a call to become the minister of Craven Chapel in London. This, after much deliberation, he decided to accept, although against the opinion of his friends and in spite of the wild entreaties of his Bristol congregation that he would not abandon them. The event proved that he had judged wisely, for his sphere of usefulness became very widely extended and the influence of his ministry was incalculable. He gave himself to his work with a zeal and devotedness which carried all before him like a strong tide; he was possessed with the tremendous responsibility of his mission, and he addressed himself to every detail of ministerial labour with unflinching ardour and energy. His converts may be numbered by the thousand. A popular minister is emphatically "set in slippery places," but Dr. Leifchild's life bore the scrutiny of both friends and foes; his personal influence continued to the last hour of his life, and no discrepancy ever appeared between the eloquent preacher and the excellent man. He was childlike and guileless, and he was too much impressed by the importance of his message to be at all self-conscious or to have a thought of himself—this is very great and very rare praise to have deserved. Having left few written records of himself, the influence of his eloquence has already become a tradition, but the influence of his life and conversation still endures; the influence of his example was deeper than the effect of his preaching, although that was a power very great to have been exercised by one man.

In 1854 Dr. Leifchild felt that age had begun to tell upon him; he could no longer bear the whole burden of services of the chapel; and although the congregation would thankfully have given him an assistant, difficulties arose, and the Doctor made up his mind to retire. He chose Brighton as his residence, but he did not subside into peaceful idleness; he took charge of a chapel just erected in Brighton, and

although his labours were lighter, they were not less energetic than they had been in London. In 1856 he lost his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and after this he retired from public life. He returned to London, where he continued to reside near Primrose Hill until his death in May, 1862, full of years and honour.

Reforms in Russia; with a Glance at the States-General of Russia in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries—[Des Réformes en Russie, &c., par Prince Pierre Dolgoroukoff]. (Trübner & Co.)

THE world heard of this protest before it assumed a distinct shape and gave the lie to everything pretending to be at once Imperial and Liberal in Russia. Nor was the protest needless. The contemporary annals of the Czarism were being written, almost universally, to amuse the public opinion of Europe, and of England especially, by Muscovite or German agents, all interested in applauding the recent policy of the Emperor. We have scarcely had, for years past, an uncoloured sketch from Muscovy. But the Prince Dolgoroukoff is not himself an impartial witness. He is too essentially, exclusively and arrogantly a Noble, the partisan of an order, the representative of an exasperated class; and he plainly speaks of the other orders as dependent, not on themselves, but on the great aristocracy whose privileges are threatened. It is feudality against autocracy. Still, Prince Dolgoroukoff is a politician, well informed, high-minded, and thoroughly distinct from those Jew pedlars who regularly pack, for the English and Belgian markets, false intelligence from the North. His work has roused many passions in Russia, notwithstanding the strength of her literary frontier and the vigilance of her intellectual coast-guard; it is a topic in Germany, and it appears, oddly enough, to be favoured by two opposite varieties of political thinkers in France. Eloquent and lucid, firm if not entirely calm, vigorous, warm and direct, it will certainly be read by no Russian without profit, and by none of any other nationality, who ever reads seriously at all, without interest. The Russian Empire is passing through an important crisis; not in Poland only, but in its other provinces also. Its thousand years of history approach a new and, in one sense, a definite epoch; and the condition in which it exists is one not merely of peril, but of decay, demoralization, exhausted vital force. Such is Prince Dolgoroukoff's view. He affirms that there is no justice in the Empire; that its tribunals are nests of venality whenever they are not registers of Imperial caprice; that there is no security for personal freedom, property or honour; that the administrative departments constitute a regular mart for corrupt patronage; that finance has sunk to its dregs; that money has totally vanished; that no confidence survives; that credit is at an end, industry crushed, commerce shackled. The clergy have been trampled upon by the bureaucrats; the nobles are slaves, and the people victims. This is the appeal of the Prince Peter Dolgoroukoff from the Czar Alexander the Second. It is on the part of the nobility, however, that he most bitterly and persistently complains. Their privileges are fictitious; as, for example, that which exempts them from corporal punishment, it being notorious that, from the lowest to the highest, they may—women no less than men—be secretly flogged at an office of the Imperial Chancery. Proceeding with his indictment, he cites the mercantile and trading classes as discontented on account of the inequalities which deprave the law, and the impossibility of obtaining un-

adulterated justice. The peasantry, while gratified by the abolition of serfdom, dread the tyranny of officials, and believe that they can only have changed masters:—a Noble's view of the matter, it must not be forgotten. As for the army, it aspires to better treatment and better pay, and, above all, to the repudiation of the birch-rod as a means of disciplining warriors. Finally, vast religious sects are praying for religious liberty. Here we have, in miniatures roughly reduced, Prince Dolgoroukoff's "internal aspects of Russia." External to her frontiers, she employs, at a gigantic cost, an inefficient and unimportant diplomacy. Russia, the more timid dealers in bugbears will rejoice to learn, could not now maintain for twelve months, beyond her own borders, an army of 150,000 men; her other battalions march in a mirage before the eyes of the world; they are unpaid and penniless phantoms. The Prince is certainly not to be accused of a bias in favour of his own Emperor. Upon the text thus set forth, he elaborates an argument not more gloomy than might have been anticipated.

NEW NOVELS.

The Story of Elizabeth. With Two Illustrations. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—'The Story of Elizabeth' turns upon a subject which is, or ought to be, quite inadmissible for a novel: the antagonism of a mother and daughter, both rivals for the love of the same man, who has done enough to make each hope that he loves her. The mother, proud, jealous, imperious, acts treacherously towards her daughter—sacrifices her happiness—blots out all the natural gladness of her youth—until she nearly drives her to desperation. No doubt, amid the many sorrowful and sinful tragedies enacted in the world, this terrible domestic duel has had its place, but it is unfit to be turned into story; it trenches on the sin of incest, and no mode of treatment can take away the taint. In an old Greek tragedy, this perversion of the most sacred human relationship would have been recognized in all its terrible proportions; but 'The Story of Elizabeth' is told in a mocking, sarcastic spirit, which is very unpleasant, and which degrades all the characters alike. Sir John Dampier, the man who causes all the dire misery and mischief that goes on, is a shallow, selfish, idle man, entangled with three women, to one of whom he is affianced; to none of whom is he in earnest; and the story of his levity and reckless pursuit of his own amusement is told with an unconscious indifference that is startling. There is an absence of all genuine pity or sympathy in the book; indeed, we cannot call to mind a work that seemed to come so little out of the author's own heart. It is written in a hard, arid spirit, that acts upon the feelings of the reader like an unseasonable frost. Elizabeth is sneeringly compassionated for being a fool; and even when she has been reduced to the point of death and is recovering, the first feeling that is recognized, by the only good female character in the book, Jean Dampier, who has nursed her, is the inconvenience that her recovery may entail. The absence of all earnestness in the tone in which the story is narrated is incongruous and unpleasant. The character of Anthony Tournour is well drawn; and poor Elizabeth herself excites more pity in the reader than she does in the author, and one would have wished that her happiness at the last had been less of a mere accident—an accident which only more fully illustrates the worthlessness of the man she has loved so well. 'The Story of Elizabeth' is undeniably clever; but it is the cleverness caught by living in a society where smart, compendious, trenchant judgments are summarily passed on men and things, with scant charity and small discrimination. The work does not indicate a rich or fertile nature. Had it been less clever and more genial, there would have been the germ of greater promise; as it is, it remains to be seen whether the cleverness and facility of style will mature into a deeper and gentler habit of thought and expression. We heartily hope that it will; for there is talent enough in the author to make us wish to see it

come to perfection; and the author may take our word for it that nothing hinders so much good as the practice of supercilious, harsh judgment, whether expressed towards the creatures of his brain or towards those in real life who shrink from the touch of bitter words.

Deep Waters: a Novel. By Anna H. Drury. 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)—This story begins well. The first volume is interesting, and the complication exciting; but as it proceeds, the "waters" grow too "deep" for pleasant wading—for anything, indeed, but drowning. There never were such sorrows heaped upon the head of one poor heroine since the days that heroines were heroines or novels were novels! The heavens become one confused mass of black, murky clouds, pouring down hail and rain; and they are too thick and too dark for the reader to be able to see his way through the mazes of the story. He is left to stumble in a painfully perplexed manner, and even at the end there is not a gleam of sunlight. The weather clears up, but it is dark and cold. The excellent and much-suffering heroine is left in a deep decline, making a voyage to Australia for change of air, but with no other prospect than that of dying at the end of a few months. The characters of the story are nicely drawn. The two chief female characters are excellent and charming women, both attached to the same man, who has proved faithless to one of them and married the other under stress of paternal compulsion, which again has been put on under stress of villainous tyranny, trading on a guilty secret. This situation is complicated by a fraudulent bank defalcation, after the precedent of Sir John Deane Paul; and the wife, who is also an heiress, sacrifices her fortune for the creditors, and is reduced to the misery and adversity with which it is so pleasant to see good men and women struggling. If once taken up, the book will be read through; but the story is so full of suffering and unhappiness, without any mitigating circumstances, that no reader will be likely to take the story up twice. Some of the scenes are very forcible, and each character is nicely discriminated. Miss Drury has certainly talent to write a novel both pleasant and profitable, and we treat her to make her next story less like a November day.

The Deserted House of Hawksworth. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—The Deserted House of Hawksworth is a sensation novel *manquée*,—it is a confused jumble of all the incidents that have been effective in recent stories. The book opens with the visit of a man to a house shut up ever since his wedding morning, twenty years before, when his bride had eloped to marry, whereupon the deserted bridegroom had boarded up the windows, locked the doors, leaving the wedding feast upon the tables, built a high wall all round the grounds with spikes on the top, and lived the rest of his days within sight of the chimneys, until the moment the story begins, when he is on the point of entering it, and the ghostly ruin and decay are described just as it is written in the story of 'Great Expectations,' Mr. Elford being the counterpart of the unfortunate lady there described. Mr. Elford dies of his emotions on revisiting this spot, as he is on the point of revealing a secret. Concealed in a certain escritoire, this secret, of course, the executors and those most interested cannot find, or the story must have been "untimely nipped." Then follows scenes in Cornwall after the manner of the story of 'The Dead Secret,' and then come complications and mysteries, such as have been read in novels too numerous to mention. Mrs. Gordon, the faithless bride of Mr. Elford, fills the scene along with her daughter Christine, who is all that her mother ought to have been. Well! she is not allowed to marry the man she wished to marry and who wishes to marry her, because his mother discovers who she is; and then there is a wonderful Italian girl named Marina, and her lover, who plays her false, and who turns out to be old Mr. Elford's son, who had been married though nobody knew of it. This was the secret he had locked up in his bureau and was going to tell when he died, and it is discovered of course in a secret drawer; and then Christine, who has been adopted along with her mother, by an unexpected uncle, is made to marry Mr. Elford's

son, against her will, to save her mother from disgrace. Marina comes on the wedding-day and makes mischief, and nearly commits murder and suicide, but just misses doing either; and then the old house is burnt down, just after it has been repaired and beautified and they are all gone to live in it, and Mrs. Gordon dies of her injuries, and Christine's husband falls in love over again with Marina, and gets tired of her, and they quarrel whilst standing on the brink of a precipice, and Marina pushes him over, and then goes mad and walks about till she dies of hunger and exhaustion; and then somebody tells Christine all about it, and she is not sorry to be a widow, but she refuses to have any of his fortune,—so, as she is quite poor and her old lover is the rector of the parish, there is no further scruple on either side, and they marry at last and seem as if they were going to be very happy. The novel is not a good one: there is no repose nor probability in it, and the different parts do not hang together,—it might have been written by different hands and afterwards imperfectly reduced to some sort of unity.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

New Theorems, Tables and Diagrams, for the Computation of Earthwork. By John Warner, A.M. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Low & Co.)—In reviewing this book we are noticing a new system, and one which deserves the serious attention of those who wish for greater accuracy, as well as of those who would like to do as well as at present upon easier terms. Mr. Warner presented his plans to the Society of Engineers at Glasgow, to which he read a paper on the subject; and in the minutes (since published) of the meeting we find that Dr. Macquorn-Rankine expressed a strong opinion of the advantage of Mr. Warner's methods, of which we had previously formed a very favourable opinion. The method consists, as usual, in the use of tables; but there is also an ingenious instrument, by which considerable accuracy may be obtained with very little trouble. The tables are, of course, only representations of formulæ; but the formulæ contain an accurate treatment of cases more difficult than those of preceding tables. Up to the present time the tables are adapted to the simpler cases; and the complications are managed—we suppose—by that sort of skill in making inferior tools do higher work which practice teaches to those who are fit to learn. But such a state of things ought only to be provisional: we are very sure that better methods are wanted. Now, Mr. Warner is a mathematician of considerable power, as appears not only from the theoretical appendix to this work, but also from another work which he calls a treatise on morphology, that is, on curves. He is not only a professor of augmented methods, but he comes forward with tables constructed with much labour, and with examples the working of which shows that the use of the tables is easy enough. The instrument by which he professes to give additional help is also very well worth attention. On these things put together we feel justified in recommending all those whom it concerns to examine for themselves, and to bring Mr. Warner and his system to the test of actual trial. We have been much struck with the thoroughly practical way in which he has commenced his proceedings, as well in the structure of the book itself as in the efforts which he is making to procure a hearing in this country.

Tales from the German. Translated by E. K. E. (Faithfull.)—The two tales which compose this volume have no quality good enough or distinctive enough to justify their publication in an English dress. Combining the vocation of publisher with that of printer, Miss Faithfull should exercise care in the selection of her manuscripts, and should not employ her efficient staff of women printers on "copy" which a prudent publisher would return to its authors. Her character as director of a printing-house is established; but her position as a publisher of entertaining or useful books has still to be made. Generous sympathy with her labours will, for a time, procure a sale for the collections of verses and novelettes

which have hitherto been the principal productions of her presses, but she ought not to rely on such good feeling as a permanent means of support. The lady may, together with this word of counsel, accept our assurance that we wish good fortune to her undertaking, and believe her capable of achieving a durable and genuine success which will need neither the smiles nor succour of benevolent patronage.

The Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain: a Course of Six Lectures delivered to Working Men in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. By Prof. A. C. Ramsay. (Stanford.)—This is a simple and easily understood little book, in which a master of his science explains the elements of it in a manner which must have been agreeable to his workmen auditors. To such persons it must have been no slight privilege to listen to a thoroughly informed lecturer while condescending to become a popular teacher, and these pages demonstrate that portions of geological science can be made plain and palatable to ordinarily intelligent men. So far this little volume is a model for other lecturers, and every geologist would desire his science to be extensively popularized in like manner. There is no valid reason why similar lectures should not be delivered in several parts of London, and in all our large towns. "Experience tells me," says Prof. Ramsay, "that at these courses of lectures a number of my old friends come to see me again and again, and that also there are many new faces present." Elsewhere, also, like experience would doubtless follow, and it is nothing short of inexcusable apathy or neglect that the palæontological treasures of our fine museums should be left useless in their cabinets, and totally unavailable for popular information. There is nothing new to geologists in this volume, but it is not intended for them. Some, however, may not be acquainted with this Professor's glacial-lake theory, and they will find it here simply expounded—to the effect that while all other supposable agents fail to account for the origin of the rock-basins in which the greatest proportion of lakes lie, and while they cannot be attributed, in most cases, to the wearing of the sea or the disturbance of the rocks, they may be principally assigned to the slow and long-continued scooping power of great glaciers in their passage over the localities now occupied by lakes like those of Geneva, Thun, Lucerne, and Constance. Although this theory has been much opposed, the Professor has something very plausible to say for it in these pages, and something more strictly scientific in another publication. His brief notice of physical geology in our own country, and its relation to agriculture, population, and arts and trades, must have been very acceptable to his original auditors, and might be much more largely expanded. We shall be glad to see many such volumes, with, however, a little more care in correcting the press.

The Law of Joint-Stock Companies, containing the Companies Act, 1862, and the Acts Incorporated therewith. With copious Notes of Cases, the Rules and Forms of the Court of Chancery and Forms of Articles of Association, by Leonard Shelford, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (Butterworths.)—The Joint-Stock Companies Act of the last session, not only consolidates and amends the previous enactments upon this subject, but also establishes a new class of companies to be called "companies united by guarantee." The Act consists of no less than two hundred and twelve sections, with sundry schedules, and it has been followed by seventy-seven Orders of the Court of Chancery, with schedules also. The Act in many cases adopts nearly *verbatim* the language of former statutes, so that a great number of the decisions which have been pronounced on the construction of former statutes will be authorities for the interpretation of the new Act. This state of things obviously affords a favourable opportunity to the author for the exercise of that industry and skill which have already produced many of the most useful books to be found in the lawyer's library. Mr. Shelford has bestowed great care and labour upon this work. It contains, we conceive, all the law upon this important subject, and the matter is well arranged and well indexed.

The Legal Exemption of the Clergy from Turnpike

Tolls. By the Rev. J. S. Sidebotham, M.A. (Oxford, Shrimpton; London, Whitaker & Co.)—This is a short pamphlet by a clergyman who objects to pay tolls, partly from the natural dislike which we all entertain to that process, but chiefly, we think, because Nonconformist ministers do not pay and "the idea that tolerated persons are intended by law to have a privilege from which legally authorised persons are the only class excluded, is really too preposterous to be for an instant entertained on consideration by any person of ordinary intellect." The exemption of a clergyman on his parochial duty, whether the gate be within or without his parish, is plain enough. Whether a clergyman on temporary duty is exempt, and whether he may claim exemption when other persons are with him, are questions which have been often discussed, but never, we think, expressly decided. In the early part of the short pamphlet the author seems to assert that the case of Temple v. Dickinson decides both these questions in favour of the clergy, but before the end he admits that it does not, for the sufficient reason that the questions did not arise; but then the author is satisfied that if Lord Campbell were alive and the questions came before him he would decide them in favour of the clergy,—an argument that somewhat reminds one of the old song of Guy Faux. The questions are of some interest.

Indian Year-Book for 1861. A Review of Social, Intellectual and Religious Progress in India and Ceylon. Compiled by John Murdoch. (Nisbet & Co.)—Apologising for the delay which has occurred in the publication of this summary of events which occurred so far back as 1861, Mr. Murdoch says, "some explanation is due for the late appearance of a Year-Book for 1861. The primary object of the work is to give facts about Missions. The Home Reports are not printed till about July, and another month elapses before they reach India. It is hoped, however, that the next issue will appear rather earlier, as well as be free from some of the imperfections which must be found in a first attempt." Amongst the imperfections of the present volume is the absence of a good general Index.

The Diary of a Hunter from the Punjab to the Karakorum Mountains. (Longman & Co.)—In the year preceding his death, at Meen Meer, where he fell in the August of 1861 whilst bravely ministering to his sick soldiers of the 51st King's Own Light Infantry, Lieut.-Col. Henry Augustus Irby made a hunting excursion from the Punjab to the Karakorum Mountains. The journal kept by the Colonel during this six months' trip is now offered to the public by his brother. Indian sportsmen will turn over its pages with pleasure, and the writer's personal associates will accept it as an agreeable memorial of an officer whose manly and devout nature won the affections of all who knew him.

The Trial of the Constitution. By Sidney George Fisher. (Low & Co.)—"The flight of events," observes Mr. Fisher, "is now so rapid that he who wishes to influence opinion must speak quickly, and cannot therefore bestow much time on careful and artistic execution." The writer of these words does not now need to be informed that his volume appears too late to be of any service to the North. Indeed, ere he took pen in hand the time had passed when his views might have produced a transient effect.

Of Miscellaneous publications we have to mention:—*A Comparison between Iron-Clad Ships with Broadside Ports, and Ships with Revolving Shields,* by Capt. Coles (Stanford);—*Out New Mode of Cupola Ship—H.M.S. Enterprise,* by Rear-Admiral Halsted (Nichols);—*Military Despotism; or, the Inniskilling Dragoon, a Tale of Indian Life; To the Members of the House of Commons* (Chapman & Hall);—*Garrating; or, is the Ticket-of-Leave System a Failure?* by One who Watches (Hotten);—*Mr. Symons On the Distribution of Rain over the British Isles* (Stanford);—*The Maze of Banking,* by a Depositor (Simpkin);—*The Colony of Rupert's Land: Where is It, and by what Title held?* by Capt. Syngé (Stanford);—*Ireland's Right and Need: Self-Government, a Letter to the Earl of Carlisle,* by W. Smith (Kelly);—*An Exposure of the Extraordinary Persecution of Dr. Domingo Gounouillon,*

by the Authorities of Montevideo (O'Byrne);—*The American War Crusade; or, Plain Facts for Earnest Men,* by J. R. Balme (Hamilton);—*Honesty is the Best Policy, an Aphorism submitted (without permission) for the Consideration of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood,* by a Late Company's Officer (Wilson);—*Notes on the Rate of Mortality in Manchester,* by Dr. Whitehead (Ireland);—*A Report upon some of the Colonial Medicinal Contributions to the International Exhibition,* by C. Hunter (Churchill);—*The Plain English of American Affairs,* by J. Worden (Bennett);—*A Reply to the Address of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury and others to the Right Hon. Sir C. Wood on the Proposed Law of Contract for India,* by W. F. Fergusson (Ridgway); and *The System of Landed Credit; or, La Banque de Crédit Foncier, the Working of that Institution in Europe, the Introduction of the System into Lower Canada briefly considered,* by G. H. Macanlay (Quebec, Desbarats & Derbishire).

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THE DOCTRINE OF HETEROGENY AND MODIFICATION OF SPECIES.

Down, Bromley, Kent, April 18.
I hope that you will permit me to add a few remarks on Heterogeny, as the old doctrine of spontaneous generation is now called, to those given by Dr. Carpenter, who, however, is probably better fitted to discuss the question than any other man in England. Your reviewer believes that certain lowly organized animals have been generated spontaneously—that is, without pre-existing parents—during each geological period in slimy ooze. A mass of mud with matter decaying and undergoing complex chemical changes is a fine hiding-

place for obscurity of ideas. But let us face the problem boldly. He who believes that organic beings have been produced during each geological period from dead matter must believe that the first being thus arose. There must have been a time when inorganic elements alone existed on our planet: let any assumptions be made, such as that the reeking atmosphere was charged with carbonic acid, nitrogenised compounds, phosphorus, &c. Now is there a fact, or a shadow of a fact, supporting the belief that these elements, without the presence of any organic compounds, and acted on only by known forces, could produce a living creature? At present it is to us a result absolutely inconceivable. Your reviewer sneers with justice at my use of the "Pentateuchal terms," "of one primordial form into which life was first breathed": in a purely scientific work I ought perhaps not to have used such terms; but they will serve to confess that our ignorance is as profound on the origin of life as on the origin of force or matter. Your reviewer thinks that the weakness of my theory is demonstrated because existing Foraminifera are identical with those which lived at a very remote epoch. Most naturalists look at this fact as the simple result of descent by ordinary reproduction; in no way different, as Dr. Carpenter remarks, except in the line of descent being longer, from that of the many shells common to the middle Tertiary and existing periods.

The view given by me on the origin or derivation of species, whatever its weaknesses may be, connects (as has been candidly admitted by some of its opponents, such as Pictet, Bronn, &c.) by an intelligible thread of reasoning a multitude of facts: such as the formation of domestic races by man's selection,—the classification and affinities of all organic beings,—the innumerable gradations in structure and instincts,—the similarity of pattern in the hand, wing or paddle of animals of the same great class,—the existence of organs become rudimentary by disuse,—the similarity of an embryonic reptile, bird and mammal, with the retention of traces of an apparatus fitted for aquatic respiration; the retention in the young calf of incisor teeth in the upper jaw, &c.;—the distribution of animals and plants, and their mutual affinities within the same region,—their general geological succession, and the close relationship of the fossils in closely consecutive formations and within the same country; extinct marsupials having preceded living marsupials in Australia, and armadillo-like animals having preceded and generated armadillos in South America,—and many other phenomena, such as the gradual extinction of old forms and their gradual replacement by new forms better fitted for their new conditions in the struggle for life. When the advocate of Heterogeny can thus connect large classes of facts, and not until then, he will have respectful and patient listeners.

Dr. Carpenter seems to think that the fact of Foraminifera not having advanced in organization from an extremely remote epoch to the present day is a strong objection to the views maintained by me. But this objection is grounded on the belief—the prevalence of which seems due to the well-known doctrine of Lamarck—that there is some necessary law of advancement, against which view I have often protested. Animals may even become degraded, if their simplified structure remains well fitted for their habits of life, as we see in certain parasitic crustaceans. I have attempted to show ('Origin,' 3rd edit. p. 185) that lowly-organized animals are best fitted for humble places in the economy of nature; that an infusorial animalcule or an intestinal worm, for instance, would not be benefited by acquiring a highly complex structure. Therefore, it does not seem to me an objection of any force that certain groups of animals, such as the Foraminifera, have not advanced in organization. Why certain whole classes, or certain numbers of a class, have advanced and others have not, we cannot even conjecture. But as we do not know under what forms or how life originated in this world, it would be rash to assert that even such lowly endowed animals as the Foraminifera, with their beautiful shells as figured by Dr. Carpenter, have not in any degree advanced in organization. So little do we know of the conditions of life all around

us, that we cannot say why one native weed or insect swarms in numbers, and another closely allied weed or insect is rare. Is it then possible that we should understand why one group of beings has risen in the scale of life during the long lapse of time, and another group has remained stationary? Sir C. Lyell, who has given so excellent a discussion on species in his great work on the 'Antiquity of Man,' has advanced a somewhat analogous objection, namely, that the mammals, such as seals or bats, which alone have been enabled to reach oceanic islands, have not been developed into various terrestrial forms, fitted to fill the unoccupied places in their new island-homes; but Sir Charles has partly answered his own objection. Certainly I never anticipated that I should have had to encounter objections on the score that organic beings have not undergone a greater amount of change than that stamped in plain letters on almost every line of their structure. I cannot here resist expressing my satisfaction that Sir Charles Lyell, to whom I have for so many years looked up as my master in geology, has said (2nd edit. p. 469):—"Yet we ought by no means to undervalue the importance of the step which will have been made, should it hereafter become the generally received opinion of men of science (as I fully expect it will) that the past changes of the organic world have been brought about by the subordinate agency of such causes as Variation and Natural Selection." The whole subject of the gradual modification of species is only now opening out. There surely is a grand future for Natural History. Even the vital force may hereafter come within the grasp of modern science, its correlations with other forces have already been ably indicated by Dr. Carpenter in the *Philosophical Transactions*; but the nature of life will not be seized on by assuming that Foraminifera are periodically generated from slime or ooze.

CHARLES DARWIN.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

10, Kant Terrace, April 20, 1863.

It is with regret that I find myself at issue with the Author of 'The Antiquity of Man.' I could have wished to have avoided any controversy on the subject, as I hope at some future period to have a fitting time and occasion for my own account of the inquiry; but there are portions of Sir Charles Lyell's letter to the *Athenæum*, of the 18th inst., in reply to Dr. Falconer's letter in the number of the 4th inst., which call for some brief notice on my part. I would most willingly have commented on the proofs of Sir Charles Lyell's important work had they been submitted to me before the publication of the first edition: not having had that opportunity, I found myself obliged to report to Sir Charles, when he wrote to ask me for a list of errata and corrections for the second edition, that "I raised objection to the tone and cast of some chapters, and that the corrections I might think necessary would involve more alteration than was practicable or than could originate with me." I referred as an example to the Bedford case, "on which so many important geological questions hinge." Sir Charles in his reply informed me that, after referring to the published accounts of it, he did not see what he had to alter. It is possible that I may not have been sufficiently explicit. I should regret if it were so.

With regard to that particular case, I can only repeat the statement that I made to my friend, Dr. Falconer, that the Bedford section was made out by me long before the period of Sir Charles's visit there; that the main features were pointed out by me to him on that occasion; and that I further brought a short notice of Mr. Wyatt's interesting discovery together with the first geological description of the section before the Geological Society, in March, 1861,—somewhat prematurely, possibly, for being part of a general inquiry, in which, as Sir Charles knew, I had been engaged for some years, I should have waited until I could have brought forward the whole subject (long unavoidably delayed by the limited measure of time I can take from active business avocations), but for its special bearing on the question of the Antiquity of Man, and the publicity given to this case. Only those

engaged in the study of the quaternary deposits, and who know how difficult it is to obtain definite facts, and how many days and years may be spent in examining ground which affords only negative evidence, can understand the importance of a good positive case like that of Bedford. I quite agree with Sir Charles Lyell in his observations about too frequent references to original authorities in a popular work: it may even be a question whether the general reader may not consider such references to authorities and to companionship already too frequent in 'The Antiquity of Man.' No doubt, as Sir Charles observes, the public generally are satisfied to learn from him his own conclusions in as few words as possible; but he must remember that he is also addressing a large scientific public, and that it is not a question of frequent but of accurate reference that is contended for. I am satisfied that whatever may have been the intention of Sir Charles, his readers must form a very inaccurate idea of the important part taken for many years past by Dr. Falconer in researches connected with the antiquity of man, in the investigation of bone caves in general, and of the Brixham cave in particular, as well as of the relative part taken by the various geologists named by Sir Charles, and by Sir Charles himself, in other parts of the investigation. I have been greatly interested in the progress of the Brixham cave exploration, and can fully corroborate Dr. Falconer's account of it; and this misapprehension is another reason which makes me regret the delay in the publication of the final results.

Sir Charles Lyell is perfectly correct in saying that I have modified my views since the publication of my first memoir (not memoirs) on this subject. But I would remark that that paper was read before the Royal Society in the month following my first visit to the Somme Valley and to Hoxne, and that in it I contented myself with a description of the ground and with the determination of the geological age of the deposits—points which remain unpugned—and stated that I reserved my views on the theoretical questions for further inquiry and research. After an interval of three years, I brought these forward in a memoir, read before the Royal Society in March, 1862; and although my views had, I admit, been modified and matured, the main question of the post-glacial age of the beds was confirmed by various new sections; whilst, although feeling that the period concerned is one of very remote antiquity, I still adhere to the opinion I had before expressed, that the evidence does not carry man back in past times more than it brings forward the great extinct mammalia towards recent times.

One of the great charms of scientific inquiry lies in the free and intimate intercourse and interchange of ideas amongst men engaged in the same branches of research. In such intercourse, where each observer contributes his facts or his opinions, the starting-point of some of these must often be lost to view, and all men of science must, at times, have felt and experienced that, in the lapse of time, an unconscious process of greater or lesser mental assimilation unavoidably takes place. It is, therefore, only when certain limits are passed, albeit inadvertently, that any one would care or think fit to object.

Every geologist must feel indebted to Sir Charles Lyell for the philosophical spirit he has brought to bear in geological inquiry, and all must admire the untiring energy with which he has for years past investigated the phenomena he describes. Having studied with him in the field many of the complicated phenomena of the post-pliocene deposits, while I claim as my share of the work the detection and the interpretation of certain physical phenomena, I am free to acknowledge the pleasure and advantage I have received from the discussion of the various questions arising therefrom with a geologist so experienced and philosophical as Sir Charles Lyell.

JOSEPH PRESTWICK.

THE NEW ZEALAND MOAS.

April 22, 1863.

A paragraph is now going round the papers stating that, just before the mail left, one of the

most gigantic of birds, a Moa or Dinornis, and believed to be extinct, had been seen alive in New Zealand, and that an enterprising colonist had offered a reward of 500*l.* for its capture, dead or alive. The public seem to be divided respecting the amount of credence to be attached to the story; but the fact that a gentleman residing on the spot thought it worth while to offer a handsome reward would seem to show that there was, in his judgment, some probability on the very face of it. That some of the smaller species of Dinornis may still be alive is an opinion which even Prof. Owen, if I understood him rightly, entertains. If extinct, the Moas have become so probably in quite recent times—that is to say, since the occupation of New Zealand by the Maoris. This opinion, I think, may be supported by philological arguments, briefly stated in my Official Reports on the Fiji Islands, presented to Parliament, May, 1862, and also in my 'Viti,' p. 383, where I said:—"Toa" is the Fijian form of the word 'Moa,' applied throughout Polynesia to domestic fowls, and by the Maoris to the most gigantic extinct birds (*Dinornis*, sp. plur.) disinterred in New Zealand. The Polynesian term for birds that fly about freely in the air is *Manu* or *Manumanu*; and the fact that the New Zealanders did not choose one of these, but the one implying domesticity and want of free locomotion in the air, would seem a proof that the New Zealand Moas were actually seen alive by the Maoris about their premises, as stated in their traditions, and have only become extinct in comparatively recent times."

BERTHOLD SEEMANN.

SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT.

Blackheath, April 21.

In the *Athenæum* of the 11th inst. are detailed the observations I made on the sky spectra in the Balloon Ascent on March 31. They were so different from what I expected that I could not avoid coming to the conclusion, that they were of little value in consequence of the ascent having been made so late in the day. I therefore resolved that the next ascent should be made when the sun was near the meridian, and that the spectrum examination should be a primary subject of investigation. The apparatus was the same as that used on the previous experiments. It was covered with black cloth to prevent any stray light falling on the prism, and whilst observing my head was also covered with black cloth. Between the hours of 11 A.M. and noon, I examined the solar and sky spectra with care. The sky was generally covered with cumuli, and there was a great mist. The solar spectrum extended from B to H nearly; and the sky spectrum from B to G, but these were quite its limiting lines.

We left the earth on April 18 at 1h. 17m. P.M.; within two minutes afterwards we were 3,000 feet, and at 1h. 23m. we were one mile high. The second mile was passed at 1h. 29m.; the third at 1h. 37m.; the fourth at 2h.; and the highest point was reached at 2h. 30m.—at the height of four and a half miles nearly. At 2h. 36m. we passed below four miles; the next mile downwards was passed at 2h. 40m.; and at 2h. 46m. we were two miles from the earth, which we reached at 2h. 50m. At 1h. 20m. looking close to the sun, the line G was very clear, as well as the two nebulous lines H, and the spectrum extended somewhat further; many lines were seen. At 1h. 21m. at the red end of the sky spectrum near the sun, the line B was very clear, and many lines between B and F were visible. At 1h. 28m. the sky spectrum under and close to the sun extended from A at the red end to beyond H, the lines were beautifully defined, and I thought somewhat more numerous than as viewed from the earth. At 1h. 28½m. the sky spectrum at some little distance from the sun did not reach to G, and scarcely to B; but there were many lines between these extremes. At 1h. 33m. on directing the slit to the sky far from the sun, the field of view was dark. At 1h. 37m. as the balloon was revolving I had a beam of light from the sun, whilst looking at the red end, and all lines were clear up to A. At 1h. 39m. the slit was directed to a point in the sky as near the zenith as the balloon permitted, and the spectrum was

very short, and no lines were visible; turning the telescope round so as to sweep the sky, from a high point to a low one, I lost the spectrum entirely; there was no light at all. I could not turn the telescope round sufficiently to direct the slit to the clouds beneath. From 1h. 47m. to 1h. 49m. I could not get the slit directed to the sun, but the sky was blue and bright, and I kept my eye at the telescope and looked intently, but there was no light. I became anxious and uneasy, lest from my confined and constrained position, I was not looking fairly through the telescope, or the slit had become out of order, or something had become deranged, as shortly before the apparatus had swung round with a lurch of the balloon. At 1h. 53m. I examined the eye-piece, and cleaned it, for fear in my anxiety I had breathed upon it; I also examined the slit, and every part of the apparatus I could: all seemed to be right. At 1h. 56m. the field of view was quite dark, the slit being directed to the sky far from the sun. At 2h. 9m. and at 2h. 14m. the field of view was quite dark, when the slit was directed to the sky, the sun being nearly opposite. At 2h. 15m. I succeeded in getting a good adjustment upon the sun; and from this time till 2h. 31m. I devoted myself almost entirely to the examination of the spectrum; during this time we were from 4 miles to 4½ miles high. The balloon revolved once round in about five minutes; and I kept my eye at the telescope during the first revolution, and nearly so with the others. When the light came from the sun I confined myself at first to the violet end, which extended a good way beyond H, both of which were clear and made up of many fine lines. On passing from the sun, the spectrum shortened, and G was the limit; this was soon lost, and the spectrum shortened very rapidly, and there was none when looking opposite to the sun; on approaching the sun again, the spectrum again appeared. I directed my attention this time to the red end: B was visible on approaching the sun, and A became visible when a beam of light entered from the sun itself, and many lines were visible between A and a, and a and B; on passing from the sun the same phenomena were repeated as before; and when the sun again came round, I carefully examined the whole spectrum from A to a good way beyond H, sweeping the telescope up and down two or three times, and every line was visible that I had seen when looking at the sun from the earth before starting, and a great many more. The number of lines visible seemed to be innumerable. This experiment appears to be conclusive, and shows that sky spectra, viewed from above the clouds, are confined to the immediate vicinity of the sun itself, and indicates that the amount of light from the sky is very small indeed. The number of lines in the solar spectrum appear to be increased when viewed from a position above the clouds, and therefore none of the lines as viewed from the earth would seem to be atmospheric.

Taking together the whole of the sky spectra, they agree with those of the preceding ascent, and confirm their accuracy.

After reaching the height of four miles, and we had determined we were moving directly towards the coast, Mr. Coxwell continually applied to me for the readings of the barometer, and directed our companion, Mr. I—, to keep a sharp look-out for the sea. Immediately after we attained an elevation of four and a half miles Mr. Coxwell let off some gas, and said he felt assured there was not a moment to be lost in getting within view of the earth. He again let off gas rather freely, so that we descended a mile in four minutes. At 2h. 46m. we were two miles from the earth, the barometer reading 21.20 inches, when Mr. Coxwell, catching sight of Beachy Head, exclaimed "What's that?" and on seeing the coast through a break in the clouds, he again exclaimed, "There is not a moment to spare—we must descend rapidly, and save the land at all risks." It was a bold decision, but we were in a critical position, and I do not see what else could have been done.

When orders were given to put out sand we did so simultaneously, which gave a favourable check; and as the lower part of the balloon itself assumed a parachute form, the shock was not so bad as

might have been expected. Most of the instruments were broken, owing to their delicate construction, and my attention being drawn from them, yet, strange to say, the glass vessels of air collected at the highest point for Prof. Tyndall remained uninjured, as did some bottles of lemonade which Mr. Coxwell had placed in the car.

We descended the last two miles in four minutes, and the descent was within half-a-mile of the station at Newhaven. JAMES GLAISHER.

BOOK-MAKING.

Munich, April 12, 1863.

An article which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 7th March, signed "M. Digby Wyatt," has just been sent me. The article in question is directed against my book 'Vorschule der Kunstgeschichte,' and warns every one against a deceptive system of book-making, inasmuch as the illustrations of the book are, for the most part, taken from other works, and many of them two or three times repeated. It seems that Mr. Wyatt has done nothing more than look at the illustrations of my book, and taken no notice of the text; his notion, too, of the end and aim of the book is altogether an erroneous one. The 'Vorschule der Kunstgeschichte,' as the very title implies, is intended merely to be preparatory to the study of the history of Art. It is to be classed therefore with the æsthetical handbooks. But how, for example, would it be possible to reproach the author of a work intended to pave the way to the study of literature, with having borrowed from others, when he merely quoted passages from different authors, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, in order to prove his assertions, and to explain more clearly what he had said? The same passage, too, might be repeated; now for some peculiarity of construction, now on account of the force of expression; or, again, for the opposite of this, or because of a particular grammatical form; referring thus to one and the same passage, instead of interrupting the reader by obliging him to turn to a former page. This is what I have done. I show my reader how works of Art originated and were developed, and point out the different relative relations to be considered when viewing them, as well as the qualities which are most prominent. That I do not travel to Rome in order, with a few lines taken from 'The School of Athens,' to obtain a pattern of a "free systematic arrangement," but rather take them from a well-known engraving, is an act that can hardly require an apology. And if I, in one instance, give The Graces as a model for the beauty of the lines, I surely may place the same group again before the reader when giving him a specimen of matchless symmetry.

But why pursue the matter further? I am certain that had Mr. Wyatt done me the honour to read my book, instead of merely looking at it, he would not have shown so much irritation, which would be perfectly justifiable if the 'Vorschule' were meant to be a mere picture-book or a collection of woodcuts. These, however, are only the explanations of what I recommend as preparatory to the study of the history of Art. And in this part of the work, which after all is the most important one, no one will be able to accuse me of plagiarism, unless indeed I have copied from myself, which occasionally is unavoidable.

DR. ERNST FÖRSTER.

THE WEATHER.

Admiral FitzRoy has made his annual Report to Mr. Milner Gibson, President of the Board of Trade, in which he gives the general summary of results obtained from the practical application of meteorology to every-day use. The results of such utilization of facts are shown by two papers appended to this Report, which give statements of wind and weather following every instance of making our cautionary signals. These results are certainly remarkable; indicating a vast amount of saving through the warnings sent from London.

Applications have been made for the cautionary signals from no less than fifty-four of the places on our coasts, and as some of these have been preferred but recently, they are evidences of deliberate con-

sideration, and of the value attached to the fact that by means of our regular reporting stations and the Coast Guard, aided by the organization effected locally, in some districts, all the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland to which the telegraph extends (including the Isles of Man, Jersey and Heligoland), can now be warned of coming dangers in less than one hour.

More than this, however, has already been effected, and more is in prospect. From France we receive telegrams twice a day:—in the early morning from Rochefort, L'Orient and Brest, which telegrams reach London as soon as our own from Ireland or Scotland; and in the afternoon, through Paris, from Lisbon, Bayonne, Brest, Helder and Copenhagen. In exchange for which reports we send daily reports to Paris Observatory from seven places; and to Calais—for the French coast specially—at eleven, besides such occasional warnings as may be useful to the French north-west coasts, including our Channel Islands.

During 1862, many foreigners examined the arrangements at the office in London, and four of those gentlemen (who were accredited to high positions at the Exhibition) expressed intentions of establishing similar arrangements (on a smaller scale) in their respective countries, namely, France, Italy, Hanover and Russia.

In the last autumn France commenced arrangements for a system of coast telegraphy for ordinary weather as well as for storms, and within the last few weeks Admiral FitzRoy has heard from the officer at Paris, appointed to conduct this service, that he has organized eighteen stations on the French coasts.

Admiral FitzRoy classifies the critics who have questioned the policy of his signals thus: "Many may ask—'Is this system of weather-telegraphy sound and advantageous?—If so, why is it opposed?' There are no less than four distinct classes of interested opponents, and they should be known. First. Certain persons who were opposed to the system theoretically at its origin, and having openly expressed, if not published, their objections, are naturally reluctant to adopt other ideas until converted. Secondly. A numerous body who cannot have had time and opportunity to look fully into the rationale, but do not realize any want of special information, undervalue the subject, assert it to be a 'burlesque,' and misquote really great authorities. Thirdly. A small but active party which failed in establishing a daily weather newspaper indirectly opposed to the Board of Trade Reports, and have since endeavoured, by conversation, by letters, and by elaborate criticisms in newspapers or periodicals, to exaggerate deficiencies, while ignoring merit in the works of this office, however beneficial their intended objects. And fourthly, those pecuniarily interested individuals or bodies, who would leave the Coasters and the fishermen to pursue their precarious occupation heedlessly—without regard to risk—lest occasionally a day's demurrage should be caused unnecessarily, or a catch of fish missed for the London market.

"Especially referring now to persons who would have the warning signals, but not the 'forecasts' (results of considerations on which the signals depend), may I quote from my 'Weather Book' the following words?—'Frequently, remarks in favour of the cautionary signals, but in depreciation of the forecasts, have been made. Their author now begs to say that it is only by closely forecasting the coming weather, and by keeping atmospheric condition continuously present to mind, that judicious storm warnings can be given. Forecasts grow out of statical facts, and signals are their fruit.'

"To show some of the concordant opinions of such forecasts entertained in France and Scotland, in Ireland and England, I might quote numerous printed or written passages. In this Report, however, I will only observe that the views and expressions of seafaring men, of the maritime population in general, of the Coast Guard, and of Her Majesty's officers in command, are remarkably favourable.

"Perhaps it may be asked, 'On what meteorologic conditions or changes are the forecasts based?'

They depend (may be briefly replied) on considering the atmosphere as a lighter ocean, having currents, elastic expansibility, equilibrium, momentum or inertia, chemical alterations, and extreme sensibility to heat or cold, its *chief motors*; and on knowing the statical conditions of air in this oceanic envelope at many places simultaneously, likewise again similarly after certain intervals of time, by which means intercomparisons are made, showing the relative conditions and causations whence dynamic effects originate. These dynamic motions are proportional to disturbances of level, like those caused by a head of water, to inequalities of temperature and consequent *chemical* changes, with more or less electric action. They are our winds, and may be softly gentle,—or as heavily boisterous as in a *tempest*, of which differences, through all degrees, instrumental means and telegraphy now give available information. To utilize their indications adequately, a central office should know the natural and general atmospheric movements, with their disturbing causes, even as a pilot knows the varieties of streams and eddies in a wide estuary.

“The whole map of a region (say the British Islands) should be outlined in the mind, as the estuary with its shoals is mentally visible to the pilot. The normal tendency of the *whole atmosphere* (in our latitudes) to *move eastward* while crossed or variously interfered with by polar or tropical currents, that in course of seasons cause every variety of wind and weather, should be *always* considered, and then, with due allowances made for gradual advances from westward, for effects of land and differences of temperature—good forecasts may be generally drawn.

“The daily forecasts so extensively, yet without public cost, sent everywhere by the newspapers (whether the full tables are published by them or not), together with the regular tabulation of facts observed in numerous and widely-separated places, afford general information now highly appreciated by a very large and increasing majority, although they are at present only tentative, and liable to errors of judgment, in drawing conclusions, however reliable the facts.”

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SOME doubts have arisen as to the genuineness of the alleged discovery of a human bone in the drift. Messrs. Prestwich, Evans and Taylor have paid a visit to M. Boucher de Perthes, for the purpose of comparing the new facts with previous discoveries. Mr. Evans is said to have been struck with the suspicious appearance of one of the flint-heaps. The axes appeared to have been artificially stained; and, on being placed in water, they looked as if all the colour would brush away. The general circumstances are said to have impressed the English geologists with a strong feeling of uncertainty. No one, of course, can suppose that any part of the mystification—if there should be mystification in the matter—lies at the door of M. Boucher de Perthes; it is, however, feared that the rewards proposed by that gentleman for the discovery of human bones may have tempted the quarrymen into a discreditable trick. At all events, this new fact in the great controversy as to the Antiquity of Man requires to be set free from a very reasonable doubt.

The Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint Wednesday, June 10, for uncovering the Memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The ceremony in the Horticultural Gardens will be on a splendid scale.

The Exhibition of Sculpture in the Horticultural Gardens will be opened to the public on the 5th of May. Works are pouring in daily—artists who have been long condemned to the dark vaults of the Royal Academy seeming to appreciate the open galleries and light avenues of the Conservatory in these Gardens.

Her Majesty's Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862 have testified their appreciation of Mr. Tennyson's Ode on the Opening of the Exhibition, by presenting him with a very handsome silver urn and salver. The urn bears the following inscription: “Her Majesty's Com-

missioners of the International Exhibition of 1862 present this urn to Alfred Tennyson in grateful remembrance for his gift of prose and noble song, 1st of May, 1862.”

General Sabine's second *Conversazione* will be held next Saturday, May 2, at Burlington House.

A life of M. Victor Hugo, understood to be from the pen of Madame Hugo, will be shortly published in London and Brussels. The work, it is said, will contain a drama and many other unpublished works of the poet.

Death has removed two noticeable performers from the scene. Miss Kate Saxon died on Monday week, at the age of thirty-six. This lady, who won a reputation as the “clever little girl” in Mr. Falconer's comedy of ‘Extremes,’ was originally a Quakeress, and early acquired a reputation as a lecturer at the Whittington Club, on the Bloomer Costume. She married Mr. T. C. Forster, and for some time visited the provinces as a lecturer, but ultimately proceeded as an actress to America, having previously appeared as Helen, in ‘The Hunchback,’ at Drury Lane. She returned to England in 1858, and gave some entertainment in Lancashire and Yorkshire, in association with the late Mr. Malone Raymond; afterwards, she was engaged both at Covent Garden and the Lyceum.—On Wednesday week died also Mr. James Rogers, a comedian who has recently risen to some celebrity, and possessed a fund of humour of a peculiar sort. His last performance was that of the caricature, Effie Deans, at the St. James's Theatre, in which part he actually appeared the evening previous to his death. But the effort had exhausted his energies, and he was unable to take off his clothes. Next evening, saying to his wife, “The little raffle is over,” he smilingly expired. He was forty-two years of age, and had long suffered from ill health; yet he was always ready with his jest, and as an actor was one of the most genial “funny men” on the boards, especially as a burlesque performer.

Dr. Richard Fowler, whose death at ninety-eight we mentioned last week, is one of the few men who take the threescore years and ten, not only from natural, but from literary birth. Seventy years ago, in 1793, he published at Edinburgh a three-and-sixpenny octavo volume, entitled ‘Experiments and Observations relative to the Influence lately discovered by M. Galvani, and commonly called Grand Animal Electricity.’ A chain of sequences he lived to see!

Mr. Cropsey, the American painter, is about to leave London for New York, for a period more or less considerable. The pictures and sketches remaining in his studio, including the large picture of ‘Richmond Hill,’ are to be sold by auction next week.

A communication on the electric conductivity of thallium has been made to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Lucien de La Rive. The result of his experiments is, that while the conductivity of silver is 100, that of thallium is 8.64. This places it between lead and tin, the relative conductibilities of these metals being 7.77 and 11.45.

Messrs. Bacon & Co. have sent us a copy of Colton's new Map of the Southern States, which they have just received from New York. It is a new edition of a popular and excellent work, corrected up to the present time, so as to show the position of the invading and defending armies, the new fortifications, and many other things of interest. It also marks the canals cut by the Federals and the country which they have inundated in their attempts to approach Vicksburg and reduce the shores of the Mississippi.

We are glad to learn that it is the intention of the authorities of Manchester to form a portrait-gallery of local worthies, and a museum, to be situated in the Queen's Park. Such a scheme as this may be made or marred exactly as the trivial idols of the day are caught up or neglected. For royal or noble personages there is sure to be plenty of applause and abundant memorials, deserved or undeserved. Therefore, let us pray this plan may begin with the portrait of some one who is not a tawdry hero, but a Manchester worthy, some

valiant Union doctor who fought against typhus, some earnest parson or priest, some unsentimental prison-visitor. Above all, let the committee recollect that fidelity of resemblance is the main thing in such a scheme, and get good pictures if they can, but always good portraits.

The recent discovery of eleven pounds weight of ancient gold ornaments in the neighbourhood of Hastings, and their almost total destruction, renders it highly desirable that the law of treasure-trove should be made clear to popular comprehension,—that if it is not just, as seems to be the common impression, it should be amended, and the practice of the Crown, in exercising its conventional rights, defined. Two years ago, steps were taken in this direction; but a general belief exists that after some vacillation they were retraced. At any rate, so long as finders do not know that they will receive full value for discoveries, and have not confidence in their appraisal, it is silly to expect country folk will yield treasure-trove to an authority they contemn. In some parts a belief is held that such discoveries entail condign punishment upon the finders. Stupid as this may be, it exists and ought to be corrected. How great is the loss we learn from the fact that before a Commission of Inquiry a Dublin goldsmith averred that, through his hands alone, not less than 10,000*l.* worth of mere metal had passed into the melting-pot. How much greater was its value in Art! Let us add the finder's account of his discovery of the eleven pounds of gold:—“I ploughed up a long piece of metal; it was in a hole a little deeper than a foot; it was about a yard long, with two ‘trumpets’ at each end (? one at each end), twisted in three grooves.”—This was no doubt a torque, or twisted belt of gold for the waist or chest.—“We also found a great number of rings, some of which were larger than the others (probably carcanets and mamillary *fibule*). The larger rings were round, but did not shut to.” The smaller rings may have been specimens of the so-called ring-money, really studs, or articles having a similar office. Probably the find was some Northman's share of plunder derived from Ireland, the natives of which were riddled by that people as through a sieve, buried on landing for a Sussex foray, and never recovered.

A curious statistical return of deaths by fire is contained in the last Report of the Registrar-General. By this it appears that in the fourteen years, 1848-61, 39,927 persons were burnt alive or scalded to death. Of these, which constitute an average of eight a day, 1,344 were infants under one year of age; 4,500 were children of one and under two years; and 9,777 were between two and four years of age. Between the ages of five and fifteen, 6,255 girls and 3,750 boys were burnt to death. Above the age of fifteen years, men, who are far more exposed to danger from fire than women, die from this cause in greater numbers than the latter; but after the age of fifty years, women again turn the scale, their combustible dresses and the prevailing fashion of amplitude exposing them to greater risks than men.

The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the working of the Scientific Institutions in Dublin in receipt of parliamentary grants, have recommended that the Museum of Irish Industry should be abolished. An exception is made in favour of the Professors of Geology and Botany, who are recommended to be transferred to the staff of the Royal Dublin Society. The Report of the Commissioners further recommends that the collections of the Industrial Museum should be distributed between the Royal Dublin Society, the three Queen's Colleges, and Marsh's Library in Dublin.

In the archives belonging to the Princes of the Ernestine line of Saxony, which are kept at Weimar, an interesting discovery has been made: it consists of a number of autograph letters by Luther and to Luther, unknown till now. Herr Burckhardt, Keeper of the Records, has been entrusted with the publication of these letters, which treat principally on clerical matters. They will appear in print very shortly.

Not only at Tübingen a monument to the memory of the late poet Uhland will be erected,—

several other towns of Germany claim the same honour. Especially near Frankfurt, at Oberursel, a committee has been formed, which intends to raise a monument to Uhlant on the Altkönig; the house which stands now on this lovely hill of the Taunus is to be called, henceforth, "Uhlant's Ruhe." The poet, it seems, in his old and younger days, had loved the spot, with its beautiful woods, proud castles, venerable towns, sweet valleys and charming vistas, near and far, and had often climbed the Feldberg and the Altkönig. Only the small sum of from three to four thousand florins is wanted to carry out the ideas of the committee; and this sum, it is expected, will be easily raised by a lottery or bazaar, for which all the fair dames who ever delighted in Uhlant's songs are busy now. Also at New York a committee has been formed, which receives subscriptions from the Germans residing there, to erect a monument to the beloved poet, without whose sweet melodies perhaps no German would ever feel at home among the Yankees. A proposal has been made to place Uhlant's bust in the new Central Park, which already contains Schiller's bust. We are glad to hear that this idea has been accepted by the committee, and that the necessary funds are fast gathering.

Among the generation of German poets who, some thirty years ago, first appeared before the public, and since then have made themselves a name and a position in the literature of their country, Julius Mosen occupies one of the first places. His talent, which is one of great versatility (he has written lyrics, philosophical epics, dramas and novels), rests upon a deep and fervent patriotism, which, uttering itself in beautiful and stirring strains at a time of the most gloomy political reaction in Germany (even before the French Revolution of 1830 had cleared the air a little), soon made the young poet a favourite of the nation, which looked forward with joyous expectation to his poetical future. Some of his songs written at that time (we name only,—"Die letzten Zehn vom vierten Regiment," "Andreas Hofer," "Der Trompeter an der Katschbach," "Die Völkerschlacht bei Leipzig") have become popular in the best sense of the word, and are up to this day sung by fresh young voices (students' or turners', as the case may be) all over the country. A few of his charming minor poems ("The Statue over the Cathedral Door," and "The Legend of the Crossbill") are well known, too, in this country, having found a translator in Longfellow. Alas, that so promising and earnest a beginning should have been cut short by a cruel fate! Mosen, in the fullness of his strength and in the midst of his labours and plans, was seized with an incurable disease. For the last fifteen years, not able to move, and hardly able to speak, he has been confined, like Heine before him, to his sick room,—always following, with heart and soul, the political and literary development of Germany, but forbidden any more to partake in it. Among the last wishes of the noble sufferer, that of seeing his poetical works (which are dispersed in a great number of volumes, long ago out of print) in a collected form before him, and thus to leave them, as it were, as his last legacy to the nation, stands foremost, and, thanks to the energetic sympathy of the youth of his country, he will, ere long, see it realized. The German "Turnerschaft," at the instigation of the Oldenburg "Turnverein" (Mosen lives at Oldenburg, whither he was called, in 1843, as "Dramaturg" of the Grand-Ducal Theatre), has taken the matter in hand, and brought it to a happy issue. The subscription, in which the Germans in England also have largely participated, has had such a splendid result, that it is almost equal to a national demonstration, and the complete edition of Mosen's works, consisting of eight compact volumes, will be in the hands of the subscribers before the end of the year. We hear that, in comparatively calm moments, he jestingly compares himself to old blind Ziska, whose horse led the Hussites to battle and victory, and who, dying, called out, in the arms of his followers: "Diese Victoria danke ich euch!"

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five, and will CLOSE on SATURDAY, May 9.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

Will open on the 27th inst.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (Close to the National Gallery).—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours) IS NOW OPEN.—Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. JAMES FAHMY, Secretary.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE.—READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings, at Eight punctually.—On Monday, April 27, Mrs. Kemble will read "The Tempest"; Wednesday, April 29, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Friday, May 1, "King Lear"; Seats (Unreserved, 3s.; Stalls, 5s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s. each. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE.—A SPIRIT-RAPPING SEANCE. An entirely New Part, entitled "Twenty Minutes with a Medium," will be given every Evening. Medium, Mr. Yates; Visitor, Mr. Power. There will also be several new arrivals at the Seaside. To commence at 8. Saturdays at 8.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 5s.; Balcony, 1s.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

A MORNING IN MEXICO.—Magnificent and exquisite EXHIBITION of CERAMIC STATUETTES, illustrating Life, Manners, Customs and Costumes in Mexico. Open daily from 10 till dusk. Gallery, 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. each; by Book-Post, 4d.

LEVAISSOR EN VISITE.—SCÈNES ET CHANSONS COMIQUES.—Tous les Mardis, Jedis et Samedis pendant le mois de Mai, commençant MARDI SOIR, le 5 Mai, à 8 heures, DUDLEY GALLERY, Piccadilly.—1. Le Mari au Bal Levaissor.—2. Est-ce tout? Mlle. Teissier.—3. Parodie des Danes de Salon, Levaissor.—4. Le Monde tel qu'il est! Levaissor.—5. Comment on mène son Mari, Mlle. Teissier.—6. La Mère Michel au Théâtre Italien, Parodie Bouffe, Levaissor.—7. Le Mal de Mer, Scène Comique Nouvelle, Levaissor. M. Roosenboom tiendra le Piano.—Places Réservées, 7s.; Non-réservées, 5s.; Quelques Fauteuils, 10s. 6d.; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—April 16.—Dr. W. A. Miller, Treasurer and V.P., in the chair.—The Right Hon. Sir Edmund Walker Head, Bart., was elected a Fellow.—The following papers were read:—"On Ozone," by E. J. Lowe, Esq.—"On the Equations of Rotation of a Solid Body about a fixed Point," by W. Spottiswoode, Esq.—"On the Fossil Human Jawbone recently discovered in the Gravel near Abbeville," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

ASIATIC.—April 20.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—A paper "On the Extent, Construction and Cost of Railways in India," by J. C. Marshman, Esq., was read.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—April 14.—J. Hogg, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. C. Babington read a paper, in which he gave an account of a Collection of Greek Inscriptions recently procured by Capt. Spratt, R.N., during a survey of part of the coast of the Island of Crete. A few of them have been already noticed by Pashley, in his travels in that island, or by Boeckh, in his "Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum," but the majority are as yet unpublished.—Mr. Vaux read a paper by D. E. Colnaghi, H.M. Consul, Bastia, "On some Ancient Ruins near Missolonghi," which was a continuation of a former paper by him, "On the Remains of Old and New Pleuron in Acarnania." In the present paper, Mr. Colnaghi gave an account of the Ruins of Calydon and Chalcis.—Mr. Vaux communicated some interesting letters from Mr. G. L. Taylor, the well-known author of the "Antiquities of Rome," with respect to his discovery, June 3, 1818, of the famous Lion of Charonea, which was erected in commemoration of the Thebans who fell in the battle, at that place, B.C. 338, with Philip of Macedon. This lion (a cast of which has been lately sent to the British Museum) is fully described by Pausanias; but, strangely enough, has been so covered with *detritus* washed down from the adjacent mountains, that Dodwell, Gell and Leake sought for it in vain. The greater part of this lion is still preserved *in situ*.—Mr. Vaux also communicated a paper by J. Yates, Esq., "On a Volume recently acquired by the British Museum, and containing a Treatise on Geography, compiled from Strabo, Arrian,

Ptolemy, &c., with three rude Maps of the Fifteenth century.'

NUMISMATIC.—April 16.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—Rev. A. Pownall exhibited one Gold Coin of Valentinian I., and two of Valens, found in Leicestershire.—Mr. Madden read a letter from Capt. Turton relative to a find of Roman coins, including several Carausius', at Upsall, Thirak.—The Rev. Churchill Babington read a paper "On Two Unpublished Coins of a City unknown to Numismatic Geography, which appears to be Berbis of Pannonia."—Mr. Evans read a paper communicated by W. Webster, Esq., "On a Gold Coin of Francis and Mary," which, after a close examination, he condemned as a forgery.—Mr. Evans read a paper, communicated by the Rev. A. Pownall, "On the Short Cross Pennies, bearing the Initial Cross of the Legend on the reverse *pommée* or *botonée*."

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—April 20.—Owen Jones, V.P., in the chair.—A letter was read from General Knollys, announcing that the Prince of Wales had consented to become Patron of the Institute.—Mr. T. S. Pope, jun. was elected a Fellow.

STATISTICAL.—April 21.—Col. Sykes, M.P., in the chair.—"On the Direct Imperial Expenditure for the Colonies," by Mr. F. Purdy.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 14.—J. R. McClean, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—At the monthly ballot the following candidates were elected:—Messrs. W. D. Dent, M.A., J. Fogarty, J. Lewis, G. W. Rendel and T. C. Townsend, as Members; Messrs. H. W. F. Bolckow, H. Bolden, O. Bowen, C. W. R. Chapman, J. Davis, C. Gott, C. T. Hargrave, C. Löwinger, R. C. Rapier and A. Rumball, as Associates.—The paper read was "Description of the Line and Works of the Scinde Railway," by Mr. John Brunton.

April 21.—"Account of the Cofferdam, the Syphons and other works, constructed in consequence of the failure of the St. Germain's Sluice of the Middle Level Drainage," by Mr. Hawkshaw.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 27.—The Rev. J. Barlow, V.P., in the chair.—J. Lubbock, "On the Ancient Lake-Habitations of Switzerland."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 15.—R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A., in the chair.—The paper read was, "The New Art of Auto-Typography," by Mr. Wallis.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Actuaries, 7.—"Calculation of Liabilities of Insurance Companies," Mr. Sprague.
— Geographical, 8.—"Visit to Ode, Ijebu Country, Western Africa," Capt. Bodingfield; "Explorations of the Elephant Mountains, &c., Western Africa," Capt. Burton; "Travels in Equatorial Africa (Gaboon, Congo, &c.)," Mr. W. Reade; "Notes on Madagascar," Lieut. Oliver.
TUE. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sound," Prof. Tyndall.
— Engineers, 8.—"Middle Level Drainage," Mr. Hawkshaw; "Charing Cross Bridge," Mr. Hayter.
WED. Society of Arts, 8.—"Varieties of Minerals used Economically," Prof. Ansted.
THURS. Royal, 8.
— Antiquaries, 8.
— Royal Institution, 2.—"Geology," Prof. Ansted.
FRI. Philological, 1.—"The Letter R," Mr. Weymouth.
— Archaeological Institute, 4.—"The Crypt and Chapterhouse of Worcester," Prof. Willis.
— Philological, 8.
— Royal Institution, 1.—"Japanese Art," Mr. Leighton.—Annual Meeting at 2 o'clock.
SAT. Royal Institution, 2.—"Language," Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE late New Society of Painters in Water Colours is now to be known under the above title; the Association has enlarged its space and obtained a better light for the gallery by carrying it into the "first floor" of the old premises, and taking in a house at the back. The improvement is considerable, and the appearance of the gallery quite other than it was. As usual, the number of figure-pictures here is small, and their merit by no means great.

There is most of good Art-quality, among the figure-subjects, in Mr. H. Warren's little picture of a girl at a cottage-door (182); she is supposed to

be bidden adorn herself while her lover, one Lubin, is "away": she will probably not obey the injunction. Here is unusually solid painting, a rare quality in water-colour Exhibitions, in the dress of this girl; her face has expression, not quite successful, but creditable; while the flesh, if not pure in colour, is bright. The climbing and other plants about the door are extremely well and truly painted; in mere execution the most successful parts of this picture.—Mr. Tidey's *Temptation of Christ by the Pharisees* (245), commissioned, says the Catalogue, by the Bible Illustration Society, does not seem to us of a kind of Art desirable for presentation to the People. With many figures and a grand theme this painter has not taken Nature sufficiently into his confidence to enable him to render so many forms and such a subject. A bolder treatment would have been more valuable for a work intended to be popular. His *Study* (154), a woman in an Arab or Turkish head-dress, has a large manner of drawing we should like to see in the more important production.—Mr. L. Haghe's large picture, *The Doge Andrea Dandolo leaving St. Mark's after taking the Cross* (82), gives the high interiors of the domes and the walls of the church, covered with gold-grounded mosaics and architectonic figures, with an effective force that only lacks clearness of colouring to be brilliant, and is, nevertheless, satisfactory. The figures, which are numerous, are less so. By the same is *Cellini and Francis the First at Fontainebleau* (278), the sculptor presenting the model of a group to the king. The interior is effectively painted, but, unfortunately, the text describes Francis speaking to Cellini, while the picture shows him addressing his attendants.

In execution no less than in conception of the purposes of Art, Mr. T. Sutcliffe is the exhibitor here who aims highest and succeeds best; his works are landscapes, excepting the beautiful drawing *Maggie and Jewels* (309), which, for translation of nature and subtlety of colouring, is in itself a jewel. The marble whiteness of the bird's wing, the green-black glossiness of his tail and body plumage are exquisite. *Oak-tree and Stream* (258), a very simple theme admirably treated, shows a few bushes beneath an oak; amongst their roots goes a bright rivulet. In handling and tone this work is beyond challenge. Mr. Sutcliffe habitually produces a certain sootiness in the colour of his pictures that should be overcome. In the last, and in *Tree in Harewood Park* (96), a beautifully-drawn bole and branches,—*A Cornfield* (64),—and *Stream at Hampthwaite* (3), a little river coursing under a slight screen of foliage,—this is apparent. In other respects nothing in their way can be more excellent than his works.—Notwithstanding its thinness of treatment, one of the most beautiful translations of nature here is Mr. G. Shalders's *Near Leatherhead* (281), a team waiting at a cross-road in evening twilight; a barn behind a hedge, its grey thatch telling beautifully with the pale glow of the sky, is most felicitously treated: admire the general tone of this work.—Mr. Hine contributes some fine studies of nature that have a broader claim upon our interest than is due to ordinary transcripts; amongst the best of these is *Winchelsea from the Rye Road* (82), *The Land Gate, Winchelsea* (98) and *Rye, from the Marshes* (240), which last is a perfect example of broad and delicate treatment.—Mr. Whympers's *The Passage from the Sea, Clovelly* (4) and *Clovelly Pier* (23) are clearly-executed portraits of certain localities, taken in a characteristically-thin manner. The first shows the cliff-path that winds from the beach, overlooking the house-tops; the second the high headland beyond the village, its deep valleys, the sweeping shadows over them, and the freshening tide that comes into the harbour, all painted, with unusual breadth and brightness. Like these, his *Bodiam Castle* (48) is weak in local colour, where it might have been strong to great advantage.

Mr. E. G. Warren is probably the most brilliant painter of landscapes in water-colour; he devotes himself somewhat too frequently to beechen shades and distant views from under them. He has, however produced several drawings—one, a moonlight, two or three years ago, we especially remember, that showed him competent to do equally well

with other themes. No. 11, *Among the Bracken*, has red, fading fern in the foreground, beautifully handled. From a high headland we look over half a county belted with trees; those in the mid-distance are very cleverly handled; the sky, bright masses of cumuli on blue green, is a little dirty in colour. No. 40 has a similar subject, showing a view from a headland, clothed with ripe corn, over the elm tops to the far weald; on the proper right, a heathy hill-side; to the left, a tree-clothed knoll; a pale blue rim of rising hills on the horizon. The wheat in front may be a little too positive in colour; but the perspective, so to say, of its waving surface, as the sheeny grain glitters with grey reflections from the sky, is excellent. *Where the Deer frequent* (186) is much like what we have often seen before from this painter, as above noted. No. 139, *Folding Time*, is a charming picture of a sandy road over a common, covered with heather, rich in the colour of the sky and tones of the landscape.—*Mount Hermon, Syria* (20), Mr. W. Telbin, is broad, and powerful in rendering of the purple glow of Oriental hills at evening.—Mr. C. Vacher's *Arab Tombs, Algiers* (35), two white edifices, standing in the glare of the sun, by a scanty grove of palms, and amongst a wilderness of aloes, renders sunlight well, though not so clearly as might be desired.—Mr. J. Philp's "*When summer's sun went down*" (37) is rather poetical in suggestion than absolutely faithful in reproduction of nature; taking it as it is, there is much to like in the broken sea-coast, the near parts softened with sea mists of an autumn evening—those removed half lost in light; the clear, bright sea itself is cleverly treated in motion. *Exploring the Coast* (83) shows how this kind of suggestive art may betray itself by becoming almost exclusively composition, sacrificing literal fidelity to nature.—Mr. W. L. Leitch's *Canal Scene, Berks* (53), a mill on a bank, at evening,—a broad veil of grey cloud, with pale, gilt lines upon its folds, seeming to descend slowly over the scene,—a smooth canal, with boats, in front,—is worthy of admiration rather for its feeling for general truth than solidity of detail.—*Barden Tower and River Wharfe, York*, by Mr. W. Bennett (57), is much larger and broader in style than we have seen from the painter. We have the rich valley, with its river, the massed trees and white castle walls seen amongst them. Other pictures by Mr. Bennett show him to aim rather at quantity than quality of production—an error obviously fatal to his powers.—*Calm off Southend* (60), by Mr. T. Robins, Thames straw-barges lying off the shore, is excellent in grey colour, and very cleverly drawn.—Mr. J. C. Reed's *The Reeks of M'Gillicuddy, Killyarney* (116), a bright meadow lying amongst mountains, has some brilliancy of treatment and signs of extreme facility which captivate the eye at first to disappoint it on closer examination—a style of execution strongly marked in the graceful but unsolidly-painted group of beeches that stands on the banks of the little river. His *Steeple Rock, Kynance Cove* (131), shows his powers to better advantage—a bold and effective drawing of that strange fragment, the bright green sea and sands about it.

Amongst the most satisfactory, because best executed, classes of drawings here are those of architectural subjects, old houses, streets, churches and castles. Mr. Deane has treated some of the old streets in French provincial towns with extraordinary spirit and real Art. His *Rue Poterie—Vitry, Brittany* (274), showing the great high-shouldered houses and their roofs of infinite forms, all delightfully quaint, is one of the best of his productions in colour, solid rendering and picturesque quality. Hardly inferior is *Old Houses in the Corn Market, Vitry* (172), by the same, shop-fronts, with their high-lifted hoods, like the booths of old London, and tall houses above them, whose eaves are of astonishing depth, is noble in Art-treatment; a splendid drawing, large in style and bold, yet singularly free from mere dash.—*The Old Hôtel de Ville, St. Omer* (10), Mr. T. S. Boys, is excellently done, the beautiful old porch and noble house behind it that were destroyed in 1831.—Mr. Carl Werner has produced many subjects from Jerusalem which show his style to be in

course of modification and improvement. Although still over-hot in colouring, for no climate can render stone devoid of greyness, and no sunlight can make the shadows as well as the lights of a picture glowing and hot, these works of his are less faulty than of yore. *Bethany* (25) is an example of how a clever man may, by working on a limited system, depart from nature and pictorial beauty at the same time. No one can deny its artistic execution, but it is obviously impossible that any effect of light can so cut up a landscape. *The Waiting Place of the Jews, Jerusalem* (88), is painted with great dexterity, but shows that erring hotness of colour we challenge; such excess of red, glowing reflexions in the shadows no one has seen out of Mr. Werner's pictures. The result of this error is that the stones seem transparent in their shaded sides, and, from the lighted sides lacking grey, they are like cork in texture. This characteristic corkiness is strongly marked in the otherwise beautiful drawing of *The Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre* (269), a noble specimen of Crusaders' Gothic architecture. The ancient portals and the window arcades of this building are worthy of careful study: nothing can be more picturesque, simple, or complete in design.—Several of Mr. Chase's studies of English Gothic buildings, notwithstanding their lack of colour, are creditable. Among the best are *Doorway, Castle Campbell* (135),—an old recessed porch, green with damp; *Entrance to Garden, Roslyn Chapel* (266),—a very solidly done drawing of sunlight coming through a doorway, a red curtain hanging on the wall.—Mrs. W. Oliver's *Trabbach, from the Moselle* (79) shows capitally the extremely quaint houses of that ancient town, their fronts half covered with green-grey slates, their oddest windows and doors and wild roofs.—Mr. E. Hayes's sea-piece is the best here: *Stormy Weather—Dutch Boat running up Channel* (76), an excellent exposition of motion in sea, and its ashy-green colour.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE Society of Female Artists has entered a new and improved phase of existence this year; it appears, for the first time, as an independent body, having a gallery for exhibition of pictures, and also, we are glad to learn, for the holding of a drawing-school, in the very convenient locality of Pall Mall, No. 48. We may consider the body as adolescent, if not adult, and congratulate the ladies interested upon the success of their efforts so far. It is satisfactory that they are gradually leaving the slavish practice, upon which we have ere now commented, of copying the systems, subjects and very manners of their respective husbands, brothers, fathers, or masters. Not rich in pictures of high pretension, this gallery is better worth a visit than if it were so, and shows in most of its contributors' works their praiseworthy diligence in acquiring the mechanical powers of Art.

Miss A. Burgess, as before, holds a high position with her charming water-colour drawing, *A Dutch Maid* (No. 3), a servant with a basket, in which there is judicious arrangement of colour, seen in the greys of her indigo dress, the background, and in the face, which last is capitally rendered as well as full of character. This is a genuine interior. *The Embroidress* (74) is worth looking at.

Somewhat too low in key for English taste, but by far the most artistic work here, is Miss A. Lindgren's *Grandmamma's Pet* (165), an old woman regarding with intense satisfaction the efforts of a loutish boy to thread a needle. He is much too big to be put upon a table, but there he is, sitting upon his own heels; his expression is capitally rendered, as is that of the woman, whose eyes glance above her spectacles with perfect rendering of humour. In its own key the colour of this work is excellent, as are the tone and handling of textures throughout. See also 161, *Girl tending Cattle*, by the same.—Miss Kate Swift's *The Butterfly and the Bee* (169), two girls, one diligently making nets, the other idly dressing her hair, is treated with great skill, the figures well drawn and composed: see the attitude of the last named, and the thorough consent in all her limbs; some of the colour in this work is a little heavy and dirty—else there is little to challenge in it.—Miss C. E. Babb's etching, styled

Victory (226), the inhabitants of a town gathered on its ramparts, and witnessing a battle, in which their side wins, with cries and all signs of joy, is worthy of high praise for the variety and spirit of its actions.—The Misses Taylor's *Original Sketches* (234) are good, full of spirit and grace, lacking only delicacy of execution. These humble, domestic themes are far superior to the pretentious series of like productions from the *'Idylls of the King'* (125).

—Miss Durant sets up the boldest pretensions of any exhibitor here, on the strength of three marble bas-reliefs of the life of Achilles,—sculptures not without conventional correctness, and even some grace of composition. This lady affects classic sculpture, but, in aiming at the Phidian manner, has even neglected to mark the distinctions of fabrics in her draperies: see those of *Thetis and Vulcan* in "receiving the arms" (2), where the smith-god's robe and that of the sea-goddess are much alike.

Of the landscapes, Mrs. F. Ouvry's *Thames at Maidenhead* (24) is rather over-dashing, but good in execution.—The architectural paintings, by Miss L. Rayner, are results of some years' assiduous practice: they have a corresponding value. *The North Entrance to the Cathedral of Rouen* (8), a little hot and too transparent in its shadows, is excellent. *The House of Knox, Edinburgh* (17), with its old grey stones and ragged front in sunlight, is rich in variety of colour, the perfection of this branch of Art, and very solid in execution. There are several other drawings by this artist worthy of admiration.—There is good colour in Mrs. Keating's *For Breakfast* (175),—bold and vigorous colour and admirable modelling in Miss F. Peel's *Gems of the Ocean: Study of Mackerel, Red Mullet and Smelt* (196), wherein she has done something like justice to the beauty of her subjects. Mrs. T. J. Thompson's three pictures, *From St. Boniface Terrace, Ventnor* (259), *Under the Rocks of Villa del Franchi, Gulf of Genoa* (260), and *Study in Borrodale, Cumberland* (261), are, one and all, admirable proofs of possession of real and earnest diligence and knowledge of nature which, maintained in exercise, will enable the artist to get rid of a certain blackness and apparent coldness in colouring, from which her works at present suffer.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The private view of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours takes place to-day (Saturday), opening at eleven o'clock. Two hours before that time representatives of the Press will be admitted, as of late. The public opening will be on Monday next.

A remonstrance should be made against exhibiting the designs for the Albert Memorial in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament. Entering this hall, on one side of which Mr. Maclise has painted the 'Interview between Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo,' while on the other he is now engaged with 'The Death of Nelson,' we found it blocked off by screens intended to hold the designs in question during their public exhibition. Behind these rises the first-named picture, one of the very few wholly satisfactory works resulting from the infinite labours of the Royal Commission of Fine Arts. It will scarcely be believed that this noble painting, upon which the artist has expended several of the best years of his life, has actually been covered up with cloths, in order that its colouring may not mar the effect of the architectural designs! Thus it has been for some weeks, and thus it is proposed to be for some weeks to come. On Saturdays the public is admitted to see the paintings in the Houses, while now the most important of them is covered up. Good taste and respect for the artist should have prevented this thing. Independent of the slight thus offered to him, a serious annoyance must be inflicted upon Mr. Maclise, if the designs are exhibited as arranged, by bringing crowds of persons, and their accompaniments of dust and noise, for weeks together into an apartment which is actually his studio, where he is working for the nation daily and all day long. The authorities ought to remove the designs into Westminster Hall or Burlington House.

At Mr. Cox's Gallery, 57, Pall Mall, is to be

seen a picture by Mr. J. Sant, having for subject Christ meeting the Apostles on the way to Emmaus, after the Crucifixion. The two disciples have been "communing and reasoning" on the events and teachings of the life of their Master; they are now walking and thinking, the one picking his way with his staff. They wear dark robes; beside them has come the white-robed figure of the Saviour; he has just accosted them with something like the rebuke, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." The figures are nearly life size, and there is much about the method of their presentation which is striking and original. If it were not that this originality is not of the highest mental quality, the picture would be a noble one. The face of Christ and his action are too much of the earth, common and earthy, to suit and suggest the theme. One cannot rest satisfied with his ordinary and somewhat trite action as expressive of those proper to the Redeemer just risen from the tomb. The figures of the Apostles are more successful, because less subtle and noble in their demands on the painter, still they are not quite free from the painting-room's taint. It is really painful to see how the artist, with considerable pictorial ability, has contented himself with a low idea of the face of his chief figure: a higher one may be out of his reach, but to attempt something beyond the mere fleshy and studio typical head would have been noble even in failure.

Messrs. Day & Son publish, probably for enthusiastic amateurs, two sets of landscapes, lithographed, from those renowned localities the Ionian Islands and the Province of Auckland, New Zealand. The first of these is by Capt. H. J. Wilkinson, and is the first part of a series styled 'The Seven Islands,' not very valuable as works of Art, these drawings may present pleasant memoranda to men who know the places represented. The 'Village of Benize, Corfu,' is a lovely and famous scene that would have borne honest treatment and less rose-water-like style of drawing than has been here adopted for it. These drawings are very well in their way, but lack the unchallengeable fidelity, of a sort, of photographs, and have few of the merits of pictures. The letter-press descriptions of the localities which are attached to the drawings smell strongly of the Gazetteer, as seems to us, but then it must not be forgotten that the writer has spared us spasmodic poetry. The series from Auckland has a similar text attached. It is by Major F. R. Stack. There is such a strong family likeness in both sets that we must conclude the artists can claim but a small share of the works as published. Either they could not draw them in a manner to be presentable, and so the lithographer has done what there is in the landscapes beyond the local and prominent features, or, what is much more likely and a real offence, the lithographic draughtsmen has not condescended to reproduce the individuality of each artist.

'Notes on the Thirty-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy' is the title of a pamphlet signed by one Justus Clemens. So far as we are able to judge of the works criticized, now forming that exhibition, the opinions of the author are neither just nor clement. There is a want of balance in the judgments expressed, and, above all, much lack of recognition of the aims of artists. Notwithstanding this, there is a good deal of discrimination, and, so far as the writer's experience seems to allow him, much candour. "What compelling motive induces Scotch artists to emigrate [migrate] in such numbers, it is really not easy to make out"—is deliciously simple!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT. St. James's Hall, Piccadilly.—Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt having generously given their services in aid of the ROYAL HOSPITAL for INCURABLES at Putney, a Grand Performance of Handel's Cantata, *L'ALLEGRO and IL PENSIEROSO* (the Poetry by Milton), will take place at the above Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 1, commencing at Eight o'clock. The Solo Parts by the following eminent Artists:—Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. The Band and Chorus will be complete, comprising upwards of 250 Performers. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.—Tickets, 7s., 10s. 6d., and One Guinea each, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 22, Old Bond Street; at Messrs. Addison & Luce's, Regent Street; at the Principal Libraries and Music-sellers; and at the Office of the Hospital, 10, Poultry.

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY. Half past Three, April 22. ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Quartet, No. 5, E flat (Op. 44), Mendelssohn; Grand Sonata in C (Op. 53), Beethoven; Quartet, E flat, No. 78, Haydn; Pianoforte Solo, Lubeck. Artists: Vieuxtemps, Rice, Webb and Piatti. Pianist, Ernst Lubeck, from Paris. Visitors' admissions, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Craner Co., Chancery Lane; Ollivier & Co., Abchurch Lane; and Parry, 18, Hanover Square; and Austin, at St. James's Hall. Director, J. ELLA.

HERE ERNST PAUER'S SECOND PERFORMANCE of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in strict order, will take place at WILLIS'S Rooms, on MONDAY NEXT, April 27.—The Italian Composers; the School of Clementi and his Pupils. To commence at Three o'clock precisely.—Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 5s.; may be had of Mr. E. Pauer, 3, Cranley Place, Onslow Square, S.W.; and of R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street, W.

APRIL 30.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, Hanover Square Rooms.—The Programme will include Wesley's *Motet*, 'In Exitu Israel'; Mendelssohn's *Psalm*, 'Why rage ferociously the heathen.' Violin, M. Sainon and Herr Politzer; Viola, Mr. H. Webb; Violoncello, Signor Perze; Contra-Basso, Mr. C. Serern; Pianoforte, Mr. Deacon.—Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; to admit three to a single Séance, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 73, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. DEACON'S FIRST OF THREE SÉANCES of CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC will take place on THURSDAY, April 30, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by permission of Messrs. Colliard), commencing at Three o'clock.—Programme: Quartet in E Minor, Spohr; Sonata in C, Pianoforte, Beethoven; Sonata in B flat, Violin and Pianoforte, Mozart; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn, Pianoforte; *Sestet in E flat*, Berlin. Mr. Deacon and Herr Politzer; Viola, Mr. H. Webb; Violoncello, Signor Perze; Contra-Basso, Mr. C. Serern; Pianoforte, Mr. Deacon.—Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; to admit three to a single Séance, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 73, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

EWER & CO. beg to announce, that their FIRST CONCERT for the INTRODUCTION of NEW MUSIC will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY, May 5, at Three o'clock.—Vocalists: Mdlle. Florence Lancia and Madame O'Leary Vining. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Fancini, Salsotto, Rice, Webb, Witt, and Wohlens. Invitations will be sent to the London Subscribers of Ewer & Co.'s Library. Tickets to Non-Subscribers, Half-a-Guinea each.—Ewer & Co., Her Majesty's Music-sellers, 67, Regent Street, London.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, MAY 5. Handel's MESSIAH. Full Orchestra and Chorus.—Mdlle. Titiens her only appearance this season out of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdlle. Paropa, Miss Eliza Hughes, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whiffin, Mr. Wallworth, Mr. Santley (by the kind permission of Mr. Mapleton), Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, F. Bennett.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s.; at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; and all Music-sellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Those revolutionary persons who manage the Crystal Palace Concerts have made another step in introducing the music of one who is rated as a great composer everywhere, except in England,—by performing, on Saturday last, the *Entr'acte* and *Bacchanal Dance* from M. Gounod's 'Philemon et Baucis.' What is worse, the audience was demoralized enough to enjoy it, as something *sui generis*;—quaint in form, rich in colour, and true in character. This *Entr'acte* is one among half-a-dozen thoroughly peculiar movements of the kind by M. Gounod (among which are the Shepherd's Song in 'Sapho,' the triple chorus in 'Ulyse,' the Bohemian Dance in 'La Nonne Sanglante'), showing with what art and variety he can sport on a ground bass, and how he can turn monotony to account in the production of effects. Mendelssohn's Pagan Chorus in 'St. Paul,' Beethoven's Dervish whirl in 'The Ruins of Athens,' are not more wildly and attractively illicit than this excellent curtain tune, dance and chorus: even when it is played without stage effects and groupings, and without the force given to the final climax by the voices, the impression made by it is new and seizing. The treatment of the orchestra is admirable, clear, effective and original. Greater strength in the stringed instruments was wanting at the Crystal Palace; but this organic weakness allowed for, the music had full justice. The concert closed with M. Gade's 'Hamlet' Overture,—which was not judiciously placed, as winding up a programme of light and brilliant music. It is grave, sad and vaporous; built on those minor themes which are thrown off by the thousand—one curiously like the other; none of them vulgar. Only such a mighty genius as Beethoven was able to show in his 'Egmont' and 'Coriolan' Overtures, and his Ninth Symphony, that there may be subjects in this mode, as characteristic and diversified as any major themes extant. That Herr Gade never fails to draw a delicious sound out of his orchestra (something, we have always fancied, distinctively Northern), we were anew reminded by the close of this Danish prelude. His music may never take a deep root in England, since we care more for distinct forms and colours than for the lights and shades of Cloudland, but it cannot be heard without interest by those having open minds and sympathies. M. Vieuxtemps played

two violin *solos*, in a style more mannered than ever; and the glory of his tone is on the wane. He was, however, warmly applauded,—and so, too, were the vocal violences of Mdle. Ellinger, which, it appears, pass with many persons for grand and classical singing. The real sensation produced by Mr. Dannreuther's playing has led to his second engagement at Sydenham to-day. He will play Beethoven's G major Concerto.

HERR PAUER'S HISTORICAL PERFORMANCES.—This series of chamber-concerts might justly be called an Illustrated History of the Pianoforte; with such care, research and width of knowledge have its programmes been drawn out—while the introductory remarks (which, when completed, will amount to a small volume) are full of well-selected facts and sincere criticisms. Herr Pauer's first *Matinée* was devoted to twelve artists, grouped by him as the Vienna school,—Frohberger, Wagenseil, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Ries, Czerny, Schubert, Moscheles, Liszt and Thalberg. Of course, there is no space disposable in this column for a criticism, point by point, of a history. Hence, having expressed high estimation of the artistic feeling and indefatigable zeal with which the work has been prepared, we must further be content to touch, as they pass, on a few specimens of the authors so ingeniously arranged and grouped. We were most interested by Haydn's variations on a theme in F minor; somewhat gentle, it is true, but ingenious and with true Haydn touches of modulation and suspense in the *coda*;—by an *andante* and *allegro* from a *Sonata*, (Op. 48), by Ferdinand Ries, a writer who, as Herr Pauer observes (what we have observed a score of times) has been unjustly neglected because of his over-facility and unselectness, but whose best works are marked, characteristic and well written for his instrument;—by an *andante* from Czerny's third *Sonata* (Op. 57), which, though hardly in the true *Sonata* style, has great elegance. Czerny, like Ries, hurt his reputation by his manufacturing rapidity. Lastly, we must mention Dr. Liszt's twelfth *Rhapsodie Hongroise*; one of those strange, interesting, characteristic national *fantasias*, in which the author's imperial and yet eccentric predominance over all other pianists is most clearly discernible,—a work far preferable to his formless, ambitious, yet, nevertheless, grand *Concertos*. As a "transcriber" (it is well said by Herr Pauer) this man of genius is without a rival. The other pieces in the programme were more familiar to us, or else less interesting than the above. All were rendered by the player in his best manner.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—'Norma,' as first requisite, demands a tragic *prima donna*. London has not forgotten its great *Norma*, who, having in this character partially robed herself in Madame Pasta's mantle,—herself rarely endowed with beauty and power,—so kept her ground that even Mdle. Lind in the plenitude of her reputation could not trespass on it for an hour; still less could Mdle. Cruvelli, sustained as that disappointing lady was by a chorus of exaggerated praise. The one artist who divided honours with Madame Grisi was Miss Kemble. Why should Mr. Gye compel us inevitably to recollect those golden and silver days by such a leaden presentment of the part as that made the other evening by Mdle. Fricki? She has copied Madame Grisi's dress,—she attempts a forcible attitude or two after Madame Grisi's fashion (these not good as models),—and she tries for Madame Grisi's great burst, 'No, non tremar,' therein putting forward all her power; but her voice is unequal, tremulous and out of tune,—her execution is inadequate to the requirements of the music (as was sadly shown in 'Casta diva'), and we have not yet discerned in her the existence of any real fervour for the stage or new true conception of its duties. The *Adalgisa*, Mdle. Dottini, is lifeless and weak. Furthermore, to close the chapter of objections, the offspring of *Norma* are not so well tutored as they should be. On Thursday week their behaviour, more artless and natural than suits stage art and nature, was amusingly distracting in the scenes which open the second act. In brief, the performance was an inferior one.

The concert which followed it was given to introduce Mdle. Carlotta Patti, a lady who, because of a slight lameness, can present herself only in concerts. Her appearance (Mdle. La Vallière was lame) is engaging. Nature made her very pretty. Art, the other evening, had dressed her consummately well (as fashions go). Her voice is a *soprano sfogato*,—one of the many voices which of its kind in these days spring up as if to confound those who have so troubled the world on the diapason question—a voice reaching to (not singing on) F in *alt*,—and one which is less worn in tone than her sister's. Meanwhile, it is clear that the new lady is no pretender. Her songs were the *polacca* from 'Linda,' 'Gli angui d'inferno' from the 'Flauto Magico,' and a Swiss echo song by Herr Eckert. Some of her *cadenzas* (like those of her sister) are wild, queer and out of style,—telling, it may be, of education in a land where there is no real school of tradition, of power, of comparison,—of that steady, life-giving influence derived from authority which made the artists of old. Among the vocal concert artists of modern time, however, Mdle. Carlotta Patti deserves a high place, because she is obviously able to execute, without stint or faltering, all her conceptions, in respect to music of enormous technical difficulty.

Of the new tenor, Signor Caffieri, who appeared in 'Guillaume Tell' the day before yesterday, we must speak on Saturday next. 'Rigoletto' is announced for this evening, with Mdle. Fioretti as *Gilda*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mdle. Titiens has been singing in 'I Puritani,' an opera for which she is in no respect fitted, in 'Lucia'—for which she is as much unfitted—being a far too robust and inelegant musical *Bride of Lammermoor*,—and in 'Lucrezia Borgia.'—How long will it be ere the public is weary of these operas? Their continued existence on the stage, when, as now, they are supported by singers who in no respect equal the glorious artists for whom they were written and by whom they were introduced, tells a tale of the decay of modern composition not to be mistaken.—In 'La Farfaletta,' a short ballet, with music by Signor Giorza, Madame Ferraris shows that time has as yet made no inroad on her archness, grace and execution. The scenery is pretty and the dresses are fresh. The transfer of a portion of the proscenium to the orchestra is an improvement in Her Majesty's Theatre. In all modern conjunctions of principal artists with chorus (especially when the latter have to act), the form of the stage as it so long stood, offered serious difficulties, unfelt, of course, in operas of the older, slighter, less dramatic school.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan commenced an engagement for a limited period with Mr. Tom Taylor's effective comedy of 'Still Waters Run Deep.' As *John Mildmay*, Mr. Wigan was as discriminative and as powerful in the various scenes of this culminating drama as in the olden time, when he swayed the sceptre of the Olympic. His peculiar style, so minute in its developments, and so complete in its ultimate impression, must prove a pleasing change to an audience to whom the same bill of fare has been so long presented; and he was greeted, as might have been expected, with unanimous applause. The part of *Mrs. Sternhold* was supported by Mrs. Wigan with her usual determination and tact. The Oriental panorama, which we have already described, succeeded the play, and is evidently appreciated by the public. It is calculated to attract for a prolonged period. The performances concluded with the farce of 'Porroving a Husband,' in which Miss M. Harris performed the part of *Pamela* with her usual vivacity.

SURREY.—A new piece was produced on Saturday, entitled 'The Devil on Town,' for the purpose of introducing Miss Rebecca Isaacs, with some beautiful songs, in the part of *Fanny Homelove*, which prospered so well with the audience, that Miss Isaacs was frequently *encored*. The piece, in its conception, resembles 'The Devil on Two Sticks'; and the infernal agency implied is supported with much cleverness by Mr. Shepherd. On

Monday Mr. Creswick re-appeared on these boards, as *Claude Melnotte* in 'The Lady of Lyons,' and on Tuesday in 'Virginus.' He was welcomed by the audience with all that heartiness which might have been expected from his long connexion with the house; and, after the extravagant melo-dramatic exhibitions which have been indulged in while he has been acting elsewhere, his presence here in the legitimate drama must have been felt as a wholesome relief.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We are now informed that M. Gounod's 'Faust' will positively be represented during this season at the Royal Italian Opera, with Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Margaret.

An excellent and interesting concert was given by the Musical Society on Wednesday last. To the new Symphony by M. Silas we shall return shortly; being only, for the hour, able to announce its real and extraordinary success. Meanwhile, let us record that Mendelssohn's 'Melusine' Overture went better than we have ever heard that most delicate and spiritual of modern overtures go; and that Mr. Carrodus made a favourable impression in a Violin *Concerto* by Herr Moliqeu. He still, however, wants the crispness of execution and (in its last movement) the humour of its composer, his master.

M.M. Halle and Vieuxtemps were again the principal players at Monday's *Popular Concert*.

Among musicians new to England who have arrived for the season are the brothers Lamoury (violinists) and Mdle. de Ruda, who have appeared at a concert given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society.—M. Wieniawski is, we perceive, on his way hither.

Mrs. Merest was to commence her series of Chamber Concerts yesterday evening.

One or two late musical performances have been overlooked in the hurry of the time,—among concerts, the liberal entertainment given by our other best tenor, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, at which, together with much other music, Miss Gabriel's 'Dream Land' was repeated.—A special musical service in aid of the National Society was given on Thursday week in Westminster Abbey, with a choir of two hundred voices, conducted by Mr. Hullah.

The evergreen M. Levasseur is about once again to bring his comic scenes and songs to London, and, in company with Mdle. Teisseire, to sing at the Dudley Gallery during the month of May.

The programme of the National Choral Society for the remnant of the present season and for the coming one, 1863-4, is noticeable; showing, as it does, that the institution in question depends not so much on its choral and orchestral merits, or on any extraordinary research in the music about to be performed, as on its *solo* singers, or rather on one *solo* singer, Mr. Sims Reeves, who is announced as its principal feature, to sing at all the performances of both seasons. This—no disrespect to our incomparable tenor—seems to us inverting the natural proceedings of a choral society intended steadily to promote the interests of Art. That singularly composed society, the *Vocal Association*, flies at every game; and, on Tuesday last, gave a new operetta, 'The Rosière of Salency,' by Mr. Maeters (we presume without dresses or scenery). What was said some weeks ago of the inevitable consequence of attempts like these to attract a public by devices at variance with the professions, which, by their fulfilment, should characterize any societies intended to last, applies here also.

M. Vaucorbeil's comic opera, 'Bataille d'Amour,' appears not to have succeeded at the Opéra Comique of Paris. The music is described as being dull and tormented.—M. Berlioz's 'Béatrice et Bénédicte' has met with a cordial reception at Weimar.

M. Borchardt, a bass singer at the Grand Opéra of Paris, best to be remembered, perhaps, as *Hercules* in Gluck's 'Alceste,' was struck with apoplexy on the stage there one night last week, and died in the course of the evening.

A new Symphony, by Mynheer Verhulst (an orchestral movement by whom was some years ago brought forward by Mr. Hullah), was the other day produced at Amsterdam.

Another version of M. Paul Féval's drama, now being performed at the Lyceum, under the title of 'The Duke's Motto,' has been produced at the Pavilion, Whitechapel, where it is called 'The Duke's Bequest—I am Here.' Mr. J. Vollaire is the adaptor, and he has been well seconded by the management, who have bestowed upon it some finely-painted scenery. It is efficiently acted, and has met with great success.

At the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, Prof. Pepper's invention of the Spectral Illusion has been adopted as a stage expedient. A piece has been written by Mr. Hazlewood for the purpose of its introduction. It is called 'Faith, Hope and Charity,' and the ghost is a clergyman's widow who has been murdered by a baronet, and accordingly haunts him at midnight. The baronet, to the great surprise of the audience, thrusts his sword through the apparition. The effect was to entrance them as if spell-bound, and the majority were evidently unable to explain the cause of so extraordinary an appearance.

MISCELLANEA

Cardinal Mezzofanti.—Your readers may remember the anecdote of Cardinal Mezzofanti which I communicated to you in January. I beg to forward you some extracts from a letter I have received from a gentleman whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making on the occasion of a former visit to Hardwicke House, in 1850. It was written to me for my private use, but I have now obtained permission to publish it, on condition of suppressing the names:—"As my friend Dr. Donaldson had the anecdote from me, you may possibly like to have it exactly given. The slight variation in your version is immaterial. In the winter of 1841-42 I called on the Cardinal at Rome. On the day following that interview I dined with Mr. —, of —, near —. Mezzofanti's name being introduced, — (my host's son) said, 'I saw Mr. Smith yesterday, who has just come from China, and says that he has had a conversation with the Cardinal, but does not think he knows a great deal about Chinese.' I thereupon observed, 'Well, that is rather curious, for I happened to be calling on Mezzofanti yesterday, when he said, 'a countryman of yours, Mr. Smith, did me the favour of coming to see me the other day. He has been about nine years in China, but has unfortunately studied only the Canton dialect, which is the worst of the thirteen spoken there.' My impression at the time was that Mr. Smith was not a clergyman, but a consul or merchant, but I may have been wrong... I am pretty certain that 'thirteen' was the number of Chinese dialects which the Cardinal named, and between which it may be presumed that he was able to distinguish. 'Nine' was also the number of years to the best of my recollection. In ordinary discourse it is easy to find one's memory at fault; but most persons would remember accurately words they heard fall from a celebrated man, whom they could but rarely see." It is very satisfactory to receive this, the correct version of the anecdote, from the gentleman who had it from the Cardinal himself. In my former letter to you I only professed to give it as I heard it. I have carefully taxed my memory, and I believe that I gave it as it was told to me, except that I may have used the expression "put him through the different dialects," instead of "trying him through," &c. I presume Dr. Donaldson must have believed that Mr. Smith and the Bishop of Victoria were one and the same, for he spoke of the gentleman who had the interview as a "bishop," and I remember it the more distinctly, because he was rather facetious in his comments thereon. I regret that the Bishop of Victoria should have been mistaken for the other Mr. Smith, but that is not my fault. And I also regret to find that, quite unintentionally on my part, I should have given his Lordship a wrong title in my former communication, but I am very ignorant of all matters connected with the Church of England, and I had not a Clergy List at hand. EDMUND WATERTON.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. R.—W. M.—J. J. W.—L.—D. M.—W. K.—J. V.—T. A. N.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

LITERATURE

The Cab Trade of London: its History, Profits, and Prospects. By W. T. Hemming. (Free-man.)

The London cab-driver is of noble and ancient descent. When Cæsar came into our well-peopled island, which, he says, was full of houses built after the manner of the Gauls ("hominum est infinita multitudo, creberri-maque ædificia fere Gallicis consimilia"), few things seemed to have more excited his admiration than the thousands of chariots, with their skilful drivers who showed such knowledge of their vocation under the orders of Cassivelaunus. We still number our chariots and charioteers by thousands; but they no longer carry terror by the "strepitus rotarum" over well-stricken fields in war. The only point of similitude between the ancient and modern "auriga" lies in this,—that as the priest used to have his eye on the former, so the policeman is concerned in watching the ways of the latter. In either case there seems to have been a determination to keep *Essedarius* and *Cabby* well up to the collar.

Between the periods of those two individuals, the world has occasionally been sorely troubled as to how it could keep moving; and the cab question is one which turns up once, at least, in the season. The London world has always had the river. The liquid highway was a great and cheap thoroughfare, and people went on joyous missions, matters of sorrow, affairs of business—to church, to law, to gaol, and to the gallows—by water, and passengers rallied each other as they passed. How, in later times, they went to the play by boat, and how many hundred watermen lived by the stage and the river, is pretty well known to us all. Besides the river, we have now the rail; and a very noisome and repulsive mode of conveyance it is. We do not think the open street is going to be left a desert just yet; nor the *Hansom* cab laid up in the British Museum, like an ancient canoe or a Druidical chariot.

Queen Elizabeth's Dutch coachman driving Her Majesty in a *caroche*, was so singular a spectacle, that beholders knew not what to make of it. Opinions were divided as to whether the machine were a monster, or a huge crab-shell from celestial *Kathay*. The fashion, however, was taken up at first by ladies of great households, who emulated the Queen; and though there were not yet public stands in the streets, coaches were soon to be had on hire. Taylor the Water-poet tells of half-a-dozen oyster-wives hiring a carriage to carry them, on the Thursday in Whitsun week, to Stratford-le-Bow, where Green Bower Fair was held. On their way, between Aldgate and Mile End, they were so be-madamed and mistreated by the mendicants, that, in return for the satirical homage, they spent all they had in largesses, and were fain to pawn their gowns and smocks the next day to buy oysters; as else "their pride had made them cry, for want of what to cry withal."

The original riders in the new-fangled *caroches* paid toll for their pride, in their humiliation at the hands of those sad scapegraces, the London apprentices, who, when too elate on festive occasions, were occasionally so bold as to make a rush at a "hell-cart," as they called the chariot of vanity, and capsize it to demonstrate their aversion to all things and persons aristocratic. There was no great luxury, however, in this sort of progression in those days. The passage was uneasy, the

street roughly paved, or, worse off, in deep ruts; and every description of impediment lay in the way, over which the riders were tumbled rather than conveyed. It was Taylor's opinion that the devil invented coaches and brought in tobacco; but whether the foul fiend brought the latter in a coach, or the coach in a cloud of tobacco smoke, he could not well determine.

Of course, the fashion did not die out because of the opposition. On the contrary, if in the middle of the sixteenth century coaches were but seldom to be seen in any part of England, at the close of that period and the beginning of the next pride was so far increased, according to Fynes Morrison, that there were few gentlemen of *any account*,—by which definition the writer especially meant "elder brothers"—who had not their coaches, and that in such number that the narrow streets of London were much impeded by them. Other classes, too, began to find the convenience of such vehicles, at least to those who rode therein. "Yea," says Fynes, "they who only respect comeliness and profit, and are thought free from pride, yet have coaches, because they find the keeping thereof more commodious and profitable than of horses, since two or three coach-horses will draw four or five persons, besides the commodity of carrying many necessaries in a coach."

The hired horse was still, however, a prized means of locomotion; but he was only for your "gentleman." He afforded too costly a ride for the commonalty. In James the First's reign, as Aglionby tells us when speaking of the volatile Earl of Cumberland, the master of a hack-horse cared not how lean he was, "so that he be able to carry him home two shillings at night." That was the price of hire for the day; and compared with the present value of money, the price was rather exorbitant for a lean horse.

The sedan-chair, all unpopular as it was when introduced by Buckingham, who brought the fashion from Spain, whither the chair had gone from the French town of Sedan, speedily became a favourite hired conveyance. Buckingham went better horsed and better coached than any noble of James's days, though some essayed to rival him. Few found fault with him; but when he introduced the sedan, humane people cried Shame upon him! Why should he degrade Englishmen into beasts of burden? Such was the cry, with the query; but as Englishmen cared to be carried, and others saw there would be profit in the carrying of them, the sedan became an institution, and fops and fine ladies who could not keep their own chairmen were glad to hire them. One Sir Samuel Duncombe, as we learn from Garrard, in *Strafford's Letters*, obtained royal sanction in 1634, to build forty or fifty "covered chairs" for the carrying of people up and down. The project gave the town something to talk about besides politics, and the old pensioner Duncombe profited by his patent. Occasionally, even now, an old-fashioned sedan may be seen swinging to Court on great drawing-room days. The majority have perished, but the beauty of some has caused them to be preserved. One of the most striking ornaments in the great saloon at Ashridge Park is a sedan-chair which once used to carry a cardinal, but which is now expanded into a magnificent screen.

With all these means and appliances, however, there was little facility afforded to the middle classes. The hackney-coach, precursor of the *cabriolet*, did not yet exist. The ponderous state and family coach was to be seen

lumbering by, conveying its lordly owner and his family through the ruts of the London highways. This, too, was succeeded by carriages of another and comparatively lighter class, but still for individuals, and not for the public generally. When the first hackney-coach-stand delighted the eyes of Londoners, is a question not at all easy to determine. Mr. Hemming says it was in 1634, and that Capt. Baily was the projector; but in this statement he only repeats a common error. Baily only introduced lower fares than before. The old sailor built four coaches, set the drivers in liveries, stationed them at the Maypole in the Strand,—that is, at the foot of Drury Lane,—and gave a list of fares for which they might be hired to various parts of the town throughout the day. "Other hackney-men seeing this," says Garrard, "they flock to the same place and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Everybody is much pleased with it. For whereas *before* coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

This settles the question. We know that in 1613, London hackney-coaches used to go down to ply at "Stirbitch Fair," in Cambridgeshire. But it was undoubtedly in Charles the First's reign that first appeared in the streets a conveyance for the people. In 1635, there were about a score of them—no more! and yet people of "quality" complained of the obstruction caused by these useful but humble carriages, and an ordinance for their disappearance was issued. That is, they were forbidden to *stand* in the streets. Persons requiring them were bidden to seek for them at the proprietor's residence. There were other regulations, as we learn from *Laud's 'History of the Troubles'*:—"The King's Majesty took into consideration the restraint of the multitude and promiscuous use of coaches about London and Westminster. The great number of hackney-coaches were grown of late a great disturbance to the king, queen and nobility, through the streets of the said cities, so as the common passage thereby was hindered and made dangerous, and the rates and prices of hay and provender, and other provisions of the stable, thereby made exceeding dear. Therefore no hackney or hired coach was to be used or suffered in London, Westminster, or the suburbs or liberties thereof, except the same be to travel at the least three miles out of town. And no person shall go in a coach in the streets of London and Westminster, except the owner of the said coach shall and do constantly keep within the said cities and suburbs thereof four sufficient able horses or geldings fit for His Majesty's service, whenever His Majesty's occasions shall require them, upon great penalties contained in the said proclamation."

There were difficulties set in the way of locomotion. There are also difficulties in the way of him who would describe its history truthfully. When the above regulation was enforced, Garrard says, "1,900 was the number of hackney-coaches of London, [with] base, lean jades, unworthy to be seen in so brave a city, or to stand about a King's Court." There must assuredly be some mistake in the numerals, which disagree so widely with other statistical returns. In 1637, the Master of the Horse, great sire of the Hackney-coach Commissioners, was authorized to grant licences for fifty hackney-coaches in London and Westminster, and as many more as might be required for other parts of England, no coachman being allowed to keep more than

a dozen horses. In 1652, there were two hundred coaches, and an additional hundred two years later, when the licensed horses to draw them numbered six hundred. The hackney-coaches reached the golden number of 1,000 in 1771.

In this last century, the institution considered itself threatened in a curious way, not by people who rode in other coaches, but by pedestrians who discovered means to do without them. The bearing of the umbrella question as affecting the coach interest has not been fully considered; and where it has been considered at all, the errors in the account are numerous.

Paris preceded us in the introduction of hired carriages, as it also did in this fashion of umbrellas for the protection of those wayfarers who went a-foot. This fashion was marked and approved just one hundred and ten years ago by Lieut.-Col., afterwards General, Wolfe. "The people here," he says, writing from the French capital, "use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to secure them from snow and rain. I wonder," adds the young soldier, "that a practice so useful is not introduced in England (where there are such frequent showers), and especially in the country, where they can be expanded without any inconveniency."

Our gallant soldier was not aware that the umbrella question had been discussed a century and a half earlier by Fynes Morrison, who first saw the article itself in Italy, where he also heard of its use to pedestrians and others in regions still more remote. His description, as may be supposed, is sufficiently quaint. "In hot regions," he tells us, "to avoid the beams of the sun, in some places, as in Italy, they carry umbrellas, or things like a little canopy, over their heads; but a learned physician told me that the use of them was dangerous, because they gather the heat into a pyramidal point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly upon the head, except they know how to carry them for avoiding that danger."

In 1752, Wolfe was suggesting the introduction of the umbrella into England; and book after book, detailing the social history of London, tells us that Jonas Hanway was the first man who carried an umbrella, and that the year of the innovation must have been before 1786, when he died. But we meet with the article above three-quarters of a century earlier—namely, in 1710, in the October of which year Swift wrote his 'City Shower.' In that picturesque poem, we see that—

The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her old umbrella's sides.

It is remarkable, however, that in this descriptive poem the sempstress, of all the persons exposed to the shower, is the only one who carries an umbrella. Dulman lags in the coffee-house, the Beau sits boxed in his chair,

While spouts run clattering o'er the roof, by fits;

the spruce Templar stands up under a gate, where he

Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach!

As for the overtaken ladies—

To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, and nothing buy.

The "oiled umbrella" distinguishes the sempstress alone, and we believe that, after all, Jonas Hanway was the first *man* who summoned courage to carry an umbrella about with him. The hackney-coachmen and the sedan-chairmen cried out against the innovation as trenching on their privileges and threatening them with ruin. They had nothing to say against the one great hall umbrella kept in aristocratic houses, and only used to cover a lady on her passage through the rain between her carriage and the door of the mansion.

They grumbled mildly when the great coffee-houses established an umbrella, which was lent to, and even returned by, well-known customers on showery days. But when men began to carry them in all weathers as a precautionary measure against any, then the whole tribe of chair and coach men cried "Haro!" on the effeminate offenders. Men even when accompanied by females under the "portable pent-house" were hooted, more especially by the hackney-men; while a gentleman alone, bearing his umbrella aloft, was saluted with yells and hisses, and cries of "Frenchman! Frenchman! why don't you call a coach?"—the term used indicating that the fashion came from that Paris where Wolfe had first seen it.

As a matter of course, these questions adjusted themselves. A little more than a quarter of a century ago, the old "Jarvey" began to die out. If the cart was glorified because the old Merovingian kings had nothing better to move about in, so has the hackney-coach had its glories and its day. In itself, it was a melancholy and fallen greatness. The vehicle full of cits had once been the carriage of a peer, but had come to grief. It sometimes came to worse than that, and in Charles the Second's time it was found convenient for the commission of murder. Then a dead duellist was occasionally cast into one, and sent home to his family. In William the Third's reign, the hackney took to disreputable ways of another sort, and lost for ever the privilege of driving in the Park, because crowds of painted hussies therein used to hoot the ladies who drove by in their own carriages. Who forgets the story how Harlequin Rich leaped out of one into a coffee-room and back again after the driver had looked for him in vain? and how Jehu ultimately refused his fare, shrewdly suspecting that the gentleman was the devil? In the old prize-money days, it was the favourite joke of half-a-dozen sailors to ride in a dozen and a half of hackney-coaches. They were almost as capacious as a man-of-war; and Fountayne Wilson, M.P. for Yorkshire, using one as a dressing-room, on going from the House to dinner, broke down opposite the Horse Guards, when the hilarious mob, on rushing to his rescue, found that eccentric and rarely-washed gentleman with two pairs of tight pantaloons and neither of them on! But the glory of the old hackney-coach consisted in the fact that for many years the regalia of England, crown, sceptre, and other finery, thrust into blue bags, were brought from the Tower to the Parliament House in a hackney-coach, whenever the monarch required their aid in helping him to show a kingly face in presence of the Legislature. The glory culminated when the Princess Charlotte ran away in one, from Warwick House, to her mother, in Connaught Place. When the number of that happy carriage was known, all the foolish part of London wanted to ride in it. It is a sad thing to add, that the glories of the conveyance did not honestly influence the character of the drivers. These were so notoriously brigands of a peculiar class, that when, in 1826, a Jehu of this tribe deposited at the Hackney-coach Office in Essex Street a bundle of bank-notes which had been left in his conveyance, his name, address and number were published abroad, as making in the aggregate something marvellous and worthy of remembrance.

The French cabriolet, which had just previously been introduced—a covered gig with the driver sitting at your side,—was an odious invention; but it was the forerunner of that cab which we now possess, and which conveys blushing brides to church, fevered babies to the grave, smitten paupers to the small-pox hospital, and

bevvies of children to pantomimes. In no other civilized country is such a horrible state of things permitted by the Government; and the disease and death thereby engendered make the modern cab as dreadful a machine to ourselves as ever the old British chariots of Cassivellanus were to the invaders.

Considering what the cab has fallen to, with its driver, we rejoice to hear that we are to have new and elegant vehicles, fine horses, courteous drivers and low fares. All this is, at least, promised in the prospectus of a new Company; and we hail the halcyon days which are said to be approaching, when we may enter a handsome carriage with complacency.

Personal Narrative of Three Years' Service in China. By Lieut.-Col. Fisher, C.B., Royal Engineers. (Bentley.)

It may be humiliating to confess, but it is, nevertheless, apparent from all the documents now in our possession, that the real power and resources of England were entirely unknown even to the most intelligent of the Chinese until we had entered the capital of their empire, made the head of the state a fugitive in his own dominions, and dictated such terms as we thought conducive to a lasting peace. The so-called opium war did not give the Celestials a fair notion of our greatness. Our power was, in fact, never put forth. The statesman's hands were bound, the soldier's sword was held in, by men of honest intentions and mistaken zeal. The religious press and the pulpits of the sectarians held the delusive opinion that the struggle was carried on for the immoral purpose of forcing upon the Chinese a pernicious drug. Had we known as much of the Flowery Land as we do at present, objections like these could have been easily met. The imported forms but an insignificant portion of the opium annually consumed in China; the chief supply being entirely of home growth, and having been so from time immemorial. But so profound was our ignorance at that time of these facts in Chinese social economy, that no answer could be given which would satisfy the class opposed to the prosecution of the war on moral grounds. Nor was this ignorance our only source of trouble. Just when we were about to reap the benefit of our exertions and Canton was about to open its gates, Lord Gough unfortunately accepted a heavy ransom and a promise to open the city to an unrestricted foreign intercourse. Europeans long resident in China saw in this arrangement a suicidal act and the germ of new troubles. There was no doubt that Canton must surrender to our forces, and Lord Gough ought to have insisted upon the immediate opening of the city, and have marched his troops through it to show that we had gained an undeniable victory. The news would have been carried all over the empire, and the prestige of our arms would have been permanently established. As the case stood, even the bulk of the Cantonese never knew that any ransom had been paid; they were told that the barbarians, intimidated by the heroic attitude of the favoured race, had deemed a safe retreat the better part of valour, and had gone away to Hongkong—a poor rock in the waste of sea—which had been thrown to them as a kind of sop, and would be taken back from them at the first favourable opportunity. After the British troops had left, the bearing of the Cantonese became worse than before, their insolence increasing when they found that our Government made the additional mistake of not insisting upon that portion of the treaty in which the opening of the city had been

stipulated. The foreign merchants were obliged to reside on the river, where they had, at considerable outlay, managed to extend the banks so as to form a narrow strip of garden, not more than a couple of acres in extent. This confined place was all they had for outdoor exercise. It was not deemed safe to enter any except a few of the narrow and crowded streets of the suburbs, where the principal Chinese merchants resided. The city itself, surrounded by high walls and closed by strong gates, was carefully guarded by Tartar soldiers against "foreign devils,"—the choice terms, translated for our benefit into English, by which the mob used to designate us. To venture beyond the suburbs into the country was an act of daring, in more than one instance attended with fatal consequences. During a short stay at Canton we attempted it once, but on our return home had to submit to indignities from the hands and mouths of the populace, that would have made even Job's blood boil with rage. This state of affairs continued till the outrage on the Arrow brought matters to a crisis. The right to enter Canton, nominally ceded to us by the last treaty, was now insisted upon; and Yeh, the Chinese governor, finding that subterfuges were no longer useful, flatly refused to acknowledge the right. The occupation of the foreign factories in 1856 by an insufficient force, the only one then at our disposal, enabled the Chinese to gain a temporary victory over us, and celebrate their little success by a triumphal arch. But the end was coming for these absurdities. The diversion of Gen. Ashburnham's force to India, delayed, until the end of 1857, the chastisement of which the pig-tailed heroes stood so much in need. The capture of Canton was admirably managed, December 29, 1857,—at least so we think. The Chinese believe we took an unfair advantage of them, by not following the example of Lord Gough; for we were mean enough to attack the city where the walls were least strongly defended, and to send men over them like robbers instead of forcing our way through the gates, the approaches of which were guarded by guns. On the 1st of January, 1858, Lord Elgin, Baron Gros, Gen. Straubenzee and the allied admirals entered the city in state, salutes being fired from all the ships, from the top of the ramp, and from another point of the walls. This time we had learnt to treat the Orientals after their own fashion. Nothing was neglected that could give *éclat* to the occupation, and the Treaty of Tien-tsin was the natural consequence. By that treaty, the Imperial Government of China acceded to all our demands; the most essential of which was a free and unrestricted intercourse with the interior by means of its great rivers. But it soon became evident that, in the eyes of one of the high contracting parties, this treaty was mere waste paper. A secret edict was despatched from Peking, Nov. 7, 1858, about five months after the signing of the treaty, to neutralize as much as possible all the benefits we expected to reap from our diplomacy and our arms. This document fell into our hands; and a greater piece of bad faith, combined with an utter want of appreciation of the greatness of the nations the Chinese endeavoured to baffle, has seldom been penned. The Emperor thinks that the origin of his troubles must be sought in his having surrounded himself by men utterly unfit to guide or control the actions of foreigners. Of course, new men had to be put in their places. But what steps must be adopted to keep the barbarians out, when a solemn treaty gave them the right to enter the country? The Emperor tells the Fayuen Commissioners, to whom the edict is addressed:—

"We have already ordered Leang Tung-sin to

proceed with despatch to Tung-chow, and to purchase a large supply of stakes, which he is to lay down securely in such positions at Tien-tsin, or on the sea-coast in its vicinity, as he may deem most suitable, in order to provide defence so secure, and a barrier so effectual, that the barbarian vessels will never again be able to enter the inner waters. This is a measure of the utmost importance. As to the province of Kwang-tung, which has hitherto been famed for its loyalty and patriotism, and on a former occasion received from his late Majesty the monumental inscription, 'A sovereign's reward for a people's devotion,' and a special edict expressing his marked approval of their conduct, and the gratification it afforded him, we look to those high ministers, Lo Tung-yen and others (*i.e.* the Fayuen Commissioners), to give effect to our wishes. On them the duty rests of making in secret all the necessary arrangements, of marshalling the rural population without attracting observation, and of everywhere establishing train-bands, and by securing among them combinations, as well as by rousing them to exertion and keeping their communications everywhere complete, they may present to the outer barbarians such a display of the power of China as shall cause them to retire from the position they have assumed."

None of these bold measures caused the barbarians "to retire from the position they had assumed." In June, 1859, the allied plenipotentiaries proceeded up the Pei-ho, *en route* for Peking, to ratify the treaty of Tien-tsin. On arriving at the Ta-koo forts, they found that the river had been made impassable, and the attempt to remove the obstructions and force a passage resulted in what is known as the Pei-ho disaster, but what may well be designated by a more appropriate name. Had the Chinese at this period yielded to our demands, and received our plenipotentiary in a becoming manner, our forces would not have entered their capital, and we should not have been able to show them our relative positions. The insolent terms in which the Great Council of State replied to our ultimatum left us no choice but to press on to Peking, and bring about a complete revolution in their opinion and treatment of us. This policy of victory was something they could appreciate and could not resist. When their sacred city was in our power, their Emperor a fugitive, and their lives at our mercy, they very quickly understood us and themselves. Your Chinese are great at facts: they never quarrel with fate; but immediately reconcile themselves to evils which they cannot avoid. Instead of looking down upon us "foreign devils," they now look up to us; instead of annoying, they try to please us. They even go so far as to ask us to fight their battles, devour their rebels, and restore peace to their country. Whatever may be the danger we incur in allowing our officers to help the Imperial Government in crushing the rebellion, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that the Chinese mind is now thoroughly convinced of our fighting qualities. It will not be denied that the display of our forces in the Chinese war has at last so far removed prejudices as to give us a chance of exhibiting the higher qualities of our race, and using them for the advancement of a people who seemed to have sunk into hopeless stagnation.

Lieut.-Col. Fisher was one of the gallant officers who contributed to bring about these results, and who, in the volume before us, gives us glimpses of the scenes that during his three years' services in China passed before him. As an engineer he had many bold and arduous duties to perform. He was present at the capture of Canton, the first attack on the Pei-ho forts, and the taking of Chusan; but, just when the expedition was ready to start for Peking, he was taken ill, and, much to his mortification, the news of the engagement before

Tung-chow, the capture of Parker and his companions, the looting of the Summer Palace, the surrender of Peking, the inhuman tortures endured by De Norman, Bowlby, and others—all this was brought to him by the sick and wounded who came to the hospital ships. By his unlucky sickness, Col. Fisher missed the very best part of his story; and he wisely refrains from giving us second-hand information, after having described as an eye-witness the earlier part of the campaign.

We have been much gratified in reading this volume. A pleasant vein of humour runs and sparkles through the work. Some of it is undoubtedly of an ephemeral character, and for that reason is published about a couple of years too late. Yet there are many facts in the book which will be useful to the future historian of one of the most remarkable campaigns in which the British arms have been engaged.

Disraeli, the Author, Orator, and Statesman.
By John Mill. (Darton & Hodges.)

THE career of a politician in the middle term of life, and fully occupied with public affairs, is especially ill suited for biographic treatment; and the many sketches of Mr. Disraeli which during the last twenty years have proceeded from writers of different shades of opinion and degrees of power, serve only to strengthen the rule, that the lives of remarkable men should not be written until death has put the world in a position to form a just and dispassionate estimate of all their merits and achievements. The biography of a man who is still acting on his own history is necessarily incomplete, and from manifest causes is almost invariably inaccurate; but the memoir to which we now draw attention has other failings besides those imperfections which characterize nearly all works of its class. A few words will be enough to display the object and spirit of a book which is a piece of laughable impertinence to the man whom it professes to honour, and to the public whom it undertakes to instruct. It is doubtless within the memory of many readers that some years since Mr. Thomas Macknight published a 'Literary and Political Biography,' setting forth in a far from friendly manner the principal facts of Mr. Disraeli's public career. The volume was by no means faultless. One of its most important statements has recently been proved to be untrue, and many of its judgments at the time of its publication were seen to be extremely unjust; but as a piquant collection of ugly stories relating to a person of mark, it obtained a short-lived notoriety, which was heightened by the violence and indiscretion of the politicians to whom it gave most pain. The sensation was, however, the affair of a season; and before three additional sessions of Parliament had witnessed the perfection of Mr. Disraeli's success as the leader of a great party, the book had met that speedy death which is the unavoidable fate of all such works. It had become out of date, and to general readers was as useless as an old Post-Office Directory or an antiquated list of fashions. Such was the career of a biography which Mr. Mill once again drags into the light of day, and hopes to crush with a reply which he is simple enough to think will be "read by the thousands of earnest and gifted young men who may be found in every part of England, who only need hope, and a clear, noble and definite purpose, to make them great men." What cheering assurance is there in these words for every patriotic Englishman! What may we not look for from a country in any part of which may be found "thousands of earnest and gifted young men," who can be changed from "possible" into actual heroes by

reading an ill-written eulogy of the honourable Member for Buckinghamshire? Never had nation joster grounds for exultation than the land whose sons, according to our author's showing, are ready "to release humanity from the fetters of ignorance and vice—twin-brothers of perdition,—whose dominion is more to be dreaded than the bonds of death."

The portrait which is to exercise so beneficial an influence on thousands of earnest and gifted young men cannot be recommended as an agreeable picture. It would be unfair to the earnest and gifted young men not to tell them that its artistic merits are below the sign-board standard of excellence. Mr. Mill's knowledge of Mr. Disraeli's history has been altogether gained from Mr. Macknight's volume and from magazine articles. He speaks much, indeed, of his patient study of the voluminous Hansard, but his acquaintance with the parliamentary chronicler is slight and superficial. His authorities are previous writers, whom on all matters of fact he follows with blind trustfulness, and whom he repays for their instruction with unmannerly abuse. Sometimes he misses the meaning of his authorities when they happen to be in the right, but their errors he invariably reproduces. For instance, in his opening pages Mr. Mill reiterates the old fiction about Mr. Disraeli and the *Representative* newspaper. "When first out of his teens," observes the historian, with characteristic felicity of expression, "he undertook what every young man that can, and many who cannot, write, believes himself to be highly qualified to perform—the editorship of a daily newspaper. We have looked into this paper, the *Representative*, and find little or nothing in it prophetic of the coming man." It is true that in a subsequent page Mr. Mill recalls this assertion, and in a note acknowledges that he has been enlightened on the point by the *Athenæum*; but his readers and critics will not be of opinion that this is a satisfactory mode of correcting a blunder. Surely the enthusiastic defender of Mr. Disraeli's reputation might have taken the trouble to cancel the erroneous passage, since its removal from his text might have been effected at the cost of very little trouble and expense. Let us hope that none of "the earnest and gifted young men," whose future greatness depends upon Mr. Mill's guidance, will take the poison of the large type, and fail to discover its antidote in the obscure note. On other matters the author avoids error by silence. Thus, when he alludes to the rupture between his hero and Sir Robert Peel, he cautiously observes, "It is useless to inquire too minutely into the causes of this estrangement. Such antipathies frequently occur." Of Mr. Disraeli's memorable speech on the Duke of Wellington the biographer says nothing whatever. But if he is cautious on certain questions affecting the object of his hero-worship, he breaks away from all restraints of prudence and decency when he criticizes the conduct of other public persons. His vocabulary contains an abusive expression for every one who has at any time opposed the Author of 'Coningsby.' Sir Robert Peel is called "a thing of shreds and patches," and is accused of "peculation," "tergiversation," "petty larceny," and "political infamy." Earl Russell, who is represented as still sitting in the House of Commons and writhing under Mr. Disraeli's sarcasms, the author compares to "a frog under a fungus." Mr. Gladstone is called "the Mr. Pecksniff of the House of Commons," and "a ranter who has had a 'call,'"—the merits of his eloquence being disposed of in the sentence which says, "He (Mr. Disraeli) is a good orator; he is wanting in that command over the passions

which characterizes the performances of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Spurgeon, but his speeches are perfectly free from the cant and verbosity which characterize the utterances of those gentlemen." Of a dead writer and of a lady who is still alive it is said, "An old bachelor and an old maid—Parson Malthus and Miss Martineau—have done more than any two other people that we know of to excite this spirit of antagonism to the poor." The advocates of the ballot, who besides forming a strong party in the House of Commons number in their ranks some of the most profound scholars and thinkers of our time, are described as "a few political fanatics." But Mr. Mill reserves his hottest wrath for those who have at any time written against his idol. Mr. Macknight is said to be servant of "the Father of Lies"; and another writer, from whom Mr. Mill has largely borrowed, is stigmatized as "dull," "acid," and "scurrilous." A line penned against Mr. Disraeli's conduct is regarded as a proof that its writer is "a wolf howling at the moon." And in another sentence, where, with amusing self-confidence, he ranks himself amongst recognized literary men, Mr. Mill observes, "There has been, and we speak it to the disgrace of our order, more evil speaking against Mr. Disraeli than against any other eminent man with whose history we are acquainted."

Nor are the insults of the book confined to Mr. Disraeli's antagonists. Jews and Gentiles, Whigs and Tories, all come in for sneer or gibe. The country gentlemen of the House of Commons are derided for "looking doltish and out of place." The Scotch will not thank the author who says that England has "incorporated" their country; and the Irish will not deem themselves flattered by the page which allows them to be just a few degrees superior to the Jews, but proclaims them to be vastly inferior to the great Anglo-Saxon family. Of Jews Mr. Mill expresses his low esteem in several pages of elaborate depreciation, which is brought to a climax in the assertion, that Mr. Disraeli's intellect is of itself presumptive evidence that he is not of pure Israelitish extraction. "As a fitting conclusion to this matter, we are bound to add," says the author, "that we do not believe that Mr. Disraeli himself is of pure Jewish blood. That he has Jewish blood in his veins we are ready to admit, but his face and intellect betray an admixture of foreign blood; and there are circumstances in the history of his family which point in the same direction." This reasoning will assuredly be the reverse of pleasing to Mr. Disraeli, in whom generous pride of race is a leading characteristic. Nor will he be more gratified by the extravagant flattery awarded to his literary achievements. Of the 'Voyage of Captain Popanilla,' Mr. Mill says, "The whole work is admirably conceived and well carried out, and, except in the inimitable satire of Swift, has no rival that we are aware of in the English language." The Wondrous Tale of Alroy places Mr. Disraeli in the highest rank of imaginative writers, by the side of Dante and Milton. "It is," observes the eulogist, "one of the conceptions of genius in the highest hour of its inspiration, when the rapt muse pours forth its thrilling effusion, as the lark warbles his song to the rising sun. It is not only the best of all Mr. Disraeli's romances, it has scarcely a rival in the English language." When Mr. Mill is at a loss for a climax he always says, "it has no rival in the English language." The expression is not more common-place than most of Mr. Mill's remarks. For instance, he assures us that Mr. Disraeli's other works are "romantic enough, and we meet in them flashes of poetry breaking out like beams of sunshine through fleecy clouds"; and he adds, "Is Mr.

Disraeli a poet? We answer, yes; and almost regret that he did not stick to literature, and cultivate the favour of the 'sacred nine,' with the same assiduity that he has wooed 'the free and independent' electors of Buckinghamshire and the 'country interest' in the House of Commons." This sublime regret introduces the reader to the 'Revolutionary Epic,' of which the critic observes, "There is enough fire in this to assure us that his lips have been touched by a live coal from the holy altar." How does a man feel with a live coal at his lips? Elsewhere faint hopes are given that the author of the epic may one day present the world with a complete poem. "If Milton," says Mr. Mill, "had not been driven from office, blind and in disgrace, should we have ever had 'Paradise Lost'?" and would the enemies of the Puritans have ever allowed that they produced a great poet? From present appearances we can hardly hope that the beneficent powers will ever expel Mr. Disraeli from the House of Commons; but if they should do so, then perhaps we shall have a poem more worthy of his genius than that portion of his epic which he has already given us."

Such is the incense which this devotee burns before his idol; and with such words of servile adulation does he kiss the shoes of the statesman "whose influence," he affirms, "is more wide-spread and secure than it has been at any former period of his life." That Mr. Mill is sincere in this last expression of opinion, we can believe. Whether he would, in sporting phraseology, have staked so heavily on the honourable Member for Buckinghamshire if he did not believe him to be "the winning horse," is a question we will not attempt to answer; but it is an inquiry which Mr. Disraeli will, perhaps, put to himself.

Irish Convict Reform. By an Irish Prison Chaplain, in the Convict Service. (M'Glashan & Gill, Dublin.)

Life among Convicts. By the Rev. C. B. Gibson. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Gibson—who is the original Irish Prison Chaplain—published his pamphlet on 'Irish Convict Reform' in January, and his book, with the more catching title, 'Life among Convicts,' in April. The pamphlet is a sippant attack on Sir W. Crofton and the Irish convict system; the book is a reprint, almost word for word, of the pamphlet, swollen by newspaper cuttings, old stories, lengthy quotations from recent works on convict discipline, and reverential extracts from Sir J. Jebb's Reports, into two meagre volumes. The pamphlet was very dear at a shilling: the reader may guess what the book is at a guinea.

This speedy and unnecessary development of the pamphlet into two volumes is rather odd. The book is dedicated to Sir Joshua Jebb, "founder of the English and Irish convict system." Mr. Gibson styles him "the ablest and wisest prison administrator in Europe." As to Sir Joshua's Reports Mr. Gibson frankly confesses that "he knows of nothing in the shape of public reports superior to those valuable state documents, which form a new and interesting department in English literature." It is an old, and a true saying, that many a prisoner on his trial has no notion what a good fellow he is, and how highly he is esteemed by the judicious world, till he hears the glowing panegyrics of the witnesses to character called, as a last resource, by his counsel. Sir J. Jebb is undoubtedly on his trial now, and his friends would appear to have called Mr. Gibson as a witness to character. At least, some such hypothesis is needed to account for the remarkable transformation of

the Chaplain's obscure pamphlet into two circulating-library volumes. Pamphlets are never read, but the popularity of 'Female Life in Prison' has recently shown how warm an interest the public may be taught to feel in the inner life of our convict establishments. Mr. Gibson aspires to the "Prison Matron's" success,—but probably he will aspire in vain. The Matron earned her popularity fairly. She gave us, it is true, some superfluous second-hand statistics; but the greater part of her book was the simple yet graphic description of her personal experience and observation; she told her story with good sense and manifest truthfulness; she did not mar her pages with jibes and flattery, for she had no grudge to gratify, no favour to seek; and above all she was not cursed with the desire to be thought facetious. But the Chaplain, after his seven years' service, has little of his own to tell us,—no notable traits of prison character, nor garnered record of his own "Life among Convicts." Almost all his stories and incidents have been in print before,—he abounds in misrepresentations, inaccuracies and blunders,—his constant sneers at Sir W. Crofton and compliments to Sir J. Jebb are offensive, and his jokes, always poor and commonly stale, are wearisome. Book-making of this kind never achieves popularity. We are sorry this work is such trash: for the Irish system has now so many partisans that we should like to have seen an honest and vigorous defence of the English system,—which we can hardly think is so bad as it is now made, by comparison, to seem. Mr. Gibson's pamphlet will not serve it much. Sir J. Jebb is a good engineer, an authority on prison construction and ventilation, an industrious public servant and an amiable philanthropist; but the strong suspicions of the public that he is incompetent to grapple with the peculiar difficulties of the Convict question will not be dissipated by Mr. Gibson's testimonial that "he is the ablest and wisest prison-reformer in Europe."

The testimonial of a convict Chaplain, who has seen seven years' service, ought, of course, to have some weight; and, accordingly, Mr. Gibson speaks with the voice of authority. But his claims to authority dwindle on examination. As Presbyterian Chaplain at Spike Island, he has only thirty or forty convicts under his charge, and his duties among them are limited to three ministrations a week. Of the other convict prisons in Ireland, he has only been a casual visitor; while all his knowledge of the English prisons is apparently derived from a devout perusal of Sir Joshua Jebb's Reports. The value of his testimonial is further weakened by the awkward fact that he has given other testimonials quite incompatible with this. In his official Reports, to which we naturally turned on reading his abuse of the system which he serves, we find him speaking in a very different tone. In January, 1857, he declares, after twelve months' experience, that he "would find it difficult to conceive how the general government of the prison could be improved." In January, 1859, "he has reason to know that the Intermediate Prisons of Carlisle and Camden are working well under the skilful management of the principal warders, and the wise and efficient superintendence of the Local Inspector." In January, 1860, he reiterates his approval; and in January, 1862, he reports "that nothing can be better than the general discipline of the prison." Nor can Mr. Gibson shelter himself under the plea that in official documents he must write to suit his superiors; for in a 'History of the County and City of Cork,' published in 1861, we find two pages of laudation on the Irish System, beginning in this fashion,—“Enlarged and enlight-

ened principles, based upon the great laws and motives that regulate and influence our nature, have been laid down, and most successfully carried out, by the present Board of Irish Prison Directors," &c. The chief distinctive features in the Irish Convict System are the Intermediate Prisons and the police supervision over ticket-of-leave men. On these, therefore, especially the former, Mr. Gibson is very severe. The Intermediate Prison, it will be recollected, serves a double purpose—by placing the convict in a state of quasi-liberty, where he is almost free from physical, but subject to strong moral, restraints; his self-control is cultivated, and his fitness for full liberty at the same time tested. The convicts on the prison farm at Lusk are almost as free as ordinary labourers; the inmates of the prison factory at Smithfield are often sent, with money in their hands, on errands into the streets of Dublin. Without undergoing some such ordeal as these prisons furnish, says Sir W. Crofton, we have no right to turn a convict loose with a ticket-of-leave, nor can we expect society to give him a chance. Mr. Gibson tries to prove that the ordeal at Lusk—he studiously avoids Smithfield—is all a sham:—

"We are informed that the common of Lusk was chosen as an intermediate prison on account of the facilities it presents for tempting the prisoners. This may all be true, though I did not see a rath or fairy ring there. I am not well read up in the history of 'demonology and witchcraft,' but I believe the devil and his emissaries choose wild and barren heaths for their most fearful temptations."

'Macbeth,' 'The Witch of Fife' and 'Tam o' Shanter' are quoted to prove this point, and Mr. Gibson then proceeds:—

"We have visited the prison on Lusk Common, but have not been able to discover facilities for temptation of a worldly or a fleshly kind. There is no scope for burglary, highway robbery, rape, forgery, picking pockets, or even sheep-stealing; for every man of the forty or fifty prisoners at work on that flat space of ground is under the eyes of warders throughout the day, and securely locked up at night. There are no canteens, ale-houses or whisky shops, dancing saloons or cigar divans, at Lusk. * * * No maternal hen ever guarded a brood of ducklings with greater care from a mill-stream than Sir Walter Crofton guarded his intermediate prisoners from temptations of every kind. We commend him for this; but to call the discipline temptation, after the removal of the temptation, was very wrong. To parade, under such circumstances, before the world the prisoner's power of resisting was more than absurd. It was a sham. The temptations to which mankind are subject, as classified in Scripture, come under the three heads of 'the World, the Flesh and the Devil.' We have the world in towns and villages, from which the Intermediates are carefully removed, with one or two exceptions; the flesh in the shape of women, who are debarred, by a director's order, from entering a convict prison or a prison-boat, although the boatmen are exemplary characters. It would appear, therefore, as if the intermediate temptations, over which Sir Walter Crofton especially presided, were of a purely Satanic character. He took the Intermediates 'into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.' How pious people can say the Lord's Prayer, and then say 'Amen' to Sir Walter Crofton's theory of temptation, or wish him success in the application of it, we cannot imagine. Granting that temptations are necessary for poor mortals, on what authority does the chairman of a convict prison assume the high office of that august personage who is supposed to preside over this department of morals? Where are his marks and signs of office—the hoofs and horns?"

So much for Mr. Gibson's wit; but we must give a specimen of his statistics also. In his report for 1861 Sir W. Crofton states that "since the establishment of Intermediate Prisons, upwards of six years since, only 10 per

cent. of all classes of convicts (4,600 in number) liberated from the government prisons have returned to them." In England, where it is part of the system to know as little as possible of discharged convicts, such a statement would be of little moment; for the other 90 per cent. might, for anything the directors knew to the contrary, be living in the full pursuit of felony. But in Ireland, where every diligence is shown to search out and re-consign to government prisons, even on slight offences, all relapsed convicts, whether ticket-of-leave men or ex-pirees, this morsel of statistics is very valuable. A writer in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* states, with incautious exaggeration, as though on Sir W. Crofton's authority, that "80 per cent. of the Irish liberators are known to be doing well." Mr. Gibson, carefully avoiding the accurate official fact, seizes on the reviewer's slip as a good chance for airing his wit and his statistics:—

"I can aver that 28 per cent. of the prisoners in Spike Island are doing well as re-convicted convicts, who are generally well-behaved prisoners; and that 50 or 60 per cent. of those prisoners who have had 'the advantage of the Intermediate Prison' have emigrated to America or the Colonies, or have gone to England. I hope the latter are doing well; but how this can be 'known' I cannot imagine. * * * Different people attach different meanings to the same word. An Irish sailor allowed the captain's copper kettle to slip from his hand into the sea; but being a witty fellow, and knowing the captain to be a good-humoured man, said, addressing him, 'Would you say that a thing was lost, sir, if you knew where it was?'—'Of course not,' was the captain's reply.—'Well, sir, your copper kettle is at the bottom of the sea.' We know that more than 50 per cent. of Irish intermediate convicts are at the other side of the Atlantic and St. George's Channel, and we also know that some 28 or 30 per cent. of them are safely re-lodged in prison, and may, therefore, say, in Sir Walter Crofton's words, that they are 'satisfactorily accounted for'; as satisfactorily as the Irish sailor accounted for the captain's copper kettle."

Now this is a notable passage. For the assertion that 50 or 60 per cent. of the intermediate convicts have emigrated, Mr. Gibson does not and cannot produce a shadow of authority. Were it true, to have induced half his felons to transport themselves at their own expense would indeed be a feather in Sir Walter's cap. But let this pass, for his other fact is still more astounding. When Mr. Gibson, in one sentence, says that "28 per cent. of the prisoners in Spike Island are doing well as re-convicted convicts," and in another sentence declares "that 28 or 30 per cent. of them (i. e. 'intermediate convicts' according to the grammar, but plainly 'convicts of all classes' according to the context) are safely re-lodged in prison," it is evident, in spite of his inaccuracy, that he refers to the same fact. Now the "convicts of all classes" discharged during the time in question amounted to 3,505, and of these 2,039 were "intermediates." Whether, then, we judge Mr. Gibson by his grammar or his context, the result is, in either case, marvellous. The total number of convicts in all the convict prisons is barely 1,000; yet Mr. Gibson avers that they contain either 612 relapsed "intermediates," or else 1,051 relapsed "convicts of all classes." Whichever is the fact, the Irish Convict System ought not long to survive such a revelation. But the truth is, the Chaplain has puzzled himself with his figures. He evidently supposes the fact (if it is a fact) that 30 per cent. of the prisoners in Spike Island are relapsed convicts, proves that 30 per cent. of the discharged convicts have relapsed. Can Mr. Gibson tell the difference between six dozen dozen and half-a-dozen dozen?

We may examine one other morsel of Mr. Gibson's statistics. He is anxious to demonstrate that the Intermediate Prison is a worthless excrescence on the Irish System. If he can show that the percentage of relapses among the "intermediates" equals the percentage among the "non-intermediates," he has plainly proved his point. To this task, then, he addresses himself:—

"We learn from the 'Report for 1861,' p. 63, that 1,476 of the 4,600 discharged convicts were intermediate prisoners. More than half—but we shall say the half—of these went abroad. The 738 that remained at home gave 95 relapses into crime, which amounts to 13 per cent. If a mixed number of 4,600 yields 10 per cent., and 1,476 of this mixed number be deducted, yielding 13 per cent., what will be the per-centage on the balance?

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|--------------------------|-----|
| 10 per cent. on 4,600 is | 460 |
| 13 per cent. on 1,476 is | 192 |
| | 268 |

3,124 268

Here we discover that the non-intermediates give 8.58, or a fraction over 8½ per cent. As 8½ is to 13, so is the advantage in favour of the non-intermediates, or of those who have not got the new Croftonian training."

The cool audacity of this calculation has evoked an official refutation from Sir W. Crofton's successor, Capt. Whitty. In the 3,124 non-intermediates, Mr. Gibson includes 1,095 female convicts, who, as they have their own "refuges" in lieu of intermediate prisons, are out of the question; and he also includes 563 male convicts discharged from the intermediate prisons in Cork Harbour, who should have been placed on the other side of the account. This is rather sharp practice. With the necessary corrections, we get 2,039 "intermediates" against 1,466 "non-intermediates"—a change which materially affects Mr. Gibson's percentages. But instead of his cooked statistics, Capt. Whitty gives us the facts:—"From 1866 to 1861 inclusive, only 3.72 per cent. of those discharged from the Intermediate Prisons were re-convicted to the Convict Prisons; whereas 14.5 per cent. of those discharged from the Non-intermediate Prisons were so re-convicted."

But enough of this worthless book; we do not care to criticize it further. It is daily becoming more apparent that transportation can never be renewed on any large scale. We must deal with our criminals at home; and, therefore, we must face and solve the question of convict discipline. However, till the Convict Commissioners have published their Report, which is now almost due, we are content to leave the controversy between the English and Irish Systems in abeyance.

Biographies of Celebrated Canadians and Persons connected with Canada, from the Earliest History of the Province down to the Present Time. By Henry J. Morgan. (Quebec, Hunter & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)

This is an encyclopedia of the names most nearly associated in the history of Canada from the first discovery to the present day. Naturally, the biographies of the men now alive or recently dead are slight. Some of the notices of the earlier governors and explorers of Canada are very interesting, having the perennial fervour which belongs to stories of brave and daring adventure. The records of these worthies are, of necessity, brief; but they will repay perusal. The two Cabots, John and Sebastian, had discovered Newfoundland and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, the French had established a cod-fishery on the banks of Newfoundland as early as 1524. John Veranza, a Florentine in the service of France, journeyed along the coast from Florida to Newfoundland; but on a second expedition

he was lost—supposed to be killed and devoured by the savages, and for some years no one had the courage to follow in his track and explore the New World. In 1534, Francis the First sent out Jacques Cartier, a master mariner of St. Malo: he sailed up the great river St. Lawrence, and was the first who saw Canada; he was the founder and discoverer of the country. Of course, other men were appointed to govern the new settlement; but, in acknowledgment of his rare merits, Jacques Cartier and his descendants were ennobled. The Sieur de Roberval was the first governor. He was fascinated with its beauty, and made an exploring expedition up the country. He sent home to France for reinforcements; but the king, Francis the First, desired Cartier to bring him back home, as his services were needed for the war in Picardy. After the King's death (1547), Roberval went back to his beloved Canada, accompanied by a great number of emigrants, who never reached their promised land—they all perished, and the whole fleet of vessels foundered, none of the crews or the passengers escaping.

Samuel de Champlain was the next who inherited a thirst for Canadian adventure and exploration. About fifty years after Roberval, he went out, determined to prosecute Cartier's discoveries. He was the founder of the city of Quebec, and his exploits among the Indians and in exploring the wilderness are fascinating. He tried to convert the Indians, saying that "Kings ought not to extend their authority over idolatrous nations, except to subject them to Jesus Christ." This Christian sentiment did not, however, prevent him from inciting the Indian tribes to war amongst themselves. He took part with the Hurons against their enemies, the Iroquois.

Admiral Sir David Kertk, a French refugee in the service of Charles the First, attempted to make a foray on Canada for the honour of England, and actually obtained possession of Quebec and captured Cape Breton. Of course, the first treaty of peace between France and England insisted on the restitution of Canada. It was not for long years afterwards that England became the possessor of Canada. The history of the early French governors and the early French missionaries is by far the most interesting portion of Mr. Morgan's work; and readers who wish to see a compendious account of the progress of this great colony, from the time when Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence, with the wild romantic dangers and adventures of the first explorers, to the account of the distinguished journalists and novelists and *littérateurs* of the present day, may find this wide track of time and change spanned over in the present volume of 'Sketches of Celebrated Canadians and Persons connected with Canada.'

Six Months in the Federal States. By Edward Dicey. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

A poorer book than 'Six Months in the Federal States' the present season has not hitherto seen. The feminine arrogance of its tone is even more remarkable than the feebleness of its style; and and it abounds in exhibitions of childlike vanity. It is doubtful whether Lord Fanny could have written a book with more sweet platitudes and pretty affectations. With the exception of a few paragraphs of impertinent gossip about New York and Boston authors, the book contains neither a line of original intelligence, nor a page which might not have been written six months ago in a London arm-chair. What object Mr. Dicey had in view when he crossed the Atlantic we are unable to say, for from the time when he entered New York till he

went on board a homeward-bound vessel his chief aim seems to have been *not* to see what was going on around him. He did not condescend to enter the chief public buildings of the American cities, because sight-seeing bored him. He made no attempt to witness the operations of the contending armies, because he thought it *most probable* they would not let him; and he admits that he was very particular *not* to make inquiries about the condition of the slaves in the Southern States. A droller special correspondent than Mr. Edward Dicey surely never existed. The frankness with which he confesses how and why he *did not* perform his duties to the employers who sent him out must be shown, in his own words. "There is," he observes in a passage where he sneers contemptuously at American cities in general, and New York in particular, "a picture-gallery; there are a few public buildings, which are supposed to possess architectural merits; and there is the Croton Aqueduct, interesting to engineers. Still, with all deference to my New York friends, I hardly think that a European traveller need go far out of his way to visit any of these curiosities. I plead guilty to *not having seen them*, and have as little intention of describing them—probably less—than I had of visiting them." The English of this passage is on a level with the logic. How could he have described, if he had not seen, them? Why should he tell the reader that he had as little intention of describing *than* of visiting them? And if he means neither to see nor describe why pass judgment on them? On the military operations of the contending armies the special correspondent speaks with greater prudence, *although* he made no attempt to witness them; but he avows with the candour of a young lady the consideration which decided him *not* to accompany the army of the Potomac. "It was," he says, "little use seeking to obtain permission to visit the peninsula, and I had received such uniform courtesy from all American officials that I had hitherto come across, that I did not like to disturb the pleasant tenour of my recollections by exposing myself to the probability of discourteous refusal from Mr. Stanton." More amusing is Mr. Dicey's excuse for not inquiring into the condition of the slaves. "The sight of misery," says the traveller, apologizing for his remissness, "one cannot in any way relieve is a painful one; and personally I have such a hatred of slavery that, while in the Slave States, I always preferred to give myself the benefit of the doubt, and try to fancy, as long as it was possible for me to do so, that the negroes I came across were free negroes, *not* slaves." It does not seem to have struck Mr. Dicey that he is bearing testimony to the general contentment of the negroes when he says he was able to travel through the Southern States and persuade himself that the slaves he encountered were happy freemen. The sight of suffering on the part of the bondmen and of cruelty on the part of their owners would have destroyed the pleasant delusion. But if Mr. Dicey publishes little that is likely to interest the public, he puts into his book much that is of high importance to himself. He tells how he was received with marked respect wherever he went, how he conversed intimately with diplomats, how he imparted his views on public affairs to grave and venerable statesmen, how he had the best introductions to the best society, and how the fame of his greatness surrounded him in every hotel and railway-car that he entered. He would *fairly* have passed on his way without the homage of admiring multitudes, but 'the friend of Cavour' was not permitted to travel unobserved, like an ordinary Englishman. "It is

useless trying to conceal anything in America," says the distinguished author. "Before I had been a couple of weeks in the country my name, *antecedents and history*, and a good deal of personal intelligence that was perfectly novel to myself, was published in the American papers."

Mr. Dicey, however, gives the reader something besides these personal particulars. Five-and-twenty of his pages are devoted to a report of one of Mr. Wendell Phillips's anti-slavery orations, and his volumes are liberally padded with extracts from articles which have appeared in the abolition journals and magazines of the North. An entire chapter is assigned to the case of Mr. Russell and Mr. Stanton, wherein Mr. Dicey shows to his own satisfaction that the individual minister, and not the government, should be condemned for the indignity offered to the Special Correspondent. "In justice," says Mr. Dicey, in his feminine English, "to the government it should be understood that the act was Mr. Stanton's individual one, and not the collective one of the Cabinet." Moreover, our author on rare occasions deigns to be playful. Thus he speaks of "the quaint Yankee river steamboats, which look as though, in an excess of sea-sickness, they had thrown their cabins inside out, and turned their engines upside down." Again, in a vein of not less subtle humour, he alludes to the cause of abolition as "the question of the eternal nigger." And on other phenomena of American civilization he speaks with a freedom which sets the rules of English syntax at defiance. Having described the execution of Gordon, the slave-trader, he says, "Horrible as the man's crime was, it is impossible to feel pity for him"; from which remarkable words it would appear that atrocious crime usually recommends the criminal to Mr. Dicey's sympathies. Adverting to slavery, he observes, "If the negro was as much below the white man in intellectual development as he is above the Australian savage, this is absolutely no reason why he should be bought and sold like a chattel." On the same subject he remarks in another chapter, "I do not consider it necessary to prove to my readers that slavery is a bad thing. If their knowledge of the world and their experience of their own hearts does not teach them what tyrants we should all be if we held irresponsible power over our fellow-creatures, let them," &c. Of the Washington hotels we are informed, "Even according to the American standard, there is not a decent hotel in the whole place. Willard's and the National are two huge rambling barracks, where some incredible number of beds could be run up; but it is hard to say which is the *shabbiest* and *dirtiest* internally; and, externally, *neither* of them have any pretensions to architectural grandeur." We are quoting from the "friend of Cavour," not from the text of Bill Sykes. Mr. Dicey adds: "Of the lot, Willard's is the best, on the principle that if you are to eat your peck of dirt, you may as well eat it in as picturesque a *ferm* as possible. The aspect of this hotel during the time that the army was encamped before Manassas was indeed a wonderful one." We should not notice such sentences if they were exceptional or their errors could by any charity be regarded as slips of the pen, results of haste, or typographical errors; but, in truth, there is scarcely a page of original writing in the two volumes which does not stand in need of merciful revision. These defects of style are the more noteworthy as Mr. Dicey is pleased to act the censor on what he terms "the free and *unsubventioned* press" of America. "There is," observes the fastidious critic of the "unsubventioned" press, "a carelessness about the writing which to me is *indefensible*. Apparently, leaders

are written without the proofs being revised. Constantly one stumbles on sentences which do not construe; while clerical errors are allowed to pass, for not correcting which the reader of any respectable English newspaper would be dismissed on the spot." We should be sorry to press this doctrine against the unlucky printer of Mr. Dicey's book.

NEW NOVELS.

Entanglements. By the Author of 'Mr. Arle,' &c. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—A high-flown, sentimental book, not ill written, and containing more matter than many novels, but foolish and unlike anything in real life. The heroine is mad, to begin with; living in an old hall, with her stepfather, whom she snubs most unjustly at every turn, for no particular reason, except that she "had a secret belief that he had at some time done her mother great wrong,"—which belief seems to be unfounded. The said mother had died melancholy mad, and a former wife of this unfortunate gentleman had drowned herself and her two children in a pond; and her priest (for she was a Roman Catholic) had jumped off a tower: so Bramblebridge Hall is a gruesome place to live in. Esterel, the heroine, wanders about all night, and has odd fancies, and is totally unmanageable, and Mr. Downside indulges her in every whim she takes up. Esterel seldom speaks to her stepfather, or to anybody else but the gamekeeper's daughter, for whom she has felt a violent passion, and who is seldom allowed to leave her flighty and unreasonable mistress. In hopes of rousing Esterel, Mr. Downside invites a former governess, who has made a great marriage, to come and stay at the Hall. Lady Winstay is the most natural (we might almost add the *only* natural) character in the book. "She is a managing woman, and then there is a keen pleasure in being despotic at the Hall, where she has lived in the humble capacity of governess and companion." Lady Winstay, nevertheless, considers it "a sacrifice of some magnitude to leave a gay and brilliant circle of gentlemen to whom she—very pretty some said, very silly some said, while others called her clever and witty—had been the centre of attraction." Lady Winstay, however, leaves her husband to entertain her guests at home, but she brings in her train a cousin and former admirer, Mr. Hillhouse. Lady Winstay is still very much in love with Herbert Hillhouse, and Herbert is sometimes devoted to her and sometimes sneers at her. He cannot marry her now, and the lady considers it will be doing a generous action to the cousin she has thrown over for Lord Winstay, if she puts him in the way of marrying her former pupil, the mad heiress. Herbert does his duty by making up to the heiress, and Esterel becomes sensible of his merits, which, however, are not very apparent to the mere readers of the story. Herbert flirts morning, noon and night with the fascinating and dreamy Miss Downside, and then fancies he prefers the pretty little gamekeeper's daughter to her, after all. Marion, having been Esterel's daily companion, is lady-like and well educated, and dreadfully spoiled and affected, and lives in a rapture of devotion to her "dear lady," and in humble admiration of Mr. Hillhouse. She wastes most of her time in wandering about in the woods, picking up primrose-buds and lovers—under the trees; and partly because Marion Fay is admired both by a clown and by an artist, Herbert determines to marry her. He is himself of low extraction, and by his own account has been a great scamp. He "is by this time not so young as he has been," and is by profession an author, but he lives habitually with Lady Winstay, who is very jealous, but very considerate, and who spends her time in inventing messages for Bramblebridge Hall. Esterel, of course, fancies Herbert comes very often on her account, and walks about the garden in white embroidered gowns, with scarlet and gold shawls, and bouquets of exotics in her hand, and Herbert cannot help admiring her, though he likes still better the gamekeeper's daughter, with her lilac cotton frock and her bunches of primroses. Eventually he proposes to marry Marion; and Esterel persuades Marion to abscond suddenly and si-

lently, leaving no trace of her hiding-place, that she may thus secure this highly-favoured swain. To preserve her dear mistress from madness or suicide, Marion consents, and really does the thing handsomely. For months no one, not even her parents, can find out anything about her, and Herbert the inconstant once more turns his attention to the heiress. They arrange everything most satisfactorily, and go to town for the *trousseau*; but, in the shape of a "milliner's young woman," who should turn up again but the troublesome Marion! Esterel then gives Herbert his choice of returning to Marion or marrying her. Knowing her tendency to insanity, Marion declares she no longer loves Hillhouse, who swears for his part that he now loves Esterel the better of the two, and will marry her or nobody. At this juncture what can poor Esterel do but go mad on the spot, get Marion to nurse her, and implore Herbert to console her humble companion after her death? After making a great merit of his remaining single for two more years, the author eventually marries off her couple, the old gamekeeper comforting his daughter with the reflection that, "if Herbert can only love her now with half a heart, it may be that this half she gains now is less unworthy of her than the whole she lost before."

The Brigantine: a Story of the Sea. By James Pascoe. 2 vols. (Bentley.)—The title of this book suggested pleasant thoughts of Capt. Marryatt's sea tales and of the inimitable 'Tom Oringle's Log.' Our anticipations have been cruelly disappointed. The plot is meagre and badly worked up, while the style is often obscure and ungrammatical. The scene is alternately laid in the Indian Ocean and on the coast of Ireland. The story turns upon the adventures of a brave but unprincipled money-loving pirate, a Burmese Christian Missionary, and a pair of Burmese lovers, pupils of the latter. The pirate pursues, almost throughout the book, a career of rapine and violence, occasionally redeemed by a good deal of bull-dog courage, and one or two acts of kindness. When within a few pages of the end, his ship is lost in a typhoon, and he himself thrown on a barbarous coast in an utterly destitute condition. We are told that he then becomes a good Christian and most estimable man—his virtues resembling, we imagine, very much those of a tiger who has lost his claws and teeth. The missionary gives utterance to some startling moral and religious precepts, and bores us unceasingly with commonplace remarks. The Burmese lovers, after a few adventures and perils, are, of course, married at last. The above are the principal characters of this book; and it speaks badly for the skill of the author that not one of them is able to engross our sympathies. Even in the midst of the greatest dangers, our interest remains dormant. In fact, there is no hero in the book; no one with whom a reader is able even for a moment to identify himself. Our interest is frittered away among half-a-dozen people, scarcely one of whom possesses that individuality which we expect in the leading characters of a novel. Moreover, the work is full of improbabilities and inconsistencies, while the pantomime-like changing of scene is wearisome. Devoid of continuity, it is but a collection of episodes, so badly worked up that the danger does not alarm us, the strife does not excite us, and the virtues do not call forth our admiration.

At Odds: a Novel. By the Baroness Tautpheus. 2 vols. (Bentley.)—The first novel of this lady, with its excellent and faithful pictures of German life, gave us reason naturally to expect much from the Baroness Tautpheus; but she seems to be one of those "single-speech" authors (there are such novelists as well as orators) who give out their whole store of experience, fancy, eloquence, with one effort, and thenceforth have little or nothing left for the profit and pleasure of themselves or their neighbours. Yet the scene and the time of this her latest tale—Bavaria and the Tyrol during the period of the French inroad under Napoleon—are rich and new as regards material; especially when this is handled by a novelist who, German by alliance, and as such admitted to every family secret and local tradition of the district and the crisis, can still look on these things from the English point of

view, and thus bring them home to our hearts and hearths as no national German romancer could hope to do. The battle of Hohenlinden,—the siege of Ulm,—the adventures and the triumphs of Hofer among those noblest of Continental peasantry, the Tyrolese,—are so many ingredients for fiction precious to one circumstanced as Madame Tautpous has been, and who, with intimate knowledge of foreign parts, writes for an English public. She has, however, made little of them, merely using them as the framework for story of love affairs "at odds"; and the story becomes tiresome, because its writer fails to present to us any of the personages whose caprice or perversity, or renunciation of antipathies, or growing tenderness, are the main theme of her novel. Nothing is too minute for the hand of a real artist. Miss Austen spoke of her "bit of ivory" when referring to her own inimitable novels of every-day life; but on no larger a bit of ivory Oliver, Petiot, Isabey, painted miniatures which will endure for all time, as portraits, of those whom the world will not willingly let die; and thus it was with Miss Austen. The Baroness Tautpous does her best to make us interested in the fortunes of two pairs of lovers, one of which gets married by mistake or misunderstanding; but we cannot care for either Hilda or Doris, nor for Frank and Emmeran, because we have not the remotest idea what either the ladies or the gentlemen were like;—and because, from the first, we were sure that the last page of the romance must put an end to unintelligible difficulties, and perplexities leading to nothing. Nothing can be much more tiresome or less mysterious than a masked ball, where the people are vapid and the dresses are faded, and the visors worn so thinly that, long before supper-time (the time of unmasking) a bystander, having a willing mind and a keen eye, could name the wearer of every mask. This is an insipid novel, to make the best of it, and we are disappointed accordingly.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Cassell's Popular Natural History: Vol. III. *Birds*; Vol. IV. *Fishes, Reptiles, Insects, Worms, Molluscs, &c.* (Cassell & Co.)—This work is now completed, and we can repeat our opinion of its merits given in former notices. The work will mainly be prized for its engravings, many of which in the parts before us are excellent; but the figures as well as text bear such strong marks of book-making and careless editorship that we can but regret that such an excellent opportunity for the publication of a first-class work on Natural History has been lost. In the Bird Volume, for instance, no uniformity in the figures exists; on one page a bird will be figured of life-size, and on the next another bird of much larger size will appear in a small cut, forming apparently part of a series from some other work. In the Fourth Volume we must object to the plates in pages 20 and 21, illustrating the crocodile; in the former the upper jaw of the creature is represented as having a large mass of matter attached to it, half the size of the head, whilst on the opposite page the old fable of the Trochilus picking the teeth of the crocodile is represented as though it were matter of fact. The plate of the winged dragon, occupying nearly the whole of page 32, is a failure,—the limbs being far too coarse, whilst the great peculiarity of the animal, namely, the ribs extending through the dilated wing-like membrane, is entirely misrepresented. The insect portion, also, is full of mistakes, some of the most ludicrous of which are corrected in the errata; but others are unnoticed,—as, in page 188, the wonderful Hypococephalus beetle is called a Scarabeus. In page 192, *Blaps mortisuga* is called a Tenebrio, adding to the strange confusion made by figuring an Acaridan as the beetle of the meal-worm (*Tenebrio molitor*). In page 196 an exotic species is given as an illustration of the account of our common musk-beetle. In page 199, "The earwig and her young" is the title of a drawing representing a male earwig and a number of specimens of the small earwig (*Forf. minor*). In pages 207 and 208 our common great green grasshopper is given twice over as an illustration of two different families, whilst in page 212 another kind of grasshopper from Bogotà is given

as the common Brazilian lantern-fly. In page 226 the family of the white ants is introduced amongst the Hymenopterous insects, and in page 243 two different British species of humming-bird hawk-moths are given under the same specific name. In page 249 gall-flies of oak-apples are described among Dipterous insects; whilst the excuse in page 344 for the introduction of a figure of the lappet-moth on a leaf, inscribed "Gall on a leaf," only renders the error more absurd. The classification given in the text is full of confusion, which is attempted to be cleared up by a systematic Index at the end of the volume, which is scarcely more correct. Thus, it is evident that there is abundant room for a good Zoological work, in which the classification shall be clearly illustrated and a due proportion maintained in the space to be devoted to the different classes. Such works as Patterson's 'Zoology for Schools,' Burmeister's 'Zoological Hand-Atlas,' or Prof. Greene's Series of Manuals would form excellent bases for such a work.

Rinaldo: a Dramatic Poem, in Three Acts. By Chandos Hoakyns Abrahall. (Hodson & Son.)—We need not read far to find that the author of this poem has no dramatic faculty whatever. But we have read the book through, and have not discovered a single line of poetry. Nothing is drawn from Nature, not even the blood which is spilled so profusely. The type of the hero may be found in that style of Art wherein T. P. Cooke figures, all in his spangled glory, as the Knight of the Bloody Shoestring, with a dagger in one hand and a drawn sword in the other.

Happiness and Life. Poems. By Thomas Alexander. (Griffin & Co.)—Another of those many sad cases for which the advice of friends, &c. seems to be responsible. How much these friends have to answer for! Why will they insist that the coy authors of helplessly commonplace verse should importune the public!

Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life. By Benjamin Erierley. Parts II., III. and IV. (Manchester, Heywood; London, Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—We are glad to see that Mr. Benjamin Brierley has brought to an end his series of provincial tales, which may at some distant date be highly esteemed by antiquaries as truthful and carefully-executed illustrations of the Lancashire Dialect of the nineteenth century, though they may not be commended by the contemporary critic either as pictures of real life or as works of imagination.

Studies by a Tyrolese—[*Studien eines Tirolers, von J. Streiter.*] (Leipzig.)—In these days of mountaineering a book with the above title would naturally be taken as a contribution to the literature of the Alpine Club. Probably the Gross Glockner and the Orteler are the heights which have been studied; or if anything scientific is expected from the title, it is a disquisition on the glaciers of the Tyrol. But a member of the A. C. who should take up Herr Streiter's volume with such ideas would be as much disappointed as the country gentleman who made a strange perversion of Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' into Martyr's Book of Foxes. Herr Streiter is the leader of the liberal party in Tyrol, and his studies are purely political. They will not surprise any who have followed the course of Tyrolese action; but to those who have preserved the old tradition of patriotism and generosity, as displayed against the French in 1809, a woeful disenchantment is in store. It was not against French invasion that the Tyrolese took up arms. Herr Streiter tells us, but against the annexation of Tyrol to Bavaria; nor was this on loyal grounds towards Austria, but on account of the liberal reforms that had been effected by the Bavarian Ministers. Herr Streiter is sore on the subject of education, and he has good reason to be. He tells us that the priests have, or had till lately, the sole power of teaching the young Tyrolese idea how to shoot, and that, in consequence, the Tyrolese are not as eminent marksmen intellectually as they are with the rifle. His copies of all the best German authors—Goethe, Schiller and Lessing—were confiscated; his teacher seized him by the hair and flung him down on the floor because he was going to see a tragedy of Alfieri's; and he had a serious discussion with another teacher as to

whether Homer was or was not a lubber. These recollections have filled him with a certain bitterness against priestly education; and the general system pursued in the Tyrol, of which he gives copious instances, only strengthens him in his antagonism.

Histoire de Nice et des Alpes Maritimes. By J. Napoléon Fervel. (Paris, Jung-Treuttel.)—In this slight sketch of the history of Nice, M. Napoléon Fervel cautiously justifies the policy of annexation which has created for the French Emperor more odium than *éclat*. On this point M. Fervel's reasoning will not make many converts.

As a means of preparing for the next Oxford Local Examination, Mr. M'Leod has issued—at rather a late period for the purpose—*Thomson's Spring: with a Life of the Poet, Notes Critical, Explanatory and Grammatical, and Remarks on the Analysis of Sentences* (Longman).—The Examiners complain, in their Report of the last Examination, that the candidates betrayed great ignorance of the poem selected for their study. If they have occasion to make the same complaint this year, it will not be for want of a suitable text-book. Whoever is well up in the contents of Mr. M'Leod's manual cannot fail to satisfy the Examiners in this subject.—We attach no special value to Mr. J. Lowres's *Grammar of English Grammars* (Longman), which is an indifferent compilation of commonplace materials.—Nor do we think more highly of *How to Train Young Eyes and Ears, being a Manual of Object-Lessons for Parents and Teachers.* By Mary Anne Ross. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—A teacher who requires such teaching as is here given must be a rare specimen.—*English Composition in Prose and Verse, based on Grammatical Synthesis.* By W. S. Dalgleish, M.A. (Edinburgh, Gordon)—is a more useful publication, full of clear explanation, well-chosen examples, and serviceable hints and directions.—*Book IV. adapted to Standard IV. Chambers's Narrative Series of Standard Reading-Books specially adapted to the Requirements of the Revised Code*, like its predecessors, is everything that could be desired for the special purpose in view, and may be used with great advantage as a means of education in general.—A similar remark is applicable to *Ductor in Unum Puerorum Latinae Linen insistentium.* Edited C. A. Johns, A.B. (Longman), which is a good Latin verse-book for beginners.—We close our list with *An Improved Principle of Single Entry Book-Keeping, by a Proof or Trial Balance.* By D. Sheriff. (Longman), and *A Handbook of Phonography.* By E. J. Jones. (Partridge).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ahn's Method of Learning French, 2nd Course, 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Allen's Young Mechanic's Instructor, 8vo. 2/6 swd.
Archer's Wayle Summers, Story of Inner and Outer Life, 3 vols. 2/1
Art's Adventure, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Barker on Malaria and Miasmata, 8vo. 8/1
Barlee's Helen Linday, or the Trial of Faith, 2nd edit. 8vo. 2/6
Bowman's Our Village Girls, 18mo. 1/1 cl.
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Donaldson's Events of a Soldier's Life, new edit. 8vo. 6/1 cl.
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Cobbe's Essays on the Pursuits of Women, post 8vo. 5/1
Cooper's Miles Wallingford, or Adieu and Ashore, new edit. 1/1 swd.
Curling's Wondrous Tale of Zadaak Beg, post 8vo. 3/1 cl.
Donaldson's Events of a Soldier's Life, new edit. 8vo. 4/1 cl. gt.
Esquirol's The Dutch at Home, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 9/1 cl.
Gudrun, a Story of the North Sea, from the German, 8vo. 9/1 cl.
Henry's Joseph Anstey, or the Patron and the Protégé, 8vo. 7/6
Hooper's Recollections of Mrs. Anderson's School, 2nd edit. 2/6 cl.
Hope's The House of Seines, post 8vo. 5/1 cl.
Lane's Arabic-English Lexicon, Book I, Pt. 1, roy. 4to. 38/1 cl.
Lankester's Half-Hours with the Microscope, new edit. 8vo. 2/6
Little Sea Bird, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
Macrae's George Harrington, 18mo. 1/1 swd.
Mackay's The Tubingen School and its Antecedents, post 8vo. 10/6
Maclean's Christian Missions during the Middle Ages, 8vo. 10/6
Morgan (Lady), Memoirs of, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 36/1 cl.
Nuttall's Standard Pronouncing English Dictionary, post 8vo. 7/6
Patmore's The Victories of Love, 8vo. 4/6 cl.
Peck's New Method of Studying Foreign Languages, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Playfirth's The Poets, sq. 12mo. 1/1 cl.
Punch, Re-issue, Vol. 27, 4to. 5/1 bds.; ditto, Vol. for 1864, 4to. 10/6
Railway Lib.: 'Grant's Letty Hyde's Lover's,' 8vo. 3/1 bds.
Robertson (Rev. James, D.D.), Life of, by Charteris, 8vo. 12/1 cl.
Bartley Cecil Beaumont, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.
Scott's Waverley Novels, Vol. 17, 'St. Ewan's Well,' 8vo. 1/1
Select Library: 'Lever's Fortunes of Glenore,' new ed. 8vo. 2/1
Seton's Law and Practice of Heraldry in Scotland, 8vo. 28/1 cl.
Shilling Books for Leisure Hours: 'Sunday in Many Lands,' 1/1 swd.
Smith's Believer's Triumph, post 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Smith's Oracles from the British Poets, 2nd ed. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Snowball's Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, 7/6 cl.
Something New, or Tales for the Times, ed. by Jacob, 8vo. 5/1 cl.
Southey's Poetical Works, new edit. medium 8vo. 14/1 cl.
Stanley's Letter to Bp. of London on Subscription, 8vo. 2/6 swd.
Stephens's Question on the Comments on the Law, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Stewart's Home for a Week, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Stredder's The Fate of a Year, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.
Tales from the German, translated by E. K. E., 8vo. 1/1 cl.
Taylor's Convict Life in Italy, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Webster's Grammar of Composition, 8vo. 1/1 cl.
Webster's Royal Red Book, for April, 1863, 18mo. 5/1
Wilton's The Negeb, or 'South Country' of Scripture, 8vo. 7/6
Wood on Rupture, Inguinal, Crural and Umbilical, 8vo. 12/6 cl.

HEAT AS A MODE OF MOTION.

Royal Institution, April 27, 1863.

I trust you will permit me to make a few remarks in connexion with the brief review of my Lectures on Heat which appeared in your last number. It is quite possible that my mode of treating the subject may be open to even graver criticism than that which your reviewer has bestowed upon it; but I should be extremely sorry if an alleged personal defect on my part should stand between the readers of the *Athenæum* and a generalization which they ought to be among the earliest to understand and appreciate. The dynamical theory of heat, forming as it does the most important part of the theory of the interaction of natural forces, is deemed by the most competent authorities of this age fit to stand, in point of importance, beside the Newtonian theory of gravitation. It is held, without misgiving, by the leading natural philosophers of all the countries of Europe. Had the theory still to be discussed, I should never have presumed to bring it before the public as I have done. But proofs of it of the most varied and conclusive character have been accumulating for the last twenty years, until they have at last disarmed all opposition. This theory must not only be the future guide of the practical engineer in his applications of heat as a motive power, but in its more purely intellectual bearings the theory must profoundly affect the whole course of philosophic thought and inquiry. It, moreover, opens up views of vital phenomena, and of the organization of the material universe, which cannot be regarded with indifference by any thinking man; and it is for these reasons that I have endeavoured, as far as in me lay, to divest the subject, without injuring it, of technical difficulties, and thus to render it accessible to the intellectual public of England.

The passage which your reviewer has done me the honour to quote is the most highly coloured in the book. It reads, indeed, more like romance than science; and nothing is more natural than that it should stagger those who have not closely followed the developments of modern physics. It may be, and probably is, open to the charge of unnecessary iteration, but certainly no coolness or calmness on my part could add to the substantial truth of the statements therein contained. When, for example, I say that "every fire that burns and every lamp that glows dispenses light and heat which originally belonged to the sun," I mean to express a *fact*, and not a figure of speech. The heat of every fire in London is as much a part of the sun's heat as if every glowing coal had been taken by a tong from the body of the sun and put into our grates; and the sun's heat has been diminished by the exact quantity emitted by our fires. This seems very wonderful, but it is only a small part of the wonders which the dynamical theory of heat lays open to our view. The lifting of a weight from the earth is a commonplace act; but it is an act of the same mechanical quality as that performed by the sun when he lifts the oxygen from the carbon of carbonic acid gas, and permits the latter to store itself in the boles, branches and leaves of our trees. It is the solar force thus invested in the vegetable, that afterwards becomes the source of all animal power. Muscular force is simply the sun's force transmuted. The helmsman stands at the wheel, but he cannot add one jot or tittle to the motion of the ship. He directs, but cannot create. Equally ineffectual is human volition, or the organic processes of the animal body, to generate one unit of mechanical force. All such force is primarily derived from the sun. These are the latest verities of science, and, read in their light, the passage quoted by your reviewer will not appear extravagant. I may add, that these considerations are confined to the twelfth lecture of the course, and that the work embraces the relationship of the dynamical theory to all the phenomena of heat. It is, moreover, so written that the reader who wishes it may also make himself acquainted with the old theory. Indeed, the old theory comes out with greater vividness by its contrast with the new one. JOHN TYNDALL.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE IN THE YEAR 1624.

6, St. Mary's Place, April 27, 1863.

THE curious deed respecting Anne Hathaway's Cottage, printed in the *Athenæum* of the 11th inst., had hardly been published before I had the pleasure of discovering a still more interesting document illustrative of its history,—an inventory of the furniture of the cottage, or rather of the then farmhouse, as it existed in the year 1624: a list in the main, no doubt, of the same articles which were in the house in the latter days of Shakespeare. There are few existing documents more illustrative of the domestic economy of our ancestors than ancient inventories, and the present one tells us more of the social position of the Hathaways than any yet published. A little chapter might be written upon it, and with its assistance in the hands of a descriptive writer the chambers traversed by Anne Hathaway made to reassume their ancient character. Perhaps even more than one article herein mentioned has been preserved up to the present day. The important "joined bedstead," valued, with its accessories, at no less than three pounds,—a large sum for such an article in those days—we may believe, without a great exercise of faith, to be the carved Elizabethan bedstead now shown at the cottage, and the authenticity of which, as a piece of furniture originally belonging to the Hathaways, seems to be indisputable. The chest, and possibly one of the forms, are still in existence, but the former is not now at the cottage. Bartholomew Hathaway appears to have owned no plate, contenting himself with eight pieces of pewter, then a favourite and valued article of table furniture; nor is there a mention of the stately "cupboard." The inventory exhibits him, indeed, in the light we might have anticipated, of a substantial well-to-do farmer of the period, occupying his own land, of a plain English yeoman of the olden time, one not affected to luxury, new fashions or display.

The present inventory was exhibited in the Peculiar of Stratford-on-Avon, on December the 6th, 1624, by John Hathaway, the testator's son and executor. Dr. John Hall, the poet's son-in-law, and Stephen Burman were the overseers of Bartholomew's will, to each of whom he bequeaths the sum of 2s. 6d.

While on the subject of the Hathaways, it may be well to refer to a paragraph lately inserted in the Warwickshire papers respecting a portrait supposed by some to be a likeness of Anne Shakespeare. This portrait belongs to a person of the name of Bryan, who lives in a small cottage at Alveston, and whose wife is a descendant from some branch of the Hathaway family. I had the curiosity a few days ago to inspect this supposed Shakspearian relic, but it is certainly a painting belonging to a much more recent period. It is right to add, that there was not the slightest attempt on the part of Mrs. Bryan to exaggerate the importance of the relic, the history of which was simply that it had belonged to her grandmother, who always spoke of it as a portrait of one of the Hathaway family, without, however, being aware of the name of the lady represented. The picture is of interest to a Warwickshire collector; but unless it could be shown to be a portrait of one of the descendants of Anne's father, it can hardly be thought to be of any Shakspearian value.

The present document is only one of many of more or less importance in regard to the personal history of Shakespeare, his family or connexions, which are just now almost weekly occurring through new sources of information which have recently been opened. That we shall ever recover any documents to reveal any, much less the deeper, mysteries of the mind of the author of 'Lear' and 'Hamlet' is indeed unlikely; but I believe it will eventually be in my power to throw so much new light on the outlines of the poet's material life, that those who come after me may, from my dry accumulation of materials, compose a biographical account of Shakespeare more satisfactory than any which has yet appeared. J. O. HALLIWELL.

An Inventory of the goodes chatelles and credits of Bartholmew Hathway of Shotery in the

County of Warr: deceased, taken as they were prayed by Steven Burman, William Richardsons, and John Edwardes the xxvij.th day of October, 1624.

Inprimis in Chamber where he lay.

| | | | |
|---|-----------|----------|--------|
| His wearing apperell and mony | liij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| Item, one joynd bedstead, one fether bed, one bolster, one pillow, one coverlitt, one pere blankets, two pere sheetes | liij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| Item, four paire sheetes, ij. napkins | j. li. | liij. s. | 0 |
| j. hurden bordcloth | 0 | x. s. | 0 |
| Item, three bordclothes & vj. napkins | 0 | ij. s. | vj. d. |
| One chest | 0 | ij. s. | vj. d. |

In the Broode Soller or Chamber.

| | | | |
|---|---------|-------|---|
| One half hed-bedstead, j. bed bolster pillow, one pere sheetes, blankets & coverlitt | j. li. | 0 | 0 |
| Item, in cheese, aples, tow, yarne & oatmeale, & old bordes & botles, & buter lard and talloe | li. li. | x. s. | 0 |

In the Butrye.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|-------|---|
| Two banelles & one powtherin tubb | 0 | x. s. | 0 |
|-----------------------------------|---|-------|---|

In the Little Chamber.

| | | | |
|--------------------|---|-------|---|
| A bedstead & press | 0 | v. s. | 0 |
|--------------------|---|-------|---|

In the Hall.

| | | | |
|--|--------|--------|-----------|
| One table, ij. cheres, two formes, ij. stools, ij. cushions | 0 | x. s. | 0 |
| viiij. peeces pewter, j. brass candlestick, j. chaufing dish | 0 | x. s. | -0 |
| j. pere links, j. pere balloes | 0 | ij. s. | 0 |
| ij. brass pottes, ij. ketles | j. li. | vj. s. | viiij. d. |

In the kitchen.

| | | | |
|--|---|----------|----------|
| ij. loomes, ij. kives, payles, tubes & other implemtes | 0 | xij. s. | 0 |
| j. spitt coberd & dripan & a peale | 0 | liij. s. | liij. d. |

In the Chamber over the kitchen.

| | | | |
|---|--------|-------|---|
| one heire clothe, one wheele, j. stryke, ij. sives, liij. stryke malt and hurdes and other ode trumpury | j. li. | x. s. | 0 |
|---|--------|-------|---|

In the Barnes and backhouses.

| | | | | | |
|--|----|----|--------------|---------|---|
| one bay & more of baril valued at xx. quarter | .. | .. | .. xvj. li. | 0 | 0 |
| x. stryke wheate | .. | .. | .. ij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| powlse and hey | .. | .. | .. viij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| A malt-mill, cheese-presse, with hemp and flax | .. | .. | .. 0 | xij. s. | 0 |

In the stable.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|----|----|--------------|---|---|
| liij. horses | .. | .. | .. viij. li. | 0 | 0 |
|--------------|----|----|--------------|---|---|

In the Backside.

| | | | | | |
|--|----|----|--------------|--------|-----------|
| six kyne and other bease | .. | .. | .. viij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| xxxvij. sheepe | .. | .. | .. viij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| vj. piges or swyne | .. | .. | .. ij. li. | 0 | 0 |
| cartes, plowes, harrowes, harnes & getres, shippachs and other implemtes | .. | .. | .. liij. li. | vj. s. | viiij. d. |
| woode, lumber and trash | .. | .. | .. j. li. | x. s. | 0 |

summe is lxxliij. li. liij. s. ij. d.

Prayers,—signum STEVEN (B.) BURMAN.

JOHN EDWARDS.

signum WILLIAM (O.) RICHARSONS.

THE SPECTRE DRAMA.

Blackheath, April 27, 1863.

ALLOW me to state, with reference to the ghost scene now performing at the Britannia Theatre, that it is my invention which is there used, as adapted by Prof. Pepper for stage effect. My invention of an arrangement for producing certain optical illusions is calculated to supersede the magic lantern and all phantasmagorical and other apparatus hitherto employed; for whereas they only produce a motionless visionary figure, I associate on the same stage a phantom with a living actor, both different in costume, &c., and both acting in concert. Thus the scene may show them as sitting at the same table, on the same couch, opening the same cabinet, handling the same document, and, what is more, so seated in the same chair as to appear but one figure, yet seen one to arise out of the other, to go through different performances. The phantom character of one of such actors is shown by impregnability, passing through walls or furniture, or slow or quick dissolution. But effectually to fulfil these conditions would require a small building purposely designed for such performances, and therefore much credit is due to Prof. Pepper in having overcome the many obstacles presented by an ordinary stage.

These optical illusions are of a character calculated to disabuse the public mind in regard to the vulgar errors respecting apparitions, a belief in which has deprived many of reason; but which, as in this instance, may be realized by art, and, when occurring naturally, are mostly traceable to generally-known physical causes. HENRY DIRCKS.

PRIMEVAL MAN.

21, Park Crescent, April 25, 1863.

I do not see that Sir Charles Lyell, in his reply to my statement in your issue of the 4th inst., has rebutted any of the main points there urged. He appeals to the public, and announces that he has reproduced his work as it was. Good. I abide by my statement, Sir Charles by his. The case, which touches the ethics of scientific literature, will now rest with the men of science who are conversant with the merits of the question. In their hands I leave it; but there are points in Sir Charles's letter which call for explanation.

The complimentary letter and concert are easily disposed of. The former was the usual note of acknowledgment of a presentation copy with which I was honoured, written within a few hours of the receipt of the work. The opinion expressed on the perusal of one of the last chapters, did not necessarily involve, by synecdoche, the same opinion on the twenty-three other chapters which I had not read. On the 9th of March I wrote to Sir Charles that his account of what had been done in *re-agitating the question and conducting it to proof*, was so different from the view I took, that it would be necessary for me to say something in a separate form. He promptly replied that if I would point out where he should mention me, and what papers, he would do his best. It was not, however, a case of notice of papers or citations. Citations were already profuse to triviality; the world was even gravely informed (p. 179) who told Sir Charles the well-known English scientific work in which he would find an account of the habits of the living African hippopotamus, while weightier matters were forgotten. It was the cast of the subject as set forth in entire sections of some of the early chapters; the exceptionable account given in some cases of the labours of others; and the want of precise definition between his own observations and generalizations and those of his contemporaries that I objected to. I therefore declined the offer, and informed Sir Charles that Mr. Prestwich had availed himself, in part, of my intended communication to set himself right at the same time. The concert was avowed, being that of two inquirers who had long been engaged in pursuing a common object, which was more in discredit when they took it up than it is now.

When you quote words in inverted commas, you profess to do it exactly. A slight liberty may alter the complexion of a passage. One of my sentences ran thus: "The world at large is under obligation to those philosophers who, like Sir Charles Lyell, communicate the new results of science to the educated public, but they are expected to give an impartial narrative; and it cannot," &c. In Sir Charles Lyell's letter I am cited, in inverted commas, as putting it thus: "That some men are occupied in communicating the new results of science to the educated public, but it cannot," &c. The alteration has doubtless been made inadvertently in the heat of the moment; but it communicates an asperity to the passage for which I am not responsible. As regards my remarks on Sir Charles Lyell's account of the Brixham Cave investigation, I have nothing to alter. He was a member of the Committee, and all the documents were open to him. Prof. John Phillips, then President of the Geological Society, and of the Committee, can, with the other members, say how far Sir Charles's account fairly gives the facts of the case. There certainly has been some delay in the publication of the final results of the investigation; but Sir Charles has been incautious of statement in his attempt to cumulate the *onus* of it on me. A rational report, on a subject of the kind, is not a thing of discordant atoms,—of shreds and patches pinned together. His *brusque* remarks will doubtless awaken the Committee,—himself among the number. That the expenditure has already been not altogether unprofitably repaid by the results, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the present advanced state of the subject is in no inconsiderable degree owing to the impulse given to the investigation by the preliminary report before alluded to (*Athen.* No. 1849, p. 460, col. 1), and by the letter, dated November 1, 1858, which drew Mr. Prestwich to Abbeville. Another not very remote

consequence has, probably, been the production of Sir Charles Lyell's work itself.

Sir Charles complains that "by an unfortunate accident," I had only given one line of his introductory sentence respecting the Sicilian caves, and that by this "strange oversight" I had, although unintentionally, misrepresented him. The abridgment was done purposely, for brevity: I shall now give the details, and the reader will judge to what effect. Marine deposits, with shells, occur on the floors of certain of the Gower caves. My range of reading indicated no corresponding case within the European area, except the celebrated Cave of San Ciro, close to Palermo. I determined to examine it, before communicating my paper on the Gower caves. I was disappointed; the cave deposits of San Ciro were so disturbed that the evidence of the marine layer had disappeared, the pholad borings alone remaining. I had to search elsewhere along the coast, and discovered the "Grotta di Maccagnone," till then unknown, even to instructed Sicilians, and which has yielded such important information respecting the antiquity of man. The only ossiferous caves, on the north coast of Sicily at that time mentioned in geological works, were those of San Ciro, Belliemi and Ben Fratelli, all within the immediate environs of Palermo, and described by the Abbate Scinà and others thirty years ago. By personal observation and research, I traced the evidence of numerous other ossiferous caves along the north coast of Sicily; and, in my "Maccagnone" paper, I fixed on two points as conveniently indicating the boundaries. The published Abstract opens thus: "Dr. Falconer first described the physical geography of that portion of the north coast of Sicily in which the ossiferous caves abound, namely, between Termini on the east, and Trapani on the west. The geological structure of the tract had been ably investigated and mapped by Hoffmann" (*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1859, p. 99). On turning to the 'Antiquity of Man,' I found the passage reproduced thus: "Geologists have long been familiar with the fact that, on the northern coast of Sicily, between Termini on the east, and Trapani on the west, there are many caves containing the bones of extinct animals." (Op. cit. p. 174.) I commented on it in the terms cited by Sir Charles Lyell (*Athenæum*, p. 460). He has managed by his mode of stating the case to put me in the wrong with your readers for a brief space; they can now judge who is open to the rebuke administered by him to me, bearing in mind that the known occurrence of three ossiferous caves at one point, Palermo, is something different from their abundance in the long stretch of coast between Termini and Trapani, being the fact brought forward by me.

Sir Charles Lyell charges me with "want of fairness of spirit," for objecting in my postscript (*Athenæum*, p. 460) to my name being coupled with the list of fossil mammalia given at pp. 216-17 of his work. I maintain my objection, and do not leave it to the Rev. S. W. King or to Sir Charles Lyell to decide for me what per-centage of accuracy and what of imperfect or uncertain determination I should assent to my name being appended to.

My connexion with the subject is of an older date than Sir Charles Lyell appears to be aware of, judging from his remarks (*Athenæum*, p. 524, col. 3). In 1831, I communicated a paper to the Asiatic Society of Bengal on Mammalian Fossil Bones from Ava ('Gleanings in Science,' vol. iii. p. 167, 20th April, 1831). In 1838, supposed human bones, from the "ancient alluvium" of the valley of the Jumna, were figured and imperfectly described in India. They were of vast antiquity, and occurred low in the section, mingled with fossil remains which I afterwards determined to be of extinct species. The subject excited lively interest in India, and Mr. James Prinsep (erroneously, I believe, on the evidence) pronounced in favour of man, as a fossil animal. In 1844, Sir Proby (then Capt.) Cautley and myself communicated to the Zoological Society a memoir on the "Gigantic Fossil Tortoise" of India, in which, after discussing the question from various aspects, the following conclusion is announced: "The result at which we have arrived is, that there are fair grounds for

entertaining the belief as probable, that the *Colossochelys Atlas* may have lived down to an early epoch of the human period, and become extinct since:—first, from the fact that other Chelonian species and crocodiles, contemporaries of the *Colossochelys* in the Sewalik Fauna have survived; 2nd, from the indications of mythology in regard to a gigantic species of tortoise in India." (*Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, London, 1844, Part xii. p. 85.) The germ of the same idea, however trivial, is contained in a 'Memoir on Fossil Quadrupeds,' dated Nov. 24, 1836 (*Geological Transactions*, Second Series, vol. v. p. 503.) In 1855, I was at work on the "Jumna fossils," expressing the opinion that "I considered them to be the most promising of results bearing on the human period." ('Descript. Catal. of Fossil Remains,' *Museum of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, Calcutta, 1859, p. 7.) In 1856 I was discussing the subject with M. Boucher de Perthes; and since then I have been more or less continually engaged upon it in connexion with the cave evidence. Throughout, the little I may have done has been in the affirmative aspect; on the other hand, I may remind Sir Charles Lyell, that until after June, 1859, when the subject was launched as a proved case, he had constantly maintained the negative view,—in the 'Principles,' in his 'Second Visit to the United States,' on the Natchez case (vol. ii. p. 196), and in his Anniversary Address to the Geological Society, 1851, p. lxvii. "L'Homme fossile de Denise" was brought forward by Aymard in 1844. (*Bullet. Geol. Soc. de France*, 2^{me} Série, tom. ii. p. 107.) Rigollot's account of the "Instruments on Silex trouvés à St.-Acheul," was discussed by the Geological Society of France, in January, 1855, and discredited. (Op. cit. tom. xii. p. 112.) It was only after June, 1859, that Sir Charles Lyell's conversion was declared. Mr. Prestwich's researches and my own may have had little effect in bringing about the change, but they certainly immediately preceded it.

My *cartel* was specially confined to the "immediate subject of the proofs of the antiquity of man." Sir Charles Lyell has met it with a salvo of concentric fire from every battery he could command: but not one of them bearing on the object. On one point I cannot allow myself to be put in the wrong or misunderstood—namely, my full appreciation of the long-continued and important services which Sir Charles Lyell has rendered to geology. They have graven his name indelibly on the science. The consciousness of this well-assured and universally-recognized position might have warranted him in dealing ungrudgingly, and even generously, by the labours of his contemporaries; and men of science might have been spared the pain of the present controversy. The public, general and scientific, are indifferent to personal discussions, unless they involve a principle. My previous letter (*Athen.* No. 1849, p. 459) sufficiently indicates what principle I came forward to maintain. The day has gone by, when scientific works could be written in the style of Louis Quatorze: *La Géologie; c'est moi!—l'Antiquité d'Homme; c'est moi aussi!* H. FALCONER, M.D.

ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Mr. Darwin's notes on the modification of species, given in our impression of last week, call for a few observations. We differ from such a naturalist as Mr. Darwin with respect; but the science which he cultivates is only in its infancy; and from the conflict of opinion we shall confidently expect the truth to appear.

The "similarity of pattern in the construction of the limbs of the great class of Vertebrata," with the like evidences of unity of plan in the organization of the Articulata; the resemblance of the different vertebrate classes to each other in their embryostate, and of all classes in their ovum state—and most of the other generalizations cited by Mr. Darwin, have been established by careful and sufficient induction, and are the well-earned fruits of such labour. They may seem to be explained or to be "connected by an intelligible thread of reasoning" on the supposition that one species engenders another, or on the hypothesis of the genetic relationship of all

species with a common ancestor. Lamarck adduced the facts of the change of size and shape of parts by exercise and by disuse to explain the passage of species to species, viewing them as transitory conditions of life; but, according to observation, the Lamarckian conditions of change are too limited to originate a species. Mr. Darwin assigns the tendency to variation in individuals as sufficing in time, and with concurrent external conditions, to bring about all the various forms and grades of vegetable and animal life; but observation teaches the limits to which variation extends in regard to the genetic powers and characters of a species. Neither this, nor any better attempt to explain the transmutation of species, would entitle the guesser to appropriate to himself the application of the genetic relationship of species to a better comprehension of the cause of unity of plan, and of other established truths in biological science. The conformity of type in recent and extinct animals of circumscribed localities would be equally intelligible on the assumption of species being the offspring of species, whether under Lamarck's, or Geoffroy St.-Hilaire's, or 'Vestiges,' or Darwin's views of the way in which such genetic relation was brought about. Observation has only, however, made us acquainted with the power of the individual to engender others of its own kind. But to arrogate for a hypothesis of the *modus operandi* of "transmutation" all the consequences and applications of the old and often-mooted notion of the engendering of species in the abstract, is a large assumption, and lets a new light into the character of the mind that indulges in it. The different generalizations cited by Mr. Darwin as being "connected by an intelligible thread of reasoning" exclusively through his attempt to explain specific transmutations, are, in fact, related to it in this wise: that they have prepared the minds of naturalists for a better reception of such attempts to explain the way of the origin of species from species.

Our application of Heterogeny to the production of Foraminifera pre-supposed, as in Prof. Pouchet's exposition of the theory in the production of infusoria, the presence of binary and ternary compounds, which are due as a rule, to living acts; but the results of organic chemistry show that life is not, or may not be, essential to the production of organic compounds. Howsoever produced, or originally created, the organic matter is widely diffused over earth and sea, and the conditions of its assumption of the sarcoidal or monadic forms and acts of life are a legitimate subject of inquiry, in no degree exploded by the inadequacy of such conditions to the production of a shell-fish or insect. Prof. Pouchet has prosecuted the research chiefly by the way of exclusion,—by his most ingenious contrivances and combinations to prevent or test the presence of the hypothetical atmospheric spores and germs to which Mr. Darwin with other homogenists would ascribe the appearance of living monads in infusions or sediments of organic substances. Mr. Darwin condemns the observer and expounder of the heterogenous operations in such ooze as finding therein a fitting hiding-place for the obscurity of his ideas; but the unprejudiced student of Prof. Pouchet's 'Hétérogénie' will acquit him of being open to that sneer. This work, of 672 pages, was published in the same year (1859) as Mr. Darwin's 'On the Origin of Species': to which it offers a striking contrast in the absence of mere speculative views and of expressions of feelings of belief and conviction, devoid of the grounds or proofs of such convictions. A conscientious history and close analysis of the course of human thought on Hétérogénie are promised; the rest of the work is a model of calm, clear and close philosophical experimental research and exposition. The 'Hétérogénie' resembles the 'Origin of Species' in this respect, that it aims, in the chapter devoted to the variability and temporary nature of species, to refute the arguments of Cuvier, De Blainville, Dumeril, and Lyell (p. 510), for the fixity of species. Prof. Pouchet discusses the three predicaments; viz., the origin of each species by creation as such,—their successive appearance through secondary laws,—their derivation from one unique, primitive, and only created species. This last hypothesis Prof. Pouchet

rejects (p. 503) and Mr. Darwin adopts—each independently of the other.

A finite intelligence cannot ascend to the first beginning of organic matter, or of the living being, or of the elements which compose a complex crystal. The prevalent belief rests on the acceptance of the revelation of the creative acts; and these the Pentateuch teaches are of two kinds—"the waters brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life,"—"the earth brought forth grass," &c.; but of man it is written, He "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

We deem the recent evidence adduced by Pouchet, Joly, Musset, Schaufhausen, Mantegazza of Pavia, Wyman (of Boston, U.S.), sufficient to show that, in reference to the origin of the lowest forms of life, the first expression best accords with the little which it has been given to us to know on this subject.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE spuriousness of the pretended discovery of a human bone in the drift, to which we last week drew attention, has since been confirmed by Dr. Falconer. M. Boucher de Perthes allowed Dr. Falconer to bring away the molar found with the jaw-bone; and when suspicion was aroused as to the genuineness of the "find," the English physician had this molar sawn across, when it turned out to be a modern tooth.

In the discussion which followed the reading of his paper last week at the Royal Society, the Astronomer Royal mentioned that the remarkable change which had taken place in the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism as observed at Greenwich since 1845, was such as might be expected to take place were the climate of the northern hemisphere to become more wintry in its character, while that of the southern hemisphere remained unaltered. It is already on record that Sir John Herschel considers the climate of the earth to be undergoing a change due to some cosmical cause. Is there any connexion between his conclusions and those of the Astronomer Royal? To those who take interest in the progress of terrestrial magnetism as a science, it will be gratifying to know that Mr. Airy expresses himself decidedly in favour of long-continued simultaneous observations in various parts of the globe. With series of observations extending over many years it becomes possible to institute comparisons, to note fluctuations and disturbances, and to discover something of their laws; while short and broken series baffle investigation, and harass the inquirer to no useful purpose.

Mr. Layard has received intelligence that Messrs. Speke and Grant have arrived at Khartoum, in Upper Egypt. The news comes by telegram from Alexandria, and is provokingly brief. We know, however, that these enterprising travellers started from Zanzibar on an exploring expedition; their course has consequently been through eastern and central Africa to Khartoum: and it is highly probable that they will be able to tell us, when they come home, the mystery of the Nile.

By the last mail from Africa we learn that Messrs. Chapman and Baines have effected their passage across from Walwich Bay to the Zambesi. Orders, it states, have been received in Africa for the recall and breaking up of the Livingstone Expedition.

The ceremonial of uncovering the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, on the 10th of June, 1863, has been prepared. The guests will assemble at the West Dome of the International Building. The Royal party will arrive at four o'clock, and will be conducted to a platform under the Western Dome, whence they will proceed down the nave to a balcony over the southern entrance of the Royal Horticultural Gardens, where the Council of the Society and the Executive Committee of the Memorial Committee will present addresses. The Prince of Wales will order the uncovering of the Memorial, which will be announced by a flourish of trumpets and a salute of artillery, after which military music will be performed and the fountains will play. The Royal party, headed by the procession, will walk round the Gardens, stopping at various points to see the Memorial and

the Garden. In the event of rain, the line of procession will keep under the cover of the arcades. The Exhibition Building will be thrown open to the visitors to the Garden.

We must correct a slip of the pen last week. The inscription on the urn presented to the Poet-Laureate by Her Majesty's Commissioners should have read:—"Her Majesty's Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862 present this urn to Alfred Tennyson in grateful remembrance for his gift of pure and noble song, 1st of May, 1862."

Mr. C. Dickens will preside at the anniversary festival in aid of the funds of the Royal Free Hospital, to be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday next, the 6th inst.

The Annual Dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers has been fixed for Wednesday, June 10, at the Freemasons' Tavern.

A General Meeting of the Camden Society will be held this day (Saturday), at four o'clock in the afternoon precisely. The Marquess of Bristol, V.P.S.A. will be proposed for President, supported by an effective committee.

Her Majesty has signified her approval of the design recently described by us for the Albert Memorial Cross, by Mr. G. G. Scott, and Parliament has voted 50,000*l.* towards its completion. The Lords' Committee on the proposed Albert Bridge across the Thames, has expressed itself unwilling to sanction, without a stronger case than was shown in that instance, the erection of a new proprietary bridge, with tolls in perpetuity; it was of opinion that it was of urgent importance that the whole question of bridge accommodation should be considered with the special object of abolishing all tolls. The Putney and Fulham New Bridge Bill has been thrown out in favour of Fulham Bridge, to be on the western side of the existing structure.

We can have no objection to allow the following note of courtesy to appear in our columns. Our reviewer was well aware of the subscription to which Mr. Foster invites attention; but the great fact remains, that the Royal Academy left its own peculiar work undone for years until the Society of Arts took it up, and when it began to act at all consented to occupy a second place. Would the Royal Society have acted thus in regard to any of the great interests of science?—

"30th April, 1863.

"In the review of Mr. Underdown's book on Art Copyright in your last number, your reviewer is pleased to compliment the Society of Arts on its labours in obtaining the Copyright Act of last session, though somewhat too exclusively. The Society cannot in justice to others pass over this without notice. Your reviewer could not be aware, indeed I do not know that it has ever been published, that the Royal Academy contributed 40*l.* and the Society of Painters in Water Colours 20*l.* towards the expenses incurred in connexion with the obtaining that Act. The Society's Committee received much valuable personal aid from the President of the Royal Academy, who acted as chairman, as well as from several other distinguished members of that body.

"P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary."

A portion of the grant of 20,000*l.*, voted by Parliament for the erection of a wing to the Record Office, will be devoted to the building of a new reading and writing-room for the use of those consulting the records.

The Corrie Library has been sold by auction at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The collection was remarkable as containing most of the County histories. The books were generally in fine condition and realized very high prices. Amongst the lots were: Addison's Works, 4 vols., the Baskerville Edition, in red morocco, by De Rome, 17*l.*—Cook's Voyages, 9 vols., and *falso* Atlas, 19*l.* 10*s.*—Coryat's Crudities hastily gobbled up, 9*l.* 5*s.*—Ashmole's Berkshire, 24*l.*—Atkyn's Gloucestershire, first edition, of which many copies were destroyed at a fire at the printer's, 15*l.* 10*s.*—Byble printed by Whitechurch in 1541, wanting title-page and cut in several places into the text, 25*l.* 10*s.*—Blomfield's Norfolk, 5 vols.,

wanting some plates, 16l. 10s.—Dibdin's Decameron, 3 vols., large paper, 37l.—Dryden's Works, 18 vols., large paper, 15l.—Dibdin's Bibliotheca Spenceriana, 7 vols., large paper, 35l.—Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, 3 vols., illustrated with numerous drawings and engravings, 620l.—Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain, 4 vols., large paper, 40l.—Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire enlarged, by Thomas, 2 vols., 42l.—Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, 12l. 5s.—Gregson's Portfolio of Lancashire Fragments, 7l. 15s.—Hasted's Kent, 4 vols., 16l. 10s.—Horsley's Britannia Romana, large paper, a work of great rarity, in one volume, folio, 40l. 10s.—Lysons's Environs of London and Middlesex Parishes, 5 vols. in 12, illustrated with numerous engravings and drawings, 500l.—Nichols's Bibliotheca Topographica, 12 vols., 75l. 12s.—Ottley on Engraving, 2 vols., large paper, 16l. 5s.—Hutchins's Dorsetshire, 4 vols., large paper, perhaps the rarest of the County histories, 85l.—Manning and Bray's Surrey, 3 vols., large paper, 23l. 2s.—Morant's Essex, 2 vols., large paper, 31l.—Morland's Account of the Vaudois, 12l. 12s.—Nichols's Leicestershire, 8 vols., large paper, one volume on small, 182l.—Ormerod's Cheshire, 3 vols., large paper, 57l.—Pennant's London, illustrated with drawings and engravings, 6 vols., 386l.—New Testament, translated by the English College at Rheims, the first edition, which contains many notes which were subsequently suppressed as heretical and dangerous, 13l.—Testament, by Tindale, 1536, imperfect, 11l.—Warner's Hampshire, 6 vols. in 3, 9l. 5s.—Sandy's Travels, on large paper, having been the dedication copy to Charles the First when Prince of Wales, 24l.—Shaw's Staffordshire, 2 vols., large paper, 42l.—Smith's Virginia, and Travels, 26l.—Stow's London, 2 vols., 8l.—Thoroton's Nottinghamshire, wanting the slip of arms, 19l.—Whitaker's Richmondshire, 2 vols., large paper, 36l.—A volume of Injunctions, Canons and Articles, 15l.—A Collection of Foreign Portraits, 510l.—A Collection of old Drawings, 110l. The rest of the books sold in the same ratio, the entire collection of 1,033 lots producing 4,409l. 6s. The sale of engraved British portraits followed. The following were among the more important:—Queen Elizabeth between the Pillars, 5l.—Princess Mary, Queen of Scotland, by Elstracke, 6l. 10s.—James the First, Enthroned, by Pass, 6l. 6s.—James the First, Seated, by the same, 4l. 15s.—Prince Rupert, by Bloeeling, 4l. 14s.—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by S. Pass, 4l. 10s.—George Sheldon, Bishop of London, by Loggan, 3l. 11s.—Sir Philip Sidney, by Elstracke, 4l. 10s.—Sir Thomas Chaloner, by Hollar, 11l. 11s.—The Second Charles, Heir of the Royal Martyr, by Faithorne, 18l. 5s.—Queen Catherine, by the same, 12l.—Countess of Castlemaine, by the same, 36l.

A Parliamentary Return of great interest has been recently made of our colonial possessions. It possesses also the great merit of being authentic. We gather from this Return that our colonies—excluding, of course, India—comprise altogether 3,350,000 square miles, and cost us for management 3,350,000l., being at the rate of 1l. per square mile. They have an aggregate revenue of 11,000,000l., and a debt of 27,000,000l., or just two years and a half's income. They import goods to the amount of 60,000,000l. nearly, and their exports amount to 50,000,000l., of which three-fifths come to this kingdom. The population of these colonies is under 10,000,000, of which only one half are whites.

Orders have been given by the French Emperor for the restoration in the most comprehensive manner of the Cathedral Church of St. Denis, near Paris.

The restoration of Goethe's house in Frankfort has been commenced. The object of the *Goethe Stift* is to render the house what it was in 1749, when the poet was born in it, and what it remained during the years which he passed in it as a child. The small room at the top of the house, which was the boy's study, and which has for some time been shown to visitors in Frankfort, is being stripped of the papering that dates from the year 1836 (as is proved by a series of newspapers of that year being pasted at the back), and the old papering has been discovered under

several layers of subsequent imposition. The most curious result of this discovery is that the paper of 1754 bears the old colours of the German Empire, yellow and black: an additional testimony to the formal and deliberate character of that *geradliniger Frankfurter Reichsbürger* who was the father of Goethe, and of whom Mr. Lewes gives us so peculiar a picture.

An important contribution to Wallenstein literature has just been published in Vienna,—an account of the last four years of Wallenstein's life, by Friedrich von Hurter, the historian of Ferdinand the Second and biographer of Pope Innocent the Third. The question of Wallenstein's guilt or innocence has long been debated; and his descendants were so fully persuaded of the latter by a work written in his defence, that they petitioned the Emperor of Austria for a restoration of his estates, as having been unjustly confiscated. The Emperor did not, however, see the question in the same light, and the general impression has rather been on the side of the Emperor. This present work is written without any bias for or against; is based entirely on researches made in archives, and contains scarcely a line that has been printed before. The author goes into the fullest detail, describes the transactions of every single day—not only what Wallenstein did, but also what he left undone—and a comparison of the high-sounding words with the smallness of the deeds confirms the unfavourable view of Wallenstein's character. It is curious to observe that the popular idea of Wallenstein, as a secluded, taciturn, brooding spirit, living in the stars and conferring little with the outward world, is proved to be thoroughly incorrect. True, he was fond of the extraordinary, but this was only to excite wonder in others. He descended to the smallest details of practical life, especially in money matters; so far from fitting out an army at his own expense, he took care to recover every farthing of his expenses; and in managing his estates he showed the most careful thrift, going through household accounts while conducting extensive political correspondence, and keeping a reckoning even of his fowls and geese. Perhaps Mr. Herman Merivale's new theory about Wallenstein, that he was a great impostor, a humbug of enormous pretensions, whose whole demeanour savoured of that intimate combination of enthusiasm with jugglery which imposes most successfully on mankind, startling and bold as it may seem, is not without confirmation from this volume. It cannot but strike readers of Schiller's History with surprise that nothing is done by the Imperial army so long as the first captain of the age is at its head, but that as soon as Wallenstein is murdered and a noted bungler succeeds him, the Austrians begin to win a series of victories.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five, and will CLOSE on SATURDAY, May 9.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1881 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE LAST SUPPER, by Leonardo da Vinci.—THE RESTORATION of this, the finest Picture ever conceived or painted, ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 106, New Bond Street.—Admission, One Shilling. A Sketch of the Life of Da Vinci, and a Critical Analysis of 'The Last Supper,' by a distinguished Writer, Sixpence. Will open on Monday.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS to EVENING PARTIES and the SEASIDE.—A SPIRIT-RAPPING SÉANCE. An entirely New Part, entitled 'Twenty Minutes with a Medium,' will be given every Evening. Medium, Mr. Yates; Visitor, Mr. Power. There will also be several new arrivals at the Seaside. To commence at 8: Saturdays at 3.—Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKESPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE will continue her READINGS of SHAKESPEARE every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Evenings.—On Monday next, May 4, will be repeated (by desire) the Play of 'Henry the Fifth'; Wednesday, May 6 (also by desire), the Comedy of 'As You Like It'; and on Friday, May 8, the Tragedy of 'Richard the Third.'—In compliance with numerous requests the Readings will, in future, commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.—Reservations, 2s.; Stalls, 6s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s. each.—Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street.

LEVIASSOR EN VISITE.—SCÈNES ET CHANSONS COMIQUES.—Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday during the month of MAY, commencing on TUESDAY NEXT, May 5, at Half-past Eight o'clock.—Programme: 1. Le Mari au Bal, M. Levasor.—2. Est-ce Tout? Mlle. Telesire.—3. Les Cocasseries de la Danse (Parodie des Danses de Salon), M. Levasor.—4. Le Monde tel qu'il est, M. Levasor.—5. Comment on mène son Mari, Mlle. Telesire.—6. La Mère Michel au Théâtre Italien (Parodie Bouffe), M. Levasor.—7. Le Mal de Mer (Scène Comique Nouvelle), M. Levasor. Piano-forte, M. Roosenboom.—Seats, Unreserved, 2s.; Stalls, 7s.; a few Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. each; Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—April 23.—Gen. Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'On the Arrangement of the Muscular Fibres of the Ventricular Portion of the Vertebrate Heart, with Physiological Remarks,' by Mr. J. Pettigrew.—'On the Diurnal Inequalities of Terrestrial Magnetism, as deduced from Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, from 1841 to 1857,' by Mr. G. B. Airy.—'On the direct Transformation of Iodide of Allyle into Iodide of Propyle,' by Mr. M. Simpson.—'On the Distillation of Mixtures: a Contribution to the Theory of Fractional Distillation,' by Mr. J. A. Wanklyn.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—April 27.—Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—W. Hatfield, Esq., H. P. Le Mesurier, Esq., G. Loch, Esq., Lieut.-Col. J. C. D. Morrison, H. Salt, Esq., and C. F. Varley, Esq., were elected Fellows.—The President read a letter from Mr. Tinné, communicating later intelligence of the Dutch ladies who are carrying out an expedition up the White Nile.—The papers read were: 'Visit to Ode, the capital of the Ijebu Country, Western Africa,' by Capt. Beddingfield.—'Exploration of the Elephant Mountain, &c., Western Africa,' by Capt. R. F. Burton.—'Travels in Equatorial Africa, Gaboon, Coriso, &c.,' by W. Winwood Reade, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Anniversary Meeting.—April 23.—Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair.—W. Smith, Esq., and J. W. King, Esq., were nominated scrutators of the balloting list.—The President delivered his annual Address.—The usual obituary notices of Fellows deceased during the year ending April 5 were read.—Lord Stanhope announced that the Prince of Wales had been placed with his consent on the Society's list in the room of the Prince Consort.—The ballot was taken in succession on the two proposals for altering the statutes in respect of the hour of meeting and of the hour of closing the ballot, as laid before the ordinary meeting of the 19th of March. Both these proposals were carried in the affirmative, so that the Society will now meet at eight p. m. on Thursday evening, and the ballot will close at 9:30 instead of 10 p. m., as heretofore.—The following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices for the ensuing year:—Eleven Members from the Old Council: Earl Stanhope, President; W. Tite, Esq., M.P., Vice President; O. Morgan, Esq., M.P., Vice President and Auditor; J. W. Jones, Esq., Vice President and Auditor; F. Ouvry, Esq., Treasurer; A. W. Franks, Esq., Director; J. Bruce Esq., W. D. Cooper, Esq., A. J. B. Hope, Esq., F. M. Nichols, Esq., M.A., and W. J. Thoms, Esq. Ten Members of the New Council: Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., Auditor; Dr. W. Smith, Auditor; Lord Aveland, W. H. Black, Esq., R. R. Holmes, Esq., Lieut.-Col. J. F. Lennard, R. H. Major, Esq., C. S. Percival, Esq., H. Reeve, Esq., Prof. A. P. Stanley; C. K. Wilson, Esq., Secretary.

ZOOLOGICAL.—April 21.—E. W. H. Holdsworth, Esq., in the chair.—Letters were read from Dr. G. Bennett and Mr. F. Williams relating to the probability of obtaining living examples of *Didunculus strigirostris*. Mr. Williams stated that he had a living specimen of this bird in his possession, which he was intending to convey to Sydney by the next opportunity.—A letter was read from R. Gunn, Esq., of Launceston, Tasmania, announcing the shipment of a living female Thylacine, with four young ones, for the Society's menagerie.—Mr. F. Buckland made some observations 'On the Variations of the Growth of Salmon,' and exhibited specimens illustrative of his remarks.—Dr.

Günther called the attention of the Meeting to some living Tree Frogs from Queensland, Australia, brought home by Mr. E. Daniel, which appeared to be of the following species: *Pelodryas carolena*, *Hyla Ewingii*, *H. citropus* and *H. Verreauxii*.—The Secretary announced the arrival in the Society's Gardens of a fine collection of Gallinaceous Birds from India, partly presented to the Society by the Baboo Rajendra Mullick, and partly deposited by J. J. Stone, Esq. and the Rev. J. Smyth. Amongst them were three pairs of the Teagopau (*Certhia sabyra*), the first examples of this splendid bird received alive in this country.—Dr. Sclater read a paper on the known species of the family Phasianidae and their geographical distribution. The list given enumerated fifty-six species of these birds, twenty-six of which had been already, at different times, exhibited in the Society's Gardens.—Mr. Blyth gave a notice of a new species of stag from Siam, which he proposed to call *Cervus Schomburgkii*.—Mr. A. Newton exhibited a remarkable exemplification of the manner in which seeds might be occasionally conveyed to a distance by birds, in the shape of the foot of a red partridge which had a large mass of clay, weighing more than six ounces, attached to it.—A communication was read from Dr. G. Hartlaub, containing a list of birds collected by Capt. J. E. Speke at Kazeh, in Eastern Africa, among which were several species new to science.—A paper was read by Dr. W. Baird, entitled 'Description of New Species of Worms.'—Dr. Gray pointed out the characters of a new Lemur from Fernando Po, proposed to be called *Galago pallida*, and of two new genera of Lizards: 1. *Holaspis*, a form allied to *Placocoma* of Fitzinger, of which the type was proposed to be named *Holaspis Guentheri*; and 2. *Porio dactylus*, allied to *Xanthuria* of Prof. Baird. The specimens on which these genera were based had been purchased in Paris and presented to the British Museum, with the MS. names attached by Sir Andrew Smith.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—April 28.—John Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was 'The Charing Cross Bridge,' by Mr. H. Hayter.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 22.—Rear-Admiral the Hon. J. Denman in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Construction of Twin Screw Steam-ships,' by Commander T. E. Symonds.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Asiatic, 3.
- Entomological, 7.
- Architects, 8.—Annual General.
- Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly Meeting.
- TUE. Horticultural, 1.—Exhibition of Sculpture.
- Ethnological, 8.—'Natives, Vancouver's Island,' Dr. King and Prof. Busk; 'Wild Tribes, Interior of Malay Peninsula,' Père Bourcier.
- Engineers, 8.—'American Iron Bridges,' Mr. Colburn.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Sound,' Prof. Tyndall.
- Photographic, 8.
- WED. Geological, 8.
- Society of Arts, 8.—'Bread-making and Condition of those Employed,' Dr. Wrayner.
- Society of Literature, 8.
- THURS. Linnean, 8.—'Two Aquatic Species of Hymenoptera,' Mr. Lubbock.
- Chemical, 8.—'Constitution of Salts,' Dr. Playfair.
- Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal, 8.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted.
- FRI. Astronomical, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—'Soils of England,' Prof. Voelcker.
- SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

FRESHENED, it may be, with the impetus got at the International Exhibition, or profiting by the completion of works that should have gone to the Royal Academy last year, the authors of the present collection in Trafalgar Square have made it considerably above the average. It is so, not through the presence of any commanding picture, such as sometimes characterizes an Exhibition in our memories by its title, but in the healthier, because more uniform, value and interest of many very excellent works. The Exhibition gains much from the presence of nearly every leading painter in England. Some are adequately represented, others not so; but, with three exceptions among men of the first rank, there will be found something of more or less importance from all

The exceptions are Mr. Mulready, who is still engaged upon the large painting exhibited last year in an unfinished state, and upon minor matters; Mr. MacIise, whose year has been occupied by the oil picture for the great stereo-chrome subject, 'The Death of Nelson,' in the Parliament House; and Sir E. Landseer.

To sum up the gathering by naming the works of its best men, regardless of schools, opinions or conventional standing, we may say that Mr. Stanfield sends five pictures, all coast scenes, the results of long-made memoranda; these have their subjects from the countries wherein he has most frequently found materials,—England, Spain, Holland and Italy. Mr. Millais is in force with three paintings, two of which are of humorous character and more solidly executed than has been his recent wont. Mr. Elmore has two pictures, small; Mr. Hook three, coast subjects from the Scilly Islands; Mr. Phillip two: one commissioned by the Speaker, comprising portraits of the political leaders of the day; also a Spanish subject. Mr. Leighton has four: one very large, a Scripture theme; a second, above the average size—a lady feeding peacocks—remarkable for its exquisite colouring and delicacy of painting; a third, one of those lovely heads which he so frequently has produced. Mr. Poole sends a small work. Mr. Faed has three pictures: an orange girl; a subject from an old ballad; and a domestic scene, of humorous character. Mr. E. M. Ward gives us two pictures, and shows an inclination to return to his early and better style,—both from themes such as he has often treated; and remarkable for the novelty of their defined incidents. Mr. F. Goodall has four works: studies of Oriental character and a view in Cairo. Mr. Armitage's single picture is a pathetic representation of an incident in early Christian history. Mr. Frith has a small picture; Mr. Holman Hunt a portrait, and a small fancy subject: one remarkable for character and strength of painting, the other for brilliancy and spirit. Mr. Creswick sends four landscapes, of unusual interest. Mr. E. W. Cooke has three, the chief a very remarkable study of a sand-drift at the east of Gibraltar. Mr. Cope sends two pictures; Mr. Redgrave three; Mr. Lee five. Mr. Marks will advance his reputation with a picture of the Shakspearian time, showing the dramatist studying human character in the streets of Elizabethan London. Mr. Calderon's production, showing the interior of the English Ambassador's house in Paris during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572, gives him a claim to the title of an excellent artist. Mr. Gale sends a work painted in Jerusalem,—the Wailing Place of the Jews at the wall of Solomon's Temple. Mr. Watts has a poetically suggestive subject and a portrait. Messrs. J. P. Knight and Wells send valuable portraits.

Let us give Mr. Stanfield the place of honour. The general character of his works is heightened above that of old, in added warmth of colour and less rigid handling. How great is this improvement we need hardly say. His most important picture represents the position of the English and captured Spanish ships off Cadix on the Day after Trafalgar (No. 123). A long line of the Andalusian coast stretches across the background, low, irregular, and generally white in colour. When the morning broke after that memorable day, it was with windy and troubled weather, perilous to the maimed victors and vanquished; some of the last, that barely escaped the fight, are believed to have been lost ere they could obtain a friendly shelter; even the English ships had been compelled to run for Gibraltar, in hourly fear of the enemy's lee-shore. The leading point of interest in the work before us is a demasted Spanish ship of the line, that, with anchors out from her bow, rides heavily and rolls deeply in the turbulent sea; it was not a storm, but a sharp, hard gale; there was danger to such a craft in that place, lest she should sink or should break from the holding-ground and go ashore, a prize lost to the English. To render aid in the former contingency and diminish risk of the second, an English frigate anchored inshore of her; so she is seen. Above the prize's taffrail is the Union Jack placed superior to her own ensign, the red and golden bars of Spain, the

crowned shield in the centre. Heeling to star-board, she shows her decks loaded with wreck, but half cleared away during the night; a wave has struck her on the port-bow, entering upon her deck; the force of the blow is finely expressed in her action, so to say. Somewhat removed from this is a ship still burning in the daylight, and other ships making their best way to the Rock. On the Coast of Calabria (94) has a similar, but more stormy, effect to the above; a *guarda costa*, with her rigging stowed low on deck, the great yards going fore and aft, so as to be a less conspicuous object to the smugglers she lies in wait for, is moored with a length of cable out, and rises easily on the seas. In the mid-distance is a felucca furling her tall sails in haste, probably having at the moment seen the craft lying in wait. Above, and as it were right out of deep water, rises a lofty and rocky coast; cliffs, in a nook of which, high up, is placed an ancient watch-tower; behind, and higher still, are mountainous and snow-capped hills. As an effective contrast to this, take next, *Oude Scheld*—*Texel Island* (177), a low shore, half mud, half sand, a river at low tide stealing to the sea; a warm glow as of Dutch sunlight, with which the artist has so often delighted us, is spread over all; deep grey and dun-coloured clouds lie behind a flat point of land, whereon are a signal-station and an old mill. Right in the front is a ship that, half a wreck, has been beached there; her broken masts lie in the sand. *Shakspeare's Cliff, Dover, 1849* (272) presents a subject that looks unfamiliar from the chosen point of view, but is perfectly faithful: this is the least interesting of Mr. Stanfield's works this year. The largest of all he sends is *The Worm's Head, Bristol Channel* (371), a headland, the strange appearance of which may have won it a title, long ago derived from the old Northern word *wurm*, "a worm or dragon," and appearing in other headlands not far removed, as in the Great and Little Orme's Heads. A towering block of white stone, that forms the crest of a sickle- or coil-shaped promontory, stands almost alone in the sea; the last runs fresh and restless at its feet, yeasty, and, by plunging, full of air that makes its blue brightness grey. The sky is marked with white spaces of pale sunlight, across which scowls a mass of rain-cloud.

Mr. Millais's moonlight interior will attract attention. *Madeline Disrobing* (287), from Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' does not present that demoiselle of the fourteenth century who, before the gorgeously-hued window, "unclasped her warmed jewels one by one," and dared not look behind. Not a fourteenth-century lady in a fourteenth-century chamber unrobing herself to try St. Agnes' charm, not even a beautiful damsel retiring to rest in a chamber of her own age, say the sixteenth century, but rather a commonplace girl of our own day loosening her bodice after a ball in an old room of Jacobian date. There is a charm of execution about this picture which carries thought away from its absurdity. The anachronism is so thorough, being in the very features of the girl herself, that one soon gets rid of it to see how intense was the feeling that gave her such an expression of hesitating fear and eager amorous expectation of the charm's result. Before the tall curtains of the ancient couch, pillars of drapery that, beyond our sight, reach the roof, stands this woman, her hair loosened, her face flushed warm with accidental glow, her nervous fingers lingering at her waist-knots, a robe of blue and silver fallen about her feet, her figure bathed in pale light and stained with spaces of gules, azure and amethyst. The jewelled casket on the table at the window glitters in all its mouldings and inlays, and that high window marks its shape and dimmed blazonries upon the floor. Unable to get a fourteenth-century room with every accessory *in situ*, Mr. Millais has taken an old room and given us the sentiment of the subject as it might be while the charm had the force of faith. He has done this so well that all questioning is beside the matter, and we must take it or leave it. We cannot fail to see that the idea is as much the artist's own as that of Keats,—his best apology for adopting any ideas but such as are wholly his, and for borrowing even a text with which to illustrate his power. Mr. Millais goes to Knowle House and paints an ancient bed-room *as he saw it*, gaining

thereby something Keats himself had not when he wrote the passage describing the window, which for gorgeous verbiage has hardly an equal in the language. The excess of local colouring therein found, showing the poet studied his subject under an effect of sunlight and fancied it was similar in that of the moon, does not exist in the picture. In her light, the "splendid dyes" sink from "warm gules" to sombre purple-grey; "rose-bloom" is deepest crimson, and "amethyst" must come from pink of the palest hue.

Mr. Millais's smaller picture, *The Lions' Den* (498) shows some children playing at wild beasts. Three boys have efficiently wrapped themselves in skin mats: the eldest, with vigorous conception of his part, scowls prettily and makes claws of his little fingers; the younger is contented with a roar; a third crawls on his knees and hands, yowling as a bear. Self-centered almost to selfishness, a little girl, fair-featured, but with vanity of those features written in every line,—a beautiful study of such a child,—lies upon her back, heedless of the boys and all about her, playing with a flower-bell. A solemn grand piano keeps them in; its legs are the sides of the lions' den.—*The First Sermon* (7) we have already described: a red-cloaked damsel has been taken to church for the first time, and, bent with all her sex's will upon decorum, sits prettily prim and charming in steadfastness, yet hardly able to check her eyes from wandering.

Mr. Hook will delight everybody with three pictures, superior to those of last year, which we believe not equal to former productions. The most brilliant is (335), *Leaving at Low-water*, a deep, harbour-inlet of the Scilly Islands; the tide has run a good way off the beach and lies in the sunlight a vast enamelled space, marked with emerald-green and blue pure as the sky it reflects; grows grey where a ripple takes it, flashes with crests of snow that rise, and, as the wind shakes them, fringe of the sea as they are, lazily fall, drag and vanish upon the shingle. In all this luxury of sunlight there goes across the picture a rude stone pier, many-hued with lichens and sea-stains. Just off the beach lies a smack that will go away when the tide makes; towards her wades a sailor with a boy pick-a-back; about to wade also, a young woman takes off her shoes and stockings; two urchins have brought a basket of provisions. *The Sailor's Wedding Party* (219) shows a pic-nic by the sea-shore. The bridal party have come by water to a retired place; they land; one old salt, with a favour in his hat, hands out provisions; another spreads the cloth; a woman lights a fire; while the pair for whom all these preparations are made sit sunned in the light of each other's eyes, making believe to talk: their expressions of happiness are so whole, so intense in the mystery of feeling, that even in the picture the world centres itself round them. Sunny sea-side hills, bare of trees and beaten with many a storm, but almost solemn now in their richness and unity of colour; the fickle, wind-shaken sea, moving, but ever one, and the rugged road that leads from where they sit to the hill-top that the sun is last to be seen from when the day is done, all tend as to one centre—the human looks. This is a landscape or an idyll in colour; perhaps a psalm, if you will, or can, read it; certainly no sentimental thing. Your sentimentalist does not produce such things, but, wearing his heart upon his sleeve, would shudder to paint that loutish sailor bridegroom with the awkward hands, or the girl-bride, with her bright English face burnt in the sun. *Praun Catchers* (176) is the title of a picture showing two boys fishing in a salt pool of the sea-shore; a bare-legged girl comes down the rocks to join them, net on shoulder; all about are rocks, tide-bare and weedy; beyond, a delicious sea, making long, shallow waves, as with the force of some far-off storm, covered with broken reflexions of hills in the distance.

We congratulate Mr. Ward upon having quitted the heavier method of painting adopted in his Royal Commissions; he returns, fortunately, to his gayer manner in the picture *Hogarth's Studio*, 1739 (190), which has a subject admirably suited to Mr. Ward's system of painting and rule of feeling. The scene is a large room where the master of

humour might have painted, at the sign of the Golden Head, the house now the north wing of the Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square. A bright throng of little ones has been brought there from the Foundling Hospital to see the portrait of Capt. Coram, which Hogarth painted for that institution. The portrait upon an easel. They are gathered about it; one, a chubby, English-looking girl, smart in her white pinner, cap and ribbons, is in the centre of the composition; she peers forward, holding her petticoats with childlike but needless caution, so that they may not touch the canvas. This is a pretty figure, and one of the best Mr. Ward has painted. In various attitudes, expressive of diverse characters, stand the rest of the children, some shy, some bewildered, some lost in admiration, others remarking upon the likeness of the well-known and genial face. One or two, boys, are slyly watching the progress of Mrs. Hogarth in cutting up cakes. Behind the portrait—an ample screen—stand the painter and the sitter, covertly listening to the critics. Other suggestive incidents are given in this excellent and manly picture, that will be popular, and is one which, being solidly painted and free from all sensational qualities, would not only make a good engraving, but be, in its healthiness, fit for engraving. *La Toilette des Morts* (124) is not equal to the last in solidity, but is even more effective. Charlotte Corday, Marat's destroyer, perhaps with too fine a face for that strange woman—David's medal having been probably taken for the literal likeness it is not likely to have been—sits in the attiring-chamber of the dead; a German portrait-painter, who occupied her last hours with a sitting, has placed his completed work before her; behind stands the gaoler, whose office was to cut off her hair. Half turned round in her chair, one hand clasped over the back of the other, interlacing its fingers, and both fast to her knee, she looks earnestly at the picture, with an expression well conceived and very pathetic. In breadth of treatment and massing of colour this work should win high praise: see the black robe upon the floor, the red cloak and white dress, how well and vigorously they are treated. Mr. Ward will do well to correct the drawing of Charlotte Corday's face; it is unsatisfactory, indeed mars the expression.

Mr. Elmore's *Lucretia Borgia* (130) shows that woman according to the popular ideas, with gorgeously-ornamented dress, bold, sensuous and sensual features, exuberant form, her expression marked with passion, the eyes dark-ringed, mouth strong and coarse. She is standing before the entrance of a chamber, draws back the hanging that hid the door, and seems watching some event within, or is about to peep through the opening. In her left hand she grasps a little vial. Behind her stands a bravo, a good presentation of his class, dagger in hand. There is strong perception of character in this work,—see the resolved looks that in themselves betray an irritable character at fret within, the expression of a snake; the eyes have a cruel and heavy look, yet are bold and hard. Many of the textures here, as the velvet robe, are strikingly painted. *A Nun* (324) is the antithetical subject of the companion picture this painter has contributed, such a woman with a book; not a satisfactory work from him.

Mr. Phillip sends *Agua Bendita*, Scene at a Church Porch (23), a study of Spanish character. Before the holy water stoup affixed at the gate of some ancient church two parties of contrasted stations in life have met: a young lady brings her infant, her husband stands behind, looking on; while from the child's fingers a kneeling gipsy woman takes the water, and of course with it the expectation of a blessing. Mr. Phillip's power of dealing with Spanish character and his treatment of the same are too well known for us to need to say that this picture presents all those qualities for which his works are remarkable. In sentiment, free from sentimentality, it expresses all there is to tell in the subject: the mother is proud, with gentle Spanish pride; the child infantine in glee, although, it may be, a little too intelligent for its age and size. In execution the work is broader than usual with the artist, free from the blankness of barely-filled spaces that sometimes mars his work, and while powerful

as ever in colour, tends with unusual healthiness to grey, the management of which was the secret of the power of Mr. Phillip's great master, Velasquez. Mr. Phillips also sends a picture containing portraits of the political leaders of the day, *The House of Commons, 1860* (87),—a rich and bold work. Undoubtedly the public would welcome a little variety in theme and style from this painter.

Mr. F. Goodall continues to profit by his brief residence in the East. His picture of *The Palm Offering* (515) represents an Arab widow, who has come, with some branches of palm in her hand, across the Desert to the grave where her husband lies; she bears upon her shoulder their naked little son, a boy of about three years; he is seated partly upon the shoulder, partly upon the palm of her upraised hand, a common method of carrying male children from place to place. Her dress is blue-black, embroidered; her black veil is thrown back behind the head-dress; her face is therefore bare; upon it it is impossible not to read the artist's power of rendering expression. None of his previous works gave promise of such success in pathetic painting as the half set-in-sorrow, half-subdued features of the woman, which give us the picture's motive admirably. It is customary in the East for widows to come on the Friday after the funerals of their husbands to their graves and there deposit branches of palm, green and fresh,—a custom similar to that which obtains in other parts of the world, with regard to the decoration of graves with flowers. In the East, the Arab lies anywhere, where he may happen to fall it may be; so the painter has shown us the rough sand-heaps of the Desert round about this woman, which is intended to be that part near Cairo. In praising the pathetic expression of this work, we may congratulate the artist upon almost getting rid of a certain varnish and over-smooth look of surface to which his style tended; its dryer and more solid system of production points towards the right direction. An equality of surface is always to be regretted in Art; it deprives painting *per se* of one of its greatest technical charms, and makes a work look too much like a mere picture. *The Opium Bazaar, Cairo* (166), gives a street view of picturesque elements, treated in a low key of solidity in handling and colour. Now, it seems to us that these qualities of execution are most needed to deal with such subjects as an Oriental street furnishes, because variety of surface (which is only to be got by solid treatment), of tone and of colour are the most striking characteristics of such localities, those in pursuit of which the artist goes when he takes them in hand. We cannot, therefore, but regret that Mr. Goodall, with considerable power of execution, has dealt rather weakly with a capital subject. *A Nubian Coffee Bearer* in a Cairo coffee-shop (419) is a small picture, showing a negro, dressed in all the tawdry finery his race delights in, hastening to a customer who demands coffee. There is a good deal of action in this figure, but its surface is objectionable on account of over-sweetness and unity of character. A fourth picture, entitled *An Egyptian Tambourine Girl* (268), completes the list of Mr. F. Goodall's contributions.

Widely removed from similarity in subject, there is some neighbourhood in the style of painting followed by Messrs. Goodall and T. Faed. The last is more solid in his manner; using, it may be, more pigment, his surface is infinitely richer; he is a better colourist, but does not affect to draw so carefully. Of all technical powers, drawing is prized most highly by painters, and should never be contemned while we hope to found or continue a school. As the first adopts a low key for flesh, and sins against the richness of nature, the second of these artists goes to the other extreme. We do not say he exceeds nature in the depth and intensity of his flesh-colouring, but that he localizes his high points or tints too much, and sometimes goes very near fruitiness in its hues. The artists of Edinburgh, where Mr. T. Faed studied, have never recovered from the importation of that luscious over-sweetness of surface, that too rich and juicy application of the pigments, which Wilkie brought home from Spain. In Mr. Faed's hands this method has almost approached a style;

with his weaker contemporaries and countrymen it is a mere manner. Harvey was the most happy in dealing with it, for he occasionally got solidity, depth and surface with colour; but it often led him astray. Its origin appears to be an attempt to follow a noble ideal and combine the luminousness of manner,—of which the picture by Decampa, now in the French Gallery, styled *Valuers and Appraisers*, is amongst the finest modern examples,—with the more solid texture and lighter tone of Velasquez and other Spanish masters. As yet the effort has succeeded only in marking the pictures of Scottish artists with a manner which is often the reverse of sound, learned and delicate in execution. Mr. T. Faed is a humorous painter; like most successful ones, he is often fortunate in tragic presentations, witness his 'From Dawn to Sunset,' here in 1861. Improving in artistic power, he has quitted the sentimental subjects which made his works popular, and dealt with humour or with sorrow; this year he deals with both. *Train up a Child, &c.* (213) shows one of those cottage interiors we know so well. Before the window sits a working man with his little one perched on his knee, and busily sewing on a button to the wrist of her father's shirt; with heedfully compressed mouth she goes to work, while the not less heedful and tender man holds his wrist still, and looks on with pleasure. Another child squats on the floor where the work-box is placed and tumbles over its contents. The young mother stands by the fireplace, in the centre of the picture, and sees the experiment proceed well. All about are the filthy picturesqueness and the rich disorder of a Scotch cottage. *The Silken Gown* (377) has for subject the ancient story of sacrificing a girl to an old but wealthy suitor. She is seated in a chair, at a table; beside her stands the mother, urging her daughter's acceptance of the suitor, and enforcing the case by the sight of a showy silk dress. In an inner room the girl's father and admirer, the last a high-collared old fellow of ridiculous appearance, are seen in deep conversation. The girl's face is expressive in its pathos and its evident resolve to have nothing to do with the old man, his collars or his dresses. A wheel for spinning is beside her; with mechanical action she has drawn an unbroken thread from it.—A third picture by Mr. Faed is *An Irish Orange-Girl* (273),—a strapping wench, with a basket of fruit on her head, standing at the corner of a street. This picture's style is less obnoxious to the charge of over-sweetness than either of the foregoing; it is solid, and has much excellent colour throughout, as well as character and national beauty in the face.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THIS Exhibition is the most charming and brilliant that we have seen in the gallery. Compared with the works of twenty, or even ten, years ago, the improvement in technical results is extraordinary. Unable to attain the lucid jewel-like depth of oil, the water-colour painters seem determined to reach the tender inner light and pearly greyness which are the peculiar charms of fresco painting. Their art is fresco in another form and on another ground. Mr. F. Burton and the Messrs. Fripp show ability to deal with fresco in the wonderful luminousness, and, above all, in the delicacy of their perception of grey, the universal harmonizer. *The Town of Llan Ogwen* (No. 24), by Mr. G. A. Fripp,—the *Boy with Game* (254), by Mr. A. D. Fripp,—and, most of all, Mr. F. W. Burton's gloriously painted head of a Greek woman, *Iostephane* (273),—show how nearly the extremes of Art may meet.

The last-named drawing, which is the most attractive item in the Exhibition, represents the head of a very beautiful woman, with pale chestnut hair, wavy, gold in the lights, and green in the reflexions, as such hair is; she is crowned with a garland of violets; a white robe covers her neck and shoulders. The title, no less than the woman's face, suggests the theme. The face turns towards us over the shoulder; the eyes are downcast, their lids flushed as with excess; the lips are full and passion-stained with purple hue; the nose is of the purest Greek form. The drawing of the whole countenance indicates the noblest structure of that

noble race in its square firm lines, full chin, broad jaw and forward brow. The flesh-painting of this work is one of the most complete triumphs of executive art we know: the roundness, brilliancy and delicacy of the work are beyond praise. Mr. Burton has at once put water-colour painting of the figure on a new footing, and higher than it ever stood before. *German Lilacs* (234), by the same, also rejoices in brilliant colour and tone. A German flower-girl kneels in a market-place, with a basket of lilacs before her. The effect is sunlight, admirably rendered; see the texture of her dress, the beautiful harmonies of its green apron, &c., and treatment of the basket's shadow on the last. The flesh a little lacks solidity, but is otherwise beautiful no less in painting than in expression and form.

Mr. A. D. Fripp shows himself as heedful of colour and tone as he has ever been. His *Boy with Game* (254), a lad marching over a moorland with game on his shoulder and in a bag, is not alone a delightful study in Art, but in its truth to nature recalls one of her most exquisite phases. Glowing and misty sunlight, often as it has been painted, has never been more admirably done than here. All things about the figure seem absorbed, not lost, in the delicate veil that harmonizes every hue and renders tender every texture. *Watching the Porpoises* (125) shows a trio of gleeful youngsters clambering about sea-side rocks, under a similar effect of sunlight as in the last, but brighter and therefore warmer. They look out to sea at the gambols of the black fellows. Their expressions are capitably rendered and full of bold humour.—Mr. G. A. Fripp is a master of landscape-painting under a somewhat limited system of practice. Like his brother, he is, or has been of late, a little too restricted in choice of themes. None could wish Welsh mountain scenery by the one, or misty sunlight by the other, to be more exquisitely painted, nevertheless we believe that to run upon one effect and one set of themes is a mistake. By the last *The Town of Llan Ogwen, on the Road from Bangor to Capel Cârigrig* (24) is an admirable picture of a lovely scene: hills shut in the town upon a little plain, across which a swift river has cut a trench; the houses huddle towards the water. Hills are not often so successfully painted as here; notice the exquisite pearly greyness that lies upon their colour, a finely-rendered phase of nature, and sound in Art, as it does not mix with, but overlays their colour. The distant hill-tops are not less beautiful in treatment than are the houses; the rushing river deserves ample study. *Old Windmill, Eastbourne* (110), is a perfect jewel of composition in forms, and, if we may so say, in colour. A boarded, weather-beaten mill stands upon a little knoll; nothing can be more subtle than the gradation and tenderness of tint in this work, nor anything more faithful or simple. By this painter are several other drawings, executed in the same spirit and with like success.

Mr. J. Gilbert's contributions do not this year so much exceed in *bravura* as usual. His *Don Quixote's curious Discourse upon Arms and Letters* (18) shows the hero seated at the table delivering that noble lecture. The people are ranged before him; some of the faces have that felicitousness in rendering character which often distinguishes the painter. The Don himself is excellent. *Malvolio washes off Gross Acquaintance* (29) is a much less fortunate presentation of Shakspearean humour than the last is of Cervantesian. Malvolio is coarse and commonplace, not whimsically stately, as he should be; Maria is not the gay chattering she was. Mr. Gilbert has forgotten that Malvolio had been in office many years, was a sort of a gentleman, had been trusted with all his master's fortune, and lost himself through airy vanity.—Mr. W. Goodall's *Le Reliquaire* (148), an old mendicant showing a decorated begging-box, as usual, fitted with figures of the Virgin, &c., is somewhat sentimental in the expression of the suitor, where there was an opening for humour in the personation, and a little petty in the too pretty faces of the damsels who look at the box; it is, nevertheless, more solidly painted than before, brighter, and shows improved perception of colour; the tones lack depth and clearness.

Mr. J. J. Jenkins's *After Vespers, Brittany* (131), a young Breton countrywoman going home at twilight and coaxing her child to "come along" the road, has a great deal of prettiness and is solid in painting, but is similar in subject to former works of the artist. *The Murmuring Brook* (264), a lady of the French régime wearing a sac, her hair turned back, seated by a rivulet and meditating over a "book of old romance," is pleasantly painted in the artist's solid manner; the flesh is a little too purple: being cooler, it would go better than it now does with her crimson robe. Mr. Jenkins's successful appearance this year as a landscape-painter shows that he has until now neglected a valuable gift. His *Clearing up* (157), after a storm over a flat country, a river smooth and bright running through the picture, is, although a little painty in parts, as the stacked corn on the bank of the stream, capitably done; the sheeny water in its many phases of reflexion is as true as it is beautiful. The slaty clouds are fine in mass and treatment. A little lucidity and transparency of painting will improve this artist's style immensely.—Several of Mr. Oakley's sketches of character deserve examination for their feeling of latent humour, occasional pathos and good expression. See his *Gipsy at a Spring* (102). His *Cottage at Old Windsor* (89), although having one of the most commonplace of themes—a cottage-gate, gable and chimney-stack, &c.—is a bright and pleasant drawing of natural effect of sunlight.—Mr. F. Tayler sends *Hawking* (140), a gathering of sportsmen and villagers about a fallen heron, a large drawing, treated in a manner most unsatisfactory to the student who dislikes mere sketching. His *Woodland Scene, with Dogs and Game* (78) more honourably represents him: its canine character is undeniably good, so far as it goes. On the whole, these works are fitter for a young lady's scrap-book than to cover the walls of an important exhibition of pictures; pictures they are not, lacking colour, thought, heedful drawing, and all the qualities of painting *per se*. Like the works of Messrs. J. D. Harding and Branwhite, these serve to show what was the ordinary level of water-colour art twenty years ago: they are finger-posts now almost left out of sight on the road of study. They serve to show how really able men, if not content to refresh their minds from Nature, but persisting in drawing upon the stores of their own memories, find those stores finite.

Mr. F. Smallfield will recover his position, somewhat imperilled of late, with the capital flesh-painting of No. 210, *Shilly-Shally*,—a young bather who has gone so far towards his bath as to undress and sit on the stream's bank. His nervous expression, the puckered, doubting brow, the hands clasped in fond imagination of a swim, the in-turned knees that seem to shudder, are well studied; the drawing is excellent. More brilliant than this is *Farfallina* (255), the charming picture of a girl trifling with a pair of splendid chrome-coloured butterflies, which, in solemn procession, their glorious vans hoisted and trembling as they go, pass under the narrow gateway her parted fingers make upon the top of a low garden-wall. The serious fancy of the girl's face, her dainty air and graceful attitude are fantastically beautiful. The flesh is good; the Indian feather-robe she wears, in itself a little *outré*, is brilliantly painted, but hardly solid enough to be agreeable or at first sight understood. The artist's *Study of Colchicum, &c.* (302) is delicately coloured.

Among the landscapes here a world of beauty is to be found, and examples of many methods of producing it. On every side are proofs of the growth of the practice of studying from Nature, direct and wholly, and, of the non-success, those drawings which are obviously not so derived, suffer to the eye. Even the power and skill of Mr. Carl Haag cannot persuade us that his panoramic view of *Palmyra* (186) is wholly, or even mainly, true. There is a want of keeping in the substances of parts,—the desert, the ruins and the sky,—which is unsatisfactory; the second seems least solid of the three; the third heaviest; while the first is certainly too much divested of colour to be natural: desert herbage, near a river such as here, is

less like stucco in colour than Mr. Haag paints it. Excusing this work from the claims of nature for portraiture—what else can make it valuable?

Mr. S. P. Jackson is one of the most literal of painters; his pictures are portraits strongly and vigorously taken. Those Yorkshire coast-scenes present the places with admirable fidelity, which, if a little monotonous in effect, is prized at a higher rate than questionable "effects," and desert compositions that smell so strongly of the lamp. Mr. Jackson's *Filey Brigg* (54) is photographic in its truth of forms, and a capital study of atmospheric character. *Dutch Fishing-Boats on Filey Beach* (104) is equally good, and, as the effect requires, brighter. *Filey Bay and Flamborough Head* (163),—five miles of sunny sand, with the mighty chalk cliffs of Speeton at the end, is the best of this painter's contributions, because it is quite as solidly painted as truthful, and a little less hard in handling, having, withal, more colour than the others. The last quality is lacked by Mr. Jackson to make his portraits of localities admirable pictures. *Staithe, Yorkshire* (172), has fine, clear water painting; *Whitby* (201), a craft going into the harbour at high water, is rather like porcelain in handling.

Mr. C. Davidson has many charming drawings: among the best is *From the Church Fields, Reigate* (111), at spring time, a full stream running and rippling in a breeze at the foot of a bright meadow and under just-leaving trees. *Sunlight on the Sea* (25), a cliff study, the sea glittering under sunlight through tender mist; a beautiful effect given with feeling, but hardly enough of the peculiar opalescent colour that gives the charm to it. *Near Nutfield* (60), early spring; a sunny and brilliant study, broad and delicate in treatment, is Mr. Davidson's best work here.—Many of Mr. Dodgson's best studies of summer among foliage are very beautiful. Best among them is *Knowle Park* (267), glades of glorious beeches. His *Whitby Abbey* (246) is beautiful. His *Haunted House* (262) effective; but inferior to the tree studies, whose wealth of foliage is so magnificent.—Mr. B. Foster works on a large and unusual scale. *The Ferry* (145) reminds us of former works, and a favourite effect, sunset; in the centre of the picture a water-course forming a vista, and foliage on either side. A beautiful work under its limited condition.—Mr. A. Glennie's Campagna scenes are effective and suggestive. See his *Torre di Quinto, Via Flaminia* (240), the scorched waste, grey, dun hills and lonely tower.—Mr. Naftel keeps to his ancient love of Guernsey scenery; of his works, No. 13, *St. Peter's-in-the-Wood*, is one of the best studies. The *Ancient City of Pontoni* (39), view from under a pergola on a cliff edge, is bright as ever, and rather broader in effect of colour than *Low Water, Roque de Guet, Guernsey* (34), by the same.—Mr. S. Palmer's poetical sunsets and Turnerian compositions have their old charm, there are many here.—It would be difficult to narrate the beauty of Mr. B. Willis's Sussex meadow and cattle pictures. *A Ploughing Scene* (19) has the perfection of truth in it: it is broad and soft, strong as an enamel, and minute in study (something beyond mere finish) as the work of a Dutch master. *Early Morning* (156), cattle on a water-meadow, is a splendid study of nature just when the new day begins.—How beautiful and perfect are Mr. Hunt's Fruit and other pictures we need not say: this year they are charming as ever, and as numerous.

The landscape painter who establishes himself by this Exhibition is Mr. A. W. Hunt; some of his works are miraculous in truth, brilliancy and colour. *St. Gothard—Two Bridges* (32), one being an iris. The vividness of the iris, the rush of the green-white water and the sunned walls of purple rock, are triumphant in painting. *Barnard Castle* (70), the old tower on lofty Tee's-side. A vista of the brimming river, closed with foliage till the land rises into open, and then half a county of fields and trees, above all the most brilliant summer sky, are lovely components of a masterly and vivid picture. *Rokeby* (192), a moorland stream rushing amongst rocks of sandstone, purple-hued and angular, closed in by trees in summer pride and flecked with sunlight and shade, is very large in style, broader, but hardly so exquisite

as 'Barnard Castle.'—Mr. A. P. Newton has chosen moonlight for a theme this year, his *Madonna della Salute, Venice—Moonlight* (98) is a highly successful and an almost audacious attempt at natural tone in rendering a gondola in solid black at the foreground. It is a beautifully graded picture.—Mr. S. Read's *Cathedral of Toledo* (33), a splendid interior, effective in airy treatment of loftiness and space, lacks greyness to neutralize the glow of light through windows of stained glass, and so offers to the indiscreet enthusiasts who fill our cathedral windows with highly-coloured glass a hint of what they will obtain by persisting to neglect the use of grisaille, which alone produces grey light, and was so wisely employed by Gothic architects of old.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—The exhibition of modern pictures at the British Institution, Pall Mall, closes on Saturday next, the 9th inst.

The sale of Mr. Bicknell's pictures by Messrs. Christie & Manson on Saturday last had hardly a parallel in such matters, either in the importance and Art-value of the items or the magnificent prices they fetched. Such a number of Turner's best works has never been brought to the hammer at once. The most remarkable lots and the prices they obtained are as under. It is understood that the sale was quite unreserved. Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester and London, bought 30,000*l.* worth of pictures; to avoid repetition of their name we give it but once,—each lot to which no purchaser's name is attached was knocked down to them. All prices guineas.—Clint, Coast Scene, 130 (Rippe),—Chambers, Sheerness, 110 (Agnew),—Lawrence, Mrs. Siddons, 140 (Lord Hertford),—Nasmyth, View near Edinburgh, 165 (Gambart),—Callcott, Rochester Bridge and Castle, 490,—Mr. Webster, The Disputed Title, 270,—Chambers, Boats and Shipping, 195,—Mr. A. Johnston, Sunday Morning in Scotland, 135 (Martineau),—Mr. D. Roberts, The Ravine, Petra, 280 (Lloyd),—Mr. F. R. Lee, Scene on the Borders of Dartmoor, 165 (Holmes),—Mr. D. Roberts, Interior of the Church of St. Miguel, 570, Tyre, 350, and Sidon, 360 (Rought),—A Street in Cairo, 505,—Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, 260 (Wells),—Melrose Abbey, 260 (Vokins),—Karnac, 320 (Gambart),—Interior of St. Gomar, 1,370 (Wells),—Ruins of Baalbec, 750 (Vokins),—Vandyke, The Duchess de Croy, 51 (?),—Müller, Scene in Devonshire, 300,—Mr. Frost, Musidora, 105,—The Syrens, 294, (Leggatt),—Euphrosyne, 780,—Stothard, illustrations to Boccaccio, lots 21 to 28, respectively 31, 32, 20, 26, 20, (Mackay),—47, 36, (Colnaghi),—and 33 (the same),—Mr. T. S. Cooper, An Interior, Cow and Sheep, 250 (Eaton),—Mr. T. Webster, The Impenitent, 350 (Leggatt),—Gainsborough, A Landscape, with Sheep, 380 (Wallis),—Nasmyth, Land Scene near Epping, 295 (Moore & M'Queen),—Mr. Stanfield, Shipping, French Coast, near St. Malo, 1,230 (Vokins),—Mr. L. Haghe, Choir of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence, 290,—Collins, Early Morning on the Sussex Coast, 960,—Mr. T. Crewick, The Stepping Stones, 250 (Jewell),—Hilton, Triumph of Amphitrite, 270 (Rought),—Gainsborough, Repose, the artist's wedding portion to his daughter, 780 (Woods),—Collins, Selling Fish, 1,170,—Mr. F. Goodall, Raining the Maypole, 600,—Mr. Dyce, Joseph shooting the Arrow of Deliverance, 220 (Herbert),—J. M. W. Turner, Antwerp, Van Goyen looking for a Subject, 2,510,—Helvoetsluys, The "City of Utrecht," 64-gun ship going to Sea, 1,600,—Ivy Bridge, Devon, 880 (Martineau),—Wreckers, Coast of Northumberland, 1,890,—Calder Bridge, Cumberland, 600 (H. Bicknell),—Venice, the Campo Santo, a most glorious picture, 2,000,—Venice, The Giudecca, &c., 1,650, equally good, but hardly so lovely,—Ehrenbreitstein, 1,800,—Port Ruysdael, probably the culmination of the painter's natural style, 1,900,—Palestrina, 1,900 (H. Bicknell),—Müller, The Village of Gillingham, 390 (Leggatt),—Mr. L. Haghe, An Artist in his Studio, 175 (Vokins),—Mr. Linnell, Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus, 285,—Mr. C. Stanfield, Lago di Garda, 820 (Vokins),—Heilstein on the Moselle, 1,500 (Wells),—Pic du Midi d'Ossau, 2,550 (Vokins),—Mr. T. Webster, "Good Night," 1,150,—The

Smile, and The Frown, 1,600 (Flatow),—Sir E. Landseer, Two Dogs, 2,300,—The Highland Shepherd, 2,230,—Sir C. Eastlake, A Contadina Family returning from a Festa; Prisoners with Banditti, 590,—Callcott, An English Landscape, 2,950,—Leslie, The Heiress, 1,200 (Wallis). Sculpture: Mr. Baily, busts of Shakspeare, Locke, Milton and Newton, 106 (Agnew and Graves),—Mr. Gibson, Head of a Nymph, and Bust of Young Augustus, 245. The 145 lots realized 58,600*l.*, an amount enormously in advance of their original cost. The Turners, which brought such magnificent prices, were got from the artist direct at prices varying from 250 to 350 guineas each. Mr. Webster's Smile and Frown cost but 120*l.* each.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

VIUEUXTEMPS and ALFRED JAELL are ENGAGED, May 12, at the MUSICAL UNION. J. ELLA, Director.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S THIRD PERFORMANCE OF **PIANOFORTE MUSIC**, in strictly Chronological order, will take place at Willis's Rooms, on MONDAY NEXT, May 4.—The School of Bach, and his Sons Friedemann, Emanuel, Johann and his Pupils. To commence at Three o'clock precisely.—Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets, 5*s.*; may be had of Mr. E. Pauer, 4, Cranley Place, Quaker Square, S.W.; and of E. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street, W.

EWER & CO. beg to announce, that their **FIRST CONCERT** for the **INTRODUCTION OF NEW MUSIC** will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on TUESDAY, May 5, at Three o'clock.—Vocalists: Miss Florence Landon and Madame O'Leary Vining. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Pauer, Salton, Rice, Webb, Witt, Viueuxtemps and Wohlers. Conductors: Mr. Frank Mori and Signor Alberto Raudigger. Invitations will be sent to the London Subscribers of Ewer & Co.'s Library. Tickets to Non-Subscribers, Half-a-Guinea each.—Ewer & Co., Her Majesty's Musicians, 37, Regent Street, London.

MRS. MEREST (late Maria B. Hawes) **SECOND SOIRÉE** will take place on FRIDAY NEXT, May 8, at 7, ADELPHI TERRACE, under Royal and Distinguished Patronage.—Tickets and Programmes to be had of Mrs. Merest, 7, Adelphi Terrace.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS, instituted in 1788, for the Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans.—Patroness, Her Majesty THE QUEEN.—The **ANNUAL PERFORMANCE** of Handel's **MESSIAH** will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 6, at Eight o'clock. This is the only occasion on which she can possibly sing out of Her Majesty's Theatre and Mdle. Parop. Miss Eliza Hughes and Miss Laocelles; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whiffin, Mr. T. A. Wallworth, Mr. Santley (by the kind permission of Mr. J. H. Mapleson), Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. P. H. White. Principal Violin, Mr. J. T. Wily; Trumpet Obligato, Mr. T. Harper; Organist, Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Conductor, Prof. W. S. Bennett, Mus.D.—Numbered Stalls in Balcony, or Un-numbered Stalls in Area, 10*s.* 6*d.* each; Balcony, 5*s.*; Area or Gallery, 3*s.*; at the principal Musicians; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOSSER'S CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY EVENING, May 14, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Vocalists: Madame Alboni and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists: Mr. Blagrove, Signor Patti, Signor Gino Bonardi, M. Ascher, and Herr Adolph Schlosser. Conductors: Messrs. Frank Mori and Benedict.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at the principal Musicians; and at the Hanover Square Rooms; and of Herr A. Schlosser, 4, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, THURSDAY, May 21.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, Eight o'clock. Miss Reeves, Arabella Goddard, Parepa,—Stalls, 6*s.*; Family Tickets, to admit Four, 2*s.*; Balcony, 3*s.*; Area, 3*s.*—Admission, 1*s.*; at Addison's, 210, Regent Street; Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; Hanover Square Rooms; and all Musicians.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—To succeed as a new *Arnaldo*, in 'Guillaume Tell,' after M. Duprez and Signor Tamberlik have stamped that difficult tenor part deep in public favour and recollection, is no easy feat;—and thus we differ from those who discard Signor Caffieri finally, owing to the inequalities of his performance on Thursday evening. How far he was wise, or the reverse, to dare the adventure is another matter; but having, probably, been successful before easy publics in smaller theatres, and being, obviously, neither ripe nor experienced, it would be unfair to reckon with him too severely for a want of self-knowledge; seeing that he must have been engaged, which means encouraged, to attack the difficult character, by those who should have known better.—He has a high tenor voice, sufficient for the execution of the music without trick or the eking out of one register by another. The quality is not disagreeable, so far as can be judged of an organ often out of tune, partly owing to imperfect study, partly owing to the influences of fear.—It is one thing to be shouted for at Novara or Udine, after bawling out one of Signor Verdi's *Cavatimas*—it is another to be able to make a stand in the most stately and liberal opera-house now existing, in Signor Rossini's finest opera.—Nevertheless, passages in the duet and the *largo* in the great *terzett* were not ill sung by him and we are disposed to think that with close study, modesty and patience that might be obtained from Signor Caffieri, which, at present, is not there. He has much, if not

everything, to learn in regard to the stage.—The *William Tell* of M. Faure is finer than ever; in every sense of the word, a noble and complete personification,—without doubt the best on the stage. The *Matilda* of Mdle. Battu is, by many degrees, the best of her performances in England; her *Romance*, in the second act, was sung with true artistic finish. Mdle. Dottini, too, was far better as *Jenny* than as *Adalgisa*, though not replacing Madame Rudersdorff in a part which demands a biting voice. But the performance of the second act (as music without fault or flaw) is well worth "the walk of a winter's night," as the Scotch song says, to any one capable of appreciating perfect musical execution. It is unique and unparagoned; this year, we almost fancy, sweeter, more certain, more imposing than ever.

"Satisfactory" is the epithet which belongs by universal verdict to Madame Fioretti, whose second appearance, as *Gilda* in 'Rigoletto,' was more successful than her former one had been. Though not in the least a tragic actress, she is admirable and complete as a vocalist; and by her voice and method has already won every one's good words. Her real occupation, however, we suspect, will prove to be in comic opera.

That splendid rarity, Tuesday's state visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Royal Italian Opera, falls rather within the province of the *Court Journal* than of the *Athenæum*.—It is a happy innovation (for all who have ears that reject broken English) to give the National Hymn, as it was on Thursday given, with full chorus—and not by frightened and uneasy foreigners, with imperfectly-rehearsed loyalty.

Mdlle. Patti is expected almost immediately. It is said that preparations for the mounting of 'Faust,' on the most sumptuous Covent Garden scale, have been commanded by the management.

CONCERTS.—The concert music of the seven days, to be comprised in the present notice, having been of unusual value and variety, is not to be dismissed briefly.

Musical Society.—*M. Silas's First Symphony*.—This Symphony is a serious work, of too great merit not to be set aside (as was said last week) for express commendation.—Two movements, we are apprised, were written some years ago; these have been revised, and two others added.—It is no light matter in these days to be able to fill so wide a canvas with thoughts, elegant without languor, vigorous without crudity, wrought out with a constructive ease and solidity belonging to the best school of orchestral writing. It has been observed by some that M. Silas must have listened to Beethoven. If there be traces of any of that mighty man's works, however, they are of his three best Symphonies (those in B flat, C minor, and A major), but these reminiscences are so fine, we confess, as to have escaped us;—save possibly in the *Trio* to the *Scherzo*, where the horns are used, as Beethoven used them, felicitously. If the largeness of style recalls a prototype, so much the greater credit to M. Silas. We find no servile imitation. The absence of vulgarity or pettiness is no less praiseworthy.—The movements are these: an *Allegro*, somewhat in the pastoral style, in G major, particularly happy in its second subject,—a marked and quaint *Andante*, to which the same praise may be continued;—an ingenious and elvish *Scherzo*, with the melodious *Trio* aforesaid;—lastly, a *Rondo*, on a spirited subject, relieved by the happy *Canilena* which succeeds it: the orchestration throughout being clear and rich, without heaviness. In short, this is a real and thoroughly good Symphony, which can be heard again and again with something like a certainty of discovering well-fancied and cleverly-wrought details, as well as those large outlines and that general ordinance of a composition which on a first hearing decide its merit.

Crystal Palace Concerts.—Mr. Dannreuther has already proved himself so genuine an artist that his treatment of the great repertory of pianoforte music will be watched with no common interest. Of Beethoven's three great *Concertos* (those in C major and B flat hardly meriting the name), though all have been played, as we have said, to

satiety, that in G major has been the least exhausted;—having been only successfully given in our recollection by Mendelssohn (with his never-to-be-forgotten improvised *cadenzas*), and since his time by MM. Halle and Pauer. It requires no common union of daintiness, solidity and expression—a performer so thoroughly commanding himself and his keyboard as to play freely with the lovely and gracious thoughts lavished everywhere. He must have poetry of style, as well as an exact finger and a rich tone. This day week it was excellently given, with a ripeness, composure and delicacy remarkable in one so young as Mr. Dannreuther;—the success established that of its performer's former appearance.—The English singing of Miss Edith Wynne is, in intention, as good as her Welsh singing. Her voice is sweet, and touching in no common degree. She speaks, too, with clearness and refinement. Her executive power (as shown in Linley's "O, bid your faithful Ariel fly") is as yet limited. She may extend it if it so please her; and supposing this done, she would be one of the most real and fascinating singers of classical music whom this country has ever possessed—to range (can we say more?) with Madame Stockhausen, whose lovely voice, pure method and perfect finish are not yet forgotten.

Herr Pauer's Second Historical Concert was devoted to Scarlatti, Porpora, Martini, Paradisi, Clementi (five memorable Italians: the last, the most influential as regards modern composition for the pianoforte), Cramer, Klengel, Field; Kalkbrenner, Mayer, Herz, Kullak, Willmers; these five being fancifully, rather than justifiably, credited with having written under the Clementi influence. The Sonata by Martini, howsoever learned, proved to be dry;—the one by Paradisi was agreeable, winning and effective; that by Clementi, one of the fifty admirable specimens left by him, though not among his adventurous works, still a model *Sonata*,—and played with perfect finish and style by Herr Pauer,—was one of the two most interesting pieces in the programme. The other, a *Fugue* on Mozart's 'La ci darem,' was, however, even more so, because of the unmerited obscurity into which its author has fallen,—Clementi's pupil, Klengel. This real man of genius held for years the post of organist to the Catholic Church at Dresden, unable to find an issue or a hearing for his compositions (as we heard him remark with a sad patience), though the existence of the same was well known to all the best of his contemporaries. Yet his canons and fugues are unique in the library of modern music for the union of science and beauty which they display. Since Klengel's death they have been published by the enterprising and liberal house of Breitkopf & Härtel at Leipzig, and we shall be surprised if the admiration excited by the specimen introduced by Herr Pauer does not lead to further research into a treasury so rich.

Nothing pleasanter is to be noted in the history of Music, as illustrating the humanities which, according to fable, the art was sent on earth to promote, than the willing cordiality of the violinists all Europe over to produce the quartett of the greatest of modern players, Herr Ernst. It has been given in Paris; the other day at Vienna, under the auspices of Herr Hellmesberger; and it was on Monday evening repeated at the *Popular Concert*, with M. Vieuxtemps for leader. He has never been heard to play with more, if so much, heart and expression. There was, in his performance something apart from the music, and beyond the performer's usual habits and sympathies, well seconded by his comrades. Of the Quartett itself we spoke when it was introduced a year ago.—The pianist was Madame Arabella Goddard, who played Hummel's grand *Sonata* in D major with her usual skill and certainty;—the principal singer was Mr. Sims Reeves, who, among other things, gave a new song by Mr. A. Sullivan.

On Monday evening, too, a concert took place for the benefit of Mr. John Watson, who has been stricken with blindness, while pursuing his profession, that of photography.

The above are not all the concerts of interest which have to be reported on or enumerated. Yesterday week, Herr Sigismund Blumner commenced his series of Chamber Concerts.—On Wed-

nesday one of Dr. Wylde's *New Philharmonic Concerts* was held, for which Herr A. Jaell was announced in Chopin's *Concerto* in E minor, and Mdle. Carlotta Patti as principal singer.—There was a meeting, too, of Mr. Henry Leslie's *Choir*; at which among other music calculated to display its proficiency in the best form, a psalm by Mendelssohn was repeated, and Wesley's superb *Motett*, 'In Exitu Israel.'—On Thursday Mr. Deacon commenced his series of Chamber Concerts.

NEW ADELPHI.—At this house the elaborate dramatic version of 'Aurora Floyd' has surrendered the stage to the more familiar story and older favourite 'Janet Pridie.' Among the reasons for reviving this drama was probably a wish to give an opportunity to Miss Avonia Jones of appearing in the double character of mother and daughter, both named the same, and each the heroine of the prologue and of the drama. As the former, Miss Jones succeeded better than the latter. Her force sustained the burthen of the tragic character, though this would have been all the better for more variety in the tone of the grief, but was misapplied in the part of *Janet Pridie* the daughter, in which more suavity of style is required. The delineation of domestic character in its various phases asks for a corresponding manner in every change of fortune, and calls on the actress to adapt herself to the exigencies of successive and greatly different situations. Peculiar and specific colouring and an ever-varying modification of light and shade are continually put into requisition; but these conditions find no response in the style of Miss Jones. For the part of the drunken hero Mr. Webster is peculiarly fitted. The two periods of the fellow's ignoble career are distinctly marked, and we have a perfectly human representation of an individual life in its good and evil, the latter, however, preponderating, for it is not man in his strength but in his weakness that is exemplified. Mr. Webster acted with singular vigour and animation, and brought out every feature of the portrait most distinctly and effectively. The audience appreciated the skill displayed, but was far from numerous.

WESTMINSTER.—On Monday, the 'Colleen Bawn' was revived with partly a new and effective cast, and commanded a crowded house. The changes made in the representation mainly consist of Mr. Ryder in *Danny Mann*, Mr. F. Robinson in *Hardress Cregan*, Mr. Henry Vandenhoff in *Kyrie Daly*, Mr. Leeson in *Father Tom*, Miss Atkinson in *Mrs. Cregan*, and Miss Rose Leclercq in *Ann Chute*. Mr. and Mrs. Bouicault, of course, reserved to themselves, as usual, the parts of *Myles Na Coppaleen* and *Eily O'Connor*. The scenery presents little that is novel, but is beautifully painted throughout, and the costumes are pleasing as well as appropriate. It was curious to watch the effect of the various turns in the dialogue upon the audience, who appeared to be as susceptible to their influence as on the first night of the performance. We were struck with the remarkably slow development of the action, and yet the security with which the details were produced. There is no doubt the success of the piece is greatly owing to the singular art with which it is constructed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Mr. Mapleson seems for the time being given up to the repetition of familiar operas for Mdle. Titiens, and to the *débuts* of secondary characters. Mdle. Teresa Ellinger has appeared as *Orsini* in 'Lucrezia,' and to-night Mdle. Yradier is to appear as *The Page* in 'Un Ballo in Maschera.'—Mdle. Trebelli is announced for Tuesday next.

At the *Philharmonic Concert* of Monday next Beethoven's 'Egmont' music is to be performed; Mr. A. Matthison will read the connecting text. Madame A. Goddard is to play Prof. Bennett's *Concerto* in F minor; Miss Banks and Signor Della Sedie are the singers bespoken.

Herr Lubeck, whose talent as a pianist we have discussed in former years, is in London again.—Miss Madeline Schiller, mentioned with no common favour by Leipzig Correspondents (another pianist from the Conservatory there), is engaged to play at the last Concert of the Musical Society.

Herr Ernst has passed through London to Malvern—unhappily, still a suffering invalid. We are told, however, that he has all but completed one or two stringed Quartets, in addition to that produced in 1862, and which was repeated at the Popular Concerts on Monday last.

The Report for Germany (printed by Government at Berlin) on the musical instruments of last year's Exhibition is one of the most valuable and interesting musical pamphlets lately given to the press; and, taken conjointly with the papers on the subject by Mr. Pole and M. Fétis, offers a complete view of the state of manufacture of instruments in 1863 of real and permanent interest. The Report is not signed with the name of its author, Herr Pauer.

Private letters from Paris tell of the remarkable sensation excited by the last performances of Gluck's 'Orphée,' with Madame Viardot as the hero of the opera, and her late appearance at the Popular Concerts, so ably conducted by M. Pasdeloup. There is no present chance of such a consummate artist being replaced;—and this seems to have been acknowledged with a warmth strange to the fickle French capital.

'The Catacombs'—Prof. Hiller's new opera—has been "commanded" for the King's birthday at Hanover.

The library of Shakespeare music has received another addition in a setting of 'Othello' by Herr Ambros.

The name of Herr Brahms is just now a good deal heard of in Germany, as belonging to one of the leading composers there; and on the recommendation of correspondents who have specified certain unaccompanied "Marienlieder" (Songs of the Virgin Mary), written for four voices, as calculated by their purity and simplicity to satisfy those whom the abstruse and rhapsodical combinations of much modern German music are calculated to repel;—we have examined them;—but we cannot indorse the recommendation. They seem to us puerile and dull, timidly if not incorrectly written for the voices—in no respect comparable to hundreds of English compositions which could be named; works as much unknown abroad as if Great Britain had no singers nor writers for the voice.

A significant debate the other day took place in the Italian Parliament at Turin. The subject was, "Whether, in the interests of Italian taxpayers, and in the general interest of Italian finance, the Government ought henceforth to withhold the subsidies which the dethroned princes were in the habit of according to the great national opera-houses, to the San Carlo of Naples, the Scala of Milan, the Ducal Theatre at Parma, &c.; whether the singing men, and singing women, and ballet-dancers on these establishments possessed and could make good special vested rights against the State; whether the summary withdrawal of the pecuniary grants would be attended with danger to the peace and order of the community at large; whether, and if at all how soon, this burden might be transferred to the separate municipalities; and finally, whether the splendour and renown of San Carlo and of the Scala are not entitled, and ought not to be still upheld in part by Government subsidies as heretofore, on the ground that Italian music forms no unimportant element of the national glory and greatness?" No immediate settlement of the momentous question was arrived at; but concurrent testimony proves that the subsidies (which have been enormous) have been much misapplied, that the abolition of Opera in Italy as an object of protection would be a measure accompanied by great unpopularity, if not positive danger (especially among a people like that of Naples); yet that the chances of making it depend and thrive by municipal taxation are, to say the least of it, problematical. Whatever be the decision come to, considering the present condition of European politics, creative art, and social intercourse, we fancy that the institution, which was so long the delight of "the idler in Italy," is doomed, beyond the hope of its revival in our time.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. L.—A. W. B.—R. M. C.—G. G. B.—J. T. G.—T. S.—R. M. B.—G. G.—received.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

LITERATURE

Life of the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh. By the Rev. A. H. Charteris, M.A. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE story of the youthful struggles of James Robertson from a very humble position to one of the foremost places in the Church of his country, has an abiding interest; while his post as leader of the Moderate minority in the Ten Years' Conflict of the Church of Scotland has little or no interest for anybody but a Scotchman. Who now cares to know, except he be an ecclesiastic of very decided Presbyterian sympathies, of the Veto Act of 1834, of Dr. Cook's motion of 1833, of Lord Aberdeen's Bill, of the Auchterarder case, and of the Marnoch case, and of the Borthwick case, and of the hundred-and-one convolutions and involutions and revolutions of argument and opinion sufficient to puzzle the head of anybody but a stickler for refined reasoning and nice theological criticism? "An impartial history of the Non-Intrusion controversy has yet to be written," says Mr. Charteris, with serene forgetfulness of the ponderous and "highly-impartial" labours of his reverend fathers and brethren, Doctors Buchanan, Bryce and Turner. Nor are the attempts of the censor improvements on the accounts which he censures, except in the one important respect of brevity and terseness. It is impossible for a man with the very best intentions to pursue his opponents with the mild rancour of Christian controversialism through half a volume, as a learned doctor of the Church would through many entire volumes. The quantity of theological fire and smoke, and particularly of smoke, that rose up to heaven all over the Scottish parishes, from "Maiden Kirk to John o' Groats," for ten whole years previous to the birth of the Free Church in 1843, was something which the country had not witnessed since John Knox laid down his load in the High Street of Edinburgh. And if this was so in every nook and corner of lay Scotland, what was it in the clergymen's residences? The quantity of thunder, if not of lightning, that was manufactured in the manse of Dr. Robertson and in that of Dr. Cunningham is something appalling to contemplate, even over twenty oblivious years. No doubt among all the combatants these were the Hector and the Achilles,—each curiously boasting to himself or his friends that he had slain his redoubtable opponent, and dragged his carcase in triumph round the walls of his own private Zion.

Quod genus hoc pugnae, qua victor victus uterque.

Peace to their manes. They are now both beyond censure or applause, and they were men who had more than one noble point in common. They were simple as children both, earnest as Michael himself, both generous as day, and both believed in the omnipotence of logic as a man only can who sees and knows properly nothing else. What was the world made for, if not for controversy? If there is such a thing as a genius for controversy, it appears to us that Dr. Cunningham possessed it in very large measure. Mr. Charteris is wrong in claiming for his hero, "the whole texture of whose reasoning is geometrical," the blue ribbon of the arena, just because the nine tenths of human reasoning neither is nor ought to be geometrical at all. Dr. Robertson was always a good mathemati-

cian, and what he was at the beginning of his career he did not swerve from at the end of it. Dr. Chalmers, who moved about in the thickest of the fight, said, after the most celebrated appearance of these combatants, that it was "the greatest display of intellectual gladiatorship he had ever seen." To do Mr. Charteris justice, after he has soundly rated the majority, or Free Church party, he drops a sympathetic tear over the funeral mounds of both, which is meant to be appropriate, if a little too sentimental to be beautiful. Here it is:—

"The best and greatest men whom the controversy set in opposition are not now numbered with the members of any visible church; but it is our privilege, as Christians, to believe that they are joined in the general assembly and church of the first born. Chalmers, and Cook, and Gordon, and Mearns, and Welsh, and Lee, and many more, are, we rejoice to think, united in that church without spot or blemish, where King and Priest are one. And, although I anticipate it deepens our solemnity to remember that, when a year had shed its showers and snows on the grave of James Robertson, bleak December, which had carried him away, bore from his brethren William Cunningham. They were set face to face in many a fight, and now they rest together. They cherished mutual respect throughout the hard encounters, and ere their labours on earth were closed, when one had retired from public life to study the theology of past ages, and the other had sacrificed learned leisure to the great cause of the evangelization of Scotland, they spoke of each other as was to be expected of true men drinking at a purer source than the muddy waters of controversy. But now, when they see eye to eye, and dwell in the light of God's eternal love, how unworthy must seem to those saints every feeling that erewhile marred the fullness of their Christian brotherhood! Would that we who mourn them could anticipate that union which is the Christian's creed, and, overlooking all our difficulties, unite, as brethren ought, in a strong and constitutional, and thus really 'free,' Church of Scotland."

This book if too largely taken up with mere local controversy, has a dash of sterling humanity in the earlier portions of it. Perhaps there are few countries in the world where there is a greater number of strong, uncouth sons of the moorland sent forth to fight their way to the highest places in the Church and to respected positions in the Universities than the one to which Prof. Robertson belonged. He was by birth one of those rugged, awkward, devout sort of youths which a country so poor and setting so high a value on religious education as Scotland, is sure always to produce in abundance. His father, William Robertson, farmed some fifty acres of moorish land at Ardlaw, in the parish of Pitsligo, where he was born on the 2nd of January, 1803. His mother's name was Barbara Anderson, and, though she had never been at school, she could read her Bible thoroughly, and she and the wife of the ploughman contrived very early to enable her first-born son to do so likewise. It is astonishing what humble, devout heroism was in this man and his wife, enabling them as soon as James was of years to send him to the University, and from that to fame. Talk not to Scottish people of patrons or *protégés*; even the very peasantry, who are as independent as kings, despise such aids, and wish to be left alone to God and good fortune. Such was James Robertson's early fate, such was his environment. His mother and the ploughman's wife were his sole instructors until he was six years of age, when he could stammer through the Proverbs of Solomon and Scot's 'Beauties of Eminent Writers'! Before he had been three years at school, he could construe Cornelius Nepos, and grind out the grammatical forms of Mair's 'Introduction,' with

every little fellow in his native parish of Pitsligo. Schoolfellows, big and little, all gave it up to "wee Robertson." Having at once taken the top of his class, he kept it. His most distinguishing faculty, both now and ten years hence, when he was a student of Prof. Cruikshank's, in Aberdeen, was his unflagging memory, which could grasp up a page of Horace, or the longest involved surd roots with a facility that astonished his instructors. There is one pretty little brotherly story of his school-days which must not be passed over. He was nine years of age when this little adventure occurred, and being the eldest of the family his manliness was early put to the proof. Two little sisters and himself were overtaken one evening by a snow-storm, when, after much consultation by these young heads, it was agreed that the youngest sister should remain in a cottage adjoining the school, while the elder and stronger ones should fight their way home. The two little bundles of clothes began slowly to roll their way through the drift, when the sister who had been left behind began to cry. James suddenly turned, nothing daunted, got her on his back, and the three little bodies, now rolled into two, staggered away homeward through the snow. Though the road was long and his burden nearly as big as himself, he nevertheless accomplished his object manfully. Handling the flail and the reaping-hook alternated with *Æschylus* and the *Calculus* as soon as he could well lift those instruments of labour. As he dusted the grain out from the sheaf on the barn floor, the corns leaped into as many *xs*, *ys* and *z's*, which, by the energies of his brain, he was evolving from some ponderous algebraical equation. During an entire season he thrashed his body into trim for study, and robbed sleep of its dues to devote time to his high mathematical problems. The consequence was, that Prof. Hamilton said that, save one, he was the best student of mathematics he had ever had in Aberdeen during a period of forty years, and the Professor of Philosophy surpassed Hamilton, if possible, in his praises of the ingenuity of Robertson. Soon after going to college, he had the good fortune to succeed in obtaining a bursary, or scholarship, which kept him easily during the rest of his eight years at the University. This was procured for him solely by his own merits. Before he got it, his style of living and expenditure was something remarkable. From 6*l.* to 8*l.* in the six months was all the money he spent, either on himself or on his class-fees. And this included 1*s.* 6*d.* a week, which he and a brother student expended each on a garret room, a bed, a table and two chairs! Of course, all his food and his clothing came from home; but even with this additional consideration, the penury in which he must have worked was harassing. Robertson preached his first discourse in Pitsligo Church, in 1825; and after being successively schoolmaster in his native parish, tutor and librarian in the family of the Duke of Gordon, and headmaster of Robert Gordon's Hospital, he was appointed by his former patron, the Duke, to the parish of Ellon, with a living of 250*l.* a year. Earnest, vigorous, active-minded, he set about his work in a way that proved him to be quite alive to the importance of his office. No doubt he was often too ingenious in his disputative theories even for the hard heads of his Ellon audience. He floundered a good deal in what was to the greater number of them mere metaphysical bathos. He was often inclined to roll his people into heaven or hell on the smooth wheels of a *Q.E.D.*; but with all these shortcomings the whole district felt the power of the man and the wholesome influence

of his character. There was a small plot of land attached to his residence which he farmed with an enlightenment and a vigour that provoked the whole county into rivalry. He was the first in Great Britain to take practical hold of Liebig's suggestion of dissolving bones in sulphuric acid as a capital manure for turnips. Then he disciplined—"heckled," as the word is in Scotland—every member of his parish on the Bible and Shorter Catechism, at least once a year. One old woman, more independent or less devout than her neighbours, asserted that she "wadna gang to be heckled (in the barn), and hae her taes drappin aff wi' the cauld." Thus he lived and worked—busy, eager, devoted to his parish and his Maker.

On the breaking out of the Non-Intrusion controversy, his strong logic, his power of grasping up a question, and of enforcing it by a strange eloquence of voice and manner, at once placed him in the ranks of the Moderate minority, and ultimately gained him a D.D. and a Professorship. Hugh Miller, the celebrated journalist of the Free Church party, gives a highly-graphic description of Robertson in the General Assembly of his Church; and we have two sentences devoted to a description of Hugh in a letter of Robertson's to his wife. "By-the-by, the editor of the *Witness* was this day examined before our Commission. He is a strange-looking, red-haired man, by no means particularly ready in his answers!" The two men loved each other affectionately! Here is the portrait of Robertson, which "hath no touch of malice in't," though Mr. Charteris thinks, in his learned way, that it is mixed up with the "hallucinations of phrenology." The reader must judge of this for himself:—

"Now mark beside the doctor (Cook) a man of a very different appearance—in stature not exceeding the middle size, but otherwise of such large proportions that they might serve a robust man of six feet. We read of ships of the line cut down to frigates, and of frigates cut down to gunboats; here is a very large man cut down to the middle size, and, as if still further to exaggerate the figure, there is a considerable tendency to obesity besides. Hence a very marked uncouthness of outline, with which the features correspond, but it is an uncouthness in which there is nothing ludicrous; it is an uncouthness associated evidently with power, as in the case of Churchill and Gibbon, or in the still better known case of Dr. Johnson. Mark the head. It is of large capacity—one of the largest in the Assembly, perhaps, and of formidable development. The region of propensity is so ample that it gives to the back part of the head a semi-spherical form. The forehead is broad and perpendicular, but low, and partially hidden by a profusion of strong, black hair, largely tinged with grey. The development of the coronal region is well-nigh concealed from the same cause; but judging from the general flatness, it is inferior to that of either the posterior or anterior portions of the head. The features are not handsome; but in their rudely-blocked massiveness there are evident indications of coarse vigour. He speaks, and the voice seems as uncommon as the appearance of the man. There is a mixture of very deep and very shrill tones, and the effect is heightened still further by a strong northern accent. But it rings powerfully on the ear, and in even the remote galleries not a single tone is lost. That man might address in the open air some eight or ten thousand persons; he is the very *beau-ideal* of a vigorous democrat, a popular leader, born for a time of tumults and commotions. * * That uncouth, powerful-looking man, so fitted apparently for leading the masses broken loose, is the great friend and confidant, and so far, at least, as argument and statement are concerned, the grand caterer—flapper, as Gulliver would, perhaps, say—to the Tory Earls of Dalhousie, Haddington and Aberdeen. If nature intended him for a popular leader, never surely was there an individual more sadly misplaced. We have before us the

redoubtable Mr. Robertson, of Ellon, the second name and first man of his party."

After making all allowance for party bias, this will be recognized by every good judge to be a very tolerable picture of a remarkable man. The great disputant ultimately subsided into a quiet Professor of Church History in Edinburgh, from the seclusion of which he was occasionally aroused by the urgent solicitations of the Church. Otherwise, his life from 1843 to its close, in 1860, was almost wholly without one notable event. He continued to read heavy soporific lectures, and the more animated of his students continued to read Tennyson or Maurice, on the back benches, to the end of his career. Altogether, this work of Mr. Charteris, though crude and youthful, gives promise for the future. But he must be more careful; he has given us a single line of errata:—he might have added a score.

New Views on Baldness; being a Treatise on the Hair and Skin. By H. P. Truefitt. (Webster.)

WHEN we remember the injunction in Leviticus, namely, that honour shall be rendered to the face of the aged, and that in presence of the bald other men shall respectfully stand, we are amazed at Mr. Truefitt's audacity; who *pooh-poohs* Mr. Erasmus Wilson, and thinks that baldness is not a condition to be venerated. He is the Dr. Colenso of "practical trichologists," as, in his desire to be simple, he calls hair-dressers; and if there be Episkopoi in his vocation he will certainly be requested to retire from his seat of vantage near Burlington Arcade.

Having "made ourselves exceptionally familiar with abnormalities of the scalp and hair, we derived from the treatment of these peculiar views of our own," says Mr. Truefitt—which he undertakes to explain in the simplest words, so that his wisdom may be understood by all who brush and shave and comb. As we look for these peculiar views in turning over the author's pages, we find some of them startling enough. For instance, we find that there is a certain similarity between Epsom salts and fat, the former being "a compound formed by the union of sulphuric acid and magnesia," while "fat is, in like manner, the resulting product of the union of an organic acid with glycerine." Glycerine therefore is not a constituent of soap, though fat contains it in large quantities. We hardly see how this applies; but then we have the disadvantage of not sharing Mr. Truefitt's "lucidity." He may be right. We should not like to set our poor opinion against that of a professor who declares that—"it is only the most reprehensible ignorance that could attempt to remedy the affections and deficiencies so frequent in the scalp, when unmindful of the complicated organization, the compound properties, and the subtle chemical constitution even of these subsidiary structures."

There is, it seems, a reprehensible ignorance abroad which still more surprises Mr. Truefitt. He is astounded that the public "should not only never concern themselves about the skin, but should rarely ascribe any indisposition to a failure in its functions." In this opinion we would meekly suggest that the professor is in error. He has arrived at this conclusion from patients troubled with the *pediculus vestimentis*, among whom it is not cheerful to find any part of his practice existing.

But, perhaps our practical trichologist does not mean to say exactly what he seems to say, for his exceedingly lucid style is apt to get a little "dark with excess of light," as when he remarks, with much poetical licence, that

"the tear springs *unbidden* to the eye at the call of pity, sympathy, or regret," which of all the caprices of tears is the funniest we have yet heard of. Nevertheless, as Mr. Truefitt finely remarks, "Most of us have had a blister on the chest," which, as a new view of baldness, is more curious still.

Indeed, this last maxim, or whatever the trichologist may call it, seems to his own thinking to take him a little out of the record; and accordingly, we find him plunging anew into his subject, with the question, "What is a bald woman to the most enthusiastic Lovelace?" To which we reply, not being Lovelace, that we do not know; we can only assert for our own parts that

Around the dear ruin each wish of our heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

Then again, the novel view which our author next takes with respect to baldness is, that "Authentic records, according to Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, do not extend so far back as the time of our first parents." We fancy there is an authentic record which *does* extend exactly to that very time, and that in denying it, and dragging in Sir George for an authority, the trichologist beats Dr. Colenso and the Zulu hollow! Of course Mr. Truefitt supplies the deficiency of authentic record by intimating that when Eve "affected ivy-leaves" for a head-dress, "this must have been when she was desirous of assuming the appearance of an injured, yet dignified woman." Perhaps it must: Mr. Truefitt ought to know; for he tells us secrets about fair womankind in general which induce us to consider him as a universal Iachimo, who has been irreverently looking into the mysteries of a whole race of sleeping Imogens, and who unscrupulously tells all he saw to a world which ought to blush as it hears.

Turning, however, to new views on baldness in man, Mr. Truefitt playfully calls shaving the beard a "barbarous caprice," but lest you should think him addicted to lightness when treating a serious subject, he immediately defines shaving more magniloquently as "a vain attempt on the part of man to prevent the growth of eight feet of hair from the chin during twenty-five years of his life." That man carries on this vain attempt exactly a quarter of a century is a new idea, which we accept with gratitude, and so receiving it acknowledge "the common physiological tenet," upheld by the author, "that modern science has added to the stock of previous knowledge." Yes, even lunatics may have learnt something in asylums where they must have been admirably kept, with grates barred to fit their heads, and fires blazing for the use of their scalps!—

"Lunatics have been known to put their heads between the bars into a blazing fire, and there remain until the whole scalp was charred to a cinder, and yet so free from pain were the unfortunate creatures, that they have been dragged away while fast asleep, and, when waking, have been altogether unconscious of injury. Yet in these lunatics circulation and growth were adequately carried on."

Equally mad, but more injured, are the "several ladies under our care at this moment who acknowledge that they would consume more than a couple of hours every day in 'cleaning the head.'" This the author deems foolish enough; but contemplating men and things generally as a philosopher, he declares that "of all the inscrutable follies with which the present age is chargeable, surely none can surpass that which centres in the so-called electric brushes." No doubt! but as the folly centred there is inscrutable, we will not venture to look for it.

It is a maxim of Mr. Truefitt's that "there may be a little difficulty now-a-days in telling

a gentleman by his dress." You guess what follows—"the cut of his hair stamps him unmistakably." Mr. Truefitt knows a nobleman, "whom we have attended for many years," and this amiable aristocrat insists that he can tell at a glance Poole's cut in cloth and Truefitt's in hair! Observe the inference to be drawn from "insists." The modest Truefitt has dissented, or feigned dissent; but our nobleman "insists," and my Lord is an authority not to be gainsaid.

Trichology, as we have intimated, leads its professor into little contradictions. "The heads of most people in London," he says sternly, "are never cleaned." We doubt the fact, but would rather not enter upon controversy. If there were not much in this book to prove the contrary, Mr. Truefitt hardly improves the condition of the London head by recommending that "washing should, let it notwithstanding be remembered, not be resorted to more frequently than *once a week*." Then he thinks it is nonsense for people to indulge "in paroxysms of hygienic virtue" against leaden cisterns when they expose their scalps to the action of leaden combs.

Leaden combs will certainly not produce "golden hair," of which our professor speaks admiringly:—

"The fashion of sprinkling the hair with gold leaf has of late years been revived by the Empress Eugénie, the material used for the purpose receiving the elegant appellation of *poudre d'or*. It will be a hint worth remembering for such as covet fair hair, and have scarcely enough of the precious metal to emulate the Emperor and the Empress, that the Germans achieved the desired result, with apparent satisfaction to themselves, by the use of a kind of soap, made of goat's tallow and ashes of beech-wood. This soap, which was called Hessian Soap from being manufactured in the county of Hesse, was much used, if we may credit Martial, to stain the German wigs, in order to give them a 'flame-colour.'"

Although the trichological reading seems to be very extensive, Mr. Truefitt scorns technical words; his delight is to be simple and intelligible. If he uses the recondite word "diseases," he obligingly adds "or cachexies," to enable you to understand it. Baldness is described as Alopecia; and he states, with a scholarly ascension which country gentlemen should appreciate, that "the etymology of the word Epithelium is in itself explanatory."

Altogether, we should say that the subject here treated is a little too much for the author, and is to him what Hans Streningen's long beard was to that Burgomaster who, "one day, having forgotten to tuck it up, trod upon it, and thereby falling down, incontinently killed himself."

Poems and Translations. By Philip Stanhope Worsley. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE original poems in this volume differ widely from each other in point of merit. 'Phaethon,' the first of the series, is a noble achievement, and far superior to all that follow. It more than fulfils the hopes formed of the writer from his translation of the *Odyssey*, and proves beyond question that we have a new poet in our midst.

It is no detraction from Mr. Worsley's merit to say that his 'Phaethon' at once recalls to us the second book of the *Metamorphoses*. Mythological fable may be regarded as the common property of poets, in which the outline is already determined, and no originality possible but that of treatment. It is not to be denied that the present poem is, in some of its details, similar to that of Ovid. The resemblance, however, is scarcely more than that

which identity of theme enforces; and, considering the fullness with which the Latin poet has worked out the same design, we may congratulate Mr. Worsley upon the distinctness and independence of his work.

At the opening of the poem, the restless ambition of Youth, in the son of Clymene, is finely contrasted with the pensive calm of Wisdom as personified in Apollo—the Wisdom of Experience, which, if it has learnt the secret of its power, has learnt also the limits of Fate to which even the highest power is subject.—

Noble in presence, though a cloud of grief
Hung shadowy-dark upon his brows; all else
Redundant with warm youth; his radiant locks
Fair as a girl's, when stealing shades embrown
The waxy yellow, and the fine glint of gold,
Like fire-dust, sparkles in her sunlit hair;
The while, from underneath his brooding brows,
Flashed eager expectation, mixed with pain
And wonder and delight—a surging sea.
Phaethon by the Sun's great portals stood.

How different the portrait of the son from that of the divine father, who sat

In night-imaginings, clothed with calm
Unutterable, through all his ample heart,
Sated with office and the fiery cares
That haunted his day-labour! For, indeed,
Couched in those large and melancholy eyes,
Brooded an awful emphasis of rest,
That tranquil self-perfection, without pain,
Which, in their far-off maddings, mortal men,
Though eloquently nurtured, find no name
Wherewith to name, not even in sacred verse.

We pass over the earlier details of the well-known legend. Phaethon, deaf to the prayers of Apollo, is about to proceed on his perilous journey. The glorious team is led forth, and the adventurer catches the first glimpse of the dazzling path. For awhile, his rash spirit is overawed. He takes heed to Apollo's warnings touching the guidance of the steeds, and suffers himself to be anointed with a chrisam potent to repel the fiery atmosphere. Then comes the journey, with its varied incidents and terrible catastrophe.—

Then soberly and well did Phaethon
Hoard up and use that warning of the god,
"Slack not the rein, nor from loose watch decline
Thine eyelids"—so he watching slackened not rein,
But, from the godlike increase given to him,
Maintained an equal nerve, though sore afraid;
Nor even thus with all his power had curbed
That chivalry divine, but that the god
Infused a soul more governably mild
For that one voyage, making their defect
Somewhat incline, for easier vassalage,
To his son's lifted virtue. So he passed
Safe on his course, and all the heaven drank light,
And, touched with splendour, wine-dark ocean smiled,
Heaving with ships, black hull and snow-white sail;
And each land went to its accustomed work,
Of peace where peace, and war where there was war,
Nor omen of disaster rose at all,
Till, as he neared the blazing cope of noon,
Where the steeds flagged a little, as is their wont,
For steeper seems a hill just ere the bend—
Even at the point where Nature seems to pause
And listen while the sultry hour goes by—
Flat weariness ached through him, and he thought
How boonless were the boon if this were all;
Nor did he cease repeating to himself,
"How worthless is the boon if this be all!
Broad is the way; the steeds are tame enough."
Till, hungered with hot zeal, he seized the thong;
Then whirled it, curling it beneath the flank
Of the two vanward; thence with sharp recoil
Crossing the arched necks of the hindmost two,
And lo! the sudden insult dug like steel
Into the one heart of the fiery four.
They in a moment knew the vulgar hands
That held them, and their lordly eyes wept fire.
For anger at the ungenerous pilotage;
And each dilated nostril panted fire,
And the sides, heaving through their sleek expanse,
Stared with a noble horror, foaming fire;
While, raving up the causeway, hoof and wheel,
With screams and anvil-thunder, a deafening din,
Rained earthward and to heaven a storm of fire.
So to the summit, from whose brows the team,
Thrice-maddening, prone adown the diamond arc
Swept, and a triple whirlwind of white fire,
Blown skyward, sloped upon the charioteer.

Then Ganges and a troop of Eastern streams
Fled backward, each one to his cradle cave;
Then the tall glaciers of the Polar Zone
Flushed crimson to the roots of their cold realm;
For all the fir-crowned Scandinavian hills
Night-shrouded half the months, tier over tier,
Blazed in the gloomy North, like beacon-hells

Lit for world-wasting Furies who bear down
In convoy, with wild omens of the end.
And all the peopled plains sent up a smoke
Of harvests reaped by fire, and flaming towns,
Till the hot clamour of those masterless wheels
Rang deadlier, mingled with the loud-voiced curse
Of men by myriads overcome with hell.
And a long cry came to the ears of Zeus,
Where in full conclave of the gods he sat;
And, while he doubted, a great rainy heat
Fell slant and sudden on the Olympian walls,
And all the ceiling glared like molten gold,
And the rich cloisters like a forest glowed
Of resinous pines, with every trunk ablaze.

The beauty of this example in its early passages, and its grand intensity as it proceeds, have hardly been surpassed, we think, by any living writer. The gentle instinct of the steeds till unworthy chastisement rouses them to almost human indignation—the suddenness with which they break away from the "ungenerous pilotage"—the swelling tumult of sound and the fires that at once spread and mingle, while the team sweeps

Thrice-maddening, prone adown the diamond arc—form a picture admirable alike for the interest of its particulars and the splendour of its general effect.

No word, perhaps, is more loosely employed than the word "imagination." If any reader would learn its meaning from an instance, we refer him to our extract. He may be surprised to find how devoid it is of set metaphor or illustrative comparison. These ornaments, however attractive, belong to a lower grade of poetry. The imaginative writer does not illustrate his theme—he identifies himself with it. Brilliant as Mr. Worsley's description is, it has little that can be strictly called fancy; far less does it betray that gorgeous indistinctness by which straining weakness often substitutes truth. Every circumstance is clearly and simply told; and, were the incidents possible in themselves, we might suppose that they would happen as here represented. If it be asked, then, wherein an imaginative narrative differs from one of literal reality, we answer, in the addition, in the former case, of the nature that perceives to the objects that are perceived. Imagination does not alter reality, although it glorifies it. Under its dominion the actual is still the actual, but *plus* the poet. He selects, indeed, and thus discards all that is unessential or incongruous; but the keeping thus gained is but the harmony of his own mind reflected upon events which, could they occur at all, would occur as he relates them. To this discriminating power we may add the still higher function by which he imputes to material objects those emotions in himself of which such objects are typical. The faculty first named—that of selection—is admirably shown in the opening lines of our quotation. The treatment is large, as befits the vastness of the scene and the importance of the action. The general features of dawn and advancing day are distinctly conveyed, but nowhere with that minuteness of detail which, however excellent in a subject of narrower interest, would be unsuited to the magnitude of the present. Nor is Mr. Worsley less happy in evincing that noblest quality by which the poet informs outward things with human significance. The tall glaciers that "flush crimson to the roots of their cold realm,"—the fir-crowned hills that blaze, tier over tier, like the beacons of furies,—and the fiery reflection from earth that startles the conclave of gods,—are not mere pictures of material conflagration: they are quick with the imputed life of human agony and terror.

To 'Phaethon' succeeds 'Narcissus,' the subject of which affords less scope for variety of incident and brilliancy of painting. Yet the latter poem has a charm of its own. In perusing it after 'Phaethon,' we seem to exchange the

ardour of summer noon for the pensive beauty of summer twilight. How delicious is the following picture of a woodland glen, with its soft chequered light and mysterious hush!—

And the suns travelled till there came a day,
When, heated from the chase and tired with toil,
Whether of chance, or by some envious Fate
Misguided, he bore on with flagging steps
Unto a pure cold fount, where never bird
Nor mountain-goat frequented, clothed around
With fresh green turf, and secret from the sun.
Thither no devious track of mortal feet
Led through the shady labyrinth of wood;
No sound of shepherds, calling from the bowers
With melody of flute or vocal play,
Made welcome for the weary flocks at noon;
Only the immemorial silences
Kept haunt for ever on those flowery floors,
Where the sweet summers ever came and went,
And went and came, and even from the bees
Year after year their customary spoil
Concealed, as in a secret treasure-house.

In the pieces that follow we find none quite worthy of the writer until we come to 'Erinnys.' Here Mr. Worsley is once more on classic ground, and his power returns. From his remaining poems we could often cite thoughtful and vigorous passages, but the strength is more fitful, the glow paler, the music fainter. After the original poems derived from classic subjects, the most interesting contents of the book are the translations from Greek and Latin poets and the versions of Latin Hymns—the latter being chiefly taken from the compilation made some years since by the Dean of Westminster.

Heinrich von Kleist. Von Dr. Adolf Wilbrandt. (Nördlingen.)

"Mighty poets in their misery dead" is the thought that haunted Wordsworth through one of the most sustained of his works, and to none in the whole confraternity of poets are the words more applicable than to Heinrich von Kleist. There have been many lives of suffering, years of struggle and disappointment, but on none do the clouds seem to have rested so heavily, without a gleam of sunlight. Dr. Wilbrandt has told the story of Kleist's unhappy fate with great clearness, impartial sympathy, that sits well on a biographer, and considerable literary power. In all these points he seems to have more affinity with English biographers than with any German model, and he sketches the place of Kleist's early residence, compiles verbal notices which have dropped from the mouths of Kleist's contemporaries, and gives us a living picture of Kleist himself.

Heinrich von Kleist, the greatest and most unfortunate of the German romantic school, was born in 1776 in Frankfort-on-the-Oder. His parents died while he was still young, and seem to have left no impression on his mind. We are told that his youth was cheerful, that he displayed an intense activity in learning, a fiery spirit that could not be quenched, though the circumstances of his position as well as the surrounding objects were by no means inspiring. Dr. Wilbrandt gives us a picture of Frankfort-on-the-Oder as it was in the last century; instead of open squares, promenades and alleys, gloomy gates, thick walls and moats surrounded the town, which was then considered impregnable; and where now a cheerful park is planted with lime-trees was the old pestiferous graveyard. In his eleventh year, Kleist was sent to Berlin, and some years after entered the Prussian army. In this service he wasted, as he subsequently complained, seven costly years; he felt himself unfit for the army, looked on the military discipline with contempt, considered the officers as drill-sergeants, the soldiers as slaves, and a manœuvring regiment a mere monument of tyranny. In spite of the opposition of all his relatives, he left the army, and betook himself to the serious study of philosophy, at the age of twenty-three. How much soever

the students of literary biography may be pleased at the sight of the young poet leaving the army, the picture that we have of Kleist at this time is not prepossessing. From his letters, as well as from his biographer's acknowledgment, we see that he was in a fair way to become a pedant. He constituted himself professor in his home, erected a desk, and delivered lectures to his family. It was then considered patriotic for every provincial town to preserve its native dialect unimpaired, and as good Prussians Kleist's sisters spoke a most execrable German. The young professor attacked this custom with vigour, and, in spite of the league into which many of the young ladies of Frankfort had entered to defend their *patois*, he came victorious out of the combat. About this time, however, he showed signs of that absence of mind to which he afterwards fell so much a prey: one morning he came home to change his coat, and undressed himself completely instead; and he would frequently break off in the middle of a sentence and remain silent without being aware of the presence of others. But his intercourse with young ladies, though in the character of a professor, brought the natural consequences—he fell in love. The young lady to whom he pledged his heart seems scarcely to have possessed the firmness and skill which all English girls seem to inherit, and by which they guide the most intricate courtship to a satisfactory close. She allowed Kleist to domineer over her; she kept their engagement secret from her parents because he declared that when once they knew of it all the charm had vanished in his eyes; and she remained constant for nearly two years in spite of the strangeness of his conduct. From the very beginning he insisted on absolute submission, would not consent that his betrothed should rejoice at anything which did not refer to him, complained every day of some want of love, and wrote her a long letter every day in the few moments that he was absent from her.

Kleist's engagement had, however, one practical effect—he applied for employment. He took up his quarters in Berlin, and devoted himself to the commencement of an official career, though he owned that he was not suited for official life. In the middle of this a frenzy seized him, and he started off on a mysterious journey to Wurzburg, apparently without an object, and without letting his betrothed into the secret. His biographer conjectures that he went in order to escape from philosophy, and that he felt the germs of poetry within him. The description of Wurzburg that Kleist gives in his letters would certainly confirm the second half of this conjecture; we find there the profusion of similes, the abundance of pathetic fallacies, the strained ecstasy of vision that so often usher in poetry. But the unaccountable way in which Kleist started on this journey, and on another journey to Dresden and Paris the next year, would almost justify a comparison of him to the Lord Bateman of the ballad, as illustrated by George Cruikshank. It is impossible to discover why he flung up his occupation in Berlin, and started suddenly for Paris. We can only ascribe it to the waywardness of his character, to the unaccountable strangeness that guided him, or rather led him astray, through the whole course of his life. "Nothing is regular with me but irregularity," he says in one of his letters; and on the eve of starting for this journey he gives vent to the most gloomy prognostications. "Everything is dark in my future; I know not what to wish or what to hope;" "I seem like a child that has ventured out into the middle of the sea: the wind rises; the boat dashes wildly about in the waves, the thunder stuns every sense: I know not where

to steer, and I feel as if my end was approaching."

He started for Paris with his sister Ulrike, to whom many of the letters in this volume are addressed, and who exercised more than once a decided influence upon him. He pictures Dresden in a few vivid phrases,—the town like a scenic pageant in the midst of an amphitheatre, the country round like a landscape spread out on a carpet, with the circle of hills as an arabesque border. But a long journey through Germany in 1801 gave rise to other than pleasant pictures. The post-carriages were mere waggons, without either cushions or side-doors, and the roads generally impassable. Kleist and his sister bought a carriage in Dresden and travelled with their own horses. Before they came to Frankfort an accident nearly terminated their journey, and gave Kleist an opportunity to indulge in the saddest reflections. The bray of a donkey frightened the horses while they were feeding; they dashed off, and overturned the carriage in which the travellers were sitting. "And thus the lives of two human beings hung on the bray of an ass! If my life had ended at this moment, had I lived for that? For that? Was that, and no more than that, the purpose which heaven had in view for this gloomy, enigmatic, mortal life?" With these questionings running in his brain, the poet was quite unfitted for such a town as Paris. His description of the city, which seems like a vision of the Arabian Nights to those who see it after London, is almost identical with that of Alfieri. It was here that Kleist formed a resolution to renounce the society of man, and retire to some quiet spot in Switzerland where he might pass an idyllic life with his family alone. But his betrothed was not equal to the self-denial, and after a silence of five months Kleist wrote her a farewell letter, which put an end to their engagement.

After a short enjoyment of the idyllic life he had chosen, on an island in the Aar, where it flows out of the lake of Thun, during which he devoted himself to poetry and a Swiss maiden, Kleist gave up his dream of solitude and went to Weimar. He was well received by the great literary triumvirate, though he had only one interview with Schiller and Goethe; but Wieland gave him a home under his roof, and entered warmly into all his projects. Goethe's judgment of Kleist was influenced by the distaste he felt for everything that recalled his early malady,—the same feeling that led him to avoid a sudden intimacy with Schiller, that made him shrink from the hypochondria displayed in Byron. He saw the ghost of Werther in Kleist, and that ghost he had long attempted to lay. Kleist, on the other hand, entertained ideas about himself and Goethe that were scarcely likely to conciliate the elder poet. He desired nothing less—Dr. Wilbrandt has learnt it from a friend of Kleist's—than absolute dominion in German poetry; said openly that he had only one object in view, to be the greatest poet of his nation, and in that purpose not even Goethe should hinder him, and boasted in his excited moods that he would pluck the wreath from Goethe's forehead. Wieland, who took him into his house and treated him like a son, could not fail to observe his strangeness of demeanour, his absence of mind, and his confused mutterings; and Kleist confessed that he was writing a tragedy, which he only desired to complete before his death, but the ideal that floated before him was so lofty that he had destroyed every scene as soon as it was written. Some of these scenes he recited to Wieland from memory, and Wieland was so struck by them that he declared them worthy of the combined genius of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspeare. He

exhorted Kleist to work at the tragedy and complete it as best he could; but the erratic youth, though for a time he followed the advice and showed the warmest gratitude to Wieland, was not to be rescued from his fate. He stole secretly out of Wieland's house, found his way to Paris, where he destroyed all that he had written, and then, wishing only for death, started on foot for Boulogne to join the expedition preparing for the invasion of England. Fortunately, it may seem, though it is doubtful if such an end would not have saved him the subsequent misery of his life, Kleist was rescued by an acquaintance he met on the road from the fate that would, in all probability, have seized him at Boulogne, for he was travelling without a passport, and a Prussian nobleman in similar circumstances had just been shot as a spy.

The shock seems to have sobered Kleist for a time, and a ray of hope dawned upon him. He returned to Berlin, and with great difficulty obtained an official post after being severely reprimanded by the king's adjutant for the life he had led. "I had left the army," Kleist relates in a letter to his sister, "turned my back on the civil service, wandered through foreign countries, tried to settle in Switzerland, made verses, (think of that being made a reproach to me, and in such words!) and so on." However, the king was not inexorable, and Kleist settled down to official work with a promise to his sister to abandon the muse. It is easy to see how long such a promise would be kept; but no sooner was it broken than the poet again resigned his employment, and the battle of Jena coming shortly after deprived him of all support from the state, as well as making his literary profits precarious. The hand of France was heavy upon him from this moment. Venturing to Berlin while it was in the possession of the French he was taken prisoner and confined in the castle of Joux, one of his companions occupying the cell in which Toussaint Louverture died. When set free again, and allowed to return to Germany, Kleist found his country so situated that there was little prospect of a favourable end to his struggle. The booksellers could not pay their usual prices for manuscripts while war was going on; the theatres were all dependent on French pieces, and would not play those of native poets; while Kleist's eccentricities speedily alienated the public, as they had disgusted his personal supporters. He tried tragedy and comedy, stories and newspaper articles, but nothing succeeded with him. One of his pieces was tried in Weimar, and Goethe, who wrote him an excellent letter about it, was not so successful in adapting the play to the stage as in counselling the author. The piece failed, and Kleist revenged himself in ungenerous epigrams on Goethe. He wrote a tragedy on Penthesilea, in which the death of the heroine affected him so deeply that he was found bathed in tears, and could only answer to his friend's inquiry, "She is dead!" But the publisher who bought the tragedy was so dissatisfied with it that he would not advertise it for sale lest people should ask for it. Kleist started a periodical which was to unite all the talents of Germany, and succeed where Schiller's 'Horen' had failed; but it achieved no more than its prototype. Between the battles of Aspern and Wagram, and during the exultation which followed the first great check received by Napoleon in Germany, Kleist endeavoured to found a political paper in Prague with the assistance of some of the leading statesmen of Austria. But Napoleon's second passage of the Danube scattered these projects, and a newspaper that Kleist started in Berlin only hastened his ruin. His nervous

system was so shattered that madness seemed imminent; he said that a friend must either give him up his wife or die by his hand, and meeting the friend shortly after on the bridge, attempted to throw him into the river.

Dr. Wilbrandt devotes a long chapter to the story of Kleist's suicide. It was in November, 1811, that he went with a friend's wife, whose state of mind greatly resembled his own, to a lake on the high road from Potsdam to Berlin, a place where he had once discussed the question of suicide with his friends. The spot is lonely and melancholy, sandy banks surrounding the desolate lake over whose waters the willows hang, and above scattered birches with a dark background of fir and pine. In the distance rises a church-spire, and nearer still the inn in which the two passed the night writing their last farewell to their friends. In the morning they walked from the inn to the lake,—a shot, and then another, were heard; and their bodies were found close together, where Kleist had shot his companion through the heart before blowing out his brains.

History of the Scottish Regiments in the British Army. By Arch. K. Murray. (Ward & Lock.)

COURAGE, according to the maxim of Bonaparte, is a quality born with a man, but which cannot be acquired. So said the soldier. On the other hand, some philosophers have described bravery as being the mere impatience of danger; others have declared that men constitutionally timid may and do possess themselves of courage by an effort of mind. Perhaps the truly brave man is he who, fully conscious of the mortal peril he is commanded to face, goes forward to meet it, calmly if he will, enthusiastically if he may, and accomplishes his duty, fearless of all consequences.

In achievements of this quality, the Scottish regiments do not excel other regiments in the service; but the 97th Lanarkshire Volunteer Guards appear to entertain a different opinion, and they accordingly requested their Major to chronicle the deeds of daring or endurance of the Greys, the Coldstreams and the Scots Fusiliers, the Royal Scots and North British, the King's Own Borderers, the Cameronians and the Light Dragoons, the Scots Brigade, or the old 94th, the Perthshire, the Stirlingshire and the Argyleshire, the 70th, the 90th and the Lanarkshire, the Old Highland, the Black Watch, the Glasgow and the Duke of Albany's, the 74th, the Ross-shire Buffs, and the Cameron, the Gordon and the Sutherland Highlanders. This is a goodly roll of the brave whose deeds are now recorded by the Major of the Lanarkshire Volunteers at the request of his brother officers. It was an evil hour when the request was made, a worse when the Major undertook the office.

Major Murray sets out by a remark not at all to the purpose and in no respect true. It could have been as well said at the end or middle of the book as at the beginning, or inserted in any other work the author might write. It is to this effect: "Nature has been aptly represented as a fickle goddess, scattering her bounties here and there with a partial hand." We know no one who has so represented her. On the contrary, we know how she has been otherwise and more truly represented by the greatest of our didactic poets,—the one who grandly said

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace,
and who allowed so little of fickleness or partiality to this "goddess," as to lead him to exclaim,

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.

Leaving the Major to settle this matter with Nature, we quote a passage at once character-

istic of his style, his philosophy, his logic, and above all of his knowledge of history generally, and of military history in particular. The italics are ours:—

"Armies have a very ancient history. Their origin might be traced to the very gates of Paradise. When the unbridled lust and wrathful passions of man were let loose like Furies, to wander forth upon the earth, then it was that lawless adventurers, gathering themselves together into armed bands for hostile purposes, to live and prey upon their weaker brethren, constituted themselves armies. Passing down the stream of time, through the Feudal Age, we find one among the many greater, mightier, wealthier—a giant towering above his fellows—exercised lordship, levied tribute, military and civil, over others as over slaves. These were the days of chivalry,—the Crusades,—when cavalry constituted the grand strength of an army. Here we might begin the history of cavalry as an important constituent in armies, were such our purpose. The comparative poverty of our ancient Scottish nobility prevented them contributing largely to the chivalry of the age. Almost the sole representative we have of our Scottish Cavalry, is the Second Regiment of Royal North British Dragoons, or Scots Greys—a most worthy representative. The wars of the Interregnum in Scotland—the times of Wallace and Bruce—when the feudal lords had nearly all either deserted or betrayed her, introduce us to a new force, more suited to the independent character and patriotism of the Scottish people—the formation of corps of infantry or armed bands of free burghers. These were the fruit, to a large extent, of the Magna Charta in England, and of the struggle for liberty in Scotland. Hence the wars of Edward the Black Prince with France, distinguished by the victories of Poitiers, Agincourt, and Cressy, may be viewed not merely as the epitome of the triumphs of England over France, but more especially as illustrating the success of this new force—represented in the English yeomen, burghers, citizens, and freemen—over the old force, sustained in the chivalry, the cavalry of France. The result of these successive defeats, we find, was most disastrous to France."

We have been accustomed of late to very remarkable disturbances in the atmosphere of history. We have been told that Richard the Third did not kill his nephews, and that Henry the Eighth was rather a tender husband; but we were not prepared for Major Murray's discovery that the Black Prince, and not Henry the Fifth, won the great day at Agincourt. Surely this transfer of glory from Lancaster to Plantagenet is a little unjust to the former! Would it be fair if we were to maintain that Sir Cloudesley Shovel gained the Battle of Trafalgar or that Marlborough won the victory of 1815 at Waterloo? If this be the method by which the Major registers the glories of the Scottish regiments, we may well be doubtful of the few he does chronicle amid the masses of fine writing, droll logic, and of his oracular remarks, which remind us of the words of the poet,—

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

Again, as if to render undoubted the right of the Black Prince to the glory of being the victor at Agincourt, the Major calls Poitiers, Agincourt and Cressy successive defeats. If you allow that young Edward at fifteen or sixteen gained the last of these fields in 1346, the Major supposes, it would seem, that he, incontestably, carried off the glory of Agincourt some years previously—Agincourt having been fought in 1415! and that the young hero commenced his career of invincibility at Poitiers, which we used to think was fought ten years after Cressy—namely, in 1366.

If we come down to a later period, we do not find the Major's chronology in a more healthy condition. He states that the Coldstreams were raised by General Monk about the year

1650, "and took their name from their having proceeded from Coldstream on their famous march to restore the 'Merry Monarch,'" adding, "they formed part of the army of General Monk, which, in name (*sic*) of Oliver Cromwell, subdued and occupied Scotland." If the Coldstreams set out in 1650, three years before Cromwell was Lord Protector, to restore the "Merry Monarch," they took about nine years to accomplish their task; but Major Murray satisfactorily accounts for it in his loosely-written paragraph by showing that the same Coldstreams were engaged in subduing Scotland "in name of Oliver Cromwell." The fact is, that the Coldstreams were not raised till nearly ten years after the date "about" given by Major Murray.

When they *did* get the "Merry Monarch," they, "whilst fulfilling their duty, must oftentimes have been forced to witness the dark intrigues of a licentious court." We doubt, however, if the intriguers took a regiment of Guards into their confidence. The Major knows best; and adds, that "their duty, too, required they should guard not merely the sovereign of a great nation, but his *seraglio!*" Fancy the Misses and Myladies all locked up in one house! The guarding of such hussies shocked the Guards, who gladly "welcomed a respite from such irksome duties and the influences of such *evil example on the field of battle!*" This is very satisfactory; and we may add, for the satisfaction of those to whom the modesty of the army is dear, the Major's agreeable remark, that "the Grenadiers and Coldstreams were unwilling witnesses to the *profligacy and lewdness* of the Court." In this last case the *italics* are the Major's, whose anxiety to support character is so great that he even asserts that the Peace of Ryswick was weary of the War. This remarkably pretty figure of speech is thus illustrated:—"In 1697, weary of a war which had been fraught with no decided success on either side, the Peace of Ryswick put an end, for the present, to a further waste of blood and treasure."

It is due, however, to the Major to say that in terseness of expression and power of condensation, he rivals Tacitus. We quote the whole of his account of the battle of Blenheim, at page 58:—

"In the action which followed, the Guards had six officers killed and wounded."

The following is more diffuse, like Livy, but not quite so clear:—

"In 1793 the restless and aggressive spirit which sorely troubled France, developed in the Revolution, once more plunged that nation into war with Britain; nay, not only so, but sending forth her revolutionary incendiaries charged with the subversion of all constitutional government, and seeking to poison the minds of almost every people, her ruthless and frantic demagogues virtually declared war against the whole monarchies of Christendom. Accordingly, a British force, including a portion of the Greys, was sent to the Netherlands under the Duke of York. These were chiefly employed in the sieges of Valenciennes, Dunkirk, Landreies, &c., which preceded the double battle of Tourmay, fought on the 10th and 22nd of May, 1794. The Greys and the other British cavalry easily routed the newly-raised horsemen of the Revolution, which were sadly degenerated from the splendidly-equipped cavalry of the old monarchy—long the terror of Europe, and most worthy foes. The utter bankruptcy of the French nation prevented them from equipping or maintaining a powerful cavalry, and, in consequence, we find the armies of the Revolution at that time very deficient in this branch of the service. Notwithstanding the excellence of his troops, the Duke of York found his position untenable, with such a handful, against the overwhelming hosts of France, which were being daily

augmented by a starving crowd which the Revolution had ruined, and so forced into the army as the only refuge in those unhappy times. The British, retreating into Germany, reached Bremen in 1795, whence the Scots Greys shortly thereafter returned to England."

Of anecdote or incident, the examples are very few; but here is a bit of individuality in the person of Mrs. Davies, who followed the army, in a male dress, or, as the Major puts it, "donning the habiliments of man!"—

"At the battle of Ramilies, after much hard fighting, the regiment succeeded in penetrating into the village of Autreglize, inflicting a dreadful carnage, and were honoured in receiving the surrender of the French 'Régiment du Roi,' with arms and colours. Amid the trophies of the day, the Greys are said to have taken no fewer than seventeen standards. At the close of the battle a very curious circumstance was brought to light, affording an illustrious example of woman's love, fidelity, endurance and heroism. Amongst the wounded of the Scots Greys, a female (Mrs. Davies) was discovered, who, donning the habiliments of man, had enlisted in the regiment, braved the perils of Schellenberg and Blenheim, that in this disguise she might follow her husband, who was a soldier in the First (Royal Scots) Foot, then with the army. Her case at once excited the interest and sympathy of the whole army; and awakening the generosity of the officers, especially of the colonel of her regiment, she was restored to her true position as a woman, lived to be of considerable service as envoy to the army, and at her death in 1789 was buried with military honours in Chelsea Hospital."

Such are samples of this new historical work. We will only add, for the sake of peace among military and literary controversialists, that at Waterloo the "watchword" of the French *Garde* was, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." The Major adds, "we feel honoured as, regarding their grave on the plains of Waterloo, we shed a tear for the worthy representative of the Guard!" The Major's tears have blinded him a little, perhaps, as to facts.

Wanderings of a Beauty; or, The Real and The Ideal. By Mrs. Edwin James. (Routledge & Co.)

THE title and the author's name will secure a public for this novelette; but beyond its title and author's name, its dedication to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and its cover embellished with a likeness of the wandering beauty, who is represented in the act of making eyes at all creation, the *brochure* has few of the qualities that under favourable circumstances contribute to literary success. It lacks sprightliness and piquancy, and its redundancy of French words will not atone for its dullness in the opinion of idlers who open its pages under the influence of that morbid curiosity which induced the New York rowdy to buy Young's 'Night Thoughts.' For the next week or two, however, it will create tattle and laughter in clubs and at dinner-tables. It will be hastily conned and as hastily thrown aside by those who can find music in the cries of drowning men, and enjoy the distant baying of the pack in which an old friend, who has gone to the dogs, is known to be giving tongue. Possibly a few collectors of scandalous memoirs will think the 'Wanderings of a Beauty' worthy of preservation, and will place it on shelves where 'The New Atlantis' and 'The Adventures of Rivella' would not be sought in vain. But it may be safely predicted that the general demand for the book will not be great when three months have seen it smiling on passengers from its niche in the Railway Library.

Of course, the author is not to be held accountable for "what people will say." If unkind critics and scandal-loving readers main-

tain that "the beauty" is Mrs. Edwin James herself, and that the beauty's second husband is the late Member for Marylebone, they must bear the consequences of their own malevolence, and more generous critics must hold the lady guiltless of the bad taste imputed to her by such uncharitable constructions. Half-a-dozen sentences will suffice to show how few are the points of similarity between the author and the heroine of the 'Wanderings,' between the Queen's Counsel and the villain of the tale.

Mrs. Edwin James does not tell the story of her own life, but merely narrates the adventures of her intimate friend, Evelyn Travers. When she is still a simple, guiltless child, not seventeen years of age, Evelyn becomes a "victim of circumstances," and is induced by a worldly mother and a heartless stepfather to marry her first cousin, Capt. Edward Travers, who, on making her acquaintance, is "dressed in the height of fashion, which in England means a well-cut coat, white waistcoat, an irreproachable neck-tie, and well-fitting polished boots." The captain's chief points are, a fine set of teeth, "a most beaming moustache," and a hand that trembles ominously at the breakfast-table. At her wedding "the bride, who was in high beauty, wore over a petticoat of white *glacé* silk a richly-embroidered robe of India muslin, the gift of her husband, who had brought it from India. Her wreath and bouquet were of *real* orange-flowers, and a veil of the most delicate lace enveloped her youthful form as in a cloud." The wedding takes place in May; in the following July, Evelyn writes to her intimate friend from her husband's ancestral seat in Derbyshire, "Do you remember, Mary, how you used to tease me and tell me I was not going to marry a man 'but a pair of moustaches'?" Well, I confess, they may have had a trifle to do with it. But only just imagine my horror; Edward appeared yesterday morning at breakfast shorn of his honours, and on my exclamation of natural disgust, he informed me that his name having appeared in the *Gazette* as having sold out of the army, he was no longer entitled as a civilian to wear moustaches. I never thought my husband *clever*; I knew he did not care for music, nor understand poetry, but I *did* fancy him good-looking; and now, Mary, the worst is come—I actually think him ugly; his long upper lip, robbed of its greatest ornament, has such a sullen, almost sulky expression, when he is serious or asleep, that I actually shudder when I look at him." After ten years of wretchedness, Evelyn is liberated from bondage to the husband whose long upper lip has thus lost its greatest ornament. He drinks till his hand shakes worse than ever,—he drinks himself to death. "Let us," says Mrs. Edwin James, "drop a veil over the closing scenes of the life of one whose deathbed was invaded by the baleful spectres of *delirium tremens*." A lovely widow, with one child, a little girl who is even lovelier than her mother, Evelyn Travers is introduced at the Court of St. James's, and, leaving England, spends the next few years of her life in continental capitals. Wherever she appears lovers fall down and worship her. The number of her adorers is legion. Princes, dukes and patrician soldiers surround her in ball-rooms and wait for her in streets. But such success is not achieved without rousing the envy of malignant observers. Whispers and vile rumours are circulated about the simple, sinless widow. It is even stated that she is "a cast-off mistress of the Count of Syracuse," who paid her many flattering attentions during her stay in Florence. She becomes the mark of "calumny—that pale daughter of envy, engendered by cowardice, and nurtured by hatred and deceit." In short, the lady's reputation is

an object for jests and wicked insinuations. Leaving Italy and her Italian lovers, the lady moves to Paris, where she gathers round her a distinguished society of spirit-rappers, and makes the acquaintance of Sir Percy Montgomery, who becomes her second husband. Of course there are no grounds for fixing the experiences of this pure, stainless, but ill-reputed Evelyn Travers on the lady who, when she gave her hand to Mr. Edwin James, was mentioned in fashionable journals as "a lady well known in continental circles." If people will be so foolish as to insist on the identity of the two characters, theirs will be the folly and theirs must be the shame.

There is even less reason for fixing the character of Sir Percy Montgomery, Bart. on the English barrister whose disinterested devotion to the cause of political liberty induced him to defend Dr. Bernard and seek the friendship of Cavour. Let the reader see how the baronet is introduced in the 'Wanderings':—

"Among the crowd of English sojourning in Paris this winter, there was an old acquaintance of ours—a certain Sir Percy Montgomery, Bart., late M.P. for —shire. Some six months ago, when in London, Sir Percy had visited Evelyn, and we had dined occasionally at his house in Grosvenor Street. Indeed, the baronet had been at that time a warm though unsuccessful admirer of our heroine. Sir Percy was, in appearance, a perfect 'John Bull'; that is to say, he possessed a countenance rubicund and somewhat flat, with no very marked features; figure stout, burly, broad-shouldered, thick-set, you perceived at a glance that the animal nature preponderated in the man; nevertheless, the square and rather massive forehead displayed intellect, and the fine teeth, seen to advantage in a pleasant jovial smile, of not unfrequent occurrence, rendered the personal appearance of our friend, if somewhat coarse, not altogether unpleasing. Let not my readers, however, imagine that the 'John Bull' type is the true type of our countrymen. They will, on referring to a former chapter of this work, find the portrait of an accomplished English gentleman, in our delineation of the young and aristocratic Melville. We have there depicted elegance, manliness, and chivalry, in combination with the splendid physical development, only to be seen in perfection in the Anglo-Saxon race. But to return. Sir Percy was by no means wanting in brains. He had made some sensation in Parliament; and, having had the tact to speak on the popular side of each question, his fluency was greatly appreciated, and he had thus acquired a higher reputation than his (not first-rate) talents perhaps merited. So the *Times* wondered when he resigned his seat; and the *Herald* and other Tory papers were open in their rather uncharitable surmises as to the motives for so sudden and untimely a retreat in the late M.P. Sir Percy having discovered our address at Gallignani's, lost no time in paying his respects to Evelyn, and continued his visits from time to time. Evelyn soon named him my adorer, and said it would not be such a bad match; the baronet was of a good family and reputed rich, though, as some asserted, rich in debts alone. He had, at least, talent, and if I did not object to his lack of personal beauty, and his fifty years, she added, I might do worse than become Lady Montgomery. Ever occupied with receiving and replying to D'Arcy's frequent letters, or in reading, talking, and practising with Ella, my friend paid but slight attention to a former admirer—for whom she had never felt even a passing gleam of sympathy—until one day she received from him a rather melancholy letter; making her in some sort a confidant, the writer threw out dark hints of debts and difficulties which had exiled him from his native land, and adverted mysteriously to envious political rivals, who were endeavouring to work his ruin, and who had, alas! succeeded in putting a present stop to a career which would have otherwise shortly ended in the Cabinet. Much changed for the better, since her acquaintance with Philip d'Arcy, and somewhat hurt and humiliated by the unexpected marriage of

Di Balzano, our heroine opened her heart in pity for the baronet's misfortunes; had not she, too, suffered from envious tongues! had not the slander been to her as 'the worm which never dieth'? Cruel, cruel world! thou art indeed a hard master—offend against thy laws—break thy one commandment, 'Thou shalt not be found out,' and thou art utterly without pity, even to the exclusion of all repentance;—cruel, cruel world! And so Evelyn took compassion on the injured man, and invited him oftener, and sympathized with his griefs, and was in every way kind to him. Thus did circumstances favour his suit."

What is there in this passage to justify a suspicion that Mrs. Edwin James is holding her late husband up to scorn in a work of fiction?

The marriage between Sir Percy and Evelyn results in misery—the scene of their wretchedness being laid in New York. Sir Percy is coarse, brutal, crafty. He is bent on getting his wife's fortune into his hands, and when she persists in keeping the strings of her own purse, his fury bursts beyond the bounds of caution. Of course, such a ruffian cannot be intended for Mr. James!—

"Our heroine had been wedded about three months. Was she blessed in her second union more than in her first marriage? My kind and gentle readers, she was not happy, yet she was content. But had she ever before indulged in any illusions as regards Sir Percy, they must have quickly faded. Even on returning from the church, his bride at his side, not one word of affection did the newly-made husband utter; of himself alone he spoke—his position, his future; but then, to be sure, he was turned of fifty, and, as Byron observes, rather than one husband at that mature age,—

'T were better to have two, at five-and-twenty. This was the beginning of sorrows. Immediately after the breakfast, the impatient bridegroom, anxious, doubtless, to embrace the fair lady he dared now call his own, knocked at the door of her chamber, where, divested of her bridal costume, she was arraying herself in a becoming travelling toilette. When admitted, the grateful lover begged—now guess, dear ladies, I pray, what—why, for the loan of a few hundred francs to pay his bill at the hotel. Rather early, methinks, to usurp marital rights over his wife's purse. Poor Evelyn's next fit of disgust was on the morrow of her bridal, when, in an elegant morning robe of the freshest muslin, her hair braided under the prettiest of caps, she with horror beheld Sir Percy enter the room unwashed, uncombed, unbraced, and perfectly innocent of a clean shirt. Seating himself at the breakfast-table, he commenced feeding, utterly unconscious of having committed an unpardonable crime against good manners. Unfortunate Evelyn! so refined, so fastidious, so exquisitely neat and clean in her personal habits, to be brought to this. 'Oh! what a falling off was there!' Sir Percy united in his own person those opposite defects which in others are usually compensated by corresponding virtues. He was at the same time a spendthrift, and the meanest of men. Hasty and imprudent, yet sly and cunning, with an appearance of frankness, he combined an utter disregard of truth. He seemed to lie for the pleasure of lying. His temper was alike quick, vindictive and revengeful, and his character comprised the opposite qualities of weakness and obstinacy. A general lover of the female sex, he was utterly incapable of individual attachment. It was clear that the baronet had married for money, but finding that his wife contented herself simply with paying their mutual expenses, and refused to place her fortune in his power, he actually began to dislike her, and made no secret of the feeling. One illustration I will give, and this is but a solitary instance of the extraordinary line of conduct pursued by Sir Percy towards her he had so recently sworn to love, protect, and cherish, during the term of their natural life. Angered one night because Evelyn had left him a small portion of his own travelling expenses to pay, he rang up the servants of the hotel at midnight, and though we were to start on the following morning at break of day, he ordered

his luggage to be transported and his bed made in a room at the most distant end of the corridor, thus making himself and his wife of a month the laughing-stock of the hotel. We do not pretend the man was altogether devoid of good impulses; but the evil of his nature was strong—the good feeble. He was ungrateful, heartless, unprincipled. Evelyn had before known only the reverse of the picture; she had been adored, petted, spoiled. How could she conceive so exceptional a character as that of Sir Percy? How bear with him? Dear friends, she did bear with him, and she was not wretched, for she now knew that all trials are the just retribution for past sins committed, past duties unperformed."

Eventually, Evelyn is liberated from her tyrant, not by a judicial decision, but by the discovery that, at the time of his marriage with her, at Paris, he had a wife shut up in a lunatic asylum.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

The American Question, and How to Settle it. (Low & Co.)—The American war has produced much wild talk and flighty literature, but of all the mad books to which it has given birth this is the most laughable. The writer is on the Northern side, and would fain bring the quarrel to an end by "an armistice, as proposed in the French despatch, to be followed up by the mediation of England and France," which friendly interference is to result in the severance of Canada from Great Britain, and its establishment as an independent nation, in friendly intercourse with the new Confederates, who, like herself are to adopt the principles of free trade. The chief benefits of such an arrangement would be shared between Canada, the mother country, and the North. Great Britain would be the gainer by finding in Canada a "natural ally"; whilst Canada would be able to protect the Northern States from the grasping policy of the South. "The gain of independence to Canada," says the writer, "would be no loss to Great Britain, but, on the contrary, a great gain in every way as a secured open market, and a self-supporting Sovereign State. On the part of Canada, all the tendencies towards the mother country would be not only preserved, but most materially strengthened,—inasmuch as such a concession would remove all jealousies and other drawbacks to this natural alliance. Canada will look to Great Britain as a natural ally, and each will look to the other as her best customer. Strengthened in position, Canada will be the best protector of the North against any future encroachments of the South, and, in the course of time, all antagonism between North and South may be merged in mutual interest." A delightful humour pervades this proposal that Canada should be declared an independent Sovereign State, so that she may be in a position to protect the States who but the other day were threatening to annex her, as soon as they had crushed the rebellion. "If it be said," observes the author in the last lines of this chapter, entitled "How to Settle it," "that these terms will never be accepted, the only answer to be given is—Try." Without doubt, there are many Northern politicians who would like to try such a settlement. Whether Great Britain might like such an arrangement, and whether Canada might like to try it, are in the writer's estimation questions of trivial importance compared with the consideration of what would be most "pleasant" to the States. Englishmen would gladly see the abolition of Northern protective tariffs, but they are not likely at any time to forget the proverb which teaches that a good whistle may be bought at too high a price.

Two Months in the Confederate States. Including a Visit to New Orleans under the Domination of General Butler. By an English Merchant. (Bentley.)—The "English Merchant" writes under the influence of warm sympathy for the Confederates, but he gives his testimony frankly in favour of the North whenever justice impels him to do so. The best part of his book is that which relates to New Orleans under General Butler's government. "I must add," says the tourist, "that the inexpressible disgust with which the two Butlers were

regarded did not extend to any other Federal officers, or only to very few of them. Brigadier-General Shipley, the Military Governor of Louisiana, and Major Strong were especially spoken of as gentlemen who were fulfilling difficult duties in a gentlemanly manner; and I must confess that the same tribute seemed justly due to all the Federal officers with whom I came in contact. The soldiers also were certainly very well behaved, and free from disorder. I never saw a case of drunkenness or bullying among them while in the city, though all the bar-rooms were open, and the pleasures of the city were accessible to all."

The South as It Is; or, Twenty-one Years' Experience in the Southern States of America. By the Rev. T. D. Ozanne, M.A. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—Mr. Ozanne is one of those sanctimonious and mealy-mouthed apologists for slavery who have been called into existence by the extravagances of Abolition enthusiasts. "The slave," lips this reverend champion of man's right to treat his brother-man like a beast, "has a life-interest in his master's estate, and therefore knows that, when he becomes either aged or infirm, ample provision is made for his subsistence: in fact, he feels himself to be no insignificant or useless member of a large family; his interests are bound up with those of his owner, the prosperity of the one securing the comfortable support of the other. *Though a bondman, he does not feel like a slave.*" Mr. Ozanne does not trouble himself to set forth in exact terms the difference between the feelings of a bondman and those of a slave.

The Elopement: a Tale of the Confederate States of America. By L. Fairfax. (Freeman.)—The villains of this historic novelette are Yankees; the good people are Southerners. The heroine, Amanda, is a lovely little girl, who is induced to fly from Georgia to New York in order that she may escape from a wicked uncle (a Yankee overseer) who threatens to sell her as a slave. From New York, Amanda returns to the South, and comes to New Orleans whilst it is occupied by the Federal forces under the command of General Felun (or Butler), whose principal subordinate officer is the "forger Jed," who has conceived an odious passion for the helpless maiden. In the last chapter of the story, Amanda is thrown into the New Orleans gaol, where Jed enters her dungeon and attempts to achieve his atrocious purpose. "'It's of no use, girl,' he said, with a leer of satisfaction, 'my triumph's come now. Scream to the winds if you will, but first—' Amanda, alive to her danger, sprang to the unlocked door. Disconcerted for a moment by the unexpected action, as she sought to fly he seized her dress. The light fabric gave way; and, *losing his equilibrium*, he fell backwards. 'Vile coward!' she cried, 'I am not conquered yet! You may inflict tyranny on the women of the South, but the men of my country will speedily avenge the outrage,' and opening the door as he rose again she bounded out into the night, Jed following close upon her. On, on they went, the girl and her pursuer. The shaded moon refused to light her way; still on in darkness she ran, up a paved hillock. On, on came Jed, his heavy footsteps nearer and nearer. With courage augmenting with the prospect of escape, forward she rushed, not knowing whither, and falling over the steep embankment disappeared in the swift waters of the Mississippi. Her wild shriek made Jed pause on the Levee; and then, as if to show him the darkness of his deed, the clouds rifted, and a girlish, moon-silvered form drifted from his view." The story closes with a wail over poor Amanda's untimely death.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Plain of Troy Described; and the Identity of the Ilium of Homer with the New Ilium of Strabo Proved, by comparing the Poet's Narrative with the Present Topography. By Charles Maclaren. (Edinburgh, Black.)—The first edition of this work was published in 1822; but the present is so altered that it may be called a new book. The author is an enthusiast on the subject, and has devoted years of patient research to its elucidation. The classical scholar will heartily thank him for his labours, and

gladly welcome the volume as an important contribution to the subject of which it treats. It is scholarly, clear, and apparently conclusive. The author has availed himself of the researches of all preceding geographers who have written on the subject; and has himself visited the spots. He believes that the site of the Homeric Ilium is the hill called Hissarlik, three miles and a half from the shore; that the ancient city and acropolis covered the area of half a mile; and that the marsh of Erichthonius was known to Homer, and is identical with the ground between the Menderé and the Kirke Jos, the existing marshes indicating the position which the ancient occupied. The whole is illustrated by maps, sketches, and woodcuts. The treatise is, like a German monograph, exhaustive of the subject. None other can be compared with it in excellence, minuteness of detail, or general accuracy. It deserves to rank as the classical work on the Troad. Whether the writer's views of the Trojan war being a real event, of the unity of the Iliad, the historical character of all that the poem contains, and of Homer's personal acquaintance with the localities, be true, is a question fairly open to debate, and likely to remain unsettled for ever. Mr. Maclaren agrees with Thirlwall and Mure in thinking that Homer's poems were committed to writing by the bard himself. But the opinion of Grote is much more probable, viz., that they were handed down by tradition till about 650 B.C. Sincerely grateful to the author for his valuable monograph, we conclude with the following extract, inspired by enthusiasm for a theme which has been the cherished object of his meditations on the past.—"Hissarlik, if proved to be the true site of Homer's Ilium, becomes consecrated ground, and will be approached with reverential feelings by the educated men of the present, and of all future generations. It is indissolubly associated with the earliest portion of the literary treasures bequeathed to us by the ancient world. The poet's rock of Ilium will always be peopled with heroic memories, as in times past it has been the birthplace of noble thoughts, which have influenced the fortunes of mankind. Who can doubt that the lessons of patriotism and heroism taught by Homer, contributed to nerve the arms of the men who stemmed the tide of eastern barbarism at Plataea and Marathon? It is not alone the immortal 'Lays' of the Iliad and Odyssey that shed a glory over the now desolate hill. The file of Tragic writers, from Æschylus to Seneca, imbibed the principles of their art from Homer, and borrowed his characters of gods and heroes, while the painters and sculptors embodied these in the noblest forms of humanity. Ilium was for a considerable period to the Heathen world, what Jerusalem is now to the Christian, a 'sacred' city which attracted pilgrims by the fame of its wars and its woes, and by the shadow of ancient sanctity reposing upon it. Without abusing the language of figure, we may say, that a voice speaking from this hill three thousand years ago, sent its utterances over the whole ancient world, as its echoes still reverberate over the modern."

The Flower of Christian Chivalry. By Mrs. W. R. Lloyd. With Illustrations by J. D. Watson. (Hogg & Sons.)—The book to which Mrs. Lloyd has given this fanciful title contains meagre sketches of Bernard of Menthon, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, Savonarola, Philippe Pinel, the Abbé de l'Épée and the Abbé Sicard, Patrick Hamilton, Andrew Melville, Bishop Bedell, Granville Sharpe, Henry Martyn and Henry Kirke White. The memoirs display neither originality nor vigour of thought; but their author hopes they may be found useful as "a remedy for a prevailing evil of the day." As the lady does not expressly name the evil which is thus alluded to, we infer from the deep and even oppressive tranquillity of her pages that she is bent on raising a counter-influence to "sensation" literature. Mr. Watson's illustrations are good enough for a volume which is certainly not above the average standard of works for children.

Lessons of Love; or, Aunt Bertha's Visit to The Elms: a Story for Children. By Emma Marshall. (Seeley & Co.)—During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Aunt Bertha takes up her residence at "The Elms," and holds the Prescott children in gentle, womanly guardianship until papa and

mamma, at the close of the volume, return from the South of Europe, where they have been staying for the sake of Mr. Prescott's health. The children are hearty, natural children, and the story, which abounds with incidents and is pervaded by a healthy tone, will be popular with those for whom it is especially written. As a gift-book for little girls, 'Lessons of Love' may be cordially recommended.

A Story of Carn Brea, Essays and Poems. By John Harris, Cornish Miner. (Hamilton, Adams & Co.)—In many parts of 'A Story of Carn Brea' the reader encounters the same simplicity of thought and gracefulness of expression which made us call attention to the earlier publications of the Cornish miner. As a writer of verse, John Harris has earned a place by the side of Robert Bloomfield. Of the prose essays published in this volume, we cannot speak favourably.

An Interpreting Concordance of the New Testament, showing the Greek Original of every Word; with a Glossary explaining all the Greek Words of the New Testament, and giving their Varied Renderings in the Authorized Version. By the Rev. Jas. Gall. (Edinburgh, Gall & Inglis.)—Here another Concordance is added to the list of those already existing. Ingenuity and pious zeal have found helps for the English reader of the New Testament of which former generations little dreamed. The plan of the present work comes nearest that of 'The Englishman's Greek Concordance,'—a book that has helped many students to a pretty good knowledge of the Christian records. It consists of two parts, a concordance and glossary. By means of the former the student finds the original Greek of the English words; by the latter he ascertains its meaning, and gets a key to the passage in which it occurs. An example will best show the use and application of the work:—"Abase, tapeinoō, Matthew xxiii. 12, exalt himself shall be a—ed; Luke xiv. 11, and xviii. 14, shall be a—ed; Philipp. iv. 12, know both how to be a—ed; 2 Cor. xi. 7, in a—ing myself that ye." In the glossary is next found "Tapeinoō [tapeinos], to bring low, humble, abase." From this example the reader will see that the book is intended solely for those who are unacquainted with the Greek original, whom it puts as near as possible in the position of scholars familiar with the latter. The execution is good. No pains seem to have been spared. The work is full and accurate, embracing everything that comes within the purpose of the compiler. But it is merely for the received text. The texts of Griesbach, Lachmann and Tischendorf are ignored. And we suspect that, like 'The Englishman's Greek Concordance,' the book before us has grown out of the belief that the *ipsissima verba* of the New Testament are truly and infallibly inspired. However this be, the Concordance is likely to be useful to a very large class of Scripture readers, who, though ignorant of Greek, are desirous to find out the true import of the words in the Authorized Version, when the English language did not enable the translators sufficiently to define or express it. Hence it will promote the intelligent study of the New Testament to a certain extent—little indeed in the eyes of the scholar: but it was not made for such.

Clippings from Manuscript: Prose and Verse. By J. H. Powell. (Pitman.)—Instead of clipping his manuscripts, and putting selected scraps before the public, Mr. Powell should have thrown them on the fire, and turned away from their ashes with a brave resolve to get the better of his vain ambition to figure as an author. His verse is better than his prose, but the best of it is not worthy of insertion in the "Poet's Corner" of a provincial paper. In his essay on 'Dancing' the author observes, "Ladies, more delicately constituted than gentlemen, render themselves predisposed to unhealthy influences. They very often dance till the dawn of morn, and then, in a state of extreme perspiration, take cold, which not unfrequently brings on a fatal climax." Such being Mr. Powell's view of the perils of dancing, well may he exclaim, "Away forever with the midnight public places known as ball-rooms, where all that is decent is made to blush, and virtue expires, as the taper, consumed in the wick, waning by degrees in the silent, solemn night." It appears that Mr. Powell has read

papers, made up of such trash as the above extracts, to "the members of literary societies."

Our Reprints include a new edition of *Lady Morgan's Memoirs* (Allen), entitled the second, though it is in strict fact, we understand, the third. A note explains that the volumes have been revised, and many small clerical errors, especially in the quotations, corrected. We have also on our table Mr. William Longman's *Fourth and Fifth Lectures on the History of England* (Longman).—Vols. XXVI. and XXVII. of the Reprint of *Punch* (Bradbury & Evans).—Mr. Lever's *Davenport Duan and The Fortunes of Glencore* have been added to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's 'Select Library,—*The Young Doctor*, by the Author of 'Sir Arthur Bouverie, &c. (Clarke).—*The Transportation of Criminals: being a Report of the Discussion at the Special Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, Edited by J. R. Fowler and W. Ware, jun. (Faithfull).—*Scpticism*, by the Rev. W. C. Magee (Hodges, Smith & Co.).—*A Century of Experiments on Secondary Punishments*, by the Hon. C. B. Adelerley (Parker, Son & Bourn).—*Special Hospitals*, by Dr. Martin (Richards).—*Return of the Principal Operations on the Eye performed in the Calcutta Eye Infirmary*, by Dr. Martin (Richards).—*Illustrations of the Use of the Ophthalmoscope*, by Dr. Martin (Churchill).—*Fourteen Months in American Bastiles* (Mackintosh).—*Stories from the Lips of the Teacher*, Retold by a Disciple (Whitfield).—*Indian Annexation: British Treatment of Native Princes* (Trübner & Co.).—*On the Danger of Hasty Generalization in Geology*, by A. Bryson (Neill & Co.).—*An Introductory Chapter to the History of Scotland during the First Sixty Years of the Seventeenth Century*, by J. Moncrieff (Hamilton).—and Mr. Beresford Hope's *Lecture on the Social Influence of the Prayer-Book* (Ridgway). In Second Editions we have to announce *The Types of Genesis Briefly Considered as Revealing the Development of Human Nature*, by Andrew Jukes (Longman).—*Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland, with some Remarks on the same in England*, by Four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield (Simpkin).—*Date Obolum Lancastria*, by F. E. G. (Bell & Daldy).—*The Spirit of the Bible; or, the Nature and Value of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures Discriminated*, by E. Higginson (Whitfield).—*The Mystery of Money Explained* (Walton & Maberly).—*Helen Lindsay; or, the Trial of Faith*, by Ellen Barlee (Faithfull).—and *Sacred Minstrelsy*, by the Rev. M. Margoliouth (Wertheim). We have a Third Edition of *Oracles from British Poets*, by James Smith (Virtue & Co.).—and a Twelfth Edition of Mr. Justin Brenan's *Composition and Punctuation* (Virtue & Co.).

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ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

Down, Bromley, Kent, May 5.

I hope that you will grant me space to own that your Reviewer is quite correct when he states that any theory of descent will connect, "by an intelligible thread of reasoning," the several generalizations before specified. I ought to have made this admission expressly; with the reservation, however, that, as far as I can judge, no theory so well explains or connects these several generalizations (more especially the formation of domestic races in comparison with natural species, the principles of classification, embryonic resemblance, &c.) as the theory, or hypothesis, or guess, if the Reviewer so likes to call it, of Natural Selection. Nor has any other satisfactory explanation been ever offered of the almost perfect adaptation of all organic beings to each other, and to their physical conditions of life. Whether the naturalist believes in the views given by Lamarck, by Geoffroy St. Hilaire, by the author of the 'Vestiges,' by Mr. Wallace and myself, or in any other such view, signifies extremely little in comparison with the admission that species have descended from other species and have not been created immutable; for he who admits this as a great truth has a wide field opened to him for further inquiry. I believe, however, from what I see of the progress of opinion on the Continent, and in this country, that the theory of Natural Selection will ultimately be adopted, with, no doubt, many subordinate modifications and improvements.

CHARLES DARWIN.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Brookwood Park, Alresford, April 27, 1863.

SUPPOSE Columbus to assure us that no man, beast or bird existed on the continent of America. "How do you know?" say we. "Have you been all over the continent?"—"No, I never even landed."—"Then how do you know?"—"I dredged the sea, and, though I found lots of sea shells, I found no remains of man, or beast, or bird. So, of course, none of these can exist on the continent." On receiving such an answer, we should, I conceive, treat Columbus as a fool or a madman. And if so, how ought we to treat those who, using the same argument, tell us that as no remains of land animals are found in marine strata, no land animals existed on the land from the denudation of which these marine strata were formed? Which is most probable, that the continents were inhabited during the deposit of the Silurian beds, or that Asaphus Tyrannus tyrannized for countless ages alone over this magnificent terraqueous globe? Drop fifty thousand dead bodies into the sea at Brighton, not one of them would go out to sea. Their bones would be ground on the shore. So that, as I asserted in 'Rain and Rivers' years ago, man, land animals and birds might have existed for ages before the first marine strata were formed, without our finding a vestige of them in these marine strata.

The most ancient museums in which the remains of man, land animals and birds can be stored, are land formations, such as drift, alluvium, filled-up lakes and caverns. But these and their contents must be modern, since they vanish by denudation *pari passu* with the surface of the land. Infinitely ridiculous are the ideas of geologists on the forma-

tion of these museums of land-animal remains. For instance, we are gravely assured in a review of Lyell's 'Antiquity of Man,' that, because at the mouth of the Somme a freshwater deposit exists thirty feet below the level of the sea, the land must have been thirty feet higher than it is now when this deposit was formed. The simple fact is, that the river, which first formed the estuary, has since filled it up with the *débris* brought to it by the wash of rain in lengthening and broadening the valley of the Somme,—no change of level of the sea or land has happened. In many places along our south coast estuaries are choked up by travelling beaches. The fresh water soaks out through the beach. But the tide cannot soak in through the beach quickly enough to rise in the old estuary to near its height. Peat and marsh land rapidly accumulate: and then firm ground by the overflow of the flooded streams. So that trees grow far below high-water level. The erosion of the shore by the sea goes on. The shingle-bank is driven back inland, and overwhelms the trees. The shingle is again driven inland, and the roots of the trees and the peat are by degrees found out at sea below high-water mark. Then comes a geologist who points to the so-called subterranean or submarine forest, as a proof that the land is sinking, when, perhaps, neighbouring raised beaches show that it is rising. Such a submarine forest may be seen near Pevensey. Another close to St. Leonards. Another near Torquay, and a dozen more on our south coast. Again, to form a drift-bed or to move a boulder or erratic block the late geologist must have a "cataclysm," as he calls a flood, or "a wave of translation," or "a great advancing wave from the north," or icebergs. True that *nous avons changé tout cela*, and the present geologist substitutes for these that most monstrous assumption a "glacial epoch." Now the great majority of drift-beds are simply old sea-shores or lake-shores, and erratic blocks and boulders are the result of the travelling of beaches, which has been totally overlooked and ignored.

If the reader will examine our south coast he will find that the chalk flints of Dover travel to the Land's End, and that boulders of the igneous rocks of Cornwall travel to Dover. And this same mixture may be seen in the ancient raised beaches. As the wind blows the wave goes, and as the wave goes the beach goes. Boulders might travel thousands of miles in the same direction; they do travel backwards and forwards thousands of miles, and they never cease to travel till they are ground to sand. This is the origin not only of our drift-beds, but of the vast regions of sand, sandstone and conglomerate formations. Place pounded sugar and small lumps on the top of the sugar-basin and shake it. The fine sugar sinks between the large lumps, which rise to the surface. So, on the beach, the large boulders being uppermost are first struck by the wave, and they travel most rapidly. This may be observed between two "groins," which are most philosophical contrivances to arrest the travelling of beach. The finer the drift the further it goes out on the shore. But nothing goes out to sea, except mud, that is, except what water can hold in suspension. This cannot sink till it reaches deep, still water, below the movement of the waves. But the mouth of every river and of every valley is an outlet for mud as well as for water. In the form of muddy water the old Continent takes passage to the sea, hereafter, like Aladdin's lamp, to be changed for a new one, by the hoisting of subterranean heat. It is only fire which keeps our heads above water. The terraces of Glen Roy are ancient lake-shores. The Spean, in cutting its course between Ben Nevis and the opposite ridge, lowered the barrier of the lakes, drained them, and they successively stood at the different levels indicated by the terraces. Lyell recognizes this principle of aqueous erosion as a universal principle. He can see it at work throughout the Old World and the New World, in the ancient lakes of Auvergne in France, in the valley of the Dranse in Switzerland, in the valley of the Anio in Italy, and in the lakes of America. Why, then, can he not see it in Glen Roy?

Drift is also formed by land floods. But the

gravel in the bed of the valley of the Somme and of other chalk valleys, though it may be called *drift*, has in reality never been *driven*. The two chalk sides of the valley were once joined, and were surmounted with tertiary strata. The erosion of rain has cut the valley through these strata, and in doing so has dropped the flints contained in them to the bed of the valley. This gravel may be called the *residuum* of denudation. Such valleys should be depicted by five symmetrical stripes. Two outside stripes of clay; two inside stripes of chalk, and a central stripe of gravel and alluvium. If this is not the true history of the formation of such chalk valleys, if they are igneous cracks, how got the *angular* gravel in their beds? The power of denudation is by no means appreciated. All geologists follow the illustrious Lyell in his dictum, that denudation and deposit are equal, and are the measure one of the other. So they would be if deposits were never denuded. But denudation is almost always employed on deposits, and past denudation exceeds existent deposits by an infinite multiple. Everything at the surface of the earth which is not living is decaying. Every flint is inclosed in a surface of decay. The whole earth is inclosed in a surface of decay; for soil is decayed subsoil, and on this decay all organic life, vegetable and animal, depends. Soil is perpetually forming and perpetually washing by rain down the hill-sides, along the valleys to the sea. No one could look at the so-called *alluvial* gold in the International Exhibition without seeing that it had once been the so-called *matrix* gold. Now what released the gold from its quartz matrix, from its almost adamantine prison? Simply the decay of the quartz by the atmosphere. And what carried the gold into the alluviums? The wash of rain. Now these alluviums extend for hundreds of miles and are hundreds of feet in depth, and all the earth contained may be worth washing for gold. The collections of china clay (which is from the felspar of decayed granite) also show the effect of small constant causes multiplied by time.

In the lower Denmark peat the Scotch fir is found; above this the oak; while the present growth is beech. This change of growth is attributed to a change of climate, but it only requires a change of soil. Now, soils are always changing, owing to the denudation of the whole surface of the earth by rain. Bagshot Heath is now a sand and Scotch fir country. When the Bagshot sand has vanished it will be a clay and oak country. When the London clay and plastic clay have vanished it will be a chalk and beech country. But no change of climate is required. Plants come and go according to soils, not according to Forbes's glacial epoch. Heath grows on the Bagshot sand to the north of the chalk Hog's-back, and on the green sand to the south of the chalk Hog's-back, but no heath grows on the intermediate chalk Hog's-back. Is this owing to the glacial epoch, according to Forbes, or is it simply that heath will grow on sand and will not grow on chalk?

A flooded stream, confined by the sides of a gullet, drives rocks before it. At its mouth the waters spread and drop their load of rocks. The wiseacre geologist dubs the heap of rocks a moraine of an ancient glacier!

GEORGE GREENWOOD, COLONEL.

FREE TRADE IN THEATRES.

If I am to believe a number of advertisements which have been inserted in the daily newspapers for the last few weeks, London will soon be in possession of a new and improved theatre. This model house is to be erected in or near the Haymarket, and is to be part of a scheme which includes the buying of the Westminster-Lambeth Theatre, formerly known as Astley's, and the erection of a manufactory for scenery and stage-machinery on the banks of the river, immediately opposite the Houses of Parliament. The capital of the company which proposes to do all this is to be £25,000., in five thousand shares of 25*l.* each, and the manager is to be Mr. Dion Boucicault, who is to receive one-third of the net profits of the undertaking as payment for his services. Whether the two theatres are to be supplied with any other dramas than the manager's popular and unpopular

adaptations is not stated on the face of the prospectus; but I may presume that all Mr. Boucicault's American pieces will be played out before the houses fall back upon the usual translations from the French.

The prospect of having a new and really comfortable theatre at the west end of London is so cheering that I would not willingly say one word against the enterprise. When Mr. Boucicault was at the Adelphi he did all he could to spoil the noble balcony of that theatre, by squeezing in an extra row of seats, which Mr. Webster would do well to remove; but he has atoned, in some measure, for this offence, by his re-construction of Astley's Theatre. Though I am not disposed to regard Mr. Boucicault as the greatest dramatist of the age, or the only possible model manager, I can see that his energy and revolutionary ideas may make him very useful as a theatrical reformer. Already the prospect of enlightened competition is having its effect on certain metropolitan lessees, and Mr. Buckstone has, at last, announced his intention of re-modelling the Haymarket Theatre. The dress-circle of that historical house has long been worse than the stocks. Many a time I have crouched between its crowded seats, and, looking down into its snug pit, have mentally exclaimed—

I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis quite a little Heaven below!

The announcement of this new Joint-Stock Theatre Company can hardly fail to alarm the upholders of the present theatrical monopoly. The calmness with which the promoters of the company discuss the details of their enterprise, unfold its plan, and calculate its future profits, without a single reference to the all-powerful and fastidious Lord Chamberlain, must seem almost impious to those who believe in the wisdom of a theatrical censorship. The cause of this irreverent boldness can only be explained by one of two suppositions. One supposition is that the directors of the company, with their ten or eleven titled patrons, have a thorough contempt for the Lord Chamberlain's authority in dramatic matters; and the other supposition is, that they have considerable backstairs influence with the guardian angel of the drama.

The new theatre, which will doubtless soon be built and licensed, in a market already crowded with places of amusement, will show the folly of entrusting the supply of playhouses to a court servant. Every argument that could be brought forward by official timid dabblers in free-trade who think the line of freedom ought not to be drawn at theatres—and secret sympathisers with everything that looks like an imitation of French social government—might be used to stop the opening of this theatre. Allusion might be made to Mr. Buckstone's theatre, to the great Opera House, with its Bijou Theatre which is so seldom let, to the St. James's Theatre, which is so slowly earning a character as a successful playhouse, and to the number of music-halls and acrobatic arenas in the neighbourhood. Without even touching upon the Strand with its three playhouses, or mentioning Drury Lane and Covent Garden, it might easily be shown that the supply of West-end theatres is fully equal to the demand, and the Lord Chamberlain might give the same refusal of a licence to the New Theatre Company which he has so often given to projectors of new playhouses in the same district, and seem to be consulting the public good in so doing. By turning his back, however, upon these plausible obstructive arguments, and promising his support to an enterprise which is ushered into the world under the imposing patronage of two dukes, two marquises, five earls, one baronet and an honourable colonel, he will most assuredly lay himself open to the charge of favouritism. It will be seen that no such "patrons" are wanted for a theatre until it is in full working order, and then only to take stalls and boxes, like common people with plenty of money. The fact that they sit in state over this unborn playhouse, will be held to mean something more than a mere attraction for shareholders.

I have every reason to believe that Lord Sydney, the present Lord Chamberlain, is a very sensible nobleman, alive to the injustice and absurdity of his theatrical censorship. He

scarcely requires to be told that an officer of the royal household can do no more good by regulating the supply of theatres and looking over plays, than by regulating the supply of pastry-cooks and looking over tarts and cheesecakes. If one or more capitalists think proper to risk their money in building a place for the performance of stage-plays in a particular locality, there is no more reason why they should ask a Lord Chamberlain's permission to do so than if they were going to invest their capital in a steambot. They know they can build a music-hall, a gallery for "entertainments," or a circus for ground and lofty tumbling, without such a courtly sanction, and they cannot understand why it is required for a common playhouse.

The British drama is now quite old enough to do without courtly leading-strings, and the licensing of plays with the licensing of theatres ought to be swept away together. The literature of the stage is generally a quarter of a century behind its age in quality, but its purity is always up to the moral level of the hour. No censor of plays ever yet made audiences more decent, or added a grace to dramatic productions beyond the reach of art. The plays that are not in harmony with the feeling of the time are never produced, although they can be performed without any consultation with the Lord Chamberlain and his servants. The dramas frequently adapted from the French are open to serious objections; but here the dramatic critics of the press are always in advance of the Court censor. While he licenses mechanically—afraid, no doubt, of making his office unpopular—they analyze and condemn, and do more to improve public taste than a hundred Lord Chamberlains. Instigated by Court feeling, or probably by diplomatic instructions, the Court censor may sometimes strike out an unpalatable political allusion; but the moment he has done so he must feel the feebleness of his influence. His power only extends to London, and not even there is it respected. The words that he has striven to smother will stare him in the face from a thousand newspapers and prints, howl into his ear in a hundred platform-speeches and music-hall songs, and even be introduced on the stage by a bold, irresponsible, gagging comedian. The censorship of plays is a hollow mockery, that is neither useful nor ornamental; and I can hardly wonder that high-minded people, when they hold the office, are the first to turn against it.

J. H.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ONE of the grievances to which the Royal Academicians have hitherto clung has, to some extent, been removed. Candidates for admission as Associates have always been compelled to attend at the Academy in the month of May, and inscribe their names in a book kept there. Many a high-spirited artist has been kept out of the Society by this regulation, because he considered it such an indignity that he never would submit to it; or else he ultimately became disgusted with, and avoided the annual humiliation imposed upon him of thus soliciting to be permitted to compete for the honour of being elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. What valid reason is it possible to assign for thus practically compelling an artist, either annually, or even once, to solicit the consideration of his professional claims by the Royal Academicians? Surely the fact of a man sending his works for exhibition at the Academy might and ought to be deemed sufficient evidence of his desirability to be elected an Associate. Can it be doubted that the honour would be enhanced to the recipient from the fact of its having been conferred without any solicitation upon his part? It may be well to remind the Royal Academicians that the existence of their most questionable *monopoly* of the professional honours and powers they enjoy depends exclusively on the will and pleasure of the Crown. Also, that, in fact, they are but trustees appointed for promoting British Art. They well know how galling the regulation has always been considered, and how keenly sensitive most artists are. Consequently we submit that in deference to the feelings of the non-members of the Academy the *whole* of the regulation in question ought to be entirely abolished.

But it seems the Royal Academicians have not been able to screw up their courage sufficiently to adopt such a radical reform as that. They have contented themselves with a partial abatement of the nuisance. Accordingly, in the usual notice at the commencement of the Exhibition Catalogue for this year we find it announced that exhibitors of this or last year "may become candidates by inscribing their names, or communicating by letter to the Secretary, during the month of May." The italics denote the alteration. Surely greater prominence ought to have been given to what every artist must consider so important a concession to the non-members of the Academy. Such as it is, however, we hail this reform as one of the first fruits of Lord Elcho's Commission to ascertain whether any, and if so, what, changes it might be desirable to make in the present position of the Royal Academy, to render it more useful in promoting Art and developing public taste. The artistic profession and the public look to the results which it is hoped will arise from the labours of Her Majesty's Commissioners. It is high time that the traditional ideas of that little clique who practically carry on the government of the Royal Academy, and hold the profession at their mercy, should be expanded. The existing extent of that profession, and the rapidly-increasing interest of the public in works of fine art, alike necessitate such reforms in the constitution and management of the Society and its Exhibition as will afford confidence and satisfaction not only to the great body of British artists, who are non-members of the Academy, but likewise to those who take an interest in the progress of the fine arts.

COPYRIGHT IN ENGRAVINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Gambart's industry and perseverance in defending his copyright property have been crowned with remarkable success. Our readers will remember that, some few months since, an action was tried before Mr. Justice Willes, which had been brought by Mr. Gambart for piracy of his two copyright engravings, 'The Light of the World,' and 'The Horse Fair,' by making and selling small photographic copies made from prints taken from these engravings. Mr. Gambart obtained the verdict, with ten pounds damages; but, upon a question of law being raised, whether copying the prints in question by means of photography and selling such copies, is prohibited within the meaning of the Engraving Acts, the learned Judge reserved leave to the defendant to take the opinion of the Court of Common Pleas upon that point. On Saturday last, the question was argued before the Lord Chief Justice Erle, and three other of the Judges, who were unanimously of opinion that Mr. Gambart was entitled to retain the verdict he had obtained.

This decision is of unusual interest and importance to a considerable number of persons. It remedies the mischief of which the print-publishers have so long and bitterly complained,—inasmuch as it clearly establishes that making, selling, or publishing any photographic copy of a copyright engraving or lithograph of any description, if done without the consent of the proprietor of such copyright, renders the offender liable to the pains and penalties defined by the Engraving Acts. The decision thus directly affects the interests of every painter, engraver, photographer, print and photograph seller throughout the United Kingdom. Taken in conjunction with the Act of last session, which, it should be remembered, for the first time created a copyright in pictures and drawings, the decision gives a security to the proprietors of copyrights in British engravings which they have never hitherto enjoyed. The increased value of pictures and engravings, resulting from that security against the piracy of artistic property will, we trust, be productive of the most beneficial results in the arts of designing and engraving.

It may be useful, at this time especially, to remind artists and the purchasers of their works of the protection the law now enables them to acquire for their copyright property. Under the Act of last session, the exclusive copyright in any original painting, drawing, and photograph may

be effectually protected in every case where such work was not sold or disposed of before the 29th of July, 1862. If a work has been executed upon commission, then the copyright belongs to the employer, and not to the artist. If, on the other hand, it was not executed upon commission, then the copyright is the property of the artist; but such copyright will become public property, unless at or before the time when such artist first sells or disposes of his work he agrees, in writing, with the purchaser thereof, as to the sale or reservation of the copyright. If the artist reserves it, the agreement must be signed by the purchaser; and if the latter is to have the copyright, then the agreement must be signed by the artist or by his agent.

But in no case can any legal proceedings for the infringement of such copyright be maintained against a pirate unless that copyright has been registered at Stationers' Hall before the act of piracy complained of has been committed. Hence the necessity of registering every original painting, drawing, and photograph as soon as possible. It only remains to add, upon this part of the subject, that by the agreement above mentioned an artist may effectually reserve his copyright for all purposes of engraving, where the bargain is that the purchaser shall have the copyright, by stipulating in the agreement that the purchaser shall grant the artist or his nominee an exclusive licence to engrave the work in question.

To acquire copyright under the Engraving Acts, an engraving or lithograph in which such right is claimed must have been actually made in some part of the United Kingdom; and the name of the proprietor of the copyright and date of first publication of the print must be truly stated upon the plate or block, &c., and printed on every print taken from such plate, &c.

All engravings and lithographs not executed within the United Kingdom, are unprotected by the Engraving Acts. The only exception to this rule exists in favour of works of that description under our International Copyright Acts, where such works have been first published in any foreign State with which Her Majesty has entered into a copyright convention. Thus, engravings and lithographs first published in France, Prussia, and several other States, may be protected here as to the copyright in them; but to acquire that protection, unfortunately, as the law now exists, a double set of conditions must be performed: first, the name of the proprietor, and date of first publication in the foreign State, must be engraved and printed exactly the same as if the print were first published in the United Kingdom; and secondly, the print must be registered and a copy deposited at Stationers' Hall, London, within three months after the first publication of such print abroad. Unless all these conditions are performed, the copyright is utterly lost in the British dominions. We call attention to these facts, as they are of much consequence to the proprietors of foreign copyright engravings, whose property therein may with impunity be injured by the photographic or any other process of copying, unless the formalities we have pointed out are accurately performed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The following are the names of the fifteen selected out of the whole number of forty-five candidates whom the Council of the Royal Society recommend to the Fellows for election. Mathematicians and chemists appear to be in favour this year, and no one will complain that the list is overdone with M.D.s. Three of the names we observe represent painting, architecture and literature. The day fixed for the election is Thursday, June 4.—E. W. Cooke, Esq., W. Crookes, Esq., J. Fergusson, Esq., F. Field, Esq., Rev. R. Harley, J. R. Hind, Esq., C. W. Merrifield, Esq., Prof. D. Oliver, F. W. Pavey, M.D., W. Pimgelly, Esq., H. E. Roscoe, Esq., Rev. G. Salmon, D.D., S. J. A. Salter, Esq., Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D. and Col. F. M. Eardley Wilmott, R.A.

At their meeting, on the 30th ult. the Royal Society elected Prof. Heinrich Gustav Magnus, of Berlin, one of their fifty foreign members. The

qualifications of the new Member are of a high order. In the *Abhandlungen* of the Berlin Academy of Sciences and in Poggendorff's *Annalen* have appeared his numerous papers on mineral, organic and animal chemistry, on capillary attraction, on the properties of gases and vapours, on hydraulics, heat, magnetism and voltaic electricity: a wide range, truly.—Jacob Steiner was to have been elected also on the same evening, but the aged mathematician died before the day arrived. His last hours were cheered by the news imparted to him by his friends that the Council of the Royal Society had nominated him for election.

Mr. Sorby's paper—read last week, at the Royal Society—is one of those which mark a new step in scientific progress. Those few among geologists who regard the dynamics of their science have been able for some years past to appreciate Mr. Sorby's methods of research and his carefully-drawn conclusions. There is merit in showing the structural origin of rocks as well as in searching for fossils. The title of the paper in question, 'On the direct Correlation of Mechanical and Chemical Forces,' is a pregnant indication of the theory therein developed. It clears away difficulties, and throws light on phenomena hitherto inexplicable; those, for instance, in which mechanics and chemistry appear to have an equal share. It has long been known that pressure has an important effect on the solubility of salts. Mr. Sorby, by filling the tubes with which he experiments at a very low temperature, and placing them afterwards in proper situations, is enabled to keep the solutions which they contain, under a pressure of from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds to the square inch, for weeks or months continuously, and to watch the results. The pressure is measured and indicated by a capillary tube inclosed within the principal one. The researches of Mr. Hopkins and Prof. W. Thomson have made us acquainted with the effects of pressure on fusion and freezing, and there appears to be an intimate connexion between them and the experiments here under notice. Mr. Sorby has proved that if a salt contract in dissolving it is more soluble under pressure, and that if it expand it is less soluble. The law, as might be anticipated, varies with the nature of the salt. For common salt it may be stated thus: the extra quantity dissolved varies directly and simply as the pressure. On comparing sulphate of copper with ferridcyanide of potassium under the same pressure, it is found that one quantity dissolved of the former is ten times that of the latter; and there is a still greater variation of the mechanical equivalents. Reasoning upon the interesting facts brought out by this investigation, Mr. Sorby concludes that the experiments "indicate that in some cases pressure causes a slower and in others a quicker chemical action. And I think it probable," he continues, "that further research will show that pressure weakens or strengthens chemical affinity according as it acts in opposition to or in favour of the change in volume, as though chemical action were directly convertible into mechanical force, or mechanical force into chemical action, in definite equivalents, according to well-defined general laws, without its being necessary that they should be connected by means of heat or electricity." Apply these principles, and it seems easy to explain peculiarities in the structure of metamorphic rocks—to account for slaty cleavage—for some of the phenomena of crystallization, that is, the direction in which the crystals are formed, and for the impressions made by one limestone-pebble in another, as seen in the "Nagelfluhe"—the latter a much-debated question amongst the geologists of Switzerland, Germany and France. In due time we shall have to record a further development of the theory, of which, as Mr. Sorby remarks, his present paper is to be regarded as a preliminary notice only.

A special Exhibition of Sculptures in Ivory will be open to Members of the Archæological Institute, at the apartments of the Institute, from Monday, June 1, to Saturday, June 13, inclusive.

A good deal of private comedy—as well as some personal vexation—has come of the doings of the Royal Academy Council and Hanging Committee this year. When 1,600 pictures crowd in for places it is impossible for the most genial and considerate

of councils to hang them all; but we have rarely heard so many complaints of rejection, especially in landscape works. It is no secret that among the rejected pictures are two fine landscapes by Mr. John Brett, a View at Florence and a Scene at Dorking, or that many persons of the finest knowledge and taste have been crowding all this week to the artist's studio in the Temple to see these works, and to ask the "reason why." Lord Overstone, one of the Trustees of the National Gallery, has bought the Florence which the Academy thought unworthy of its walls.

Geologists who are familiar with the idea of geological phenomena worked out through periods of inconceivable duration will, perhaps, be able to appreciate Mr. E. B. Hunt's argument on the growth and chronology of the great Florida reef. After stating the dimensions of the reef, Mr. Hunt proceeds: "Taking the rate at twenty-four years to the foot, we shall have for the total time $24 \times 250 \times 900$, on the data as stated; or, we find the total period of 5,400,000 years as that required for the growth of the entire coral limestone formation of Florida."

While awaiting the next mail from Egypt, it may interest geographers to consider the strong probability of important aid having been rendered to Speke's expedition by the adventurous traveller Mr. Baker. It will be recollected that the motive with which Mr. Petherick was sent by the Royal Geographical Society to Gondakoro, was to remove the risk of Speke's emerging at that desolate spot from the unexplored regions of the interior, without means of subsistence or transport, and therefore wholly unable to reach Khartûm. Petherick's expedition failed, but Mr. Baker, who is exploring on his own account, left Khartûm on December the 1st, 1862, with boats for Gondakoro. He calculated on reaching that place by January the 20th, or in fifty days. The monsoon changes from the north to a quarter favourable for the descent of the White Nile early in February. If, therefore, Baker found Speke encamped at Gondakoro and lent him his boats, Speke would be able to start for Khartûm within a fortnight or three weeks of Baker's arrival. This interval, added to the fifty days more or less required for the return voyage, and to the forty days occupied by the post from Khartûm to Alexandria, would exactly reach to the date of the telegram. The advantages of a meeting between Speke and Baker would be mutual; the latter would obtain important information from the former, and would doubtless be able to engage some valuable accessions to his party from among Speke's attendants.

On Thursday next, May 14, Mr. Charles Goodwin will read a paper at the Society of Antiquaries, 'On some Papyri and Samaritan Manuscripts brought over from Egypt by Mr. Stuart Glennie.'

On Tuesday, that delicate artist, M. Levassor, appeared at the Dudley Gallery in his favourite characters, and received a hearty welcome from his English admirers. Our old friends, "Le Mari au Bal" and "La Mère Michel au Théâtre Italien," were as fresh and piquant as when we saw them for the first time in Paris, half a generation ago. A new scene was announced—"Le Mal de Mer,"—but that also proved to be an old favourite of the French stage; and, however perfect as a work of Art, is better adapted for a Parisian than a London audience. Englishmen know the Channel: the idea of making the steamer French, the sufferer English, is too violent an outrage on probability, even for farce.

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce the following new works for publication during the present month:—"Lost and Saved," by the Hon. Mrs. Norton,—"Travels on Horseback in Mantchu Tartary; being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China," by George Fleming, with illustrations,—'Adventures and Researches among the Andamans,' by Dr. Mouat, with illustrations,—and 'Respectable Sinners,' by Mrs. Brotherton.

The Rev. Hill Wickham, editor of Dr. Whalley's Memoirs, wishes to inform Mrs. Siddons's daughter, our Correspondent, that if she had read the work instead of the critique, her anger would, in his opinion, have been modified; and that if she had perused all the correspondence which the Memoirs

brought before him, she would have praised him for reticence.—"Allow me," says Mr. Wickham, in conclusion, "to offer to the lady through your journal, on her application to Mr. Bentley, my publisher, some letters of her own to Dr. Whalley, written in the heyday of youth, which I think she had better possess."

Acting upon the suggestion contained in the *Athenæum* of the 11th ult., Messrs. Routledge have made arrangements with the French publisher for an English edition of 'Les Aventures d'un Chien de Chasse.' The book will be translated by Mr. Edmund Routledge.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Camden Society was held on Saturday May 2, the Marquess of Bristol in the chair. The Annual Report refers to the Society's efforts for opening the Register of Wills in Doctors' Commons for the use of literary inquirers, which has been conceded by Sir Cresswell Cresswell in respect to all wills of a date anterior to the year 1700. A volume of Wills of Members of the Royal Family; Eminent Prelates and Noblemen; persons who played important parts during the great Civil War; well-known Poets, Painters and Musicians; Divines and Philosophers; and, lastly, of some distinguished ladies, has been issued. The following works have been added to the list of suggested publications:—"Vindication of the Government of Queen Elizabeth in the matter of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots," from a MS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Winnington, Bart., M.P.,—"Letters of Charles II., from the Originals in the possession of the Marquess of Bristol. The Report of the Auditors showed a considerable balance in hand; and the places of the retiring Members of Council were filled by the names of Lord Farnham, Sir Frederic Madden and William Salt, Esq.

Messrs. Longman & Co. have issued No. 3 of their 'Wall-Maps of England and Wales,' edited by Walter M'Leod, and drawn and engraved by E. Weller. This map exhibits the geology of England and Wales. It is handsomely printed and plainly coloured: a very good school map.

Mr. David Nasmyth has published, for the use of schools, a 'Chart of the History of England,' exhibiting the principal events, civil, military, religious, intellectual and social, from 55 B.C. to 1860. This chart appears in two forms: as a volume, and as a map. The plan is very ingenious, but a little intricate, we should think, for boys. The history is divided into square spaces, like a game, for the centuries and years. If anybody could remember the facts stated in these spaces he would have at command a good deal of popular information. There is, of course, a 'Table of the Contemporary Sovereigns of Europe, from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.'

Mr. Collier has completed the twelfth part, and first volume, of his 'Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature,' by the reprint of a copy of verses on the Massacre of Protestants in France. Mr. Collier thinks his original is unique: at all events, that it is unknown to collectors and bibliographers. It is a poor production in itself; yet a certain interest lies in its doleful and exaggerated wailings. It was certainly worth ink and paper, and a corner in this unpretending volume.

Mr. Freeman has published a couple of 'Chronological Charts of European History,' drawn out by Mr. Bishop. One represents the dynasties and events of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the other those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"It would be a kind of sacrilege to draw aside the veil by which the depth and intensity of those feelings were shrouded from the public gaze," said Lord Palmerston, in reference to the grief Her Majesty suffers under, when proposing the vote of 50,000*l.* towards the expense of the Albert Memorial. Every man of feeling has owned this long ago, and felt indignant at the producers of certain photographic compositions representing the home sorrows of the Royal Family, indecent intrusions on its sacred griefs. We have compositions showing Her Majesty and Family grouped round a bust of the Prince Consort, in a sentimental tableau,

The very deathbed of the nation's friend has not been respected. The Queen is shown all over the country in photography, pathetically posed, with a widow's cap, and a prayer-book or the Prince's literary works. We cannot hope that a man who can do such things will listen to a word of protest; but let the buyer of his productions think how he would feel on being asked to peep through a keyhole at any such scenes as these invented photographs are supposed to represent.

Many people hear of distances in thousands of yards—a usual measure of artillery distances—and have very little power of reducing them at once to miles. Now, four miles are ten yards for each mile above 7,000 yards, whence the following rule: the number of thousands multiplied by 4 and divided by 7 give miles and sevenths for quotient and remainder, with only at the rate of ten yards to a mile in excess. Thus 12,000 yards is 48 7ths of a mile, or 6 miles and 6 7ths of a mile: not 70 yards too great. Again, people measure speed by miles per hour, the mile and the hour being too long for the judgment of distance and time. Take half as much again as the number of miles per hour, and you have the number of feet per second, too great by one in 30. Thus 16 miles an hour is 16 + 8, or 24 feet per second, too much by 24 30ths of a foot.

Our readers will remember that in the account of the voyage of the Austrian frigate *Novara* round the earth, it was mentioned that, by special agreement with the Colonial Government of New Zealand, one of the members of the scientific corps accompanying the expedition, Dr. von Hochstetter, remained in that colony. He resided there for nine months, engaged in researches into the geology, geography and natural history of that Great Britain of the South, and he now announces from Vienna, to which city he has returned, the publication of the results of his sojourn, which will necessarily be of much greater interest to us here and to our colonists in New Zealand than to the general public on the Continent. The purely scientific portion of his labours is to be embodied in the 'Scientific Results of the *Novara* Expedition,' now publishing by the Austrian Government, and will form a distinct monograph on New Zealand; but he has in the press also a volume on New Zealand, giving an account of his stay in, and his journeys through the colony, so much of the results of his scientific labours as are interesting to the general educated public, together with the history of the islands and the colony, a collection of the legends, proverbs and poetry, and an account of the mythology of the Maoris, the history of the recent Maori-King movements, and much statistical information. Baron Cotter had shortly before his death made all the preparations for bringing out this work in a style worthy rather of the enthusiasm with which Dr. von Hochstetter regards everything relating to New Zealand, than the interest which the subjects can possibly create in Germany, and it is to be hoped an English publisher will make an arrangement to give us a translation. The volume is to be illustrated by above one hundred wood engravings and several maps, which have been constructed by Petermann from the author's materials.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admittance from Eight till Seven, 1*o.*; Catalogue, 1*o.*

JOHN PRESOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admittance, 1*o.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1*o.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—SCÈNES ET CHANSONS COMIQUES.—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings, at Half-past Eight, assisted by Mlle. Faisseire and M. Rey. Piano-forte, M. Roosenboom, Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—Seats, Unreserved, 3*o.*; Stalls, numbered, 7*o.*; a few Fautouils, 10*o.* 6*d.* each; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

THE BLACK BRUNSWICKER, painted by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, A.R.A., is NOW ON VIEW at Moore, & Queen's Co's, 10, Fenchurch Street, E.C.—Admission by private Address Card.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS, at Half-past Eight, DUDLEY GALLERY, Piccadilly.—Monday, May 11, 'King John'; Wednesday 13th, 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; Friday, 15th, 'Romeo and Juliet.'—Seats (Unreserved), 3s.; Stalls (Numbered), 5s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s. each, which may be obtained at Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond Street, W.

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS'S RECITALS OF THE RECENT POETS and HUMORISTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, May 25, at Eight, including Macaulay's 'Horatius'; Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall'; Poe's 'Bells'; Hood's 'Miss Kilmansegg'; and 'Desert Born'; 'Ingold's'; 'Rupert the Fearless'; and 'Lord of Thoulouse, &c.'—Admission, 3s., 2s., and 1s.—Hamlet, at the Pavilion, Brighton, THIS MORNING, May 9, at Three.—Communications, 16, Howard Street, Strand.

Mr. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS, at the EGYPTIAN HALL.—The Evening—The Spirit-Rappers.—The Seaside.—Mr. HAROLD POWER will be of the Party.—Every Evening at Eight, except SATURDAY, then at Three.—Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.—Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—April 30.—Gen. Sabine, President, in the chair.—Prof. Heinrich Gustav Magnus, of Berlin, was elected a Foreign Member.—The following papers were read: 'On Spectrum Analysis, with a Description of a large Spectroscope, having nine Prisms, and Achromatic Telescopes of Two-Foot Focal Power,' by Mr. J. P. Gassiot.—'On the Direct Correlation of Mechanical and Chemical Forces,' by Mr. H. C. Sorby.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 22.—Sir P. De M. G. Egerton, Bart., V.P., in the chair.—N. Kendall, Esq., Major F. J. Rickard, and C. E. Spooner, Esq., were elected Fellows.—M. A. Favre, F. Ritter von Hauer, M. Hébert, E. Beyrich, and Dr. F. Sandberger, were elected Foreign Correspondents.—The following communications were read: 'On the Gneiss and other Azoic Rocks, and on the superjacent Palaeozoic Formations of Bavaria and Bohemia,' by Sir R. I. Murchison.—'Notice of a Section at Mocktree,' by R. Lightbody, Esq., communicated by J. W. Salter, Esq.

ASIATIC.—May 4.—Sir H. C. Rawlinson, Director, in the chair.—H. P. Le Mesurier, Esq., was elected a Non-Resident Member.—Two papers by the Rev. Jules Ferrettes were read by that gentleman: one 'On some Syriac-speaking Villages still found to exist in Anti-Lebanon,' and the other 'On a New and Cheap System of Printing the Vowels and Diacritical Signs in Arabic,' using but a single row of types for each line of print, and conforming to the established rules of caligraphy.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 7.—F. Ouvry, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.—A notice was read from the President, authorizing Sir J. Boileau, Bart., to act as his deputy, or Vice-President, in the room of the Marquess of Bristol.—S. Palmer, Esq. M.D., exhibited three caskets, an oak cabinet, and a padlock, with remarks.—The Secretary read a series of letters of Sir Thomas Wotton, and also a letter from Henry the Eighth to Mr. Secretary Knight, dated 1527.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—April 22.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—J. W. Walton, Esq. was elected an Associate.—Dr. Palmer announced the discovery of a Roman villa of some extent at Ealing Farm, about a mile and a-half from Well House, Berks.—Dr. Palmer also announced the discovery of a camp hitherto unrecorded on the Hampshire chain of hills, whence various coins of Probus, Licinius and Carausius had been discovered.—Mr. Vere Irving, Vice-President, exhibited, on the part of Mr. Greenfields, an interesting group of Antiquities discovered in the parish of Leamahago, in Lanarkshire, consisting of a Celtic coin of silver, which may be compared with the Channel Island type, and belongs to those originally struck in Armorica. A few years since a large number were found in Jersey, and have been figured in Donop's account of that hoard.—A bronze figure of a horse and a small bronze bell were also exhibited; the former of Etruscan character, and the latter four-sided, with a loop by which it could be attached to the neck of a sheep.—There were also exhibited portions of light red

earthen pottery, imperfectly kiln-baked, and a stud or button of canal coal.—Mr. Syer Cuming read 'Some Notes in relation to the Costume of a Figure of Mother Shipton,' lately exhibited to the Association.—Prof. Buckman exhibited various antiquities lately found in Gloucestershire at Corinium.—Mr. T. Wright exhibited a Roman padlock or spring bolt, and a Spanish lock of about 200 years since, showing the mode of its operation.—Three large iron lances or spears were exhibited from a hoard of upwards of 120, found in a field at Bourton-on-the-Water, one of which measured no less than 34 inches in length.—A flint celt or axe-blade was exhibited by Mr. White.

ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—May 1.—Lord Lyttelton, in the chair.—Prof. Willis gave a lecture on the Cathedral of Worcester, supplementary to that delivered by him at the last meeting of the Institute in that city.—Mr. W. W. E. Wynne exhibited the famous "Llyfr du," or Black Book of Caermarthen, formerly preserved in the Abbey at that town, but now forming part of the well-known Hengwrt collection, the property of Mr. Wynne. Mr. Duffus Hardy and Sir Frederic Madden had pronounced the MS. to be in the handwriting of the twelfth century, and their opinion has been confirmed by internal evidence.—Mr. O. Morgan exhibited, and gave some account of, three remarkably fine steel locks of Nuremberg work, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are enriched with patterns of elegant design, formed by etching and engraving on the metal. The largest lock, which is of the best tempered steel, consists of no less than 159 pieces. He brought also a "scratch-back," of the last century, and a curious steel for striking a light with flint, of the sixteenth century.—Mr. Lewis L. Dillwyn exhibited an oval medallion in bronze-gilt of Oliver Cromwell, the execution of which is very fine.—Mr. Bernhard Smith brought an Asiatic sabre with European mountings, the blade of which is covered with figures chased out of the solid steel: the sword was taken in its present condition from the body of a slain Afghan chief. He exhibited also an early Asiatic pistol, with match-lock, rudely ornamented with brass bosses and floriated studs, from the collection of the late Gen. Codrington; and two kuttars or daggers with figures chased out of the solid, and having their guards diapered with silver.—Mr. T. Selby Egan exhibited a diptych and a crucifix, both containing relics.—Mr. F. Nethercliff exhibited a "Magna Charta de Foresta," 9 Hen. III., with well-preserved seal attached.—The Very Rev. Canon Rock placed on the table a curious bronze ornament, recently found in North Wales.—Mr. E. Waterton brought a crucifix obtained in Aix-la-Chapelle; it is in wood, of the sixteenth century, and of fine German workmanship. He also exhibited four remarkable rings that have been recently added to the Waterton collection; three curious seals; and two silver ring fibule, both nielloed.—Two pistols, from the Museum of the Royal Military Repository at Woolwich, were exhibited by Mr. J. Hewitt, one of them being of the end of the sixteenth century, and the other of the beginning of the seventeenth. Both are highly enriched with chasing and inlaying with silver, and the ironwork of one is damascened in silver and gold: both have wheel-locks. The decorations on the stock are chiefly hunting and hawking subjects.—Mr. Hewitt believed the arms to have been made not for war but for the chase; and as a curious illustration of the employment of such pistols in the chase, he produced a detached wheel-lock, with an engraving of a mounted hunter, accompanied by his hounds and his foot servant, about to discharge just such a pistol as one of those exhibited at a stag and hind which he had overtaken.—Messrs. Dulau & Co. laid on the table a copy of Libri's 'Monuments Inédits' just published by them.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 5.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—At the monthly ballot the following candidates were elected.—Mr. J. Blount and Capt. V. de Medeiros, as Members; and Messrs. E. Appleton, R. T. Mallet, and Capt. F. J. Bolton, as Associates.

—The paper read was 'On American Iron Bridges,' by Mr. Zerah Colburn.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 24.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. Herschel delivered a discourse 'On Luminous Meteors.' The term includes fireballs, shooting-stars and aërolites. Lightning in the lower air presents no analogy to the phenomena of fireballs. Were the occurrence of globe lightning sufficiently proved and its origin explained, it would be contrary to analogy to infer a similar origin for meteors. The height of fireballs has been known since the time of Montanari in Italy, and Wallis in England, in 1676, and was calculated by Halley in 1714 and 1719, and again by Pringle in 1758. The calculation of eleven large fireballs most recently reported to the British Association, as passing over England during the years 1861-63, shows their first appearance to be at heights from 30 to 196 miles above the earth, and their points of disappearance from 15 to 65 miles above the earth. Their velocities are from 23 to 60 miles per second. In illuminating power they resembled globes of inflamed coal-gas, from 14 to 50 feet in diameter. In many fireballs a ball of bluish light alone is seen, and this has been explained by Mr. Brayley and Dr. Haidinger to be air heated by compression, as in a fire-syringe, before a parcel of solid matter entering the air with immense velocity from planetary space. The heat of the flame, as in the oxy-hydrogen lime-light, produces intense light by volatilizing the solid materials of the aërolite. Mr. Herschel suggested that the same heat might dissociate the oxides of the meteoric surface, and by lining the track with mixed blast and fuel of a spontaneously inflammable nature, cause the sparks and tufts of ruddy light and the phosphorescent streaks which occasionally endure for many minutes or even for an hour after the passage of a meteor. In illustration of this phenomenon, the phosphorescence of sulphurous acid was exhibited, when a luminous current of electricity through the gas was suddenly stopped. The storm of stars occasionally seen in great magnificence on the mornings of the 13th of November was first shown to be periodic by Prof. Denison Olmsted in America in 1836; but the more constant shower in the evenings of August the 10th was pointed out in England by Mr. T. M. Forster in 1827 by the publication of a MS. calendar of the last century, preserved at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where that day and the 18th of August are called by the writer (probably a monk) "stellibund" and "meteorode." M. Quetelet, at Brussels, in 1836, and Prof. Herrick, at New-haven (U.S.), aware of the unconcealed periodicity of the November shower, pointed independently to the second week of August as an epoch of annual return; and the diligent researches of Prof. Herrick proved the 10th to have been uniformly remarkable for shooting-stars during a long course of years in the last century and this. Four observations from two different stations determine the path of a single shooting-star, and their heights and velocities were so determined by Brandes and Benzenberg, at Göttingen, in 1798. Such observations were originally proposed to the Royal Society of England by J. Lynn, Esq., in 1727, and have been repeated, since the time of Benzenberg, by Quetelet, at Brussels, in 1824, and later, by Prof. Heis, at Aix-la-Chapelle, Bessel, Feldt, Erman, Schmidt, Secchi, and other continental astronomers. The heights and velocities of shooting-stars are quite similar to those of fireballs, and, like those, descending downwards towards the earth. Like shadows from a straight candle-shade, the parallel streams of meteor showers appear to radiate from a fixed point among the stars. In November the radiant point rises at midnight, but in August it belongs to the circumpolar heavens. Like fireballs, shooting-stars are therefore, probably, asteroids or minute morsels revolving in zones about the sun. The most remarkable meteors are aërolites and aërosiderites, stones and iron masses precipitated from the air. A fireball always precedes these occurrences, and a report or detonation, some minutes before the stones precipitate themselves with thundering noise upon the earth. Specimens from 111 such catastrophes are exhibited at the British Mu-

seum, and 79 specimens of iron masses of similar origin. The stones are small, clay-like or tuffaceous blocks, of one to a hundred pounds or more in weight, inclosing grains and crystals of volcanic minerals, and particles of metallic and pyritic iron alloyed with nickel, and glazed with a thin enamel-like crust of the molten substance, proving their momentary exposure to flame of very intense heat since the fragments were broken from their native rocks and hurled against the earth. They are picked up too hot to be handled. They have an exceedingly uniform specific gravity, and agree in the presence of iron, nickel, and phosphorus in their composition. Von Schreibers, at the fall of Stauern ascribed to the stones a four-sided or three-sided pyramidal figure, but this has not been substantiated by more recent falls. Widmanstätten perceived upon the polished surfaces of the irons, etched with acid, the crystalline figures which bear his name, and most recently the structure of the stones has been examined by microscopic sections of their substance as well as by chemical and crystallographical descriptions of the parts. In illustration of the history of these stones, Prof. Tyndall exhibited upon the white screen numerous thin sections of their substance, prepared by Prof. Maskelyne, at the British Museum, for the microscope. A lunar-volcanic, or "lunar-ballistic," theory has been proposed for their origin from their common specific gravity most nearly equal to that of the moon, and from the scarcity of free oxygen which their composition betrays. But their high velocity renders a planetary, asteroidal motion round the sun more probably the native path in which they are intercepted by the earth. To illustrate the phenomena of the aurora, brilliant-coloured discharges of electricity were passed through exhausted glass tubes and cells, when the transporting power of the magnet upon these currents was shown by their curvature and rotation about the magnetic poles. Observers were requested to communicate their observations of fireballs freely to the British Association, in the hope of deciding before long the laws of their return.

May 1.—*Annual Meeting*.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—The Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1862 was read and adopted.—The amount of contributions from members and subscribers in 1862 amounted to 3,079l. 13s.; the receipts for subscriptions to lectures were 560l. 14s.; the total income for the year amounted to 4,630l. 8s. 1d.—On December 31, 1862, the funded property was 29,341l. 2s. 2d.; and the balance at the bankers, 804l. 3s. 4d., with six Exchequer Bills of 100l. each.—The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—*President*, the Duke of Northumberland; *Treasurer*, William Pole, Esq.; *Secretary*, Henry Bence Jones, M.D.; *Managers*, Sir W. G. Armstrong, the Rev. J. Barlow, Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., G. Busk, Esq., G. Dodd, Esq., Sir G. Everest, J. P. Gassiot, Esq., Sir H. Holland, Bart., Sir R. I. Murchison, J. Nasmyth, Esq., W. F. Pollock, Esq., R. P. Roupell, Esq., Lord Wensleydale, C. Wheatstone, Esq., Col. P. J. Yorke; *Visitors*, Hon. and Rev. S. Best, G. J. Bosanquet, Esq., A. Boyd, Esq., J. W. Brett, Esq., B. E. Brodhurst, Esq., J. C. Burgoyne, Esq., Montagu Chambers, Esq., G. F. Chambers, Esq., C. D. Griffith, Esq., M. P., Capt. F. Gausson, K. Macaulay, Esq., E. Packe, Esq., Earl of Rosse, Earl Stanhope, G. Tomlins, Esq.

May 4.—W. Pole, Esq., Treas. and V.P., in the chair.—The Secretary announced that the President had nominated the following *Vice-Presidents* for the ensuing year:—Sir W. G. Armstrong, W. Pole, Esq., *Treasurer*, the Rev. J. Barlow, Sir H. Holland, Bart., Sir R. I. Murchison, and Lord Wensleydale.—J. Graham, M.D. and C. Howard, Esq. were elected Members.—The following Professors were re-elected:—W. T. Brande, Esq., Professor of Chemistry, J. Tyndall, Esq., Professor of Natural Philosophy, and E. Frankland, Esq., Professor of Chemistry.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 29.—Sir T. Phillips, Chairman of Council, in the chair.—The paper read was 'The Varieties of Combustible Minerals used Economically, considered in reference to their

Geological Position and Relative Value for certain Purposes,' by Prof. D. T. Ansted.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| MON. | Geographical, 8.—'Arrival of Expedition at Khartoum, from Zanzibar'; Landborough's Traverse of Australia; Madagascar, Lieut. Oliver. |
| TUES. | Acting, 7.—Syr-Egyptian, 7.—'Ophi-Lid of Men-kara, Mycerinus of the Greeks,' Mr. Marsden. Royal Institution, 3.—'Sound,' Prof. Tyndall. Engineers, 8.—'American Iron Bridges,' Mr. Colburn; 'Communication between London and Dublin,' Mr. Watson. |
| WED. | Zoological, 9.—'Derbyan Eland, Western Africa' and 'Equatorial Elephant and Gorilla,' Mr. Reade; 'Mammals and Birds, Madagascar,' Dr. Solator. Archæological Association, 4.—Annual General. Graphic, 8. Society of Arts, 8.—'Excrementitious Matter,' Dr. Thudichum; 'System of Earth Sewage,' Rev. H. Moule. Microscopical, 8. |
| THURS. | Antiquaries, 8.—Royal Institution, 3.—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted. |
| FRI. | Philological, 8.—'Anniversary,' 'Umbrian Words,' Prof. Newman. Royal Institution, 8.—'Molecule of Water,' Dr. Odling. |
| SAT. | Floral, 4.—'Promenade,' 'Umbrian Words,' Prof. Newman. Royal Institution, 3.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller. |

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Leighton contributes four pictures. The largest represents the Meeting of Elijah with Ahab and Jezebel (No. 382) at the door of Naboth's vineyard. As the text seems to suggest, the prophet is shown meeting the king and queen at the door of the vineyard. Face to face with them in the ill-got place stands the threatener of judgment, the irate prophet in his angriest mood. They recoil before him, the woman drawing up proudly with a menacing look, and gathering her robe about her; the conscience-stricken king bending his head and saluting the man of God. The figure of Elijah is grandly severe in manner, but lacks the dignity that is beyond and above mere severity. The design, drawing and manner of this picture are large and painter-like. *An Italian Cross-bow Man* (528) is the title of a half-length life-size figure of a soldier, with a cross bow upon which his hands rest; he wears a black dress and cap of the same; behind him hangs upon the wall a perished hand of some destroyed enemy or some dead friend he has sworn to avenge. The face is stern, and may be read either way. The whole of this work is remarkable for solid painting. *A Girl with a Basket of Fruit* (408) is fair as the old Greek blood could make her through generations of refinement and vigour. In brilliant sunlight she passes along by some palace wall; such a one of purest alabaster, with ground of dead gold or mosaic, being behind her; over it is the splendour of Ionian daylight sky, deep pure blue. The exquisitely beautiful flesh-painting this picture shows should win applause from artists and lovers of nature; it is admirable. All about the fair girl seems to be a world of sunniness and sensuous delight: the sun, her face, her delicate robe, the splendid fruit, the white and gilded wall, the very wasp that hums about the basket, tell of warm summer. *A Girl Feeding Peacocks* (429), by the same, is a large picture, exquisite in its treatment of colour, its delicate forms, the brilliancy of daylight, the beauty of the lady herself in the dawn of womanhood, and the regal magnificence of the birds, whose plumage is seen in full radiance about her. The damsel's head has a chaste, clear air; her slender figure is delicately drawn; one of her arms, raised on high, scatters grain to the birds taken from a basket held in the other. The simple graciousness of her pose is delightful.

Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of *The Right Hon. Stephen Lushington* (613) will please few who look for mere attractiveness and facile tricks of execution in a portrait. It is, nevertheless, a solid, noble, subtle and faithful study of character, such as a portrait should be; a masterpiece of manly execution, which, although it may have stiffened, so to say, in the very strenuousness of the painter's grasp, and lack air in its gradations of parts of the figure, has rendered the spirit of the man with extraordinary felicity, showing the artist's intense study of character. In the background are some fine phases of colour. *The King of Hearts* (146) is a little boy in a masquerade costume, standing on a lawn with a ball, such as is used for garden bowls, in his hand; behind him is pitched a mimic lance, with a shield or,

bearing the cognizance, a heart *gules*, upon it. The landscape background of this, a trim garden, with great tree-boles at intervals, is extremely brilliant and solid; the grass a capital study of nature. Despite its brilliancy and solidity, this picture looks, and is, over-laboured. This shows itself in some blackness of the shadows.

Mr. Cope has sent two pleasant pictures of children, as usual; the best is No. 46, *A Music Lesson*, a boy at a piano heedfully touching its keys under the guidance of an elder sister; his face, with its earnestness of expression and pleasant English character, is capably rendered; without peculiarity, it has the interest of a portrait. The whole of this work is solidly and honestly painted; would be improved if a little less uniform in texture; the wooliness, less than hitherto, however, with the artist, is a defect. The shortcoming is more marked in No. 221, *Morning Lessons*, which shows great improvement in colour on the part of the painter; some phases of that quality are really excellent, the solidity of the handling helps this out. A lady with a boy on her knee, guiding his hand to form letters on a slate; both figures fresh and fair; the musical pupil of the former work sits here again, with knitted brow and clenched fingers, conning a terrible "sum."—We gladly interrupt our progress with subject-pictures to call attention to an admirable portrait, by Mr. Sandys, of *Mrs. Susanna Rose* (53), hung near Mr. Cope's 'Music Lesson,' the painter-like and brilliant qualities of which are highly to be appreciated. A lady in a cap with blue ribbons, the flesh, the genial character, brightness, and sound, not at all hard, finish of this work are remarkable.

We cannot praise the soundness and solidity of Mr. Frith's *Juliet* (100). This work, if not painted under pressure, may mark the effect of strain upon a style never very robust, which is happy only in bright and clear treatment, and redeems its want of painter-like love of tone, of colour, and variety of surface by the dexterity of the workman's handling. The shadows of the flesh are dirty; the effect of light upon the face, that of a young woman looking at a moonlit landscape from a terrace or open window, is inexplicable: moonlight produces no such colour on flesh, still less can daylight cause those cold black shadows we see; while lamp-light is put out of the question by the colour of the lights. If this be Shakespeare's Juliet, as the Catalogue says, the artist has more completely failed in rendering her character than in executing a not uncommon theme. Surely Juliet was not this ringletted girl, fresh from a boarding-school, clad in white satin, and posed at a window. Mr. Frith, no doubt, meant to style his picture 'Study after the Opera.'

Mr. Elmore's picture, *Lucrezia Borgia* (130), gains in strength and vigour each time we look upon it. It is worthy, for those qualities, in the place of honour this year.—Mr. A. H. Burr, if vigour of painting, great powers of dealing with pathos and with humour, can attract attention, should win a name this year. His *Scene from 'Dora'* (250), where Dora and Mary "peeped and saw the boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees"; although a little thin in parts, shows so great an advance upon the pictures the artist sent here last year, that we hope the best from him. He is happy in avoiding the over-sweet, almost treachery, method of painting that former works promised, and which so much lowers the artistic value of Scotch painters' works in general. The pathos of this work is beyond question. At a table sits the old man, with the child standing between his knees. His lined and wrinkled face, that had kept its hardness for so long, his habitually hard eyes, set mouth, set still in its old lines, but quivering, his eyes, that disdain to weep, but are suffused and red, while memory of the boy's father and the sunny days of old comes back in his mind, are subtle readings of expression and the heart; not less fine is the old man's attitude, bent forward in the chair, his face upon his hand. The figures of the two women are good, but unequal in merit; that of Mary, the withered, anxious mother, with the lank and falling hair, remnant of her old beauty as it is, streaming in loose ringlets from under her battered hat, her

poor, pinched face, her lean and hungry look, has a pathos far beyond most pictures. The effect of firelight is truer than it looks, but not quite true.

—Mr. J. Burr sends a picture, strangely like the last, of a capital subject, treated with valuable power of rendering humour. This is *A Travelling Tinker* (425). Such an one has come to a cottage-door, and seated himself to inspect the condition of a small copper-kettle that is submitted to him by the young and buxom housewife, whose heirloom it may be; his expression of doubt, almost amounting to conviction, that the utensil will not be worth mending, to be seen in the peering eyes, one half closed, and the mouth a-skew, is capital. Hardly inferior is that of the wife, who leans forward to hear the verdict. She holds by the hand her second little son, an inquisitive youth, who has come forward holding to his mouth a wooden-spoon, his birth-gift no doubt, and stares with all the force of a pair of grey eyes. A nurse-girl and other children are also admirable for character.

The Morning of St. Valentine (157), by Mr. J. C. Horsley, a young girl looking at herself in a toilette-glass, while a letter is brought to her, is prettier than usual with the painter, and the face not merely pretty. Quite as frivolous and commonplace as usual, however, is the same gentleman's picture, *Attack and Defence* (306), some pages, in "olden" costumes, storming the window of a boudoir, which young ladies defend. There is no real "go" in this pretty thing.

Mr. G. Jones is nowhere this year. We cannot, of course, take into account a single Scripture subject, that one from the First Book of Kings, embodying a strong wind, an earthquake, "and, after the earthquake, a fire" (805); and two small landscapes, named *Andernach* (179) and *Dieppe* (309).—Mr. Frost has many pictures, but they differ so little from former works, that we need only state the fact.—Mr. A. Cooper is not less prolific; six examples come from him, among them various horses, Circassian women, and the artist's idea of how Cromwell looked at Marston Moor (307), a very strange conception of the matter.—Mr. G. Patten has only one work, a portrait (293).—Mr. Witherington has four pictures, which do not distinguish themselves from his ordinary productions.—Mr. Dobson contributes three works. Of these the best is *At the Well* (308), a very good but rather uninteresting study. More important, but even less effective in its appeal to human feelings, is the picture of *The Holy Family returned from Egypt* (340), a Germanish composition, which shows, by contrast with the painter's homely German themes, how much he misuses his powers in painting such as this last. There are in it the well-known figures—the ineffably innocent but weakly-formed children; their fixed eyes, that seem to look so much, and, being easy to do, mean so little. There is in it also that peculiar conventional skin-tint one expects from Mr. Dobson when he paints Scripture.

Mr. J. F. Lewis's single picture, No. 158, is a reproduction of the famous water-colour drawing, *The Frank Encampment in the Desert*, in oil, of a smaller size, and gaining in some respects by its translation into the new material. It is fuller in colouring, free from chalkiness, and therefore less scattered and glittering in effect. At the same time, it is less purely bright, less jewel-like. Every one knows that the subject represents Lord Castlereagh with his Arab and other attendants encamped near Mount Sinai. The whole composition is a little stiffly posed, the figures somewhat self-conscious in air.—Mr. P. F. Poole paints for colour, for rich effects and surface; he does not often imitate the qualities of detail, but contents himself by giving the pictorial suggestions of their nature and character, with a felicity and dash peculiarly his own. He generally moves us at once by the mystery and gorgeousness of his works, and their subdued splendour. Many times—as in the 'Last Scene of Lear,' at this Exhibition a few years since (1858),—he has done so by the impressive pathos of his designs. A commonplace design Mr. Poole often redeems by colour; he never, however, succeeded less in doing so than in the work before us, No. 191, a Greek lover, owner of flocks and herds innumerable, wooing his mistress.

The skin-clad herdsman leans rather awkwardly upon a bank of earth, and appeals to the damsel of his choice, who has quitted the stone hut of her ancestors, which has so small a door that she must kneel to pass in. As usual, the subject is expressed less by the figures than by the landscape, a richly hued land of rugged hills, many-folded, treeless, stark.

Mr. Marks's humorous contribution, *How Shakespeare Studied* (261), has a great deal of character. The execution of this work we look upon as indicating a transition in the painter's system. It is a little thin and flat in the figures, and lacks brightness of colouring. It is, nevertheless, finer in surface, less hard and merely quaint than we have had from him ere now. It will not attract so much attention as did 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model.' Shakespeare, rather a coarse presentation, is seated in the porch of an Elizabethan inn, watching the "humours" of a knot of folks standing in the street before him. An old city legal authority, probably the original of Dogberry before he had his "losses," is enlightening an audience consisting of a vapouring knight and a swash-buckler sort of fellow. By Shakespeare's feet is a dog, an ill-drawn animal, but an apt companion to him, not, we believe, previously suggested by any authority.

Mr. J. Clark's painting, *After Work* (122), will recall to many, if they can see it at all in its ignominious position near the floor, his admirable 'Sick Child.' To our minds it is by no means equal to that work, nor to more recent productions of the painter. Rather clearer in painting, and evidently aiming at colour, this present example is inferior to its predecessors, inasmuch as it is less solid, less happy in relief and less thoughtful in the rendering of many textures. Painted in a thinner manner, it looks smoother and more finished than others were, but is not really so, because it is flatter than they were. We regret to see signs of a less sound handling throughout this work than we hoped to find. The design itself is good, and, although there is sameness in the characters, hence a family likeness to well-known productions of Mr. Clark's, the expressions are as happy as ever. A workman is reading from an illustrated journal for the edification of his little son, who sits upon his knee. The grandmother, with a half-deaf air, listens from her seat next the fire. The curly-headed children Mr. Clark has made us so familiar with are here again, pleasantly enough.—Mr. Crowe has taught us to look every year for something from him illustrating Johnson and his friends. Last year's 'De Foe in the Pillory' (an excellent picture) was, therefore, rather a disappointment. The artist has found a subject in Goldsmith, *Brick Court, Middle Temple, 1774*, (359), a work which shows great improvement upon its predecessors in painting and in drawing.

Mr. Watts's *Ariadne* (523) has intense pathos in it. The lover of Theseus, lorn of him, has come to sit upon the sea-shore to watch the watery path he took and scan the horizon, in vain hope of his sail arising there again. By her face we should read that she has just left a night's revel with the Wine-god. Her looks are sad and worn; her head languidly bent. In her hand she holds the clue, its long end trails upon the ground; prone upon its back lies a young panther, playing with the cord; otherwise she is alone. The silver-gray of earliest morning has filled the valleys among the hills of the Greek land behind her; it falls clear and chill upon the sea that dashes impatiently in the front. This is one of the best of Mr. Watts's pictures. Its delicate yet solid tones, strength and expressive poetry are welcome to all lovers of Art. In painting the little girl's head styled *Virginia* (270) the same artist has evidently aimed at unusual solidity and force,—an attempt, it may be, not carried far enough, for he has not been quite successful. Beautiful in execution and colour as the work is, it lacks completeness and grace of handling.

We cannot congratulate Mr. M. Stone upon an improvement in execution or feeling for the higher qualities of Art. His *On the Road from Waterloo to Paris* (345) has a really fine subject, marred by a reminiscence of Delaroche's Portrait of Napoleon at Fontainebleau—that well-known and effective picture which, through its affected fixture of

the eyes, is only just on the honest side of clap-trap and sentimentality. Napoleon, with a profile of the portrait in question, not well drawn, and therefore losing all the real nobleness of the original, is seated here in a poor cottage, fixedly staring at the fire. One faithful amongst the many faithless has drawn before him a loose grey coat, but not disturbed the reverie of his master. This figure is capitally put in, and tells its tale. Behind comes a buxom young mother, babe in arms, as if she would offer it to the Emperor's aid: a cleverly-introduced, showy, and popular figure. The sentiment of the same is, however, stagey and commonplace. To the woman's apron comes the perennial boy, hiding his face—while an equally trite youngster, of rougher nature, struts, drum in hand, ready for another Waterloo. Independent of the sentimentality of all this, there is in the execution of the picture even less completeness and care than we have before remarked in this artist's works. In both respects this picture is inferior to Mr. Stone's 'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' here a year or two ago, and a picture of great promise.

One of the interesting pictures is Mr. Yeames's *Meeting of Sir Thomas More with his Daughter after his Sentence to Death* (522). The scene is in a courtyard after Sir Thomas had left the place of trial for that of his brief imprisonment. Margaret Roper broke through the guards and is seen struggling with two of them; her arms are spread out wide towards her father, who has turned round for a last embrace of one he loved so well. Her action, without violence, is full of passion, her expression most pathetic; that of her father, quieter and graver, is sad, loving and noble. His face is pale, worn with age and study, yet most with recent anxiety and the impress of fate; saddened but not subdued, and full of tenderness. Excellently supporting the emotions of these two is the designing of the subordinate figures; the children Margaret has left stand behind, a girl kneeling, a boy eagerly bending forward as to follow. The various and admirably defined actions and expressions of the soldiers, their officer, and the few persons gathered about the spot are high testimonies to the painter's keen perception of his subject. A little dry in execution, and somewhat flat, this work is solidly painted, well drawn, and treated with careful heed of truth in costume.

—Mr. Calderon has gained solidity of painting in his *Scene in the English Ambassador's House in Paris, on the Day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew* (378). Those who had taken refuge there are gathered, some, men, about the window, and are looking into the street below. The women, two or three, are in attitudes of distress near the front of the picture; between the two groups the ambassador, Walsingham, is pacing to and fro, with head bent down in thought. We feel that this work, notwithstanding its great technical merit, lacks passion and action. Walsingham was not the man to pace uselessly about a room in such an emergency. The men, among whom, by the way, was Raleigh (whom we should have hoped to recognize in the picture), seem rather spectators of a street-row than of so horrible a business as the Bartholomew.

True to Death, is the title of a very cleverly designed little picture (565), by Mr. C. Goldie. It represents the death of Sir C. Lucas, who, with Sir G. Lisle, "gallant officers both," had surrendered at the taking of Colchester, August 28, 1648, and were selected for death as traitors to the Commonwealth. The story is, that Lucas opened his coat to receive the bullets of the firing-party, and fell instantly at the discharge, whereupon Lisle rushed forward, kissed his comrade's body and braved his own death. The last is seen kneeling over the slain man in a passion of grief. Behind—this is the most excellent portion of the picture—is the rank of Parliamentary soldiers, admirably designed in various attitudes, some reloading their pieces, others at ease. It is a very difficult thing to design well so many figures in one line, as here seen. The heads of the two Royalists are too large; their attitudes are well considered and expressive. Other more distant persons are not so well conceived; the landscape is trivial and the walls of the city, with the gate, shown in the picture are poor to the last degree. Another work by this artist, *Joan of Arc* (182), will reward examination.

Mr. R. B. Martineau's *The Last Chapter* (568), a lady kneeling before the fire on an autumn evening eager by its red light to finish the last pages of an enthralling novel, lacks beauty of feature to make the event interesting to us, but its solid, faithful and powerful execution mark the artist's ability. It is not often we get firelight so skilfully rendered as Mr. Martineau has it here, to an effect that is large and broad, which in ordinary hands becomes spotty and heavy.—Mr. R. S. Stanhope's picture, *Juliet and the Nurse* (624), deserves a much better place than it has. Notwithstanding slight evidences of inexperience in painting, and something of the like in composition, this work tells its tale with great spirit and success. It is carefully studied, without the ordinary stiffness of labour, and promises highly of the artist's future. Mr. Stanhope has an excellent perception of colour and a love of rich tone; the last would express itself better in his work than it does if he adopted a more solid manner than he now follows.—Mr. J. B. Burgess's humorous scene at *A Spanish Post Office* (351) has points of spirit and lively character, which Mr. Phillip himself does not attempt, and is therefore not to be blamed for not exhibiting. This picture represents the delivery of letters to a crowd of Spanish folks who manifest emotions the Spaniard of Art seldom gives way to. The Spaniard of pictures is really a rather dreary individual, the men much engaged in strutting about, the women simpering or silyly flirting, and altogether such as critics have long suspected to be solemn shams, quite other than the flesh and blood countrymen of Don Quixote. For the pleasant glimpse into their real life given by this picture we are grateful to Mr. Burgess. A capital group occupies the front: an old fellow, seated, reads a letter; he chuckles over its news, scraping his chin with one hand and gleefully thrusting his tongue sideways between his lips. Over his shoulder leans his wife; she points to the passages that strike her fancy. A demonstrative woman, with a letter from her husband clasped to her breast, rejoices; a boy begs of her joy. Behind, a *cura* reads a letter to one of his parishioners; there are other incidents expressed. This work lacks the brilliancy of Mr. Phillip's style; it is less exuberant in form, colour and the *physique* of the personages represented. Full of expression, it lacks beauty; yet is solidly enough painted to show that the liveliness of the artist's perception of character might easily extend itself to his manner of working, and afford us a pleasant, because humorous and unsentimental, addition to the painters of Spanish character. It is not less true now than when Dr. Johnson said it, that "there is a good deal of Spain that has not been perambulated." The Doctor's advice to Boswell, "I would have you go thither," might be offered to painters of our own day.

SCULPTURES AT THE HORTICULTURAL GARDEN.

ON Tuesday last the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden was opened, with the addition of a considerable number of sculptures, mostly the work of English artists. The row of statues placed upon the upper terrace was not uniform in the high quality and merit of some of its items. With Mr. E. Davis's *Wedgewood* (No. 114) every one feels satisfied.—Mr. Weekes's *Marquis of Welleley* (116) is a curiously old-fashioned statue, weak and trite; no representation of that able and energetic man. We say this subject to correction, if the office of sculpture is not to represent the person commemorated by its works, first, by characteristic portraiture, given with strength; secondly, by character, vigour, and beauty of line, and expressively learned execution.—Mr. E. B. Stephens's *Sir T. D. Acland* (117) answers to most of the requirements we suggest as proper to the art. It is an excellent portrait, spirited, free, composed so as to show well in many views, and deals very successfully with modern costume, simply by treating it honestly and without anatomical display.—Mr. W. F. Woodington's *T. Steele, Esq.* (118), colossal, by missing the honest truth of modern costume, and endeavouring to make anatomy where there should be nothing but drapery, has a pair of legs of regrettable character. Apart from this, the head is badly placed on the

shoulders, and looks too small; the body is so ill-balanced, that its centre is removed from the centre of gravity, and consequently the figure would fall if left alone, or, in life, the man be painfully constrained to maintain his attitude.—The most prominent work on the terrace is Mr. Durham's colossal statue, in bronze, of *The Queen, with the Attributes of Peace* (126), the original crowning statue for the Memorial of the Great Exhibition, 1851.—Mr. Foley's *Mannockjee Nes Scrwanjee Petit* (119), for Bombay, is a beautiful statue of a Parsee gentleman, as simple and graceful as is conceivable, life-like without emotion, and sound in design. Further on is *Goldsmith* (121), for Dublin, an excellent work. In the conservatory, and worthily in the place of honour, is the same artist's *Youth at a Stream* (23), one of the most beautiful of modern sculptures. Elsewhere is an unsatisfactory statue by Mr. Thrupp, *A Boy making a Plute* (7), which does not possess those qualities sculpture demands even from the least ambitious of its professors.—execution, surface and finish. Mr. T. Earle's *Hyacinthus* (10) is a graceful and spirited statue. Mr. C. Marshall's *Young Briton* (29) substitutes stage action for passion, and gives but an unsculpturesque idea of the subject.—A British mother inciting her son to war by relating his father's deeds, or her own wrongs. The boy's figure is fairly executed, but his expression is melo-dramatic; the woman's face fails to impress one with sympathy or respect,—it lacks beauty as much as dignity. Mr. Lawlor's *Titania* (53), notwithstanding its incompleteness, is spirited and pretty. Mr. Farrell's *Nymph and Cupid* (62) is a roughly-wrought but dashing group, probably intended for garden decoration. It is not judicious on the part of Mr. C. G. Adams to exhibit here his colossal busts of *Wellington* and *Charles Napier* (84 and 90); close to the eye their rude execution, lack of spirit, expression, and even of likeness, are painfully manifest.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—In the corridors of the Parliament House, where Messrs. Ward and Cope have painted, the architect, never favourable to pictorial art being employed on the walls of his building, and, indeed, avowedly averse to wall-pictures of any kind being placed there, had filled the windows with heraldic glass, through which the sunlight falling, played strange pranks with the pictures, and manifestly injured their effect. The artists have remonstrated against the injustice of allowing these heraldic productions to remain, and enforced their case by recalling the practice of ancient architects, who did not scatter bright-hued glass indiscriminately over a huge building, as has been done at Westminster. The case of Mr. Maclise was the most grievous, for his 'Interview of Wellington and Blucher,' in the Royal Gallery, was, at times, nothing but a field for the gambols of red lions, dragons and what not. At last something has been done, and the interesting monsters which erst flourished in the corridors have been replaced by glass of *grisaille* character. Let us hope Mr. Maclise may receive like attention from the authorities as has been vouchsafed to Messrs. Ward and Cope.

The sale, by Messrs. Christie & Manson, of the collection of works of Art made by the late Mr. Bicknell, one portion of which was reported in our last, has been completed. The most noteworthy lots and the prices obtained for them were as under: all water-colour drawings, and all prices guineas.—Copley Fielding, *A Lake Scene, with Figures and Cattle, Sunset*, 45 (Agnew).—J. M. W. Turner, four early works, 1. *Winchester Cross*; 2. *Ruins in Italy*; 3. *Bay of Naples*; 4. *Lake of Nemi*, 95 (various).—Count d'Orsay, *Portrait of Turner, sketched at an evening party, pen and ink, one of the most fortunate likenesses, though caricatured*, 50 (Agnew).—Mr. H. Gastineau, *St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall*, 62 (Jones).—De Wint, *View near a Stackyard*, 45 (Ray).—the same, *Corn Harvest*, 104 (Sir J. Hippesley).—R. Dadd, *Miniature Oval, Group of Turks*, 35 (Agnew).—Prout, 1. *Amiens*; 2. *Porch of a Cathedral*, 212 (Vokins).—De Wint, *Small Landscape with Cattle*, 32 (Ray).—Mr. W. Hunt's *Black and White Grapes, a Basket, a Plum and*

a Cherry, 50 (Vokins).—Mr. C. Stanfield, *Honfleur, Mouth of the Seine*, 104 (Herbert).—Copley Fielding, *Bridlington Harbour, with Shipping*, 530 (Wells).—the same, *Rivaux Abbey*, 460 (Vokins).—De Wint, *A River Scene, Canterbury Meadows*, 270 (Herbert).—Copley Fielding, *Bowhill Downs, near Chichester*, 392 (Wallis).—Mr. J. D. Harding, *Berncaste, on the Moselle*, 230 (Wells).—J. M. W. Turner, *Himalaya Mountains, and the companion drawing, both engraved*, 330 (Vokins).—The *Lighthouse at Havre, moonlight*, 105 (Moore).—The *Lake of Geneva, from the Jura, Mont Blanc in the distance*, 141 (Grindlay).—*Lighthouse of the Hève, mouth of the Seine*, 103 (Colnaghi).—Mr. D. Roberts, *Hôtel de Ville, Louvain; Baalbec, Temple of the Sun; and a Street in Cairo*, 277 (Wells).—Mr. W. Hunt, *Peasant Girl seated in a Chair*, 101 (Agnew).—Copley Fielding, *Rivaux Abbey, evening*, 630 (Vokins).—S. Prout, *Baal, 70* (Agnew).—J. M. W. Turner, *The Righi*, 296 (Agnew).—Copley Fielding, *Traeth Mawr, North Wales*, 420 (Wells).—Mr. W. Hunt, *Greengages and Hips*, 60 (Vokins).—Copley Fielding, *Loch Katrine*, 260 (Wells).—S. Prout, *A Street Scene in Padua*, 60 (Grundy).—Mr. D. Roberts, *The Great Square at Tetuan, from the Jew's town, during the celebration of the marriage ceremonies of the son of the Governor of Ash-Ash*, 1833, 410 (Wells).—This was the first day's sale of water-colour drawings, and realized 7,465*l.*—Second day's sale, Mr. C. Stanfield, *Sunderland, said to have been executed in two hours*, 135 (Colnaghi).—H. Bone, *An Enamel, after Reynolds, The Infant Academy*, 75 (Agnew).—Mr. W. Hunt, *The Tambourine Girl*, 190 (Holmes).—S. Prout, *Verona*, 60 (G. Smith).—De Wint, *Corn Harvest*, 250 (Graves).—H. Bone, *Lady Cockburn and her Sons, after Reynolds, enamel*, 105 (Wells).—S. Prout, *Interior of a Cathedral*, 106 (Agnew).—The same, *Old Buildings and a Bridge over a River*, 71 (Agnew).—Mr. J. F. Lewis, *The Mantilla*, 56 (Vokins).—S. Prout, *La Place de la Pucelle, Rouen*, 140 (Wells).—De Wint, *Gleaners disturbed, Scene in a Cornfield*, 365 (Graves).—S. Prout, *Porch of Chartres Cathedral*, 120 (Agnew).—Mr. W. Hunt, *A Peasant Girl, seated, with a Basket*, 183 (Agnew).—S. Prout, *Old Houses at Amiens, the Cathedral in the distance*, 76 (Crofts).—C. Fielding, *Shakespeare's Cliff*, 69 (Agnew).—S. Prout, *Ulm*, 121 (Agnew).—C. Fielding, *Langdale Pikes, Westmorland*, 350 (Wells).—Mr. J. Nash, *The Cartoon Gallery, Knowle, and Interior of Chastleton, Oxon*, 70 (Grundy).—J. M. W. Turner, *Castle of Elz, on the Moselle; Rouen, and Château Gaillard*, 160, 200, and 170 (Agnew).—Mr. D. Roberts, *The Seminario and Cathedral of St. Iago, from the Paseo de Sta. Susanna*, 250 (Wells).—J. M. W. Turner, *Lake of Lucerne*, 180 (Colnaghi).—C. Fielding, *Crowborough Hill, Sussex*, 760 (Wells).—Mr. W. Hunt, *A Bunch of Grapes, Peaches and Rose Slips*, 112 (Agnew).—The Pilkington Collection of Drawings, by Turner, was sold to Mr. Wells at the following prices for each item:—Scarborough Castle, *Boys Crab-fishing*, 250.—*Mowbray Lodge, Ripon, Yorkshire, Earl Ripon's Seat*, 510.—*Grouse Shooting, the Moor, with portrait of the artist, the dogs painted by Stubbs*, 430.—*Woodcock Shooting, Scene on the Chiver*, 510. The third day's sale brought 8,315*l.* 10*s.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, May 12, Half-past Three.—Two, C Minor, op. 9, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, Beethoven; Quintet, E flat, Piano-forte, &c. op. 44; Schumann, Quintet, B flat, op. 87, Mendelssohn, Solos, Piano-forte; Executants, Vierrtempe, Ries, Webb, Haun, and Piatti, Pianist, Jaell.—Visitors' Admissions, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Olivier & Co.; Austin, at St. James's Hall; and Ashdown & Farry, 18, Hanover Square. J. ELIJA, Director.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOSSER'S CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY EVENING, May 14, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Vocalists: Madame Alboni and Herr Reichardt. Instrumentalists: Mr. Biagrove, Signor Piatti, Signor Giulio Regondi, M. Ascher, and Herr Adolph Schlosser. Conductors: Messrs. Frank Mori and Benedict.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at the principal Music-sellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and of Herr A. Schlosser, 4, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, THURSDAY, May 21.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Sims Reeves, Arabella Goddard, Parpa.—Stalls, 6*s.*; Family Tickets, to admit Four, 21*s.*; Balcony, 3*s.*; Area, 2*s.*—Admission, 1*s.*; at Addison's, 210, Regent Street; Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; Hanover Square Rooms; and all Music-sellers.

MR. DEACON'S SECOND SEANCE OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC will take place on THURSDAY, May 21, at 16, Grosvenor Square (by permission of Messrs. Colliard), commencing at three o'clock.—Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 79, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S MORNING CONCERT OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC. Hanover Square Rooms, June 6.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.—1, Osnaburgh Street, N.W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The arrivals of Signor Tamberlik, who appeared on Saturday in 'Guillaume Tell,' and of Signor Mario, who is to appear in 'Il Barbiere' this evening, bring the Italian Opera two long steps nearer to completeness than it has till now stood. The reign of neither tenor can be much further prolonged; but as yet no successor presents himself. Meanwhile, the first-named gentleman adds another to the list of those who, like Rubini, have only become highly-finished artists after their voices have passed the meridian line. A certain fever of style and irregularity of phrasing brought hither and long retained by Signor Tamberlik have entirely disappeared. This day week, in spite of recent fatigue and indisposition, his delivery of the arduous part of *Arnoldo* in 'Guillaume Tell' was more refined and complete than we have heard it, only separated by a short interval from that of M. Duprez.—Mdlle. Fioretti made a third advance in public favour on Tuesday evening, in that repulsive and weak opera, 'La Traviata'; which drama nevertheless, with all its sins and sob's, still holds "the town,"—to judge from the effect produced. *Violetta's* music could not be better sung than by its new representative, who is an honest, competent and finished artist. She showed a fine intelligence in the third act, by singing it with an enfeebled and faltering *timbre* of voice, thus giving a reality to the scene, by musical artifices, far more effective than any trick of cough or morbid symptom, such as the first *Violetta*, in England, employed so prodigally. The personal elegance of Madame Bosio has not been granted by nature to Mdlle. Fioretti; but her demeanour and acting showed throughout a thorough understanding of what was to be presented,—and in the last act, more. The long death-scene was pathetically rendered, without grimace or exaggeration, and told to its audience as well as it has yet told. We had not credited the lady with so much feeling. She has now, however, her public with her, as Tuesday's warm and sincere applause must have proved to her, and will probably sing, and possibly act, with more ease and animation in every new part which she undertakes. It is a pleasure to meet a real artist, after having encountered so many pretenders.—Signor Naudin, as *Alfredo*, was too fierce and boisterous; there was something too much of brigand fury in his scenes of passion. *Giorgio*, the father, was enacted by Signor Colonnese; his first appearance here. He is young, we apprehend; he is very tall, he has a potent bass and baritone voice, which, we fancy, may need training, after all allowance has been made for the nervousness of one accustomed to easy success at home, when confronted with this London audience of ours. As a whole, the scenic, orchestral and choral execution of this opera could not be surpassed. Every good point in Signor Verdi's music was wrought out with a ripeness, spirit and force, that almost clad music essentially feeble and sketchy with firm character and glowing colour.

CONCERTS.—Very fine was the May-day performance of Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' music at the Crystal Palace, by a force of 2,500 singers and players. The chorus was unimpeachable both as to tone and tune; the orchestra was select and strong, giving greater pomp and mastery to the 'War March' than we imagine it has ever been before invested with. The addition of the organ at the close produced an effect of almost overwhelming power. The *sol*i parts were taken by Miss Parepa, Miss Martin and Madame Sainton-Dolby. In short, the performance was possibly as good as could have been obtained. But the music, besides being heard at an inevitable disadvantage when it is disconnected from the stage, is orchestrally too delicate and intricate for so vast a locality. Again, the necessities of the stage and the number of words laid out by the poet have made an animated and syllabical form of setting

necessary, to which the most penetrating single voice or the clearest conceivable declaimer could not do justice in the Sydenham space. After 'Athalie' was ended the success of the unaccompanied part-song by Mendelssohn was such as to suggest to the managers of these grand entertainments how to avoid a difficulty in making up their programmes. Surely mixed choral and orchestral concerts could be composed of such variety as to compensate for the absence of music finer in detail if not smaller in scale,—of single songs, in short. The two Exhibition March-Overtures were performed. M. Auber's was even more heartily relished than it was in 1862. The quiet attention of the vast audience throughout was a thing as singular to witness as it is pleasant to commemorate.

Madame Lind-Goldschmidt sang very finely in Handel's 'L' Allegro' yesterday week, taking, among her other duties, the Nightingale Song (one of Handel's best bird-songs), and the exquisite "Hide me from day's garish eye,"—one of the many examples (the song, "O Lord, whose mercies numberless," from 'Saul,' is another) proving that Handel was as complete a master of the couplet style as the most popular ballad-monger of to-day. Madame Goldschmidt also sang "Oft on a plot of rising ground," which has been usually allotted to a tenor; and Mr. Montem Smith the Laughing Song, which used to be one of Mr. Phillips's baritone show-pieces. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was the other *soprano*, Miss Lascelles was the *contralto*, and Mr. Weiss the bass.

Herr Pauer's *Historical Concerts*.—Though the specimens by Kuhnau (a fine ancient composer, to whom due justice has never been done), Mattheson and Krebs, produced at the third of these valuable and interesting concerts, were all worth hearing as so many novelties,—the predominant interest of the morning centred itself in the music of the Bach family, the members of which have never, it may be averred, been met as a group in England till now. Father Sebastian's *Partita* in B flat, though not unknown, has been little played. A lovelier suite of pieces does not exist,—the *Courante* and *Sarabande* being the most beautiful movements; a wonderful life, too, is given to the *Gigue* by the hand-crossing figure, intended for an instrument with two "decks" of keys, and thereby made difficult to the pianist of to-day. To such perfection did the patriarch bring his style, that all other music in its form comes off as second-best. How his sons, William, Friedemann and Emmanuel, broke away from it, the one as widely differing from the other as though they had not been brothers, was shown by two charming specimens: the first, a Polonoise, by Friedemann, as fresh as if it had been written yesterday, has almost as much sentiment as if it had been signed by Chopin or Moniusko. Nor does the *Sonata* by Emmanuel Bach bear much more trace of age. Compared with the more mechanical productions of later lesson-makers, such as Alberti, Nicolai, and even Ignace Pleyel (whose reputation died of his over-pretentiousness), this capital work becomes doubly precious; proving what has been said, but has been till now too much a saying lost in empty air, that there is hardly a form wrought out by the Haydns, Mozarts and Beethovens which is not indicated in these charming and individual works. The music by Christian (the fourth) Bach is weaker than that of his father and brothers, but still has a humour of its own. More impracticable things have succeeded than a series of Bach recitals, devoted to a family so rich in power and variety.

At his fourth concert Herr Pauer will deal with French music, and, among other pieces, introduce a Duet for two pianofortes, in which he will be joined by Mr. Dannreuther.

Messrs. Ever & Co. gave on Tuesday last the first of two concerts, for the express purpose of introducing foreign music new to the English public. The programme comprised, among other things, a Pianoforte *Trio* by Herr Bargiel—not worth much, though built on distinct themes; songs by Franz, Schumann, Viotta (the last a quaint, sacred air we should like to hear again), Mariani; and part-songs by Röhr, Radecke and Marchetti;—small pianoforte trifles by Herren Kiel (whose 'Requiem' has excited a certain sen-

sation in Germany), Hiller (whose nocturne, 'Zur Guitarre,' is charming and characteristic), Schulhoff and Pauer. On these it is impossible to dwell, because we have to speak of the most important and best novelty of the morning, the *Setett* by Herr Brahms. This places the talent of the composer in a more favourable point of view than it has hitherto seemed to us to occupy; because in all its four movements—an *allegro*, an *andante*, a *scherzo* and a *rondo*—the ideas are unborrowed, distinct and beautiful, and the treatment is ingenious. The work, it is true, as a whole, wants contrast. The first and last movements are too closely alike in character; the elegance of the *finale* (and it is very elegant) cloy's. Then, Herr Brahms is monotonous, after the fashion of the school in which he has graduated. Its members do not, apparently, recognize effect unaccompanied by strain. Their organ (to use a technical phrase) must always have all its stops drawn. They cannot for a single note dispense with a full chord; and the whole thereby produced becomes heavy from the excess of richness. We may return to this matter, having now good reason to look for the future compositions of Herr Brahms; meanwhile, suffice it to state that this *Setett* is the most reasonable and individual work from young Germany which we have as yet heard.

In addition to the concerts reviewed, may be mentioned as having lately taken place those by *Madame Angelo*, Mdlle. Bondy and *Mrs. Stewart Howard*. The last lady appears as a singer of Scotch songs.—The pressure of the time, too, obliges us to be content with merely announcing the benefit-concert of that zealous and well-experienced artist, *Mr. C. Salaman*.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave its annual performance of 'The Messiah' on Wednesday evening, conducted by Dr. Bennett. The singers were Mdlles. Titiens, Parepa and Lascelles; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Thomas and Wallworth.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre has now passed into the sole management of Mr. George Vining; and, on Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean commenced an engagement of eleven nights, prior to their intended departure for Australia. The tragedy of 'Hamlet' was selected for the occasion, and was, as usual, well acted. Mr. Kean, as the princely Dane, hit off the salient points in the style which distinguishes his performance of the character, and was applauded by a crowded house. Mrs. Kean's impersonation of the guilty Queen was grand and impressive. Mr. Henry Marston, as the Ghost, most solemnly and measuredly intoned the fine poetical speeches of which the part is composed. On Tuesday the tragedy of 'Othello' was revived; and on Wednesday 'Louis the Eleventh.' These are farewell performances, and have attached to them a peculiar interest for the audience of a theatre with which the name of Kean was so long identified.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Falconer's drama of 'Peep o' Day' has been transferred to this theatre, where it has been reproduced with new scenery in a very complete manner. Mr. Oscar Byrne has been engaged for the *ballet* arrangements; and the characters are, for the most part, well supported. Mr. J. F. Young is efficient as *Harry Kavanagh*, Mr. Charles Verner as *Barney O'Toole*, Mr. George Weston as *Capt. Howard*, and Miss Augusta Clifton as *Kathleen*.

SURREY.—The tragedy of 'Hamlet' was performed on Monday at this house, the meditative hero being supported by Mr. Creswick, who is here fulfilling a starring engagement. On the 23rd, the theatre will re-open under the management of Mr. Henry Loraine.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We read of still another *National Association for the Encouragement of Music* starting under good auspices; the first step of which is to invite a competition of choirs, to be held at the Crystal Palace on the 4th of July, announcing a list of prizes as follows:—For choirs above 100 actual members, 200*l.*, 75*l.*, 25*l.*; for choirs below 100 actual members, 100*l.*, 50*l.*, 30*l.*, 20*l.* Every competing choir must num-

ber at least forty members; and, it is added, that "unless at least eight large choirs and twenty small choirs are entered, there will be no competition for the respective classes of prize."

Madame Trebelli Bettini appeared at *Her Majesty's Theatre* on Tuesday last, in 'Il Barbiero.'—Of Signor Schira's new opera, 'Niccolò da Lapi,' we shall speak in detail next week.

The first of eight *Matinées*, which M. Halle will give—devoted, we fancy, to miscellaneous piano-forte music—will take place on Friday next.

The *New Philharmonic Society*, apparently determined to rest its claims to favour on its singers, announces Mdlle. Fioretti and Signor Tamberlik for its next concert. Mr. I. F. Barnett is to be the pianist.—M. Jaell will play at the Crystal Palace to-day.

Mr. Benedict, for his coming concert, to be held on June the 1st, advertises three unpublished compositions by Weber.

Signor Gardoni is coming to London this year, only to sing in concerts.

The reports and advertising columns of the journals make it evident that music is breaking through the Chinese wall at last in this country, though somewhat capriciously, as must be always the case where "private judgment," and not authority as by Act of Parliament established, decides on the plan of operations. The other night, we perceive, the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" gave point and spirit to its *Conversazione* by a reading of a translation of 'Antigone,' with a performance of Mendelssohn's music.

Madame Vera-Lorini, pleasantly remembered here as Mdlle. Sophie Vera, and who has been lately singing with great success at Barcelona, is now in London.

A sale of stringed instruments of more than ordinary importance will be held by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, on Thursday next.

Herr Franz Lechner was commissioned to write the music for the inauguration of the Schiller statue at Munich, which was fixed to take place to-day.

The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* mentions that a new opera, 'Anna von Bretagne,' has been produced at Gotha.—Handel's 'Judas' will be performed during June at a musical festival in Schwerin.—The same journal's Roman correspondence announces that Dr. Liszt is actively occupied in founding a concert society there for the revival of sacred and profane classical music.—A new organ of some pretensions, by a builder (Herr Graunzig) of Dantzig, has been erected at Marienwerder, in Western Prussia.

The days of government assistance to foreign Italian opera-houses seem to approach their end. The rumour that the theatre in St. Petersburg is to be transferred to private hands gains ground.—The Fenice Theatre at Venice is to be shut during this summer.—The management of the Teatro San Carlo at Naples is not to be entrusted to our Mr. Mapleson, but to a M. Vonwiller.

M. Benazet appears determined to make Baden-Baden more musical than ever this year. He promises, first, two months of French comic opera; after this some representations of Gluck's 'Orphée,' with Madame Viardot; later, Italian opera, with Madame Charton-Demeur and Mdlle. Battu as his *prime donne* and Signor Naudin as his tenor. The clever working German company from Karlsruhe will sing there every Wednesday evening.

A Mass, by Signor Roberti, to be produced to-morrow morning at the Brompton Oratory, and a Sunday or two later at the chapel in Farm Street, is spoken of by those who should know as a Service beyond ordinary merit in the serious Italian style. We may hear more of its composer, since we are told that, besides sacred, he has also written quartet music.

M. Arnault, the author of tragedies esteemed in their day, 'Regulus' (in which Talma figured), 'Catherine de Médicis,' 'Gustave Adolphe' and 'Pertinax,' the last two failures, died the other day, in Paris, at a great age—almost, if not altogether, forgotten by the present generation.

Drury Lane Theatre is closed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. A. D.—S. B.—W. B.—D. I. N.—V. H.—H. M.—received.

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LITERATURE

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Dean Milman is an historian of a high order. Where the materials are less ancient, less fragmentary than the Biblical, not Oriental or Hebraic, he writes with the pen of a master. Hence the third volume is the best; the second next to it in merit. Here we peruse his pages with pleasure, finding few things to question and much to approve. In the first volume he does not appear to the same advantage, especially in the notes now appended for the first time, because they show that he is not a good critic. He is

acute and sagacious, but lacks a good knowledge of Hebrew, and is therefore wrong in many of his judgments. Nor is he aware of the literature of his subject on every occasion. With Graetz's 'Geschichte der Juden,' of which five volumes have appeared, he seems unacquainted. Yet it is the latest and the best—superior to Jost's, which has been of so much service to the English scholar. The name of Rapoport he only knows so far as to mis-spell. Even Buxtorf's name shares the same fate. So, too, Archbishop Laurence is always metamorphosed into Lawrence; Ghillany into Guillany; and Avenzace, or Ibn-Bag'a, into Aben Pace. In many respects his judgment is biassed or apparently prejudiced, so that he does not characterize writers and their books very justly. The partiality of friendship has blinded his mind in more instances than one. He has no proper estimate of the peculiar excellencies that belong to critics, or has paid so little attention to their works as to know almost nothing of their merits. Thus Zunz is "the indefatigable," "the industrious," while Munk is credited with "profound Hebrew learning, wide range of philosophical inquiry, and perspicuous language." Had these judgments on the two Hebrew scholars been reversed, they would have been near the truth. Of Ewald he speaks in terms occasionally severe, and in more instances than one pronounces a theory of his wild or arbitrary which is unquestionably right. He also refers to a "masterly article on Job, by the Rev. J. Cook" (F. C. Cook), in the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' and asserts that neither he nor any other writer had dwelt sufficiently on the most remarkable characteristic of that poem, though Mr. Froude and Dr. Davidson, not to speak of Hirzel and others, have brought out that very characteristic to full view. Movers's work on the Phœnicians "contains everything which true German industry and comprehensiveness can accumulate," &c. The "industry" of Zunz and Movers, along with the "masterly" article of Mr. Cook, is sufficiently absurd, because it so happens that the latter is seriously defective and erroneous. In short, with general modesty of tone, the worthy Dean sometimes expresses himself dogmatically enough. He has positiveness as well as diffidence of manner. We hold his conclusions on critical points to be of no value where they differ from results which the higher criticism has already attained, and regret that some of the notes should have been written. What is correct in them has been better said before; what is new, or contrary to the safe results of the higher criticism, had been better omitted; for the author has sometimes undertaken to overthrow in a note what has been built up with irresistible argument. He is not the man, however, to turn back the tide of criticism on the books of the Pentateuch, or to unsettle various things which he tries to disturb.

We have little doubt that readers will be anxious to see Dean Milman's opinions on the points now so warmly agitated in the theological world; and, therefore, we shall give such extracts as may fairly put them in possession of his *stand-point*, as the Germans would say. On the truth or error of his views, it is not our province to pronounce a judgment. One thing is evident, that many of them have not been taken up lightly or adhered to unthinkingly:—

"The views adopted by the author in early days he still conscientiously maintains. These views, more free, it was then thought, and bolder than common, he dares to say not irreverent, have been his safeguard during a long and not unreflective life against the difficulties arising out of the philosophical and historical researches of our times; and from such views many, very many, of the best

and wisest men whom it has been his blessing to know with greater or less intimacy, have felt relief from pressing doubts, and found that peace which is attainable only through perfect freedom of mind. Others may have the happiness (a happiness he envies not) to close their eyes against, to evade, or to elude these difficulties. Such is not the temper of his mind. With these views, he has been able to follow out all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all those hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament, as far as its distinct and perpetual authority and its indubitable meaning."

After quoting from Paley's 'Evidences' what he terms his "wise observations" on the relation of the New Testament to the Old, and the nature of the sanction given by Christ and his Apostles to the latter, he says:—

"Those who are not perfectly satisfied with what seem to me the wise observations of Paley, may perhaps, on calm consideration, acquiesce in a theory of this kind, a theory (not a new one) which, while it preserves the full authority of the sacred records in all which is of real importance to religion and leaves undisturbed the devotional reading of the Scripture, relieves it from all the perplexities which distract the inquiring mind. (Such devotional reading I should be the last willingly to repress, and devotion will intuitively choose and dwell exclusively on the religious parts of the sacred writings.) The revelation of moral and religious truth is doubtless the ultimate, I should say the sole, end of the Bible; nor is it difficult, according to ordinary common sense and to the moral instinct or judgment vouchsafed to man, to separate and set apart moral and religious truth from all other human knowledge. For the communication of such truth, lawgivers, prophets, apostles, were gifted. This was their special mission and duty. This, as far as His character of TEACHER, was that of the Saviour himself. Lawgivers, prophets, apostles, were in all other respects men of like passions (take the word in its vulgar sense) with their fellow-men; they were men of their age and country, who, as they spoke the language, so they thought the thoughts of their nation and their time, clothed those thoughts in the imagery, and illustrated them from the circumstances of their daily life. They had no special knowledge on any subject but moral and religious truth to distinguish them from other men; were as fallible as others on all questions of science, and even of history, extraneous to their religious teaching. If this had not been the case, how utterly unintelligible would their addresses have been to their fellow-men! Conceive a prophet, or psalmist, or apostle, endowed with premature knowledge and talking of the earth and the planetary system according to the Newtonian laws; not 'of the sun going forth as a bridegroom to run his course.' Conceive St. Stephen or St. Paul stopping in the midst of one of his impassioned harangues, and setting right the popular notion about the Delivery of the Law, or the time of the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt. They spoke what was the common belief of the time according to the common notions of things and the prevalent and current views of the world around them, just as they spoke the Aramaic dialect; it was part of the language: had they spoken otherwise, it would have been like addressing their hearers in Sanscrit or English. This view has been sometimes expressed by the unpopular word *accommodation*—a bad word, as it appears to imply art or design, while it was merely the natural, it should seem inevitable, course of things. Their one paramount object being instruction and enlightenment in religion, they left their hearers uninstructed and unenlightened as before, in other things; they did not even disturb their prejudices and superstitions where it was not absolutely necessary. Their religious language, to work with unimpeded persuasiveness, adapted itself to the common and dominant knowledge and opinions of the time. This seems throughout to have been

the course of Providential government: Lawgivers, prophets, apostles, were advanced in religious knowledge alone. In all other respects society, civilization, developed itself according to its usual laws. The Hebrew in the wilderness, excepting as far as the Law modified his manners and habits, was an Arab of the Desert. Abraham, excepting in his worship and intercourse with the One True God, was a nomad Sheik. The simple and natural tenor of these lives is one of the most impressive guarantees of the truth of the record. Endowed, indeed, with premature knowledge on other subjects, they would have been in a perpetual antagonism and controversy, not merely with the moral and religious blindness, with the passions and idolatrous propensities of the people, but with their ordinary modes of thought and opinion and feeling. And as the teachers were men of their age in all but religious advancement, so their books were the books of their age. If these were the oracles of God in their profound religious meaning, the language in which they were delivered was human as spoken by human voices and addressed to human ears. The moral and religious truth, and this alone, I apprehend, is the 'Word of God' contained in the Sacred Writings. I know no passage in which this emphatic term is applied to any sentence or saying which does not convey or enforce such truth."

With respect to the chronology and numbers of the Bible, he asserts—

"I confess my conclusion is, that there is neither present ground nor future hope for any precise or trustworthy chronology; and I am content to acquiesce in ignorance, where knowledge seems unattainable. The only result which I am disposed to venture on historic grounds (the geological question I leave to the geologists, who, as far as I am concerned, have full scope for their calculations) is, that the Law and polity of Moses are of much later date in the history of mankind than is commonly thought. This in itself can raise no religious objection, which will not apply, and much more strongly, to the time of the coming of Christ. With the chronology is closely connected the question of the numbers in the Hebrew Scriptures, to which I cannot but think that more than due weight has been lately assigned. I will observe that, if accuracy in numbers is to determine the historical credibility and value of ancient writers, there must be a vast holocaust offered on the stern altar of historic truth. Josephus must first be thrown upon the hecatomb, without hope of redemption. Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote must lead up, with averted eyes, the firstborn of Grecian History. The five million and a quarter in the army of Xerxes, must destroy all faith in the whole account of the Persian invasion by our venerable Herodotus. Diodorus, with all that we know of Ctesias and that class, must follow. Niebuhr and Sir George Lewis, if they agree in nothing else, must agree in the sacrifice of Livy. I must confess that I have some fear about Cæsar himself. At all events, there must be one wide sweep of, I think, the whole of Oriental history. Beyond all people, indeed, the Jews seem to have had almost a passion for large numbers. Compare Chronicles with Kings: the later compiler almost invariably rises above the older. Josephus soars high above both. But what is Josephus to the Rabbins? Only turn from the siege and capture of Jerusalem by Titus to that of Bithur under Hadrian! There were, indeed, peculiar reasons why the Jews should be tempted to magnify their numbers, especially at the time of the Exodus. The current argument against them, at Alexandria and elsewhere, seems to have been that they were a miserable and insignificant horde of lepers, cast out of Egypt in scorn and contempt. Their national pride would be tempted, not merely to the legitimate boast of the wonders of their Exodus, but to magnify their importance from a distinguished tribe to a powerful nation. The habit of swelling their numbers would grow and become inveterate. Above thirty years ago, I expressed my opinion that the numbers as they appear in our present sacred books were untenable; all further inquiry has confirmed me in this view. Maintain the numbers as they stand, I see no way, without one vast continuous miracle, out of the

difficulties, contradictions, improbabilities, impossibilities. Reduce them, and all becomes credible, consistent and harmonious. By the natural multiplication of the family, or even tribe of Jacob, during their longer or shorter sojourn in Egypt (without good Bishop Patrick's desperate suggestion, that the Hebrew mothers were blessed with six children at a birth), the nation of Jacob's descendants at the Exodus becomes numerous enough to be formidable to their masters; but not such a vast horde as to be unmanageable in its movements and marches, too vast to form one camp, to be grouped together at the foot of Sinai, to pass forty years, with only occasional miraculous supplies (all of which we hear in the record), to be at first repelled from the Holy Land, to appear afterwards as the conquerors, but not unresisted conquerors."

In harmony with these observations he frequently questions numbers in the Hebrew text, as the 500,000 men which Jeroboam lost in battle with Abijah, p. 337.

Here is a note respecting inspiration:—

"There is a difficulty as to the theory of the strict verbal inspiration of the Old Testament, out of which I see not how a Christian is to find his way. Is it the Hebrew or the Greek LXX., of which every sentence, phrase, word, syllable, is thus inspired? Every one knows, or ought to know, how much they differ, not only in the sense, but in omissions and additional passages, found in one, not in the other. It will be said, of course the Hebrew. But the writers of the New Testament, when their citations are verbally accurate, usually quote the LXX. For three or four centuries till the time of Jerome, the LXX. was the Old Testament of the Church. Till Jerome, no one of the Christian Fathers, except perhaps Origen, knew Hebrew. All this time then the Christian world was without the true, genuine, only inspired Scripture. For above ten centuries more the Church was dependent on the fidelity and Hebrew knowledge of Jerome, for the inspired Word of God. Luther must have been, in this view, a greater benefactor to mankind, than his fondest admirers suppose, by his appeal to the Hebrew original: and was Luther an infallible authority for every word and syllable!—1863."

On the documents in the Pentateuch, we have the following brief and unsatisfactory deliverance:—

"No one in the least versed in the later criticism of the Hebrew records can be ignorant how closely connected is the use of the various appellations of the Godhead with the questions of the age and authorship of those records. In some passages the name El, or Elohim, in others Jehovah, is exclusively or almost exclusively used. Hence different writers have been inferred, Elohist, as they are called, or Jehovistic; and this, as in many of those passages subtle criticism pretends also to have discovered other diversities of style, thought, and language, is deemed to indicate a different age. But on the other hand the anomalies are great, and seemingly irreconcilable. The name Elohim is found in Jehovistic passages, Jehovah has forced its way into Elohist. Sometimes, though rarely, the names intermingle, and may seem to contest for superiority. I trust it is no presumptuous modesty if I assert that I am satisfied with no theory which I have yet encountered. Without questioning some of the more manifest, and it seems to me undeniable discrepancies or antagonisms of these and other appellations of the Godhead (as, for instance, in the two parallel accounts of the creation), still, from Astruc, who first observed the singular fact (Astruc was a physician of French descent about the year 1753) to Bleek, the latest of the more profound German scholars, I have read nothing approaching to certitude. This whole question, however, concerns the critic, perhaps the theologian, more than the historian. I was unwilling, nevertheless, to pass it over altogether without notice, or to dismiss it summarily with the contemptuousness of ignorance. Bunsen, I may add, than whom no one was more competent to review the whole controversy, writes thus:—'Auch hat bisher noch keiner der scharfsinnigen

und gelehrten Verfolger der hypothese von Elohist und Jehovist, Vorelohist und der gleichen, seinen Nachfolgern genügt.' Bibelwerk, ix., p. 294."

Notwithstanding this quotation from Bunsen, who separates the Elohist and Jehovistic portions in Genesis, Dean Milman does not scruple to speak of Exodus xxiv. 10, 11, as Elohist, and of xxxiii. 20, as Jehovistic, apparently to account for their contradiction.

With respect to the Pentateuch, he affirms:

"I can have no doubt that the statute-book of Moses, with all his particular enactments, still exists, and that it recites them in the same order, if it may be called order, in which they were promulgated."

The long note appended to this passage cannot be extracted here; but it is meant to give the learned writer's own sentiments. It lacks, however, his usual clearness, and leaves us in doubt as to what is the law of Moses, or, at least, what he means by it.

Of Jacob's mysterious wrestling, he says:—

"Awful respect for the divine nature—maintained, as above observed, throughout the Biblical history of Abraham, induces us to adopt, with some learned writers, the notion, that this contest took place in a dream, as Josephus says, with a phantasm."

Dean Milman is a firm believer in miracles, as will be seen from his remarks in the Preface—remarks characterized by sound sense and moderation. Hence on the passage of the Red Sea, he states:—

"Wherever the passage was effected, the Mosaic account cannot, by any fair interpretation, be made consistent with the exclusion of preternatural agency. Not to urge the literal meaning of the waters being a wall on the right hand and on the left, as if they had stood up sheer and abrupt, and then fallen back again,—the Israelites passed through the sea, with deep water on both sides; and any ford between two bodies of water must have been passable only for a few people at one precise point of time. All comparisons, therefore, to marches like that of Alexander, cited by Josephus idly, and in his worst spirit of compromise, are entirely inapplicable."

As to the Book of Deuteronomy, he asserts that the alterations and modifications of the law

—"if they do not clearly point to, at least are in no way inconsistent with the old theory—that it was composed towards the close of the wanderings, before the entrance into the Holy Land."

The following account of Ezra and subsequent men, relative to the books of the Old Testament, is apocryphal to a large extent, and incorrect:

"In the mean time Ezra, who had been superseded in the civil administration by Nehemiah, had applied himself to his more momentous task—the compilation of the Sacred Books of the Jews. Much of the Hebrew literature was lost at the time of the Captivity; the ancient Book of Jasher, that of the Wars of the Lord, the writings of Gad and Iddo the Prophet, and those of Solomon on Natural History. The rest, particularly the Law, of which, after the discovery of the original by Hilkiah, many copies were taken; the historical books, the poetry, including all the prophetic writings, except those of Malachi, were collected, revised, and either at that time, or subsequently, arranged in three great divisions: the Law, containing the five Books of Moses; the Prophets, the historical and prophetic books; the Hagiographa, called also the Psalms, containing Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. Job, Daniel too, are now found among these Ketubim. At a later period, probably in the time of Simon the Just, the books of Malachi, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther were added, and what is called the Canon of Jewish Scripture finally closed."

Without pointing out many inaccuracies which it is not difficult to meet with, we quote

the following passage as a fair specimen of the author's style and manner. It relates to Frank, an adventurer, who organized a sect about the middle of the last century:—

"Frank and his followers, a very few years later, assumed the name of Zoharites. The founder astonished the whole of Germany, by living in a style of Oriental magnificence, encircled by a retinue of obsequious adherents. No one knew, or knows to this day, the source of the enormous wealth with which the state of the man was maintained during his life, and his sumptuous funeral conducted after his death. The early life of Jacob Frank did not forebode this splendour. He was born in Poland; in his youth he had been a distiller of brandy, and wandered into the Crimea, thence into Turkey, where he acquired great fame as a Cabalist. He returned to Podolia in his thirty-eighth year, and gathered together the wrecks of the followers of Sabbathai Sevi. He was persecuted by the Talmudists, revenged himself by throwing himself under the protection of the Bishop of Kaminiak, publicly burned the Talmud, announced himself a believer in the Zohar, and promulgated a new creed. Yet for a time he attempted to maintain his lofty intermediate eclecticism. But those were not the days, nor was Poland the country, in which men could safely halt between two opinions. The Bishop, his protector, died. The Rabbins, his deadly enemies, denounced him at Warsaw to the Government and to the Papal Nuncio, as an apostate Jew and a heretic Christian. His creed was certainly neither pure Judaism nor orthodox Christianity. The Zoharites began to see the fires of persecution already prepared for them, and themselves at the stake. They set forth for Turkey. As the first pilgrims entered Moldavia, the stern Kadi was as intolerant of men neither Jews, nor Christians, nor Mussulmen, as the Christians. They were left to be plundered by the populace. Those who remained behind openly embraced the Catholic faith, yet retained their secret Judaism. Many were detected, and sent forth, with their beards half-shaved, to the scorn and insult of the people. Some were condemned to hard labour. Yet many succeeded in concealing their doubtful opinions, intermarried, founded families, and attained rank and honour in Warsaw. Frank himself was imprisoned in the fortress of Czentschow. When this fortress was taken by the Russians he was set free. He travelled as ostensibly a Catholic Christian, but levying vast sums of money from his countrymen through Poland, Bohemia, Moravia. The new creed leant towards Christianity rather than Islamism. It rejected the Talmud, but insisted on a hidden sense in the Scriptures. It admitted the Trinity and the Incarnation of the Deity, but preserved an artful ambiguity as to the person in whom the Deity was incarnate, whether Jesus Christ or Sabbathai Sevi. As, however, the great head of this sect, Jacob Frank, afterwards openly embraced Christianity, and attended mass, he scarcely belongs to Jewish History. Suffice it to say that this adventurer lived in Vienna, in Brunn, and in Offenbach, with a retinue of several hundred beautiful Jewish youth of both sexes; carts containing treasure were reported to be perpetually brought in to him, chiefly from Poland—he went out daily in great state to perform his devotions in the open field—he rode in a chariot drawn by noble horses; ten or twelve Hulans in red and green uniform, glittering with gold, rode by his side, with pikes in their hands, and crests on their caps, eagles, or stars, or the sun and moon. Water was always carefully poured over the place where he had paid his devotions. He proceeded in the same pomp to church, where his behaviour was peculiar, but grave and solemn. His followers believed him immortal, but in 1791 he died; his burial was as splendid as his mode of living—800 persons followed him to the grave. But with his body the secret of his wealth was interred; his family sank into a state of want, and almost beggary. In vain they appealed to the credulity, to the charity of their brethren; they fell into insignificance, and were obliged to submit to the ordinary labours of mortal life."

Many of Dean Milman's opinions will astonish good critical scholars, such as those on Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and, above all, Deuteronomy. He affirms truly that his Preface may not please the extreme of either party; neither will his book, for he is both conservative and liberal in his views—a strange compound,—sometimes having the appearance, at least, of being afraid to say out all he thinks, sometimes decided in the maintenance of the old, sometimes plainly asserting that the old cannot stand. Hence the reader is disappointed and pleased by turns. A want of clearness has occasionally struck us; and hastiness in writing may be plainly seen. We strongly suspect that the learned author has not spent sufficient time over his book, but that he has decided grave questions in an off-hand style,—questions requiring much more linguistic knowledge and critical skill than he possesses. But we almost forget that the book is not one for scholars. Why then does the author introduce critical questions and discuss them in his way? We appreciate his descriptive power very highly. His reading is extensive; he thinks independently, and has a large amount of shrewd sense. But his critical judgments must be read with caution. We distrust their correctness, and often differ from them widely. Indeed, many of his views are already antiquated among the masters of Biblical criticism. Thirty years ago they might have passed current; but progress has been made since then. The Dean himself has gone forward; though ecclesiastical dignitaries are wont to move slowly, lest they should not move safely.

A Defence of the Queen's English. By G. Washington Moon. (Hatchard & Co.)

In a recent number of *Good Words* the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Alford, wrote an article exposing many cases of solecism, slip-slop, and affectation, under the title, 'A Plea for the Queen's English.' It was a lively, well-written essay, and perfectly intelligible. Mr. Moon has appointed himself *custos custodis*, and professes to find that the Dean himself indulges in faults as bad as those which he writes to correct. We do not agree with Mr. Moon: we find the Dean as correct as his censor, while he is far more intelligible. Many of the criticisms refer to the placing of words; to the order in which the phrases occur. We all know that our modern languages, when they have undergone loss of inflexions to the extent which is seen in English, are dependent for clearness upon the arrangement of the words. Very frequently the misplacement of a phrase will make a serious ambiguity; in many cases the sense obtrudes itself upon the mind in such manner that the misplacement is not observed until a critic points it out. When the words are placed later than precision requires, little mischief is done: the worst writers of English are those who raise an ambiguity which can only be laid by what follows. Mr. Moon really puzzles us in this way; which the Dean never does. We shall quote one example. There are two distinct uses of "as," followed by a disjunction. If we say "As men are good or bad," we cannot tell the meaning of the first word until we see what is to come. It may be "As [seeing that] men are good or bad, people should be careful with whom they associate"; or it may be "[According] as men are good or bad, they are worthy of reward or of punishment." Mr. Moon has the following sentence: "... As example is for good or for evil, so will a language gain in strength . . . or will become weak . . ." We began to construe this sentence with *as* in the sense of "seeing that," and were obliged to go back: Mr. Moon ought to

have said "according as." The proof of the pudding is in the eating: this one lapse gave us more trouble than we found in the whole of the Dean's article.

Mr. Moon has no objection to the Dean's criticisms: he thinks them good, but conveyed in inaccurate English. But he does not tell us this without an inaccuracy of his own. He says, "I do not find fault with the critical remarks of your essay." He should have said "in your essay"; the critical remarks were those of the Dean. Such solecism is not very uncommon, perhaps: but Mr. Moon should have placed himself above such a slip before he set himself the task of teaching Dr. Alford his mother tongue.

Some of Mr. Moon's corrections amount to nothing. The Dean says, "A man does not lose his mother now in the papers, but has a bereavement." The objection to this phrase is that "now" should have come after "not." Mr. Moon puts "now" in a worse place than the Dean, for he makes the correction thus—"According to the papers now a man does not lose his mother." His objection is to a man losing his mother in the papers; he is afraid of the idea being suggested that a mother, if a small one, might have fallen into the *Times*, and been lost among the advertisements. The Dean's error is slight, Mr. Moon's is considerable. One offends against the logic of form, the other offends against the logic of ideas.

Again, the Dean says, "What a history, it has been well said, is this earth's atmosphere, seeing that all words spoken from Adam's first till now are still vibrating on its sensitive and unresting medium." No one will say that this is good English, but no one can deny that it is intelligible. Mr. Moon first asks whether the vibrating medium is Adam's first? There is no ambiguity here: English would not, by any forcing, bear Mr. Moon's construction. He goes on thus—"And then first what? First child, or first word? Of course the latter; still, what nonsense; from a word till a time! From Adam's first till now." Now though a monthly nurse can never hear of a woman's "first" without thinking of her eldest child, Mr. Moon, in spite of his name, has no more right to bring in a child than a residence, seeing that no child has been mentioned. Why did he not ask whether Paradise was meant? As to the objection about passing from a word to a time, there is little in it. Our very best writers use such forms as "from the Revolution till now,"—"from the Creation till now." "The time of" is understood. Is all elision to be rejected?

With regard to the order of words, it is not grammar, but the state of association, which requires one arrangement or another. We have heard of "Wanted a young man to take care of a horse of the Methodist persuasion." This, no doubt, is wrong: it should be "Wanted a young man of the Methodist persuasion to take care of a horse." But why is one form wrong, the other right? It is not a question of grammar. Each is grammatically correct. It is a question of sense. The gentleman who says he wishes to engage a young man to take charge of a horse of the Methodist persuasion talks nonsense, uses words out of their accepted meanings. A horse cannot be of the Methodist persuasion. After all, the best order of words is that which leaves the least ambiguity, though a sentence in which the meaning has to be inferred from comparison of ideas may still be supremely beautiful. Take the lines:—

Oh! it came o'er my soul like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

The meaning of the third line becomes clear by inference; the "sweet south" settles it. We are greatly in need of a grammar which shall distinguish between what is *formal* and what is *real*. Every attempt to treat English construction as guided by rules of pure form produces absurdities. The battle of the Norman and Saxon tongues, still undecided, would alone render an orthodox system unattainable.

Lost and Saved. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mrs. Norton has been neither a hasty nor a prolific writer. She has given the world much from the garden of her mind; but her offerings have all been from the best at her disposal. It has been her wont to place before readers her choicest flowers and rarest fruit; but she has never laid herself open to a charge of utilizing every sprig and blossom of her fancy, after the fashion of those industrious book-makers who seek material for their art in every dinner or drive they take, and never enter a ball-room without keeping their publisher's requirements steadily in view. Several years have passed away since the appearance of 'Stuart of Dunleath,' and now its author gives us another work of prose fiction which, begun in days of gladness and continued under the shadow of death, has been slowly perfected with the patient labour that is the artist's best comforter in periods of sorrow. "In the old happy days," observes Mrs. Norton in her dedicatory letter to the Earl of Essex, "when your girl and my boy rode laughing races through the woods of Wiesbaden, and you and I took more cheerful walks than I can ever take again; when your beautiful and pleasant sisters were 'new friends,' and we all hoped to make but one family, I jested with you as to your notions of charm and perfection in woman, and told you I would some day create a heroine on that model, and bring her to grief in a novel. The real griefs and heavy anxieties of life have overshadowed both our homes since those days, and both those young voices are silent for ever, whose music we thought would linger with us, till we ourselves were insensible to earthly sounds. From this cause, and many other disturbing causes, the work begun so long ago has only lately been brought to a conclusion."

The story thus pathetically introduced bears a strong family likeness to 'Stuart of Dunleath,' in the prevailing sadness of its tone, and in the means by which the reader's commiseration is roused for the wrongs and sorrows of the heroine; but 'Lost and Saved' surpasses the earlier story in strength, delicacy, and that quality which is technically termed "finish." Moreover, the gloom of the tale is relieved by a light, airy, racy humour, the want of which is the chief defect of 'Stuart of Dunleath.' The artistic grace and ease of the opening pages may be studied with profit by the most practised novelists. The way in which the author enters upon her task is the way of a beautiful and clever woman who, entering a room with the purpose of winning a stranger to her cause, commences the interview with quiet smile, and playful speech and wayward mirth, and does not allow her object to appear until she has her hearer well in hand, when in a trice he is surprised into adopting her views, and discovers that all her preliminary idleness and by-play were regulated by design. Novelists, before now, have lounged, and lolled, and sauntered into their stories; but we know of no imaginative writer who has gossiped his way into his subject with such exquisite tact as Mrs. Norton displays in her light, sunny, picturesque reminiscences of the neighbourhood about

Tenby, where Beatrice Brooke, the heroine of 'Lost and Saved,' in all the freshness and beauty and purity of girlhood, is found by her betrayer, Montagu Treherne. Offering a needless apology for lingering about the sandy beds of Capt. Brooke's garden, the storyteller says:—

"I cannot bear to hurry past even the few stormy and wet days that came rather to vary than to mar their pleasures. Shut in the pleasant prison of the enchanting little 'Home'—or in the well-furnished library-room at Lewellyn Lodge; or going out perhaps in a gleam of storm-sunlight to see the great fresh waves dash upon the shore, and the ships bend and dip their sails like sea-birds' wings in the tyrannous blast; and then run up the well-known rocky stair from the sands beneath, with the rain dripping from the light waterproof cloaks and round hats of the girls, and the fresh cool bloom of colour deepening in their cheeks. Days when poor Beatrice thought that since the demigods of heathendom there surely never had been anything like Montagu seen upon earth; and Montagu, on his part, considered, that whether in her simple riding-habit, on her cream-coloured Hanoverian pony,—or in her little fishing-boots and short linsey-woolsey petticoat,—or in floating white muslin dress and simply braided hair, or plain straw-hat, under the drooping shadow of whose brim her lovely eyes shone like sunlight from under a forest bough—he had never seen so enchanting a creature! And most people would have been of Treherne's opinion. Beatrice was not only beautiful—not only had that nameless grace which goes by the name of 'charm'—not only was she playful and coaxing (poor English synonyms for the French terms *caressante* and *foldtre*), but quick, ardent and sensitive; capable of all sacrifice for those she loved; capable of all energy for that which she desired to attain; full of eagerness; full of enthusiasm; pitiful and tender. Something of a rarer earnestness was in her than in others, and warned you while she spoke, like a flame. It is in vain to argue the matter: there is as much difference of sensation in different persons as there is difference in their physical strength or intellectual capacities. One can't draw,—another can't sing,—and a third *can't feel*. There are apathetic creatures to whom passionate love, wild grief, aching compassion, are mysteries as great as magic. Disturbed; embarrassed; incredulous; with a strong repugnance to what they call 'a scene,'—they shrink like sea-anemones, and draw in the cold flabby feelers of their minds at any evidence of emotion in others. Beatrice was the reverse of all this. She enjoyed more, she suffered more, she felt more, than a great proportion of her fellow-creatures. Life thrilled through her, as you may see it thrill, in the delight of sunshine, through a butterfly's closed wings. And to such as she, in whom the visible world and the life of sensation predominate, the temptations of this world are the most powerful. Her heart ached, the tears rushed into her eyes, at some touching picture or some mournful song. The breath of a warm spring day, the scent of flowers, the purple of the distant hills, the freshness of the waves dashing in upon the shore, filled her with vague yearning. With her gentle sister and loving father nothing of all this had been controlled; nor, with her joyous kindly pliant temper, did it seem to them that anything required controlling. They delighted in her,—as she in them. She was the pet of the 'Home.' She had lived a shadowless life. Not even an illness had ever come to bring languor to that eager brow, or weakness to that alert and graceful form. Who can wonder with all this that Beatrice was merry? Merry she was, and witty too."

Such is the Tenby life of the victim and her seducer,—of Beatrice Brooke, the daughter of a retired army captain, and Montagu Treherne, heir to an earldom and a distinguished ornament of an exclusive "set" in London's world of fashion. We will not diminish the reader's interest by minutely repeating each step of the complicated drama, but will confine our remarks to that part of Beatrice's story which is shadowed

forth in the title. Duped by a sham marriage, the girl does not discover the true nature of her position until she is about to become a mother. The scenes are admirably managed in which her shame is detected by her family, and the immediate consequences of the revelation are set forth; but most readers will experience a shock of disapprobation at the course pursued by the girl when she is aware of her degradation. Terrified, broken in spirit, and believing herself cast off by her family, she consents to live with Montagu, as his mistress, until he shall be able to make her his wife without a serious loss of worldly position. Of course, love for her child is a chief motive to this surrender of womanly dignity and honour; but the consideration is insufficient to justify the sacrifice, and we hold that the novelist has made a mistake in letting her heroine sink so low before saving her. In due course the "arrangement" of the lovers meets an appropriate end. Carried away by dissipation and hardened by systematic self-indulgence, Montagu grows weary of his toy, and frankly tells her so. She is an old glove; and throwing her aside with a shameless brutality, which we should deem unusual even amongst seducers, he leaves England to court the smiles of a married woman, and soothes his conscience for his conduct to Beatrice by asking a friend to send her back to Tenby, and by offering to make her a liberal allowance of money. Then the girl awakens to a full sense of her degradation, and resolves to sink no lower. Outcast though she is, she will not throw away the last tatters of self-respect with which she strives to cover her disgrace. The cries of her baby boy save her from the sin of self-murder; for *him* she must live and work. Then comes the fearful task of self-recovery; and the courage and calmness with which the delicate girl, gently nurtured and ill prepared to hold her own in the battle of life, goes forth to win the means of existence for her child, restore her to that place in the reader's sympathies which she forfeited by consenting to live with a man whom she knew to be her betrayer. But her salvation is not altogether effected by her own exertions. Friends, the good angels of the story, come to her aid; and, at the close, she not only enjoys the world's regard, but is happily married.

Beatrice's career forms only the centre of the story, which has an abundance of plot, counter-plot, and episode, and even a *superabundance* of character. In her delineations of female character, Mrs. Norton has displayed her greatest strength. Her men are shadowy and unreal; but the women are remarkable, in some instances remarkably unpleasant, specimens of their kind. The Marchioness of Updown is a striking piece of testimony, borne by one well fitted to give evidence on such a subject, that a woman may not only be a lady of rank, but also a distinguished leader of fashion, and yet be a very low sort of creature. "Curious, now, ain't it, Brown," observes Mrs. Norton's police-serjeant, "how like females are one to t'other? This one's a real marchioness, with a real sort of marquis, dining with the Queen and all that; and here she's been a-behaving for all the world like Betsy Blane, the fishwoman as I had in the lock-up last night. She's as like her,—as like as one oyster-shell is to another." It is possible that the most powerfully-drawn female characters of 'Lost and Saved' will offend many readers, but no competent judge will question the unpleasant truthfulness of their portraiture. No one but a woman could have created the ladies of the Treherne family; and not one man in twenty will fully appreciate the art which has

put that group of well-contrasted women on canvas. 'Lost and Saved' is a work of such rare excellence, that it would create a stir amongst novel-readers even if it had not Mrs. Norton's name on the title-page.

Journal of a Tour in Italy, with Reflections on the Present Condition and Prospects of Religion in that Country. By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D. 2 vols. (Rivingtons.)

THREE months of observation of Church matters in Italy are here narrated at some length, by one who speaks with authority. Dr. Wordsworth states that "he was disposed to believe, before he set out from England, that the present juncture of Italian affairs may perhaps prove more important to the Church in Italy than any crisis in her history since the days of the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century,"—the above confession making it clear that he went forth with a strong predisposition in his mind to receive impressions of a particular stamp and colour. Like other travellers thus armed, he seems to have found those interlocutors who supplied such answers to his questions as precisely suited them. The record, however, does not thereby gain in interest and authority, but the reverse. Dr. Wordsworth, again, has a habit of illustrating his subject by conjecture and inquiry, which, however favourite as the resource of certain tourists, is neither conclusive nor agreeable. Let us give an instance:—

"We are told (he says) by the *Osservatore Romano* that 37,000 pounds of wax were used on the occasion, to illuminate St. Peter's at mid-day! Might not their value have been better spent, and in a manner more pleasing to the souls of the Martyrs, in dispelling the darkness of heathenism, and diffusing the light of the Gospel? Surely the light which blazed there on Whitsunday had little resemblance to that which came down from Heaven on the Day of Pentecost."

No doubt it would; but a political system is not to be judged from each of its details, taken apart from the rest. We English spend a good deal of money in powder for our royal salutes. Would it be worth while for Cardinal Antonelli to sneer at the noise and stench of our ports of entry, and to suggest the policy of our spending the money on missionaries?

The reader experienced in clerical travels no more needs to be told what manner of information he will find in this book, than he would in a tour among the English Protestant churches by Cardinal Wiseman. Dr. Wordsworth—to his credit be it said, neither bigoted nor bitter in his zeal—is thoroughly intent on the downfall of the Romish Church, and appears to conceive that so goodly a deliverance of the minds of men from the trammels of superstition may not be very far off. Yet some of his facts are not easy to reconcile with this comfortable anticipation. Aware as our clergyman is of the attention which the numerous schisms in the Church of England are exciting among Roman Catholics, he points out with triumph that St. Peter's viceroy does not rule over an united kingdom, and appeals to the thousands of priestly signatures which emphasized Father Passaglia's protest against the Pope retaining temporal power. Yet this very Passaglia was one of the most active upholders of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, only the other day added to the infallible articles of faith, to the amazement and concern of Protestant Europe!

We could pursue this line of remark and criticism further, were this the time and place for pronouncing on phenomena so contradictory as the epoch presents. Instead of so doing, however, we will merely call attention to two

of the sights of Florence noted by Dr. Wordsworth:—

"*Sunday, June 1.*—Went to the English church, Via Maglio, at eleven A.M. and half past three P.M. The city was illuminated to-day, being the 'Festa dello Statuto.' The Piazza dell' Indipendenza was the centre of the gaiety. There was little creative invention in the arrangement of the lamps; no devices; not even any mottoes; not much enthusiasm or joy in the look of the people; indeed, this is a time of anxiety and suspense. Tuscany has lost its ancient nationality; and the kingdom of Italy is not yet constituted. It has no capital. It is a body without a head. In this state of uncertainty, commerce and trade suffer. No one can tell what will come next. I went to the Duomo; only a small congregation there, even at ten in the morning. The people are much vexed and annoyed, because the Archbishop, acting under orders from Rome (of May 18, 1861), will not allow the national Anniversary to be celebrated or in any way recognized in the Cathedral. I was therefore surprised to see in the evening that the exterior of the cupola of the Cathedral was illuminated. On inquiring of one of the Canons of the Cathedral the reason of this discrepancy, I was informed by him that the external decorations and the material repairs of the Cathedral are under the management of a separate corporation, distinct from that which has the control of the ritual of that church. Here is a striking specimen of the conflict which is now rending this country in pieces. On this Sunday, June 1st, the festival of the King and the Nation, the interior of this noble Cathedral shows no sign of joy and thankfulness; it is possessed, as it were, with a deaf and dumb spirit; its Archbishop and clergy will listen to no entreaties, and refuse to utter a single syllable of supplication for the monarch and the people. But the exterior of the Cathedral is one blaze of light, and exults in an ecstasy of joy. The greatest church of Tuscany is a house divided against itself—a melancholy specimen and epitome of the state of Italy at this crisis; and an omen, it is to be feared, of coming sorrows. * * *Friday, June 6.*—Grand mass to-day at S. Croce in honour of Cavour, it being the first anniversary of his death. There were banners fringed with crape hung out of the windows in the streets. On the eve, at the Ville de Paris, the men (no women) were engaged in making wreaths and garlands of flowers, lilies, carnations, blue larkspurs and green leaves, to decorate his cenotaph. Over the door of the church was the following inscription:—

A CAMILLO DI CAVOUR,
Mente d'Italia,
Che oggi fa l'anno lo pianse
Rinnovando per voto pubblico
Degne onoranze.
Giuriamo a Dio in questo Santuario
Di avita sapienza e gloria perenne
Compire con fede, senno, amore,
Ond' ebbe cominciamento
L'Unità della Patria.

The scene in the church after the mass was too dramatic and artificial for our taste. The glare and smell of the countless candles, the gaudy style of ornament of the high catafalque, raised in the centre of the church; and, above all, the glorification of the human instrument in the temple of God, were all repugnant to the feelings, in different ways. All that was here displayed began and ended in *man.*"

We fancy that the above remarks and examples will suffice to give an idea of the nature of this book. Its recommendations are special, and do not entitle it, in our judgment, to take an important place in the library of Italian travel.

Ballads and Songs. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. (Bell & Daldy.)

We are afraid that in after-times the poetry of our age will be thought very sombre, and our poets a lot of "sad fellows." The Homeric laughter, deep-chested, with all the heart in it, never rings now-a-days. The simple, perfect morning health of Chaucer no longer vitalizes

English poetry. The high spirits and *bonhomie* of the Elizabethan men reign and rule no more. The cloudiness of our climate has surely culminated in our poetry, or else the nervous system of our poets has worked and fretted its way too near the surface, and requires covering in with an ampler, ruddier *physique*. Mirth and jollity have gone the way of May-dances and May-poles. We shall not find "merrie England" in verse any more than in the prose of present life. Our poets do not come to us by any chance with the mirthful twinkle in the eye and the lurking laughter playing round the corners of the mouth; spring never dances in their blood, and there would seem to be no more "cakes and ale." The strings of their lyre are too damp and lax with tears for it to ring out very cheerily; while the sound of weeping runs through all their music. Our singers are rather like those clocks that cannot strike unless they carry heavy weights. They indulge rather too much in the luxury of grief and wear too often the livery of woe! What light they do receive from above appears to come to them in the old limited Rembrandtish way, chiefly serving to show the surrounding glooms of life. They sing in a voice that is lugubrious and depressing. Their imitators follow suit, and lift up the eyes and turn down the corners of the mouth in a most melancholy fashion. We believe it to be a positive fact that most of our Magazines in the course of a year or two become perfect mausoleums of dead babies. Loss is everything, and the gains go for nothing. They have not the thankful heart and cheerful courage of that Yankee editor, who could sit rocking the cradle and sing "Betsy's got another baby." We wish they had a little more of the merry heart that "goes all the day," and that their success did not lie so much in finding out a few tender places and continually touching these. We wish they would lubricate the drynesses of life with a little humour instead of so many tears, and give us something more of the blithe spirit that comes of the best health and noblest natural conditions. Jean Paul tells us that the tear of sympathy for sorrow is holy and beautiful; but the tear of joy is still more precious and a diamond of the first water.

What we like most in the Ballads of Miss Parkes is the chirping cheeriness of soul that will see the "silver lining" to a dark cloud, and make the most of the common wayside pleasures and chance felicities of life. There is a sunshine in her song that will break through the dullest atmosphere—strike the mournful mist into jewelry drops, and have done with it! Her poetry goes to no great depth, but we are thankful for the absence of whining and whimpering. Here is a very good sample of the cheery heart that leaps lightly into song:—

UP THE RIVER.

'Tis April! 'tis a Holyday! and they shut close yester-even
The golden gates of Sydenham with the clang of iron
bars;
The terraces lie shadowless beneath the smile of Heaven,
And trodden but by chasing clouds and the silent feet of
stars.

'Tis April! 'tis a Holyday! and the Halls of the Museum
Have nothing noisier than the ghosts of Pharaohs on
their floors;
The mastodons and elephants feel very dull to see 'em,
And stare with idle eyeballs at the unresponsive doors.

Bat the River still is open, and its gentle tide comes
flowing
With a thousand tender whispers of the everlasting sea;
And I know that in the woodlands all the early flowers are
blowing,
And breathing their sweet messages to Laurence and
to me.

The sun is mounting towards the noon, and up above the
towers
Of the Abbey and the Parliament the sky's without a
flaw.
A most diabolical thing it were to disobey the flowers,
So, Laurence, get your Sunday-hat, and clear your brains
of law.

I dearly love this London, this royal northern London,
And am up in all its history to Brutus and to Lud;
But I wish that certain Puritan simplicities were undone,
That the houses had more gable-ends, and the river less
of mud.

Yet the River still is beautiful, rejoicing in the quaintest
Old corners for a painter (till the new quays are begun).
See there the line of distant hills, and where the blue is
faintest,

How the brown sails of the barges lie slanting in the sun.
Here's a steamer—now we're in it—one is passing every
minute;

There's the palace of St. Stephen, which they call a
"dream in stone";

But I think, beyond all question, it was in an indigestion
That the architect devised those scrolls whose language is
unknown.

Now we pass the Lollards' Tower as we glide upon our
journey,

And think of Wicliffe's ashes scattered wide across the
sea;

Pass the site of ancient Ranelagh, which (*vide Fanny
Burney*)

Brings up the tales we read at school to Laurence and
to me.

At last we get to Putney, and we rush across the river,
The gentle rural river, flowing softly thro' the grass;
And we walk more fast than ever, for our nerves are in a
quiver,

Till we mount the hill of Wimbledon, and see the
shadows pass

Athwart the budding chestnuts, and clear brown waters
lying,

Filled with the click of insects, among the yellowing
gorse;

Here there is no human creature, and the only living
feature

Of all this glorious common is that idle old white horse.

And he is very happy, cropping herbage fresh and sappy,
Stretching out his tired legs thro' all the lonely day,—
And the lark is upon high, singing madly in the sky,—
And, Laurence, look in yonder hedge—is it—it is—white
May!

Oh! I see the fields of Warwick, and the tower of old
St. Mary's—

The grand grey tower which Wren designed—and the
common melts away;

I am on the lilled Avon, and among the Stratford fairies,
I am on my own dear Avon, a happy child at play,—
I remember—this is Middlesex—sweet vision, wilt not
stay?

Dear Laurence, jump across the stream, and bring that
branch of May.

It is, indeed, a day of days, the sunlight grows more mellow,
As the sun goes softly sloping down towards the woods
of Comb;

The sky is blue, the hills are blue, the budding gorse is
yellow,

And all the air is happy with a mixture of perfume.

Oh, Laurence! when a judge, and wise in all the learned
fudge

Of that book I shut this morning, and on your way to
riches,

When, in ample wig and sleeve, your guineas you receive,
They'll not be half so golden as the primrose in these
ditches!

See, they drop about the ground, and sing without a sound,
Thick clusters of anemones, and primrose-roots by
dozens;

Saucy blooms without a measure blow in wantonness of
pleasure,

And nobody to know it but two wandering London
cousins.

The gracious, golden primroses! the starry white anemones!
Fill up the basket right and left, we're beggars for the
board,

Let's sing a refrain in this wood, "May Ruskin rule his
enemies!"

(I think that we are trespassing—but never mind the
board!)

The sun is sinking in the west, we'll leave the wood
behind us,

Across the road and up the steps, see here is Richmond
Park;

Let's plunge amid the ferny glades, where only deer could
find us—

It wants an hour to sunset, and two before it's dark!

There, now we're on the terrace; see, this regal Thames is
winding

Among its poplared islands with a slow majestic pace;
We should see the towers of Windsor if the sun were not
so blinding.

It casts a glow on all the trees, and a glory on your face.

Golden is the landscape, and the river and the people,
The cedar stems are molten now the sun is going down,—
Let's keep the vision as it is. The clock in yonder steeple
Reminds us it is getting late, and we're miles away from
town.

I just see the towers of London—the far, faint towers of
London:

We'll jump into the second class, beside that satin gown.

See! we run beside the river, on its breast the last rays
quiver:

Oh! what an April holiday! and all for half-a-crown!

The Cockney's "outing" for the day never
had a more musical accompaniment. The breath

of fresh air, glimpse of blue sky and wild
flowers—the sunny warmth of spring and the
dim coolness of wood and water, which may be
had so near to the great city, have here found
a most sprightly setting. We have taken the
liberty of leaving out some lines; also, we have
given a hint to the printers with regard to their
"setting." We wish they would remember that
where poetry has alternate rhymes, the lines
should be "indented" alternately. This gives
a clue to the eye which is quite necessary. It is
like marking the "time" of music with its in-
dicative figures. Yet many writers and printers
pay no attention to this, but huddle all on one
level; or, if an exception be made, it is often
with the wrong rhymes.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' contains
another pleasant illustration of Miss Parkes's
open-air fancy and lively manner. Oberon, or
any other lover, we suppose, *loquitur*.—

Alas! they have stolen my Fairy Princess,
And where they have hidden her I cannot guess.
I've asked of her Father, I've asked of her Mother,
But they cannot tell, or they will not discover.
And Men, when I question them, laugh me to scorn,
And no one has seen her since yesterday morn!
I went to the wood, and I asked of the Leaves;
But they have a whispering way that deceives;
And the Oak and the Elm, when they will, can entwine
The thickest of screens with the Ivy and Vine.
I went to the Wind, who replied with a scoff,
He had met her, 'twas true; but a longish way off.
And then the wild fellow swept over the hill,
And all in the wake of his bluster was still.
I went to the Water, who promised a vision,
Then suddenly rippled in bursts of derision;
And asked if I thought he was likely to know
Who had looked in his mirror an hour ago!
(But, oh! if one moment she smiled in my eyes,
Within me for ever the memory lies!)

I went to the Flowers; but the secrets she knows
Are tightly curled up in the heart of the Rose;
And nothing that lovers can swear or forget
Is ever betrayed by the dear Mignonne.
The pale Water-lily lies open and bare,
So openly calm that no story is there;
Not one of the Flowers, alas! will confess
Whatever they know of my Fairy Princess.
O wonderful Nature! I know you have hidden
This delicate darling away from my sight;
I dread that you will not restore her unhidden
By spells which my tongue cannot conjure aright!
Ah! moved by my pleading, the merciful Mother
Has spared me the longing that fearfully kills;
And shown me in dreaming my love, and no other.
When she lies fast asleep—in the heart of the hills.

Does not the writer's ear tell her that
"mother" does not rhyme with "discover"?
and that there is one syllable over measure in
the last line? This last is a common error with
many writers, but none the less annoying to
the musical sense. There is deeper thought in
a poem called 'The World of Art,' which shows
a reverent appreciation of the artist's work—a
clear insight into the truest means for attaining
the noblest ends. It also reveals a strong and
earnest desire to be enrolled in the glorious
company of singers. And although the mere
lust of fame is of little worth, yet, as Sir
Thomas More says, they never really love who
have not truly longed. So we seldom attain to
that for which we have not yearned. Let Miss
Parkes work on, longing as much as she likes,
and we can promise that she will win a place yet
at the feet of those into whose faces she looks up
with such admiration and awe. Her gift of song
is genuine, if not great; and reputations have
been made amongst women with far less poetic
faculty and sincerity of nature. We hope and
expect to find her higher up the hill when we
meet her next.

The Rogues of Germany—[*Das Deutsche Gau-
nerthum*, von Avé-Lallemant]. 4 vols. (Leip-
zig.)

FOUR portly volumes by an eminent police
authority, give us the ways and means of all
those dangerous classes that are briefly compre-
hended under the name of Rogues, although
their tricks are scarcely more various than the
subdivisions into which they may be parcelled

out. Enough has been written of late in the
London papers to make us curious to com-
pare the undercurrents of English life with
those of other countries, but it would be
thought by most of us that steady, hard-
working, idyllic Germany could scarcely fur-
nish so large a contribution. Those who are
familiar with the police system of Germany
must be still more surprised to find rogues
flourishing in the midst of passports, certificates
of every kind, permissions to reside and permis-
sions to depart. Dr. Lallemant's volumes are a
sufficient answer to all such thoughts. The labo-
rious diligence he displays in piling up fact upon
fact, the minute details to which he descends,
the knowledge of slang and thieves' cant ele-
vated to a positive science, are worthy of praise,
though we rather miss the direct and practical
results which we should expect from an English
writer. A little too much generalization mars
the telling picture of the German rogues of the
present.

Dr. Lallemant's first volume is devoted to an
historical sketch, tracing the origin and progress
of rogues as it hung on the skirts of all the
great wars of the past, from the Thirty Years'
War to the wars of the Revolution. Luther's
'Book of Vagrants,' of which an English trans-
lation was recently published, affords much
matter for this account, as the vocabulary
given in Luther's Appendix serves for a com-
parison with the two volumes which Dr. Lalle-
mant devotes to the philology of his subject.
The third and fourth volumes are entirely taken
up with the linguistic aspects of rogues, and
in these a most important contribution is made
to the science of language. Dr. Lallemant traces
the *Gauner-sprache*, the thieves' cant of Ger-
many, to the Jew-German, that strange dialect,
the study of which led the young Goethe to
the study of Hebrew. Jew-German, mixed up
with other popular dialects, and modified by
usage or by more skilful disguise, is at the base
of the rogues' jargon, and accordingly, Dr. Lalle-
mant gives a comparative dictionary and
grammar of both Jew-German and the *gauner-
sprache*. From a philological point of view his
discoveries will doubtless seem curious. It may
be a question how far the genesis of the rogues'
language and the modifications introduced may
serve as a commentary on the various theories
of the origin and growth of human language
which have lately been propounded. If this be
too ambitious a flight, at least the comparison
of German *argot* with our own, or with that
belonging to the French capital, as it was shown
in so many dialogues of Victor Hugo's great
romance, will be a matter of interest to less-
distinguished inquirers than Prof. Max Müller.

It is, however, on Dr. Lallemant's second
volume that we propose to linger,—on the pic-
ture of the present of German rogues. If there
is little that is absolutely new in this picture,
it gives us at all events a number of quaint
varieties, and makes the habits of the rogues of
one nation a comment on those of another.
The psychology of a rogue is ably sketched; his
cowardice, his gross superstition, displayed in
the most brutal and cynical ways, his vanity
and arrogance, which often leads him to commit
himself, the contempt with which he looks down
from his own superior wisdom on the stupid
public, his wanton dissipation and profligacy.
The predominance of such failings neutralizes
the skill and energy that the rogues display;
skill and energy worthy of a better cause, but
unable to strive against so depraved a nature.
A rogue who should make use of half the ability
with which he labours to cheat his fellows
to be of service to them might rise to posts
of opulence and distinction; and the study
required to master the preliminaries of a rogue's

education would fit him for almost any profession. But that entire want of balance, that distaste for anything regular and confined to the dull round of orthodox respectability, which makes a certain low class of literary talent Bohemian, can be traced in the habits which turn a man into a rogue; and the revolt against the plodding mechanical life of Germany is even more certain than in England.

Perhaps in translating the word *gauner* by "rogue" we are too much narrowing the sense of the original. Swindler, card-sharper, vagrant, &c., are all included in the meaning, and many half-respectable classes whom it would be defamation to call rogues, belong to the *gauners*. Waiters and chambermaids at hotels are often in league with the tribe, or belong to it; thousands of members are in the garb of workmen or domestic servants, while some even dress up as professors or artists. The women make themselves up as governesses, companions, widows of officers or public employes. They make great use of railways and passports, getting on and off at small stations, but avoiding the terminus, and falsifying passports systematically, so as sometimes to deceive the initiated. A story is told of a German who stole a packet labelled money from the trunk of a Dutch prebendary, and found a collection of picklocks instead. This may perhaps recall to some readers that story of the two Bohemians who met in Italy, and on the examination of whose effects at the Custom House the gentleman's trunk was found full of paving-stones and the lady's full of oranges.

Simulated diseases are the chief weapons of the German rogue, and he can trade on any class of infirmities, from epilepsy downwards. Especially in puzzling passport officials or escaping warrants are these disguises effectual. One woman had six warrants out against her, and in each her *signalement* was differently given. Another, while in prison, counterfeited a shoulder out of joint for seventeen months, so that when once she escaped she was never again to be identified. Others sham pregnancy, and have to be removed to the hospital; others borrow children and cannot nurse them, which is highly perplexing to the authorities, and may lead to a dismissal of the case; others are deaf and dumb when under examination. The secret understandings they have with each other are as skillfully contrived as the diseases. "One rogue," says Dr. Lallemand, "understands in another rogue every motion of the eye or mouth, every shifting of one foot or movement of a finger, every touch of neck, mouth or hair, every hem, or cough, or sneeze, however naturally and without intention every such thing is done." He tells of a finger alphabet that is used by the sham deaf and dumb, especially in cheating at cards, of keeping one eye shut and squinting with the other over the nose, of carrying the stick under one arm, or even stuck through the handles of a bag. Moreover, figures or signs in writing are used, and are made with pencil, or chalk, or charcoal, on the walls of inns, churches, or railway-stations, on mile-stones, or in the cells of prisons. The superstitious peasant, seeing such marks on his road, passes by on the other side, and thus the communications of the rogues are left undisturbed. In this way rendezvous is given, or a successful theft is told. In prison, too, the line of defence is prepared, the friends of the prisoner watch for favourable opportunities, and appear when he is brought up to swear a false *alibi*. False oaths, says Dr. Lallemand, are constantly taken by the Christians of the tribe, but scarcely ever by the Jews. He gives a complete account of prison communications; whistling, singing, coughing, or praying under

the window,—apparently on the plan adopted by the minstrel Blondel when in search of *Cœur-de-Lion*; a string swung from one window to another is the best means of conveying balls of paper; small pieces of paper sent in dishes or clothes; all of which tricks culminate in the system of knocking, by which an electric telegraph is worked as perfect as any of the means of conveying speedy news between the nations of Europe.

We have next an account of the methods adopted by the German thieves, both in their actual vocation and in the circumstances to which it often leads. The man who is to commit a robbery has almost invariably an accomplice at hand—to make a disturbance if any diversion is necessary; to break a window by accident, or to seize hold of the intended victim and embrace him warmly, claiming him as an old friend, while the thief operates on his pockets. Stealing from a shop, the accomplice acts as customer, covering his ally's proceedings, and diverting the attention of the police if they are called in, as well as of the shopman. A dextrous spirting away of the booty also belongs to the accomplice; and it happens sometimes that a man who is robbed of his watch in the theatre never misses it till it is out in the street. Dr. Lallemand gives us a strange idea of the knowledge and patient study of the German thieves. There is no better topographer or statistician, he says, than your rogue. The rogue knows every country, every place where he has stopped, every nook and corner; all the legal forms adopted in each country, the magistrates and their underlings, the prisons and the police. He goes about and makes investigations in the garb of a pedlar, or beggar, or cripple, or blind man—even as commissioner or policeman; takes impressions of locks and keys, prepares poisoned pellets to throw to watch-dogs. He has secret hiding-places everywhere—not a wall or floor but has some hollow place where things can be deposited; and small things, such as files or saws, are hidden on his body, in the beard and hair. The success that formerly attended burglary, and the feeble resistance opposed by locks until Chubb came to the rescue, are detailed by Dr. Lallemand. He sketches with the same fullness an infinite variety of criminals: the rogue who takes up his quarters for the night at an inn, lets in his associates when everybody has retired, and, after they have made a clearance, returns quietly to bed and walks off in the morning,—the rogue who sneaks into the house in the early morning and takes clothes and boots to clean,—the Countesses who turn over jewelry and slip it up their sleeves under the very eye of the unsuspecting shopman,—the drunken peasant who goes into a money-changer's for some other coinage, and gets confused in his reckoning,—the wretched exile, who has only one treasure left in the world, and must part with that for bread,—the sham porters, who get on carriages or into goods-waggons on the railway, and fling out boxes to their accomplices,—the receivers of stolen goods, with their large and flourishing shops, in which the show of articles honestly come by conceals those dishonestly got, and in which the master shows everything of the kind to the police except the one thing they are in search of. "So many worlds, so much to do."

Dr. Lallemand discovers a close connexion between the rogues he has thus described and the establishments at which Mr. Henley so delicately hinted in the debate on taxing clubs. We cannot venture to follow him into the details he gives, but we would recommend them to the attention of the Society for the Protection of Women.

Elements of Comparative Philology. By R. G. Latham, M.A. M.D. (Walton & Maberly.)

THERE are certain prominent points of information with regard to languages which ought to form part of the stock of knowledge of every educated man. As it would be rare to find in society a person who imagined that Switzerland was a land of dykes or Holland a land of mountains, so it ought to be equally rare to hear that Norwegian and Danish are different languages, or that Hungarian is one of the Slavonic family. To know the height of a mountain or the course of a river is not more interesting than to know that Syrians and Egyptians and Algerines and Arabians all speak Arabic, or that the language of the Tartars who conquered Russia—and whose humbled descendants now go to mosque at Kazan to pray for the Tsar—is nearly identical with the language of the Turks who conquered, and in our day still hold, Constantinople.

Conrad Gesner, who took so high a rank both in the bibliography and natural history of the sixteenth century, was apparently the first to systematize the scattered information on the languages of the world. His 'Mithridates,' a small duodecimo of the date of 1555, contains an alphabetical enumeration of the different nations known in that age, with an indication of the languages they spoke, and some account of the languages themselves, including occasional specimens of the Lord's Prayer, &c. The name of Mithridates was again used at the beginning of this century for the title of the great work of Adelung, the most elaborate and complete that has yet appeared on the subject of languages; but which, strange to say, though it is regarded as an indispensable work of reference by all who know it, has never yet been translated into French or English. It is in the pages of Adelung and his continuator, Vater, that the researches of modern philologists were first brought together, compared and analyzed; and thus a vantage-ground was won for the still more extensive researches of the last half-century.

The new work of Dr. Latham aspires to incorporate into a system the vast accumulations of knowledge on the subject which have accrued since the time of Adelung. Two works have preceded it in English which partly cover the same ground; but in each the linguistic element is mixed up with other matter. These are Dr. Prichard's 'Researches on the Physical History of Mankind' and the anonymous 'Bible in Many Lands,' an account of the translations of the Bible into all the languages into which it has been rendered, accompanied with a specimen and an account of each language. 'The Bible in Many Lands,' being illustrated with several linguistic maps, is a most useful volume for philological study, though not always so full or accurate as might be wished; and the 'Researches' has long taken rank as one of the most valuable productions of recent English scholarship; but as neither of these works furnished information on many of the points touched on by Adelung, there was still ample room for a third work on the subject, for the production of which Dr. Latham is well known to combine a variety of qualifications. His works on the English language have run through numerous editions; and the records of the Philological Society and the British Association contain ample proofs that he has followed with an attention very rare in England the progress of discovery with regard to the African and American languages.

Had Dr. Latham adopted the plan of Adelung, and given us an English 'Mithridates,' he would, we think, have produced a more valu-

able work than his 'Elements of Comparative Philology.' In almost every respect in which his plan differs from that of Adelung, the advantage is with the German. In the first place, Dr. Latham's scale is too contracted. A single volume does not afford sufficient space for an adequate description of the languages of the world. The 'Mithridates' occupies four octavos, usually bound in five; and we have no doubt that the 'Elements' would have been a much better work in five volumes than in one. But, being thus restricted as to space, Dr. Latham might have advantageously restricted himself to the more prominent and interesting parts of his subject, on all of which the public stands much in need of being enlightened. Unluckily, there are some excellent zoologists who, in a general view of zoology, would be tempted to give as much space and attach as much importance to the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* or a Brazilian beetle as to the horse or the elephant. Dr. Latham's researches have led him so much towards the study of vocabularies of the "languages of the Gaboon," of "Bonny and its dialects," of "the Begharmi," &c., that he appears to overlook that the unwritten dialects of negroes are not quite so important in a general point of view as Greek and Latin or Sanscrit and Chinese. Again, while Adelung occupies himself very considerably in explaining the structure of the different languages he treats of, Dr. Latham hardly gives any attention to this branch of the science, the most interesting portion of philology, in most cases, both to philologists themselves and to the world in general. A terse and lucid account of the grammatical structure of such marvelously contrasted languages as Chinese and Sanscrit could hardly fail to arrest the attention and improve the mind of any one not absolutely destitute of intelligent curiosity or common comprehension. Dr. Latham almost invariably confines his attention to the vocabulary of a language, passing over its grammar, and often presents us with a list of words without any indication as to their peculiarities, their affinities or their origin.

Too often, also, he seems to imagine that the most interesting point in regard to a language is a knowledge of the names by which it is called. In many portions, indeed, the volume is so abundant in ethnological rather than philological information, that the title of "Elements of Ethnology" might be suggested as more appropriate than that which it bears.

Even where Dr. Latham enters at more length into some branches of his all-embracing theme, we fail to find that he has made himself master of points in which he speaks with a tone of confident scepticism. The following are some of his observations on Chinese:—

"Those who believe in the great age of the earliest Chinese literature—*e.g.*, those who not only believe that the works of Confucius (for instance) have come down to us, but that Confucius lived somewhere between the times of Archilochus and Æschylus, reasonably expect that, as the Greek of the days of Solon differs from the Greek of the reign of King Otho, the Chinese shall do the same, not perhaps to the same extent, but still to some extent—to an extent sufficient to enable us to talk about the stages of the language, and to compare the old Chinese with the middle, and the middle with the modern. Something, too, they may reasonably expect illustrative of the history and development of the language; although, from the fact of the present Chinese being in an early stage of development, not very much. Little, however, of all this will they actually find. The difference between the Mandarin of to-day and the oldest classical Chinese is (roughly speaking) the difference of two centuries rather than two millenniums—assuming, of course, anything like an ordinary rate of change. But is there not in China an amount of unchanging immobility in language as in other

matters, which we fail to find elsewhere? To this I answer, that such may be or may not be the case. Let it be proven, and it is an important fact in the history of mankind."

There is much to question in the philosophy of this passage: in which Dr. Latham seems to assume that a certain difference is observable in every language within the space of two centuries, and another within the space of twenty, while, on the contrary, it is generally admitted that no rule whatever can be laid down with safety on the subject. The Greek language changed less in the two thousand years preceding King Otho than the Latin in the two hundred years preceding Cicero; and five hundred years before King Otho the Latin of Cicero had changed into the Italian of Petrarch. The Modern Greek of our contemporaries is, moreover, much closer to the Greek of Solon's time than was the language of a century ago. A page of the *Pandora*, the leading magazine of the real modern Athens, hardly differs in its vocabulary from a page of Plato. To revert, however, to the case in hand—Chinese. Where does Dr. Latham find that the difference between the modern idiom of Pekin and the language of the ancient Chinese classics is so slight as he assumes? Abel Rémusat divides his grammar of Chinese into two parts, one of the old language and the other of the new. Bazin, the eminent lecturer on Chinese at Paris, professed to lecture on the modern language only, as distinguished from the old. In China itself the works of Confucius have been accompanied for centuries by commentaries to explain the obscure passages and the obsolete terms. In short, Dr. Latham will find himself at issue on the facts of the case with every Chinese scholar.

With these drawbacks, the 'Elements of Comparative Philology' is still a valuable work. Scores of vocabularies which have been given to the world in foreign and provincial journals, in Transactions of learned Societies, in isolated narratives of travellers, &c., are for the first time brought together in this volume. The book contains so large an amount of information which is not to be met with in combination elsewhere, and the want which it aims at supplying is so urgently felt, that it must take its place on the shelves of every well-furnished library, to await a new edition, in which the author may, we hope, have more space and take more time to do justice to himself and to the subject. May we suggest to him that in that new edition he should get rid of a few of his favourite phrases which are perpetually recurring, such as "*eo nomine*," "there or thereabouts," &c., and that he should pay more attention to the correction of the press? In a volume comprising such an immense number of foreign words, correctness of printing is especially important; and it can only be attained, under such circumstances, by care on the part of the author. The volume is beautifully printed, and, so far as the English goes, with great correctness.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Theocritus, recensit et Brevi Annotatione instruxit F. A. Paley, M.A. (Bell & Daldy), is the title of an excellent edition of Theocritus, with brief Latin notes, adapted for young students, but not unsuitable for advanced scholars, being critical as well as exegetical. Theocritus, as being one of the most difficult of the Greek poets, needs explanation, and Mr. Paley, though anxious for brevity, has not knowingly passed over any passage likely to give trouble. His present work, like all his editions of the classics, bears the stamp of able editorship and practical utility strongly impressed upon it.—The same is true of *Analecta Græca Minora*, with Introductory Sentences, English

Notes, and a Dictionary, by Rev. P. Frost, M.A. (Bell & Daldy), which is a great improvement in several respects upon previous editions of Dalzel's work. To supersede the use of a *Delectus*, Mr. Frost has prefixed about twenty pages of short sentences; but we think they are hardly sufficient in quantity to qualify a boy of average ability for reading the extracts from Greek authors which form the body of the work. Other improvements upon Dalzel are, the curtailment of the prose extracts from Æsop, the omission of the anecdotes of Scholasticus, the re-arrangement of those from Palsephatus and Plutarch, the diminution of those from Lucian, and the insertion of some easy ones from Xenophon's *Anabasis*, with some portions of the *Fables of Babrius*, from Sir Cornwall Lewis's edition. The notes are numerous and very much to the purpose, containing exactly the kind of information that is wanted, in the right quantity, and expressed with unmistakable distinctness. If Mr. Frost will only double the quantity of introductory matter in a future edition, he will leave nothing more to be desired in his work as a first Greek reading-book.

Dr. Pick, whose lectures on Memory have excited some attention, has published a practical application of his principles, in *A New Method of Studying Foreign Languages* (Trübner), which, though marked by some good features, can hardly be considered very new. It proceeds upon the sound but familiar principle of aiding the memory by turning to account the laws which regulate the association of ideas. The pupil is called upon to connect French words with cognate English or Latin ones, and when there is no natural connexion between words, to confine his attention to only two at a time. Dr. Pick's method of beginning translation without grammatical knowledge we cannot think good; nor are we quite satisfied that his mode of teaching the genders of French nouns is the best. His explanations of the etymology of words are useful, but only just what every good teacher would give.—*A New Practical and Easy Method of Learning the French Language*, by F. Ahn, Ph.D.: *Third Course, Author's Edition, containing a French Reader, with Notes and Vocabulary*, by H. W. Ehrlich (Trübner), is a useful collection of French extracts, with notes and a vocabulary of the words; but what Dr. Ahn has done towards its composition does not appear.—M. Massé, the professor of French in Dulwich College, has prepared *Grammatologie Française; a Series of Fifty Introductory Examination Papers* (D. Nutt), which may be used with advantage by those who are preparing for any of the Military or Civil Service Examinations at which a knowledge of French is required.—M. A. Havet's *Grammar of French Grammars, on an Entirely New Plan, the Complete French Class-book* (Simpkin & Co.), is far too complete to be useful, as will be evident when we inform the reader that it contains "a French reader, with questions and notes, lists of words and phrases in daily use, a grammar exhibiting a comparison between the two languages, French lessons on all the idioms and peculiarities, progressive exercises upon all the rules and remarks, selections from English authors to be translated into French, and a dictionary of 10,000 words and numerous idioms."—There are several improvements in *An Atlas of Modern Geography*, by S. Butler, D.D. edited by the Author's Son (Longman). New maps have been added, the old ones corrected according to the present state of geographical knowledge, and, last not least, the price of the whole has been reduced. The execution of the maps does Mr. Weller great honour; he has combined distinctness with fullness most successfully: the mountains and rivers are remarkably clear.—We do not set a high value upon *Geography Classified: a Systematic Manual of Mathematical, Physical and Political Geography*, by E. Adams, F.R.G.S. (Chapman & Hall). The author says, "School-books on Geography are generally, it is too well known, either too bulky, costly and abstruse to be put into the hands of those for whose use they, as school manuals, are more particularly designed; or, are too crowded with dry details to interest, and, consequently, to make a favourable impression on the memory of the learner." We do not know a geo-

graphy more deserving of such a description than Mr. Adams's work, which is too crowded with tables of names, figures and details to serve any other purpose than a book of occasional reference. A large proportion of the information it contains is more curious than useful, and the tabular arrangement is by no means attractive.

The Standard Arithmetic. Part I. By E. L. Jones. (Manchester, Heywood.)—A collection of questions, price one penny. Those who have it would gladly pay twopence more for a Key, which no doubt they are to get.

The First Book of Practical Examples in Arithmetic. By A. Seaton. (Virtue Brothers.)—Many examples, with a Key.

The Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin Messenger of Mathematics. No. V. Vol. II. (Macmillan & Co.)—Very good, but not very elementary. The title says it is "supported by junior students of mathematics." If this mean that it is bought by junior students, we are happy to hear that the juniors are fit for such reading. But if it mean that the contributors are junior students, we demur. The papers are not at all the work of juniors, and Mr. Cayley and Mr. Blissard, &c., have outgrown the name. Only a small number of the contributions are fit for junior students.

Exercises in Euclid and in Modern Geometry. By J. M'Dowell. (Bell & Daldy.)—This is a good collection of examples of the modern methods, which are coming very much into fashion. Legendre said of the theory of numbers that it becomes an exclusive pursuit and a passion with those who take to it from predilection. The same may be said of poles and polars, anharmonics, involutions, radical arcs, &c. Young students will do well to remember that there are other parts of mathematics. But we recommend Mr. M'Dowell's book in its place and for its subject.

Arithmetical Examples for Military and Civil Service Students: being a complete Treatise of Arithmetic. By W. A. Browne, LL.D. (Mair.)—A large book of arithmetic, with examples taken out of examination-papers.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

A Treatise on the Physiological Anatomy of the Lungs. By James Newton Heale, M.D. (Churchill.)—The author of this work has peculiar views of the functions of the blood and lungs. He says, "Vitality is a galvanic force existing exactly during the time and just so long and in proportion as the animal breathes, and not one instant longer. Its efficacy depends upon an uninterrupted circuit being established through the whole of the living blood; and this is the true import of the mechanical circulation of the blood; the meaning of the words 'living blood' is comprised in this fact." This work is, however, devoted to an examination of the structure of the lungs, which are the organs of breathing, and consequently the most important in the production of the galvanism by which we live. It is much more pleasant to follow Dr. Heale in his attempts to unravel the wonderful structure of the lungs than in his angry ravings about galvanism as the source of life. The work is illustrated with good woodcuts, and is worth the attention of the anatomist.

Familiar Letters on the Diseases of Children. By James Brown Harrison, M.D. (Churchill.)—When a man has been in practice a good many years, he feels that he can rely on his experience, and is anxious to communicate the results to others. Yet, strange as it may appear, such experience has, in nine cases out of ten, no value. The fact is, unless medical experience is thrown into a scientific form it is of no value. Unless you can count cases and symptoms and treatment, and compare one set of cases with another, the experience is nothing more than an opinion,—it may be a sound one,—but in the way in which medical men get their experience, it is generally unsound. Louis, the great French physician, said that nearly every opinion he formed of results without counting was opposed to the real facts, which came out by the latter process. Hence the valuelessness of books like this by Dr. Harrison. It is interesting as recording the experience of an old practitioner, but no contribution to scientific medicine at all.

Life in Nature. By James Hinton. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—Mr. Hinton is essentially of a speculative turn of mind; and for those who take an interest in the higher questions which recent discoveries in the natural sciences lead to will be found an amusing and instructive guide. The great question of all questions—what is life?—is here attacked, and answered with a vigour and completeness which, if they do not obtain assent, at least command admiration. Mr. Hinton is fully alive to the great inquiries started by Edwards, and successfully followed up by Matteucci, Grove, Tyndall, Carpenter and others, by which it has been shown that the forces active in the animal body are correlative with the physical forces of the material world. But whilst recognizing the great fact, that human life is dependent on physical forces, Mr. Hinton sees lying behind all a spiritual substratum, in which he discerns a higher life for man, and endeavours to show that all material and physical force are dependent upon this spiritual existence. Whilst it would be impossible to say that Mr. Hinton has made out his case, or that we agree with him in his conclusion, we do most earnestly recommend his book to thoughtful students. His writings are eminently suggestive; and nothing perhaps is a better corrective of the self-sufficiency engendered by limited views of natural facts than works like the present, which give a glimpse of vast fields of untrodden truth for future observation.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Lecture on Sculpture, delivered in the Town Hall, Cambridge, before the Cambridge School of Art. By R. Westmacott, R.A. (Cambridge, Deighton & Co.; London, Bell & Daldy.)—We do not remember to have met with a more succinct and sensible sketch of the history of sculpture or a clearer definition of the real nature and purposes of that art than these by Prof. Westmacott. It is noteworthy that the author keeps in view throughout his task the main point, so vital to any intellectual or man-worthy pursuit, that above all things the art is, and always was, valueless unless it had a motive such as would enlist the earnest feelings and full mental powers of one pursuing it. After explaining what is the true character of the ordinary modern sculpture, giving it, to our minds, too high merit of "a great amount of executive power," he justly, but with hardly earnest enough condemnation, pronounces against unintelligent tricks of carvers who have captured popular and ignorant fancies by their imitations of trivial facts,—things unworthy of Art. Prime amongst these, and its publication a circumstance calling for an expression of the deepest regret, as sanctioned by a body professing to have at heart the interest of Art, is a certain example, poor in itself, but more objectionable as executed in direct contempt of the laws of sculpture which are based on common-sense. This is the so-called 'Veiled Vestal,' reproduced in Parian or some such cheap material, by the Crystal Palace Art-Union. Nothing can defeat the hopes or lead to more waste of the efforts of all Art-teachers than the popularizing of this meretricious and unworthy gewgaw. That Mr. Westmacott has given thorough attention to his subject, and made himself competent as a teacher by other claims than those of technical and practical knowledge of his art, may be learnt from the following passage, which conveys information that deserves to be spread on his authority:—"It is a fact worth remarking, how rapidly the character of religious art, and especially sculpture, deteriorated after the revival of classical literature in the sixteenth century, in those countries where, up to this time, it had been making such satisfactory progress. It might reasonably be supposed that, having so much that was sound and valuable in sentiment, it only required an acquaintance with the examples of the best ancient sculpture to enable the artists to reach the highest material and technical perfection. Unfortunately, it was not so. Instead of using the fine monuments of antiquity as guides to elevate the type of form and style of treatment, the sculptors fell into the fashion of the age, and began to imitate or adopt Greek ideas,

to seek their subjects in ancient mythology, and thus mechanically to reproduce what they called, and what is now absurdly called, *classical* sculpture. The touching religious compositions that were indebted for what they had of beauty and effectiveness to the true sentiment that called them forth,—albeit the Art in them was imperfect,—were now superseded by the efforts of the artists to provide these pseudo-classical designs, and, instead of Christian religious representation, the heathen Pantheon, with Mercury, Bacchus, Apollo and other obsolete personages, afforded the subjects in which all interest was centred." It is worthy of note that a Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy should utter at a seat of classical study sentiments such as these. Less than twenty years ago he would have been stoned for putting them in this open form undisguised by platitudes and apologies such as would have betrayed their truth, their earnestness and force.

A Glimpse of the World. By the Author of 'Amy Herbert.' (Longman & Co.)—The world of which a glimpse is given in this commendable tale for girls is the world of domestic cares, trials and affections. The interest of the narrative depends less upon plot and incident than on delineation of character. Myra and Rosamond are excellent types of two widely different sorts of girlhood. Dr. Kingsbury's goodness fails to produce a due effect on the reader because it is burdened with physical infirmity and mental decay; but Mrs. Patty is faultless. 'A Glimpse of the World' is a good book for the play-room, but it is far too long.

A Yachting Cruise in the Baltic. By S. R. Graves, Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. (Longman & Co.)—This record of a ten weeks' cruise, made during the summer of 1862, would have been a better book had editorial revision cut out certain digressions and condensed the entire narrative; but the volume, though it is far from faultless, will be perused with pleasure by the brother yachtsmen to whom it is dedicated. Some of the engravings with which it is embellished have considerable merit.

Yorkshire Tales and Legends. By "Heather Bell." (Hall & Co.)—"Heather Bell" is a buoyant, cheery fellow, whose benevolent heart and weak head have produced a volume of spasmodic sentimentality for which ridicule may be tempered with kindly feeling. "Oh, what a pleasant life a bird must lead!" he says. "Yet after all it is no use a human spirit wishing itself a bird; only keep within the limits infinite wisdom has marked out for it, then whatever scenes it may have to pass through, earth is full of beauty, life is full of blessing, and its birthright is more valuable than the whole material universe." The birthright thus mentioned is not life's birthright, as a reader strictly observant of grammatical rules might infer, but the birthright of the "human spirit" that has relinquished its foolish-ambition to become a bird. On the virtues and powers of hope, "Heather Bell" in a later chapter, once again displays a yearning to quit dull earth. "Visited by hope," he assures his readers, "the prisoner snaps his gyves and springs from his dungeon into the fresh, free air of heaven,—the down-trodden patriot draws his flashing claymore with the arm of a giant, and leaps from crag to crag in the mountain fastnesses of his dear native land with the determined mien of a conqueror, and crushes the tyrant invader under his iron heel,—the down-borne in life's mighty conflict rises and scales the loftiest hill of difficulties, making the mountain echo with his inspiring cry 'excelsior,' and the afflicted either springs back to life from the very verge of the tomb or boldly confronts death, and following the beckoning form of hope rushes through its gloom and emerges into the serene light, and among the glowing scenes of another and better life." After calm reflection does "Heather Bell" mean all this? Can he mention a single prisoner who was enabled to "snap his gyves and spring from his dungeon like a bird into the fresh, free air of heaven" by the action of hope within his breast? Does hope furnish down-trodden patriots with iron heels for the especial purpose of humiliating tyrant invaders? Has "Heather Bell" ever seen an enthusiastic champion of national liberty "leaping from crag to crag in

the mountain fastnesses of his dear native land" ? How does a distinguished representative of the qualities which made Tall a hero and Blondin a rope-dancer proceed when he performs such astounding feats of agility? Does he use leaping-bar or alpen-stock? Are his shoes spiked? Does he wear spangles on his jacket? Lastly, does he, in simple, sober truth, retain "the determined mien of a conqueror" when he is in the very act of springing over a precipice? If "Heather Bell" should again take pen in hand, he would do well studiously to avoid fine writing. Let him bear in mind his own words, "it is no use a human spirit wishing itself a bird."

The Metric System of Weights and Measures. By Leone Levi, Esq. Reprinted from *The Exchange*.—A tract in advocacy of the Report of the Committee. As soon as the Parliamentary leaders attempt to persuade the House to act upon the Report, we shall take up the subject.

The London University Calendar, 1863. (Taylor & Francis).—This explains itself.

The Law Professorships and the Claims of the School of Law and Modern History. A Letter to the Rev. the Vice Chancellor. By J. P. Tweed, M.A. (J. H. & J. Parker).—The writer of this letter is a member of the Convocation, to whose charge Dr. Viner entrusted the management of the Professorship founded by him, and is troubled in his conscience at the state of inefficiency to which, as he alleges, the Vinerian foundation has fallen. The Vinerian Statutes underwent alterations (or mutilations, according to Mr. Tweed) in the years 1809 and 1853; and it is alleged that, as they now stand, they are not carried out, in spirit at least, by the present Professor. By way of remedy, the writer suggests in the first place, a declaratory statute, which shall secure that the lectures, which are required to be in "full term," shall be delivered when the University is really full, instead of part being delivered after Commemoration. In the next place, he would amalgamate the two professorships of Common and Civil Law. The subject is one of much importance to legal education, and demands the careful consideration of Convocation. This letter involves charges against the present Professor, as to the spirit in which he has undertaken the performance of the duties of his office, and it is not proper to enter upon the further consideration of this subject on a mere *ex parte* statement.

Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography. By David Page. (Blackwood & Sons).—The success which has attended the Text-Books of Geology has, without doubt, induced Mr. Page to publish the present volume. This text-book is intended to convey in a simple but systematic manner the leading facts of the science to which it relates. Physical Geography is a science of the highest importance, of almost unlimited range, and embracing, as the means for the interpretation of the varied phenomena which it contemplates, nearly every other science. Physical geography can scarcely be said to take the position of an independent science in any of our schools. All that relates to the figure, size and motion of the earth is taught by astronomy. Geology lends its aid in teaching the structure and order observed in the rocky surface of our globe. Meteorology deals with all the phenomena associated with the conditions of climate. Physics generally instructs us on the influences of the forces, heat, electricity, &c., in producing the great phenomena of nature; while chemistry and physiology lend important aid in dealing with the nature, growth and dispersion of plants and animals. Though drawing in this manner from other sciences, it by no means follows that the student of physical geography should be deeply read in astronomy, geology or meteorology. It is, however, important that he should be acquainted with the connexion and interbearings of these sciences, and be capable of appreciating the importance of their deductions so far as they relate to his own immediate study. The author of this 'Introductory Text-Book' has produced a work which cannot fail to be useful to all who are entering on the study of physical geography. We believe, indeed, that many will be induced to enter on this study from a perusal of this little work. The divisions of the subject are so clearly defined, the explanations are so lucid, the

relations of one portion of the subject to another are so satisfactorily shown, and, above all, the bearings of the allied sciences to physical geography are brought out with so much precision, that every reader will feel that difficulties have been removed and the path of study smoothed before him. With those opinions, it is our pleasant duty to recommend this 'Introductory Text-Book of Physical Geography' to all who are in any way interested in the external conditions of the globe which we inhabit.

Our list of Translations includes *The Horses of the Sahara and the Manners of the Desert*, by E. Daumas, translated from the French by James Hutton (Allen & Co.).—*Pictures of German Life in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*, by Herr Freytag, translated by Mrs. Malcolm (Chapman & Hall).—*Gudrun: a Story of the North Sea*, from the Mediæval German (Edmonston & Douglas).—*The Odes and Carmen Seculare of Horace*, translated into English verse by John Conington (Bell & Daldy).—*My Escape from Siberia*, by Ruffin Piotrowski, translated by E. S. (Routledge).—and *Commentary on the Merchant of Venice*, by François Victor Hugo, translated by E. L. Samuel (Chapman & Hall).—Among the miscellaneous works on our table, we have Vol. XV. of *De Quincey's Works* (Black).—*The Shilling Guide to the London Charities*, by Herbert Fry (Hardwicke).—*A Handbook to the Modern Provençal Language spoken in the South of France, Piedmont, &c.*, by J. Duncan Craig (J. R. Smith).—*Bibliografia dei Lavori pubblicati in Germania sulla Storia d'Italia*, di Alfredo Reumont (Williams & Norgate).—*On the Historical Antiquity of the People of Egypt, their Vulgar Calendar and Epoch of its Introduction*, by Johannes von Gumpach (Dulau & Co.).—*Half Hours with our Sacred Poets*, edited, with Biographical Sketches, by A. H. Grant (Hogg & Sons).—*Hints on the Formation of Local Museums, &c.*, by the Treasurer of the Wimbledon Museum Committee (Hardwicke).—*Sands's Commercial and General Sydney Directory*.—*Sands and M'Dougall's Melbourne Directory*.—*The Case of the Crown in Re the Wigtown Martyrs proved to be Myths versus Woodrow and Lord Macaulay*.—*Patrick the Pedlar and Principal Tulloch*, by Mark Napier (Hamilton).—*Devonia's Epithalamium; or, the Marriage of the Prince of Wales* (Freeman).—*Everybody's New Guide to the Isle of Man*, by W. F. Peacock (Simpkin).—*Orvina: a Tragedy*, in Three Acts (Auckland, Chapman).—*Anglicania; or, England's Mission to the Celt*, by J. Birmingham (Richardson).—*Philo-Socrates*, Part VI., by W. Ellis (Smith, Elder & Co.).—*The Antiquity of Man*, an Examination of Sir Charles Lyell's Recent Work, by S. R. Pattison (Reeve & Co.).—*Mayer's Australian Builder's Price Book* (Melbourne, Sands & M'Dougall).—No. I. of *Narrative of the Christian Church at Home and Abroad* (Strahan & Co.).—No. I. of *Old Price's Remains*, by J. Price (Virtue & Co.).—*Cragstone Cottage; or, Life in the Country*, (Sealey).—*The Two James's* (Phipps).—*George Harrington*, by David Macrae (Houlston & Wright).—*Bessy's Money: a Tale*, by the Author of 'Mary Powell' (Hall & Co.).—and Vol. I. of *Hedderwick's Miscellany*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alexander's Incidents of the Maori War, in 1860-61, post 8vo. 10/6
Andersen's The Improvisatore, or Life in Italy, fc. 8vo. 3/ bds.
Ansted's Great Stone-Book of Nature, fc. 8vo. 8/ cl.
Barnes's Poems of Rural Life, Dorset Dialect, 2nd Coll. 2nd ed. 8/ Bellamy, Brit. & Co. ed. by Edmonds, 5/6
Bible, The Holy, Trans. out of Original Languages, by R. Young, 11/ Book of Common Prayer in the Order in which it is Used, 22mo. 1/ Boyle's Inspiration of the Book of Daniel, 8vo. 14/ cl.
Bruce's Death on the Pale Horse, 2nd ed. fc. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Bridle's M. Tableau from Geology, Sketches and other Poems, 5/ Clarke's Charlie Thornhill, or the Dupee of the Family, 3 vols. 21/6 Cox's The Institutions of the English Government, 8vo. 24/ cl.
Dove on the Cross, new edit. fc. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Dumas's Paris Life at Twenty, fc. 8vo. 3/ bds.
Edinburgh University Calendar for the Year 1863-64, 12mo. 2/ swd.
English's Man Considered in respect of Freedom, Dependence, &c. 2/ Evans's (late Rev. J. Harrington) Sermons, edit. by his Widow, 5/ Farn Homesteads of England, Part 1, imp. 4to. 5/ swd.
Feed my Lambs, new edit. 16mo. 3/6 cl.
Ferry Hill, The, a Poem in Three Cantos, fc. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Fischer's The English Constitution, Trans. by Shee, 8vo. 14/ cl.
Funeral Services on the Death of Rev. W. Crook, or. 8vo. 3/6 Fuller on Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Graver's Studies in Physiology and Medicine, ed. by Stokes, 14/ cl.
Gray's New and Complete Set of Postage-Stamp Album Titles, 1/6 Greenwood's Curiosities of Savage Life, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Grosart's Small Sins, 2nd edit. roy. 18mo. 1/6 cl.
Hamilton's A Morning beside the Lake of Galilee, new edit. 1/6 cl.
Haughton's Outlines of a New Theory of Muscular Action, 1/6 cl.
Heath and Home, fc. 8vo. 1/ cl.
Household Names, fc. 8vo. 1/ bds.
Household Proverbs for Women, fc. 8vo. 1/ bds.
Kochler's Dictionary of the German and English Languages, 8/ cl.

Lamb's It Isn't Right, or Frank Johnson's Reason, or. 8vo. 1/4 cl.
Lewellyn's Arthur, The Real and Ideal, 12mo. med. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Longman's Lectures on the History of England, Vol. 1, 8vo. 12/ cl.
London Scenes and London People, post 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Macleod's The Old Lieutenant and his Son, cheap edit. or. 8vo. 2/6
Masey's History of England during the Reign of George III. 12/ Martin's The Claims of the Bible and of Science, or. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
McGrigg's Domestic Addresses and Sermons, of Experience, or. 1/6
Moreton's Life and Work in Newfoundland, or. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
Moule's Hope against Hope, Case of the Convict Preedy, or. 8vo. 2/6
New Testament and the Pentateuch, by a Layman, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
Niven's Thoughts on the Kingdom of God, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Norton's Lost and Saved, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1/6 cl.
Pugnet's Teacher's Crown, and Minor Cadences, or. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
Peppy's Waiting through the Weary Day, 2nd edit. 12mo. 1/ swd.
Preacher's Portfolio, 250 Outlines of Sermons, 3rd edit. or. 8vo. 2/6
Ponson's Material Universe, its Vastness and Durability, or. 8vo. 3/ Robertson (Rev. James D. D.). Life of, by Carter, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Robinson's New Family Herbal, 12mo. 2/6 cl.
Royal Blue Book Fashionable Directory, April, 1863, roy. 12mo. 5/ Shakespeare (School), by Bowdler, or. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
Stuart's The Three Marys, new edit. or. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Thackeray's Irish Sketch-Book, 4th edit. or. 8vo. 5/ bds.
Thompson's Christian Theism, new edit. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
Thornton's Life of Moses, a Course of Lectures, or. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
Tytler's Papers for Thoughtful Girls, 4th edit. or. 8vo. 8/ cl.
Walford's Shilling Barometrage for 1863, 22mo. 1/ cl.
Walford's Shilling House of Commons for 1863, 22mo. 1/ cl.
Walford's Shilling Knightage for 1863, 22mo. 1/ cl.
Walford's Shilling Peerage for 1863, 22mo. 1/ cl.
Westhall's Modern Method of Training, 16mo. 1/ cl.
Wharton's Solutions of every Class of Examples in Algebra, 6/6 cl.
White's History of Leicester and Rutland, 2nd edit. 8vo. 21/ bds.
Wickes's Moses or the Zulu? Reply to Bp. Coleman's Work, 8vo. 4/ Winscom's I Believe, or Apostles' Creed Explained to Children, 1/6 Wright's Seven Kings of Rome, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 2/ cl.

THE STATE PAPERS.

THE Twenty-Fourth Annual Report of Mr. Hardy, the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, has been presented by Her Majesty to both Houses of Parliament. This Report is unusually long, able and important, especially on the points which concern literature and men of letters. We shall give, in a condensed form, the material facts.

During the year 1862, the literary inquirers who availed themselves of the privilege of using the Records without payment of fees attended 2,448 times, and consulted 11,037 documents, exclusive of Calendars, Indexes, &c. The total number of inquirers in the years 1852 to 1862 has been 1,234, who attended 15,571 times, and consulted 115,783 documents, exclusive of Calendars and Indexes. From a list of the subjects for which the Records have been used in literary inquiries during the year 1862, the following details may be taken, as exhibiting the wide range of our research.—Life of Sir Philip Sidney.—History of the Perrott Family.—Tracings of Ancient Maps of Ireland.—History of Hampton Family.—To inspect Correspondence between England and the Low Countries during the Sixteenth Century.—To collect Materials illustrative of the Memoirs of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in London, Henry the Eighth to Elizabeth, and to take Impressions of Seals.—History of Anglesey and Beaumaris.—To inspect the Minutes of Council and Assembly, and the Laws of New York.—History of Willerden.—To inspect Papers of Commissioners for Building Churches, Anne.—History of Families connected with Sussex.—History of Gunpowder and Artillery.—To search for the Decrees and Orders of Speaker Lenthall.—History of the Manners of the Welsh.—Lives of Archbishop Ussher and Bishop Bedell.—Researches respecting the Act of Uniformity, 1662.—History of the Town and Priory of Royston.—History of the Milbourn Family.—To transcribe Papers relating to Hungary.—History of Nugent Family.—To see the Grant of an Almshouse at Laver Marney, Essex, to William Tipper and Robert Dawe, by Letters Patent, 34 Elizabeth.—History of the Parish of Fincham, Norfolk.—Inquiries respecting the Legal History of England.—Lives of the Lord Mayors.—Life of the Bishop of Exeter.—History of the Navy.—History of the Parish of Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.—History of Lincolnshire Families.—Illustration of the History of English Cathedrals.—Researches relating to the Rectory of Birmingham and its Vicinity.—Early History of Barbados.—Researches relating to the Flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnell; and to the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland, Elizabeth and James the First.—To take a Pencil Sketch of the Seal attached to the Surrender of Coggeshall Abbey.—History of the City and County of Cork.—Literary Purposes connected with the Parishes of Manchester and Prestwich.—Particulars relating to the River Humber and Places on its Banks.—History of Sidney Young's Family.—Parochial Histories of Wilts.—To collect Materials

for a History of the Baronage,—History of the Militia,—History of Commerce and Navigation at Bordeaux,—Researches relating to Shakespeare, and other Historical Purposes.—New Edition of White's Natural History of Selbourne,—History of the Channel Islands and Dependencies,—History of Crediton and Portion of Devonshire,—History of Northumberland,—History of the Parish of Ash, Kent; and other Historical Purposes,—Life of Sir James Graham,—Researches into Military History,—History of the Baptists,—To examine Letters of Bishop Hall,—History of Birmingham,—History of the Office of Lord Great Chamberlain,—History of the Long Family,—History of the Family of Amburst,—History of Lace,—History of Monmouthshire,—Internal Defence and the Volunteer Force.

On the subject of the Calendars now in progress of publication, the Report speaks at great length:

"As many of the documents in the custody of the Master of the Rolls relate to personal rights and private property, it is most important, for the due administration of justice, that these Records should be made available to all who desire to consult them. It is not less important for the elucidation of history in all its branches; and this can only be done by means of full and complete Calendars. Mere indications or hints as to the nature of a document, concealed under a vague and general description, are not sufficient; an analysis of its contents, in as condensed a form as possible, is required, if the reader is not to be misled. By means of such Calendars a reader is made aware of the existence and nature of the information which bears upon the subject of his inquiry. He sees at a glance the contents of the original documents necessary for him to consult. If they contain nothing to his purpose, he is assured at once of the fact, and is saved the necessity of inspecting the originals. This is an important consideration; for there can be no doubt that a correct and sufficient Calendar, by superseding the necessity of perpetual reference to the original documents, is a great saving of time to the reader and a security to the documents themselves. The more detailed the information given, the less the necessity of consulting the original. This fact is also of importance. It shows that a good Calendar affords the best means for preserving the public muniments. On the other hand, a brief and insufficient description of the documents is less useful for the purpose of the inquirer, entails upon him the necessity of repeated reference to the originals, occupies more of the time of the officers of the establishment, and exposes the documents themselves to frequent and needless handling. By a good Calendar the labour of the inquirer in turning over every bundle of papers, however narrow and trivial the object of his research, is restrained within limited bounds, and the chance of injury to the papers greatly diminished. It cannot be too frequently insisted on that needless reference to papers of such inestimable value (many of which are in a frail and perishing condition) ought, by all means, to be avoided, or they will totally disappear in a few years. * * It must also be borne in mind that Calendars are the most adequate means of preserving valuable papers from being purloined. Had Calendars existed, and been accessible to the public from early times, probably no omissions or defects would be found in the national muniments, which we have now so much reason to deplore.

"It will not, perhaps, be deemed irrelevant to add a few words upon Calendars generally, as some misapprehension seems to exist that those which are now in progress are compiled and published for the benefit of a very limited class of students; I mean for the historian only. It is admitted that the documents which are in the course of being calendared are of the highest historical interest and national importance. They relate to the religious, legal, and political history of Great Britain; but they do not relate to these subjects only. If so, it would have been fair to presume that, instead of Calendars to the public muniments, it might have been better to make a selection with a view to the wishes and wants of the historian. Admitting that the Master of the Rolls in the formation of the Calendars ought to

have restricted himself to so specific a purpose, the question will still arise, what principle of selection ought to be pursued? Any plan would have been subject to the greatest perplexity. All classes of students, even those for whom the selection was made, would naturally conclude that something had been excluded which it would be most important for them to know, and this would have created great public dissatisfaction; not without reason; for documents considered worthless by one set of inquirers are often of the utmost importance to others. Great questions of history and law turn upon points which an inexperienced inquirer, or one not interested in the subject, would condemn as worthless. No individual, no committee of historians, can determine beforehand what ought to be rejected and what retained. The same document which a student at one time considers trivial, at another stage of his inquiry becomes important. The safest, and indeed the only satisfactory, plan is that adopted by direction of the Master of the Rolls, viz., to calendar every document, in proportion to its importance. Mere formal documents, such as letters of pardon, commissions of the peace, &c., can be dismissed in a few words, while a document of not one-tenth the extent of such formal proceedings will often require a more lengthened description. To those who desire to search the documents for special purposes, whether historians or not, the Indexes subjoined to the Calendars effect the same purpose as a classed Calendar, and are more useful. An index can be made more comprehensive, as it admits of many heads of division and subdivision, which if attempted to be carried out in a classed catalogue, would produce confusion. At the same time, it answers all the purposes of selection, by pointing out to the inquirer the documents relating to the particular subject on which he is engaged. It must also be remembered, that for one historical student, there are a hundred others utterly indifferent to such inquiries. In fact, from the diversity of men's pursuits, it would be as impossible as it would be inadvisable to construct Calendars and to select documents for any special set of inquirers. If the wants of the general historian only were regarded, the legal antiquary, the topographer, the genealogist, and the economist would each, with equal justice, demand that his wants should also be considered, and Calendars constructed for his purposes."

Four volumes of Calendars have been published during the year, and have been noticed in these pages.

The under-mentioned volumes are in the press, or in preparation for printing:—a second volume of Mr. Brewer's 'Calendar of Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry the Eighth,'—a second volume of Mr. Lemon's 'Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth,'—a sixth of Mr. Bruce's 'Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles the First,'—a fourth of Mrs. Green's 'Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles the Second,'—a second of Mr. Hamilton's 'Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland,'—a 'Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series, of the Reign of Elizabeth,' edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson,—a third volume of Mr. Sainsbury's 'Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series,'—a second of Mr. Bergenroth's 'Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain,'—and a 'Calendar of State Papers relating to England, preserved in the Archives of Venice, &c.,' edited by Mr. Rawdon Brown.

Four volumes of the Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages have also been published during the year. A dozen volumes are in the press, and will shortly appear.

PRICES OF PICTURES.

HERE follows a contribution to the history of the Art of these days, and in some degree to that of the days themselves, which should be welcome to painters, critics and lovers of Art, by way of list of the original cost of the late Mr. Bicknell's pictures and their recent prices. The magnificent sums obtained for these as compared with their

cost to the collector throw light upon the present position of painters as compared with that erst held by them. The selection of these examples was as perfect in judgment as the result was wise and fortunate; people must not rush into picture-buying in expectation of like results, unless they can bring like qualities to bear upon the task. Some of the prices were exceptional; but those of the Turners, for example, illustrate the progress of public opinion on noble works of Art. The purchasers' names of each item we have before stated; the original price given by Mr. Bicknell appears below in parentheses, followed by the price which they brought in the sale. No picture, and scarcely even a drawing, in the whole collection of nearly 500 works, but obtained a higher price than it cost.

Mr. E. M. Ward, *The Dead Ass*, 1834, (cost 5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*), 33*l.* 14*s.*—Mr. J. Stark, *Eton Meadows* (10*l.*), 27*l.* 6*s.*—The eight *Stothards*, Illustrations to *Boccaccio* (100*l.*), 297*l.* 5*s.*—Mr. S. B. Jackson, *Seashore, with Boats and Figures* (50*l.*), 73*l.* 10*s.*—C. Fielding, *Dunstaffnage Castle* (15*l.* 15*s.*), 107*l.* 2*s.*—Sir T. Lawrence, Mrs. Siddons (59*l.* 17*s.*), 147*l.*—Netscher, *Portrait of Defoe* (5*l.*), 27*l.* 6*s.*—Clint, *A Coast Scene* (40*l.*), 136*l.* 10*s.*—P. Nasmyth, *View near Edinburgh* (49*l.* 7*s.*), 173*l.* 5*s.*—*Landscape Scene near Epping* (73*l.* 10*s.*), 204*l.* 15*s.*—Mr. D. Roberts, *Interior of the Church of St. Miguel, Xeres de Frontera, Spain, 1841*, (105*l.*), 598*l.* 10*s.*—Tyre (150*l.*), 367*l.* 10*s.*—Sidon (156*l.*), 378*l.*—*Street in Cairo* (50*l.*), 530*l.* 5*s.*—*Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, Grenada, a gift*, 273*l.*—*Melrose Abbey, 1845*, (40*l.*), 273*l.*—*Interior of St.-Gomar, Lierre, 1850*, (300*l.*), 1,438*l.* 10*s.*—*Ruins of Baalbec, 1840*, (250*l.*), 787*l.* 10*s.*

Two capital Vandykes, portraits of the Marquis D'Aytona and the Duchess de Croy, about 47 by 40 inches respectively, both purchased in Spain by Mr. Sothorn, fetched but 19*l.* 1*s.* and 53*l.* 11*s.* In the Louvre (No. 146) is a splendid equestrian portrait of the Marquis, who was Generalissimo of the Spanish Forces in the Netherlands, in full armour. That these prices were even less than Vandyke got for the pictures one may guess from a curious document in the State Paper Office, quoted by Mr. Carpenter, styled 'Mémoire pour Sa Mag^{te} le Roy' (Charles the First), giving the prices the painter put upon his court portraits and those at which the King valued them. From this it is evident that the royal patron of Art restrained his patronage on the wrong side of liberality. For the splendid portraits still in the Royal Collection of '*Le Prince Charles avec le duc de Jarc*' and the Princesses, poor Vandyke had one-half the price he set on it, 200*l.*, knocked off. It is true Charles was about that time closely looked after by the Parliament and on the high-road to "martyrdom," but that will not excuse his casting up the sum total of the schedule with an error of 75*l.* in his own favour, disallowing interest on arrears of the painter's pension, which pension was no favour be it remembered, and ignoring altogether one of the pictures Vandyke left to his apprenticeship.

To return to our English school:—Mr. W. E. Frost, *The Evening Star* (15*l.* 15*s.*), 77*l.* 14*s.*—*The Naiad* (26*l.* 5*s.*), 116*l.* 11*s.*—*Musidora* (26*l.* 5*s.*), 110*l.* 5*s.*—*The Sirens* (54*l.*), 294*l.*—*Euphrosyne* (420*l.*), 819*l.*—*Callcott, Rochester Bridge and Castle* (262*l.* 19*s.*), 511*l.* 10*s.*—*View near Southampton* (47*l.* 5*s.*), 105*l.*—*English Landscape, with Cattle, finished by Sir E. Landseer, 1842*, (600*l.*), 3,097*l.* 10*s.* In June, 1842, G. Knott, Esq. paid the artist for this picture 485*l.* 15*s.*—G. Chambers, *Boats and Shipping* (73*l.* 10*s.*), 204*l.* 15*s.*, much cracked.—Miss Mutrie, *Flowers and Fruit on a Table* (47*l.* 5*s.*), 73*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. F. R. Lee, *Scenery on the Borders of Dartmoor* (Art-Union prize for 60*l.*, cost Mr. Bicknell 30*l.* in addition), 173*l.* 5*s.*—C. R. Leslie, *The Minstrel* (65*l.*), 60*l.* 18*s.*, cracked a good deal.—*The Heires* (300*l.*), 1,260*l.*—R. Wilson, *Tomb of the Horatii and Curatii, at Albano* (120*l.* 15*s.*), 111*l.* 6*s.*, the worse for cleaning.—W. Müller, *Scene in Devonshire* (120*l.* 15*s.*), 315*l.*—*The Village of Gillingham* (63*l.*), 409*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. T. S. Cooper, *An Interior, with Cows and Sheep* (126*l.*), 262*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. T. Webster, *The Impenitent* (painted for G. Knott, Esq., who, in 1842, paid 63*l.*, 100*l.*,

367*l.* 10*s.*—"Good Night!" 1845, (262*l.* 10*s.*), 1,207*l.* 10*s.*—The Smile, and the Frown, (the pair cost Mr. Bicknell, at Mr. Knott's sale, 240*l.*), 1,680*l.*—T. Gainsborough, Landscape with Sheep (250*l.*), 399*l.*—Repose, given by the artist as a wedding portion to his daughter (800*l.*), 819*l.*—Mr. C. Stanfield, Shipping, French Coast near St. Malo, 1838, (157*l.* 10*s.*), 1,291*l.* 10*s.*—Lago di Garda, 1838, (157*l.* 10*s.*), 861*l.*—Beilstein, on the Moselle, 1837, (262*l.* 10*s.*), 1,575*l.*—Pic du Midi D'Ossan (735*l.*), 2,677*l.* 10*s.*—W. Collins, Early Morning on the Sussex Coast (336*l.*), 1,008*l.*—Selling Fish (420*l.*), 1,228*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. T. Creswick, The Stepping Stones (73*l.* 10*s.*), 262*l.* 10*s.*—Sir E. Landseer, The Prize Calf, 1859, (420*l.*), 1,890*l.*—Two Dogs, "Looking for the crumbs that fall from the great man's table," 1859, (300*l.*), 2,415*l.*—The Highland Shepherd, 1850, (350*l.*), 2,341*l.* 10*s.*—W. Hilton, Triumph of Amphitrite (315*l.*), 283*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. F. Goodall, Raising the Maypole, sketch for the picture in the Vernon Gallery (295*l.*), 630*l.*—Sir C. Eastlake, Contadina Family returning from a Festa (300*l.*), 619*l.* 10*s.*—J. M. W. Turner, Antwerp, Van Goyen looking for a Subject, 1833, (315*l.*), 2,635*l.* 10*s.*—Helvoetsluys, "The City of Utrecht," 64, going to Sea, 1832, (283*l.* 10*s.*), 1,680*l.*—Ivy Bridge, Devon, (283*l.* 10*s.*), 924*l.*—Wreckers, Coast of Northumberland, 1834, (288*l.* 15*s.*), 1,984*l.* 10*s.*—Calder Bridge, Cumberland (288*l.* 15*s.*), 525*l.*—Venice, The Campo Santo, 1842, (262*l.* 10*s.*), 2,000*l.*—Venice, the Giudecca, Sta. Maria della Salute, &c., 1841, (262*l.*), 1,732*l.* 10*s.*—Ehrenbreitstein (401*l.*), 1,890*l.*—Port Ruysdael (1827), (315*l.*), 1,995*l.*—Palestrina, 1830, (1,050*l.*), 1,995*l.*—The pictures sold for 56,494*l.* 1*s.*

Among the Drawings the following were the most remarkable for quality and realized value:—Mr. W. Hunt, Black and White Grapes, &c. (10*l.* 10*s.*), 52*l.* 10*s.*—Peasant Girl in a Chair (26*l.* 5*s.*), 106*l.* 1*s.*—Greengages and Hips (15*l.* 15*s.*), 63*l.*—The Tambourine Girl (36*l.* 15*s.*), 199*l.* 10*s.*—Bunch of Grapes, two Peaches and Rose Hips (26*l.* 15*s.*), 798*l.*—R. Dadd, Turks (8*l.* 8*s.*), 36*l.* 15*s.*—S. Prout, Amiens (8*l.* 8*s.*), 115*l.* 10*s.*—Basle (6*l.* 6*s.*), 73*l.* 10*s.*—Interior of a Cathedral (6*l.* 6*s.*), 111*l.* 6*s.*—Old Buildings and Bridge (6*l.* 6*s.*), 74*l.* 11*s.*—Porch of Chartres Cathedral (6*l.* 6*s.*), 128*l.*—Old Houses at Amiens (8*l.* 8*s.*), 79*l.* 10*s.*—Nesfield, Kilchurn Castle (13*l.*), 63*l.*—Mr. Stanfield, Honfleur (16*l.* 16*s.*), 103*l.* 19*s.*—C. Fielding, Bridlington Harbour (37*l.* 16*s.*), 556*l.* 10*s.*—Rivaulx Abbey (52*l.* 10*s.*), 483*l.*—Bowhill Downs (37*l.* 16*s.*), 411*l.* 12*s.*—Rivaulx Abbey, evening (44*l.* 2*s.*), 630*l.*—Traeth Mawr, North Wales (26*l.* 5*s.*), 441*l.*—Loch Katrine (13*l.* 13*s.*), 273*l.*—Shakespeare's Cliff (8*l.* 8*s.*), 72*l.* 9*s.*—Langdale Pikes (27*l.* 6*s.*), 367*l.* 10*s.*—Crowborough Hill (26*l.* 15*s.*), 798*l.*—De Wint, River Scene, Canterbury Meadows (60*l.*), 283*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. J. D. Harding, Berncastle (105*l.*), 294*l.*—J. M. W. Turner, Himalaya Mountains, two (36*l.*), 346*l.* 10*s.*—Lighthouse at Havre, moonlight, The Lake of Geneva, from the Jura, and Lighthouse of the Heve, Mouth of the Seine (31*l.* 5*s.*), brought respectively, 110*l.* 5*s.*, 148*l.* 1*s.*, and 108*l.* 3*s.*—The Righi (84*l.*), 310*l.* 16*s.*—The Castle of Elz, Rouen, and Château Gaillard (cost 131*l.* 5*s.*), brought respectively 168*l.*, 210*l.*, and 178*l.* 10*s.*—The Lake of Lucerne (84*l.*), 714*l.*—The Pilkington Drawings, by Turner, of Yorkshire Scenes, Scarborough Castle, Mowbray Lodge, Grouse Shooting, and Woodcock Shooting (cost 600*l.*), brought respectively, 546*l.*, 535*l.* 10*s.*, 451*l.* 10*s.*, and 535*l.* 10*s.*; total, 2,068*l.* 10*s.*—Mr. D. Roberts, Hôtel de Ville, Louvain, Baalbec, Street in Cairo, the three a present, brought 99*l.* 15*s.*, 110*l.* 5*s.*, 80*l.* 17*s.*—The Great Square at Tetuan (21*l.*), 480*l.* 10*s.*—The Seminaries and Cathedral, St. Iago (21*l.*), 262*l.* 10*s.*

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS ON THE FINE ARTS.

THE following is an abstract of the Thirteenth Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, which closes the labours of that body. Feeling it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to supply the place of the late Prince Consort as their chairman, the Commissioners are relieved from the necessity of the attempt, since, in their opinion,

the term of their prescribed duties has arrived. The whole scheme for the decoration of the Parliament House has been considered and decided; and, trusting that the series of works now in progress can be carried on to its completion, the Commission sees no need for its continued superintendence. The Twelfth Report of the Commission having described the work of the body, it is needful now only to specify the pictures and sculptures that have been completed since its issue, and to submit the Commissioners' view of the extent to which other works, now begun, should be continued. With regard to Mr. Maclise's labours in the Royal Gallery, it is considered that although so vast a scheme as is embraced by the entire decoration of that apartment could not be completed in the lifetime of one artist, yet, anticipating the same energy as he has hitherto displayed to be continued, and assuming his willingness to undertake them, it is desirable that further portions than the large compartment to contain the Death of Nelson, now in progress, should be entrusted to Mr. Maclise. With regard to Mr. Dyce's operations in the Queen's Robing-Room, it is stated that he has been, since the last Report, occasionally employed upon the largest of the frescoes representing the Life of King Arthur. The stipulated remuneration for the entire series having been long since received by the artist, the Commissioners express their earnest hope that he will see the importance of prosecuting the work with greater assiduity. As to Mr. Herbert's task in the Peers' Robing-room, it is reported that he has prepared sketches for several of the subjects, intended generally to express the idea of "Justice on Earth, and its development in Law and Judgment," and nearly completed a large picture representing 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law.' The delay in Mr. Herbert's progress is to be attributed to his frequent experiments in the stereochrome process of painting, now concluded. Mr. Cope progresses in the Peers' Corridor; he is reported to have completed five out of the eight paintings required, "with equal ability and industry": the designs of the remaining three have been approved of by the Commissioners. Four of the eight pictures commissioned for the Commons' Corridor from Mr. E. M. Ward have been completed, and a sketch for a fifth approved.—In sculpture, the works now in progress consist of statues of British sovereigns in chronological order. Twelve of these statues, to be executed in white marble, from James the First to William the Fourth, are proposed to be placed in the Royal Gallery; commissions have been given for six of them; the completion of the series is regarded as indispensable. Should the series be continued beyond the Royal Gallery, it is recommended that the five statues intended for the Queen's Robing-room should be undertaken next. The remaining statues in the Vestibule and Lower Landing-place, to be in metal, will be less costly. Among future proceedings may possibly be included the re-painting of some of the earlier experimental frescoes in the Upper Waiting Hall. The Committee appointed to inquire into the causes of the deterioration of these frescoes has examined the various artists, &c., but up to this time has not been able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. It is not presumed that so much as the annual sum of 4,000*l.* required from Parliament until now for the objects of the Commission will be in future needed: 3,700*l.* is asked this year.

SANTA CROCE.

Florence, May 5, 1863.

THE new Façade of the Church of Santa Croce was uncovered last Sunday, the 3rd of May, with all the dignified ceremonial befitting the completion of a great national work. The day chosen for it was the five hundred and seventieth anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of the grand old church, when on as fair a May morning the consecration ceremony took place. "Many bishops and prelates," as Villani relates, "and priests and monks, being present, besides the Podestà and the Captain" (of the people), "and the Priori, and all the good citizens of Florence, both men and women, with great rejoicing and solemnity." On this occasion, too, there was a great gathering,

not only of Florentines but of "strangers and foreigners," though the ceremony took place at the early hour of 8 A.M. The windows and balconies of the historical Piazza before the church were gay with damask hangings and filled with spectators; tall national banners fluttered gaily in the morning breeze; Prince Carignano and his brilliant suite occupied the royal *palco* erected in front of the church steps. A solemn Te Deum was sung within the church, and the band of the National Guard gave the signal in the Piazza, by bursting into the notes of the Royal March, for the huge canvas covering, which had hung before the façade ever since the scaffolding had been removed, to drop down and show the new marble structure sharply defined against the pure sunny sky.

No small degree of excellence, it may well be believed, would have sufficed to satisfy public expectation in the fit clothing with marble of the hitherto barn-like brick front of such a building as Santa Croce, which has been aptly called "the Florentine Westminster Abbey," though I heard a somewhat *positif* and unenthusiastic compatriot indignantly exclaim on the morning of the ceremony, that, for the life of him, he "could see no resemblance whatever between the two churches!" The success, therefore, which has been achieved and the almost universal praise so largely bestowed on the completed work reflect the greatest honour on its designer and architect, Signor Niccolò Matas, who has carried it out with such admirable skill in the short space of six years, and at the almost incredibly small cost of less than 12,000*l.* It would be difficult to persuade any English architect of the possibility of constructing such a work for such a sum, nor would it have been at all feasible even here, but for the most skillful adaptation of means to ends, and the most scrupulous integrity and well-managed economy on the part of the architect. To such an extent was this carried by Signor Matas that, with a view to save unnecessary expense of transport, all the marble required was cut to the exact form and dimensions required at the quarry itself, and arrived at Florence ready to be put at once into its destined place in the fabric. It would require the practical knowledge of one conversant with such works to estimate the amount of labour and skill in calculation needed to produce this result.

For the genius which has conceived the design of the façade,—for the spotless, and, one must needs say, rare integrity, with which it has been carried out,—and for the severe and assiduous labour of superintending its execution,—Signor Matas was rewarded with the magnificent stipend of two thousand six hundred and odd Tuscan *lire* (equal to something less than ninety pounds sterling) per annum during the execution of the work! On the completion of the façade, however, the King has been pleased to mark his satisfaction with the work, and his admiration of the rare self-denial and devotion with which it has been executed, by conferring on Signor Matas the much-coveted Cross of the Order of Savoy, which carries with it a pension of four hundred crowns.

It has been affirmed and contradicted, and re-affirmed, that the first idea of the façade as it now stands was taken by Signor Matas from an ancient pen-and-ink design discovered in the archives of the Convent of Santa Croce, in the year 1844, when the inundation of the Arno had necessitated their removal to another building. The drawing was supposed to be by Simone del Pollaiuolo, from the fact of its measurements coinciding with those of the basement story commenced by him, and which had remained untouched from his time to our own. Be this story of the origin of the design a fact, or only, as some say, "a pious fraud," put forward to give greater authority to the modern architect's idea, it is certain that the façade is in excellent keeping with the interior of the ancient edifice, and is stately, severe, and yet rich in its pure marble raiment, which yet needs stains and shadowings of time to mellow the polished whiteness of its huge panellings into harmony, and so to do away with the cavilling of a few grumblers, who raise the pious objection that it ought not to have been fronted with marble at all. The great white panels are separated by

hands of dark green Prato serpentine, from the estates of Cav. Guglielmo de' Pazzi, and chocolate-red marble, from those of the Count della Gherardesca, both gentlemen having placed their quarries gratuitously at the disposition of the building-committee. The three doorways are exceedingly rich in sculptural adornment, to which all the principal sculptors of Florence—Dupré Cambi, Salvini, &c.—have contributed their quota. The doors themselves are to be a present, and a royal one, from the King. They are to be cast in bronze by Signor Papi, from designs by Prof. Santarelli. The three marble bas-reliefs over the three doors are yet wanting, but their places are temporarily filled by paintings in *chiaroscuro* of the intended subjects.

The form of the new façade is tricuspidal, with lateral pinnacles, similar to that of several of the designs ultimately rejected by the Committee for the projected façade of the Duomo. The tricuspidal form assuredly gives a degree of *svelte* proportion to the outline which it were hard to find in a front of that monocuspidal form, which the Committee has laid down as a *sine quâ non* in designs for the next Concorso. Signor Matas himself, however, some time back produced a very generally admired design for the façade of the Duomo, which is monocuspidal; and public opinion here, as expressed in the Florence papers, is setting strongly in favour of his being entrusted with this second great work without delay, instead of waiting for a second Government Concorso, with all its attendant expenses and consequent jealousies, to end in probable disappointment. All the papers are full of minutely-detailed extracts from the accounts of the Santa Croce building-committee, which, at the conclusion of its labours, has most generously offered to present the Comune of Florence with the whole of the immense and complicated scaffolding just taken down, amounting in value to above 20,000 Tuscan lire (between 4,000*l.* and 5,000*l.*), to be used for the new façade of the Duomo.

The funds for the façade of Santa Croce have been almost entirely raised by private donations. By far the most munificent contributor to the work, as well as one of the most intelligent and efficient members of the building-committee, is Mr. Sloane, an English gentleman of large property long resident in Tuscany. Mr. Sloane's donations to the work have reached the splendid sum of 250,000 Tuscan lire, that is, nearly 9,000*l.* English. Nay, this most generous patron of the noble work just finished empowered the building-committee to draw on him, at any time, for any amount required, rather than that the progress of it should be hindered for a single day. It is rumoured that Mr. Sloane has offered a still more generous donation to the façade of the Duomo, on the very reasonable condition that Signor Matas shall design it and be entrusted with its execution. An anecdote in circulation here connected with the just-completed work which is worth repeating. The King, during his late stay in Florence, paid a long visit to the new façade, examined it in detail with great interest, and, in a subsequent conversation with Signor Matas, after expressing his admiration at the grand effect of the whole fabric and the excellent and solid workmanship of all its parts, especially remarked on the extraordinary economy which had regulated the expenses, and asked the architect by what means he had been able to compass such results. "By doing all that I possibly could *myself*, Sire, and keeping clear of hungry hangers-on" (*mangiapani*), was the significant answer, which might well convey its "word in season" even to the frank and true-hearted ruler who heard it.

THE T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

EXTENSIVE preparations are being made at Newcastle for the next meeting of the British Association. The date proposed is August 26; an inconvenient time, we should think, for all the London and University members. It is too early or too late: being just in the middle of the long vacation, when men of science, whether of the Universities or the Inns of Court, are wisely climbing alpine peaks or summering in the Mediterranean. The best meetings of the Association have been those which were held at times most convenient for the University

and London members. Perhaps it is not too late to re-consider this point. We should think the policy for a town like Newcastle would be to catch men on their way to Scotland, in the early days of August, so as to give them time to finish their labours and get up into the moors for the grouse. This date would also catch the men who are going abroad. A large sum of money has been raised;—it would certainly be sad if there should be only a small company to entertain.

The result of the concert given by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt at St. James's Hall last week, for the benefit of the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney, is a contribution of 526*l.* to the funds of that charity.

The Pugin Memorial Committee having raised a fund of 1,000*l.*, have resolved to place it at the disposal of the Institute of British Architects, in trust, for the establishment of a Student's Travelling Fund, under certain conditions.

Lord Stanhope presided at a dinner of the Literary Fund Society on Wednesday evening, at which we had rather less than usual about genius and learning in distress. Indeed, the proceedings of the day showed two remarkable innovations. Lord Stanhope omitted all reference to the case of Chateaubriand. Worse still, he actually proposed for the consideration of men of letters and science, the policy of uniting in one great Institute, on the model of the French Academy. We are afraid Lord Stanhope, now President of the Fund, as well as chairman of the day, will be considered by some of the staid and older Members of the Council as a very daring revolutionist. For our own part, we are thankful for one year's silence as to M. de Chateaubriand, and we very warmly indorse the recommendation of an Institute,—the idea of which is very good, if not very new.

The Rev. William Cureton, D.D., Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's, has just been named one of the Corresponding Members for the section of Oriental Languages of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg.

Admiral FitzRoy has been elected a Corresponding Member of the French Institute.

Dr. Pusey and his friends have taken the advice of Lord Burghley—never to go to law unless sure of your cause—and have dropped their menaced persecution of Prof. Jowett. They have probably chosen the safer part. Having taken counsel's opinion as to the course they had proposed to follow, and finding that opinion the reverse of sanguine as to their success, they show, for once, a little serviceable discretion. But even after this signal discomfiture, we can scarcely hope that Prof. Jowett will be left in peace.

Mr. Beresford Hope has offered a prize of 25*l.* for the best design in ceramic work for decorating the front of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute at Burslem. Urged by this example, Mr. J. E. Heathcote, Mr. J. Edge and the Rev. Dr. Armstrong have offered sums of 15*l.*, 10*l.* and 5*l.* as additional prizes for the same purpose. This competition has been resolved upon, not only with the view of enhancing the beauty of the structure itself, but also with the object of creating a systematic interest in ceramic architecture in its artistic and its practical aspects, by directing the attention both of artists and manufacturers to the subject. Messrs. Beresford Hope, M. Digby Wyatt and J. C. Robinson have been appointed judges of the designs sent in. This is a very interesting experiment in street decoration, and we shall be glad to find it successful.

A smart shower somewhat spoiled the flower-show at the Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park on Wednesday; nevertheless, a goodly company assembled in the grounds, and the display of flowers was satisfactory.

M. de Quatrefages, who seems to regard all scientific doubt as to the fossil jawbone found at Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville, as so much deprecation of the glory of France, continues to fight for the authenticity. It is another Crecy, another Agincourt, and the battle seems likely to have a similar result. M. Quatrefages says his

first convictions have been strengthened by a further examination both of the jawbone and the flint hatchet found near it. He quotes the opinions of M.M. Delesse, Deanyers, Gaudry, de Vibraye and Lyman, who all concur in considering the jawbone perfectly authentic. M. Pictet, after examining it with care, had declared that he had not expected it to offer such conclusive evidence. As to Dr. Falconer's assertion that the tooth which had been found, besides being very white, still contained a large proportion of gelatine, M. Quatrefages contended that the existence of gelatine had occurred ere this in fossil teeth of much greater antiquity than any which could be found in drift. Messrs. Prestwich, Falconer, Burk and Carpenter are in Paris, strong in their convictions, and we hear that many French inquirers are already of their opinion as to the spuriousness of this extraordinary discovery in the drift.

We hear with regret that some serious modifications in Mr. G. G. Scott's design for the Albert Memorial are proposed. Professional etiquette is generally powerful enough to restrain architects from the course indicated; non-professional interference is always to be deprecated and rarely to be allowed, so long as the designer keeps within his estimate. It may be safely said that lay meddling has injured, if not ruined, most of our architectural efforts. Not an architect, nor a sculptor, both of whom may be supposed to understand their own business best, but complains that he has been wronged in this manner. We know what Michael Angelo suffered from this cause, and how he overset its action. Let us hope that Mr. Scott may be allowed to carry out his own design in his own way, so that he alone may be responsible for its failure or honoured for its success.

The question of crinoline, as regards mere beauty of dress, may, says a friend of ours, most aptly be presented to ladies and their advisers at a time of the year when the fashions are about to change—when cloth and satin are about to give way to muslin. It may be considered apart from the opinions of men. Crinoline or no crinoline is simply a question whether ladies dress for the sake of the beauty of drapery or to display the ornamentation that may be borne upon the fabric employed, its pattern, that is to say. The idea of mere clothes, i. e. needful coverings used for warmth, is quite beside the point; indeed, its relative importance to that of dress is about the same as exists between the bulk of a lady's dress-trunks and her mere clothes-boxes, or herself crinolined and uncrinolined. If the sculptural forms of drapery, having that charming flow of line which hides while it indicates the human shape within, be sought, then drapery without crinoline must be voted for. It is noteworthy that some patterns, of the most beautiful forms, are best adapted for display in drapery: these are stripes, placed vertically, especially if of varying widths; out of their extreme monotony and simplicity these patterns get, when following the lines of the form and indicating the movements of the wearer, the most intense variety of curve and flow, and make drapery, *per se*, ever beautiful. Horizontal stripes, from their forming to the eye irregular and broken lines as they follow the flutings and folds of the robe, are objectionable, if worn without crinoline, but less so if by it they are expanded into rings; vertical lines suffer on crinoline, inasmuch as their flow and involute variety of curve are destroyed by expansion. Obliquely-placed bands share the qualities of horizontal or vertical stripes as they approach one or the other in degree of inclination. Of course, in the severest view of the question, self-coloured, or patternless, dresses make the best drapery and suffer least on crinoline. Dresses ornamented with flowers lose some of their qualities when they are left unexpanded. So far as ornamentation goes, flowers and like forms, whether treated conventionally or in commonplace imitation of real objects, are wasted on drapery.—of course, their breaking up by the folding of the material often produces an agreeable and rich variety, which, if meaningless, excites the eye to follow pleasantly the broken forms, but, so placed, they are only broken forms, and might have been disposed any-

how for all that is attained by their symmetrical, or pattern-like, arrangement. As a rule, colour is better displayed by drapery than in expanded dresses. If, then, the wearer's object is to show the pattern of her dress, by all means let her spread it upon crinoline; rich embroideries have mostly been so worn, and led to or followed its introduction. If, however, she desire beauty of form in drapery, without which no drapery exists, crinoline will effectually balk her. Pure drapery, let it be carefully noted, as such, can only be expected from a Greek, Roman or other system of attire, involving few garments; it does not exist in the costume worn now-a-days by women of northern climates. Their numerous garments, placed one above another, mar the beautiful flow of free line, but do not so utterly destroy it as crinoline does. Whether all these garments are really needful to women, and do not ridiculously load their haunches and impede their movements, can be answered negatively at once. It is only since Tudor times began that puffed hips and multitudinous flutings have been in use. Long before that time, and when the English climate must have been colder than it is now, women wore no such heaps of clothes—destructive of drapery and, as doctors say, injurious to health, by overheating and loading the loins. As to the comparative beauty of the ancient and modern styles of dress, that may be decided by looking at the statues in any cathedral; the clumsiness of the female figures erected after the date indicated and the ineffable grace which attends the Edwardian effigies, decide the point. The female figure is eternally beautiful in itself; and the true object of dress as a social art is to hint this beauty to an observer's mind, through the delicate means by which it is apparently executed.

The President and Council of the Pharmaceutical Society have issued cards for a Conversation Party, on Tuesday evening next, in Bloomsbury Square.

A very fine portrait of the painter of 'Hogarth's Studio,' the 'South Sea Bubble,' and 'The Last Sleep of Argyle,' drawn by Mr. Richmond, and engraved by Mr. Holl, is now before us. The pose is characteristic of the man, the likeness is true and yet poetical, the expression admirable. We do not see that Mr. Ward's friends could have a more perfect *souvenir*,—unless, indeed, they should be lucky enough to possess one of his works: in which case they would probably like to have the portrait also.

We hear from Penzance of the death, on the 8th, of Richard Quiller Couch. He was the son of Mr. Jonathan Couch, of Polperro, the ichthyologist and naturalist, who is now publishing 'A History of the Fishes of the British Isles.' R. Q. Couch was born in March, 1817, educated at Plymouth, and subsequently articulated to his father. His researches into the metamorphoses of the Crustacea were appreciated by all naturalists, most of all by Mr. Bell, who quoted him for many facts then new to science. Twenty years ago he wrote the third part of 'The Cornish Fauna,' published by the Royal Institution of Cornwall, his father writing the first and second parts. After passing through Guy's, and gaining in 1837 the medal for the prize essay for Ophthalmic Surgery, to which branch of his profession he continued particularly attached, he settled at Penzance, where he became one of the secretaries and curators of the Natural History and Antiquarian Society, for which he wrote a variety of papers on British fishes, Crustacea, and kindred subjects. He became a Member of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, then curator and subsequently secretary and curator, contributing to its *Transactions* many papers, and annually writing a Report of the progress made in examining the geology of Cornwall. The loss of such a man to a provincial town is very great.

French playwrights are a droll race when they deal with English history and manners. London's Lord Mayor, according to them, can transport a rebellious and disorderly man of genius to America! *Lovelace* carouses with his friends "the bucks" over a Britannia-metal teapot. But the transportation and the teapot are outdone in M. Langle's play 'Un Homme de Rien,' founded on the name of Sheridan, and not the real story of his life and

adventures. The author of 'The School for Scandal' begins life as a jockey, wins a diamond pin as the prize, holds a pipe in his mouth, like Aunt Sally, to be shot at, thereby proving his steadiness of nerve. Need we go on? The trash, trashy as it is, however, satisfies the French. "Really," says M. Jules Janin, in his *feuilleton*, "the drama is amusing, full of grace and interest."

M. Léon de Wailly, a modest and conscientious man of letters of the second class, died a few days ago, in Paris. As a novelist, he showed a hankering after English subjects; his principal tales being 'Angelica Kauffmann' and 'Stella and Vanessa,' some years ago translated into English by Lady Duff Gordon. He rendered many of our best books into French gracefully, and, on the whole, correctly; among others, 'Tom Jones,' 'Tristram Shandy,' 'Evelina,' Lingard's 'History of England,' the poems of Burns, and Mr. Thackeray's 'Esmond.'

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admittance (from Eight till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admittance 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

EXHIBITION for the RELIEF of the SICK and WOUNDED POLES.—The only existing and historically known PICTURE of the MARIA HOEDEGEDRIA and the INFANT JESUS, painted by St. Luke the Evangelist, never before exhibited, and now brought before the public by the owner solely in aid of the Polish Relief Fund, to which all proceeds of the Exhibition will be handed. To be seen every successive week-day for the following fortnight, at the International Fine-Art and Photographic Galleries, 230, Regent Street, W. On View from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.—Entrance, One Shilling.

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS'S RECITALS of the RECENT POETS and HUMORISTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, May 25, at Eight, including Macaulay's 'Horatius'; Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall'; Poe's 'Bells'; Hood's 'Miss Kilmansegge' and 'Desert Born'; Ingoldsby's 'Rupert the Fearless'; and 'Lord of Thoulouse,' &c.—Admission, 3s., 2s., and 1s.—'Macheth' at the Pavilion, Brighton, THIS MORNING, May 16, at Three.—Communications, 16, Howard Street, Strand.

LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—SCENES ET CHANSONS COMIQUES.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings, during the month of May,—M. LEVASSOR will repeat his highly successful ENTERTAINMENT, with change of Programme, assisted by Mlle. Teissire and M. Rey, Pianoforte, M. Rosenboom.—To commence on each Evening at Half-past Eight.—Seats (Unreserved), 2s.; Stalls (numbered), 7s.; a few Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. each; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street, W.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKSPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—On Monday Evening next, May 18, commencing at Half-past Eight, o'clock, Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE will read the Play of 'Julius Cæsar'; Wednesday Evening, May 20, the Tragedy of 'Hamlet'; and on Saturday Morning, May 23 at Three o'clock, the Play of 'The Merchant of Venice'.—Seats (Unreserved), 2s.; Stalls (Numbered), 5s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s. each, which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street, W.

POLYTECHNIC.—Great additions to and new experiments in Professor Pepper's LECTURE on OPTICAL ILLUSIONS. Professor Pepper will (by the kind permission of Mr. Charles Dickens) read and illustrate a portion of the Tale of 'The Haunted Man,' and the Ghost 'still walks on the new platform arranged in the large Theatre, N.B.—The Ghost illusion was invented by H. Dirks, Esq., O.E.S. and has since been improved and patented by Messrs. Dirks and Pepper; and in order to prevent disappointment it will be shown every morning and evening at Half-past One and Eight o'clock.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—May 7.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The names of the fifteen selected candidates and the following papers were read: 'Notes principally on Thermo-Electric Currents of the Ritterian Species,' by Mr. C. K. Akin.—'On the Physiological Properties of Nitro-benzole and Aniline,' by Dr. Letheby.—'On a question of Compound Arrangement, and on a Theorem relating to Polar Umbra,' by Prof. J. J. Sylvester.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—May 11.—Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Rear-Admiral H. T. Austin, C.B., A. Baring, J. N. Dick, W. J. Farrer, P. D. Hadow, J. H. Mackenzie, W. Simpson, J. A. Wright, and Lieut. I. Sale, were elected Fellows.—Dr. Shaw read despatches from Governors Sir H. Barkly and Sir G. Bowen, 'On Landsborough's Traverse of Australia.'—Mr. Landsborough stated

that there was a very fine country in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and, from his experience of sheep-rearing, Queensland was eminently adapted for the growth of wool. He also thought the climate suitable for European constitutions, for he had heard no complaint of unhealthiness on the part of the people whom he met there. He found the "Plains of Promise," near the head of the Gulf, quite equal to the description given of them by Capt. Stokes, when he discovered that region; they formed as fine a pastoral country as he had ever seen.—Mr. Middleton, the second in command in the M'Kinlay Expedition, described the perils which this party of explorers encountered on the occasion of a sudden flood, and gave a variety of interesting details respecting the journey. He stated that the thermometer sometimes stood at 166° in the sun, and he spoke in the highest terms of the ability, judgment and energy of Mr. M'Kinlay, the leader of the Expedition.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 6.—L. Horner, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—W. W. Collins, C. C. Blake, and J. Martin, Esqs. were elected Fellows.—M. F. J. Pictet, Signor G. Seila, Herr Credner, Dr. J. J. Kaup, Signor G. Meneghini, Signor B. Gastaldi, and M. A. Morlot were elected Foreign Correspondents.—The following communications were read: 'On the Brick-pit at Lexden, near Colchester,' by the Rev. Osmond Fisher, M.A.; with a Note on the Coleoptera, by T. V. Wollaston, Esq.—'On the Original Nature and Subsequent Alteration of Mica-schist,' by H. C. Sorby, Esq.—'On the Fossil Corals of the West Indies, Part I,' by P. Martin Duncan, M.B. Lond.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 7.—Earl Stanhope, President, in the chair.—Notice was given that on the following Thursday the vote of the meeting would be taken on a proposal made by the Council to alter the hour of meeting on *ballot nights* from eight to half-past eight P.M.—The Prior of San Clemente (the Rev. J. Mullooley) presented two photographs of frescoes recently discovered in the under-basilica of San Clemente.—Beriah Botfield, Esq. exhibited and presented to the Society an extremely fine Saxon cruciform fibula, two other fibulae, a spindle-whorl and two iron keys, found in Watling Street, where it passes through Norton.—C. Warne, Esq. exhibited a stone hammer (the only one he had ever found in a Dorsetshire tumulus), and a ball of flint, used for fashioning implements.—L. L. Dillwyn, Esq. exhibited, through Mr. Morgan, a beautiful medallion of Oliver Cromwell.—Count d'Albanie exhibited a glans, or sling bullet, found in Grenada, and bearing on one side a thunderbolt and on the other some letters, which appeared to be ACIPE written backwards, i. e., accipe, "take that." Inscriptions of the same meaning,—a word and a blow—are not unfrequently found on Greek bullets.—Octavius Morgan, Esq. exhibited two very beautiful steel locks of Nuremberg work. They appeared to be what is technically known as "masterpieces." The exhibition was accompanied by some remarks, which, coming as they did from Mr. Morgan, could not but be highly valuable, especially as pointing out the germs of watch-making in the art of the locksmith.—K. Mackenzie, Esq. laid before the Society an elaborate account of the Hornbook, illustrated by numerous specimens from his own collection, and by woodcuts and photographs of specimens from other collections.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—May 4.—Annual General Meeting.—W. Tite, M.P., President, in the chair.—The following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year: President, T. L. Donaldson; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. A. Ashpitel, O. Jones, and Ewan Christian; Honorary Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, Mr. C. C. Nelson; Ordinary Members of Council, Messrs. W. Burges, G. Somers Clarke, B. Ferrey, I. H. Hakewill, O. Hansard, H. Jones, G. J. J. Mair, Wyatt Papworth, and J. L. Pearson; Treasurer, Sir W. R. Farquhar, Bart.; Honorary Solicitor, Mr. F. Ouvry; Auditors, Mr. C. Fowler, jun., and Mr. R. N. Shaw.—Mr. J. P. Seddon and Mr. C. K. Hayward were re-elected Honorary Secretaries.—

The Report and Balance-sheet were read and adopted.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—May 4.—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a number of insects from South Africa, collected by Mr. Trimen; a collection from Madagascar, sent home by Mr. Plant, containing a few Coleoptera and some fine Lepidoptera, conspicuous amongst which was a new Diadema; a collection from the Feejee Islands, principally of Coleoptera, and comprising many new species; some spiders from Bogotâ, of enormous size; and a specimen from Australia, which was apparently undistinguishable from the British *Sinodendron cylindricum*.—Mr. M'Lachlan exhibited the case of a caddis-worm (*Limnephilus*) which was entirely composed of small shells (of a Planorbis) from 250 to 300 in number, arranged with the utmost regularity, so as to resemble a piece of mosaic.—Mr. Edwin Shepherd exhibited specimens of *Biston betularius*, which had been reared from eggs sent to him from Lancashire. Mr. Edelman had last year found a pair of this species in copula, one being the normal form of the insect, and the other the black variety sometimes found in the north of England; the eggs sent to Mr. Shepherd were the fruit of that union, and from them twelve specimens of the perfect moth had emerged, of which eight were of the ordinary colour, whilst four were of the negro variety; of the twelve, ten were females, and of the two males, one was a negro; the whole of the larvæ had been fed on the same food, principally on lime-leaves. It was remarkable that the black variety had never been captured in the South, and that no intermediate forms had ever been bred, to connect and link together the light-grey type and the sooty-black variety.—Mr. Waterhouse exhibited *Oxyptoda lentula* and *O. miscella*, both hitherto unrecorded as British species; also a British specimen of *Trechus*, which he considered to be identical with the insect sent to him by Dr. Schaum as *T. obtusus*; and specimens of *Philochthus Mannerheimii* taken at Darenth Wood.—Mr. Waring exhibited some dead pupæ of drones which he had found near the entrance of one of his bee-hives; they were not quite fully matured, and it would seem that the bees must have cut off the caps of the cells, and cast out the dead pupæ; but he was unable to throw any light upon the cause of their death.—Mr. T. W. Wood made some remarks on the colouration and mimicry of nature visible on the under-side of the wings of *Anthocharis Cardamines* when at rest, and on the utility of this colouring in the preservation of the insect. The butterfly might, during the present month, be found towards evening or in cloudy weather at rest in very exposed situations, on the tops of grasses and flowers, and more particularly on those of *Anthriscus sylvestris*: the chequered white and green of the wings exactly resembled the small white flowers of the Anthriscus, as seen against the green background of the hedge-row behind, and thus preserved the insect from observation; it was to be remarked, too, that, except as a secure resting-place, the butterfly did not appear to be partial to the Anthriscus, but preferred to hover over and suck the juices of the wild geranium and other plants.—A letter was read from Dr. Hagen, of Königsberg, the author of the recently-published 'Bibliotheca Entomologica,' requesting British entomologists to communicate to this Society any errors or omissions which might be found in that work, and of additions to be made thereto, in order that by such assistance and co-operation the work might hereafter be made perfect and maintained complete.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 6.—J. Dillon, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The paper read was, 'Natal and South-East Africa,' by Mr. Robinson.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Asiatic, 8.—Anniversary.
- Tue.** Architects, 8.
- Ethnological,** 4.—Anniversary.
- Royal Institution,** 3.—'Sound,' Prof. Tyndall.
- Statistical,** 8.—'Pay of the Soldier compared with Wages of the Labourer,' Major-General Tullock.
- Engineers,** 8.—'Communication between London and Dublin,' Mr. Watson; 'Manufacture of Duplicate Machines,' Mr. Fernald.
- Wed.** Horticultural, 4.—Promenade.
- Society of Literature,** 4.

- Society of Arts,** 8.—'Destructive Distillation,' Dr. Paul.
- Geological,** 3.—'Devonian Plants of Maine, Gaspar, &c.'
- New Species of Dendropteron, &c.,** Dr. Dawson.
- 'Upper Old Red Sandstone Rocks,'** Mr. Salter; 'Relations of Sandstone of Cromarty with Reptilian Foot-prints,' Dr. Gordon and Rev. J. Joass.
- THURS.** Numismatic, 7.
- Chemical,** 8.—'Effect of Intense Heat on Fluid,' Mr. Grove.
- Antiquaries,** 8.—Election of Fellows.
- Royal Institution,** 3.—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted.
- Royal Soc.,** 8.—'Sun's Magnetic Action on the Earth,' Dr. Chambers; 'Numerical Elements of Indian Meteorology,' Mr. Hermann de Schlagintweit; 'Structure of the so-called apolar, unipolar, and bipolar Nerve-Cells of the Frog,' Dr. Beale.
- FRI.** Royal Institution, 8.—'Sun's Chemical Action,' Prof. Roscoe.
- SAT.** Horticultural, 3.—Election of Fellows.—4. Promenade.
- Royal Institution,** 2.—'Language,' Prof. Max Müller.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

"They do these things better in France" has not had an apter illustration than is afforded by a notice in the *Moniteur* of a few days since, which states "that the numerous complaints (*réclamations*) which have reached the Emperor upon the subject of the refusal of works of Art by the jury of the Exposition have led him to decide that the public shall have an opportunity of determining the justice of those complaints by seeing the rejected works in the same building (Palais de l'Industrie) in which those accepted are hung. The Director-General of the Imperial Musées has, therefore, the honour to inform M.M. the artists whose works have not been accepted, that an exhibition of such as are not withdrawn before the 7th instant will open in the Palais, *le 15 Mai prochain*"—i. e., yesterday (Friday). The history of this to our insular notions amazing affair is, that the Emperor, moved by the indignation of many luckless artists whose works had been treated somewhat like those our Royal Academy Council has rejected,—went to the Palais, and, to the disgust of the officials, demanded a sight of the victimized pictures. Produced, they turned out to comprise works by men to whom medals, honourable mentions, and other public distinctions had been awarded. In justice to all concerned, the above Ukase appeared in the *Moniteur*. Deep is the wrath of the jury, great the glee of the re-prieved painters, and expansive the delight of the freedom-loving citizens of Paris. To fit this last with an expression, out comes a little *vaudeville* at the Variétés, styled 'Le Club des Refusés,' which hits the flying humour with an extra sting to the chopfallen jury of the Exposition.

Conceive the looks of the Royal Academy Council and hangers—whose doings have raised the present storm among the painters—if some incarnate Public Opinion walked into the national premises in Trafalgar Square, questioned the authorities' decisions in this effectual manner, and set up face to face with the accepted the rejected works. Conceive the Adelphi crammed to see the translated *vaudeville*, and we have the situation! It is not improbable that the rejected English works may be shown by way of public appeal on the proper motion of the victims whose reputations and very livelihoods are threatened; for, as was stated in our last week's Gossip, the discontent that usually follows the opening of the Academy has this year risen higher than ever, and the artists seem determined to have it clearly understood whether the jury and hangers have or not dealt fairly with them. The luckless painters and their friends are naturally indignant that works, the merits of which are unchallengeable, and by men whom the public has recognized as able, have not received the attention to which they are entitled. Undeniably, very many of these are among the rejected, or so hung that their predicament is even worse than if they were so. Mr. J. Brett's case is not a solitary one, in which the authorities have forgotten that they are not in office merely to choose works which fall in with their own ideas of Art, but rather that they may select such as represent all that is valuable and interesting. We do not estimate the labours of Mr. J. Brett as having a high artistic importance, but believe them rather exquisitely mechanical in execution than possessed of intellectual interest. They have, nevertheless, great value, and ought not to have been denied places awarded to earlier productions of the same

gentleman; they are not only his best pictures, but probably not to be surpassed in their way. Far more valuable in Art is a picture entitled 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' by Mr. A. Hughes, which has obtained the highest praise from artists, but no place at the Academy. Mr. Holiday, a painter of singular promise, whose pictures have been on the line ere now, is equally unfortunate with Mr. J. Brett. Of Mr. Stirling's pictures the larger and better one was rejected by the Council. Mr. Mason, a landscape artist, for whose works we have had occasion to express high admiration, has had the best two of three pictures rejected, while the third is hung where crinolines scrape it and hide it.

One of the most pathetic pictures in the Exhibition is by Mr. F. Walker, widely known as a designer. This represents a woman bearing her child through a snow-storm, and is named *The Lost Path* (No. 712). Here is a work affecting, admirably wrought, and by no unknown man, yet it hangs where none can see its value.—Near it is a highly-poetical head of *Vivian* (707), by Mr. F. Sandys, put so that its irrepressible brilliancy alone can be seen.—Why should an artist like Mr. Anthony be found by his work above the line at all, much more so placed in the *limbo* of the North Room, and where the sun shines upon his picture—a masterful landscape, 'A Relic of the Old Feudal Time' (645)? Such rich execution and original feeling as this work has may not suit the palates of the hangers, but its Art-value is beyond denial, and it is most unfairly displayed.

As no principle can guide decisions so diverse, so no result but mortification to all concerned can arise from the injustice stated. Messrs. Armitage, Leighton, Anthony, Brett, Stirling, Hughes and Sandys are not tyros; Messrs. Holiday and Mason have shown themselves worthy; the ability of Mr. F. Walker is beyond question. The Academy, professedly a school of Art as it is, should not disregard the works of young men; yet among the excellent pictures by such that have been inconsiderately treated are Mr. W. Ridley's *Two Strings to the Bow* (282), hung in a place fitter for many of the rudely executed and dull portraits that fill the ranks upon and above the line; also Mr. E. Edwards's *Lynnmouth Harbour* (644).—How an able foreigner has been received, let the elevated positions of M. Mignot's two beautiful landscapes—anti-ethical in theme as they are, and so proving that the mannerism of men whose works fill the line year by year is not in them,—attest. These are the *Lagoon of Guayaquil* (595), a superbly painted and original sunset; and a charming snow-piece, *A Winter Morning* (677). That every one of these pictures is faulty is no more than can be said of every picture on the line, but none of them is devoid of high merit, which is more than can be averred of all the "line."

Examples such as these might be needlessly multiplied by a longer examination than we have given to the circumstances. We have to point out but one more, and that a crowning absurdity. The high artistic importance of etchings, direct from the painter's hand as they come, has been overlooked by the hangers of this season, in order to accommodate the comparatively mechanical works of the engraver. Thus, in the dismal Octagon Room are placed some of the exquisite dry-point productions of Mr. Whistler, whose fame the Royal Academy ignores by placing the marvellous plates that measure five inches by eight or so, at the top of the room, one (941) where the sun comes to ruin its delicacy, even if it could be seen at all,—another (1003) is in the shade, equally high,—a third (990), broad as a Rembrandt, is down on the floor. Like the last are placed Mr. H. Dean's dry-points, which are only inferior to Mr. Whistler's works. If anything can match the injustice and absurdity of this it would be for the Royal Academy to ignore etching altogether. "They do these things better in France," as was said above; what constitutes Art is better understood there than in Trafalgar Square; so we find, without surprise, that these very etchings the R.A.'s have so contumeliously treated have in the Exposition noble places on the line above the *appui* or velvet elbow-rest that enables men to study fine works at ease.

Such heart-burnings as now prevail will be felt until the Academy has imported into its Council and Hanging Committee some representative of the "outsiders," whose works form so large a portion of the Exhibition in Trafalgar Square. The members of the Academy have, year by year, failed to fill the space reserved for them upon its walls. Of the 1,205 works of Art now exhibited only 139 are by R.A.s, Associates and Engravers, who are 63 in number,—or a fraction over two works per man,—including the most trivial sketches, with miniatures, architectural drawings, portraits, &c. Of the 139, only five are sculptures, produced by the united energies of two R.A.s and an Associate. Spaces upon the line that Turner, Etty and Leslie used to fill, are yielded, perforce, to outsiders; yet while such is the case, the selecting body remains of the same unmixed character, and does not seem, to judge by recent events, likely to refresh itself with the best new blood that might be had. Of the 63 members eleven do not exhibit this year. Of the 38 R.A.s, in whose hands power resides, from among whom the selectors come, only four, Messrs. Stanfield, Hook, Ward and Elmore, fairly fill their places, and that with only eight noteworthy pictures! Upon these eight pictures the Royal Academy bases itself! Nor is the academical part of this body's duties in a more flourishing condition; its Professorships of Anatomy and Painting are vacant; its teacher of Perspective, contrary to the fundamental law, is an "outsider," and it has been obliged to resort to the desperate expedient of electing its teacher of Painting as Associate, in order that the office may seem yet in its own hands and supplied by its own body.

Mr. G. H. Boughton's two pictures mark, by their softness and breadth of tone and colour, a French system of working that is estimable in its completeness. These are No. 48, *Through the Fields*, children walking, and *Hop-pickers Returning—Twilight* (506), such a party trudging homewards at evening: the father and mother go wearily along, a boy bears a big umbrella; the natives of the district stare at them. In the last are much character and fine execution.—Mr. Erwood improves in colouring. His well-painted interior, containing a servant-girl having her fortune told by a gipsy, in whose basket lies a silver ladle, justifies its title, *Minding the House* (55), by the silly look of the girl and the knavish one of the woman. Every one who admires Mr. E. Nicol's powers of humour, must be glad to see that he has avoided the too painful themes in which he used to show them. Still illustrating Irish character, he is happy in *Insolvent* (66), a stalwart fellow who, going into a dram-shop, takes a noggin of whiskey and then examines his pockets with an irresistibly comic air of impudent deprecation at finding them empty. Not less capital is the showman's hard-hearted look of dismay at being "done," her upthrust lips and clenched fingers. *Waiting an Answer* (101), a peasant going with a letter to his landlord, a stumpy, scrubby-headed individual who reads it by the window. *The Hope of the Family* (242), an Irish cottier regarding his ill-looking cub of a son with satisfaction; and *Renewal of the Lease Refused* (397), are all amusing studies of character.

Alone (165), by Mr. T. Webster, is a dismal picture, representing an old labourer mourning for his wife; it has feeling and character.—Mr. H. Le Jeune's work, *The Thorn* (269), shows in a weakly pretty manner a girl extracting a thorn from the foot of a younger sister.—Mr. A. Johnston's *Land o' the Leal* (277), an aged Scottish couple consoling each other with the Bible, is too sentimental to be earnest, and but showily painted.—Mr. W. H. Fisk's *Robespierre receives Letters from Friends of his Victims, threatening him with Assassination* (353) is grim and absurd. If Mr. Fisk will paint the incorruptible, let him first take a peep at a genuine likeness. There is a very good one in the great Gallery of Versailles.—Mrs. H. Ward's *Mary Queen of Scots intrusting her Son to the Earl of Mar* (386), marks a great improvement in the artist's execution, which is solid and careful, and his power of composition. The baby, the cradle and its coverings are capably painted; the Queen's figure is good,—the Earl's figure is weak.—Mr. W. M. Egly's *Shakespeare's Hermione*,

as the statue (402), supports the theme by its rather stony treatment; renders contrasted day and lamp lights well; is solid, but over-smooth. The face is too peevish and frosty to be beautiful.

No young painter has improved more of late than Mr. V. Prinsep in every quality of execution and art. Would that he would unite his feeling for colour, his power of solid handling and dramatic conception, in the treatment of physical beauty. His *Il Barbagianni* (391), a girl caressing an owl, has hardly a superior in the rooms in the qualities we have named. Rare as these are, what a pity it is to find them employed upon an ill-featured model! The same artist's "*Whispering Tongues can poison Truth*" (423) shows the same faculties in a higher degree. A queen of the ancient time has heard evil things of her chosen knight. Meeting him on the palace-stairs, she passes the astonished man without regard. Behind, on the landing above, are courtiers whispering and laughing. The lady's action as she swerves to the side of the stair, her nervous hand upon the rail, her set, regretful, angry face, are admirable in design. The knight's action, although apt, is rather awkwardly expressed; his figure does not compose well, and he might have been handsomer than he is, without being less manly.—Mr. H. O'Neil never succeeded so well with expression as, and never painted better than, in *The Power of Music* (398),—Stradella and his wife escaping assassination through the sweetness of his singing. Mr. O'Neil has wisely thought out the effect of candle-light upon flesh, but not been able to render it without much crudity of colour.

An admirable design is that of Mr. J. Pettie's rather thinly painted and sparkling picture, *The Trio* (452). Three mediæval musicians are seen performing in an ancient street; one, a luteist, has employed his interval in obsequiously saluting, hat in hand, some girls seated at a window; his swaggering, begging air is most expressive. Right in front, the second, a hautboy-player, with a capably-rendered face of absorption, continues his performance, and strides with widely parted feet. The third, a lean fellow with a viol, goes on with his chant and fingers, looking to an upper window all the while. Eyes hardened by conventionality must get over the ultra-quaintness and staring, sketchy look of this picture ere they can appreciate its true spirit.—An *Old English Song* (185), a girl gaily singing at a harpsichord, by Mr. W. E. Orchardson, is happy in its pleasant, lively face, its cleverly-painted dress of brocade, natural action and brightness. This charming picture is inconsiderately hung on the lowest, or "crinoline line," and will be probably scraped to the canvas. The same artist's remarkable group of *Portraits* (652), despite some stiffness of composition, is beautifully painted—solid, bright, natural and broad. With such qualities, and being life-size, we look for much from the painter.

It would be difficult to conceive styles more opposed than that of Mr. Pettie's picture and the bedimmed, heavy, but powerful and solid manner of Mr. R. Lehmann's *Roman Beggars* (454), who compose themselves so artistically at a church-porch, and show their eyes and their rags with art as artificial as the manner of the painter. A studio style this is, and, with all its technical merits, really marvellous to those who look for nature in Art.—Mr. Rankley never painted so good a picture as *A Sower went forth to sow* (504) is,—a missionary lady seated at the door of an Indian's tent, and reading the Bible to the family gathered, in various attitudes, about her. The lady's face is weak in character, but withal pure and good in expression; that it is weak is rather the picture's default than an error in rendering character by Mr. Rankley. A little painty and spotty in treatment, there is yet much solidity and faithful painting here. The Indians' faces are capably given.—Mr. J. Dearle's *The Bird Minder* (507), a boy seated on a style, is very spiritedly and cleverly painted: the landscape portion bright and clear, though rather thin. Some docks in front are very good.

Mr. S. Solomon sends two pictures, both excellent, but not equal in aim to those we have before had from him. His *Juliette* (508), a young lady, in mourning, seated at a table with a bouquet

before her, is a study in the style of M. Stevens, very artistically painted, with good colour and feeling for expression. *The Betrothal of Isaac and Rebecca* (567), by the same, the point of salutation, has much tenderness of action in the figures, real expression in their faces, but seems, here at least, a little weak in painting. The colouring is gravely harmonious. It will be well to contrast the gravity, strength and simplicity of the last work by this young painter, with the affectation, studied unnaturalness and falsity of execution no less than of feeling to be seen in Mr. R. J. Herbert's *Judith* (509). Is this putty-coloured woman, with the absurd pendent end to her nose, the widow of Bethulia with the "goodly countenance and very beautiful to behold"? Are those narrow, peevish eyes the eyes of the deliverer of Israel who went forth in the darkness? Is that pinched nostril, rising ridiculously as it does without lifting the lip, expressive of her resolution? Do those flaccid, girlish cheeks, that feeble chin, suggest the face of one who dared such a deed? Beyond all, is this minikin mouth, that could not open, and is curled like that of a bad actress,—the mouth that cried "I pray thee, I pray thee, O God of my father, and God of the inheritance of Israel, smite by the deceit of my lips the servant with the prince; * * break down their stateliness by the hand of a woman?" Judith's "countenance was altered," but not in this way, when they wondered at her beauty; she had not such a lean, petty body when the men of the city looked after her "until she was gone down the mountain, and till she had passed the valley, and could see her no more." Frivolous mockery of Art as this thing is in execution, its conception is yet more wilfully weak.

Mr. J. E. Hodgson's *First Sight of the Armada* (569), notwithstanding the quaintness and want of manly drawing in the figures, is a very vigorous and effective picture, that tells its tale with power. We are placed upon a high headland of the Southern coast, and look over the sea that seems to creep, in its million waves, far below our feet: it is purple, silver-hued, with a dash of light here and there, and grey, with reflection of the east behind us. Low down in the west the sun's fiery haze of setting fills the distance, his light burning upon the waiting clouds above almost to the zenith, and all along the sea-line below. Right upon this sea-line are hundreds of tall ships slowly coming towards the land over the path the sun has gilded with blood-red coloured gold. The poetical expressiveness of this landscape is such that the figures shown lighting a beacon ought to have been wholly omitted, or well enough done to honour the thought.—Mr. M. J. Lawless's picture, *A Sick Call* (589), has intense pathos of expression, and is an example of surprising improvement in painting. Mr. Lawless has almost entirely got rid of his ivory-like and rigid manner that was repulsive to artists. A little dry and not full of colour, his manner is solid and painter-like. This picture represents the priest of some Swiss village going with the Host to a dying person. He is seated, with the staff beside him, in the stern of a boat, with his acolytes and a weeping relative of the sick. The design, from the figure of the rower, who works with a steady pull, to that of the priest himself, is excellent; the execution's dryness gives to the work something of the look of an illumination, but we must not, on that account, reject the pathos and spirit of the whole.

Mr. Armitage has deservedly such a name that his work, even if large, would claim a good place by right. Why then do we find his excellent picture, moderate in size, put on the third row above the line in the North Room? The Hanging Committee will not venture to say that, whether they like its style or not, this is not a good picture. Nothing but unpardonable prejudice or inexcusable carelessness can have placed it where it is, on a line with the equally wronged landscape by Mr. Anthony (645), Mr. Mignot's two landscapes (595, 677), and the head of *Vivien*, by Mr. F. Sandys (707). Nothing can be more opposed than are the styles of these brilliant works to that of Mr. Armitage's *Burial of a Christian Martyr in the Time of Nero* (622), which is dry, severe, fresco-like, low-toned in colour and classical in composition. The body is

lowered with ropes into a catacomb, and there received by friends who have made preparation for its washing and interment in the shelf-like grave hewn in the stone of the pit. The deceased's father receives the corpse; his mother holds the head; his weeping sister kneels; his mistress, with a vase of ointment and a wreath of bay, waits on the bath of the dead that an old servant prepares on the rocky floor. Behind, the sculptors have wrought out the tomb and placed the Christian emblems we now find in such places above its entrance. The severity of manner in which all this is treated makes it gravely impressive without morbidity, sober without prosing, and thereby shows the artist's art.

If with Mr. Hayllor's *Life or Death* (628), that is on the line, Mr. Armitage's picture could change places it would be well for both of them. Mr. Hayllor would gain by the removal of his merely dashing execution, commonplace subordinate figures and over-tinted colour to a distance from the eye, while the dramatic qualities of his design would then come out with force. The subject is a lottery of death, drawn by a child, to one of three captured Royalist officers,—the well-known story of Col. Poyer's death. The child who delivers the fatal lot is admirably designed, pathetic in his grace, and, so far as we know, quite original. Does the Hanging Committee believe the public cannot understand the Art-value of such a picture as Mr. Armitage's compared with the puny sentimentality of Mr. T. Brooks's badly-painted deathbed clap-net, styled *Resignation* (660), which is on the line?—Our progress brings us now to Mr. F. Sandys's splendid head, life-size, of *Vivien* (707), the alluring witcher of Merlin, entrancing in haughty beauty and crowned with gold-lighted hair; behind her a screen of eyes from a peacock's tail, her apt cognizance.

Mr. J. W. Oakes's *River in Flood* (5), a moorland stream, peat-stained and foaming, coming down a rapid, has great spirit in treatment. The glimpse over, or rather along, the levels of the land, above the stream's high banks, is excellently given. The sky, rainy and bright, with blue spaces, is remarkable for aerial truth and variety of tone.—Mr. T. Crewick deals with themes contrasted with those that please Mr. Oakes, but he is not less faithful to one style. His works have gained a little of colour this year, though still grievously lacking more, and are perhaps somewhat more solid than of yore. *Crossing the Stream* (86) is a woodland ford, with bright, still water, rocks, grey as usual, and trees, treated in the pleasant but very mechanical manner of the artist. The effect is bright, but sunless, because it looks so cold. *The Old Ferry-Boat* (107) is warmer in colour than the last, has much the same manner, but somewhat richer treatment, due rather to the effect chosen than to the execution, it appears to us. Could not this artist vary these somewhat too familiar themes, the smooth mirror of the water, the grey boulders, the pale, thinly-painted trees, and cold, bright sky? Many of his works we know of old to be charming; but, surely, an artist cannot be too various in his themes. These seem mechanically pitched upon. There is smooth water and pale trees again in *The Tees, at Wycliffe* (205). *Pleasant Paths* (647), by the same, is warmer, and, therefore, pleasanter, but has the same manner as before.

Mr. F. R. Lee sends us no such works as the well-esteemed pictures of Gibraltar. He has gone to the Devonshire streams for his *Where the Trout Lie* (195). This landscape has not only more colour in it, but, probably, in consequence, is less merely painty than works we have had of late from the artist. A stream is shown, shaded by huge trees, one of which, an oak, is painted with great force, bulkiness of look, and power of dealing with masses of foliage. In all respects this picture is better than *Across the Ferry and over the Meadows* (15), which exemplifies Mr. Lee's worst method of painting, cold, opaque, and flat. The lake-island, with ruins, styled *A Deserted Island* (208), is remarkable for its want of colour, and enough to make one think the artist cannot see that quality in nature. *The Aqueduct at Nîmes* (322) serves also to confirm such a presumption; there is really no difference in the colouring of rocks, vegetation and sky in

this removed part of the world from that of the English lake.

Mr. Redgrave has gone upon an entirely different system from that Mr. Lee adopts. His *Sunshine* (311), a view over Wootton Woods, near Dorking, is softly bright with day, and while, it may be, a little too grey in colour, has been heedfully studied from nature. The scene—a high, rich meadow, looking over downs in whose hollows deep-planted woods gather,—shows, beyond them, bright lands to the horizon. The shadows of the flesh in the same artist's figures in *Strayed Lambs* (220) err in purple colour; the features are rather portrait-like. The landscape, a bank of high ferns, backed by multitudinous fir-stems and their plummy heads, is very beautiful.—Mr. H. L. Roberts's *The Word of God, a Parable, Luke viii. 15* (244—247), an allegory in four lancet-shaped bits of landscape—a ploughed field with rocks, the stony furrows, the wheat smothered with tares, and the pure wheat—is well and boldly painted, but no picture.—Mr. T. S. Cooper's *Cooling the Hoof* (265), cows in the water, has the usual qualities of his works. In an attempt to introduce finish the artist has made the execution rather hard.—*An Autumnal Evening, North Wales* (278), by Mr. R. Harwood, is very feelingly painted, and, without pretension, effective. A calm lake seen to go among the involutions of the mountains; water and land treated with skill.—One of the most brilliant and successful little pictures in the Exhibition is the landscape styled *Ambleteuse* (373), by Mr. C. J. Lewis,—a study of the bay with its sands bare, lying bright under a sunny day. The sky gives a charm to this picture by its purely white *Joculis* of clouds, broken here and there to show the brilliant blue of the firmament. In the foreground is a graveyard, with decorated crosses: therein stands a nun robed in black,—very cleverly introduced to give a subject and a powerful contrast in the picture.

On the French Coast (120), by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, is, compared with the last, prosaic. The artist has so often attempted the theme of bright, misty, summer sunlight, just before autumn, upon the coast, with sheep in a rough pasture, that we are glad to see a rainbow for a change. This example is better painted than its predecessors, but tends to paintiness. It is just to say that no theme can be more difficult than this one, and that few men could succeed in it so well as Mr. Davis. His success is much greater in *Ambleteuse Bay* (279), a road with cows going home at early evening: a work exceedingly fine in tone and colour,—see the treatment of the shadow in the hollow to the proper left, and those in the road near the front.—Mr. M. W. Ridley's *Two Strings to the Bow* (282), a coast picture, finely, but rather flatly treated, shows two little girls flirting with a young sailor-boy. The breadth, fidelity, and spirit of this work claim for it a better place than it has on high. Next the floor is an extremely effective little picture, by the same, *The Old Pond* (289),—a large, green-mantled pool, studded with clumps of alders—black, and a mirror, when the mantle is off—more beautiful than an emerald when covered with weed. A charmingly true painting, stereoscopic in effect, so strong is it.—Mr. W. Davis's *Spring* (283) is another of the unfortunates that deserves a good place, if happy dexterity, without flimsiness, fidelity and knowledge of nature are qualities of good Art in landscape.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Since the opening of the French Exhibition, in Pall Mall, a considerable number of bronze statues of animals has been added to it. These are by M. Hæhnel, of Dresden, and display surpassing ability and delicacy in execution, as well as knowledge of the forms, habits and characters of the creatures. Alone, they would form an exhibition every artist and lover of Art ought to see. We shall best commend them by describing a few. No. 144, *A Lion*, the massing of whose mane is admirable; he raises himself to the utmost on his fore feet, looking out and snuffing, with an eager, inquisitive air, at some near danger, an action finely expressed by his wide nostrils, slightly parted jaws, and open eyes. Every muscle is full of life; as he draws breath those of

the dorsal and lumbar regions, slightly raising his spine into an arch, are accompanied in sympathetic action by those that wave the tail in a slow curling movement. No. 139, *A Giraffe*, has the lean elegance of the beast rendered with subtlety and exquisite finish. No. 140 is a *Lion Proving*, a superb animal, that moves shouldering along; his heavy feet slowly pad, so to say, the floor; his head is down; its jaws, half apart, seem to emit a hoarse undertoned growl. In 141, *A Lion, Sleeping*, rests his huge head upon his paws; his mane is tangled, rich masses. In 142, *A Lion, Roaring*, lifts his mouth, and querulously seems to signal a companion. This is a very remarkable work; see the treatment of the face, with its pendulous lips of the upper jaw, fierce fretfulness of the eyes, grand and characteristic mane. M. Hæhnel's closeness of study may be discerned on comparing the manner in which he has rendered the textures of the hides of these creatures: where the skin lies over bone it is firmly marked and shown pressed outwards, it binds the muscles and hangs slack when the action does not call forth the powers of the limbs inclosed. In exquisite rendering of the free plumage, or close-fitting feathers, of the *Ostrich*, the seemingly hard and sheeny surface of the feathers in the *Cock and Hen*, or panoply of the *Eagles*, the tough bronze has yielded to the artist's skill, as it has in the bulky crine of the lions' manes, their rigid hair of the body, the pachydermatous shields of the *Elephants*, or Hippopotami, the softer skins of the *Giraffes*, or the bunchy, stiff wool of the *Camel*. The *Stag* is magnificent.

Mr. Cope has just completed the fifth of his series of pictures in the Peers' Corridor, Houses of Parliament. The whole is intended to illustrate the history of the Civil War, thus:—1. Charles the First erecting the Standard at Nottingham; 2. Basing House defended by the Cavaliers against the Commonwealth Troops; 3. Expulsion of the Fellows of a College at Oxford for refusing to sign the Covenant; 4. Burial of Charles the First; 5. The Speaker Lenthall asserting the privileges of the Commons against Charles's attempt to seize the Five Members; 6. The setting out of the London Train Bands to raise the Siege of Gloucester; 7. Embarkation of a Puritan Family for New England; 8. Parting of Lord and Lady Russell. Of these Nos. 1, 4, 7 and 8 have been for some time completed. No. 2 is that just finished. By far the best work of those yet produced is the seventh in our list,—the least satisfactory is the first; the last, now in question, comes between the two extremes. It has more spirit of design than No. 1, withal better drawing, but in colour and aerial tone it is a long way behind No. 7. We have a side flight of steps leading up to the entrance-terrace before the gates of the lordly house of Basing. At the foot of the steps a struggle has ended in the overthrow of a Royalist chief, the Marquis of Winchester probably, by a stalwart Puritan champion in a buff coat, who may be Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell; for it was that English *Polioretes* who took the place. A young man, a standard-bearer, is also cast down, struggling to retain his charge from the hands of the victor. The old noble is raised from the stones by a priest; others of the household are preparing to shoot the assailant. In the background skirmishing goes on. If this work cannot be considered wholly satisfactory or worthy of its place, it is clear and bright in effect of light. There is a good deal of energy, not, however, of the best sort in Art, in the main groups. The drawing shows some commendable care, and the expressions are only occasionally tainted with theatrical feeling. As representing an ordinary attack and defeat there is little to challenge in this picture. What we miss, indeed, is distinct personification in the chief figure; we cannot say at once that it represents the Protector himself. Mr. Cope has used the stereochrome process of painting for this work, and intends to do so with those that remain to be done. Mr. E. M. Ward will very shortly commence another subject, the Landing of Charles the Second at Dover, in the corresponding series allotted to him in the Commons' Corridor; also in water-glass.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—EXTRA MATINÉE.—TUESDAY, May 19, Half-past Three.—Quintet in A, Clarinet, &c. Mozart. Lazarus, Carrouis, Webb, &c.; Trio Concerto in E, Op. 55, Hummel, Miss Madeline Schiller, &c.; Rites and Piatt's Solo Violoncello, Piatt's (first time); Solo Pianoforte, Chopin. M. Jules Lefort will sing new compositions.—Accompanist, Engel.—Visitors are admitted on payment of Five Shillings, and Members Half-a-Crown each, at the Hall.—Tickets, Five Shillings each, to be had at the usual places. J. ELLA, Director.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, THURSDAY, May 21.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. Sims Reeves, Mdle. Parepa, and Madame Arabella Goddard.—The Programme will include Mendelssohn's 'Ave Maria,' the solo by Mr. Sims Reeves; Mendelssohn's 'Hear my Prayer,' the solo by Mdle. Parepa; Madame Arabella Goddard will play Prelude and Fugue by Bach, Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' suite de pièces, and will accompany Mr. Sims Reeves in Beethoven's 'Adelaide.' The choir will sing the celebrated Madrigals 'Sweet Honey-Sucking Bee,' and 'Fire, Fire, Stalls, &c.; Family Tickets, to admit Four, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.; Admission, 1s.; at all Musicellers'. Family Tickets to be had only at Addison's, 210, Regent Street, and Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MR. DEACON'S SECOND SÉANCE OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC will take place on THURSDAY, May 21, at 16, Grosvenor Street by permission of Messrs. Colliard, commencing at Three o'clock. Programme: Quintet in B flat; Onslow's Sonata in C minor, Pianoforte, Mozart; Variations in D, Violoncello and Pianoforte, Mendelssohn; Sonata in minor, Op. 22, Violin and Pianoforte, Beethoven; Pianoforte Solo, S. Heller; Pianoforte Quartet, in B minor, Mendelssohn. Executants: M.M. Sainton, Pollitzer, Webb, Pezse, Severn and Deacon.—Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. R. W. Olliver, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 72, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MIS EMMAS BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, THURSDAY, May 21, at Three o'clock precisely.—Artists: Mdle. Florence Lancia, Mdle. Elvira Behrens, Signor Lorenzo Severini, Mr. Carrouis, Signor Piatt and Miss Emma Busby. Programme: Mendelssohn's 'Rites and Piatt's'; Family Tickets (to admit Three), One Guinea; at the Musicellers', the Rooms, and at Miss E. Busby's residence, 16, Howley Place, Maida Hill West.

MR. CUSINS'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, June 5, at Eight o'clock.—Artists: Parepa, Sims Reeves, Messent, and Santley, the Orpheus Glee Union, Piatt, Bustau, Baldr Chatterton, John Thomas, Harold Thomas, and Cusins. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductors, Prof. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Cusins.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s., and 1s. at Auditor's, No. 28, Piccadilly; all Musicellers'; and at 23, Nottingham Place, W.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S MORNING CONCERT OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Hanover Square Rooms, June 6.—Artists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, M. Sainton, Signor Pio, Mendelssohn, &c. Programme: Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.—1, Onslow Street, N.W.

WELSH NATIONAL MUSIC.—United Choirs.—Band of Harps.—A MORNING CONCERT, to be given by Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Benedict Gwalin), at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on SATURDAY, June 13, at Three o'clock.—Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne (Eos Cymru); Mr. Lewis Thomas, &c. Harpists: Mr. J. Baldr Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. John Thomas. Further particulars will be duly announced.—Stalls, 15s.; Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of all Musicellers'; and of Mr. John Thomas, 109, Great Portland Street, W.

GIUGLINI, GARDONI and SIMS REEVES will appear at Mr. BENEDICT'S GRAND AND MORNING CONCERT, on MONDAY, June 22, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, in addition to the available artists then in London. The full Programme will be published on June 1.—Immediate application for the few remaining Stalls (one guinea each) is respectfully solicited.—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; at the principal Musicellers'; and of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Nicolo de' Lapi.—A new Italian opera, born on this side of the Alps, is an event of itself pleasant, because of its rarity. During late years we can only call to mind, as similar attempts, those by Mr. Balfe, Signori Alary and Campana—Signor Biletta having only written for England and France, in English and French. Signor Schira had already tried his hand at composition, under the management of Mr. Maddox, but not in Italian; and then the chances against his success were as twenty to one. Thus, his was a "first night" on Thursday week, in the strictest sense of the words,—an appearance to be judged gently by all who believe that writing for the stage is only to be learnt by witnessing the effect of what has been written.

Signor Schira has shown himself more than usually inexperienced in the choice of his drama. The value of Count Massimo d'Azeglio's contribution to literature cannot be questioned; but here it is represented in a series of scenes entirely devoid of interest. The combinations are the oldest of the old; the situations few and far between, and, when they arrive, forced and monstrous. The action, when it ought to move, is suspended as courageously as in the commonest ballad-opera, written to make *Punch* laugh. Something beyond such local names as the *Palleschi* and *Piagnoni* and the "thirteen of Barletta" is required to make an historical Italian Opera attractive, here at least. We may transcribe the list of characters: these are, *Nicolo de' Lapi*, chief of the Republicans (Mr. Santley); *Laudomia*, his daughter (Mdle. Trebelli), betrothed to *Lamberto*, a Republican warrior (Signor Giuglini); *Selvaggia*, an Amazo-

nian woman belonging to the opposite side, also in love with *Lamberto*, and on that plea behaving most incomprehensibly (Mdle. Titiens); *Troilo*, a traitor (Signor Gassier); *Fanfulla*, an old warrior (Signor Bettini). There are duets of love, duets of hate, duets of forgiveness,—a siege talked of,—the Judas of the tale murdered and thrown into a convenient well, in a drawing-room, concealed by drapery!—and, lastly, the veteran *Nicolo* is executed. This is all that can be easily made out concerning the story, save that its epoch is A.D. 1530.

Signor Rossini himself, magical in disguising insipidity and in draping deformity, could not carry off such a collection of platitudes as are here set. Not even his exquisite music could save 'Zelmira,' though, in point of writing, that opera pairs off with 'Semiramide.' What chance then, was there for Signor Schira to write in comfort, and under inspiration,—with no characters to paint worth painting, with no scenes to follow worth following? None. Accordingly, his work is not so much like an opera, as a series of musical pieces tacked together with a view to the exhibition of the singers, single and concerted. No one part of it seems to belong to another. There is a "Rataplan" chorus—a thing dangerous to attempt while M. Meyerbeer is living,—a sprightly romance for the *contralto*,—sentimental love-matter for the tenor,—expressive and elevated music for the baritone, whose part ends with that prophecy of Italy's future glories which is becoming somewhat wearisome in poetry and music. The *prima donna* has been fitted with rude and audacious music recalling, in its style, that belonging to *Abigaille* (another termagant woman in warrior's armour) of Signor Verdi's 'Nabucco.' Good indications, both of melody and harmony, are to be found in many parts of the opera; but, as a whole, the impressions left on us are those of inconsistency,—evasion of the wholesome art of construction,—and crude orchestral noise. In this last characteristic, however, Signor Schira is of his country and his time. Signor Verdi led the way;—and ears, which are not ears of brass or Sax-metal, must suffer the consequences, under the hands of his imitators,—Signori Petrella, Pedrotti, Ferrari, and a score of boisterous gentlemen besides, who, not being able to write as their forefathers did, make a noise with trombones and other blatant instruments by way of concealing their infirmity. We may have more to say of the music when it is published. On Thursday week, it appeared to produce the effect aimed at.

Mr. Santley's share in the execution of the work, both musical and dramatic, was by many degrees the best feature of the performance. He could hardly have sung better than he did, or have more completely wrought out intention, where there was any,—or have more judiciously made amends for its absence, where none was marked by the composer. He was admirably dressed, too;—he acts better and better month by month. Mdle. Titiens does not improve. She cannot rid herself of her old German habit of offering the show for the substance of execution,—dashing here, there, and everywhere,—reaching and holding fast nothing firmly; as much applauded, nevertheless, as though she were a Catalani *rediviva*.—and therefore with small temptation to improve her defects by study. Mdle. Trebelli, also, pleases her public. Her voice is agreeable, though toneless when she sings *piano*, and not always in tune. The feat, in her case, is done by a certain elegance and piquancy of appearance and manner. Signor Giuglini seemed to us not well placed in this opera, or else not content with his occupation. The chorus and orchestra did their best; and the closing scene, a prison interior with a staircase, down which monks, penitents, soldiers, and executioners descend, is picturesque, and its groupings are good. Mr. Mapleson has obviously brought his best resources to bear, so as to ensure the success of Signor Schira's opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor Mario appeared on Saturday last in 'Il Barbiere,' with Mdle. Adelina Patti as *Rosina*. For the moment suffice it to say that the lady has come back with more than her former power, and was enthusiastically welcomed by her subjects—none the less for her triumphs in Paris and Vienna,—and that Signor

Mario retains his popularity; for that in no small measure depends on graces over which Time has only a partial influence. The first performance of 'Don Giovanni' was given on Thursday.—Tonight 'Martha' is announced, for the *début* of Mdle. Demi and the re-appearance of Signor Graziani.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The *Crystal Palace* gave the first of what may be called its eight "Star Concerts," this day week. Mdle. Carlotta Patti was the curiosity of the morning. She does not gain on acquaintance: a certain incompleteness of execution, which it was only considerate at the outset to ascribe to nervousness, being, apparently, a part of her usual style. This is inadmissible in such music as she is addicted to. Herr Jaell played Mendelssohn's first *Concerto*, not well. He has a light and fluent finger; but either he could not enter into the spirit of the composition (which contains no unfathomable depths), or did not care to take pains with it, playing without significance or clearness. The introductory slow movement of a new *Fantasia* and *Rondo* by M. Vieuxtemps, which he performed, is the best and least affected *solo* music by that gentleman that we recollect. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington seemed determined to challenge Mdle. Carlotta Patti, by singing the silly variations (for as concert music they are silly) from 'The Crown-Diamonds,' with metallic exactness and finish.—To-day the music will be furnished by Messames Alboni, De Ruda, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Signor Rovere and Mr. Halle.

Herr Pauer's Historical Performances.—The fourth of these had a miscellaneous programme, which opened with specimens of the works of the two rare old Frenchmen, Couperin and Rameau. Time was (and that not so long since) that to English ideas the latter represented all that was dry, harsh, scientific and angular; and his beauties as a genial and elegant melodist were overlooked, because unknown. He was laughed, or rather yawned, off the throne he had so long occupied, in the times of the Gluck and Piccini contests,—but the day of even his vocal music finding favour may return; his instrumental compositions are delightful, apart, and national—things to group with similar specimens by Scarlatti and Bach.—A fine *fugue* by Eberlin (long attributed to Bach) was very welcome; so, in its widely different way, was Dusek's 'Élégie Harmonique sur le Mort de Louis-Ferdinand.'—Steibelt might have been better represented.—There were also specimens by Weber; Chopin's *Grand Andante* and *Polonoise*, op. 22; two of Schumann's 'Kreisleriana'; two of Heller's "Wood Scenes"; and a duet for two pianofortes on a theme, or rather passage, from Schumann's 'Manfred,' by Herr Reinecke. This piece is very ingeniously combined, and is rational (which is saying much for new German music), delicate and effective. Every possible justice was done to it by Mr. Danreuther and the concert-giver.

In his programmes Herr Pauer aspires to be pioneer and teacher. What he says, in this capacity, no less than what he plays, is worth attention. Monday's concert-book contained his apology for, and panegyric on, Schumann, who has been again and again, of late, put on his trial in England, and whom Herr Pauer considers as the most interesting composer that has appeared since Beethoven and Schubert—"greater, however, as a thinker than as a practical musician." We are subsequently instructed that, "the inevitable laws which regulate the form of a movement he too often despised as cold, dead rules which might be disregarded with impunity. The consequence is a want of that concentration and symmetry which make a composition interesting and attractive to the ordinary listener." "Another defect," Herr Pauer admits, "is his want of sustained melody. Of melodious phrases there is no lack; but they are too short and too often unassisted by rhythmical structure, and thus the music has a hectic, restless character, which is anything but satisfactory." After this, nevertheless, we are bidden to admire Schumann's originality and power as a thinker. His want of sustained melody we, too, have commented on: the existence of melody without rhythm, we find it hard to comprehend. Now, as to power

and individuality of thought, Schumann's originality, to our judgment, virtually resolves itself into his having made use of material rejected by those bound by "inevitable laws" and "cold, dead rules," and having been resolutely disagreeable with the view of seeming profound and new. Herr Pauer does not make out a case which justifies his ranging himself among the fickle pedants of Germany, who endure Mendelssohn as respectable, yet who swoon with ecstasy when the 'Manfred' and 'Genoveva' overtures (dreary pieces of obscurity) are played.

The attempt to gain a footing for Schumann's music in this country was continued on Tuesday by the presentation of his Pianoforte Quintett in E flat, with M. Jaell at the piano, at the *Musical Union*. It was well received.

Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist at *Monday's Popular Concert*.—A new violinist, Herr Japha, is to appear there on Monday next—M. Vieuxtemps having left England. It will be a "Mendelssohn night."

Of *Mr. Halle's first Matinée*, held yesterday, we shall speak a week hence.—*Herr Schlösser* gave his benefit concert on Thursday, and played a new Pianoforte Trio of his own composition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Gresham Committee has a heavy task before it, no fewer than a quarter of a hundred candidates having offered themselves to fill the Professor of Music's vacant chair. The most suitable seven, it is said, will be picked out, and each candidate invited to deliver a lecture, the best lecturer to carry away the prize. This, at first sight, seems, as doubtless it is meant to be, the most impartial mode of settling a delicate question. Second thoughts, however, bring with them suggestions less favourable to the mode of selection projected. Are the seven lecturers to speak to the same theme? If not, how will their respective musical values be appraised? Supposing A is showy in treating of organs at home and abroad, whereas B is solid over a question of counterpoint, how are the intrinsic merit and utility of the two teachers to be placed in the balances of comparison? And supposing this difficulty overcome, who are to be the umpires? Their important service requires a preparation and experience which it would be Utopian to expect from the members of the Gresham Committee. Out of the twenty-five names on the list only seven or eight belong to gentlemen who are known as lecturers.

The benefit performances to be given for Mr. Lumley are to be at Drury Lane, and not Her Majesty's Theatre. The first is fixed for the 25th.

Last evening the *Sacred Harmonic Society* gave a concert, consisting of the 'Athalie' and the 'Dettingen Te Deum.'

Mdlle. Artot has arrived in London, and is announced to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre in the course of next week.—Fräulein Liebhardt, from Vienna, is also here again.

Mr. Blagrove is engaged as *solo* violinist for the Lower Rhine Whitsuntide Musical Festival, forthwith to be held at Düsseldorf.

Dr. Bennett's overture, 'Paradise and the Peri,' composed for last year's Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society, is to be repeated at the concert of Monday next.

Among the other musicians drawn to this overgrown city of ours, in the hope of fame and fortune, must be named Signor Padovani, who brings us a new stringed instrument, the *Ottaviano*, or *Violon Céleste*. This may possibly have been shadowed forth in the *Viol d'amour*,—a lost violin known to our forefathers; but not being luthiers, we can only throw out the conjecture for what it is worth. Rather than by any account such as we can give, the reader will be more edified by the following precise description and praise addressed to Signor Padovani, by no less an authority than M. de Beriot, and published in *La Presse Théâtrale*:—"This instrument," writes M. de Beriot, "which is easily to be played on by every skilled violinist, is of dimensions between those of a violin and an *alto*, partaking of the brilliancy of the one and the suavity of the other. It is strung with six strings, grouped in pairs and tuned in octaves, which gives it a character altogether original, and adds an

attraction to difficult passages. But its peculiar individuality is displayed in long and melancholy chants; there, in quality of tone, it approaches the human voice, and assumes a poetical colour which touches the heart."

Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music has been performed at Moscow with the greatest success.

In addition to the promises made for Baden-Baden last week may be announced, as to come, three new operas by MM. Litoff, Rosenhain, and Membree.

Two hundred and fifty Orphéonists have been singing at a concert at Lerida, in Spain.

There is not much news from Paris, the season there having, to all great intents and purposes, come to its close.—The *Gazette Musicale* announces the revival of Adam's charming ballet 'Giselle,' at the Grand Opéra, with Mdlle. Mourawief in the part "created" by Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, and improved, if that could be, by that wonderful pantomimist Mdlle. Fanny Elsler.—Favourable mention is made of Music to 'Hamlet' composed by M. Victorin Joncières, a young, but not unskilled, beginner.—'Oberon,' with Madame Ugalde as *Reiza* and M. Monjaize as *Huon*, has been revived at the Théâtre Lyrique. M. Auber's 'Haydée,' at the Opéra Comique, for M. Léon Achard, for whom the part is said to be too weighty.—M. Pougny vouches for the real merit of some Symphonic music by Signor Borelli, honorary chapelmaster to H.M. the King of Italy.

MISCELLANEA

The Marble Lions.—Under the shed into which the British Museum authorities have utilized their costly portico, at the same time when they boarded up its dignity, has recently been set up the casts from portions of the famous Lion of Chæronea. These have been put together by Mr. Newton, and result in showing the mask and fore part of the head of the vast memorial statue, also its lower belly and haunches. This statue, our readers will remember, was erected on the sepulchre of the Boeotians who fell in the Battle of Chæronea, B.C. 338; a mound was raised, and a gigantic lion set up on its summit. Not many years ago the mound was excavated, and many fragments found, proving the work to be in a fine, almost the finest, style of Greek art; indeed, nothing can be finer than the face now again put before men. Its large and fleshy realism is wrought to what true realism aspires in style,—fidelity with grandeur. The eyes are solid; the pupils cunningly carved, as with the drill, into rings; so that the light falling into them gives a glow that is effective in the highest degree. The bold and characteristic treatment of the mane is a perfect study; so is the mouth, and so are its lips; the whole quite different from the semi-human leonine caricatures of later and modern sculptural Art. So far as we can determine from the fragments, the attitude of the figure has been that known to heralds as *sejant rampant*, i. e. seated on its haunches; the fore-feet planted together, the head grandly raised and out-looking. The *sejant* Lion of Cnidus, placed now close by that of Chæronea, affords an excellent contrast of styles. The first is far inferior in style and design to the second; but has much grandeur of its own. There is a lumpiness in the flesh, shortness of line, and some violence in the junctures of the muscles,—a certain stringiness in the mane and featural bluntness which may characterize the work of a provincial sculptor, or of an earlier date than that of the Chæronean. Its eyes are hollowed out, probably to be filled with metal or glass,—not, as some think, left for the effect of the cavity in giving shadow. We do not recognize much similarity between the workmanship of the Lions of Budrüm, imported by Mr. Newton, and that seen in the one from Cnidus; some there may be, but all are unworthy of comparison with the Boeotian monument. This seems to have been a national work, for Strabo says that at Chæronea might be seen the memorials (or sepulchres) erected at public charge of the persons slain in the battle.

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LITERATURE

Mr. Kinglake. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. (Murray.)

"I never heard a pony make such a row!" was the first notice taken by Lord Raglan of the historian of the Crimean War, as, on the morning of the battle of the Alma, he sat, surrounded by his staff, on his hunter Shadrach, waiting for the troops to form. Col. Calthorpe, the gentleman who is about to fight over again the Balaclava charge against Lord Cardigan in a court of law, tells us the anecdote. Lord Raglan added, as he watched the capering and heard the noise of the pony, "Does any one know who the gentleman is?"—"It is Mr. Kinglake, the author of 'Eöthen,'" said the Colonel, who knew the barrister by sight.—"Oh," said my Lord, who had also met and forgotten the literary lion of a season long passed away, "a most charming man!" Col. Calthorpe, in the spirit of drollery which led him to laugh at Lord Cardigan's achievements in another battle, told us how the pony ran away, how the rider was thrown from his back, and afterwards how he got invited to dinner in the commander's tent, and proved himself an uncommonly pleasant fellow over the wine. Now the world which read Col. Calthorpe's book may have had its little laugh over this joke. Most people, we dare say, thought it an imaginary scene, like one of Mr. Leech's, in which real people are thrown into fancy sketches for the comic effect; even those persons who supposed that some sort of incident had occurred as basis for the tale, must have fancied it had been set down with the full spice of devilry which is expected in a smart young officer who is writing his first book, and to whom everything in the world, even war itself, is but a sort of lark. Everybody understands that kind of fun. We live in an age of quiz and caricature. Calthorpe was a reader of 'Eöthen,' and, doubtless, an admirer of John Leech. He had read in Macaulay that a touch of caricature is essential to success in writing history; and in the grim details which he had to paint of the Alma, it was imagined he had been eager to get a Don Quixote on his canvas. The curious thing is to find that a public man can be annoyed by such harmless fun. The best of us must submit to be satirized; we must, indeed, expect to be so when we make ourselves prominent in the world. Of all men alive Mr. Kinglake should be above annoyance from such a cause. Yet, it would appear that the master of subtle and ingenious representation—some call it misrepresentation—cannot bear in his own person the disfigurement he so plentifully awards to his friends and foes. Shrinking from the ludicrous image of a civilian thrown into the mud by a restless pony, as presented in the sketch by Col. Calthorpe, he gets a friendly paper to explain for him that he came to grief on the slope of the Alma, not because he cannot ride, but on account of the saddle being too large for his Rosinante. By this explanation, Mr. Kinglake certifies the facts of the pony, the running away, and the fall; while he adds to the joke the more ludicrous ingredient of the saddle and rider slipping over the animal's head together. It is the sort of comic touch by which Cowper might have heightened the humours of John Gilpin's ride.

This touchy side of Mr. Kinglake's mind has not escaped the many enemies whom his 'History of the Crimean War' has roused up for him on every hand. Had he been silent, they would scarcely have known where to hit

him. On the whole, his book is a great book; and has only so much mischief in it as all true speaking has, when the truth is shouted in a strong voice, with little or no consideration for times and seasons, for men and things. We do not say that the book is, in some of its weak points, impregnable to assault. It has, doubtless, many errors in it, as to facts and judgment; we only say that Mr. Kinglake, by his sensitive shrinking from sarcasm and caricature, has shown his enemies that the man is more open to assailants than his book. On looking to his third edition, the reader may see at a glance, by the notes, how many mistakes have been made and corrected in the course of 1,000 pages of type. They are few in number, and slight in quality. The strange story of the Richmond dinner has not been swept away. The fact of the buoy off Old Fort has been admitted by Capt. Mends, though Mr. Kinglake's inference from it, of malice on the side of the French, is stoutly denied. The name of an inferior officer, here and there, had been misplaced on the great canvas of the fight, Smith for Jones, and Brown for Robinson. The corrections in no way affect the general accuracy of the narrative. Of the errors of judgment it is more difficult to speak. Mr. Kinglake has his favourites and his aversions. Airey, whom men have so much abused, is one of his heroes. Lacy Yea, of whom nobody out of Somersetshire ever heard until he loomed up gloriously in Mr. Kinglake's narrative, is another. Napoleon the Third is his chief aversion, Marshal St.-Arnaud his next in hate. Whether he is right in his dark and scornful portraiture of these two men history will have to say. It is not for those now living to judge the greater of the two men finally. The ancients warned us against judging any one till he was dead. The accuser may be wrong: the offender may repent. In the worst of cases there is room for amendment and redemption. A scribe who condemned the penitent thief the day before his death would have made a great mistake. But it is strange, perhaps, to add, that those who now blame Mr. Kinglake for his mordant etching of the Emperor are the men who, when he was Prince President on his way to the purple, excelled all their countrymen in blackening his name and his acts.

Having probed Mr. Kinglake to the quick, and found him sensitive on the point of his personal dignity and character, the historian's enemies are goading him, as the *banderilleros*, in a Spanish Plaza de Toros, prick the bull into frenzy. They have found his weak side. Had he only laughed at the story of the pony and the tumble, and the merriment which he caused to a group of aides-de-camp! But then, as we feel he would argue the point, the English are a nation of horsemen—every English gentleman is at home in the saddle—and a hint that a man cannot ride is an imputation on his gentility. It was a question of honour. The quiz was more than he could bear; and he caused it to be explained away in a fashion which suggested that the explanation must have come from himself. The tormentors, therefore, have found him out, and are closing round him. At the front of these *banderilleros* comes Sir Francis B. Head, with his motto from Terence—*Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo*. He leaps into the ring proclaiming war to the knife. In so many words he denounces Mr. Kinglake as a man with whom no one's "honour" is safe. In the Preface to his volume Mr. Kinglake intimates to the surviving officers of the British, French and Russian armies, that his knowledge respecting the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman is still incomplete, and that he will therefore welcome

any information respecting these conflicts which men may be pleased to entrust to him. It is on this text that Sir Francis Head chooses to speak. "I deem it," he says without flinching, "due to the highest English and French authorities to whom I shall have occasion to refer, not vaguely and anonymously to assert, but openly and deliberately to demonstrate to all men who have not read Mr. Kinglake's volumes, that not only will their honour and the honour of the army to which they belong be unsafe in his keeping, but that, with the skill and dexterity of a lawyer, who with ease can twist words and meaning as he may please, he will damage their characters exactly in proportion to the amount of confidence they bestow upon him."

These are very strong words, my masters! Then comes Sir Francis's assertion, that Mr. Kinglake, when he sat down to write, "determined, without favour or partiality, in high-flown language of a very low caste, to insult all parties, almost in proportion to their rank." The proofs of this singular proposition are to be found, it is said, in the two published volumes; and they are most elaborately arrayed and exhibited by Sir Francis. We may begin with the most august, and see what is in it. We quote:—

"*Her Majesty Queen Victoria.*—In his Preface, Mr. Kinglake establishes the propriety of his making public the documents entrusted to him, by explaining that he had communicated with those in Her Majesty's confidence 'who ought to be consulted before any State paper or private letter hitherto kept secret is sent abroad into the world.' In return for the high support thus given to him, Mr. Kinglake, in a 'history' illuminated, as he boasts, by 'official and private correspondence with Sovereigns and their Ambassadors,' and especially addressed by him to the armies and public of Europe, quotes the speech addressed by his Queen to her Parliament in 1854, in which (repeating the desire which, in 1853, she had expressed to maintain friendly relations with France) she was pleased to say,—'I have continued to act in cordial co-operation with the Emperor of the French,' for the deliberate purpose of characterizing these Royal and loyal words as 'a mark set upon England with the same branding-iron.' In further vituperation of Her Majesty, he adds,—'In principle she was marching along with all the rest of the four Powers, and yet all the while she was engaged with the French Emperor in a separate course of action.'"

The vituperation is not very apparent: indeed, for the fact that it exists at all many readers, after giving the quotations their best attention, will probably think they have no more than Sir Francis's word. In his next batch of illustrations we think the censor makes out his case. Louis Napoleon and the French Marshals get little quarter from the historian. To what extent Mr. Kinglake's animosity proceeds in this case from his ingratitude we do not know. We fancy that Sir Francis is in error in assuming that the French Emperor placed any papers of value in Mr. Kinglake's hands, and by that act laid him under literary and pecuniary obligations. The papers of Napoleon in his possession are those written to other people, mostly to Lord Raglan. An energetic dislike of Napoleon the Third is visible in every page of the History of the Crimean War; but this hatred seems to resemble that which Tacitus bore to Nero, not that which Jeremy Diddler felt towards those who had been fools enough to oblige him with tenpence.

The reader can afford to throw in the historian's estimate of Prince Napoleon's courage, especially as Sir Francis does not show, according to his programme, that Prince Napoleon loaded the unhappy rider on the big saddle

and the small pony with literary and pecuniary favour. We come to the main case of ingratitude:—

"*Lord Raglan*.—Mr. Kinglake, throughout his two volumes, demonstrates rather than acknowledges the debt of gratitude he owes to Lord Raglan. Indeed, so inflated did he become by the confidence reposed in him, and by appearing on his pony before the Allied Armies in the distinguished position of the guest of the British Commander-in-Chief, that just as if, by his admission into Head-Quarters, they had become his play-mates, he writes with schoolboyish familiarity of 'Airey,' 'Brown,' 'Codrington,' 'Buller,' 'Cathcart,' 'Pennefather,' 'Evans,' 'Conolly,' 'Lacy Yea,' 'Norcott,' and of no less than fifty-six other gallant officers whose respective ranks he deems it immaterial, or, in the language of the 'certain Lord' described by Hotspur, 'unmannerly' to distinguish. Mr. Kinglake's path was plain and straight. As the historian of the Crimean War, and especially of that portion of it of which he himself had been permitted to be a spectator, it was, of course, his first and foremost duty to write the truth; but—

Tarry a little, there is something yet!

The Duke of Wellington, by the heroism of the Allied Army, gained the victory of Waterloo; and yet, in his simple, plain, truthful description of that battle—as of many others—he not only deemed it unnecessary to expose the common average instances of cowardice that occurred in each, but, when they were officially brought before his notice, he deemed it advantageous to the public service to disregard them. This sensible course was that which Mr. Kinglake had to pursue. Whatever might have been his obligations to his departed patron, and however desirous he might be to gratify the expectations of his widow, yet his paramount duty was to delineate, in becoming language, a faithful picture of the principal events of the Crimean War, victorious or disastrous, as they occurred. All, therefore, that he could do—and which, in common gratitude, as well as for the public reasons that actuated the Duke of Wellington, he was bound to do—was, in his description of Lord Raglan's generalship,—

To be to his virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind.

Instead, however, of pursuing this course, Mr. Kinglake, impelled by his inveterate propensity to injure whoever has assisted him, and to destroy character precisely in proportion to its rank, determined not only with indefatigable ingenuity to collect and produce against Lord Raglan evidence altogether beyond the limits of the Crimean War, but to divulge against his benefactor criminatory circumstances and words which, under the generous confidence that had been reposed in him, he had been permitted to see or hear, in order to demonstrate to mankind in general, and to the armies of Europe in particular,—1st, That the education of his patron the late Lord Raglan, for half a century, had peculiarly unfitted him for commanding an army. 2nd, That shortly after his arrival in the Crimea he proved to be not only afraid to enforce upon Her Majesty's Government his opinion of the imprudence of the Allied Army landing in the Crimea; but both incompetent and unwilling to pre-arrange with the French Commander-in-Chief on any combined plan of attack. 3rd, That in the battle of the Alma he proved to be utterly incompetent to command an army in the field. 4th, That after the battle, he proved to be incompetent to follow up the victory gained in his absence by the army he had only nominally commanded. Now, leaving poor Lord Raglan's memory, together with the feelings of Lady Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir George Brown, the Emperor Napoleon, the memory of Marshal St. Arnaud, and the French Generals entirely out of the question, would not the Duke of Wellington, if he could have been consulted, have bluntly said,—'I'll tell you what, Mr. Kinglake, if this is what you propose to publish against the Allied Army, go and chuck your papers into your kitchen fire!'

From this enumeration of what Mr. Kinglake might have done, and ought to have done,

it results that our literary baronet has a very extraordinary theory of an historian's duties. Obligations to a departed patron—advantage to the public service—kind to his virtues, blind to his faults—what has an historian to do with such things? His duty is to tell the truth. Sir Francis seems to think the functions of an after-dinner speaker, of a Secretary of State in the House of Commons, and of an historian of the War much the same. They have only to make things pleasant, and get through the day without trouble. This is not our theory of an historian's business. Does Thucydides never tell the Athenians unpleasant truths? Is Tacitus always careful for the glory of Rome and her emperors?

Next we have Mr. Kinglake arraigned for his ingratitude to Lady Raglan, in a paragraph which has some extremely comical features: particularly the hint that Lady Raglan, in giving Mr. Kinglake her husband's papers, gave him so much money; the assertion that he was a mere advocate, hired and paid to do Lady Raglan's bidding; and the appeal, thereupon founded, to the English Bar, of which Mr. Kinglake is a member, to rise up, and with "unmistakeable firmness" dismiss the unworthy brother from their honourable ranks:—

"*Lady Raglan*.—Now, how has Mr. Kinglake treated the benefactress whose 'generous and resolute trustfulness' in him, with its results, he has acknowledged? Alas! he himself answers this plain question by demonstrating, throughout his two volumes, that although the moral character of the veteran whose memory still lives in the hearts of all who knew him, has, like a lump of virgin gold, come out of his crucible unalloyed and uninjured, yet that Mr. Kinglake has succeeded in undecorating the late Lord Raglan of his Crimean military renown, so effectually, that it is now beyond the power of ink and pens to prevail upon History to restore it! Indeed it would be utterly useless for Lord Raglan's nearest and best friends to attempt so hopeless a task. It will be difficult for Mr. Kinglake to vindicate, or even endeavour to explain, the course he has pursued. An ordinary scribe, provided he keeps within the limits of the law, may, if he thinks fit, write evil of any one. But Mr. Kinglake has the honour to be a member of the English Bar, 'the integrity' of which, by Erskine, and by other still higher authorities, has been defined, '*The Fidelity—*ruat calum—of a counsel to his client, however guilty or however poor.*' On studying the brief, therefore, which he received from Lady Raglan, retaining him by a large literary and pecuniary profit for the affectionate object she naturally had in view, will not the English bar, to a man, rise up, and with unmistakable firmness declare to Mr. Kinglake: 1st, That before he came into court he ought to have admonished his client that the mass of evidence she had given him would elicit an unfavourable verdict. And 2ndly, That on his determining to conceal from her this danger, he acted diametrically against the principles of his profession, in travelling beyond the limits of his case to collect evidence; and most especially in coming forward *himself* as an eye and ear witness, to gain—as by eloquence and ingenuity he has gained—sentence against the object of his client?"*

That no one may mistake his meaning in this appeal to the Bar against a peccant member, Sir Francis adds in a note, by way of hint, "The Bar Mess of each circuit takes cognizance of every kind of delinquency, moral, legal, social, or professional. On complaint against any barrister, a committee is appointed to inquire and report; and the mess then either acquit, or reprove, fine or expel, as their judgment may decide." Exclusion from the honour of the Bar is, however, but a portion of the punishment proposed by Sir Francis for the historian. A further appeal is made to Lady Raglan and to Her Majesty's Government:—

"The main object of these few pages shall now

be briefly expressed. For the consideration of the public,—or rather of that infinitesimal fragment of it that ever condescends to read a pamphlet,—I very respectfully submit the following question. As the prevention of the calamities of war is infinitely easier than their cure, ought not Mr. Kinglake—before he publishes other volumes of his history, of which no man can predict the political results—to be requested, without a syllable of reproof,—on public grounds by Her Majesty's Government, and for family reasons by the present Lord Raglan,—to be so good as to return, with as little delay as may be convenient to him, to Lady Raglan, to be deposited in the public offices to which they respectively belong, the 'State Papers,' together with 'All the Military Reports' (see his Preface) 'which were from time to time addressed to the Commander of the English army by the generals and other officers serving under him, including their holograph narratives of the part they had been taking in the battles. Also Lord Raglan's official and private correspondence with sovereigns and their ambassadors; with ministers, generals and admirals; with the French, with the Turks, with the Sardinians; with public men and official functionaries of all sorts of conditions?' At a moment when even a Transatlantic war is, more or less, desolating the commercial interests of the whole of this world, surely every possible precaution should be taken by our guardian statesmen,

That the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet booms, that never War advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France."

It requires some sedateness of spirit to resist laughing outright on such a proposal being made, in such pompous and magisterial terms. Prohibit Mr. Kinglake from writing more books, in order to prevent the calamities of war! Cannot Sir Francis and his friends perceive that they are practically contradicting themselves when they assert, on one side, that Mr. Kinglake's book is worthless trash, and on the other, demand that he shall be prevented from continuing it, lest the country should be involved in war?

Memoir of the Rev. James Sherman: including an Unfinished Autobiography. By Henry Allon. (Nisbet & Co.)

THE good man whose career is here traced held a conspicuous position during many years in the world of Nonconformist preachers; and the Memoir of him by Mr. Allon must be acceptable to others besides those who belonged to his congregation—to all who respect and study the lives of all such influential men as are single-hearted and sincere. This we believe Mr. Sherman to have been—and to have been, accordingly, valuable in his generation; though we cannot, in the record of his worthy doings and zealous services, overlook certain peculiarities, inseparable from "Nonconformity" as associated with "the voluntary system" of ministry. It is evident that if the preacher cannot excite his audience, or else preach down to the level of his congregation's spiritual desires and theological knowledge, he is no longer a teacher for them, but is judged and dismissed as a failure. It is evident that severance from all established synods, dignitaries, ranks and divisions in ministerial service, does not imply emancipation from despotism so much as exchange of thralldom for thralldom. Mr. Allon's readers, beyond the pale of his sect, will find curious confirmation of this remark in his allusions to the saintly Countess of Huntingdon,—to the stir which she raised in Methodism,—and to the austerity with which she ruled and rebuffed her preachers. She was a good woman—good in her desire to be of use to others in need of spiritual instruc-

tion. She attested her goodness by devoting her life, fortune, influence to the cause; only she would also be High-Priestess, and dispose of others, perhaps as well able to judge of spiritual things as herself, according to her own conscience and conceit. Whether the preacher placed by her in one of her chapels was an ex-butler of hers, who had been filled with prophetic fire by attending as an acolyte on Mr. Whitefield's drawing-room revivals,—whether he was some poor curate who had struggled forth from the stagnant waters of the Church of England in search of a *terra firma* more congenial to his desires to be of use,—Lady Huntingdon directed, and scolded him if he excited her displeasure by exhibiting more independence than this godmother of Nonconformity admitted into the set-pattern of her wishes and benevolent purposes. When such is the atmosphere in which the pastor must live and breathe and act, great is the honour due to all so circumstanced who assert their own individuality. Mr. Sherman appears to have been one among these honourable men. He was the son of sincere people in humble life, who before his birth had become strictly attached to Dissent as to their saving faith, and thus, who were made anxious rather than afraid, when their boy, apprenticed to an ivory-turner, and of no great value, though notidle as an apprentice, sickened and pined because his day and night dreams were those of one "called" to be a preacher. Persons on the outside of their world cannot hear and read of such doubts and impulses without asking how far that poor human attribute, personal vanity, may or may not enter into the scheme thereof. To teach is not to talk, but to know; and after that to know *how* to teach. Sherman could not turn billiard-balls and chessmen, but would gather and convert thousands,—as Whitefield, and Hill, and Father Mathew (since) have done. His parents hesitated to confirm him in his vocation till the moment arrived which those of his religious opinions consider as decisive. He began to preach at an early age; for a time rejected by timid persons on the score of his youth; gathering large congregations wherever he appeared. His training, which Mr. Allon confesses to have been slender, was acquired principally in Cheshunt College: later, he endeavoured for awhile to make up for his deficient education by private study; an effort which proved hardly compatible with the exhausting labours of ministerial life. For many years Mr. Sherman was settled at Reading as a married man, and himself and his family were objects of caressing care to one of his congregation—a devotee, who, with the hope of retaining her favourite pastor close to her, made liberal bequests to him and to them in the truest spirit of superstitious selfishness, as was to be seen when the elders of Surrey Chapel invited her favourite to come to London. After trying to bribe and to bargain with the preacher, the imperious woman altered her will, with every expression of vindictive resentment, and never saw him more. Mr. Sherman's popularity was at its height during the years when he was "serving" Surrey Chapel. He took a large and zealous share in all the benevolent enterprises of the day; he was held to be most successful in conversion and collection. After a time, however, Nature was worn out, and it became necessary for him to withdraw within narrower limits of exertion. He drew together a third congregation at Blackheath. His latter days were perplexed by worldly difficulties, arising from incautious speculations, into which he had been tempted. He had survived his second wife—a kind and faithful woman, whose repute in the religious world

was real and well merited. He was popular alike with those who believed implicitly in the efficacy of his teaching and with those not bound up with him in sectarian sympathies;—and not the most characteristic pages of the record are those in which his introduction to the late King of Prussia is described, and in which the innocent vanity with which he enjoyed the notice of Royalty, and credited the latter with high spiritual attainments, are set forth. Throughout this biography, however, we get near glimpses at human nature in its original no less than in its regenerated state: The former, however, will not be appreciated by the enthusiasts who regard their pastor elect as a saint. Such will receive the story of his days and deeds in another spirit from ours. No matter; it is well worth studying by those who have not, as well as by those who have, sittings at Surrey Chapel.

Narrative of the late War in New Zealand.
By Lieut.-Col. Carey, C.B. (Bentley.)

Incidents of the Maori War, New Zealand, in 1860-61. By Col. Sir James E. Alexander, Knt. (Bentley.)

THE seed of the late war in New Zealand was sown years before that fine country became a British colony. On our first coming in contact with the native inhabitants, or Maories, as they call themselves, they were as fine a race of men as can well be found anywhere, but, at the same time, amongst the most warlike and ferocious fellows of the whole Pacific Ocean. At first, none but a few runaway sailors, or convicts flying for their life, were bold enough to take up their abode amongst them. Gradually a more respectable body of settlers, attracted by the beauty and undoubted capabilities of the country for colonization, followed in their wake. Missionaries also made their appearance, and the work of civilization and Christianization fairly commenced. The natives made rapid progress in both, laid aside their cannibal habits, and quickly acquired a taste for European manufactures. The new settlers were quite ready to supply their demands; but as the Maories had no exports of any value, they could only pay by ceding portions of their land—a system entirely unknown amongst themselves. When, afterwards, New Zealand became a British colony, it was found that great tracts of land had already passed into the hands of the new colonists, and that some of our countrymen, missionaries not excepted, had become the proprietors of thousands of acres. A great outcry followed against these bargains, and a government Commission was appointed to investigate the matter. It was alleged that the most unfair equivalents had been given for the land, and that justice demanded the surrender of the acquired tracts. The Australian colonies, where fancy prices had been put on land, were the loudest in denouncing the impropriety of these transactions. We believe the Land Commissioners tried to do their best, under the heavy pressure brought to bear upon them, by cancelling all purchases where any direct fraud could be proved; but they also ventured upon the doubtful course of letting colonists retain part of blocks of land where, in their opinion, insufficient payment had been tendered for the whole of such blocks. In all commercial transactions it is regarded a fair bargain when both parties, at the time they conclude it, express themselves satisfied. The actual price given is quite a secondary affair as far as the legality of the transaction is concerned—a thing, commercially speaking, being not worth more than it will fetch. We may rest assured that the Maories would never have parted with their

lands if they had seen a chance of obtaining a higher price at the time they sold them. These principles should have been kept steadfastly in view in dealing with the land question, and in introducing the natives to our mode of acquiring and disposing of property—theirs had hitherto been those of conquest and plunder. The Maories were sharp-witted enough to see the flaw in the application of our principles, and henceforward one of their chief aims was to get back the whole or portions of what had already been disposed of, converted, as it had been, from virgin forests and fern-clad plains into smiling fields and rich pasture-grounds.

Whilst these causes were working, another element was agitating the native mind. It appears that the intercourse between the Maories and Europeans had kindled in the breast of the natives the flame of nationality. They longed to be an independent nation, and this object they endeavoured to effect by electing Te Whero Whero their king and hoisting their own flag. What share Europeans intermarried with natives may have had in this movement is difficult to trace, but there are good reasons for believing that not only they, but also men who ought to have known better encouraged and abetted this rebellion against the Queen's Government. We could have afforded to laugh at and ignore the fact of a few tribes of semi-barbarians raising a piece of bunting in the depths of the forest, and having a few European sympathizers, if it had been unaccompanied by acts of aggression. But when in these days of free trade a league was entered into, the avowed object of which was to prevent the sale of any more land to the white settlers even if the native owners were perfectly willing to sell, and when the construction of roads and the transmission of the royal mails were openly opposed, our Government had no choice but to reduce its rebellious subjects to submission. Those of our countrymen who glory in the name of "aborigines protectionists," did their Maori friends a bad turn by encouraging them in such folly, because it was sure to lead to war, in which the natives must be defeated. The Maories would never have gone so far if it had not been for the prejudicial effect of the divided opinion known to reign amongst the European community. "How can you expect us to give up our King movement," said an intelligent native, "when half of your own Council are for us?" The Maories fully expected that the pressure their friends would bring to bear upon the Governor would oblige him to yield all the points under dispute, and this greatly tended to foster their growing disaffection.

The present province of Taranaki, the theatre of the late war, is situated on the west side of the Northern Island of New Zealand, an island containing about 21,000 Maori males above the age of fourteen years, 13,000 European males above the age of sixteen; whilst in the so-called Middle Island there are only about 1,000 Maori males above the age of fifteen, but 26,000 European males. Throughout the whole of Taranaki, containing 60,000 more acres than four English counties, Kent, Surrey, Middlesex and Hertford, there were in 1840, when the New Zealand Company determined upon forming there the settlement of New Plymouth, no more than fifty or sixty natives.—

"These few natives," says Sir James, "Ngatiawas, were existing close to the Sugar Loaf Islands, they were indifferently clad, had neither gardens nor plantations, and subsisted on fern-root and fish; their life was a constant scene of alarm (the general case for years in New Zealand formerly), through the dread of an implacable foe, and if the country had not been settled by Europeans, the insurgent Ngatiawas could not have returned to it. When

these Ngatiawas understood the object Mr. Carrington had in view in visiting the country, they asked him to bring white people to dwell among them, as a protection against the dreaded Waikatos, who in 1832 under the chief Te Whero Whero, or King Potatau, had conquered, slaughtered and dispersed or carried away captive nearly the whole of the inhabitants of this part of the country. The refined tortures and cannibal scenes of these days could not fail to induce this remnant at the Sugar Loaf Islands to desire European protection. About October, 1834, Col. William Wakefield, the chief agent of the New Zealand Company, purchased from certain chiefs and natives (who, driven from the Taranaki, were living in Queen Charlotte's Sound) all their possessions, rights, and claims in the Waitara and Taranaki land generally. In November, 1839, agents of the New Zealand Company landed at the Sugar Loaves to treat with the people about land, and had conveyed to them by purchase a continuous block of land along the coast, and which block contained the whole of the Waitara and Taranaki land. The brig Guide brought the payment, and it was shared by all the resident natives. I may mention here that the Waitara block, the disputed square mile the origin of the late war, is believed by some of the Maories to be one of the sacred spots where one of the canoes which brought their ancestors to the island came to land, and is or ought to be *tapued* and not parted with on any consideration. * * * A few months after the arrival of the pioneer expedition at the Taranaki, Te Whero Whero sent a leading chief and 200 followers to the Taranaki; they danced their war-dance and said they were the owners of the country by conquest, and the people who must be paid, if the white people remained. The other natives saw and heard the statement, and cowed and subdued sat silent at the conference. Soon after this, and the Governor being informed of what had occurred, a deed was executed by the Waikatos conveying to the Queen the land they claimed, and which included the whole of the Waitara and Taranaki country. Mr. Commissioner Spain now arrived at the Taranaki to investigate claims, and awarded to the New Zealand Company the Waitara land and where New Plymouth now is. But, afterwards, Governor Fitzroy, through some advice he had got, repudiated Mr. Spain's award and directed the land to be given back to the Taranaki natives that he might re-purchase it from them, and which was considered a fatal mistake. If Mr. Spain's award had not been set aside, the claim of the Waikato chief or King Te Whero Whero would never have been heard of. After the Sugar Loaf Maories were aware that the Waikatos were paid for the land, they talked about their 'manua' or authority over the land, and joined the land league to prevent a further sale of land by the Ngatiawas."

Things came to a crisis in January, 1860, when the Government purchased a piece of land from one Te Teira, a chief of the Ngatiawas, contrary to the wish of Wirimu Kingi, of the same tribe, who in the most insulting manner forbade its sale, claimed sovereignty over it, and caused the survey to be interrupted. Wirimu Kingi was informed that his interruption was an overt act of rebellion, warned against the consequences of persisting in this course, and given till the 22nd of February to reflect on the matter. But he returned no satisfactory reply, and martial law was formally proclaimed by Colonel Murray. At a later period, Wirimu Kingi placed this piece of land at the disposal of the native sovereign, and thus intimately connected this local quarrel with the general Maori-king movement. To us, this had the advantage of localizing the war, and enabling us to withdraw our troops from the other New Zealand settlements, whilst to the natives it proved so far advantageous that they had chosen their own fighting-ground, away from their houses and families, and had nothing save their lives to lose. When things had come to this pass,

occasion to spill the first blood soon occurred, and the natives began to fortify themselves in their paha, stockades admirably adapted to the guerilla warfare they had made up their minds to carry on. "Their sites are but barely indicated by a narrow line of newly-moved earth, carefully spread, not exceeding six inches above the general surface of the ground, whilst, for the most part, they, as well as their defenders, are invisible, a head only occasionally being raised above the level of the ground to reconnoitre, though the line may be thickly occupied." It was the reduction of these paha that all the available force of the Australasian colonies was called upon to effect. The enemy was far too wise to risk any open battle, in which he would have been worsted. But he hoped to tire us out by throwing up paha after paha, and slinking with little loss into the bush, when the position became untenable. In a country without roads, heavily timbered, or overgrown with tall ferns, capitally adapted for concealing the attacked party, it was most difficult to catch the enemy, and if Major-Gen. Pratt and the limited forces at his disposal ultimately succeeded in compelling the Maori to sue for peace, their gallantry is entitled to every credit. On the 26th of September, his Excellency, Sir George Grey, arrived to resume the government of New Zealand:—

"Instead of a war policy, Sir George Grey offered to the Maories a system of civil institutions, similar to that which he introduced at the Cape of Good Hope, and which led to the settlement of difficulties of far greater magnitude than any which existed in New Zealand. He proposed to divide the colony into districts, over each of which was to be placed an European Commissioner, resident magistrate, or other officers; who were to be assisted by a district council of leading chiefs, and a subordinate council or runanga. To each runanga was to be attached a chief policeman and a certain number of native constables; the members of the district councils to receive pay as well as other office bearers, differing in amount. Judicial powers to be conferred on the members of council with certain limits, also power of local taxation and the construction of public works. Europeans to be allowed to settle within native districts on certain terms, and with the consent of the native authorities. This system has had a trial at the Cape of seven years, is somewhat costly at first, but pays its own expenses in the end, and has been eminently successful. In New Zealand, 'so mote it be!'"

The two works at the head of our notice may be termed rather materials for a history of the New Zealand war than a history. Of the two, that of Lieut.-Col. Carey is the better book; Sir James E. Alexander's volume is rather disjointed, and both are evidently written under considerable restraint. They relate almost exclusively to the military part of the campaign, and carefully avoid the political side of a conflict of which we may not yet have seen the last, unless great prudence and firmness are exercised. The New Zealand press is roundly charged with misrepresenting the whole question to the English public, and the colonists are supposed to derive so much advantage from the large expenditure defrayed by the home Government, that peace is thought not secure till the settlers shall be made to pay the whole expenses of the war that may break out; but we doubt whether such an assertion could be made good.

The Maories are spoken of in high terms by both authors, and many interesting anecdotes are given of their courage and coolness in danger. They are supposed to have lost 800 men, whilst we had 238 killed and wounded. At first they could not be induced to spare the lives of the women, children, wounded and prisoners; but Mr. Wilson, a worthy missionary,

ultimately succeeded in persuading them to adopt this humane conduct. By the last advice we learn that fifteen of their chiefs have left on a visit to this country, to see with their own eyes whether England is really as great a power as the Maories might be if united. The visit of so intelligent a body of men to our shores must ultimately produce a beneficial effect on the permanent peace and prosperity of New Zealand, which, now that rich gold and coal mines have been discovered, must speedily become what Nature seems to have designed it, the England of the South Seas.

Who to Consult? or, a Book of Reference for Invalids, in Disordered Health, Difficult Cases, or Long-standing Disease. Including a Simple Nosological Arrangement of the Medical and Surgical Forms of Disease. (Suited for Easy Reference.) Together with a List of the most Distinguished Physicians and Surgeons of the Day; an Explanatory Glossary of Pathological Terms, &c. A Corrected and Revised Edition will be published Annually. (Aylott & Son.)

WERE it not that silence might be injurious to the medical profession, by leaving a system of subtle puffery without exposure, we should take no notice of this impudent and scandalous publication. The book proceeds from an anonymous writer; but the publishers give their testimony that the author is "a highly distinguished member of the medical profession." Messrs. Aylott & Son might have extended their eulogy, and paid a compliment to the modesty of their author, who, while he makes the reputation of others, is content to remain unknown, and would rather pass to the grave without a fee than incur a charge of writing a book for the purpose of advertising his own claims to public confidence. "To prevent," says this man of lofty purpose at the conclusion of his Preface, "any misconception as to the true intent and purport of these pages, as well as to avoid any imputation commonly laid to the charge of medical writers, viz., 'The book being the means of making their name known, and thereby multiplying the number of their patients,'—I here beg to leave mine out, and therefore simply sign myself—The Author." What noble abnegation of self! But, then, as the book contains a good deal of puffery, what assurance have we that he does not puff himself? Of course such suspicion would be uncharitable "misconception"; but it is a "misconception" which the writer provokes rather than "prevents" by the course which he has adopted.

Clothed with the authority of his publishers' recommendation, this unknown and self-elected judge of the attainments and capabilities of his professional brethren descants in the following strain on his especial fitness for the task which he has undertaken:—

"Times out of number has the author of this manual been the medium of pointing out the source from whence the greatest amount of skill or judgment might be reasonably expected. Indeed, so convinced is he that, in many cases of serious or dangerous illness, protracted or special disease, this is the surest mode of obtaining the best advice, that he has more than once thought of making it a *specialité*. There can be no question that a Physician well acquainted with the claims of his professional brethren, and competent to judge of their skill in particular forms of disease, could command one of the largest consulting practices in London by adopting the following plan, namely, by leaving the patient alone himself, otherwise than simply, after forming a correct *diagnosis* of the case, advising him or her who to consult under the circumstances. Such a line of practice might be novel, it is true; but nevertheless useful. It would amount

to much the same thing as taking 'Counsel's opinion' as to the proper course to pursue in a legal difficulty; and probably prove quite as wise a step, in many medical cases, and certainly the cheapest in the end."

We can neither admit the existence of the difficulty which, in the author's opinion, keeps invalids from the physicians best qualified to treat their maladies, nor recognize the analogy which he draws between his office and that of a counsel advising on a case. While people are in good health they, of course, do not trouble themselves to inquire about the special qualifications of medical practitioners; but as soon as they fall ill they do not remain in ignorance for a single day as to the "opinion" they should have recourse to. The sick man who wishes for the "best advice" makes known his desire to his ordinary medical attendant, the general practitioner employed in his household or by his family connexion, and that familiar adviser, thoroughly acquainted, as a matter of course, with the particular endowments of his professional superiors, and himself interested in having the best guidance and support, brings to his patient the physician or surgeon best able to combat the existing disease. Such is the system of the medical profession; and it is a system which works well, and is exactly analogous to the course of procedure by which litigants obtain the aid of advocates peculiarly fitted to conduct their causes. Our "distinguished member of the medical profession" labours under the strangely erroneous impression, that a "counsel's opinion" is nothing more than written advice to his client to consult another barrister.

The style of the book throughout accords with its purpose. The mistakes in the spelling of nosological terms show that the "distinguished member of the medical profession" is signally deficient in that culture which is generally presumed to be the basis of education for a liberal profession. In great staring capitals "Delirium Tremens" does duty for Delirium Tremens, and "Diphtheria" for Diphtheria. Similar blunders appear in every part of the treatise. Under some headings the names of the most eminent authorities on the maladies referred to are looked for in vain; under other headings the author recommends physicians and surgeons who have no better claims to such notice than such as are enjoyed by every qualified practitioner. Amongst the lithotritists, the name of Mr. Henry Thompson—who has just been sent for, the papers tell us, by King Leopold—is not mentioned; and in two other places where he is alluded to his name is mis-spelt. In the author's opinion, Mr. Yearsley and Mr. Hinton ought not to be consulted on deafness, Mr. Hancock has done nothing to mitigate the awful torture of sciatica, Mr. Adams should not be called in where cases of spinal curvature or club-foot have to be treated, and Mr. Ashton has no place amongst those who have directed their attention to the distressing malady on which he is a "first opinion." Such is the scandalous book the author of which says he is prepared to take "immediate proceedings in Chancery against all infringements (!) of its copyright."

Poems and Essays. By Janet Hamilton. (Hall & Co.)

READERS of Dean Ramsay's 'Reminiscences' have been made acquainted with a form of Scottish character as revealed by those wonderful old ladies who were born before "nerves" were invented, and who are fast passing away, to leave us no living likeness,—women whose angles were not rubbed down to smooth mediocrity, but who were

robustly natural, and not afraid to show it,—women of great strength of feeling, who would boldly put into words what others might only timidly think, and that with the quaintest, queerest and most piquant of humours: unmitigable Scottish thistles if touched roughly, but full of honey at heart, and possessing a wild fragrance, that cannot be retained with our culture; exceedingly delightful old faces, having many a wrinkle of wisdom and twinkle of mirth, the youthful spirit looking out of every furrow in immortal freshness!—sprightly with their seventy years as though the gayest sparkle of French vivacity had got into the *dour* Scottish blood and set it dancing! This kind of character was not limited, however, to the class from which Dean Ramsay has chiefly drawn. Specimens might be found here and there in the cottages of the poor—real ladies by nature, who could bear the burthen of poverty with great dignity, and whose talk was often far better than books. We have one in our mind's eye now: as blithe of heart as a bird, and as cheery of tongue as though there were no such thing as sorrow. She had her own heavy troubles, but never made the burthen weightier by stooping to it; so strong and upright in soul, that age seemed unable to bow the body; a face of the noblest Norse type, and eyes that glowed like live coals from under the tall white *mutch*; a woman with nature enough to have been the mother of Robert Burns. Something like this we imagine Janet Hamilton to be: as fine a sample, we are told, as can be found of the *braw* and *buirdly* woman we have etched in a line or two—a genuine antique of the strong-headed, warm-hearted, quick-witted *auld* Scottish wife. If there be any doubt about this, let the book decide. We consider it one of the most remarkable that has fallen into our hands for a long time past. It will not bring much added wealth, perhaps, to English literature, but it is a book that enriches life and ennobles our common humanity. We have had many working men poets, but this is by a working woman of threescore years and ten. Most of the poems are lately written; for it appears that she reared her family and sent them forth into the world to live their life, and then, in the consciousness of having done her best, and in the silence of the empty home, she sat down and sang her songs. And right cheery and victorious they are—worthy of instant welcome from all who can appreciate such an exquisite illustration of the common saying, "Business first, and pleasure afterwards."

Janet Hamilton is the daughter of a shoemaker, and she became the wife of a shoemaker. She never went to school, but her mother taught her to read the Bible. Through this doorway she entered the vast library of English literature. But what range of reading she had we are not told. She writes English verse with ease and elegance. But the genuine nature of the old lady gets fullest and fittest expression in the racy Doric which she writes. Here we find the shrewd *keeking* observation, the quaint pawky humour, and the sly Scotch wisdom in full force. The true flavour of the book is Scottish, while the facts of the life are universally enjoyable.

First, let us show the environment of the author, who is living in Langloan, near Coat-bridge. It is a lively description, called 'Oor Location':—

A hunner funnels bleezin', reekin',
Coal an' ironstane charrin', smeeikin';
Navvies, miners, keepers, fillers,
Puddlers, rollers, iron millers;
Reestit, reekit, raggit laddies,
Firemen, enginemen an' paddies;
Boatmen, bankamen, rough an' rattlin',
Bout the wecht wi' colliers battlin',
Sweatin', swearin', fechtin', drinkin';

Change-house bells an' gill-stoups clinkin';
Police—ready men and willin'—
Aye at han' whan stoups are fillin',
Clerks, an' counter-loupers plenty,
Wi' trim moustache and whiskers dainty—
Chaps that winna staua at trifles,
Min' ye they can han' le rifles.
'Bout the wives in oor location,
An' the lassies' botheration,
Some are decent, some are dandies,
An' a gey wheen drucken randies,
Aye tae neebors' hooses sailin',
Greetin' bairns ahint them trailin',
Gaua for nouthar bread nor butter,
Just tae drink an' rin the cutter.

In such a location we may expect more humour than pathetic sentiment. Much of the old wife's humour is very smart. She can send a keen, merry glance right to the heart of many matters.

She has a ready laugh for the "mony plaisters" that are to cure the working man's "disasters." Also,—

Hae ye no heard in Glasco College
They've plantit a new tree o' knowledge?
The frute's fu' bonny tae the e'e,
An' woman's no forbid tae pree:
Sae she may cum without presumption,
An' pu' an' eat an' gather gumption,
An' sic lang-wint, lang-nebbit cracks,
'Bout social rights, an' wrangs, an' facts,
Frae chiefta wi' tongues sae glib an' snell,
They tinglit thro' ye like a bell.
There's mony a phase o' speech an' thoct
Leuka gran', but whan it's tae be wroct,
An' practice, 'stead o' speech, begins,
There's stumilin'-blocks tae break oor shins.

The old lady is hard on the Social Science Association and "speechifying" women. She describes "Bull Run" as the

— field inglorious,
Whence legs, not arms, returned victorious.

And this is *auld Janet's* answer to her countryman of the *New York Herald*:—

What's a' the din' is Jonathan game gyte?
What ails the fellow, that he'll growl an' flyte,
An' shake his naive across the wide Atlantic,
Wi' giunchin' broo, an' mony a senseless antic?
Ne'er fash your thoom wi' us, my Yankee billy—
Thae blusterin' havers mak' ye unco silly:
Tak' tent, my laddie, ye're needin' o' a keelipin',
For, gudeness kens, ye're never o'er the yelpin'.
Steek up your gab, ye wild, camstrair laddie,
Nae mair yaff yaffin' at your British daddie;
I think ye might hae ither tow tae tease,
Whan baith the North and South are in a breeze.
A fiesome sight, atweel, tae a' the war!
Wi' friens that wish ye weel ye souna quarrel—
For Britain, frae her cozie islan' dwellin',
Will naither mak' nor meddle wi' ye, callan.
Ye're no that unco steive in limb an' lith;
Ye're scrimpit baith in courage, sense an' pith;
Langyne ye gat yer legs out o'er the harrows,
Sin' ayme ye think ye hae nae mony marrows.
But len' yer lugs, and dinna bounce and bark—
Ye needna tear your hair nor rive your sark—
Your sangs o' liberty are bosh an' tee-dum;
It wad be better baith for you an' freedom
If ye had ne'er cut up the auld connection,
Nor snoot' tae democratic mob direction.
Ye'll ne'er hae peace until ye get a king—
A coup-d'etat for you's the vera thing;
There's a Nap, the Third, wha whameel' bluidy France,
An' hands her doon—had aye like him the chance,
He'd grip the reins, wi' bit an' bridle band ye,
An' should ye rear or kick, he'd whip an' daud ye.
An' gif ye maun be sodgers, he will learn ye;
But ye'll needa dae his biddin', min' I warn ye;
For lock that canna guide nor rule themsel'
Should hae a ruler strong, an' stern, an' snell.

Here is a laughable picture of Crinoline as it appears to our author in her neighbourhood, where the lassies, though they may be bar-footed and barefaced, are still devout followers of the fashion. The concluding suggestion is rather startling, we fear:—

CRINOLINE.

Auld Scotlan' gangs yirrin an' chanerin' alane;
She winners whaur a' her trig lassocks ha'e gane;
She's trampit the kintra, an' socht thro' the toons,
An' fan' the fule hizies—blawn out like balloons!

Can they be my lassocks—ance coole an' coah,
Weel shapit, weel happit—sae stoon, ye may toah?
Twa coats an' a toun, or a gump, ye may wean,
Were boukie aneuch, wi' what nature had g'ien.

They're aye i' my e'e, an' they're aye i' my gate—
At the kirk i' an' chirtit maist oot o' my seat;
Whan caul', tae the ingle i' needna gae ben,
If Kate an' her crinoline's on the fire-en'.

Whan a lad wi' a lassie forgethers yemoo,
It's no her bright een, or her rosie wee mou,
Her snod cockerony, waist jimp an' fine,
That first tak' his e'e—it's the big crinoline!

The sae that he likes it would jst be a lee—
 But ye ken that the big thing attracts aye the wee—
 An' the lass that cares nocht 'bout her heart an' her held,
 Tak's care that her crinoline's weel spread abroad.

An' say, if dame Nature wad gie' a' her birth,
 Tae ilka wee lassie that's born on the yirth,
 A bouk o' her ain, that grew bigger ilk year,
 Ye'd no be sae proud o' the gittie I fear.

In various ways Janet tries to do her countrymen and countrywomen good. Living where she does, she has, no doubt, seen much of the evils and horrors of drunkenness, and she is strong on teetotalism. Here her verses are so far above the customary temperance effusions (of water on the brain), that the teetotal world ought to drink her health and prosperity in the strongest tippale that circumstances will permit. There are several prose essays in the volume, all sensibly written; but we prefer her as the local humourist to the "popular educator." The individuality of the one is worth more than all the cosmopolitanism of the other, for it is of that perennially interesting kind in which national character reaches its ripeness.

The Great Stone Book of Nature. By David Thomas Ansted, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

UNDER this title the author brings before us an elementary volume on geology and mineralogy. The facts of geology are regarded as the records of the stone book, and the opening of it signifies "the earliest studies of our earth with a view to make out its history, and these studies teach how Nature speaks rather than what she means." Having chosen this metaphorical title, the author is compelled to adapt his pages to it, though with some difficulty and frequent violations of metaphor.

"The Great Stone Library" might have proved a more suitable title, for so diversified are the records of geology, so widely scattered are its facts, so variously typical are its organic remains, so geographically distant are its evidences, and so comprehensive are its conclusions, that the idea of a vast terrestrial library presents itself as more aptly metaphorical than that of a single volume. Successive ranges of shelving might be held to represent successive strata, and the several volumes on each shelf to show their characteristic fossils and their lithological distinctions. Passing, for the sake of example, from the Library of the British Museum to its Geological Galleries, we seem to pass only from the artificially-printed to the nature-printed volumes. Were a stratigraphical arrangement of fossils adopted in the Museum, the analogy would be more striking. We should then pass from histories in type to histories in stone. Chronology, though on vastly different scales, would rule the classification in both departments. The one would form a history of the human mind, the other a history of the divine mind. In the one we should peruse the roll of heroic deeds, in the other the ceaseless roll of terrestrial changes. In the one the mutations of empires, sovereigns and peoples, in the other the mutations of animal dynasties, of fishes, crustaceans and saurians. The characters would be equally legible in each. There would be the several languages and their several derivatives, but all could be interpreted, and translations and commentaries would be the work of qualified students, who should give themselves each to his particular tongue, while all should labour to present the facts and the consequential theories to the popular mind in one universally understood tongue. In these and many similar aspects the two great departments in our Museum might be appropriately compared—the literary and the lithological likened to each other.

If, however, we must limit ourselves to a single metaphorical volume, then 'The Great Stone Book' must be dealt with in a narrower

range of illustration. If it be one volume, then all who run may read it; all, wherever they dwell, may have some one of its pages open for their perusal; it is a sealed book to no man who cares to qualify himself for understanding it; and though it has many pages which demand diligent study, and many which even close students have hitherto failed to interpret satisfactorily, yet there are very many which are simple and universally intelligible, which require nothing more than continued attention, and which are replete with unflinching interest and instruction. These simple pages of the stone book are everywhere unrolled,—everywhere, beneath, around and above us. The common flag-stones of our streets are some of its leaves; the common stone buildings of our cities are others; cathedrals, churches, halls and mansions, all speak of quarried stone, and even the funeral slabs which stand erect at the heads of so many prostrate thousands who now lie in our cemeteries are significant of times and existences long preceding the races of mankind. The human names and eulogies inscribed upon them refer to the beings of yesterday; while in the layers beneath those very inscriptions may, perhaps, be found fossil shells which once floated in the waters of an immensely ancient sea. Thus the stony sepulchres of one race of organized beings are strangely erected as the monumental marks of another, and every tombstone in a cemetery thus becomes a doubly-charactered page in 'The Great Stone Book of Nature.'

In Mr. Ansted's edition of this Stone Book everything geological forms a page, whether apt or inapt. Sun, Wind, Rain and Frost compose one page; Clay, Chalk, Limestone and Marble, Sand and Sandstone, the Brick-field and the Gravel-pit, compose other pages; and so on to the end of the volume. There is in it more of Physical Geology than Palæontology, and therefore very little that requires preliminary information. The reader may take it up without fear of being repelled by technicalities, and may regard it as one of the simplest and most unpretending of introductions to the physical aspects of the science. One would conceive it to be a collection of introductory lectures delivered to young persons of intelligence but of no previous geological knowledge; and all such readers, if only they can dispense with highly-wrought descriptions, picturesque verbiage, and fanciful illustrations, will find it useful to them as beginners. The great majority, however, of such readers require to be allured to geology—we had almost said, deluded into it—by factitious attractiveness. They are not disposed to look at the pages of 'The Great Stone Book,' if those pages are merely stony. They ask that flowers shall be strewn over the stones, and that the wand of the verbal enchanter shall wave over the rigid and naturally unadorned truths. Hence elementary books inferior in accuracy to the one before us would, perhaps, surpass it in acceptableness; and it is mortifying to a sound geologist to see how a little tinsel of fancy, a glittering array of facts, pomp of verbiage, and a dash of humour will always be found to lighten the natural heaviness of 'The Great Stone Book.' Had Hugh Miller been content to write about the Old Red Sandstone page of this book as a mere recording geologist, his name would never have been known beyond the rooms of the Geological Society. In no two volumes treating of the same science, and for much the same class of readers, could there be a more marked contrast than exists between Miller's 'Sketch-book of Popular Geology' and Ansted's 'The Great Stone Book of Nature.' The one is Geology exhibited under the prismatic hues of an exuberant imagination; the other is simply an opening and shutting of 'The

Great Stone Book.' One sentence of Miller's book appropriately describes this bare and unillustrated style of geological teaching:—"I might stand in front of its curved precipices, red, yellow or grey, and might mark their water-rolled boulders of all kinds and sizes stretching out in bold relief from the surface, like the protuberances that roughen the rustic basements of the architect; but I had no 'Open Sesame' to form vistas through them into the recesses of the past." Such glimpses through magic vistas of the past are precisely what the book now before us lacks. It is vain to present mere facts to beginners, who are reluctant to take the trouble to recollect them. Perspective, not Chinese flat truthfulness, is the obvious requisite. We all abuse crinoline, yet Geology without crinoline will not readily become presentable amongst the unscientific. No doubt crinoline is unnatural, and everywhere laughed at by sober people; nevertheless, geological crinoline is the most pardonable of all. It hides rigidity, angularity, and all faults. Denudation is true in geological theory, but untrue in geological teaching.

Almost any page of Mr. Ansted's book will illustrate our meaning. Take, for instance, his notice of gravel flints:—

"Pick out a few of the pebbles and look at them. Here is a well-rounded black pebble, about the size of an egg, very smooth and almost polished, but the surface is scratched all over with fine marks, showing clearly how the stone became round and smooth. Next to it is a broken fragment, the edges rounded and worn and a clean broken face presented. Both are flints, and both exactly resemble other flints, whether in the gravel, on the sea-beach, or in the chalk cliff. It takes a long while to roll so hard a stone as a flint into the shape of an egg, and carry it with others into a great heap far away from the sea. It takes considerable force to break a flint pebble in half. We have next to see what a flint is, and where it comes from, in order to know what is the relation of this gravel-pit with the various rocks in its neighbourhood. Let us break it in half with a hammer, and try if anything is to be learnt by looking at the inside. It is not unlikely that when broken there will be a small empty space in the middle, partly occupied with little crystals. Perhaps there is no empty space, but a distinct shape resembling some more or less known part of an animal, as if the flint had once been pasty and had entangled a sponge, a shell, or sea-anemone, just as in jellies the cook will enclose fresh strawberries or cherries, or as flies are caught in resin. At any rate, we are almost sure to find, if we look closely enough, using that wonderful contrivance the microscope, that little white or grey spots in the clear flint once belonged either to sponges, or to shells, or to some other creature formerly inhabiting the sea. The flints generally found in gravel are very different from most other stones we meet with. The former all seem similar, and though mixed with other very different stones, they, no doubt, have all come from the chalk. The only places where such material is at all abundant are the various chalk-hills, many of them at considerable distance. Beds of flint, unbroken and undisturbed, often alternate with the beds of chalk, and it is supposed that the pebbles once formed part of other chalk hills now washed away."

This and another paragraph or two comprise all that is said of flints. Every tolerable geologist knows how much more might have been said, and how much more graphically. How interesting to the beginner would have been notices of the numerous microscopic bodies in flints, the spiniferites and the animalcules, seen by transmitted light; the crowds of odd things popularly explained by Mr. Eley, in his 'Geology in the Garden,' and particularly the several theories of the production of chalk flints, including that of Dr. Bowerbank, to the effect that every kind of flint nodule and

vein in the chalk, owes its origin to a sponge of some species as a nucleus. Then, we might have had some description of those strange but striking, huge, cup-like flints, found near Norwich, and foolishly called Paramoudra. So, likewise, numerous other subjects might have been expanded which pass before us in colourless review in these pages.

To make room for such additions, the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters might well have been omitted, which give so little information upon minerals that their loss would not have been felt. Moreover, a dull and unpolished style is no aid to an elementary book, which should be captivating as well as clear. One advantage these pages certainly have, namely, that they are geologically correct, and are an echo of the most approved opinions of original inquirers.

A few illustrations accompany the volume, and these are all pleasing, excepting one entitled "The Stones of the Great Stone Book," in which a huge egg and a penny roll at its side seem meant for a couple of boulders. If boulders, they have both been well boiled.

Memoirs of the Court of Spain, under the Reign of Charles the Second, 1679-1682. By the Marquis de Villars—[*Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne, &c.*]: being a Collation of the various Editions and Manuscripts of these Memoirs now known to exist, with some Inquiry as to their alleged Author. By Denis Florence MacCarthy. (Dublin.)

Que les gens d'esprit sont bêtes! These words of Figaro, one of the smartest of commentators, may serve for a text for many a discourse which is pronounced by way of illustrating the blind processes of sharp-sighted people.

A few years ago Mr. William Stirling purchased for a few shillings, at Sotheby's, a manuscript historical work, the '*Mémoires de Villars*,' about which he, confessedly, knew nothing, but which he took to be "copy" destined for the press. He, of course, did not do with it as Aretino did with the MS. of a work on the Gothic War, by Procopius—translate and publish it as his own; nor did he imitate the conduct of Machiavelli, who, turning up the lost MS. of the Apophthegms of Plutarch, turned them also to account by taking of the best and clapping them into the mouth of his hero, Castrucio Castruciani. Mr. Stirling put the written roll on his shelves, and supposed that some day he would find the volume which was printed from it.

To all "the obvious sources of information," he addressed himself—to Brunet, Querard, the various biographies, and so forth,—but only to acquire an opinion that his manuscript was an *integra virgo*, or rather an *acerba quælla*, which had never become ripe enough for the press. All the wisdom of the Philobiblon Society, in whose collection it is now printed as a novelty, helped him to that conclusion. Sir F. Madden examined the manuscript carefully, amid the multitude of references crowding round him in the British Museum, and after due research, recorded his opinion that it had never been printed. The Duc d'Aumale ransacked his own remarkable library, failing to discover any account of such memoirs, and finding himself without grounds to believe that the written memoir had ever passed through the press.

Mr. Stirling himself made researches in vain among the MSS. of the British Museum. Mr. Ford, the author of the '*Hand-Book of Spain*,' counselled him to try the learned pundits of *Notes and Queries*; but the oracle there gave no sound. Mr. Stirling and Mr. Ford discussed the question together many

times, looked at the manuscript, lent one another books, and could come to no other conclusion. Mr. Ford died, and Mr. Stirling bought such volumes from the library of the former as he knew were wanting in his own, but made no new discovery. At the same sale, Mr. MacCarthy purchased an anonymous work, printed in 1733, which he at once identified with Mr. Stirling's MS. *Mémoires de Villars*. To render this singular story more singular still, it is only necessary to add that, in a fly-leaf of the volume which had, for a score of years, belonged to Mr. Ford, that gentleman had himself made this record:—"It is possible that the author may have had access to the MS. letters of the Marquise de Villars, ambassador in Spain, at the time of the marriage of Charles the Second, which were printed at Amsterdam, in 12mo. 1760." But there is a superlative "most singular" in the fact that Mr. Stirling himself, in his '*Annals of the Artists of Spain*,' published in 1848, refers to the great resemblance which exists between a work by Madame D'Aulnoy, '*Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne*,' and the work possessed by Mr. Ford, and purchased by Mr. MacCarthy, '*Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne, depuis 1679 jusq'uen 1681*,' and published in Paris in 1733, the work, in fact, which Mr. MacCarthy identifies with the supposed unprinted manuscript bought by Mr. Stirling at Sotheby's auction-rooms!

The anonymous copyist of Mr. Stirling's manuscript had chosen to ascribe it to the Marquis de Villars; and this name being on the mind of all the eager examiners, they went off on a false scent. Had any one of them consulted the '*Dictionnaire des Ouvrages Anonymes et Pseudonymes*,' by Barbier, they would have been put, partially at least, on the right track. Mr. MacCarthy one day found himself almost at the source of truth on this matter when, seated in the famous Library of the King's Inn, Dublin, he opened De Flissan's '*Histoire Générale et Raisonnée de la Diplomatie Française*' (1811). Therein he found notices of Court incidents during the embassy of Villars in Spain, which were identical with those in D'Aulnoy, the anonymous volume of 1733, and Mr. Stirling's manuscript; but De Flissan cited an earlier authority than either the anonymous volume of 1733 or the earlier work of the romancing D'Aulnoy—namely, a manuscript on the state of Spain, in the Library of the Arsenal in Paris. Thither, opportunity aiding, went the indefatigable Mr. MacCarthy, obtained access to this manuscript, and carefully collated it with D'Aulnoy, the volume of 1733, and Mr. Stirling's edition printed in the Philobiblon collection. He finds them identical, with a certain significant difference. In the Arsenal manuscript, French persons of the highest distinction are spoken of in a tone that no French ambassador would ever dream of employing. Into proofs, resting on this basis, Mr. MacCarthy enters very largely; but we do enough by describing what he does, rather than following him through what he has done. We are chiefly concerned with the curious history of Mr. Stirling's manuscript, which can no longer be ascribed to Villars, the French Ambassador in Spain. The author of the Arsenal manuscript, from which later writers have taken what best suited them, and prudently altered much of what they had taken, remains unknown. The research which led up to it forms a remarkable addition to the Curiosities of Literature; and, setting aside the patient and successful Mr. MacCarthy, when we think of the number of expert and clever people who, well qualified for the task, yet failed in achieving it completely, we think of Peter

Heylin, who described the world physically, geographically and topographically, and yet lost his way in a wood close to his own hall-door!

The Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer; with Evidence of his Typographical Connexion with Colard Mansion, the Printer at Bruges. Compiled from Original Sources by William Blades. Vol. II. (Lilley.)

We have examined the concluding volume of Mr. Blades's work on Caxton, and are happy to report of it that it forms in every respect a fitting complement to its predecessor. In that, as our readers may recollect, Mr. Blades not only laid before us some new and interesting facts in Caxton's biography, but propounded a new theory as to the school of typography in which our first English printer graduated before establishing a press on his own account in the Almonry at Westminster. That school he showed to have been the Dutch or Belgian school of printing, as distinguished from the Mentz school, founded by Gutenberg; also, that Colard Mansion, of Bruges, was Caxton's immediate instructor, in concert with whom Caxton's earliest works, The '*Recuyell*' and '*The Chess Book*,' were printed abroad; and, finally, that Caxton's first work, with a date, printed on English soil was the '*Dictes or Sayengis of the Philosophres*,' produced at Westminster in 1477. The French '*Recueil*,' the '*Fais du Jason*,' and the '*Meditacions*,' Mr. Blades considers were printed by Mansion alone, although in the same type as the English '*Recuyell*' and '*The Chess Book*.' This was the only point almost on which we felt ourselves bound to express a different opinion from that of our author, being unwilling on any but the most substantial ground to deny to Caxton the credit of having had some share in their production. And this opinion we adhere to. The mere fact of those works being in French, a language in which Caxton never subsequently printed, does not weigh with us; for, once that he had arrived on English ground, it was not likely, with such a keen eye as he had for business, that he would fritter himself away upon works for which there was no sufficient market. Neither are we disposed to give up our Caxton as the printer of the '*Proposicio Johannis Russell*,' a speech made by John Russell, ambassador to the Duke of Burgundy, on the occasion of investing that sovereign with the Order of the Garter. Who so likely as Caxton to have printed this, either alone or in partnership with Mansion? And if so, then is it also exceedingly probable that he likewise printed '*Les Quatre Derrenieres Choses*,'—a work which is in the same type as the '*Proposicio*,' distinguished by Mr. Blades as "type No. 2." This was, in fact, the identical fount of types which Caxton brought with him to England, and from which he made his first essay at Westminster by printing the '*Dictes or Sayengis of the Philosophres*.'

Mr. Blades has taken great pains to distinguish the several kinds of type used in the Caxton books. There were in all six different sorts, besides modifications of two of them; namely, those numbered as "type No. 2," and "type No. 4." Beautiful fac-similes are given of all these, as also an alphabet of each, "including all the single, double and triple letters, signs, contractions, &c.,"—so that in any part of the world it is now possible for a reader, having access to a copy of the volume before us, to assure himself whether some rare book supposed to be "a Caxton" was in reality printed by our prototypographer.

This, however, is but one merit, although a conspicuous one, of Mr. Blades's Second Volume, which consists of two principal parts, the first being a dissertation on printing as practised by Caxton, founded upon a critical examination of his workmanship; and the second, a bibliographical and literary account of every production of his press at present known to exist. In his commencing dissertation Mr. Blades introduces the "Master Printer" himself to us in the following terms:—

"We will now ask the reader to imagine fourteen years passed since Caxton first began working at this new art. It is not difficult to picture the wooden structures in the Almonry occupied by his sedate but busy workmen. We can look in at yonder window and see the venerable master printer himself 'sittyng in his studye where as lay many and dyurse paunftlettis and bookys.' The great towers of Westminster Abbey cast their shadow over the room, for he is an early riser, and already at work upon his translation of the new French romance called 'Eneydos.' The 'fayre and ornate termes' of his author give him 'grete playr,' and he labours, almost without intermission, till the low sun, blazing from the western windows, warns him of the day's decline. Again, we watch him passing with observant eye through the rooms where his servants are at work; we can see the movements of the compositors who, close to the narrow windows, ply their rapid fingers; we can hear the thud-thud of the wooden presses as the workmen 'pull to' and 'send home' the bar, discussing, meanwhile, the latest news; and we sympathize with the binder who, hammering away at the volume between his knees, looks in despair at the ever-increasing progeny of his master's art. Piles of books and printed 'quayers' rise on all sides, and many a wise head is ominously shaken at the foolishness of supposing that so many books can ever find purchasers. But Caxton pursues still his busy course, with mind and body ever at work, preparing copy for the press, and guiding and instructing his workmen in that art which he had learned at Bruges, at 'grete charge and dispense,' and the practices of which are to be explained in the following chapters."

After this we are inducted into the several processes carried on by Caxton in his house at the "Red Pale," in the Almonry at Westminster. The types were not cast in the establishment, neither was the paper made there; but, with these exceptions, almost all the other operations connected with the production of books were done under the same roof. And here the reader, who is so disposed, may learn all the mysteries of spacing, even and uneven, of chases, quadrats and reglets, of tympan and frisket, of bites and point-holes, and all the other operations of the early compositors and pressmen; while, in the matter of book-binding, he is informed with respect to the folding and collation of sheets, whether ternions, quaternions or quinternions, the signatures, the use of waste sheets in binding, the parchment slips at the back, and so forth; and finally, with respect to the duties of the illuminator, the rubricker and the wood-engraver.

Leave we all this, however, as too technical for the majority of readers, while we direct attention, rather, to the number of distinct publications printed in the Caxton types, whether at Bruges or at Westminster, between the year 1474, the presumed date of the 'Recuyell,' and 1491, the year of Caxton's death. The entire number of these is given by Mr. Blades as ninety-one; including, of course, different editions of certain works, but not including doubtful or apocryphal publications sometimes attributed to Caxton. All these Mr. Blades has enumerated *seriatim*, in the order of the several sorts of types used in their production. This list of "Caxtons," all undoubtedly genuine, is by far the largest hitherto

published—Ames giving only 48, Herbert 50, and Dibdin 57. To each work, as it occurs in order, Mr. Blades has appended a minute bibliographical description and collation, specifying its typographical peculiarities, its commencing and concluding lines, when such could be ascertained from an inspection or trustworthy account of existing perfect copies; a brief account of the nature of the work, and of its author, when ascertainable; if a translation, mentioning by whom it was done; also, if printed from any known manuscript, stating where such manuscript or copies of it still exist; then further particulars, chiefly of literary interest, included under the head of "Remarks," the whole concluding with a list of all the known copies of such printed work, whether in public or private libraries; mentioning the condition and size of each copy, whether perfect or imperfect, and in what way and what year it was acquired by its present owner. This last, while it is a most interesting feature in Mr. Blades's work, must have cost the author infinite labour, as may be judged from his statement that out of the 556 volumes of Caxton's printing thus catalogued by him, full 500 passed through his own hands for collation. Thus, of 'The Game and Play of the Chess Moralised,' he enumerates nine different copies at present existing. Similarly, of the 'Boethius,' he enumerates as many as fifteen copies, all collated by his own hands; while, of 'The Book of Tully of Old Age,' he has catalogued and collated full twenty copies. But, besides all this, Mr. Blades has subjoined to his account of each individual "Caxton" a list of the sale prices at which copies have been purchased at different times, specifying in each instance (where possible) the name, both of the original possessor and the purchaser, with the date of the year when sold, and number of the lot in the sale catalogue. "This commercial table of 'Sale Prices,'" he justly remarks, "is not without its interest in enabling the reader to trace a volume from library to library, and presents, in the fluctuating amount paid for the same book, an interesting aspect of that curious disease—Bibliomania." As an example of this list of sale prices, take the following as it occurs at the end of our author's account of the 'Recuyell of the Histories of Troy,' Caxton's first printed work:—

| Year. | Lot. | Sale. | Amount. | Purchaser. |
|-------|------|----------------|------------|------------------|
| 1698 | 119 | Dr. Bernard | £0 3 0 | |
| 1743 | 2783 | Earl of Oxford | | Osborne |
| 1756 | 2026 | Bryan Fairfax | 8 8 0 | Fras. Child |
| 1773 | 4090 | J. West | 32 11 0 | George the Third |
| 1776 | 1667 | J. Ratcliffe | 4 18 0 | Dr. Hunter |
| 1786 | 487 | M. C. Tutet | 21 0 0 | H. E. Austen |
| 1800 | 1150 | G. Steevens | 14 3 6 | J. Edwards |
| 1812 | 6350 | D. of Roxburgh | 1,000 10 0 | D. of Devonshire |
| 1815 | 164 | J. Edwards | 43 1 0 | De Bure |
| 1816 | 1409 | J. Lloyd | 126 0 0 | G. Hibbert |
| 1826 | 1220 | J. Inglis | 15 0 0 | Imp. Lib. Paris |
| 1829 | 6925 | G. Hibbert | 157 10 0 | J. Wilks |
| 1847 | 2101 | J. Wilks | 165 0 0 | Utterson |
| 1852 | 482 | Utterson | 155 0 0 | E. Ashburnham. |

Of the copies thus sold the majority can be still identified; and it is singular that the only copy mentioned in the list as perfect is that which sold for the least money, namely, Dr. Bernard's, which fetched the ridiculous sum of 3s. ! But this, gentle reader, was in the year 1698, when as yet Bibliomania was not. This Dr. Bernard, who was chief physician to James the Second, must have been an enthusiastic collector of "Caxtons," as his name occurs no less than a dozen times in these price lists, though, alas for his heirs, creditors, or others interested in the sale of his library, the highest price paid for any of the "Caxton" lots was exactly 5s. 4d. This was for a copy of 'The Dictes or Sayengis of the Philosophers.'

The next largest collector of "Caxtons" was

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, who died in 1724:—

"He began (says Mr. Blades) the celebrated collection of Books and manuscripts so well known as the Harleian. His son Robert, Earl of Oxford, devoted nearly his whole life to its increase. On his death the library descended to his daughter Margaret, Duchess of Portland, and by her and her mother was offered for sale. The manuscripts were purchased for the nation at 10,000*l.*, but the printed books were sold to T. Osborne, bookseller, for 13,000*l.*, being 5,000*l.* less than the bindings had cost. Osborne employed Dr. Johnson and Oldys to superintend his 'Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ,' and in the course of a few years this magnificent collection became scattered over all the countries of Europe. The list of Caxtons includes 56 volumes, being the largest number ever collected in one library. For many years these appeared scattered through the catalogues issued by Osborne, at the general price of 1*l.* 1*s.* for the folios and 15*s.* for the quartos!"

Even so late as 1760, when Ames's library was sold, only seven shillings were paid for a copy of the 'Polychronicon,' and two guineas and a half for the 'Recueil'; while, again, in 1774, at the sale of Mr. Recorder Flete-woode, five Caxtons were sold for 26*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, one of which, an imperfect copy of 'The Golden Legend,' selling at 7*s.* ! But even so late as 1800 things had not much improved; for at the sale of Lord Spencer's duplicates in that year we find one copy of 'Tully of Old Age' selling at 3*l.* 4*s.*, and another at 4*l.* 16*s.* Contrast with these prices the sums paid at the ever-memorable sale of the Duke of Roxburgh in 1813. At this sale, fourteen Caxtons were disposed of for as much as 3,002*l.* 1*s.* Two of them fetched 336*l.* each, a third 351*l.* 15*s.*, and a fourth the enormous sum of 1,060*l.* 10*s.*, being the largest amount ever paid for a copy of Caxton, or, indeed, for any printed book, with the exception of the Valdarfer-Boccaccio, disposed of at the same sale for the almost fabulous sum of 2,260*l.* This Caxton of Caxtons was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire, and is "particularly interesting from having belonged to Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward the Fourth, and sister to Anthony Earl Rivers, the poet, and patron of Caxton's Press. This appears from a manuscript inscription on the paper lining of the original vellum covering of the book, which has been carefully bound up at the end of the volume. The writing of the fifteenth century is as follows:—"This boke is mine quene elizabet late-wiffe unto the moste noble kinge edwarde the-forthe off whos bothe sooles y beseche almyghty Gode Take to his onfynyght mercy above. Ames. Per me thomā Shukburgh juniorem." The late Duke (of Devonshire) bought this interesting volume at the Roxburgh sale for 1,060*l.* 10*s.* It had been purchased by the Duke of Roxburgh for 50*l.* from Mr. Laing, who had received it in exchange from Major Swinton."

Further information of a curious kind as to the auction prices given for Caxtons at different times will be found in Mr. Blades's "Catalogue-List of Caxtons, sometime in various private and public libraries, but now sold or dispersed." There also it will be seen that, within nine years of Caxton's death, the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, who had come into possession of fifteen copies of his 'Golden Legend,' disposed of them at an average price of 6*s.* 8*d.* a copy, or about 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* of our present coinage, "a sum by no means too great for a large illustrated work." We are also told of a certain R. Johnson, M.D., who, so far back as the year 1510, made a purchase of five "Caxtons" for the following sums, respectively:—"Godefroy of Boloyne," 2*s.*; "Eneydos," 12*d.*; "Fayts of Arms," 2*sh.* 8*d.*; "Chastising of God's Children,"

8d.; and 'Book of Fame,' 4d. These prices cannot have been far different from those charged by Caxton himself.

Of the ninety-one "Caxtons" described in this volume, Mr. Blades was fortunate enough to discover five, namely, the 'Directorium,' first edition; 'Reynart,' second edition; 'Hors,' second edition; 'Death Prayers,' a single sheet; and the 'Indulgence of Sixtus IV.' Three of these were found by him in the covers of Chaucer's translation of 'Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ,' printed by Caxton, and discovered by our author in the old library of the Grammar School attached to the Abbey of St. Albans. How long this volume had lain unnoticed, and rotting away in the damp deal cupboard from which Mr. Blades rescued it, it is impossible to say. Mr. Blades, however, immediately recognized it as an uncut "Caxton," and in the original binding as issued from Caxton's workshop. And not only so, but from the damp state of the covers he was able to perceive that they were actually composed of successive layers of Caxton-printed waste sheets. "After vexatious opposition," he says, "and repeated delays the acting trustees of the school were induced to allow the book, which they now prized highly, to be deposited in the care of Mr. J. Winter Jones, of the British Museum, for the purpose of re-binding," when, on dissecting it, "the two covers yielded no less than fifty-six half-sheets of printed paper, proving the existence of three works from Caxton's press quite unknown before." Altogether it contained fragments of thirteen distinct works printed by Caxton.

The Last Decade of a Glorious Reign. Part III. of the History of the Reign of Henry IV., King of France and of Navarre. From numerous Unpublished Sources; including MS. Documents in the Bibliothèque Impériale and the Archives du Royaume de France. By Martha Walker Freer. 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Henri Quatre has been an uncommonly lucky person,—in his times, his opportunities, his enemies and his chroniclers. When the love-sick Dominican, Jacques Clement, received from the hand of Madame de Montpensier the knife which, for the sake of her fine eyes, he drove into the bowels of Henri the Third, the last of the Valois, the murderer cleared the way for the heroism, such as it was, of the first of the Bourbons.

The dead king had been an unclean, frivolous, heartless, debauched and eminently pious personage, of whom every faction was sick and the universal people weary. Henri of Navarre, the aspirant to his place, was a prince endowed with sense, addicted less to terrible vices than to a rather ruinous gallantry; frank, the expectancy of the above-mentioned weary people, and so little bigoted that rather than lose the French Crown he would, we verily believe, have embraced Islam—or any other—ism. True to no woman, he was not likely to be seriously attached to any form of faith.

Henri was fortunate in his opportunities,—but it must be allowed that he had one quality of heroism in not only discerning them, but profiting by them at any cost to his own ease or any peril to his own life. His great opponents were the Guises, but the last formidable Duke of that formidable family had been long quiet in his bloody grave; and the fourth Duke, Charles, who would have been well pleased to be King of France, with an Infanta for his queen, and Rome for his patron, was a weak lad, who inspired no fears except in his friends.

Charles's uncle, Mayenne, was as heavy as

Charles was light. He was like an elephant at the head of the fiery League. Henri was like a feathered Mercury, always mockingly in sight, and never to be caught. At Ivry, where an English contingent followed the white *panache*, this Mercury smote his enemies with Jove's thunderbolts; and, finally, when he entered the capital in triumph, the very Guise whose assumed airs of royalty had excited the ridicule of his own family, was the first to recognize his authority. Then, however, arose the opposition which he found less surmountable than that of the Guise. The priesthood was too strong for him. Henri had points of faith disputed in his hearing, and he decided, on conviction, for that which gave him a kingdom of this earth. He was not going to lose Paris, he said, for the sake of a mass.

Spain made peace with him, and Heaven gave him for guide, councillor and friend the Rosny who is better known to us as Duc de Sully. To our thinking, nearly all the profit which France derived from this reign was owing to the quieter hero of the two. The more restless and impatient hero was subdued by him. The wounded country reposed; it grew strong, refined and prosperous; peace was combined with plenty; the finances were put in order, something like liberty was allowed, and the dignity of the Crown elevated. The popular condition was raised with it, and the "people" were better pleased than the nobility.

In his last "Decade" he projected the humiliation of the House of Austria—perhaps not unmindful of that very patriotic theory of the Guises, that the natural boundary of France on the German side was the Danube! The knife of Ravallac checked the project by killing the King; and then chroniclers, contrasting him with the last three of the Valois kings—three brothers, by which rare conjunction all royal lines in France come to grief,—give him credit for bravery, sincerity, and a desire that France should flourish, though all the world beside should perish. Here was a combination by which a king must necessarily be a favourite; but to Sully is chiefly owing the good fortune of the kingdom, in which the most immoral man was the King himself; but then he never said an uncivil thing to his wife!

There is a certain piquancy in this narrative of the meeting of Henri's divorced wife Marguerite with his second consort, Marie de Medici, the husband of the two women acting as mutual friend and master of the ceremonies combined, after sending an old lover of his first wife to escort her to the meeting with his second:—

"The Court and Paris were absorbed by speculations on the return of Queen Marguerite to the capital, from whence she had been an exile for more than twenty-five years. Her expulsion, therefore, during the reign of Henri the Third, had been outrageous and disgraceful; her return under the generous *régime* of Henry Quatre was honourable, and becoming the dignity of a great princess, the last descendant of a mighty line of kings. Henry sent the Marshal de Roquelaure to compliment the Queen at Estampes; and to announce that the young Duke de Vendôme would receive her on her arrival at the Château de Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne, which was then half a league from Paris. The château, meantime, had been magnificently fitted for the reception of its long-absent mistress. Marguerite arrived on the 19th of July, 1605, and the following day indited a rapturous letter to the king on the perfections of his son. 'I believe, monseigneur, that God has given him to your majesty for special service. Never have I experienced a more transporting surprise than my admiration of this marvel of a child, and of his wise and apt speech. He is a royal prodigy truly worthy of your majesty, who excels in all things, as the stately edifices which now adorn the

banks of the river testify.' The Queen adds a postscript to this production thus: 'I took extreme precaution that the journey taken (from St.-Germain) by this delicate little angel of yours, should do him no harm; and I exhorted him very zealously not to pass through Paris. Your Majesty will pardon me, if I presume to say that you are not careful enough about his health.' This letter the Queen sent by M. de Chanvalon, whom Henry, with great want of discernment, had despatched to welcome Marguerite to her château; Queen Marie likewise sent M. de Châteauevieux with compliments of welcome. The King visited Marguerite at Madrid on the 26th of July, until which period the Queen received no person. Henry arrived from Monceaux about seven in the evening, and remained with Marguerite until ten o'clock. The interview was cordial, satisfactory, and enlivened by reminiscences of the brilliant Court of the deceased kings her brothers. Henry assured Marguerite of his fraternal protection; and promised her consideration and honour from the Queen.—'There are two things,' said Henry to Marguerite, 'which I must request Your Majesty to concede at my prayer: the first is, that, for the sake of your health, you will refrain from turning night into day, and day into night; my second request is, that, for the prosperity of your pecuniary affairs, you will be less profuse in your expenditure.'—'Sire, I will strive to please you; but your first request will be difficult to comply with, for such has been the habit of my life from childhood: as to my profusion, I fear to make promise—prodigality and perhaps heedless munificence have been the failings of the races of Valois and Medici!' responded Marguerite. The day but one following this interview, Marguerite had public audience at the Louvre with Queen Marie. The interest of the occasion caused the whole court to assemble at the Louvre. It was a painful and humiliating ordeal; but the tact and *savoir faire* of Marguerite were equal to the emergency. Though five-and-twenty years of dreary seclusion had impaired the charms which once conquered all hearts, yet the spectators pronounced that Marie de Medici, as she that day appeared, fresh, majestic, and blazing with crown jewels, wanted the indescribable graces of manner and *tourneure* conspicuous in Marguerite. That her old spirit of coquetry was not yet extinct, the attire of Marguerite on that day evinced. Like Madame de Verneuil, Marguerite wore her hair sprinkled with powder, and drawn up from her forehead to an enormous height. Her dress was studded with jewels, and adorned by innumerable flounces of lace, set out by an enormous hoop; a fashion in favour at the court of Queen Catherine, but which Marie had discarded for more flowing drapery. Marguerite, however, moved with such perfect grace in her advance towards the dais, under which sat the queen, that the empire of hoops was at once again established; and though some little time elapsed before they were universally adopted, Marie de Medici herself was at length compelled to conform to the prevailing taste. Henry presented Marguerite to Queen Marie, who graciously embraced, and invited her to sit under the canopy, whereupon a conversation ensued for several minutes between their majesties alone. The king, however, is said to have subsequently chided his consort, for not having advanced to meet Queen Marguerite, instead of receiving her at the dais; adding some reflections on their comparative descents, peculiarly mortifying to the queen. Marguerite became the guest of the king and queen at St.-Germain on the 4th of August. When she was first introduced to the young Dauphin by his governors, her exclamations of admiration were flattering enough to satisfy the maternal pride even of the queen. 'Ah, how beautiful he is! what a handsome boy! Happy is the Chiron who instructs this future Achilles!' exclaimed her majesty, with the affected pedantry then in vogue. Marguerite seems to have thoroughly enjoyed her sojourn at court; without feeling the least embarrassment, or testifying regret at the pre-eminence enjoyed by Marie. She jested with the king; and renewed her old *liaison* with Roquelaure, Bellegarde, and other of that witty throng—the courtiers of the late reigns. She visited the monasteries

and convents of the vicinity, leaving everywhere substantial marks of munificence. The *savoir vivre* and regal birth of Marguerite enabled her to treat the royal mistress and *parvenue* ladies of the court—so sharp a thorn in Marie's crown—with a condescension and hauteur which the queen vainly envied."

Marguerite, who had consented to the dissolution of her childless union with Henri, kept, after her return to Paris, a joyous house in the Rue de Seine. Mézeray describes her as a true Valois, who never made a present without apologizing for its being so small. That she spoke and wrote better than other women of her time, was laid to the account of her always having literary men at her table—a very laudable practice. Lazy and luxuriously pious, she passed much of the day in bed, while handsome choristers sang anthems to her, and magistrates paid her ceremonial visits. Setting aside some gay matters for which she was too famous, Marguerite was most renowned for her dancing, to witness which *incognito*, Cardinal Don John of Austria once rode post from Brussels to Paris, and then returned in an ecstasy. Such was the lady in the above gallery-picture—one, indeed, which occupies so much space that we are unable to exhibit the portraits and sketches furnished by these volumes, which are creditable to the judgment, as they are to the zeal and industry of the author.

NEW NOVELS.

Up and Down in the World. By Blanchard Jerrold. 3 vols. (Skeet).—'Up and Down in the World' is a picture of life as led by young men in chambers; it is redolent of cavendish, bitter beer and jokes. The sketches of young men are drawn from nature apparently; and young ladies will be rather startled at the difference between what they are in their private hours, removed from parents and guardians, and the same young men idealized in valentines and evening parties. Certainly, the picture of discomfort of chambers in the Temple may move female hearts "to the milder grief of pity"; but we doubt they will be not a little scandalized for all that. The separate world in which the young men live, their occasional emergence into the respectable family circle, and the candid views the youths sometimes take of parental government, are edifying; and we are glad to accept the author's assurance that these youths will eventually settle down into as sedate and respectable middle age as their fathers, quite as much at a loss how to teach their sons steadiness and economy. The pictures of the young ladies are not so natural; but they are painted as they look, seen in the domestic bosom, to the wild, young Ishmaels living at the mercy of their landladies and landlady. The prim young lady who wins Faversham's heart, and wiles him to attend chapel, is not natural as a specimen of female human nature, but as a testimony to the influence of a good, pure, high-principled girl upon men, who, though they may not care for her schools and missionary meetings, can feel the beauty of her better nature, it is true, with a higher truth than that of mere individual portraiture. It is a word spoken in season that is not uncalled for in these days of "fast" young women, who play with pitch without knowing its blackness or realizing (God forbid they should!) all that lies in the topics they handle with such jaunty daring. Clara, the coquette and fast young woman of the book, is very disagreeable; but the author knows the outward presentment of the class. As to the story, it is rambling, confused and disconnected; indeed, there is only a blotted outline of a story. With much scattered cleverness and life-like portraiture of individual incidents and characters, there is a want of nature and probability in the work as a whole. There are some dissertations that are admirable as essays—the one on "Old Bogie" is especially good, but it is a bright, self-contained essay, that might just as well be placed anywhere else. For these occasional pages the book will be read by those who care nothing for mere stories.

Skirmishing. By the Author of 'Cousin Stella.' (Smith, Elder & Co.)—"Skirmishing" is not a very attractive title; but it serves as the portal to a very charming story. The incidents are slight, indicated rather than detailed. The scene is only a secluded village in the depth of the country, without even a market-town or a railway in the neighbourhood; but the characters are all human beings; their sayings and doings are spirited and characteristic; and the whole story rouses the reader's thorough sympathy. There is a rector, an excellent, sensible, kind-hearted man, well to do in the world,—his wife, a handsome, bright, prosperous woman, French by her mother's side, but with a thorough English sense of respectability, and a horror of doing anything likely to incur blame or ridicule. She is not unmerciful nor unwilling to help people in trouble or suffering, "but she had always a private belief that it was, on the whole, people's own doing." Her mother, Madame Lescririère, is the perfection of an old lady. She is charming; she, too, is half-French; but her nature is quite different from her daughter's; she has a breadth and depth of sympathy, a pity and forgiveness, which it were heartily to be wished were more common—"the misery and the anguish always hid from her the fault, if fault there were." She is witty, graceful, gracious, and *wilful* to a degree that must captivate the reader, though, no doubt, it occasionally drove her daughter to distraction. Then there is her grand-daughter, Maud, a charming English girl, engaged to her father's curate, who, as he has won her affection, must, we are willing to believe, have had some good qualities; but so far as his appearance in this story is concerned, he is entirely detestable. It is wonderful how seldom young curates (in stories, at least) are anything else. He cannot understand Madame Lescririère at all; he feels her "a trial," and "a trial for which he was not at all thankful; there was something about her which he qualified to himself as 'disorder': she hated routine—never would receive any notion on authority, and would insist on discussing its reasonableness and credibility." A certain Mrs. Brown takes an old house, long untenanted, her whole household consisting only of a son and an old German servant. To the horror, the scandal, and the disappointed curiosity of the whole village, she does not appear at church! Madame Lescririère boldly stands up for her, and insists upon her being received within the pale. Here is her mode of "skirmishing":—"Oh, my dear curate," she said, waving her hand, 'I know what you are going to say perfectly well. I don't deny your reasons,—only allow that I am reasonable also when I beg you to remember that there were Christians—excellent, the best of Christians—before they had any church to go to. Ah! you don't forget, I am sure, that the Jews and Pagans persecuted and despised them for not going to their temples. Now, don't all of you look as though I deserved to be packed up between two faggots, but listen to a story!' The dear old lady's motto, up to which she always acted, was, "Never repent of a kind action, however it turns out for yourself." The Browns are visited by the rector and his wife. We shall not forestall the reader's interest in this charming story by unveiling the sad mystery which overclouds Mrs. Brown, and that has obliged her to try and hide herself from the world. Her story is well indicated; but the tale turns rather on the complication of village politics than on Mrs. Brown's antecedents, although Madame Lescririère seems, at one time, to have got the respected rectory family into a scrape; she is, in the end, triumphantly vindicated. The little cloud of misunderstanding and gentle scandal in which the stiff and reserved young curate finds himself innocently involved teaches him a lesson of charity towards others, of which he stood greatly in need. Mrs. Brown herself and "poor Georgy" give substance to the interest of the story, and form the centre round which all revolves. The story is graceful and charming, for the skill with which the slight incidents are narrated, as well as the sweet, broad, loving charity of heart that is inculcated.

The Poachers: a Tale. By the Rev. E. H. Mac-lachlan, M.A. (Parker).—This is a slight little story intended for village reading; it points out the danger of bad company and the evils of poach-

ing in an earnest and sensible manner. For districts where poaching is a prevailing misdemeanor, this small book will be useful.

Willie Heath and the House-Rent. By the Rev. Dr. Leask. (Partridge).—There is an odd mixture of cleverness and stupidity in this story: the author has not the knack of writing village stories, or tales for young people. There is, in the present little book, too much effort after smartness,—a palpable imitation of Dickens, and an entire absence of that simplicity of style which is essential for a village story. In spite of the lapse of time and changes of thought and manners, the Repository Tracts of Hannah More remain models of this kind of writing. 'Black Giles the Poacher,' 'The Two Wealthy Farmers,' 'Hester Wilnot' (all in the Repository Tracts), are tales, not only admirably adapted for the readers to whom they were addressed, but they are tales to be read with pleasure by any public, gentle or simple.

New Scenes of Russian Life—[Nouvelles Scènes de la Vie Russe.—Elena: un Premier Amour, par Ivan Tourguenef.] Translated by H. Delaveau. (Paris, Dentu; London, Jeffs).—

The pale, unripened beauties of the North is a line which recurs to us as often as we turn to a tale of this family; yet the quotation must be taken "with a difference" when it is applied to a novel by M. Tourguenef,—if "unripened" and "passionless" are to be read as synonyms. Histories are mournful in no common degree, and wear in their physiognomy somewhat of the paleness prefiguring, if not expressing, death; but they are not cold. It seems as if an element of struggle, of "yearning vain," of disappointment, trenching at times on the verge of despair, must, as a matter of course, pervade them. This may make them all the more faithful to national life and character; but it does not make them more cheerful. Many years ago, Mrs. Jameson, in her 'Winter Studies,' remarked on the unusual preponderance of melancholy and dissatisfied women (such as Mrs. Gore satirized so keenly in 'Cecil') in America. A dispassionate anatomy of German society might, we fancy, yield analogous phenomena. Of late years, too, the sensation excited by the English productions of those strange women, the Brontë sisters, has encouraged a crowd of maids and matrons to rend their hair and adorn themselves with sackcloth and ashes in the highways; bewailing, on the housetops, the monotony of woman's life, and courting storm, vicissitude—no matter what, no matter where—as more endurable than a placid existence led within narrow limits;—a phenomenon curious, if it be set against the counter-revival of monastic quietism which these later years have also witnessed! But neither American wives nor German girls, regarding their poor countrywomen, Charlotte Stieglitz, as an enviable heroine,—nor the demonstrative Yorkshire maidens who figure in 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Shirley,' and who have become mothers and aunts to a long line of "ladies most dejected and wretched,"—out-do the blank, wan unhappiness of good and gifted Russian girls as depicted by this excellent but not cheerful Russian novelist. M. Tourguenef's elder women are either eccentric, ignorant old maids, with cares of the kitchen and the linen-chest heavy at their hearts;—or else silly mothers, with a smattering of French affectation, who would really like, rather than the reverse, to be unfaithful to their lords and masters, if only some pianoforte-playing official or some half-crazy ex-professor of the unintelligible sciences would do them the favour of tempting them. His men too often appear to our English vision to be no less awry; but English ideas, we know, are sneered at, all the transcendental Continent over, as mercenary and stupid. An amount of snug and secret profligacy is indicated which adds to the pain of the picture. We are not writing from this book alone, so much as on the series in which it forms an item. The present volume is well worth considering, whether it be seen through our spectacles, or treated merely as a novel, to be read among other novels. Elena, the heroine of the first and most important "scene," is one of those misunderstood Muscovite damsels whose life is made uneasy between a libertine father and a foolish mother. A University professor is in love with

her, so is a random artist; but she picks out as the man of her heart a Bulgarian refugee,—makes both her suitors assist in breaking down the barriers which family ordinance has set betwixt him and her,—in part compromises herself, so as to render further opposition impossible (your high-minded heroine now-a-days must compromise herself, seemingly, if she would win the diamonds to her crown of glory),—gains her point,—marries a man stricken to death,—and, on the catastrophe striking her down in a strange country, attaches herself to his corpse, his cause and his memory;—the author leaving us to choose whether she perished in a storm at sea, by the side of his coffin, or whether she wandered about, as a somewhat profitless spectre, in his country. If such a tale be typical, it is a doubly sad one. We owe M. Tourguenef too much pleasure—we value him far too highly as an artist—to spare him one single word of earnest reckoning such as the above. Whether as a remonstrance or as the record of impressions derived from pictures, without reference to their meaning, it is a tribute to his power. 'A First Love,' his second and shorter story, is still less agreeable, placing, as it does, a father and son in positions respectively intolerable. The character of its teller, a generous, credulous boy, is excellently traced, but at a terrible (and, we think and hope, a gratuitous) expense of contrast. "Something," as one of the characters quotes, is "rotten" in the state of a country where intrigues like the one told can flourish, and more rotten, we must as sincere persons add, when a man of genius devotes his literary life to telling them.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The House of Scindea: a Sketch. By John Hope. (Longman & Co.)—Anglo-Indians and all who take an interest in the current politics and past history of our Eastern possessions, will read with interest this sketch of the House of Scindea, written by one who wields a vigorous pen, and acquired his knowledge of his subject whilst acting as surgeon of Scindea's Contingent, and as surgeon to the Court of Gwalior. Lord Ellenborough's Indian policy is attacked with bitterness by the author, who at the conclusion of his narrative, says, "Perhaps even yet a generous consideration may induce the Queen's Government to inquire into all the proceedings of Lord Ellenborough, and to ascertain 'the reason why' the independence of this State was forfeited on such a wretched pretext as that which was advanced,—to avoid removing the scene of a contest altogether inevitable from Gwalior to Allahabad, there to be carried on with diminished force, a disheartened army, and a disaffected people." In his account of the battle of Maharajpore, Mr. Hope records an incident which should be borne in mind by severe censors of French atrocities in Algeria. "One atrocity," observes Mr. Hope, "which was very horrible, was done by a small party of our soldiers. Some Maharratta sepoy, twenty or thirty in number, having discharged their last cartridge, were fleeing from the field, but, finding themselves surrounded by our troops, they rushed into a native's house, the family having fortunately abandoned it, and barricaded the doors. Some of our men, in a state of temporary frenzy let us hope, set fire to the thatched roof, and these miserable sepoys were burnt to ashes. As long as a month afterwards the walls of the houses and the charred remains of the men could be seen by any traveller just as they had been left on the day of battle, deliberately allowed to remain by an angry people with a view to cause a feeling of deeper hatred than ever against our race. At the intercession of an European officer, a personal friend of Ram Rao Phalkea the minister, the walls were taken down, the remains removed, and the soil ploughed for cultivation, to prevent the spot from being visited as the place of martyrs."

The Boy's Handy Book of Sports, Pastimes, Games and Amusements. (Ward & Lock.)—Every subject in which boys find amusement meets with due consideration in this "Book of Sports," which not only sets forth the rules of playground games and gives judicious directions for the efficient performance of athletic exercises, but treats also

of horticulture, yachting, fishing, management of the poultry, pigeons, rabbits and other pets, chess, botany, and natural philosophy. There is a chapter on "The Sea-water and Freshwater Aquarium" and another on "Evening Games." Nearly every page has an illustration, and frequently as many as four well-executed engravings appear on the same side of a leaf. A better book of the kind we have not seen for many a day.

A Manual of Animal Physiology, for the Use of Non-Medical Students. With an Appendix of Questions from various Examination Papers, including those for the B.A. London for the last Ten Years. By John Shea, M.D. (Churchill.)—Dr. Shea says that in compiling the present manual from the works of the greatest writers on physiology, he has endeavoured to supply "non-medical students with a book, by means of which the acquirement of some knowledge of physiology may be rendered comparatively easy, and to economize the time and labour of those who are compelled to prepare themselves for examination on the subject, by collecting into one volume the information they would otherwise have to obtain from various sources." Regarded as a "cram-book," the 'Manual of Animal Physiology' is by no means free from deficiencies; but as an introductory treatise for the use of non-medical readers it deserves a word of commendation. Dr. Shea clearly understands what he writes about; and besides avoiding needless technicalities, he is careful to address his readers as mere learners of the scientific alphabet. His book would do good service in the hands of instructors of children.

An Introduction to the Study of German Authors. By Dr. A. Heimann, Professor of the German Language and Literature in University College. (Nutt.)—This is a reading-book for junior classes, composed of extracts from standard authors, in prose and verse, some of them very modern, and copiously furnished with notes of an etymological character. "The notes," says Dr. Heimann in his Preface, "are to explain those idiomatic expressions which escape the dictionary and grammar, and all difficulties which may impede the progress of the beginner. To these belong the signification of particles, of prefixes and suffixes, which, when explained at the very threshold of the study of the German language, will greatly facilitate the learner's exertions. But special care has been taken to develop the meaning of words, so that it may be clearly seen why a word has that particular signification which we connect with it. This feature—the etymological explanation of nearly every word—will give the little book its chief character. It has been pointed out in the first place, whether a word is derived from Latin, Greek, or any other foreign language; in the second place, when it is purely German, what was its original root and meaning; and in the third place, what changes have taken place both in the vowels and consonants in that large class of German words which form two-thirds of the whole stock of the English language." An index to the notes renders easily accessible a real thesaurus of grammatical information.

The Exodus of Israel. By the Rev. T. R. Birks. (Religious Tract Society.)—Those who value the true method of settling controversy will be obliged both to Mr. Birks and the Tract Society for showing higher powers the proper way of proceeding. This book is entirely directed at Dr. Colenso's first volume, and those who enter into the actual dispute will find it interesting. For ourselves, we have not detailed the Bishop, and we shall not detail Mr. Birks. He is very confident that he has upset his object of assault, in which many will agree with him, and many will dissent. At present, both are on our side: the question is between discussion and repression; and all who write argument without calling out for pains and penalties are our comrades, whether they know it or not. When the time shall come at which punishment shall no longer be heard of, the victors will, as is usual, form two separate camps and proceed to wage new war. Those whom we shall then join will strive against that method of writing in which the disputant saves his reader the decision, by pointing out in every page what it ought to be. Infallible writers will be attacked with the weapons which have dethroned infallible

Popes and are to cashier Courts of Arches, which are infallible against all but the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Disputants who commit the indecency of *praying* for their opponents will be made to feel that fallible beings, who are so certain of their conclusions that they ask the Almighty to enlighten the other side, are—in a milder form—of the same spirit which actuated the denunciator who wrote what is called the Athanasian Creed. Should Mr. Birks arrive at a second edition he will do well, in point of logic, to allow his reader to supply all the wonder that Dr. Colenso should, &c. &c., and to content himself with trying to be so strong in argument that the wonder shall naturally arise. And he will also do well, in point of Christian humility, to allow his concluding prayers to include himself, in case he should happen to be the one who is wrong.

The Cassiterides: an Inquiry into the Commercial Operations of the Phœnicians in Western Europe, with particular Reference to the British Tin Trade. By George Smith, LL.D. (Longman & Co.)—With learning and temper which are alike creditable, Dr. George Smith opposes the writers who have thrown doubt on the tradition that the ancient nations of the East procured their tin from Britain through the agency of Phœnician merchants. Sir G. C. Lewis is amongst the scholars who have strengthened the current of opinion which has set in against the probability of the Phœnicians having maintained a direct trade with Cornwall; but it is against Mr. Cooley, as the chief promoter of the heresy, that Dr. Smith directs his criticisms. In his 'History of Maritime and Inland Discovery,' Mr. Cooley remarks, "There can be no difficulty in determining the country from which tin first arrived in Egypt. That metal has been in all ages a principal export of India; it is enumerated as such by Arrian, who found it abundant in the ports of Arabia, at a time when the supplies from Rome flowed chiefly through that channel. The tin mines of Banca are, probably, the richest in the world. But tin was unquestionably brought from the West at a later period." Since Mr. Cooley thus uses the authority of Arrian of Alexandria, whose 'Periplus of the Erythraean Sea' is attributed by Dean Vincent to the tenth year of Nero, or A.D. 64, Dr. Smith observes with justice, that the historian of 'Maritime and Inland Discovery' ought to have mentioned "the fact that the work on which he relied as an authority was written above sixteen hundred years after the introduction and use of the metal." But apart from the question of time, Arrian is shown to be no witness in support of Mr. Cooley's view. Indeed the Alexandrian merchant's testimony is all on the other side, since though he mentions tin as an ordinary article of traffic between the Red Sea and the Coast of Africa to the East Indies, he nowhere enumerates it amongst Eastern imports to Egypt, but always describes it as an export from Egypt to the East. "If," observes the writer, "the merchants of Malabar could have procured tin from the East, they would not have imported it from Egypt. We are told, it is improbable that the most successful and experienced navigator of their day should sail from Cadiz to Cornwall; yet those who make the assertion find no difficulty in believing that a people whose practice of navigation is entirely unknown to us should sail twice that distance, from Ceylon to Banca." Moreover, adds Dr. Smith, "But let it be remembered that we ascribe this voyage to men who had built a city, as a colonial settlement, 2,500 miles from their native shores; to a people so familiarized with maritime commerce as to have established depôts on most of the islands and on every shore of the Mediterranean! Is it reasonable to suppose, that Gades would have been built at the extreme distance to which their commerce reached!" Such is the line of reasoning taken by a treatise which will meet with respectful attention from scholars.

Of publications on the Colenso controversy we have to announce: *Bishop Colenso's Objections to the Historical Character of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua (contained in Part I.) Critically Examined*, by Dr. A. Benisch (Allan).—*The Historic Character of the Pentateuch Vindicated: a*

Reply to Part I. of Bishop Colenso's 'Critical Examination,' by a Layman of the Church of England (Skeffington).—The Bible in the Workshop: Part II., A Refutation of the Second Part of Bishop Colenso's Critical Examination of the Pentateuch, The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch considered, by Two Working Men, a Jew and a Gentile (Kent).—Moses and the Pentateuch: a Reply to Bishop Colenso, by the Rev. W. A. Scott (Freeman).—A Full Review and Exposure of Bishop Colenso's Errors and Miscalculations in his Work 'The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined,' by the Hon. Jude Marshall (Freeman).—The Incredibilities of Part II. of the Bishop of Natal's Work upon the Pentateuch, a Lay Protest, by J. C. Knight (Bagster).—The Pentateuch and its Relation to the Jewish and Christian Dispensations, by Andrews Norton, edited by J. J. Taylor (Longman).—History against Colenso; Examination of the Witnesses, by a Barrister (Wertheim).—Colenso and Joshua; or, the Miraculous Attainment of the Sun and Moon considered, by J. A. Macdonald (Freeman).—Examination of some of Dr. Colenso's Objections to the Pentateuch, by the Rev. E. B. Mocran (Wertheim).—Cumming Wrong; Colenso Right: The Colenso Controversy; The Views of the Kafirs involved in it: The Missionary Meaning at the Bottom of it: a Reply to Dr. Cumming's 'Moses Right; Colenso Wrong,' by a London Zulu (Farrah & Dunbar).—The New Testament and the Pentateuch, with some Remarks upon the Inspiration of the Bible occasioned by the Colenso Controversy, by a Layman (Hardwicke).—Bishop Colenso (Objections to the Historical Truth of the Pentateuch) answered by his own Concessions and Omissions, by the Rev. G. S. Ingram (Freeman).—Letter to Bishop Colenso, together with a Treatise on the Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch, by the Rev. W. H. Hoare (Rivingtons).—The Pentateuch and the Elohistie Psalms in Reply to Bishop Colenso, by Prof. Browne (Parker, Son & Bourn). and What is Faith? a Reply to Dr. Bayley's Challenge to Dr. Colenso, by A. B., a Layman (Hardwicke).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adventures of a Sporting Dog, from the French, by Routledge, 1/1
 Alfred King's Memoirs of, edited by Giles, royal 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 Alison's War in Poland in 1809-31, cr. 8vo. 1/5 swd.
 Andrews's Life of Our Lord upon the Earth, cr. 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Anted's Correlation of Natural History Sciences, cr. 8vo. 1/5 swd.
 Bennett's My Mother's Meetings, fc. 8vo. 1/5 swd.
 Binns's Course of Geometrical Drawing, Part 3, cr. 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Brook's (Rev. George) Five Hundred Plans of Sermons, cr. 8vo. 4/6
 Cassell's Family Paper, New Series, Vol. 2, 4to. 4/6 cl.
 Champneys's Spirit in the World, 3rd edit. cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Church Prayers adapted to Family Use, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Cobbe's Thanksgiving, Plans of Religious Duty, roy. 18mo. 1/1
 Croyden's The Book of Job, fc. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
 Cruden's Concordance, by Youngman, new edit. imp. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Cunningham's Discussions on Church Principles, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Cunningham's London as it is, new edit. 18mo. 2/6 cl.
 Freeman's Principles of Divine Service, Vol. 1, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10/6
 Gambart on Piracy of Artistic Copyright, 8vo. 1/5 swd.
 Hann's Treatise on Steam-Engines, additions by Baker, cr. 8vo. 3/6
 Head's Mr. Kinglake, 8vo. 1/5 swd.
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THE HUMAN JAW AT ABBEVILLE.

VAGUE and inaccurate statements have been going the round of some of the daily and weekly papers regarding the proceedings of the conference of men of science—English and French—which was engaged at Paris last week in investigating the case of the asserted discovery of a human jaw at Abbeville in the fossil state.

The following is a *résumé* of the proceedings:—The English deputies consisted of Mr. Prestwich, Dr. Falconer, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Busk, three of whom reached Paris on the 9th and the other on the 10th. The French members were, M. Milne-Edwards (President), M. de Quatrefages, M. Lartet, M. Delesse and M. Desnoyers. Three days were occupied in discussing the question of the flint *haches* and in the examination of the jaw, the latter of which was taken up on the third day. No decisive result was arrived at. The English members of the Commission maintained the unauthentic character of all the flint *haches* which were yielded by the "black band," and nothing was established on the other side to shake their convictions. The jaw was sawn up and washed; the black coating was removed from it with the utmost facility; there was no infiltration of metallic matter through the walls of the bone, and the section was comparatively fresh-looking. The tooth was in every respect remarkably fresh-looking also. The confidence of some of the French members of the Commission was seriously shaken by the characters yielded by the jaw, which, so far as internal evidence went, was wanting in every appearance which commonly distinguishes fossil bones, and especially those found elsewhere in the Somme deposits. Had the conference been closed at Paris, it is not improbable that the result might have been the Scotch verdict of Not proven, but, at the suggestion of the President, the Commission adjourned to Abbeville on the 12th, when the complexion of the case was at once altered.

Haches of the supposed unauthentic character were disengaged from the cliff of the gravel-pit of Moulin-Quignon, under the very eyes of the Commission, and direct testimony to the actual occurrence of the jaw in the "black band" was brought forward to the conviction of the Commission. But there was not the same unanimity respecting the age of the jaw itself. Two of the English members of the Commission, Dr. Falconer and Mr. Busk, handed in notes of the opinions at which they had arrived on the general case. These we insert.—

"Abbeville, May 13, 1863.

"I am of opinion that the finding of the human jaw at Moulin-Quignon is authentic; but that the characters which it presents taken in connexion with the conditions under which it lay, are not consistent with the said jaw being of any very great antiquity.

H. FALCONER."

"Abbeville, May 13, 1863.

"Mr. Busk desires to add, that although he is of opinion, judging from the external condition of the jaw, and from other considerations of a more circumstantial nature, that there is no longer reason to doubt that the jaw was found in the situation and under the conditions reported by M. Boucher de Perthes, nevertheless it appears to him that the internal condition of the bone is wholly irreconcilable with an antiquity equal to that assigned to the deposits in which it was found."

Mr. Busk of course refers here to the received opinion that the Moulin-Quignon deposits belong to the "high level" gravels of Mr. Prestwich, which are considered to be the oldest of the Somme beds.

From all this, it will be seen that the question of the relative antiquity of the relic is left open to discussion. It is manifest that the evidence was very conflicting; that it is in some respects of an incompatible character; and that a great deal still remains to be cleared up before the scientific world can arrive at a definite judgment on the case. We may further add, that the subject was again brought before the Academy of Sciences, on Monday last, in two distinct notes, by M. Milne-Edwards and M. de Quatrefages, who, we understand, did ample justice to the candour and frankness of their English opponents, and recognized in terms of praise the readiness which they had exhibited in proceeding to Paris when invited, in order to confront the evidence on the spot. We may add another remarkable incident in the case: that after the communication of their remarks, M. Etie de Beaumont demanded the *parole*, and stated that,

in his opinion, the gravel deposit of Moulin-Quignon did not belong to the Quaternary or Diluvian age at all, but that it was a member of the *terroirs meubles* of the actual or modern period, in which he would not be in the least surprised if human bones were found; adding, moreover, that he did not believe in the asserted existence of man as a contemporary of the extinct elephants, rhinoceroses, &c. of the Quaternary period! The opinion of this very eminent and veteran geologist imports a new element of doubt into the question.

We understand that the English *saravants* were received everywhere by their French opponents in the most cordial and friendly manner, and that the various questions involved were discussed in the best possible spirit. The conference lasted five days.

The *Moniteur* of Saturday last, the 16th inst., contains an article by M. Milne-Edwards, giving a brief *résumé* of the constitution and labours of the conference, and of the results to which they were conducted. It is clear that we have still much to learn regarding this very remarkable case, alike in its geological, palaeontological and archaeological aspects.

THE BRITISH HERRING.

A Report on the Natural History of the Herring and the operation of the Acts of Parliament relating to the modes of fishing, has just been printed. It emanates from Col. Maxwell, Dr. Lyon Playfair and Mr. Huxley, who were appointed a Commission last year to inquire into our herring fishery, and it contains several features of considerable interest.

The Commissioners have been evidently at great pains to make themselves acquainted with the natural history of the herring, and have arrived at these conclusions. The herring does not, as some naturalists have affirmed, migrate to the sea within the Arctic circle, but probably, on disappearing from our shores, passes into deep water near them. The herring is found under four different conditions:—1st, Fry or Sill; 2nd, Maties, or Fat Herring; 3rd, Full Herring; 4th, Shotten or Spent Herring. It is extremely difficult to obtain satisfactory evidence as to the length of time which the herring requires to pass from the embryonic to the adult or full condition. The fishermen examined on this point differed in opinion,—some considering that the herring takes three years, others seven years, while many frankly admitted that they knew nothing about the matter. The Commissioners, under these circumstances, suppose that Mr. Yarrell's statement, that the herring attains to full size and maturity in about eighteen months, is probably correct. It is also probable that this fish arrives at its spawning condition in one year, and that the eggs are hatched in, at most, two to three weeks after deposition, and that in six or seven weeks more the young have attained three inches in length. The Maties, or fat herring, feed, develop their reproductive organs, and become full herrings in about three or four months,—the full herring appearing at first only scattered here and there among the shoals, but gradually increasing in number until they largely preponderate over the maties, or almost entirely constitute the shoal. The herrings then aggregate in prodigious numbers for about a fortnight in localities favourable for the reception of their ova. Here they lie in tiers, covering square miles of sea-bottom, and so close to the ground that the fishermen have to practise a peculiar mode of fishing in order to take them, while every net and line used in the fishing is thickly covered with the adhesive spawn which they are busily engaged in shedding. So intent are the fish on this great necessity of their existence that they are not easily driven from their spawning-ground; but when once their object has been attained and they have become spent fish the shoal rapidly disappears, withdrawing in all probability into deep water at no great distance from the coast. There is no positive evidence as to the ultimate fate of the spent herrings; but there is much to be said in favour of the current belief, that after a sojourn of more or less duration in deep water they return as maties to the shallows and lochs, there to run through the same changes as before. The

Commissioners were unable to gain any information respecting the time which one and the same herring may pass through the cycle. The enemies of this fish are, however, too numerous and active to render it at all likely that the existence of any one fish is prolonged beyond two or three reproductive epochs. Great difference of opinion has been held respecting the spawning season of the herring. The Commissioners were, therefore, particularly desirous to obtain as large a mass of practical evidence on this subject as possible. Their clear conclusion is, that the herring spawns twice annually, in the spring and in the autumn. They did not meet with a single case of full or spawning herring being found during the solstitial months of June and December. February and March are the great months for the spring spawning, and August and September for the autumn spawning. It is not, however, at all likely that the same fish spawn twice in the year; on the contrary, the spring and the autumn shoals are most likely perfectly distinct; and if the herring, as is probable, comes to maturity in a year, the shoals of each spawning season would be the fry of the twelvemonth before.

The food of the herring consists of crustacea, varying in size from microscopic dimensions to those of a shrimp, and of small fish, particularly sand-eels. While in the matie or fat condition, they feed voraciously; and not unfrequently their stomachs are found immensely distended with crustacea and sand-eels, in a more or less digested condition. Herrings thus gorged have all their tissues so permeated with fat, that they will not cure well, and their flesh is liable to break when handled. Scotch fishermen call these fish "gut-pock" herrings, and consider them of very inferior quality.

The Commissioners ascribe the remarkable variability in the annual visits of shoals of herrings to our coasts to the varying quantity of food of the fish, and to the number and force of the destructive agencies at work. Any circumstance which increases or decreases the quantity of crustacea and sand-eels must exercise great influence on herring shoals; but these are even more acted upon by their great destroyers. The latter may be ranged under the heads of fish, birds, marine animals and man. Of these by far the greatest destroyers are fish and marine animals—as porpoises and other cetacea. It is estimated that the total annual take of herrings by our fishermen is 900,000,000: a prodigious number; but great as this is, it sinks into comparative insignificance when compared with the destruction effected by other agencies. Cod alone destroy ten times as great a number as are captured by all our fishermen. It is a very common thing to find a cod-fish with six or seven large herrings in his stomach. When it is further considered that the conger and dog-fish do as much mischief as the cod and ling, that the gulls and gannets slay their millions, and that porpoises and grampuses destroy additional countless multitudes, it will be evident that our fishing operations, extensive as they are, do not destroy 5 per cent. of the total number of full herrings that are destroyed every year by other causes. These facts, which cannot be controverted, prepare us for the conclusions arrived at by the Commissioners with reference to the legislative enactments relating to our herring fishery.

In 1851 an Act of Parliament was passed making trawling for herrings illegal; and subsequently another Act was passed, establishing a close time on the west coast of Scotland. It was further provided, that the only legal mode of capturing herrings should be by drift-nets, the meshes of which are required to be one inch in width. Trawling, which is similar to the operation of seining, was considered to be highly destructive to herrings, rendering them unfit for curing, and that it also greatly injured the spawning-beds.

The Commissioners were at great pains to obtain a large amount of evidence from various parties on these matters; and the result is, that they recommend that all prohibitory legislation bearing on our herring fishery should be repealed. The statistics of our fisheries show that the practice of trawling has not been followed by a decrease of herrings. In Loch Fyne, where it has prevailed, the returns

show, that in the five years ending 1848, 77,137 barrels of herrings were taken; during the next five years, 95,747 barrels; and during the four years ending in 1862, 168,658 barrels. Under such circumstances, the Commissioners report that our herring fishery should not be trammelled by repressive Acts, calculated only to protect class interests, and to disturb in an unknown, and possibly injurious, manner the balance existing between the conservative and destructive agencies at work upon the herring. If legislation could regulate the appetites of cod, conger and porpoise, it might be useful to pass laws regarding them; but to prevent fishermen catching 1 or 2 per cent. of herring in any way they please, seems, in the opinion of the Commissioners, a wasteful employment of the force of law.

They are further of opinion, that the recent legislative enactments have repressed invention, by prohibiting new and more productive forms of labour,—is calculated to be destructive rather than conservative,—and is prejudicial to the consumer of fish and to the public generally.

EARLY ENGLISH POPULAR LITERATURE.

Maldenhead, May 11, 1863.

I am almost afraid that the negligence of some of the recipients of my Reprints of poems and tracts illustrative of our popular literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will compel me to relinquish, or at all events alter, my plan. It is now about a fortnight since I issued the small publication which completes my first volume; and before I proceed with a second, I really must know on what I have to depend. Out of the fifty gentlemen who stated themselves to be so anxious to obtain my Reprints, nearly half have taken twelve or fourteen days to consider whether they will transmit me two and six pennyworth of postage-stamps. Some are, and always have been, regular; others seem to fancy that they are laying me under a personal obligation; while a third division cannot make up their minds to take the trouble of putting a few Queen's heads into an envelope. They quite forget that I take all the labour of selecting the tracts, of having them carefully transcribed and accurately printed, and that without one farthing of advantage to me: indeed, if I were to go into figures, I could show that for several I am actually out of pocket. The subdivision of the expense of each tract into fifty portions, and because I do not take an account of odd pence, has sometimes occasioned me to be a small loser. I do not complain of this result: it is my own fault; and for the sake of doing a service to the literature of the period I embrace, I am willing to incur the trifling responsibility. If any gentleman repents, or thinks that he is paying too dear (I can hardly believe this possible), all he has to do is at once to withdraw from my little association; but until he does so, and I am made aware of it, I cannot admit another in his place, and thus appear to do what may be deemed uncivil. I have letters from numbers who wish to join at any period, and who will not suppose that they are doing me, individually, any favour by consenting to receive the tracts.

As I am upon the point of commencing a second volume, like the first, of twelve tracts, and of carrying it on to the close, if I am enabled to do so, perhaps you will give me leave to add an abridged list of the pieces of which I intend my new volume to consist:—

1. Two public documents, issued in 1584, regarding printing and publishing in the metropolis.
2. The Travels of Sir Anthony Sherley, as narrated by W. Parry, and printed in 1607.
3. Edmond Becke's Poem, printed in 1550, against the doctrine of Transubstantiation.
4. Richard Johnson's Pleasant Walks in Moorfields, with a description of them in 1607.
5. The Interlude 'Tide Tarrith no Man,' compiled by George Wapull, and printed in 1576.
6. Speeches in verse delivered to General Monk by various City Companies, just anterior to the Restoration.
7. The Voyage of Richard Ferris and others to Bristol in a Wherry in 1590.
8. Thomas Churchyard's unique poem, never yet mentioned, on the Rebellion in Ireland of 1598.

9. Richard Barnfield's 'Lady Pecunia,' from the sole existing copy of 1605.

10. An additional Collection of 'Lyrics for Old Lutenists,' from early musical publications.

11. The exploits of John and Alice West, called the King and Queen of the Fairies, printed in 1613.

12. Robert Greene's Mirror of Modesty, the history of Susanna and the Elders, printed in 1584.

I do not mean to pledge myself as to the precise order in which these productions shall come in my series; and I may see reason, as I proceed, to insert others, perhaps even more rare and curious, instead of some of them. Of all, and of many more, the transcripts lie now before me; and one of my greatest cares will be to see that they are faithfully printed. A few of them may take up so much room as to render it expedient to conclude my second volume before the issue of the whole of the twelve subjects. If so, they will be carried on to Vol. III.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Nismes, May 10, 1863.

A Spanish bull-fight in an old Roman amphitheatre is a kind of social retrograde development, so to speak, which the middle of the nineteenth century has witnessed under the inspiration of Eugénie, Empress of the French.

This old city is in a wonderful flutter at the present moment, being the scene of what they here term a "*concours régional*"—a mixture of festival, fair, horticultural show, agricultural meeting, and exposition of manufactures, which is to extend to the end of the month, and which is to be enlivened, on two of the Sundays, with the exhibition of bull-fights, got up in the most complete fashion of Madrid, under the direction of the premier matador of the Spanish capital, to take place within the Roman amphitheatre (which is the most perfect thing of the kind now remaining, and which is made as gay as possible by a whole regiment of flags stuck up all round the circumference, at the top reminding one very much of our first Exhibition building in Hyde Park). Excursion trains to-day have brought immense crowds from Marseilles, Montpellier, and even from Lyons, and all the intervening stations. The agricultural and horticultural exhibitions, and that of agricultural machinery, are held on a large open space of ground near the railway station, and which is laid out in rows of booths, and splendidly decorated with the national flags in the picturesque manner so well understood in France; and on an adjoining space, left open, is erected a gigantic popinjay on a tall pole, which moves its neck, wings and the feathers of its tail by machinery, as it happens to be struck by the marksmen. A very large new church has just been erected close to the amphitheatre, dedicated to St. Paul, having a very tall tower at its west end, in two stories, much decorated, and surmounted by a short, crocketed spire, which seems to be the type of most of the Gothic churches in this part of France.

The dreamy old town of Tarascon, with its monasteries (one of which, with two courts, surrounded by cloisters, with rounded arches, both on the ground and first story, is seen close to the railway station), has had some life put into it by the erection of two beautiful bridges over the Rhone, connecting it with the charming, picturesque town of Beaucaire (the chief church of which is remarkable for having a tiled dome in the middle, at the intersection of the transepts and nave), on the western bank of the river, which is here of considerable width. One of these bridges is for railway, and the other for general traffic, starting at its eastern end, close to the old castle of King René, built upon a rock, rising from the bed of the river.

The railway is also effecting great changes and improvements at Montpellier—many fine large houses and wide streets being in course of erection, especially between the railway and the town. The Cathedral, so long with only one of the towers, at its west end, and the nave complete, is now being finished. The two enormous cylindrical pillars, terminating in conical points, standing in front of the west end, are still retained in all their quaint

ugliness; the second tower at the west end is completed, as well as two smaller towers at the extremities of the transepts, and the choir, of large size, is nearly carried up to the springing of the roof. By the generosity of one of the citizens, the town now boasts of a Museum of Paintings and Public Library. The Botanical Garden is well kept, and possesses one tree of interest, *P. adiantifolium*, remarkable for its size and the beauty of the foliage, the stem being not less than seven feet in circumference, considerably larger than the specimens at Kew.

Thanks also to the liberality of M. Doumet, the Mayor of Cette, that town also now possesses a good Museum of Natural History, &c., which is thrown open to the public every Sunday, but admission may also be obtained every day on application. The collections of ornithology, mineralogy and entomology are especially valuable, the possessor sparing no expense in obtaining novelties and rarities; we were therefore prepared to find many of the new and beautiful objects of nature which Mr. Wallace has sent home from the Eastern Archipelago and Mr. Bates from the Amazon Valley, together also with many fine and unique species of insects from the Gaboon river, in tropical Western Africa. In the cases of birds' eggs we were almost startled to find two eggs of the now extinct great auk; but a little examination proved that these were excellent counterfeits, made in plaster, and coloured so perfectly to represent the originals as to deceive even connoisseurs. Amongst the insects are also preserved specimens of both sexes of one of the most extraordinary of the walking-stick insects which has been formed into a separate genus *Craspedonia*, and of which only female specimens had hitherto been known. The museum is also rich in a class of objects of which our British Museum is lamentably deficient, namely, models of life-size of the natives of various countries, clothed in their peculiar dresses, and accompanied by an excellent collection of ethnological objects. Why such things should have been so systematically ignored in our own national Museum has always seemed to me unintelligible. Certainly nothing is more instructive, and nothing affords greater pleasure to the visitor. The Museums of the Louvre and Copenhagen afford excellent examples, which, from the immense facilities in our power, would result in the formation of a splendid ethnological museum: but such a step ought not to be delayed. How many native savage tribes have become extinct within the memory of man, and how completely is navigation doing away with all special nationalities of costumes, manners and customs of hitherto uncivilized tribes!

I. O. W.

SCHILLER INAUGURATION.

Munich, May 14, 1863.

On the 9th of May, being the anniversary of the poet's death, a new statue of Schiller, the gift of King Ludwig, and the work of the sculptor Widmann, was inaugurated in Munich. For two or three days before a tall figure, wrapped in a white cover, had been conspicuous at the branching off of two streets, not far from the old King's palace, and half the town was gathered in front of it on the morning of the day appointed for the unveiling. Casual spectators were certainly disastrously placed, there being no rising ground, and the supply of windows commanding the place only scanty. At about 11 o'clock, we saw a procession, consisting of a few hundred hats and a dozen banners, make its way through the crowd; the banners drew up in front of the statue, and the hats were taken off; a court-carriage arrived with a daughter of Schiller, whom the King had specially invited, and inaudible speeches were delivered. Suddenly, the white cover fell, and displayed the statue of the poet, the music played, and the procession waved hats and shouted. An occasional ode, the words by Friedrich Bodenstedt, the music by Franz Lachner, came in as an interlude; next, an expression of gratitude from the Burgomaster of Munich, which called out King Ludwig to a balcony, whence he bowed graciously in acknowledgment of the applause of all the people, and then a speech from Dr. Förster, as

head of the *Schillerstift* in Munich. "In May, 1805," said Dr. Förster, "a German Prince sat in the ruins of the Imperial palaces of Rome, in the laurel shade, on the north of the Palatine hill, when a German artist brought him the sad news of the death of Friedrich von Schiller, the poet whom he had intended to support in comfort and ease, whom he had hoped to summon to him in Rome, and show him the glories of the eternal city. Not having been able to gratify his wish then, he now erects to him this statue." The inauguration ended after this with the performance of the Hymn to Joy.

Evening, however, brought a more picturesque kind of rejoicing than the formal work of the unveiling. An enormous *Fackelzug*, comprising some 2,000 torches, passed through the town, and, after halting before the newly-uncovered statue, drew up in the large open space where fairs are held. People who saw the halt before the statue describe the effect as something marvellous. The Bengal light burned steady and long, and the figure of Schiller rose up white and ghostly, standing out in the midst of the soft glare as a magic incantation. I was at a window in the Dultplatz, from which I had an equally fine view of the torch procession. The lurid light cast out by the flaring torches as they were massed together in the distance; then the gradual drawing out of the whole into single lights, and the movement of the lines of fire round the immense open space as the bands of torch-bearers marched up and down, with music playing in the midst; the colour shed on the distant houses, and the shadow of the trees marked off on the houses opposite, with a line of brighter glow above; the fitting motion of the rows of torches, like will-o'-the-wisps, reminding you of the enchantment scene in the *Freischütz*, when now they were laid on the ground and burnt in an even line, then they were taken up and came converging towards one centre, or wandered off singly into the darkest corners; all these presented artistic combinations enough for any canvas, and seemed a worthy tribute to the shade of the departed poet. At last, at a given signal, the bands of torches united, and one after another was flung into a pile, from which thick black smoke at first and then tongues of flame arose, so that the place was alight with five or six bonfires, at once the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire. It seemed as if by magic that the black ring of men grew up round a bonfire in place of the single lights each one of them had borne; and to see torch after torch flung upon the pyre, and as each dropped in like a falling star the figures around were more deeply massed, would make you think that the form had risen out of the ground at a mysterious summons.

The statue itself is good, though almost sinning in excess of simplicity. Schiller stands with his head bent slightly on one side, his left hand on his breast, his right holding a wreath. His look is earnest and piercing, though it neither recalls the majestic musing head of Thorwaldsen's statue at Stuttgart, nor the rapt upward gaze of Rietschl's in Weimar. But the site is one of the best that could be devised for a standing figure. At the point where two streets unite, in a semi-circular space, with soft turf and flower-beds and a curving background of trees, whose young leaves are even now in their tenderest green gradually giving place to blossoms of lilac, King Ludwig has placed the effigy of the poet whose sudden death prevented him from honouring with more substantial favour.

In honour of the feast, a fac-simile of the play-bill issued at the first performance of 'The Robbers' has been published in Munich, and I give an account of it as a curiosity of Schiller literature. The date of the performance is the 13th of January, 1782, when the author was in his twenty-third year, and on account of the unusual length the play began precisely at 5 o'clock. "The Robbers," a tragedy in seven acts (the word *Handlungen* is used instead of the modern term *Aufzügen*, which means drawings up of the curtain), newly adapted for the National Theatre of Mannheim, by the author, Herr Schiller," is the heading of the bill, and below, among the actors, we find the familiar name of Iffland in the part of *Franz Moor*. The

highest price of a seat is a florin (1s. 8d.), and the lowest, 8 kreuzers (not quite 3d.). On the reverse side of the bill, or rather on the side facing the bill, for it is printed on a whole sheet of paper, is given the author's address to the public, which I shall take the liberty of translating.

"The Robbers," the picture of a great soul led astray, furnished with all the gifts for excellence, and with all these gifts ruined,—unrestrained ardour and bad company spoiled his heart, led him on from vice to vice, till at last he stood at the head of a band of incendiaries, heaped horror on horror, plunged from abyss to abyss, in all the depths of despair,—yet lofty and worthy of honour, grand and majestic in misfortune, and by misfortune bettered, brought back to goodness. Such a man must we lament and hate, abominate and love, in the robber Karl Moor. Franz Moor, a malignant, hypocritical sneak, unmasked and blown up by his own mines. The old Moor, a father all too weak and yielding, a pamperer, and founder of ruin and misery for his own children. In Amelia, the pains of enthusiastic love, and the rack of despotic passion. Nor can we look without terror into the inner life of vice and perceive how all the gilding of pleasure cannot stifle the secret worm of conscience, and terror, anguish, despair, are close behind its traces. Let the youth gaze with terror on the end of unbridled dissoluteness, and let not the man go from the play without learning that the unseen hand of Providence has need of the villain to work out its views and its sentence, and can wonderfully untie the most complicated knots of destiny." E. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

DEEPER in human interest than the reported discovery of the source of the White Nile, the geographical secret of many ages, by Messrs. Speke and Grant, is the intelligence from Egypt that Mr. Petherick is not dead, as late news from that country represented him to be. He is alive and well, at Gondocoro. We now know that all the gallant men whom we have sent out into the great African desert, to extend the bounds of knowledge—Baker, Petherick, Grant and Speke—have, so far, escaped the fate which has followed so many of our noblest explorers in every part of the world—Franklin, Leichardt, Burke, and many others—over whose graves we have had to write the glories of discovery. In gratitude for their safety, we can tell the story of their trials, and reckon up the gains of science. Our conjecture, made on the 9th of May, that Mr. Baker must have fallen in with Messrs. Grant and Speke on the upper waters of the White Nile, and rendered them important aid, turns out to have been correct. This adventurous traveller was the first European whom they met on their descent from the tropics; and from him they obtained aid in money, stores and boats. To him they communicated their discovery that the Bahr el Abiad, the main stream of the White Nile, has its source in the Victoria-Nyanza lake; information which induced him to turn his face in another direction, towards the south-east, in search of another inland lake, which is supposed to feed a second branch of the White Nile. He will be lost to us for a year; though the public need not doubt that he will, in due time, turn up again. Lower down the stream they fell in with Consul Petherick and his gallant wife. The news which Captains Speke and Grant bring to London will excite attention in every city of the civilized globe.—The source of the Nile was a puzzle in the time of Moses, and long before the time of Moses. The enigma is suggested on the most ancient monuments of Egypt; it excited the curiosity of Rameses and Sesostris; confounded the wisdom of the Ptolemies; won attention during the Roman occupation; amused the leisure of the Schoolmen; tantalized the Portuguese Jesuits in the sixteenth century; engaged the adventurous spirit of Bruce; aroused the wonder, and baffled the researches of Mohammed Ali; and defied the zeal, the ability, and endurance of our old Correspondents, the Brothers D'Abbadie. At length, the mystery is solved; and the source of the Nile is found, by a couple of Englishmen, to be a lake about four degrees south of the Equator, very

near the position which Dr. Beke, so long ago as 1846, assigned to it theoretically. It is curious that the fact has been discovered not by following the waters of the river upwards from its mouth, the natural course of discovery, but by descending upon it from above.

M. Guizot having written an excellent preface to a French translation of the 'Speeches and Addresses of the Prince Consort,' Her Majesty has sent over to him a private copy of the work, bound in white morocco, on the fly-leaf of which she has written in her own hand:—

"To M. Guizot,

"In remembrance of the best of men, and with the expression of gratitude for the sincere homage which he has rendered to him,

"From his unfortunate widow,

"VICTORIA R."

Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, has issued cards for two Evening Receptions at Willis's Rooms. The first gathering will take place on Thursday evening, next week.

The Council of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts have issued cards for an Evening at the Mansion House on Wednesday next, May 27th. The Lord Mayor will preside.

A private rehearsal of Mr. J. K. Lord's entertainment, 'The Canoe, the Rifle and the Axe, being an At Home in the Wilderness,' will be given this morning (Saturday) at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Mr. Lord was the naturalist to the North American Boundary Commission, and is, of course, personally familiar with the scenes to be described in his illustrated discourse.

The next Congress of the Archæological Association will be held in Leeds, at the beginning of October, under the Presidency of R. Monckton Milnes, when Ripon Cathedral, Fountains Abbey, Kirkstall Abbey, Aldeborough, Wakefield, Pontefract, and other places will be visited.

If the spectroscope had not been invented, would thallium have been discovered? is a question with which *savants* entertain themselves. Certain it is that somewhat more than two years ago Mr. Crookes saw the ghost of a metal in a spectrum, and was thereby incited to search for the substance, and discovered it existing in minute quantities in iron pyrites. The new metal figured as a few grains of black powder in the International Exhibition; at the beginning of the present year it was shown in very small ingots and in the form of wire; since then Messrs. Bell Brothers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, have succeeded in producing it in comparatively large masses. One of their ingots, weighing nearly 6,000 grains, and more than 10 inches in length, was exhibited at General Sabine's *Conversazione*. The useful applications of thallium have yet to be ascertained; but we hear that an eminent manufacturing firm has taken the question in hand.

In the list of Members of Council of the Royal Institute of Architects given to us last week officially, the name of Mr. T. Hayter Lewis was omitted.

Since the 'Codex Sinaiticus' was published the attention of the learned world has been drawn still more to the 'Codex Vaticanus,' and a desire that this should become more generally known and more accessible to the learned investigator, has lately often been expressed. Cardinal Mai's edition shows that former *savants* have been mistaken in many places. Herr D. Heidenheim, editor of 'Theological Inquiries and Criticism' has worked in the Vatican for two successive winters. The free use of the 'Codex Vaticanus' has been permitted to him for several hours daily. Herr Heidenheim intends to publish part of the New Testament in Uncial letters for the present, and thus give a chance to scholars of forming their own opinion on this celebrated Codex.

Last week, in noticing the rejection of certain pictures at the Royal Academy, we mentioned the case of Mr. Stirling, whose larger and stronger work had been returned to him. This reference has brought us the following singular explanation:

"5, Langham Chambers, May 18, 1863.

"In the *Athenæum* of Saturday last I find it said in a criticism of the Exhibition of the Royal Aca-

demy, that 'of Mr. Stirling's pictures the larger and better one was rejected by the Council.' In order to explain the circumstance of my principal picture not being in this year's Exhibition, and, if possible to exonerate the Academy, in my case at least, from the charge of *intentional* injustice, may I ask the favour of your inserting in your next impression the inclosed copy of a letter which I have received from one of the three members of the Hanging Committee, and which I have the permission of the distinguished writer to make public. I am, &c.,

JOHN STIRLING."

"10, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, May 6th, 1863.

"My dear Sir,—I think under the circumstances I ought, as one of the Hanging Committee, to write and explain the reason of your excellent picture being returned unexhibited from the Academy. The fault was chiefly mine, for your picture was quite overlooked till it was too late to give it a good place, and the work was too good for a bad one. There is so much misapprehension on this subject amongst the purchasers of pictures, and the idea that a picture is disgraced by being rejected at the Academy is so common, that I feel it to be a duty in your case to disabuse your mind in the matter; and I hope you will send it to the Exhibition another year, when it may be as fortunate as it deserves. With sincere regret that this misfortune should have happened, I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, (Signed) W. P. FRITH."

—Mr. Frith, by this note, has done an act of justice to a clever artist; but until this note is read by the public Mr. Stirling will have suffered an unmerited loss by the rejection of his work.

Messrs. Bacon & Co. have published a new Map of Virginia, with the adjoining states of Maryland and Delaware, marked off into counties, separately coloured. It will be of considerable use to a reader who desires to keep up his knowledge of the War.

A political map of Poland has been prepared by Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross; showing the original Poland of history, the reduced Poland of war, the dismembered Poland of the partition, the vanished Poland of the absorption. It is a very curious and instructive chart, embracing a wide range of political information, and making a vast deal of history visible to the eye. It shows us Poland in a state of dissolution almost from the days of John Sobieski, when the warlike Poles could save Europe from the Turks, but could not save their own provinces from the Swedes. Esthonia went first in 1660; then Tchernigow to Russia in 1667, Kiev and Kherson in 1686. Afterwards came the three great partitions; then the final absorption of Cracow, as it were the other day. This map should be in the hands of every statesman.

Mr. Stone, principal assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, has been making a series of calculations on the mean horizontal parallax of the sun, deduced from observations made at Greenwich on the planet Mars at his recent opposition, compared with similar observations made in Australia. The result is, that the sun is found to be three millions of miles nearer to the earth than previous calculations have made it.

A return lately made of the quantity of rags and paper imported into this country during recent years contains the following figures:—

| | Rags. | Paper. |
|------------|-------------|-------------|
| 1856 | 10,287 cwt. | 15,767 cwt. |
| 1857 | 12,206 " | 12,057 " |
| 1858 | 11,394 " | 11,701 " |
| 1859 | 14,621 " | 18,338 " |
| 1860 | 16,154 " | 45,019 " |
| 1861 | 20,486 " | 94,863 " |
| 1862 | 23,943 " | 193,639 " |

Our exports of paper during the last five years were as follows:—1858, 106,557 cwt.; 1859, 126,454 cwt.; 1860, 112,514 cwt.; 1861, 91,958; and 1862, 129,440 cwt.

We have the following items of information from Yorkshire. It has been decided that there shall be no musical festival at Bradford this year. Music in Leeds has been in a languishing condition since the festival there some three or four years ago, which was a great success. A more hopeful state of things has just been inaugurated by the incorporation of two rival musical societies into one, which

is to be called the Leeds Choral Union. Mrs. Sunderland, who has for the last five-and-twenty years been a great favourite in Yorkshire as a singer of Handel's songs, and has occasionally been heard in that capacity at Exeter Hall with satisfaction, is about to close her public career.

Some books of a curious and rare character were sold during the past week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The following examples may be given:—A poor copy of the first folio of Shakespeare, with the original verses inlaid and a variation of the portrait, being before the shading on the collar, 60l.—Shakespeare's Pericles, first edition, 45l.—Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor, edition of 1619, 15l. 15s.—Another copy of the same, 10l.—Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, 1608, 7l. 10s.—First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, first edition, 8l. 8s.—Keating's General History of Ireland, large paper, 7l. 15s.—Dugdale's Antiquities of Warwickshire, by Thomas, 31l. 10s.—Medici, Poesie Volgari, Aldo, 1554, 13l.—Bossuet, L'Apocalypse, Paris, 1689, 6l. 10s.—Mauroy, Les Hymnes, Troyes, 1527, 20l.—Peele's Chronicle of King Edwarde the First, 1599, 6l.—Les Costumes et Constitutions de Bretagne, 1485, 43l.—Dialogus Creaturarum, first edition, 14l. 5s.—Vitas Patrum, by Wynkyn de Worde, with several leaves in fac-simile, 12l.—Hieronymo, Vita, 1497, 5l.—Mollet, Le Jardin de Plaisir, 1651, 5l.—Higden's Polychronicon, by Treveris, 20l.—Hasted's History of Kent, 4 vols., 16l. 15s.—Stow's Survey of London, by Strype, best edition, 10l. 15s.—Benlowe's Theophrila, with nearly all the curious plates, 11l. 15s.—Fox's Book of Martyrs, first edition, very imperfect, 15l. 5s.

The Swiss have established an Alpine Club under the title of "Schweizerische Alpen Club," at Berne. It is, we understand, supported by numerous eminent men in that country who are desirous of rendering it an important medium of communication among alpine explorers. It is also intended to encourage as far as possible the exploration of unknown high mountains and peaks, and to erect huts for shelter and scientific observation in the most interesting localities.

The proposition to purchase the International Exhibition Building, which is to be submitted to the House of Commons, is advocated on the ground that the structure will afford accommodation—1. To the Patent Museum, now at South Kensington, but to be removed as the buildings for the Art Department's use progress—much crowded and susceptible of a vast development ere its contents can fitly represent the progress, much less the present condition of the mechanical arts in this country.—2. Ample room for the Museum of Naval Models, now concealed in vaults at Somerset House—interesting as showing the progress of naval architecture, and capable of enlargement to express the existing state of that art.—3. Space for the National Portrait Gallery, now confined in hired rooms in Great George Street, Westminster, and certain, before many years are past, to need greater accommodation than will be obtainable where it is.—4. Galleries for the British Pictures of the National Gallery, now at South Kensington, which, the Art Department avers, might include the Sheepshanks Gift deposited in the newly-erected galleries at its Museum.—5. The Architectural Museum, now in the "Boilers," which, although not a national possession, deserves national accommodation as highly useful to architects.—6. Room if the House of Commons sees fit to reverse its decision of last year, to hold the whole of the Natural History Department now in the British Museum, and half-smothered for want of space.—7. The Royal Academy might be accommodated with vast galleries if it sees fit to quit Trafalgar Square. The cost of all this to the nation is stated at about 240,000l. for the building and the land upon which it stands, the last being seventeen and a half acres in extent, estimated by the advocates for the grant at a value of about 20,000l. per acre. Beyond this original cost further sums must, we understand, be appropriated to the needful fittings up for the contents. Further cost to give an architectural character to the structure might be an after-consideration, but must be taken into account. Stucco, the cheapest

material, is the most objectionable and forever to be protested against. Terra-cotta, stone, marble, or granite, with mosaics, all commend themselves to us.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, close to the National Gallery, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—The ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.—Gallery, 23, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS'S RECITALS of the RECENT POETS and HUMORISTS, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, May 26, at Eight, including Masani's 'Horatius'; Fenryson's 'Locksley Hall'; and 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere'; 'Poet's Belle'; 'Good's 'Miss Milmanes'; and 'Desert Born'; Ingoldby's 'Rupert the Fearless'; and 'Lord of Thoulouse, &c.—Admission, 2s., 1s., and 1s.—Communications, 16, Howard Street, Strand, W.C.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKESPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Mr. Mitchell has the pleasure to announce that in consequence of the great success which has attended the First Series of Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKESPEARE, they will be continued every Monday and Wednesday Evening, and Saturday Morning.—On Monday Evening, May 25, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'; Wednesday Evening, May 27, 'Othello'; and on Saturday Morning, May 30, 'Winter's Tale'.—To commence each Evening at Half-past Eight, and on Saturday Morning at Three.—Seats (Unreserved), 2s.; Stalls, 5s.; a few Fauteuils, 7s. each, which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 72, Old Bond Street, W.

LEVAISSOR EN VISITE.—CONTINUED SUCCESS.—FOURTH WEEK.—SCÈNES ET CHANSONS COMIQUES, with change of Programme.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—M. LEVAISSOR will continue his very successful ENTERTAINMENT, assisted by Mlle. Telesire and M. Rey, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evening, at Half-past Eight.—Piano-forte, M. Roosenboom.—Seats (Unreserved), 2s.; Stalls, numbered, 7s.; a few Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. each.—Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—May 18.—Gen. Sir H. C. Rawlinson in the chair.—The Prince of Wales was elected a Member by acclamation.—The Annual Report was read.—Obituaries of some of the deceased Members were given, as of Lord Lansdowne, Sir James Outram, W. Ewer, Esq., Col. Thoresby and Gen. Cullen.—The Auditors' Report showed that the total receipts for 1862 were 973l. 9s. 5d.; while the total expenditure and liabilities amounted to 894l. 12s. 4d., leaving an available balance for 1863 of 778l. 17s. 0d.—The ballot for officers and Council gave the following results: *Director*, Major-Gen. Sir H. C. Rawlinson; *Vice-President*, Gen. J. Briggs; *Treasurer*, E. Thomas, Esq.; *Secretary*, J. W. Redhouse; *Honorary Secretary and Librarian*, E. Norris; *Council*, Messrs. J. W. Bosanquet, Sir J. Davis, Bart., M. P., Edgeworth, J. Fergusson, Prof. Goldstickler, C. C. Graham, Fitz-Edward Hall, Sir F. Halliday, J. C. Marshman, T. Ogilvy, O. De Beauvoir Priaulx, E. C. Ravenshaw, P. B. Smollett, Dr. Forbes Watson, Major-Gen. Sir A. S. Waugh.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 14.—J. W. Jones, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The vote of the meeting was taken on the proposal to alter the hour of meeting on ballot nights from eight to half-past eight P.M., which was carried in the affirmative.—C. D. E. Fortnum, Esq. exhibited a beautiful collection of antique bronzes and four *glances*, or sling bullets.—H. Harrod, Esq. read a paper 'On an Old Carriage at Marston, near Marlborough, bearing on the panel the arms of Baskerville, quartermaster Ward and Danvers.'—C. Goodwin, Esq. read a paper 'On three Coptic Papyri and other MSS. brought from Egypt,' by A. Stuart Glennie, Esq.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—May 13.—Annual General Meeting.—Dr. Lee in the chair.—The Auditors delivered in a report and a balance-sheet of the accounts for the past year, by which it appeared that 571l. 6s. 7d. had been received, and 515l. 17s. 10d. expended, and a balance left in favour of the Association of 55l. 8s. 9d. Every account against the Association had been

paid, and all due upon the quarterly *Journal* and two parts of the 'Collectanea Archæologica' discharged. A ballot was taken for officers for 1863-4, when the following list was returned:—*President*, R. Monckton Milnes, M.P.; *Vice-Presidents*, Sir C. R. Boughton, Bart., J. Copland, M.D., G. Godwin, N. Gould, J. Heywood, G. V. Irving, T. J. Pettigrew, and Sir J. G. Wilkinson; *Treasurer*, T. J. Pettigrew; *Secretaries*, J. R. Planché, H. S. Cuming, and E. Roberts; *Secretary for Foreign Correspondence*, T. Wright; *Palæographer*, C. Hopper; *Curator and Librarian*, G. R. Wright; *Draftsman*, H. C. Pidgeon; *Council*, G. G. Adams, G. Ade, W. H. Bayley, T. Blashill, J. Gray, W. D. Haggard, M. Harpley, G. M. Hills, Dr. Lee, E. Leven, W. C. Marshall, G. Maw, T. Page, R. N. Phillips, E. J. Powell, J. W. Previtè, and S. R. Solly; *Auditors*, T. W. Davies and J. V. Gibbs.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—May 18.—Prof. Donaldson, President, in the chair.—The Royal Medal was presented to A. Salvin, Esq., Fellow, by the President, and the following medals and prizes as under:—To Mr. T. Hardy, the Institute Medal, —to Mr. T. Morris, the Medal of Merit, —to Mr. G. T. Molecey, the Silver Medal of the Institute, with five guineas, —to Mr. G. A. Scappa, the Soane Medallion, —to Mr. R. P. Spiers, Mr. Tite's Prize of ten guineas, with a Medal of Merit, —to Mr. T. H. Watson, a Medal of Merit, with five guineas from Mr. Tite, M.P. —to Mr. R. H. Carpenter, Sir Francis E. Scott's prize of ten guineas. M. C. Texier, architect, of Paris, gave a description of the town of Perga, in Pamphylia.—A paper by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'Upon Ancient Examples of Heads placed over Arches,' was read by Mr. J. P. Seddon.—A short notice of a curious example of Norman polychromatic construction, recently discovered and carefully restored by Mr. Hadfield in Aston Church, near Sheffield, was read by Mr. T. Hayter Lewis.—Prof. Donaldson described the new Tribunal de Commerce, at Paris, from lithographed plans.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 12.—E. W. H. Holdsworth, Esq., in the chair.—A communication was read from Messrs. J. Alder and A. Hancock, entitled, 'Notice of a Collection of Nudibranchiate Mollusca, made in India by Mr. Walter Elliot; with Descriptions of several New Genera and Species.'—A communication was read from Dr. G. Hartlaub, of Bremen, containing the characters of a new species of sedge-warbler, discovered by Mr. E. Newton in Madagascar, for which the name *Calamohorpe Newtoni* was proposed.—Mr. W. Winwood Reade read some 'Notes on the Derbyan Eland, the African Elephant and the Gorilla,' founded on information obtained by him during a recent visit to Senegambia, the Gaboon, and the adjacent parts of Western Africa. The conclusions Mr. Reade had formed with regard to the gorilla, as derived from the evidence received from the hunters of the Gaboon, were that Mr. Du Chaillu had obtained his specimens of this animal second-hand, and that its reputed ferocity had been vastly exaggerated.—Dr. Sclater read a 'List of Mammals and Birds collected in Madagascar by Dr. Mellor during a recent Journey to the Capital of the Island.'—A paper was read by Mr. O. Salvin describing a new species of Tanager, genus *Calliste*, from Costa Rica, for which he proposed the name *Calliste Dowiei*, in honour of Capt. Dow, by whom a single specimen of this bird had been obtained at San José.—Mr. A. Newton pointed out the characters of two new birds from Madagascar, obtained by Mr. E. Newton, for which he proposed the names *Circus macroceles* and *Erythrosterna brunneicauda*.—A paper was read by Mr. F. Walker 'On some Insects collected by Mr. J. Caldwell in Madagascar.' Mr. Holdsworth exhibited living examples of *Triton palmatis*, obtained by himself from a new locality near Hersford, and made remarks on this and three other species of newts, of which living examples were contained in the Society's collection.—Mr. Leadbeater exhibited castings thrown up by a bee-eater (*Merops Persicus*), similar to those produced by the kingfishers.—Dr. J. E. Gray pointed out the characters of a new species of box

tortoise, procured by Mr. Swinhoe in Formosa, for which he proposed the new generic and specific names *Cistuda-chelys dorsostrigatus*.—Mr. Blyth exhibited specimens of *Coracias Indica* and *C. affinis*, and of intermediate varieties between these two species.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—May 19.—Anniversary Meeting.—J. Crawford, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year: *President*, J. Lubbock, Esq.; *Vice-Presidents*, B. Botfield, Esq., J. Crawford, Esq., R. Dunn, Esq., and Lord Talbot de Malahide; *Hon. Treasurer*, F. Hindmarsh, Esq.; *Hon. Secretaries*, T. Wright, Esq., and F. Galton, Esq.; *Hon. Librarian*, L. J. Beale, Esq.; *Council*, L. Burke, Esq., Prof. Busk, T. F. D. Croker, Esq., Sir A. W. Clavering, Bart., H. Christy, Esq., J. Dickinson, Esq., T. Hodgkin, Esq., Prof. Huxley, D. King, Esq., M. Lewin, Esq., J. Mayer, Esq., W. Napier, Esq., C. R. Des Ruffières, Esq., E. O. Smith, Esq., W. Spottiswoode, Esq., S. B. Solly, Esq., Dr. Tuke, S. Ward, Esq., and S. Wood, Esq.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 12.—J. Hawkshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—'On the Communication between London and Dublin,' by Mr. W. Watson.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 13.—C. W. Hoakyns, Esq., Member of the Council, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On an Improved Mode of Collecting Excrementitious Matter, with a View to its Application to the Benefit of Agriculture and the Relief of Local Taxation,' by Dr. Thudichum.—'On a System of Earth Sewage,' by the Rev. H. Moule.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Geographical, 1.—Anniversary.
Linnæan, 2.—Anniversary.
Tues. Royal Institution, 3.—'Sound,' Prof. Tyndall.
Zoological, 9.—'Mr. Motley's Birds from Borneo,' Dr. Sclater.
Wed. Horticultural, 1.—Great Exhibition.
Society of Arts, 2.—
Archæological Association, 24.—'Recent Discovery of Antiquities, Salop,' Rev. T. Owen Roake; 'Pedigree of Derwentwater of Castle Riggs,' Mr. Powell.
Thurs. Royal Institution, 3.—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted.
Antiquaries, 4.—'Portraits of the Wives of Henry the Eighth,' Mr. J. G. Nichols.
Fri. Horticultural, 2.—Election of Fellows.
Royal Institution, 8.—'The Vedas,' Prof. Max Müller.
Sat. Horticultural.—Promenade.
Royal Institution, 2.—'Electric Telegraphy,' Prof. W. Thomson.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN the amount of capital he has made out of an Eastern tour Mr. F. Dillon surpasses every other painter, except Mr. D. Roberts, who has taken oriental landscape for a theme. He continues to supply us with Nile pictures; one of the best of the series is *The Pyramids from the Island of Roda* (No. 341), which is, nevertheless, somewhat heavy in colour. It is as difficult for us to receive Mr. Dillon's rendering of nature in this matter as to believe in Mr. Roberts's directly antithetical and certainly less valuable system, which produces oriental skies of a monotonous and flimsy blue and white, and most ancient ruins with as little "colour" as modern maps have. The Pyramids at evening, as above, are, however, studied and painted with feeling for the dignity and unscenelike beauty of the subject; the bars of blushing light that go up from the swiftly-sinking sun, and the darkening purple of the land on the removed side of the river are commendable in a high degree.—We prefer to consider Mr. Mason's beautiful picture *Catch* (619) as having a landscape rather than a figure subject, because, in the first, its finest qualities are to be found. A boy, who is watering horses at a brook, tosses oranges to some playful girls. The soft and broad execution and exquisite feeling for grey shown in this work should share the spectator's applause with its fidelity and natural colouring.—Far less complete in execution than the last, yet showing great love of nature and promise of power in landscape art, is Mr. E. Edwards's *Lynmouth Harbour* (644), a glimpse of the beautiful ravine of the Lynn, having the herbage and foliage a little too whitish for those of North Devon.—Mr. W.

Field's *Pastoral* (401), a rounded knoll seen through a slight screen of trees, a meadow that is just growing grey with evening mist, while cows troop home over a stream in front, is bright and vigorous in effect, rich in colour and perfectly true, although a little hard.

Mr. Anthony's ancient castle of Larne, we believe, which he styles "*A Relic of the Old Feudal Time*" (645), is one of the most beautiful as it is one of the most poetical and truly artistic landscapes here. Few painters convey so much dignity and expressiveness in their renderings of natural themes as we find in this. A warm summer evening embalms an ancient hold, long ago deserted and ivy-grown; at its feet is calm water, once a defence, now an ornament; behind spread soft grey clouds threatening a shower that will only make the greenery about the fortress brighter and richer than it is, not harm the relic that has done its work. We scarcely need commend to the artist the breadth and vigour of this picture, nor to the ordinary spectator its faithfulness and expression.—Mr. W. Linnell's work has, of late, lacked refinement and the able use of grey that bespeak the innate power of an artist; in these respects his works will not bear comparison with those of Mr. Anthony; nevertheless, he paints with strength and feeling—see "*O'er the Muir among the Heather*" (463). Taking quite a different view of the purposes of Art from that of the simply representative school of landscape-painters, such as Mr. Lee exemplifies in his practice, Mr. Anthony and the three Messrs. Linnell strive to mean something as well as to paint well, and succeed in both simply because they feel intensely the beauty of nature. It is a strange thing to see how differently men look upon nature with a view to Art; nothing but his eyesight could persuade any one that the grass, for example, of the landscapists we have named is intended to represent the same natural production as appears in Mr. Lee's pictures; it is equally hard to conceive how the latter can, having seen it painted by them, continue to use the dingy hues he does. How can Mr. Creswick, having seen the advantages of Mr. Anthony's exuberant, vigorous and varied treatment of foliage, less minute than his own, but more intelligent as it is, continue his mechanical manner of rendering all varieties of foliage by a like dotting touch, all surfaces by one method, and nearly all substances with one tone? His happy feeling for a lovely phase of nature deserves more thoughtful expression. It is not that we should desire an artist to paint anything he does not feel, but that he should represent, at the cost of a little extra thinking, that which he cannot fail to see and must own to be beautiful. Let Mr. Creswick paint ashes, elms and smooth water for ever, if he will, but let us have in his treatment of each element of a picture the breadth of truth and individuality that are to be found in nature. Trees cannot be represented by dots alone, however innumerable.—Mr. J. Linnell's *Sunset* (472), a shallow valley with stacked corn in front and blue highlands in the distance, above a swirl of rosy cloud, is much such a work as he has often produced, and has the common excellencies of his manner.

We have not often seen a landscape so brilliantly or so artistically painted as Mr. Mignot's *Lagoon of Guayaquil* (595), a sunset effect over a vast marsh, whose waters flash in pools as they lie smooth and still under a sky that is filled with coloured light from the sinking sun. It is easy, with abundance of vermilion and chrome, to paint what may be styled a sensational sunset; but so to treat the subject that the coarse attractions of such works shall be left behind, while the beauty, glory, and, above all, the delicate splendour of nature shall be preserved, is no common achievement. That Mr. Mignot has been successful in this none will deny who looks at the manner in which he has treated the sky here, its pale gold burnished with ineffable light and rising in colour above the sun until the earth-mists cease to be visible, and the eye penetrates into the pure blue of the zenith that is studded with cirri touched with rose-colour. Behind the bright haze the evening band is rising slowly, and, by its shadow, softening and absorbing the horizon and the hills that lie upon it. Across the front, placed to aid

the composition of the picture, is a misty purple bar of cloud. The effectiveness and originality of this work are not to be denied. This artist shows like ability in a theme the reverse of the last, a snow-piece, *A Winter Morning* (677), snow upon a level piece of land with trees behind. The sky is grey and warm with the colour of a second fall to come. Some water, in the foreground, is truly painted of a warm colour, as contrasted with the snow about it.—In *Knowle Park* (486), a study of a glade between high beech trees in broad sunlight, by Mr. R. Butler, appears—but its elevated position makes us uncertain—to be as carefully as it is evidently broadly painted.—Mr. G. C. Stanfield's pictures, of which there are two here, *Oberlahnstein* (554), and *On the Lahn* (648), are solidly painted so far as pigment goes, and, no doubt, present excellent portraits of the localities; they lack those qualities of execution which go so far to make pictures; they want air and breadth as well as richness and variety of colour. The last named suffers least of all Mr. G. C. Stanfield's works that we have seen from the shortcomings in question.

Of coast subjects there are remarkably few examples this year. Having described those by Mr. Hook, Mr. E. W. Cooke's works have pre-eminence by right. Beautiful as is its execution, *Catalan Bay, on the east side of Gibraltar* (415) lacks many of the elements of a picture. We must not be carried away from the intellectual and peculiar purposes of Art, to value, above them, something which is distinct, as we see it to be here. Mr. Cooke's drawing is minute, his colour, to the general scheme attempted, is faithful and always pleasant where pleasantness is required. These good qualities will not alone, however, make a work of Art, although they may go a long way towards the production of an instructive painting. With the geological interest of this picture we have nothing to do beyond admiring the fidelity with which each kind of stone is drawn and coloured, the manner in which the vast slope of sand, piled up by the wind, when rushing through a gap in the edge of the cliff, is drawn, as well as the perfect knowledge of the sand's nature, its limited cohesion of particles and tendency to slip in shelves, so to say, that is so finely evinced in the outline of the heap and where the underlying rock peeps through the great slide. Such fidelity we trace throughout this picture, and rejoice to learn that the Royal Society has elected Mr. Cooke one of its Fellows on account of his geological attainments.

There is more Art-value in Mr. Cooke's familiar theme, *Dutch Traversers at Anchor off Scheveling* (230), than in the last, because there is motion and human life in it. The foremost craft has a long cable out from the bows to keep her from going in shore ere the tide has made enough; her loosed mainsail is filled, like a great bag, with the wind, and almost touches the sea; over her bows a white wave breaks sharply. Scarcely any man has painted the sea so truly or so prosaically as Mr. Cooke does. Here is abundant skill, knowledge of the forms taken by water in given conditions of wind, depth, velocity and tide,—here is colour, a little cold, it is true, but thoughtfully varied and very learnedly applied,—but the main interest of the work lies in the "go" of the heavy boat as it strains at the cable, the swelling sail and the breaking sea—i. e., the vital incidents the picture contains. *The Salute at Sunset, Venice* (585), presents a subject the artist has very often painted. In treatment of a beautiful phase of nature he has not yet produced anything better than this the latest example. The painting is heavy; but we must look through that default of Mr. Cooke's, and own the feeling for grandeur shown in treating the great grey dome of the church with such simplicity, and in the choice of a point of view where it tells so happily with more distant buildings. While we regret that the sea tends to opacity and paintiness, and that the sky cannot be looked into as a Turner sky may be, let us be glad to find no strained attempts at effect, but a broad and honest picture.

Mr. Ansdell has sent a coast scene this year, which better represents his ability than does the Spanish road landscape, *Going to the Fiesta, Granada* (430)—a flat and commonplace picture. To

this we prefer *The Wrecker* (468), an old man, who, with his white pony and dog, has come down to the shore to look for wood drifting from a wreck. The sea tumbles in angrily upon the shore, and is spiritedly rendered, holding in its waves a portion of rigging, a topmast and yard, soon to be cast on the beach. The best parts of this picture are the figures of the drooping pony, patiently standing by his master's side, and the drenched dog that shivers at his feet. As to the man, he is nothing else than one of Mr. Ansdell's old gamekeepers in another guise. The snow piece, by the same, styled *The Rescue, after a Storm* (404), shows dogs and a shepherd finding sheep in a drift after a storm. There is a want of what artists call "colour" in this picture, not redeemed by any remarkable delicacy of handling; the dogs, of course, are best; the general treatment, especially of the figures, is heavy. *Coming out of the Mist—Hare Shooting—Glen Spean* (533), is also by Mr. Ansdell.—Mr. R. Tucker's *Waiting for the Tide* (795), a smack, high and dry upon a stony beach, with richly-verdured cliffs behind, and the sea bright in the sunlight of a windy day, is a little hard—a very little so beyond nature in the phase represented. We do not think the distance too bright, but that the foreground, a mass of carefully-painted stones, lacks breadth of colour and arrangement. The execution of the sky is not good.

It was rumoured some time ago that Mr. D. Roberts, attracted by the picturesque effectiveness and grouping of masses in some of our London localities, and feeling that ere long their aspect must be materially changed by the course of modern improvement, had determined to represent, in an extensive series of pictures, some, at least, of the scenes which struck him as worthy of commemoration. Those who were not aware of Mr. Roberts's peculiar ideas of the duty of a painter, expected, naturally enough, from a man of his reputation, either works of fine art or pictures of things as they are, and such as could not but be useful in the future, rejoiced greatly at this news, and wished some able painter of the time before the Fire had acted upon the same idea. What will be the disappointment of these hopeful persons when they see that the artist, always indifferent to the actual aspects of the localities which give name to his sketches—not only in colour, as we saw when he placed verdurous Baalbec in a sandy desert, but to the proportions and relative positions of buildings—has, in the series of London themes now at the Academy, so far departed from the very pretence of truth as to violate the most obvious laws of perspective by drawing the dome of St. Paul's as if it were part of an architect's elevation, and not a substantial structure. A circle, seen in perspective, at any distance, must, if not truly level with the eye, be represented by something else than a straight line. How, then, will posterity wonder at the structure of St. Paul's as Mr. Roberts paints it, if all the circles of the dome appear as straight lines, however wide apart they are; only one of them, at almost, can, in fact, be on a level with the eye. Such workmanship as this, with the peculiarity of the western towers leaning on one side, is to be seen in *St. Paul's, from the River Thames, looking West* (114). We should care nothing for such mechanical falsification as this, if the work, or its companion, No. 134, *The Same, looking East*, presented anything valuable in Art, although failing in topographical importance. It is not too much to say that the peculiarly picturesque character of the scenes,—the rough masses of building,—their varied, and, however dingy, often fine colour,—the textural characters of various materials of building,—and, above all else, that quality of *chiaroscuro* which is inestimable in such a subject,—are unrepresented in these thoughtless productions—we cannot call them pictures. If we are to accept Mr. Roberts's ideas of Art as not concerned with local truth of colour, form or tone, and ignore *chiaroscuro* altogether, what becomes of painting? Without these qualities photography will render all we require that Art does not afford, and with unchallengeable fidelity, so far as it goes, of its own.

We may turn now from these strangely-conceived productions to another, which, while it represents a part of London with sufficient fidelity to be useful,

possesses all the Art-qualities in which Mr. Roberts's pictures are so lamentably deficient.—Below the "line," and where the crinolines scour its surface, hangs Mr. Whistler's artistic and able picture, *The Last of Old Westminster Bridge* (352), a view taken from the west end of the new structure, looking over the stump, so to say, of the old one, along the forest of piles, to the opposite shore. A comparison of the artistic qualities of this boldly-executed work with what we have seen in those by Mr. Roberts will show, if it be needful to do so, where the last fail altogether in Art, and are little else than misrepresentations of fine themes. One glance at Mr. Whistler's reading of the softened, warm grey of a London sky, so feelingly rendered here, and so beautiful in truth as it is, will satisfy the student that the artist has found something Mr. Roberts's black and white and blue give no idea of. The streaming motion of the river, as it goes past the piles, its many and subtly-hued surface, the atmosphere among the piles, their solidity, so deftly given without toil, and the aerial beauty of the removed shore, are such that, if the Hanging Committee had given a moment's thought to them, would have put this picture where it ought to be, in an honourable position.

We need do no more than call attention to Mr. Whistler's etchings, assuring all lovers of Art that they deserve noble places, and will reward pains taken to obtain a sight of them. No. 941, a dry-point, styled *Weary*, a lady resting back in her chair, has exquisite tone and "colour." *Old Westminster Bridge* (952) is ruined by its position. It treats air and light with all that mystery of Art which nothing expresses so well as etching or dry-point. Among the finest works here is *The Pool* (1003), a view among the shipping and along the shore.—Mr. Gale's *Wailing Place of the Jews at Jerusalem* (403) is decidedly the best picture of its class he has painted. Leaning up against the wall in various attitudes—beating its rude surface with their hands, some seated, praying, some kneeling,—are those who have come to weep. The effectiveness of this work, its brightness of colouring, together with the apt designs of the figures, make it acceptable.

Manliness of execution is, amongst all the ranks of portrait-painters, distinguishable in the Scotch artists' works. Sir J. W. Gordon, if not fortunate in the features of his sitters, or negligent of their handsomeness, produces at least intellectual and characteristic portraits. His *A. Bennett, Esq.* (125) is rather crude and harsh in treatment, but solid and valuable in feeling for grey, and well-drawn.—*R. W. Blencowe, Esq.* (315), if heavy and deficient in colouring, is manly and large in sentiment.—Mr. D. Macnee's *Lady and Child* (64) is well composed, stony in colour, and a little affected in grouping, withal academic, but valuable in execution.—The Scotch manner, with all its excellencies and faults, is seen in Mr. Macbeth's *Dr. Cunningham* (256), which produces a grewsome creature seated at a table as in stern judgment, with the "Institutes" of Calvin before him, a cast-iron portrait.

Our best English portrait-painter and miniaturist is Mr. H. T. Wells, whose *Mrs. Tippinge* (84) has evidences of taste in design, colour and drawing that surpass anything of the kind in the rooms. The accessories in this admirable work are painted with great breadth and felicity. The same artist's miniatures, *Mrs. T. J. Blake* (799) and *Alice* (869), are in delicacy, grace, and completeness worthy of the English School of miniature-painting.—The mannered dexterity of Mr. J. Sant—albeit he has painted works superior to any now here—shows unfortunately beside the artistic execution of Mr. Wells. What can be flatter in handling or more vapid in sentiment than Mr. Sant's *Portraits* (16)? The flesh in *Miss Jones's Portrait* (113) is almost sampler-like, so dull, painty, and weak is it. The *Children of H. S. Thornton, Esq.* (385) are hardly more fortunate; while the head and bust of a lady, *Taking Notes* (727), shown with an affectation of earnestness, painfully like trick, in her fixed eyes, is, notwithstanding its unusually solid treatment, equally meretricious.

Miss Grant, painted in 1856 (6), by Mr. F. Grant, compared with recent works here, shows a sounder style, more grace and truth, as well as feeling for

character. *The Speaker* (68), though evidently the portrait of a gentleman and intellectual man, is thin and stiff in execution, lacking strength of handling and colour.—Mr. G. Richmond has adopted the manner of large portraiture, but his execution retains that of the miniaturist he was. The face of *Mrs. F. Trench* (24) shows stippling—not desirable in oil. The *Archbishop of Canterbury* (61) is a little weak, but agreeable. *The Earl of Home* (281) is the best portrait Mr. Richmond has this year contributed; it is pleasant, if rather too smooth and gentlemanlike.—Mr. J. P. Knight's *Dr. Baly* (80), although it raises the idea of the sitter wearing his "best clothes," is painted with power, feeling and solidity. The purple jacket in the *Portrait of a Lady* (65) is a little crude, and injures the flesh of a well-painted and very characteristic face.—Mr. W. Douglass's *D. Lang, Esq.* (116) has considerable merit in its execution, and is certainly a good likeness.

Besides Mr. H. T. Wells's miniatures already named, Mr. Thorburn's *Second Son of Viscount Hardinge* (794) well sustains his reputation in that class of portraiture.—Mr. E. Moira's *Miss Hancock* (877) is painted with great freshness, character and beauty.—So are Miss A. Dixon's *Daughters of Sir E. Hulse* (838), and others by the same.

Of Animal pictures Mr. J. Wolf's *Row in the Jungle* (769), monkeys tormenting a fearfully irate tiger, is singularly full of character, force and originality. His *Wapiti Deer* (631) is beautiful in textural treatment and drawing.—The Misses Mutrie send few flower-pieces this year. Miss A. F. Mutrie's *Azaleas* (29) is bright and fresh, but a little mannered.—*Was Hæ!* (630), by Mr. J. E. Newton, a group of goblets, &c., is beautiful, solid and brilliant painting; a real work of Art.

There is little artistic design in most of the Sculptures at the Royal Academy. The most important figures are Mr. J. Durham's *Africa* (1014), and *America* (1073), of the series for the Great Exhibition Memorial. These are massive and symbolical; a little academical in style, perhaps, but finely conceived and grandly modelled. If we must have symbolism in our public places—symbolism mixed up with realities—let us have figures like these, rather than such Victories as we have in Waterloo Place.—Mr. W. C. Marshall's *Undine* (1012) is fleshy, but without that finish which contributes so much to Art in sculpture. The face is not beautiful.—Mr. E. B. Stephens's *Earl of Londale* (1013) is well designed, but a little stiff in attitude.—Mr. C. B. Birch's *Margarite* (1037) looking at the casket of jewels, is prettily designed, but rough, and has a weak face.—Mr. H. S. Leifchild's *Mother of Moses* (1038) and *Go, and sin no more* (1041) are both finely conceived, a little disproportioned and unfinished.

Mr. A. Munro's *Two Lovers, Group in Aluminium* (1080), is too merely pretty to be good in Art. Putting aside the untruth of the creaseless and skin-like garments of the pair, the woman's face is unbeautiful. *A. S. Gladstone, Esq.* (1033), bust, by the same, is, if not elaborate and very sound in execution, cleverly conceived as to character, and pleasing. One of the artist's best works.—Mr. J. Adams's *H. Reed, Esq.*, bust (1051), is grand and simple in treatment.—Mr. W. Theed's *Hallam*, bust (1054), has a weak, set smile that is anything but estimable.—Mr. T. Woolner's bust of *Archdeacon Hare* (1141) is sound, careful and bold.—Mr. H. H. Armstead's bronze Medallions (1091 and 1093) are splendid examples of good workmanship, very characteristic and expressive.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—A highly-interesting discovery has recently been made by Mr. Redgrave, at Hampton Court, to the effect that one of the pictures formerly attributed to Pordenone, a Virgin and Child, with two figures in adoration, life-size, half-figures, is really the work of an artist whose works are extremely rare in this country, Girolamo Savoldo, of Brescia, styled by Ridolfi, G. Bresciano. Vasari ('Lombard Artists') names him Giangirolamo, and says that in the house of the Mint at Milan were four pictures by him, representing confagurations and night-pieces: in that of Tommaso da Empoli a Nativity, also night, "which is very beautiful." He adds,

this painter executed many fantastical of similar kinds, never any works of importance, but merited high commendation for the fancy and ingenuity of his pictures. He was a noble, and gave his productions away to churches and convents. Pino places him in the front rank with his contemporaries. He is always spoken of as a follower of Titian. It seems that the work in question had been covered with the abominable brown composition erst used to give "tone" to pictures, but on removing that, the signature and date, 1527, appeared. Also, at Hampton Court, it has been found that an old and sadly-disfigured picture called a Titian, formerly hung in one of the gallery's darkest cells, when put in order, turned out to be a beautiful specimen of Old Palma, a Virgin and Child, with St. John, &c. This is numbered 746.—As to numbering the pictures in this gallery a stop has been put to a practice which for stupidity and want of consideration for students can hardly be surpassed. Erst, it was usual when a picture was shifted not to shift the number with it, i.e. the number applied to the space on the wall, not to the work. Consequently, the remarks of critics or students' references were, probably to increase the sale of catalogues—rendered unavailable in a very short time. We may thank Mr. Redgrave for the improvement.

Any one who goes into the Art Department Female School of Art at South Kensington, as we went on Tuesday last, and experiences the miseries to which the ladies composing it are exposed and almost habituated, will join us in a remonstrance with the authorities of the Department, or with the Government, which withholds the means of accommodating that school; though it is officially admitted not only to be amongst the most creditable to its teachers, but really profitable in a commercial point of view. The "best-paying" drawing school in London is only half-warmed; the pupils study in draughts of wind; until the recent serious diminution in its numbers, it was overcrowded; it is shamefully ill-lighted, and the ventilating apparatus keeps up a banging and slamming, such as would not be tolerated for a moment in a private house, much less in a public office. All this is the case, while the House of Commons has years ago specially voted money to accommodate the school in question, but which money has been diverted to pressing needs of the Art Department. We repeat, that a private school would be ruined in a month if its frequenters were so inconsiderately treated as the ladies are at South Kensington.

The sale of Mr. Egg's pictures and collection took place on Monday last, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's; the most important items and the prices they fetched were as under:—Cartoons, Launce and his Dog, Peter the Great and Catherine, 40l. 15s. (Vokins). Sketches in Oil, a Lady, 41l. (Anderdon).—A Mother and Child, and Fortune-telling, 47 guineas (Cox).—Heads of a Negro, an Algerine, and a Negro Barber, 62l. 10s. (Creswick).—Raising the Standard, and the Bedroom at Knowle, 53 guineas (White).—The Volunteer, Maria from 'Twelfth Night,' Leicester and Amy Robsart, 82½ guineas (Gilbert). Pictures, by Egg, The Toilet, a Lady seated at a Table, and her Maid, Candlelight, 50 guineas (Gilbert).—A Girl Writing, 52 guineas (Cox).—Italian Peasants seated in a Portico, 41 guineas (W. H. Wells).—The Siesta, 23 guineas (Flatow).—The Leisure Hour, 40 guineas (Gilbert).—The Crochet Lesson, 1862, 94 guineas (Cox).—Travelling Companions, railway carriage, landscape seen through the window, 1862, 330 guineas (Cox).—"Past and Present," the triptych seen at the International Exhibition, 346l. 10s. (Agnew).—An Algerine Girl playing a Guitar, 1863, 80 guineas (Cox). Pictures by other Artists, Mr. J. Phillip, Sketch of 'Teaching the Scotch Catechism,' 27 guineas (Flatow).—Miss Mutrie, A Flower Piece, 55 guineas (Grundy).—Mr. W. P. Frith, Scene from 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' finished sketch (Cox).—the same, Coming of Age in the Olden Time, finished sketch, 185 guineas (White).—Mr. P. R. Morris, Voices from the Sea, 105l.—Mr. H. Wallis, Death of Chatterton, the celebrated picture, engraved, the subject of various important actions against infringers of copyright, seen at the Art

Treasures Exhibition, 775 guineas (Agnew), cost 200*l.*.—Mr. Holman Hunt, Claudio and Isabella, cost, in 1859, 180*l.*, exhibited at the Academy in 1853, 610 guineas (Agnew). The whole collection realized upwards of 4,000*l.*

The following is a list of pictures that were sold at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, on Saturday last, with the price each item obtained:—Drawings, J. M. W. Turner, Plymouth Sound, engraved, 122 guineas (Vokins).—Mr. F. Taylor, Figures in Conversation and a Dog, The Return from Hawking, and Highland Home, 140 *gs.* (Vokins).—Mr. Stanfield, Fort Rouge, Boat in a Breeze off Brighton, Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore, 206 *gs.* (Vokins).—C. Fielding, A Landscape, with cattle and figures, 101 *gs.* (Croft).—Mdlle. R. Bonheur, Cabinet Landscape, cow and calf in the foreground, cattle in the distance, 186*3*, 145 *gs.* (E. F. White).—W. Collins, View on the Sands, figures by W. Goodall, 101 *gs.* (E. F. White).—A. Solomon, Ball-room in the Year 1700, 1847, 420*l.* (Gilbert).—Mr. T. S. Cooper, Canterbury Meadows, eight cows near a stream, 320*l.* 5*s.* (Langton).—Sir J. Reynolds, Portrait of Sir J. Esdaile, Lord Mayor of London, 1789, engraved, 105*l.* (Wallis).—T. Gainsborough, A Grand Landscape, at the edge of a wood, with a woman and child in a cart on a hilly road, &c., 357*l.* (Thomas).—G. Morland, Landscape, edge of a wood, gipsy family, round a blazing fire, donkey and dog, 1792, 125 *gs.* (Cox).—The Black-Bull Picture, a small landscape, with gipsies, The Woodman's Return, Female Peasant, and Snow Scene, 150 *gs.* (Smith and others).—Repose, 129 *gs.* (E. Bocquet).—Woodland Scene, 140 *gs.* (Wilson).—J. Constable, The Glebe Farm, 319*l.* (Martin).

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, May 26, Half-past Three.—Quartet, C minor, Beethoven; Duett, B flat, Piano and Violoncello, Mendelssohn. Quintet, C minor, Piano, two Violins, Viola and Violoncello, Spohr.—Vocal Music and Piano Solos.—Artists: Japha (first time), Rice, Webb and Platt. Pianist, Jessell (last time this season).—Tickets, 1*s.* 6*d.* each; to be had of Crumey & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier & Co.; Austin; at the Hall; and Ashdown & Parry. 18, Hanover Square. J. ELLA, Director.

S. THALBERG'S FIRST MATINÉE, MONDAY NEXT, May 26.—S. Thalberg's remaining Matinées and appearances in London this season, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, June 1, June 8, and June 15, to commence at Half-past-two o'clock.—Stall Subscriptions, 3 Guineas; Family Tickets, to admit four (Stalls), 3 Guineas; Stall Tickets, 2*s.*; Unreserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*; to be had of the principal Music Shops; at St. James's Hall; and of Mr. Fish, at the Hanover Square Rooms, where the Plan of the Seats may be seen.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S ENTERTAINMENT "A MORNING at the PIANOFORTE," on THURSDAY NEXT, at Three, in ST. JAMES'S HALL, when she will read and illustrate a new Lecture on "MUSIC and MUSICIANS," by G. A. Macfarren. Vocalist, Miss Banks.—Tickets, 3*s.*; Stalls, 7*s.*; at Austin's Ticket Office.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, Willis's Rooms, May 30, Three o'clock.—Artists: Parepa, Lascelles, Jules Lefort, Sainton, Piatti, Balair Chatterton, John Thomas, Benedict, Blumenthal, Cusins, Engel, Lindsay Sloper, and Harold Thomas.—Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to admit Three, One Guinea; at the principal Music Shops; and of Mr. Harold Thomas, 37, Maddox Street, W.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—At the SECOND MORNING CONCERT to be given to the Subscribers of Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, on TUESDAY, June 3, at Three o'clock. The following New Compositions will be performed: Pianoforte, Mendelssohn; Violin Quartet, Volkmann. Pianoforte Solo: Chant des Sirènes, O'Leary; Spinneried, Liszt; Solo Violoncello, Romance Volkmann. Songs: 'A Poet's Love and Devotion, Schumann; 'Do not in Beauty thus appear, Nicolai; 'Mary of the Oberland,' Dessauer; 'Somebody,' Agnes Zimmermann; Luett, Cornu and Baritone; "Gard'ner, thy Tree am I," Schumann. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Pauer, Sainton, Rice, Webb and Paque. Vocalists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, and Mr. Lausmère. Conductors: Messrs. Frank Mori and Evers. All Tickets retained at the First Concert are available.—Programmes at Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, 87, Regent Street.

MR. CUSINS'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, June 5, at Eight o'clock.—Artists: Parepa, Sims Reeves, Messent, and Santley, the Orpheus Glee Union, Piatti, Balair Chatterton, John Thomas, Harold Thomas, and Cusins Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductors, Prof. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Cusins.—Tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.*, and 1*s.*, at Austin's, No. 23, Piccadilly; all Music-sellers; and at 38, Nottingham Place, W.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S MORNING CONCERT OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Hanover Square Rooms, June 6.—Artists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti and Mr. Walter Macfarren.—Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*—1, Osmburgh Street, N.W.

WELSH NATIONAL MUSIC.—United Chorus.—Band of Harps.—A MORNING CONCERT, to be given by Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencerid Gwallia), at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, June 13, at Three o'clock, with the assistance of the Members of the Vocal Association, the Royal Academy of Music, and the Welsh Chorus, Messrs. Lewis Cymru, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilby Cooper, Mr. Lewis Thomas. Harpists: Mr. J. Balair Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. J. Cheshire, Mr. John Thomas (Pencerid Gwallia), &c. Further particulars will be duly announced.—Sofa Seats, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Half-a-Guinea; to be had of the Music-sellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and of Mr. John Thomas, 109, Great Portland Street, W.

MR. DEACON'S THIRD and LAST SEANCE OF CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place on FRIDAY, June 19 (instead of June 8, as before announced), at 16, Grosvenor Street, by permission of Messrs. Colliard, commencing at Three o'clock. Instrumentalist: M.M. Sainton, Pollitzer, Webb, Pezse, and Deacon.—On this occasion Mr. Deacon has the pleasure to state that he will also have the valuable assistance of Mdlle. Parepa and Madame Sainton-Dolby.—Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mr. E. W. Oliver, 19, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 73, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The crowd was brilliant at 'Don Giovanni' on Thursday week. There were the usual *encores*. The performance was as fine a one as could be expected under the circumstances, where so much rapid preparation of novelty must preclude close rehearsal of known works, and where all the principal artists are not first-rate. A *Donna Anna* is not found in Mdlle. Fricci;—we do not indorse the popular admiration of *Leporello* by Herr Formes, feeling its want of real dramatic vitality and humour doubled by contrast with the redundancy, without exaggeration, of both in the *Masetto* of Signor Ronconi. The *Donna Elvira* of Madame Rudersdorff is too boisterously shrill; cleverly and completely expressed as is the music by her. Then, at the risk of our being burnt for heresy in the cause of Mozart's intentions and of good vocal execution generally, it must be represented that Mdlle. Patti's *Zerlina* is too *staccato*, its melodies too much broken and tormented with over-accent—musically, too unfinished entirely to content those who cannot forget Sontag, or Madame Persiani, or Bosio, whose popularity the lady seems for the hour to have succeeded. M. Faure's *Don Giovanni* has improved; he is a modest, earnest, real artist, and as such cannot fail to improve.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—When Mdlle. Artot began her career only a few years ago in London concerts, it was to be felt by every one who heard her that experience only was wanting to her entire success. A singer so accomplished, both vocally and musically, had not made a first appearance since the coming out of Mdlle. Artot's preceptress, Madame Viardot. Since then stage practice and success have done their work, and the lady, as was proved by her admirable performance in 'La Figlia del Reggimento' on Tuesday, is now something like the best operatic artist before the public;—with a voice excellently in tune, of sufficiently pleasing quality, and thoroughly trained. Mdlle. Artot's acting, too, is good; lively, without the slightest grimace or impertinence,—there is youth in it, but no crudeness nor incompleteness. In brief, nothing could be more enthusiastic than her reception, and never was praise better merited. She is one of the few to be watched and listened for, and to be spoken of not after, but *with* Madame Lind and Sontag, whose performances in Donizetti's prettiest comic opera must have been felt to render the essay of a younger artist in the character of *Maria* hazardous, to say the least of it.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Mr. Halle's *Recitals*.—Mr. Halle has a sure place in England—such as can be won here only by an instrumentalist under conditions of remarkable accomplishment and progress. Londoners may well be glad that, after two years of exclusive devotion to Beethoven's *Sonatas*, for his own series of concerts this season, he has recourse to the general library of classical music, and not to one particular shelf of it. Yesterday week, we had Beethoven's *Sonata* in A, No. 2, Op. 2 (a work which breaks down every classifying theory of manners and styles, being, in some features, as boldly new as its writer's last *Pianoforte Sonata*),—a *Partita* in B minor, by Bach,—Mozart's Trumpet *Sonata*, Op. 21,—Weber's *Solo Sonata* in C, Op. 24, the performance of which could not be surpassed for sentiment, lustre of execution, charm of tone and unflinching power,—two "Moments Musicaux" by Schubert, the second a quaint *Hongroise* in F minor,—Mendelssohn's "Caprice" in E, Op. 33, this also played to perfection,—lastly, two specimens by Chopin. Better relished the best of music and the best of playing could not be than they were by the large audience assembled.

Herr Pauer's *Historical Performances*.—Half of the fifth of these concerts was devoted to English

composers—Bull, Purcell, Kelway, Pinto (our most promising of instrumental writers), Messrs. C. Potter, Bennett, Wallace, and Bache, of Birmingham,—another young man summoned hence, not, however, before he had given indications of new fancy and genius, which might have carried him far among the composers of the day. The rest of the concert was made up of an agreeable and piquant Serenade by M. Gouvy,—of a Romance by M. Silas,—and of the "Spinnerlied" from Herr Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman,' by much the most graceful and original of Herr Wagner's melodies that is known to us, wrought into a capital display-piece of the delicate kind by Dr. Liszt,—Herr Hiller's 'Zur Guitarr' (of which we have already spoken),—and a *suite* of pieces by Herr Bargiel, a composer who is rising into notice in Germany.

The "command" concert of the *Philharmonic Society*, on Monday, was noticeable in the absence of any instrumental *solo*. Are the directors unaware of the presence in London of some half-a-dozen artists fit to appear before the young royal lady, who obviously takes a real and cordial interest in music? If not, they stand amenable to the charge of giving second-rate, parsimonious concerts, little worthy of the patronage accorded to them. What has become of the spirit which could in former days assemble, at one meeting, three such *solo* artists as Mendelssohn, M. de Beriot and Madame Cinti-Damoreau? Year by year is the decay of a society established for generous purposes of Art more and more wilfully paraded.

Besides the above concerts, the "Derby" week has yielded to the public the ninth harp concert of *Mr. Apotomas*, and performances of chamber-music by *Miss Emma Busby* and *Mr. Deacon*.

HAYMARKET.—Expectation has been lately excited in regard to a new play by Lady Dufferin (now Countess of Gifford) previous to its representation, which took place on Saturday. As the granddaughter of Sheridan, it was assumed that something of the spirit of 'The School for Scandal' might be found in the dialogue of a play proceeding from her pen. These hopes were not altogether unreasonable, nor were they entirely disappointed. The title of the new drama well indicates its plot and purpose. It is 'Finesse; or, Spy and Counter-Spy.' The first refers to the character of a Frenchman, supported by Mr. Wigan in his very best and most careful style, and who passes under the name of *Dr. Bertrand*, physician to the garrison of Messina. This worthy knowing that the political agents of Ferdinand, on the eve of the Sicilian Revolution of 1811, were waiting for the arrival of a spy, contrives to send to them a substitute of his own, in order to gain possession of certain documents. For the performance of this perilous duty, he unknowingly selects his own son, *Jules d'Arriigny* (Mr. W. Farren), whom he supposes to be dead, but who had escaped from the deserter's doom, and now finds himself in contact with his father, who, full of his own devices, fails to recognize his identity. The young man succeeds in deceiving Ferdinand's agents, who have already mistaken one *John Poppleton*, an amateur sailor (Mr. Buckstone), for the man they were expecting, and whose blunders and escapades constitute the comic action of the piece. This worthy drops his pocket-book, which Jules picks up, and, extracting the passport, uses it and Poppleton's name for the purpose of his mission. As the latter soon drinks himself into insensibility, Jules has time enough to accomplish his plans. He has been introduced into the house of *Baron Freienharsen* (Mr. Chippendale) in a mummy-case which the Baron supposes to contain the body of a felon recently executed, whom he hopes to recover by the administration of an elixir which he entrusts to Dr. Bertrand. Jules, released from his temporary place of confinement, makes his escape by the window; and Poppleton, by the aid of the rope-ladder he had left, enters the Baron's apartment, and, still suffering under the fumes of wine, falls asleep on the sofa. Here he is found by the Baron, who concludes that he is the resuscitated felon, and a scene of *equivocal* ensues, which is certainly amusing. Ultimately, the Baron induces him to retire to rest in an inner

apartment. By this time Ferdinand's agents have discovered their error, and enter with their guard to arrest Jules, and Dr. Bertrand, who has been made acquainted that the latter is his son, is greatly excited by his supposed danger. In his frenzy he seizes a sword, and defies the military to prosecute their search. The situation is a fine one, and very pathetic; but, from an error in the construction of the piece, is deprived of its due force. The audience, of course, know that it is Poppleton and not D'Artigny who is in danger. When the youth is brought forth, the doctor favours the mistake; but in vain, for Jules soon enters, and under circumstances which admit of no more *finesse*. The rule of Ferdinand is ended, and Jules bears the order for the arrest of the conspirators, who are taken into custody by the very guards which they had brought for his own. The tables are thus completely turned, and the perplexities of the action brought to a prosperous issue. Besides the characters which we have named, and which are all admirably supported, there are the *Baroness of Freitenharsen*, who is jealous of her husband whose scientific pursuits she cannot understand, and her domestic *Bobbin*, who dreads foreigners, and supports her opinions by anecdotes taken from her own family history. These had full justice done to them by Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Wigan. The play was frequently applauded, and its success ultimately attested by the enthusiasm of the audience. The house was crowded.

NEW ADELPHI.—Mr. Benjamin Webster has achieved success in another character-part, called the *Wooden Spoon-maker*. The piece has been written by Messrs. W. Brough & Halliday; but the plot is too simple for detail. It merely proceeds upon the old expedient of substituting one child for another, so that father and daughter are brought into mysterious sympathy, while ignorant of their relationship. Mr. Webster made the most both of the character and the situation.

ST. JAMES'S.—Miss Marie Wilton appears in a new part here, in a piece called 'The Little Sentinel,' which depends entirely on the acting, and receives much of its force from her excellent treatment of the very slight materials of which it is composed. It is the production of Mr. T. J. Williams, to whom the stage is indebted for many similar trifles.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Mr. Mapleson is said, by Rumour, to have invited Madame Viardot to come hither for some performances of 'Orfeo.' Every one capable of admiring the greatest masterpiece of Art which the stage has seen since the days of Madame Pasta, and of making acquaintance with one of the five noblest operas in being, may well wish the news to be true, and that the great artist may accede. Those to whom Gluck's opera is only known by Madame Czillag's unpolished and heavy imitation of a greater artist may be satisfied that a pleasure and a surprise are in store for them (supposing the plan wrought out) such as occur very rarely in the lives of play-goers.

The 'Kyrie' and 'Gloria' of Signor Roberti's Mass, mentioned in the *Athenæum* a fortnight since, are (so far as can be judged from following the performance of it at the Brompton Oratory) fairly satisfactory—written, at all events, in a sober, if not severe, style; and without a touch of the new Italian Opera effects which during late years have made such woful havoc of Roman Church-music. In the 'Credo,' the setting of the verse 'Et incarnatus' pleased us best, as being tuneable and expressive, if not representing the mystery of Faith in all its depths. No Service-music, when heard as part of a service, can be reviewed with any certainty, or indeed propriety, seeing that it is merely an appendage to a rite. When it is separated from the ceremonies of altar, choir and pulpit, from incense rising, from holy tapers moving hither and thither, from costumes and crossings and genuflexions—even should it be competently rendered in the church, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is impossible—then, and not till then, can its value as a work of Art, and not of association, be justly ascertained.

M. Thalberg's *Matinées* will begin on Monday

next. By accident, the first appearance of Herr Japha at the Popular Concerts was announced for last, in place of *next Monday*.

Mr. Henry Leslie's 'Holyrood' will, we hear, be given at the Norwich Festival.

Mr. Harold Thomas's coming concert deserves express recommendation because of his desire to travel out of the beaten track. Besides Mendelssohn's *Fantasia*, Op. 28, a work little played, he promises the charming Pianoforte Trio by M. Auber, introduced last year at one of M. Sainton's *Soirées*,—a new composition by Dr. Bennett,—and the *notturno* for two voices from the 'Beatrice and Benedict' of M. Berlioz.—We are told that Mr. Cousins will repeat his Serenade at his benefit concert, and also cause to be performed two "Numbers" from Herr Wagner's 'Lohengrin.'

The appearance at the Royal Italian Opera of Middle Demi as *Enrichetta*, in M. Flotow's 'Martha,' this day week was without importance; Madame Fioretti will replace her this evening. 'Le Prophète' is announced for Monday next.

The next oratorio given by the Sacred Harmonic Society is to be 'The Creation.'

Birmingham papers announce that Mr. F. Howell's new oratorio, 'Captivity,' will be repeated on Whit-Tuesday, with Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Laura Baxter, Messrs. Tennant and Weiss as principal singers, and a band and chorus of three hundred performers.

La Presse of Paris states that M. Gounod is at work on five acts taken from 'Mierio,' "a charming poem (says the journalist) which Theocritus or Virgil might have dictated to Frédéric Mistral, in the old Troubadour language." The poem, its subject and its author are alike, we fancy, unknown on this side of the Channel.

The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* is barren of interest. Tourists are reminded by it that the Middle Rhine Musical Festival is to be held at Darmstadt on the 16th of August, and following days.—Handel's 'Joshua' was recently given at Hamburg by the Rühl Society.—The text to the fairy opera which Herr Offenbach is writing for Vienna will be arranged in German by Baron A. von Wolzogen, whose Memoirs of Madame Schröder-Devrient, we may here say, may possibly ere long appear in an English dress.

Among the Paris news of the week the only item having any importance is the death of M. Prudent, the well-known pianist, some of whose show-pieces and arrangements of operatic music have had a certain currency in alternation with those of Dr. Liszt and M. Thalberg.

MISCELLANEA

Schiller's 'Robbers.'—Will you kindly allow me to mention a matter of some interest to students of German literature, which some one among your distinguished German Correspondents may be able to clear up. In Section 15 of Schiller's essay, 'On the connexion of Man's Animal Nature with his Spiritual Nature,' a certain passage is illustrated by the quotation of part of the first scene of the fifth act of 'The Robbers.' Some trifling verbal differences between this quotation and the text of the play would be hardly worth noticing, were it not for the following marginal reference in English, given in the essay to indicate—at least apparently—the work from which the quotation has been taken, 'Life of Moor: Tragedy,' by Krake, act v, sc. 1.' The order of act and scene coincides with 'The Robbers.' The solution of the difficulty which suggests itself to me is, that, as the essay was read by Schiller before the Duke of Wurtemberg in 1780, Schiller, having to account for the origin of the quotation, and not wishing to confess that he had composed or was engaged in the composition of 'The Robbers,' invented and used this reference for the purpose of concealing his authorship of the play. This is, however, a mere guess of mine. The marginal reference as it now stands is very puzzling, and it would be desirable to have its meaning explained on good authority. The edition of Schiller's works, in which I found it, is the one published by Cotta in 1847. JULIUS LAX.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—E. T.—H. M. W.—J. H. P.—R. J.—received.

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SEELEY, JACKSON & HALLIDAY, 54, Fleet-street.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

LITERATURE

Travels on Horseback in Mantchu Tartary: being a Summer's Ride beyond the Great Wall of China. By George Fleming, Esq. With Map and Illustrations. (Hurst & Blackett.)

By the ninth article of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, right was granted to British subjects to travel freely in any part of the Chinese Empire, and amongst those who availed themselves of that boon were Messrs. Fleming and Michie, the former an officer, in 1861, stationed at Tien-tsin, the latter a merchant, resident at Shanghai. Their ambition was to travel on horseback from Tien-tsin to the birthplace of the Mantchu dynasty beyond the Great Wall of China; and this they gratified to the fullest extent. Their principal object is not so clearly explained. Mr. Fleming, the historian of the journey, hints at the prosecution of scientific labours, and once he climbs a mountain with compass, barometer and thermometer, but on descending loses his way, and we hear no more of these instruments nor of the results obtained by means of them. Mr. Michie is supposed to have an eye to business, and very likely gathered some valuable information during his journey. But we are left in considerable doubt on that point also, and we shall probably not much wrong our travellers by assuming the excitement expected from a ride through a comparatively unknown country to have been their principal object, while scientific and commercial considerations held only a secondary place in their plan of operations. Our travellers could induce only one Chinaman, a groom, and native of the northern provinces, to accompany them, though they held out tempting sums to any Cantonese who would give them the benefit of his "Pigeon English," that ludicrous jargon now possessing a grammar and dictionary of its own. They were afterwards glad that they had not taken a Cantonese, finding as great an antipathy between the natives of Southern and Northern China, as exists between those of the free and slave States of America. Starting about the middle of 1861 from Tien-tsin, mounted on strong, though odd-looking, Tartar ponies, and accompanied by a cart carrying provisions and luggage, our "two adventurous Britons," as they delight to call themselves, kept along the coast of the Gulf of Liau-Tong, passing over a rich and highly agricultural country, fording rivers, passing numerous towns and villages, and experiencing no other inconveniences than those resulting from dirty inns and the excessive curiosity of the people. Whenever they entered a town the mob pressed upon them in overwhelming numbers, and in several instances broke down doors and walls to have a peep at the wonderfully dressed strangers. Riding-whips and sticks had to be used pretty freely both by themselves and the police to keep the intruders at a respectful distance. For the greater part of this inconvenience they had only themselves to thank, they having unwisely retained their European costume: had they adopted the Chinese style of dress they would probably have passed without any molestation whatever. An American Indian, with his feather cloak and painted face, walking through our streets would doubtless not fare much better, when in European attire he would not be subjected to that annoyance. Occasionally there was a brickbat thrown at them by some boys bent on mischief, but at most places they were treated in a friendly manner, and it was not until they arrived at Shanghai-kwan, near the Great Wall,

that their passports were demanded. It will be remembered that it was stipulated by the high contracting parties that the treaty of Tien-tsin should be made known throughout the Chinese Empire, but during the whole of this part of their journey our travellers found the people in happy ignorance of any such treaty, and the right it gave to our countrymen to travel under the protection of a British passport. The legal instrument they had fortified themselves with would therefore have been perfectly useless, and would probably have prevented their penetrating any distance beyond the Great Wall, if they had not adopted the precaution of taking with them a more formidable looking document than that issued by the British Consulate, and supplied to them by one of the Imperial Commissioners at Tien-tsin. When the Mandarins and police officials saw this paper, they became more civil, and allowed them to stay for the night at an inn of the town, from which they were about to be ejected. But suspicion once aroused was difficult to allay. Close to the town, but beyond the boundary of the Great Wall, was a high mountain, from which they hoped to obtain a good bird's-eye view of the adjacent country and the Great Wall. But on mentioning their desire to ascend it, they were plainly refused; nevertheless, the next morning they made their way thither, and, though politely stopped by the guard at the gates, and warned that during so hot a day, and without any path leading to the summit, it would be dangerous to attempt the ascent, our travellers ventured upon it. Mr. Michie had to give in ere the climbing on foot commenced; while Mr. Fleming, though once more warned by the Chinese officials, pushed on, and safely reached the top, where he found an old ruined tower, and obtained a magnificent view. Below him lies a richly cultivated country, across which stretched, like a huge serpent emerging from the sea, the Great Wall of China, one of the most stupendous works of man, hoary with the age of twenty centuries. For miles and miles the Titanic structure is seen to wander, retreating and advancing, bending up and doubling down; now lost altogether to view; now starting at once from the side of a cliff, which it has wound itself round in a manner almost surpassing belief, planting tiny, square towers closely together where the clefts and passes between the rough, steep mountains indicate a possibility of their being practicable, and throwing out one, two, or even three additional barriers or ramifications to aid that in front across those constricted valleys where a few men might be able to scramble; posting odd turrets in the strangest places, where the wall zigzags to and fro, and erecting castellated towers on the spiked points of the mountains. Up hill and down dale, but not always mounting the highest peaks, the Great Wall continues its course for hundreds of miles, from the sea to the desert—the work of millions of labourers during ten, or, as others have it, five years of toil, but proving as useless to keep the barbarians at bay as similar, though comparatively Lilliputian, structures which the Romans erected in various parts of their vast dominions:—

"Even to a Westerner, who has seen some of the triumphs of nineteenth century engineering, and undertakings such as the old world never dreamt of, it seems all but impossible that any people could set themselves down to the performance of so monstrous a difficulty. There is no great amount of skill; there is little, if anything, of ingenuity displayed in its erection, so far as I can see; but there is work—there is labour for giants—in the structure, and this character appears in every brick that goes to make up the solid outline of its towers. The latter are only within the scope of the

most practised climber, and intrude themselves so menacingly into the upper world that one almost expects to see them thronged by rebellious Titans aspiring to make war with Heaven. In every stone of that rampart embankment that embraces with a petrous girdle the confines of far-off Cathay, there is a tale of toil and fatigue such as, perhaps, the modern world never knew, silently told in the computed one thousand two hundred and fifty miles of the country, from east to west, over which it wanders. Surely the king and the people who lived a little more than two thousand years ago, who have left their memories and their autographs written in such a bold hand over such a great tract of the world's uneven surface, and who have submitted to the scrutiny and criticism of innumerable generations such an astounding trophy of human industry and patience, were very different men to those of the present day, and had very much higher incentives to the achievement of greatness and the maintenance of national independence, than the apathetic fratricides and blasphemous robbers of 1861!"

Mr. Fleming had found the ascent comparatively easy, but on descending he lost his way, and suffered so fearfully from heat, hunger and thirst, that he became perfectly insensible, and was only saved from sunstroke by falling exhausted into a cool grotto. Perhaps a little too much is made of this, the only real adventure in the book, by working it up into a regular sensation scene. Suffice it to add, that he ultimately reached the valley in safety, quite knocked up and without boots or hat, nearly frightening some field labourers out of their wits by his sudden appearance amongst them in the character, as they thought, of the genius of the mountain. All things having been made pleasant again, the two travellers pushed on beyond the Great Wall, and without difficulty reached Newchwang, where the mob behaved most insultingly, and compelled them to depart without loss of time for Ying-tze, one of the new treaty-ports, where they had the pleasure of finding Mr. Meadows, the British Consul, who, highly indignant at their treatment at the last halting-place, wrote off a remonstrance to the presiding functionary of that town. "If a strong display of revolvers, rifles and guns, ready at hand, around Mr. Meadows's room and bed-head could be taken as any criterion of his faith in the peaceful character of the Chinese in this region, it was decidedly less than our own," writes Mr. Fleming, "and this was not increased when he told us how, a day or two before, his assistant was just rescued from annihilation by some of the townfolk, for-attempting to save a woman from ill-treatment." Notwithstanding, our author and his companion pushed on to Moukden, the Mantchu capital, which they were surprised to find in so good a condition:—

"The great regularity of the streets—the ample breadth of the principal ones—the absence of filthy and indecent displays at their sides, such as everywhere offend the eyes and nose in Peking; the uniform height and frontage of the shops, and their respectable, though far from gaudy appearance, and the total absence of tumble-down wooden arches, or *Pai-lus*, such as in almost every other town obstructed the way or marred the prospect; quite took our good opinions by storm. Moukden, so far as our experience went, was pronounced to be the Edinburgh of the Middle Kingdom. The people were well, though not luxuriantly dressed, and I do not think during our stay we noticed a beggar or a ragged individual within its walls. There were large stands of cart-cabs with excellent mules in them, superior to those of Peking. There were capital shops with large open windows, in which were counters for the sale of furs, native cottons, dye-stuffs, grain, and medicines, as well as ready-made clothing; but we could perceive nothing European, save a couple of boxes of German lucifer

matches which we saw when we afterwards had an investigation on foot. A good proportion of these shops were kept for the manufactory and sale of bows and arrows, and in some of them there were splendid specimens of the skins of eagles and vultures. We passed several large Yamuns or government buildings, before which were drawn up dozens of cabs, and crowds of attendants awaiting the convenience of their several owners who were within, probably discussing questions concerning the management or mismanagement of a province the length and breadth of which is estimated at 700,000 square miles. Each of these public offices was guarded by rows of high black *chevaux-de-frise*. Booths and stalls there were none, and even the nomadic vendors of eatables, and the peripatetic craftsmen of all grades and trades who roam freely elsewhere, were here invisible."

The author more than once notices in the workshops the analogy existing between the manufacturing, applying and preparing of different articles, as well as the instruments required in the processions of the remote East and West, and answers the question whether the Chinese have borrowed their ideas from us or we from them by adopting the conclusion at which M. Abel Rémusat arrived when he investigated this interesting question:—

"The irruption of the Mongols, by throwing everything into agitation, neutralised distance, filled up intervals, and brought the nations together; the events of war transported millions of individuals to an immense distance from the places where they were born. History has recorded the voyages of kings, of ambassadors, of missionaries. But how many others, less celebrated, were laid in the train of those men, either as slaves, or impelled by the desire of gain, or by curiosity, to countries hitherto unexplored. Chance has preserved the names of a few. The first envoy who came on the part of the Tartars to the King of Hungary was an Englishman, banished from his country for certain crimes, and who, after having wandered through Asia, had finally taken service among the Mongols. A Flemish cordelier met, in the depths of Tartary, a woman of Metz, named Paquette, who had been carried away from Hungary; a Parisian goldsmith, whose brother was established in Paris on the Grand Pont; and a young man from the environs of Rouen, who had been present at the capture of Belgrade. He saw there also Russians, Hungarians and Flemings. A singer, named Robert, after travelling through the whole of Eastern Asia, returned to find a grave in the Cathedral of Chartres. A Tartar was a helmet-maker in the armies of Philip the Fair. * * * All—speaking of a number of discoveries and inventions, such as gunpowder, the polarity of the loadstone, playing-cards, printing, &c.—all were made in Eastern Asia; all were unheard of in the West. Communication took place; it was continued for a century and a half; and, ere another century had elapsed, all these inventions were known in Europe. Their origin is veiled in obscurity. The region where they manifested themselves—the men who produced them—are equally a subject of doubt. Enlightened countries were not their theatre. It was not learned men who were their authors; it was common men, obscure artisans, who lighted up, one after another, these unexpected flames."

Mr. Fleming has not been altogether judicious in drawing up his narrative. He is somewhat given to bookmaking. Details of no importance are often recorded at tedious length. Remarks, really sound and good, are followed by unmeaning platitudes, and hardly any subject is dismissed without snatches of poetry. By weeding his book of such and similar objectionable matter, and relying more upon the real interest springing from the nature of the subject, a less bulky but even more acceptable volume than the present might have been produced; and those who accompany these "two adventurous Britons, for nearly 700 miles among a people to whom the existence of such a place as Great Britain was unknown," would

have been more pleased than they will be with the story of their exploits.

A History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By William Massey, M.P. Vol. IV., 1793–1802. (Parker, Son & Bonn.)

THE genius of Commonplace might have written his name on the title-page of this volume. Mr. Massey, we suppose, calls himself a Liberal, and he represents in Parliament the decidedly Radical constituency of Salford. But in this volume he appears without either strong opinions or distinct personality. The style is smooth, slippery and weak; the matter, for the most part, old and worn; the judgment dull, timid and safe. The book is wanting in dash, fire, originality, acumen, knowledge and liberality. In fact, it is a poor book.

Perhaps the most curious fact about this new Radical history of England during the reign of George the Third is the want of liberality. In the hot old times of Pitt and Castlereagh, while we were at war with the French, it was a pardonable sort of vice to traduce their best men, to misrepresent their best actions. We hated them, and made no puerile profession of being just and impartial. Not only were we in conflict with their fleets and armies, their admirals and generals; we were engaged in a deadly strife against their ideas, their religion, their literature, their science and their institutions. If hate, and all that follows in the train of hate, can ever be justified, it is in the moil and hurry of such mortal fights as began at Dunkirk under the Duke of York, and ended at Waterloo under the Duke of Wellington. What Nelson was on the quarter-deck, we had a right to expect Scott would be in his book-room. To allow the French people a single virtue or their Revolution a single merit, might have abated one pulse of the rapid beating of the national heart against France. To write down the enemy was good policy as well as good patriotism. For abuse there was a ready market, for praise there would have been none. While the Army of England occupied the heights of Boulogne, or the memory of Fleurus rankled in our veins, a writer who attempted to be just and philosophical, who tried to put himself at the enemy's point of view, and to regard the contending nations with the equanimity of a judge, would have found nobody in England to applaud his impertinent tale. But those days of effort and peril, of glory and defeat, have long since passed away. Men of a liberal education can now see the social and scientific fruits of the Revolution, admire the heroism which repelled the Continental armies,—admit the incorruptibility of Robespierre,—applaud the eloquent outbreak of the Girondists,—and allow the military genius of Napoleon. People have become just to their great antagonists of another age. A writer of Liberal principles has, therefore, no need to mimic the style of Scott or Adolphus. He may do all proper homage to a gallant and noble foe, without fearing to weaken the defences of his country or relax its patriotic spirit. It is in this wiser mood that nearly all our historical writers now take up the pen.

Mr. Massey is an exception. With him, the Revolution seems to be a thing accursed. Burke was not more violent in his abuse of that Revolution than the Member for Salford. "Few persons will be disposed to think any terms of abhorrence too strong as applied to the bloodthirsty miscreants who were concerned in the murder of the King of France." This language will appear somewhat strained and comical in a writer who professes to be a disciple of Sydney, Locke and Fox. We do not

know that Filmer himself would have gone further in ferocity of denunciation than the Radical writer. The revolutionary people are always in the wrong; the insurgents who oppose the nation are always in the right. If a city rises against its government, it is, in Mr. Massey's phrase, a brave city, a loyal city, a devoted city; and the soldiers who repress the rising are base, cruel, ragged miscreants. M. Laroche-Jacquelein might have penned this sentence about the conquered Vendéans:—"The fate of these generous rebels, abandoned almost without an effort to the vengeance of their infuriated tyrants, deterred others from following their example." In the mouth of an English gentleman such words are not only illiberal, but indecent. The "generous rebels" were the countrymen of their "infuriated tyrants." The rebels were rebels—in arms against their own government. How should we deal with a foreigner who interfered in our domestic quarrels? Should we think M. Guizot, for example, justified in speaking of our Roundheads and Cavaliers in such terms? In Mr. Massey's view, the Toulonese, who received a foreign garrison into their port, were "the noblest people that ever rose in the cause of freedom." It is the same everywhere. "The brave Royalists were closely pressed by the savage legions of the Republic." Mr. Massey writes of France as Hyde might have written of England. Compare the partisanship of this next sentence with the most violent passages of Clarendon:—"The brave Lyonese were overpowered, and subjected to all the horrors of a ruthless military execution. The Vendéans made a desperate struggle, and were promised assistance by the English Government; but before their tardy succours could arrive, the struggle was at an end. The devoted peasantry with their leaders were scattered and destroyed by the disciplined bands of the republic; and, in the desolation of this noble province, the hope of France was for the time extinguished." Such a passage might have been excused in a Chouan despatch; it is simply ridiculous in a Radical history of George the Third.

The best parts of Mr. Massey's book are those which relate to the civil business of the reign—to the trials of Hardy and Tooke, and to the state of Ireland before the union with Great Britain. Even here he is not compact or lively or fresh; but much of the old material is brought together, and a pretty accurate general view of our home politics is suggested. A portrait of Horne Tooke is perhaps the best bit of literary work in the volume:—

"Horne Tooke had, for many years, been the terror of judges, ministers of State, and all constituted authorities. He was that famous Parson Horne who attacked the terrible Junius, after statesmen, judges and generals had fled before him, and drove him back defeated and howling with his wounds. He it was who silenced Wilkes. Some years afterwards he fastened a quarrel on the House of Commons, which he bullied and baffled with his usual coolness and address. Horne Tooke, indeed, was no ordinary man—a profound scholar, and an accomplished man of the world, he could hardly have failed to attain eminence at the bar and in the Senate, had not a perverse destiny imposed on him the indelible orders of the Church. He applied himself to the study of the law, but the Inns of Court determined that a clerk in orders could not be admitted to the profession of the law. He obtained a seat in the House of Commons, and, for the same reason, an Act of Parliament was passed to disqualify him. The disappointments, for which a man of talents and ambition could find no compensation, embittered his spirit, and determined his character and conduct in a direction to which they did not naturally tend. His powers of ridicule and satire, which the restraints of professional or political life would have kept within

bounds, became the instruments by which he sought to avenge himself on society for the wrongs he had endured. He was as little suited for the vocation of demagogue as for that of a parish priest. He might, perhaps, have accommodated himself with outward decency to a profession which he hated as Swift had done before him; or he might have found that the conscientious discharge of the duties of his sacred calling was not incompatible with the most brilliant reputation, as Sidney Smith subsequently proved. But Horne Tooke was deficient in some of the essential qualities of a popular leader. He neither felt, nor could with any plausibility simulate, a hatred for the upper classes, because his habits and tastes were those of a scholar and a gentleman. For the same reason, he could not stoop to flatter the mob. While he abused the House of Commons as a sink of corruption, he talked about the hereditary nobility being disgraced by the intrusion of that 'skip-jack, Jenkinson,' in the style of a Talbot, or a Howard. He denounced the Opposition, on whom many of the democrats affected to fawn, as 'a pack of scoundrels,' like the Ministerial party; and declared that both parties were equally combined to cajole 'that poor man the King,' and to deceive the people of England. But he never expressed any desire that these scoundrels should be superseded by his friends of the Constitutional and Corresponding Societies."

Of his behaviour in court, when put on trial for his life, we also read:—

"The prisoner himself, however, so far from being moved by his dangerous position, was never in more buoyant spirits than when he was tried for his life. His wit and humour had often before been exhibited in Courts of Justice; but never had they been so brilliant as on this occasion. Erskine had been at his request assigned to him as counsel; but he himself undertook some of the most important duties of his advocate, cross-examining the witnesses for the Crown, objecting to evidence, and even arguing points of law. If his life had really been in jeopardy, such a course would have been perilous and rash in the highest degree; but nobody in court, except, perhaps, the Attorney and Solicitor General, thought there was the slightest chance of an adverse verdict. The prisoner led off the proceedings by a series of preliminary jokes, which were highly successful. When placed in the dock, he cast a glance up at the ventilators of the hall, shivered, and expressed a wish that their lordships would be so good as to get the business over quickly as he was afraid of catching cold. When arraigned, and asked by the officer of the court, in the usual form, how he would be tried? he answered, 'I would be tried by God and my country—but—' and looked sarcastically round the court. Presently he made an application to be allowed a seat by his counsel; and entered upon an amusing altercation with the Judge, as to whether his request should be granted as an indulgence or as a right. The result was that he consented to take his place by the side of Erskine as a matter of favour. In the midst of the merriment occasioned by these sallies, the Solicitor General opened the case for the Crown."

Of course he was acquitted. Mr. Massey thinks that acquittal saved the Government from a great peril. Indeed, Mr. Massey's views on the danger of political persecutions are so frank and liberal that one is amazed to find them in conjunction with such wild abuse of the French and their Revolution. For once, Mr. Massey leaves behind him the age and the school of Filmer. Speaking of the failure to convict Hardy, Tooke, Thelwall, and their associates, he says:—

"If these twelve men, or either of them, had been brought to the scaffold, the consequence would have been disastrous. Disturbances in all the great towns, a rising in Ireland, dangerous commotions in Scotland, would probably have ensued. An Irish rebellion, already planned, and which broke out under less favourable auspices, three years later, would have afforded full employment to the available military force. The gentry and yeomanry, who were loyal to a man, could probably have suppressed any outbreak in the British Isles; but the English

people are peculiarly jealous of blood shed in civil commotions; they had not yet forgotten the riot in St. George's Fields, in which only some half dozen persons were shot down five-and-twenty years before; the Manchester massacre, as it was called, which took place five-and-twenty years afterwards, agitated the island from north to south, and is yet remembered after more than forty prosperous and happy years. The spirit of the Scottish people, slowly moved, but stubborn and dangerous when aroused, has repeatedly been shown. Government might, and probably would, have been able to maintain its authority; but there can be no doubt that the conviction and execution of Hardy and his associates would have given a fearful impulse to the principles of the French revolution in this country."

This is the light of a more liberal philosophy—a philosophy of the age of Mill. But the moment Mr. Massey has to speak of the French, the old fit of Filmerism returns upon him fierce and strong.

For an example of this fury, not the worst of many, take his account of the first collision between France and England. It arose from the desire of France to open up the navigation of the Scheldt and the Meuse. The Dutch had a treaty-right to close the two rivers; but the French Republic declared that a right to pass up and down navigable rivers was one of the *droits de l'homme*, of which the persons living on their banks could not be deprived by any legitimate act. Of course, this doctrine was not acceptable to formalists, either in or out of office. The old theory was that conquest abrogates all rights, and that the conquered have no rights whatever, except such as they can obtain by treaties. It was an infamous theory, though it held sway in every cabinet of Europe, encountering opposition only in the writings of poets and philosophers. It justified those robbers of the Rhine, the Elbe and the Rhone who plundered every boat upon their waters. The French, who in their infancy as Republicans put a good many theories to the test of practical life, brought forward this idea of the necessity for a free people to enjoy a free navigation of the rivers flowing through its territories, even down to the sea, which is the common property of all. It was new; but was it wrong? The Meuse and the Scheldt were the main outlets of several French departments. A right of passage was essential to the trade of an important district. Was it immoral in them to push their freedom so far as a desire to sail on their own rivers to the outlets, even though the Dutch police could plead a claim to stop them by a paper treaty?

A fair historian, who remembers what has since been done by Europe to secure freedom of navigation on the Rhine, the Danube and the Elbe, might have said their claim was against treaty, but not against natural right. He would certainly have refrained from abusing the French for asserting a principle which many good writers had then maintained, and which cabinets and governments are now engaged in discussing. Mr. Massey, however, is one of those easy politicians who, five or six years ago, discovered that the country no longer wanted any reform; and the convenient creed of a Chairman of the Committee of an unbelieving House of Commons clings to the historian of George the Third. He seems, like some other members of the House, to be in a passing phase of bewilderment about many things. During these five or six years of political confusion we have seen some singular conversions of public men. We have in the House of Commons a democratic member defending Austria. We have an advocate of nationalities denying Italian rights. We have a member of the Peace Party hounding on Americans to

slay each other. These inconsistencies, which vex and amaze the more logical politicians of other countries, spring from the fact that few of our public men ever take the trouble to study politics as a science. With most of us, the human interest overpowers the philosophical idea. As a race, we act by impulse, not by logic. A fault detected in a chain of reasoning would not cause us a moment's pain; and we should only smile at an adversary who claimed an advantage over us on the score of our argument being unsound. But we are apt to be much disturbed by facts, and of late some kinds of unpleasant fact have been hard upon us. The second French Empire seems to have disturbed men's judgments of the past; but the temporary hallucination will pass away, when we shall, perhaps, cease to hear writers who profess the principles of Fox and Sydney railing against the French Revolution—the greatest, if the most irregular, stride ever made towards the civilization of the world.

NEW NOVELS.

Giulio Malatesta: a Novel. By T. A. Trollope. 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Adolphus Trollope, already well known and well beloved by a large circle of readers for his vivid and vigorous pictures of modern Italian life and society, is again before us. Foreigners are not easily admitted into the inner domesticity of Italian life, and of those few have Mr. Trollope's skill in giving a story about it in a way that is pleasant and interesting to the readers of English novels. At first, when we heard the title 'Giulio Malatesta,' we were afraid that Mr. Trollope had fallen a victim to the ambition of writing a high-class, legitimate, mediæval historical novel, and our hearts failed at the prospect of the stiff ground that would have to be traversed; and we thought, with a cowardly shudder, of the history of the Italian Republics which we should have to take in our course: happily, the Malatesta of the present story belongs to the present time, and he is, we heartily hope, alive and happy at the present moment. 'Giulio Malatesta' is a very interesting story, which is the first, last, and all-including virtue in a novel.

The story opens in 1828 at Boulogne. Two young men, one a rich, handsome, fascinating Marchese Malatesta; the other, the poor, ugly, ill-shaped, stammering, reserved student Varani. The gay and handsome Marchese is using all his eloquence to persuade his companion to consent to serve as witness to a clandestine marriage between himself and a beautiful girl of the lower classes, whom it has pleased the Marchese to honour with—well, with his love. Varani is the friend of the girl and of her mother; he has known her from childhood, and he loves her himself, but, of course, hopelessly and secretly. He objects to the clandestine marriage, but it is the only one the Marchese dare venture upon: that being the case, it is well that some friend of the girl should see that all is right. Varani consents, the plan is arranged, how they are to surprise the Archbishop in his garden, and how, before he can recover from his surprise, the declaration in presence of two witnesses is to be made, which constitutes a binding marriage,—for it seems that, even in the heart of the Church, there exists the possibility of eluding the laws of parents and guardians. It is a mode of marriage which the Church detests and reprobates, but which it does not annul. A declaration before a priest in the presence of two witnesses of legal age constitutes a binding marriage. Malatesta has prevailed on a friend of his own class to be the other witness; explaining, with imp-like candour, that the

whole affair is only a trick on his part to satisfy Maddelena's scruples, it being essential to the validity of such marriage that both witnesses should be of legal age,—and he has taken care to ascertain that Varani wants six months of being twenty-one. The promising young Marchese glorifies himself for his craft in throwing the flaw of the marriage on the girl's own friend and witness, so that no cause of blame or complaint can lie with him, and he will be left free to marry the noble lady destined to unite the estates of her family to his. The sketch of Maddelena herself and of Maddelena's home is very clever. Maddelena is charming; she has not, could not have, a suspicion of evil. The marriage takes place according to the lover's programme. The old Archbishop, angry as he is at having been entrapped, declares that the marriage is lawful, and not to be annulled by man. Maddelena goes away happy; the other witness escapes, to avoid consequences. Varani is ordered to attend before the Archbishop the next day; and then the fatal flaw to his testimony becomes apparent: his despair may be conceived on finding that to him is due Maddelena's ruin. All Mr. Trollope's churchmen are well drawn, and look like types of their class; and the remedy made and provided for cases of fraudulent marriage like the one in question is a type of the government of the Roman Catholic Church in general. The reader need not be told that the young man who, in the high tide of his passion, could so craftily provide for his own escape from all inconvenient consequences, was not slow to take advantage of his own act. At the end of six months, Maddelena is, at the same moment, abandoned and undecieved as to her position. Her "husband" espouses the noble lady provided for him. Maddelena is "provided for" by the old Marchese, her husband's father, who sends her to a convent, and undertakes the support of her baby, which grows, thrives, and is kept in total ignorance of his mother; but is allowed to enter the world as an illegitimate Malatesta.

The story of this ill-starred baby, christened Giulio, is the subject of the remainder of the novel. It is the life of a modern Italian youth such as the Revolution of 1848 brought to the surface. He enters the Sardinian army and distinguishes himself. The incidents of history are told more with reference to their personal bearing on the various characters than as passages in the chronicles of Italy; and as the story is, in spite of all its perilous chances and changes, light and pleasant, it was necessary to make the interest hang on the private fortunes of the actors, and not on the tragical elements of the Italian struggle for liberty: but the reader is throughout made sensible of how much he escapes, for between convents, priests, agents of police and prisons, the dangers and abuses of all kinds make the reader tremble. The influence of convent life is very well painted; and Stella, the heroine of Giulio, is a brave, high-spirited little creature, though even she almost succumbs to the treatment, and except in a novel must have done so. But Mr. Adolphus Trollope is merciful,—we shall not tell the reader who she is, nor shall we hint at the ending of the story; it is enough to say that poetical justice and generosity are both consulted, and the end is so pleasant that we can only wish all parties the blessing of continuance.

A Dark Night's Work. By Mrs. Gaskell. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

'A Dark Night's Work' is unfitted for a serial story, and has, been found a wearying morsel from week to week. There is only one situ-

ation approaching to the dramatic, and the frequent fall of the curtain damped the interest when the story was "continued," as wine becomes flat when the bottle is corked and uncorked day after day. 'A Dark Night's Work,' when read as a whole, has some of the delicate, quiet interest which Mrs. Gaskell knows how to impart to any story she undertakes to narrate. It is a story of the brave and faithful guardianship of a secret, which, if discovered, would involve a father's trial for murder, with only a faint chance that a mercifully-disposed jury might call it manslaughter. In this nucleus of the story, we imagine that Mrs. Gaskell has dealt with an authentic incident, and has only supplied the frame of circumstances which led up to it, and the description of the characters who were concerned in the sad and fatal coil. The characters are nicely, but not vigorously, drawn. The insidious growth of the flaw in the young man's character, originally caused by the error of parental vanity, and the gradual deepening of what, at first, seems like a light mist, into a deadly rust, eating into all manliness of character, until the bright, joyous, gracious young man becomes a reckless, drunken driver, is subtly indicated. The passionate love of Ellinor for her father is well developed in the early part of the story, and it prepares the reader to understand and sympathize with her devotion and self-sacrifice to that father, when he has become an object of pity and contempt.

It is as painfully depressing a book as we ever read. The rash act, the work of a moment, which loads the father's life with guilt, and blights the daughter's youth and life for ever, is extremely well told, and the whole account of that terrible "dark night's work" is described in Mrs. Gaskell's best style. The hurried resolve to conceal the dead man's body,—the fatal mistake which those concerned discover it to be when too late, and the dreary consequences which follow on the concealment, are natural, but they become, in time, oppressively monotonous. The girl, with all youth and energy crushed out by her participation in her father's secret, beginning in her bright beauty and gradually clouding over into a sad, broken-down, grey-haired, patient woman whilst yet in her prime, deserted by her affianced husband (for whom Mrs. Gaskell offers too many apologies in mitigation of the reader's judgment),—the long, long years spent in comparative poverty and positive stagnation in the dull house looking into the Cathedral Close, with the terror of this dread secret always pressing upon her,—her sorrow and patience—weigh on the reader like a nightmare, but kindle no sense of heroic sympathy: we are very sorry for her, but we cannot hold out in persevering sympathy for eighteen years. Mrs. Gaskell insists, with needless iteration, upon the age and greyness and fadedness of Ellinor's appearance. It may sound selfish, but in a novel at any rate, and we fear in real life also, people must make themselves in some degree interesting, if other people are to keep up a sympathy with them. Mrs. Gaskell makes Ellinor very good and very sad, but she also makes her heavy in hand, and the reader grows weary and out of patience with the unmitigated dullness of her life. The discovery of the secret proves nearly fatal to the faithful servant who has been involved in the knowledge of it: he is tried and condemned for the murder; Ellinor is abroad, and the old man, to whom the secret has been almost as heavy a burden as it has been to Ellinor, is willing to die, partly from fidelity and partly from weariness. Up to the very last, Ellinor tries to hold the secret from public knowledge. She goes to the Judge who

tried the old man, and who is no other than her old betrothed, and to him she reveals the facts. The interview is well and delicately told. Before signing her deposition, however, Ellinor stipulates that the truth shall not be made public, and the Judge promises that no one but the Secretary of State shall see her statement: in this we cannot help thinking that he transcended his powers. The true version of so remarkable a trial would certainly have been imperatively called for by the public, when circumstantial evidence so strong that the jury did not even recommend the prisoner to mercy had to be set aside altogether. The culmination of the story is not effective: too much space and detail are given to Ellinor's tremors and anxieties, and the difficulties of her journey to England. It is not a healthy story; it does not brace up or stimulate any brave or heroic impulse, and we like it less than anything Mrs. Gaskell has yet written.

The Family Alliances of Denmark and Great Britain from the Earliest Times to the Present. Illustrated by Genealogical Tables and a Plate of the Arms of Denmark. By J. G. Nichols. (Nichols & Sons.)

WHEN Mr. John Nichols has a subject to his liking, few men know how to treat it more successfully. He does not affect to amuse, but to instruct. The amusers of the public have already put forth "ephemeral brochures" replete with blunders incidental to those who write in haste. We are further told that "trustworthy authorities in such matters are not at every one's elbow." The arms of Denmark, especially, have never been delineated with any approach to "accuracy"; there is "a deficiency of heraldic skill in our artists," and a shield of the Danish arms in an illustrated newspaper is "an abortion." A plate of the arms of Denmark forms the frontispiece to this little work; under the arms are suspended the two collars of knighthood, the Dannebrog (or Danish banner of Waldemar) and the Elephant; and we find that the cross suspended from the collar of the order in this plate is not that of the Order of the Dannebrog, but the picture of one worn by Queen Dagmar. We confess to a smile on discovering thereby that a clever man may stumble with the most "trustworthy authorities at one's elbow," and also on reading the author's acknowledgment that the "misapprehension was discovered too late to be amended."

A thousand years ago, to speak in round numbers, we wedded with the Dane. An English princess, Emma, was the wife of Frode the Sixth of Denmark, and their great-grandson, Gorm, also married an English princess, with a name which we have lately been accustomed to think was Danish, namely, Thyra, granddaughter of Alfred the Great. This English Thyra was, on the other hand, grandmother of that King Sweyn who crossed over to Kent, devastated the coast, left a name to a district, and bequeathed his son Canute to rule everything but the tides, which Canute knew were subject to other influences than his.

There were no other intermarriages between the two peoples till Philippa of Lancaster, in 1402, was betrothed to Eric the Ninth, great-nephew of the renowned Margaret, surnamed Dagmar, or "Day-bright," on whose brows had rested the triple diadem of Denmark, Sweden and Norway. Philippa was one of the daughters of our Henry the Fourth. The betrothal was performed with much ceremony at Berkhamstead, whose royal ruins have recently become the property of Earl Brownlow. The bride was nine, the bridegroom five years her senior. She was kept at home four years longer. At the

mature age of thirteen she set forth, royally attended, to take her place at the head of the house of Eric, but she had a long wayfaring before she reached her destination. Above two months were consumed in crossing the sea between Norfolk and Helsingborg, and on the 26th of October, 1408, the truly young couple were made one, in the cathedral of the then metropolis of Sweden, quaint and ancient Lund.

Our English Princesses have not been fortunate in their Scandinavian alliances; and no one of them merited the hard destiny which befell them. Northern poets, however, have done Philippa justice, and she is spoken of as Eric's good angel and the beloved of the North; a little given to meddle with politics, yet never interfering without benefiting those for whose welfare she had entered on mediation. Her wayward husband was often absent, and in his absence she became Regent, by law. On one occasion, he wandered forth in disguise as far as Jerusalem, and was nearly entrapped by the Sultan, who, by missing him, lost a ransom. In that absence she in person defended Copenhagen successfully against the besieging Holsteiners; and had she been content with the triumph all would have been well, but she sent the Danish fleet to attack Stralsund, in which enterprise it was destroyed. Eric on his return forgot his wife's victory, remembered only the defeat, and treated Philippa with a cruelty which is said to have hastened her death. Legend has, we think, been free with this story. It is certain that the English Queen of the North died of the consequences of giving birth to a still-born heir to the three crowns, after a married life of nearly a quarter of a century, — in 1430.

In earlier times, Scotland and Scandinavia had made matches in which the royal blood of England went for something. Thus, Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Third, married the Scots king Alexander, and their daughter espoused Eric the Second of Norway, and became the mother of that "Maiden of Norway" whom Edward the First had destined, but in vain, for the bride of his weak son and successor. That marriage with Eric brought the Hebrides under the Scottish Crown for an annual payment of a hundred marks. The Scottish kings got shamefully in arrear with their rent, and after disputes which threatened to end in bloodshed, a marriage took place between James the Third of Scotland and Margaret, the daughter of Christian the First. By the marriage-treaty, all arrears of the rent of the Hebrides were cancelled, and Christian pledged the Orkney and Shetland Isles to Scotland, for the payment of his daughter's dowry. The dowry was not paid, and the pledge is unredeemed; but a native Udaller has signified pretty plainly, in a book we reviewed some time since, that if England be not more tolerant of old Orkney privileges, the islands will strike colours and pay allegiance to kings beyond the sea!

Till the Princess Anne married George of Denmark, England had no more alliances with the North, but we once nearly approached that consummation. Christina, the daughter of Christian the Second, and widow of two Dukes,—of Milan and of Loraine-and-Bar, was wooed by proxy for Henry the Eighth; but this daughter of Denmark was sharp-witted as well as sharp-sighted, and declined the royal offer, on the ground that she had only one head and wanted to keep it!

Then from the North came the offer of Eric, son of the great Gustavus, to Elizabeth, who combined incivility and coquetry with her ultimate refusal of that Lovelace among royal

woosers. To the most romantic marriage which the luckless Eric ultimately contracted, Mr. Nichols does not allude, though out of the 'Arabian Nights' there is nothing in the loving way to which it bears resemblance.

To England, our James the First brought the Danish bride Anne, whom he had wooed and wedded in her own country, and conducted, spite of storms and suspected witches, to Scotland. After this couple became sovereigns in England, the people here called Anne's especial residence in the Strand, Denmark House, which before and since the Danish Queen's death has been known by the name of the Protector Somerset, "though he scarcely saw it (the original) building completed." It is worthy of being noted that when her brother Christian the Fourth came over here to visit his sister in 1614, he dined at an ordinary in Aldgate, and then drove to the Strand "in a hackney coach."

Between Prince George of Hanover and Prince George of Denmark, the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, chose or accepted the latter; but of the fruitful union no child survived. The marriage which gives cousinship, though remote, to the present Prince and Princess of Wales, was that of the unhappy Louisa, youngest daughter of George the Second, to Frederick, subsequently the fifth Danish king of that name. One of the children of this marriage was Louisa, grandmother of Prince Christian of Denmark, the father of our recent royal bride.

Two of our princes stand on record as having declined or avoided these northern alliances,—namely, Henry of Agincourt, when Prince of Wales, and William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George the Second. The Duke would hardly have known how to extricate himself but for the wit of Sir Robert Walpole, who advised him to express his willingness if his royal father would entertain a similar willingness to bestow a handsome "settlement." This course proved effective.

Finally, William's brother Frederick left a posthumous child, Caroline Matilda, who wedded with Prince, afterwards King, Christian the Seventh. She was even more unhappy in Denmark than her Aunt Louisa had been; and on a charge of being on too intimate terms with Count Struensee, who was beheaded, would probably have fared ill, but for the intervention of her brother George the Third, in consequence of which she was permitted to withdraw to Zell. The ballad-mongers took up the exaggerated story, and yelled rhymed lies through our highways; and Walpole sneered at the bad taste of theatrical managers who could play 'Hamlet' before royalty,—a piece in which one of the heroines is "an adulterous Queen of Denmark"!

Our present Princess of Wales was born at Copenhagen, in 1844, and furnished with six baptismal names. A quotation from a letter (apparently a private one) written in the summer of 1862, by Sir John Bowring, says, "The young Prince saw her first in Germany, *stealthily*, his presence not being announced to her. The Prince afterwards met her at the Duchess of Cambridge's villa, near Frankfort, and the impression made was deep and lasting." Of this scrap of gossip, the first sentence is absurd and mischievous. We place no belief in it. Sir John was, doubtless, deceived. All manliness of character is taken from the lover who is described as "*stealthily*" peeping at his future and unconscious lady; but there was no lack of manliness, we may be assured, in any step of the courtship made by him who is now the husband of the lady for whom, as we once before remarked, there is a homage of love in every English home.

However, of mere gossip this is the only item in a book full of solid and serious historical matter; and which not only well serves as a compendium of Danish history, but which renders intelligible, in a few words, even that perplexing matter—the Schleswig-Holstein question.

Social Pictures from England—[*Sociale Bilder aus England*, von Julius Althaus]. (Hamburg, Nestler; London, Thimm.)

Herr Althaus passed through several phases before he attained the stand-point from which the subjects of this book are contemplated. When first he reached London he was struck with admiration at the magnitude of things in general; he was pleased to miss the political police, which he had seen too often at home; he observed with satisfaction the different workings of a self-government, which had about it so little of the paternal character; he marvelled much at the *apparently* uncontrolled liberty of the press (one feels there is a solar spot in this word "*apparently*"); the luxurious manner of living was gratifying to his taste. Compared with the mighty land on which he had set foot, his native Germany appeared paltry, pitiful, and above all, unfree. At least these are the reflections which he describes as natural to the German visitor, who has been uncomfortable at home, and there is no doubt that he is thus speaking of himself in the third person.

When the first dazzle was over, Herr Althaus rubbed his eyes, and found that England was not so pleasant as it appeared at the first glance. The magnitude of things in London, which had seemed so admirable, comprehended length of distance between different quarters, and this harmonizes ill with the German notion of comfort. In a short time he grew so much accustomed to personal liberty that it lost its exceptional value. He took it as a matter of course, and the mere absence of restraint produced no more pleasure than freedom from a forgotten toothache. With respect to the habits of daily life, he grew morbidly inconsistent, finding the English existence sometimes too exciting,—sometimes too monotonous. Then he discovered that the English people are not the most affable in the world, and that one might live among them a long time without being admitted to any close intimacy: in a (Teutonic) word, there was a lack of the German "*Innerlichkeit*." Even the newspapers grew unpleasant; they turned out to be distinguished rather for licence than for liberty; and as for the servility of editors towards men of certain ranks and conditions,—never was such flunkeyism seen in Fatherland. Herr Althaus felt decidedly uncomfortable, and sighed after a couple of paradises, that are only familiar to the more curious among Continental tourists,—the Casino at Glauchau and the Reessource at Detmold.

However, on mature reflection, he arrived at the conclusion that he had gone from one blunder to another, and that if at first he had been too ready to take all that glittered for gold, he had afterwards passed into the opposite extreme of deciding that a metal could not be gold precisely because it glittered. He therefore settled down midway between prostrate admiration and cross depreciation, and being thus comfortably placed, wrote his book '*Sociale Bilder*,' for the purpose of introducing German readers into the different circles of English life. If our readers, from the mere title of the work, guess what the "social pictures" are like, clairvoyance is no humbug. They do not represent clubs, or Derby-days, or oyster-shops, or Casinos, or May Meetings, or

Mechanics' Institutes, or Lord Mayors' dinners, or social tea-parties. They are simply a series of biographies, in which Lord Cochrane the naval hero, Havelock the soldier, Robert Owen the socialist, De Quincey the *littérateur*, Sydney Smith the clergyman, Zachary Macaulay the abolitionist, and Thomas Babington Macaulay the statesman and historian, are successively presented to the reader. The biographies are clearly and pleasantly written; and the author gives a great deal of information in a short compass, without approaching that dry manner which is too often the concomitant of brevity; but as his material is necessarily derived from books, and not from personal experience, we cannot see that the severe London training, in the course of which Herr Althaus was successively fascinated, distressed and rectified, was absolutely requisite for its production.

Playtime with the Poets: a Selection of the best English Poetry for the Use of Children. By a Lady. (Longman & Co.)

Beautiful Poetry. 6 vols. (Crockford.)

It would appear a greater difficulty to obtain a "selection" of poetry fitting its place and fulfilling its purpose than it is to get the poetry written. One editor will possess a taste so peculiar as to exclude a song like Bishop Still's jolly 'Back and side go bare' from a collection of our best English lyrics, and coolly leave out two stanzas from Hood's perfect little poem called 'The Death-bed.' Another has too dainty a stomach for the lines—

Love in it, drink of it,
Then if you can;

and so they are cut out of 'The Bridge of Sighs.' 'Playtime with the Poets' is an elegant volume, the outward appearance of which would make us desire to say the very best for a bonny-looking book. It is beautifully printed, admirably bound, and just adapted in size and shape for the hands of children. Unfortunately, it is wretchedly edited. The want of knowledge is unpardonable. The "lady" starts nearly on the right track for producing such a book in giving every prominence to the poetry of action and incident, only she does not keep to the track. Then, we suspect, she soon loses sight of the sort of poetry a boy would best appreciate, and obtrudes her own taste, which is too sentimental. It leans too much in the direction of Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L. and Longfellow. We need something more robust for English boys—more of the blue breezy sea and the merry greenwood. Something about Robin Hood would have been acceptable. Ferguson's 'Forging of the Anchor' would have supplied better stuff. Browning's 'Pied Piper' should certainly be in any collection of poetry intended for children at play-time. But the omissions are numberless. Here is neither Hood's 'Parental Ode,' 'I Remember,' nor 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,'—Browning's 'Home Thoughts,' nor 'Incident in the French Camp,'—Allingham's 'Up the airy Mountain'; neither of the 'Cuckoos,' Wordsworth's nor Logan's, Tennyson's 'Lady Clare' nor 'The Brook.' And if it was necessary to go to the German, why select such hackneyed translations as those from Bürger, when there remained such poems as Rückert's 'Ride round the Parapet,' Freiligrath's 'White Lady,' the old popular ballads of 'The Fisherman's Hut' and the 'Great Crab in the Lake Mohrin,' and scores more, fresh and full of attraction? Any complete collection of the kind should include 'The Fairy Thorn,' by Ferguson, 'John Tod,' by the Baroness Nairn, 'The Child-Mother,' by Mr. Macdonald, and 'The Wife of Usher's

Well,' with at least two or three specimens of William Blake, who was half an angel and half a child imperfectly mixed in manhood, but a dear lover of children and a writer for them. The editor of this volume is either very careless or ignorant with regard to names. "Cullen Bryant" is not the name of any poet we know, and it makes us wonder whether he be a son of "William Cullen Bryant," whom we all know. Nor is "Arnold" a sufficient signature to a poem. There are at least three "Arnolds." 'The Grave of the Greyhound' is attributed to "Spencer." Does not the "Lady" know that there is but one "Spencer" in English poetry? There was an Hon. William Robert Spencer, a dandy who wrote *vers de société*,—the man of whom Rogers tells the anecdote. Moore wished that Spencer would bail him when in custody after the duel with Jeffrey, and Rogers says Spencer did not seem much inclined to do so, remarking that he could not very well go out, for "it was already twelve o'clock, and he had to be dressed by four." This was the Spencer who wrote 'The Grave of the Greyhound.' Why has the present editor left out the last stanza of the poem, with which the story properly concludes? Without it the title is inappropriate. Why also has she sometimes ventured on new readings which are so evidently all her own, as in the ballad of 'Sir Patrick Spens'? Such lines as these—

The king has written a letter broad.

Oh, who is this hath done this deed,
To tell the king of me?

While I go up to the tall topmast
To try if I can't see land.

sound inexpressibly ludicrous. The editor has been trying to English the Scotticisms, and has made sad work of it. Here is the chief example in the opposite case:—

And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
With the Scots Lairds at his feet.

"Lord" and "Laird" are as one to the editor; and here she has given the Scotch the benefit of their own language, not knowing the difference betwixt the Lords of the Scottish court and the Lairds who are farmers on their own lands. If possible, the version of 'Auld Robin Gray' is still worse. We cannot do better than print most of this, as a warning to all meddling editors not to make a series of alterations in lines which they do not understand.—

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye come hame,
When a' the weary ward to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers fra' my ee,
Unkenned by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loved me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving as crown-piece he'd nothing else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea;
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship it was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
And wheresome am I spared to cry out, Woe is me?

My father urged me sair, my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break.
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournin' as I sat on the stone by my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna' think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come home, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
As leas we took, nae mair—I had him gang away.
I wish that I were dead, but I am no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I will do my best a gudie wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae gudie to me.

There are various versions of this ballad, and the author herself in later life made some corrections and changes, which were no improvements, but only did for the poem what Burns in his second version did for the 'Banks and

braes o' bonny Doon.' But if Lady Anne Lindsay had written the above copy, her ballad would never have sunk so deeply into the human heart. Had twenty-four cockney tailors crossed their legs and leaned their heads together over it, they could not more effectively have turned its tears of pathos into a little salt water. The editor has never felt the music of it, which pauses so touchingly on certain accented words, as though the voice choked while the misery looks out of the eyes with a yearning wistfulness. So she ekes out the lines to the regular jog-trot measure with spriggish exclamations, that are only fit for "sweetly pretty" poetry.

And wheresome am I spared to cry out, Woe is me!

Is not that mixture of Little Bethel cant and slang enough to give us what the Scotch call a "scunner"? Again, the line,

For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

is given in place of the line in one version,

For tho' my heart is broken, I'm but young, woe is me!

with all the pathos gone. We point out one more specimen of "gushing" young-ladyism in the last line, and need not seek any further the beauties "to disclose," unless it be to remark, that in the very first line the "Lady" has strayed into the Ettrick Shepherd's song, 'Come all ye jolly Shepherds.' Children would have felt the natural touches of this poem more than the editor has done, being nearer to nature.

What are we to make of such a reading of Shirley's stately poem, called 'Death the Leveller,' as this?—

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade;
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

—This is the march of the measure destroyed, and three perfect stanzas knocked into nothing. Again, in 'Robin Goodfellow,' the opening lines, beginning "From Oberon in Fairyland,"—so well known by Stevens's superb setting,—are left out. The poem is here attributed to Ben Jonson, although he is only the supposed author. Our editor, however, is not particular to a shade: she boldly ascribes the anonymous poem, called 'The Fairy Queen,' from the 'Mysteries of Love and Eloquence,' 1658, to Shakespeare. This is the poem from which Horsley has set 'Come follow, follow me.' It is one of several that were written in the wake of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' under the fairy influence. But there is no probability whatever of its being Shakespeare's.

Possibly there may still be merit enough in the book to recommend it to the uncritical community for which it was published; but if such a selection be worth making, it ought to insure the best workmanship possible, and the result should be a sort of celebration of the wedding of true taste and complete knowledge. The only verses in this volume which we have never met before are the following:—

BABY SLEEPS.

The Baby wept;
The Mother took it from the Nurse's arms,
And hush! its fears, and soothed its vain alarms,
And Baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the Mother's arms—
From present griefs and future unknown harms,
And Baby sleeps.

'Playtime with the Poets,' however, compares favourably with the six volumes called 'Beautiful Poetry.' This work is stated to have had the advantage of several editors. And most assuredly no one editor could have contributed

all the blunders and mistakes. Such a heap of rubbish and gems was never before swept up. Such a display of folly and presumption we do not remember in connexion with English poetry. Many of the poems are printed twice; at first we fancied this might be a way of marking those which were considered particularly good, but we found the same method adopted with those which were particularly bad.

The collection seems to have been made up of cuttings from old newspapers, magazines and annuals, with no knowledge of authors and their works. The errors and blunders are amazing. Here is one prime specimen. The note is so good that we give it:—"The Lady's Dream," from an old magazine, where it appeared anonymously. It is an admirable imitation of the style and sentiment of Hood, and the author, *if it was not himself*, ought to achieve as great a fame." That is delicious, coming, as it does, so many years after Hood's poems were collected. Two other of Hood's well-known poems are treated in a similar way. 'The Sailor's Consolation' is attributed to Charles Dibdin instead of William Pitt. This, however, is a common error, though one we should like to see strangled. Of richer flavour is the proclaimed belief that the Author of 'Singleton Fontenoy' is an American! Dora Greenwell is also said to be an American poetess, her identity being absorbed in that of Grace Greenwood. At one time we find Robert Story announced as an American poet, and at another as a Northumberland peasant. On one page we read that Mr. Hedderwick is the author of a little poem called 'Sorrow and Song,' and on another the same poem is set down to an author unknown. A poem entitled 'Believe in God,' which will be found in 'Reverberations,' is called "An Energetic Lyric from 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' by Thos. Cooper." It is needless to state that this latter poem is in the Spenserian stanza, and contains no lyric. John Clare, we here learn, died years ago in a madhouse. This is twice announced; but we fancied he was still in the asylum at Northampton. Dean Alford, we are told, is "one of the most promising of our young poets." There is no need for us to go on enumerating such mistakes as these.

North of England Institute of Mining Engineers—Transactions. Vols. X. and XI. 1861-2. (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Reid.)

WHAT may be called the Curiosities of Coal-mining are occasionally illustrated in the densely technical volumes of these *Transactions*; but to select them and to put them together demand as much labour as hewing a ton of coal. Sometimes a note is all that would interest the public out of many consecutive pages, and every paper read would require to be put into popular form before a single reader out of a coal-pit would peruse it; yet there is much that might be interpreted for all.

On a former occasion we did something of this kind for the Davy Lamp, and we may now make a trial with reference to another topic, namely, the great enterprise displayed in the mining of this field, and the outlay involved.

The pith and power of such enterprise may be shown in one or two striking instances. What is called Murton Pit, not far from Durham, is remarkable for the difficulties overcome in sinking to the coal. In the process of excavation the sinkers encountered probably the largest body of water ever met with in any one mining adventure. The estimated quantities seem incredible. No less than 9,300 gallons of water were lifted every minute, from a bed of quicksand, which lay at a depth of 540 feet

from the surface. This bed was forty feet in thickness, and for its whole extent thoroughly saturated with water. Any person may conceive of the difficulty of sinking through such a quicksand. To encounter and defeat not far short of 10,000 gallons of flooding springs, minute after minute and day after day, might well have appalled any engineer. But Mr. Potter fought the floods with their own weapons; he made use of the vapour generated from water—steam—and added horse-power to horse-power until, in all, he placed steam-engines around that one pit to the extent of no less than 1,584 horse-power. Night and day those pumping-engines were at work in pumping up the floods; cranks, "crabs," and all kinds of requisite engineering were added, and the water was obliged to give in—or, rather, to come out. Murton Colliery is now a thriving concern, and sends up tubs of coal instead of gallons of water, every minute, to the surface. But at what cost was this water pumped out? At an expenditure of no less than 400,000*l.*

It is remarkable that in another sinking for coal, about a couple of miles from the same locality, the same enemy was again encountered, and in a continuation of the same bed of quicksand. The colliery-viewer, however, conducted his campaign so adroitly that he was able to insulate each separate "feeder" of water as it was met with in each stratum of sand and limestone,—so that, while an aggregate amount of upwards of 5,000 gallons of water was met with in passing through the various beds, so cleverly was the whole passage accomplished that at no time were there more than 500 gallons in one minute to pump away. This, indeed, was a quantity sufficient to frighten some; but in comparison with the 9,000 and odd gallons at Murton it was as nothing.

There are pits where, long after coal has been for many years extracted from them, the waters break in and flood the mine. In these instances, again, great enterprise is manifested. In the case of the "drowned" colliery at Jarrow an attempt was made a few years ago to draw off the water, and to resume ordinary operations. But the sum of 22,000*l.* was spent fruitlessly in this attempt, and it was ultimately abandoned without drawing up a single ton of coal. It is, indeed, mortifying to throw more than 20,000*l.* into the dark waters of a drowned mine,—yet there was true commercial daring even in this abortive outlay.

Whence all this subterranean water comes is an interesting question; but scarcely capable of receiving a satisfactory reply. Its amount must be immense to afford nearly 10,000 gallons per minute at one sinking,—and probably it is the accumulation of numberless centuries of surface waters which have percolated through the porous strata. It is always threatening, and never materially diminished, as respects its vast aggregate, by any efforts of man; on the contrary, it is always gaining on man, and filling up his excavations. No less than thirty-six collieries near the River Tyne have been, in mining phrase, "drowned out," or rendered unworkable by an irresistible irruption of water, and after the best main Wallsend seam had been nearly exhausted. These stand in the coal district like closed factories in the cotton towns,—with this difference, that the cotton-factories may be re-opened and busily at work again, while the drowned collieries are probably drowned until the world shall be burnt up. The late Mr. Thomas John Taylor, indeed (of whom we have formerly briefly spoken), devised a plan for drawing off the water from the whole of the drowned pits, and gave notice of his intention to apply to Parliament for an act empowering its execution. Death, however,

overtook him and the plan: he is beneath the earth, and the coal is still below water. Here again was a grand enterprise,—grand, though abortive.

As we have said, unsuccessful attempts, nevertheless, display enterprise. A few others, therefore, may be added to the list. The owners of Haswell Colliery commenced sinking a pit in the quicksand part of the coal-field, and did not give up in despair until they had expended 60,000*l.* A corresponding fruitless outlay was made so far back as 1820, at another colliery. Other similarly disappointing outlays might be named; and the most vexatious part of the whole business is, that sometimes a project is executed successfully, not far from an utter failure. For instance, at a mile to the "dip" of the abandoned Haswell pit, the South Hetton owners sank another, which is now in full prosperity. It is true they paid dearly for their coal, and not much less than 100,000*l.*; but this included four miles of railway.

When such sums of money are named for single collieries, it is not so difficult to understand how some thirty-five millions of money are sunk in the great Northern coal-field, especially, too, when we assign some ten or twelve millions out of the total to railways, and some six or more millions to shipping. This grand total justifies us in claiming a high place for the mining enterprise of this district—not only a high, but the highest place, for where else in the world is there anything at all approaching to it? Amid that uninviting scenery, the ground which men walk over has been deeply undermined; the pent-up waters have been challenged, fought with, pumped up and driven away; ships, docks, harbours, wharfs, railways and stations, manufactories, a forest of tall chimneys, and some 30,000 begrimed labourers have been called as if by monetary magic to this great centre of mineral business. The lazy Tyne, too, once rolling in sluggish solitude through swamps and dense, dank herbage, is now covered with laden vessels, blackened with too liberal contributions of coal, and flanked on either bank with the most ingenious machinery for shipping it. It is even said that the money invested, and to be shortly increased, if necessary, in the improvement of this river for traffic, is not less than three and a half millions sterling.

These are facts which are new to the general public, and they redound to the credit, if not always to the wealth, of the enterprising explorers of coal.

Another highly and generally interesting topic might be popularly represented—viz., the probable duration of this great Northern field in relation to its supplies of coal. The crudest notions are current upon this point, nor indeed does anything like a well-founded opinion generally exist. New light is thrown on the question by the more perfect knowledge which we gradually acquire of the contents of this deposit of mineral fuel. It is manifest that three conditions govern the question; and these are, the amount of available coal now remaining underground, the rate at which it is now being exhausted, and the probability of the increase of that rate in future years. Now, as to the last consideration, the rate of exhaustion has been gradually and greatly increasing of late years. Fifteen years ago, a mining engineer declared that if the annual production of saleable coal in the Northern coal-field should reach 10,000 tons, the beds would last for 331 years only. He was thought to be too hasty a chronologer; but in 1854 another engineer estimated the duration of the supplies at 315 years, while the annual produce was, as then computed, 14,000,000 tons. Should 20,000,000 tons be

raised yearly, the fuel, as he calculated, would be exhausted in 256 years. Now, the annual yield in 1861 was 22,500,000 tons, according to Mr. Hall; and if it should rise to 28,500,000 tons in each year, this great coal-field will be, in effect, exhausted in 177 years. If this annual yield be thought exaggerated, it is said to be only in proportion to past augmentations for the last six or seven years. The same engineer further proceeds to show that by a prevalent practice of giving overweight (in Newcastle chaldrons of 53 cwt., and even 55 cwt.), the estimate already formed may yet further be curtailed, and the duration of the supplies be reduced to 167 years!

This will be a startling estimate to most readers, and to many coal-miners also. The date of exhaustion, so inconsiderately postponed by many to something like one or two thousand years, comes down to hundreds in place of thousands; and our children's children may possibly see the end of the so-called "Wallsend." They may be the first to shiver over a fireless grate in those very houses in which we are now so luxuriously warmed.

The Birds of India, being a Natural History of the Birds known to inhabit Continental India, with Descriptions of the Species, Genera, Families, Tribes and Orders, and a Brief Notice of such Families as are not found in India: making it a Manual of Ornithology specially adapted for India. By T. C. Jerdon. Vol. I. (Calcutta.)

WE have here the first volume of an excellent descriptive catalogue of the birds of India, containing the birds of prey and the perching birds (exclusive of the conirostral division). It is not surprising that such charming objects of nature as those described in the work before us should in the East attract the attention of our fellow-countrymen, especially military men, who have generally much time at their disposal, and who being sportsmen are led on from shooting game-birds to become professed ornithologists, rejoicing in possessing an amusing occupation to kill the ennui attendant on a lazy life in a hot climate. Hence it is that we find that Major-General Hardwicke, Colonel Sykes, Major Franklin, Capt. Hutton, and other military men have done good service to science by their researches in the ornithology of India; but we must not overlook the labours of such civilians as M'Clelland, Hodgson, Horsfield, and especially Edward Blyth, who carried with him to India a more profound acquaintance with the habits of English birds than any other person we have ever known.

An Introduction of forty-five pages gives us a general sketch of the structure of birds, external and internal, with observations on their senses, instincts, migrations and general habits. The author then attempts the difficult task of defining a species and a variety, in the following manner:—

"A species may be defined as a number of individuals closely resembling one another in size, structure and colours, and propagating a like race; or, it may be said to be the whole of those individuals that resemble each other so closely as to lead us to conclude that they may have descended from a common origin. Some add to this that individuals of one species are incapable of producing a fertile offspring when crossed with individuals of another species, but late observations should make us cautious in accepting this character as fixed and unvarying. A variety is considered by some, as one or more individuals resembling certain other individuals sufficiently to be considered identical in species, and yet differing in certain external points of colour, size or form; and these may either propagate individuals precisely like themselves, or

revert to what is usually called the type form of the species. Moreover, they breed freely with one another and their offspring is always fertile."

He adds, however,—

"When such differences are found to co-exist with such a different geographical distribution I certainly prefer the views of those who look on all permanent distinctions of colour, size, structure, &c., as distinct species, and I believe that no change of climate, or food, or other external circumstances will produce any alteration in them or in their descendants if they remain true to each other! and as yet I know of no recorded instance where any well-marked race has produced offsprings differing from their own or tending to revert to a supposed original type. * * * As far as our brief experience goes, geographic distribution is against Mr. Darwin's theory. To give one example, *Malaccocircus striatus* of Ceylon is more allied to *M. Bengalensis* of Bengal than to *M. Malabaricus*, which is spread through a vast region between those provinces. Other examples will occur to the Indian ornithologist."

These remarks are followed by a short but excellent dissertation on classification, which as the production of a thoroughly practical zoologist is worthy of much attention. He here considers that the striking analogies existing between various groups, which have indeed furnished the keystone to the classifications of M'Leay and Swainson, will afford the means of testing thoroughly the Darwinian theory. He adopts the five primary divisions of Vigors, namely, the birds of prey (Raptores), perching birds (Insessores), game birds (Rasores), wading birds (Grallatores), and swimming birds (Natatores), but adds a sixth order, Gemitores, of Blyth, composed of the pigeons. He also proposes a geographical distribution of the country into Northern, Central and Southern India, omitting, however, Assam and Sylhet from the first of these, on the ground that here commences the peculiar Indo-Chinese Fauna, which extends through Burmah to China and Malaya. This we consider a mistake, as the peculiar grandeur of the natural products of these regions merits a place, distinct indeed though it be, in an Indian Fauna. He does not, however, attempt to trace the ornithic peculiarities of these different regions, proposing to give them as a supplement in his second volume. Neither does he furnish us with any details of the general character of Indian ornithology as contrasted with that of other countries.

The descriptive portion of the work is occupied, for the most part, with technical characters and other specific details of the birds contained in the volume, interspersed, however, with life-like sketches of the habits of many of the species. Perhaps the most striking of the Indian birds are the hornbills, which seem well to represent, in the East, the equally strange Toucans of the New World. Of the great hornbill (*Homratus bicornis*, Linn.), he states that—

"it breeds in holes in large trees, and the male builds the female in, by covering the hole in the tree where she incubates with mud (Baker says with its ordure), leaving only room for her bill to protrude and receive food from his. This Major T. R. Tickell, who was the first scientific observer of this most curious fact, 'has seen with his own eyes.' Mason, in his work on Burmah, makes the following statement:—'The female must sit during her incubation, for if she breaks through the inclosure her life pays the forfeit; but to compensate for the loss of freedom, her spirited mate is ever on the alert to gratify his dainty mistress, who compels him to bring all her viands unbroken, for if a fig or any other fruit be injured, she will not touch it.' This I look on as a native story, and as improbable. Fruit forms the only food, in the wild state, of this as of most other Indian hornbills, and it always swallows it

whole, tossing it in the air before swallowing it, and catching it again in its mouth."

The present volume, devoted to the birds of prey and perching birds (exclusive of the Conirostres), contains descriptions of 372 species—namely, 59 Diurnal Raptores and 22 owls; 291 Insessores—namely, 65 Fissirostres, 76 Scansores, 33 Tenuirostres, and 117 Dentirostres. These numbers will sufficiently show the richness of the country in bird species, as there are only in the whole of Europe 35 species of Diurnal Raptores (16 in Great Britain) and 15 owls (8 British); whilst there are only 172 insessorial birds in Europe (including the Conirostres), of which rather more than half are natives of our own islands.

Chronicles of the Monastery of St. Albans. English History of Thomas Walsingham, formerly a Monk of St. Alban—[Chronica Monasterii S. Albani. Thom. Walsinghami, quondam Monachi S. Albani, Historia Anglicana]. Edited by H. T. Riley, M.A. Vol. I., 1272–1381. (Longman & Co.)

FEW and unimportant are the known circumstances of the life of the able writer of this history—the first volume of which, in a greatly improved form, is now added to the list of chronicles and memorials published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls. That Walsingham was a Benedictine monk of St. Albans,—that he was living, useful in his own and agreeable to future generations, at the close of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries,—and that in the latter part of his life he filled the office of Prior of Wymondham in Norfolk,—and his personal tale is told! Of other particulars in reference to him we know none whatever. Even the date of his death has not, hitherto, been ascertained.

But his work, comprising a century and a half of the History of England in stirring and eventful times, is more familiar to scholars than the story of the author. Formerly it seems to have been known by the title of 'Historia Brevis,' from the fact of its embracing a comparatively short period (A.D. 1272–1422) as compared with the 'Ypodigma Neustrie,' or History of Normandy, of the same author. The range of the latter is, indeed, more extensive chronologically, for it reaches from A.D. 1066 to 1418; but it is briefer as regards the space in which the author narrates his story, not being, in that respect, half so long as the English History now being edited by Mr. Riley. Nevertheless, the 'Ypodigma' is spoken of by some of our early antiquaries as the 'Historia Major.' The so-called 'Historia Brevis' is now put forth under the more correct and appropriate title of 'Historia Anglicana.'

Mr. Riley has had noble predecessors as editors of Walsingham's English History—namely, Archbishop Parker, under whose auspices, if not supervision, an edition appeared in 1574, and Camden, whose folio was published at Frankfurt in 1603. These editions, replete as they are with errors, are too costly for "scholars"; wealthy or enthusiastic book-collectors are almost the only purchasers of them.

Mr. Riley's account of whence he took the text of the present edition is so interesting in its notice of a celebrated personage, who could write as well as fight, that we make extract of it:—

"The text of the present edition is taken from a small folio manuscript, No. VII. in the Arundel Collection, in the Library of the College of Arms, once in the possession of the Lord William Howard, of Naworth, a soldier and scholar of the latter part of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth century, now best remembered, perhaps, in our Border history as the 'Belted Will' of the North.

He seems to have perused the volume with no little diligence, as his handwriting, easily recognized by its singular regularity and distinctness, is plentifully interspersed on its pages. The manuscript is of the earlier half of the fifteenth century; written upon vellum, in a small but easily legible hand, the style of which is very similar throughout, though the comparatively greater frequency of inaccuracies in orthography at certain intervals satisfactorily proves that more than one (or perhaps two) transcribers were employed by the compiler in its preparation."

It is worthy of remark, as an illustration of the value of the editor's labours, that he has discovered the *immediate* source of the more valuable portion of the history,—“from an older compilation once belonging to the Abbey of St. Albans, made probably between the years 1379 and 1392, a large folio, now forming part of the MS. collection in the King's Library in the British Museum, and numbered 13 E. ix. in the Catalogue. That the MS. was penned in the busy *Scriptorium* of that Abbey, from the internal evidence it affords, in the eyes of those acquainted with the St. Albans MS., there cannot be a doubt." The existence of this source seems to have been hitherto overlooked, although Walsingham's obligations to an earlier writer were well known.

Walsingham, in constructing this Chronicle, has borrowed nearly *verbatim* from the St. Albans MS. above named, from its commencement to the year 1392, at which period it closes. There are, however, occasional omissions, and, as Mr. Riley notes, there is also the addition of about a dozen lines supplied by the compiler.

But it would appear that the St. Albans volume, so useful to Walsingham, is itself, in part, derived from an earlier compilation, so far as the reigns of Edward the First and Second and part of that of Edward the Third are concerned. The sources of this derivation are numerous, but they are duly named by Mr. Riley in his Introduction; the whole of them being traced out, in this edition, with marginal references.

We have compared the present text devoted to the propositions or conclusions propounded by Wyclif (353-364), and the text in Camden's folio of 1603 (204-8): the result has been to convince us of the general incorrectness, abominable punctuation, and comparative worthlessness of the old edition, and to lead us to conclude that this, one of the most important chapters in our early ecclesiastical history, is now *re-written* in the words of the original author.

Numerous are the features of interest and importance in this portion of Walsingham's work which has any claims to originality,—not excluding, however, some portion of the reign of Edward the Third. To the chronicling of fifteen years is given about a half of the whole work, and herein we possess material valuable, in the highest degree, to the writers and students of English history. The details are so graphically rendered, that we live old English life over again. They who witnessed the lovingly-greeted entry of our Danish lady will see how matters were arranged in the City when Richard passed through it to be crowned; how angelic maidens offered him “*florenos aurios sed sophisticos*,” and how the thirsty people, hoarse with shouting and faint with struggling, were regaled with wine from the public conduits. The municipality of those days could be hospitable to the folk as well as to their feudal master. The whole scene to the end is splendidly portrayed. Equally powerful, in another way, is the description of the French attack on the Isle of Wight, in 1377, and how they left it after their repulse by Sir

Hugh Tyrrel, before Carisbrooke, “*non arbitrantes tutum cohabitare tam vicino serpenti.*” Excellent man, too, that Abbot of Battle whom the same French commanded (when before Winchester) to ransom that city. “*Abbas vero negat se empturum quod non perdiderat.*” *he would not buy what he had not lost*, and he made the place too hot to hold them.

Then, again, the whole detail of the persecution of Wyclif is rendered with the utmost picturesqueness, but with very small sympathy for the reformer, “*versipellis Johannes*,” as Walsingham contemptuously styles the protester, who employed no “*circumlocutio*,” but “*nude et aperte docuit*,” and, worse than all, “*Episcopis derisit.*” Another bright name is that of John Philpot, citizen of London, who equipped a naval force, swept the seas of the piratical Mercer, and took terrible toll at Cherbourg itself. He is one of the noblest of many noble cockneys who have served their country with heart, hands, and head.

But the volume glows brightly under the glory reflected in the story of great deeds and heroic names. It has its shadows also. Quite Rembrandtesque is the picture of the murder of the squire Hanch in the Sanctuary at Westminster Abbey; and when Walsingham begins the subject it is with the sighing remark,—“I am now going to tell you something more than tragical, I who would very much prefer to write only what is comic!” And yet, despite his inclination for light subjects, he is masterly in treating largely of grand and grave matters, such, among others, as the conflict at Cherbourg between the English and French, in which the former came off victorious.

Those were days when the principles of Free Trade were so little understood that a Genoese merchant endeavouring to act on them in London was murdered, by way of warning, in the street, by rival merchants who took the freedom of differing from him! From this bit of tragedy Walsingham again turns away for a touch of the comic. The Scots were ravaging and committing dreadful atrocities in the North, found themselves among a people smitten with the plague, and who declared that that and every calamity came to them “*by God's grace!*” Whereupon, the pious assassins from Scotia daily put up a prayer which, says Walsingham, who gives it in Latin, sounds much more ridiculous in their own idiom, namely, “*Gode and Seynt Mango, Seynt Romayne, and Seynt Andrewe scheld us this day from Goddes grace, and the foul dethe that Ynglysh men dyene upon!*” This was as selfish a practice as that of the Turks, who, when they have the plague in a town, pray to the Prophet, not to protect them from God's grace, but to be good enough to send the pestilence on to the next city.

Again, what a *pendant* to the picture in the ballad of the Comte Ory we have in that of Sir John Arundel and his men, who take up their quarters in a nunnery, to the great horror of the Lady Abbess. The young soldiery behaved with far too much gallantry to the inmates, who are described as consisting of widows who have shut themselves up in the cloister, lest they should be tempted by the world and other strong tempters,—of married women, who, in the absence of their lords, put themselves out of harm's way,—of professed nuns, and of “*virgines filie majorum provincie que servabantur ad discendas literas*,”—young ladies, daughters of gentlemen of the province, who were there for their education.

For what occurred in this locality the reader is referred to the volumes, wherein there are few illustrations of the times more ably delineated, except, perhaps, the trial by battle on a charge of treason between Sir John Annesley

and Thomas Katrington:—each reminds us in its clearness and minuteness of one of Callot's pictures.

The volume closes at an interesting point in the insurrection of Wat Tyler, detailed with a completeness to be found in no other record. On the first scene in this stirring drama the curtain descends, to rise again in the next volume, which will continue a narrative that, in this Wat Tyler portion of it especially, has quite a “*sensational*” flavour. The stage is crowded with actors capitially grouped; and the sufferings of the monks of St. Albans are naturally placed in a light to show them off the most effectively. The volume could not close at a better juncture, for he who reads thus far will assuredly desire to read further; and let us especially remark that the book no longer presents difficulties to the general reader of some little education. For the first time, thanks to Mr. Riley, we have this work in a text upon which much care has evidently been bestowed, and which is readily intelligible to even a moderately fair Latin scholar.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Mamecestre; being Chapters from the early recorded History of the Barony, &c. of Manchester. Edited by John Harland. Vol. III.—*History of the Chantry within the County-Palatine of Lancaster.* Edited by the Rev. F. R. Raines, &c. Vols. I. and II.—*Chetham Miscellanies.* Vol. III.—*General Index to the Remains, Historical and Literary, published by the Chetham Society, Vols. I.—XXX.*—All the above are contributions to the collection published by a society, to some of the members of whom antiquaries are indebted for various communications which serve especially to illustrate the history, manners and customs of folk in the olden time of Lancashire and Cheshire. Mr. Harland has brought his account of Manchester to a close, with additional matter of interest alluding to county families. Mr. Raines has begun the History of Chantry, supplying ten times the amount of information in his own introduction to what is to be found in the body of the work. Indeed, the Preface is a valuable chapter in Church History in every way creditable to the writer as a scholar and a Christian. The ‘Chetham Miscellanies’ touch upon county dialects, curious position of landlords and tenants, and other illustrations in connexion with an especial locality. The General Index also deserves a passing word of praise. Its value, and the merit of him who made it, will be thoroughly appreciated by scholars.

Philip of Königsmarkt, and Poems. By Maresco Pearce, B. A. (Picking.)—We have here a tragedy founded upon the painful story of Sophia Dorothea, wife of our first George. The subject certainly presents some tragic opportunities, but Mr. Pearce wants the power to turn them to account. He gives us the mere surface of feeling and character; his attempts at passion and pathos are deficient in vigour and depth; his motives want likelihood, his dialogue freshness. The assault of Countess Platen upon Königsmarkt's heart is told in as forcible a passage as we can find; but after such an example of her eloquence, we can hardly affect surprise at her discomfiture:—

Pity me, Count!

Nay, keep your pity, it may be you'll need it
For other than for me. What! you have dared
To spurn my love, and trample on my heart,
And now you talk of pity? Know you then,
That those who deeply love, can hate as deeply,
And I have power, you dare not brave my hate!
But you are smiling, Philip; ah, you know
I was but jesting when I spoke of hate.
You are too brave to tremble at my threats,
And so you'll try to love me, won't you, Philip?
You'll give me back a little of my love.
O, do not shake your head; what have I done
That you should goad me thus to madness, Philip?

—Mr. Pearce is rather more successful in some of his minor efforts. Now and then we meet with a pleasing picture or with a tender and graceful thought; but, after all, the casual oasis bears no proportion to the extent of the desert. We have hitherto spoken of the writer's ability, not of his

sentiments. He shows at times a flippancy and a "fastness" in the latter respect which quite reconcile us to his shortcomings in the former.

The Pilgrimage to Rome: a Poem, in Two Books. By R. Owen, B.D. (Oxford, Hammans.)—These pages contain an account of the writer's journey to Rome, through various cities of Southern France and Northern Italy. Mr. Owen describes in general terms the most famous places which he visited, and moralizes upon the impressions which they suggest. A rather laboured comparison of the Rhone to the course of human life will give a fair notion of his manner:—

O! what a lively image of our life
Is mirrored in that wildering eager Rhone!
Like it, our life sprang from the pathless hills
Of everlasting stillness, and amain
It quivered keenly with bright sapphire foam,
All bounding in an ecstasy of joy,
When all the world lay open to its march,
As if it courted conquest. Ah! too soon
Shall turbid floods of passion stain its course,
And from the native mountains hurry it
Adown the sliding levels to the embrace
Of many a peopled Lyons of the world,
Where Wealth and Commerce whirl in feverish rout
And Poverty doth pine in secret cell;
Happy, if yet between the arid wastes
And close defiles of rocky solitudes
It may perchance rove o'er romantic meads,
And couch beneath some city of the Church,
Until it sink into the charmed sleep
Of some Mediterranean isle of rest.

—The book evinces thought and abundant culture; but its best passages belong rather to pulpit rhetoric than to poetry. The combination of guide-book and sermon is, however, a novelty that may attract the graver class of travellers.

Sonnets; and other Poems. By Sigma. (Manchester, Hall & Roworth.)—"Sigma" presents us with a collection of pieces most of which were written on local occasions. A performance at the theatre, a recollection of a visit, the death or the birthday of a friend, are among the subjects handled, and will sufficiently denote the general contents of the book. The writer expresses much kindly feeling in verse of average merit.

Æone; or, before the Dawn. (Edinburgh, Black.)—The Æone of this poem is a Pagan priestess, who, by the light of reason and the evidences of nature, rises to a higher faith than that of her country and time. Though the daughter of a king, she is doomed to death as a misbeliever; pardon is offered to her as an inducement to recant, but she remains constant and suffers. This story, though simple, affords large scope for poetic treatment. The author deserves credit for an elevated conception and for the consistency with which it is maintained; but his style, spite of the sonorous verse, is too vague and diffuse for the successful accomplishment of his design.

Easter Week. (Wilson.)—If we except a few lines towards the end of this production, it is difficult to trace its connexion with the theme that it professes to commemorate. The little brochure is chiefly occupied with remarks upon the aspects of Nature, and the poets who have celebrated them. It contains neither fresh thought nor vigorous expression. All that is said might have been better said in plain prose; and there seems no actual need that it should have been said at all.

The Boyhood of Martin Luther; or, the Sufferings of the Heroic Little Beggar Boy, who afterwards became the great German Reformer. By Henry Mayhew. (Low & Co.)—By means of a sort of historical romance, and as much liberty taken with what people did or did not say, as ever Livy took, Mr. Henry Mayhew has furnished a considerable amount of interesting information touching the boyhood of Luther and the later years of his parents. As a biographer for boys and of boys, Mr. Henry Mayhew has few if any equals, for there is such skill in his treatment of a subject that from the boys, his volumes find their way into the hands of the older folk, and this is a species of success which few writers for the young have achieved since the days of Miss Edgeworth.

The Geographical Distribution of Material Wealth. By A. Keith Johnston. (Edinburgh, Private Press of Peter Lawson & Son.)—Mr. C. Lawson, on retiring from the office of Master of the Merchants' Company of Scotland, made the occasion memorable by giving a *conversazione*, as the fashionable slang

has it, at which Mr. Johnston delivered a lecture on the above subject. This lecture the Messrs. Lawson have privately printed, adding thereto some valuable and interesting notes on the history of the Company (many of whose members had listened to the lecture), furnished by Mr. A. K. Mackie. Another Scottish gentleman, Mr. Clark Stanton, has enriched the book with a few very pretty designs, and the whole forms a handsome volume, worthy of being read now and of being consulted hereafter.

Love's Last Labour not Lost. By G. Daniel. (Pickering.)—A volume of essays, like a volume of sonnets, is not work that any man can accomplish. Mr. Daniel has not fully succeeded, but he has a certain facility of hand which may yet enable him to do better in the cabinet-picture department of literary art. At present, he uses many words to say but little. A master in essay-writing employs few words to say a great deal. Mr. Daniel has good choice of subjects, but he is hardly equal to them; and we would ask him, in connexion with his notes, if he referred to Buffon before or after he wrote that Buffon, after describing the music of the robin-redbreast, coldly observes: "This little warbler is excellent, roasted."

Oriona: a Play. By Anon. (Printed for the Author.)—An amateur poet, one whose wishes are stronger than his powers, is sometimes like those amateur actors of whom Walpole said, they played so well, that he only wondered they had not had sense enough not to play at all. "Anon" has amused himself by constructing a North-American-Indian tragedy, which is not without a respectable side to it, but which is not North American—civilized or Yankee. We do not think that a Comanche would say of daybreak, that

The smile of day o'er yonder brooklet steals,
And the world, rebirth'd, awakes the welkin
With her cries.

We have more respect for Mrs. Le Mayne, who gives farewell counsel to her son Roland, in such terms as to show that she has read Shakspeare, and especially the scene between Polonius and Laertes. To be sure, Shakspeare himself mentions "Anon, Anon, Sir" and our author may therefore claim to be older than our national poet!

The Universal Text-Book of Photography. (Leeds, Harvey & Co.)—This is one of the numerous manuals issued by dealers in photographic materials, in which, under pretext of giving directions to the learner, they advertise their own chemicals. There is a larger amount of pretension than usual in this "universal" text-book, and, as might be expected, numerous shortcomings. The language employed to convey information is so grammatically imperfect, and often so carelessly constructed, that the reader is left in doubt as to the Author's meaning. "The Æsthetics of Photography," translated from the French of M. Disdari, which forms one of the chapters of this Text-book, does furnish a few hints by which many photographers might profit. It would, however, have been far more valuable had it been less wordy.

Practical Advice to Amateur Photographers, &c. By Henry Matheson. (How.)—Within the brief space of thirty pages, a considerable amount of instruction is given. It is really practical advice which is communicated, and the descriptions of the manipulatory details of each process are, generally, so clear, that any amateur may, with a little ordinary care, follow them, without fear of error.

A Manual of Chemical Analysis, Qualitative and Quantitative. For the Use of Students. Part I. *Qualitative.* By Henry M. Noad, Ph.D. (Reeve & Co.)—Dr. Noad has produced an exceedingly useful little book. From his long experience as a teacher, he has been enabled to convey his directions to the chemical student in the simplest form; and knowing the ordinary impediments which cross the learner's path, he enables him to overcome them without difficulty, if care and attention are given to the teacher's precepts. Writing a work for the use of a medical school, the author has introduced much that is new and valuable on the subject of poisons, and the chemical means for detecting them in the human body after death. In the books devoted especially to this subject, the information will, necessarily, be more ample, but

the clear conciseness of Dr. Noad's directions for determining the presence of poisons in organic matter, recommends these sections to attention. If Part II., devoted to Quantitative Analysis, be executed with equal care to that shown in Part I., which embraces the Qualitative determinations, Dr. Noad will have produced a very useful Manual of Chemical Analysis.

Diutiska; a Historical and Critical Survey of the Literature of Germany. By Gustav Solling. (Trübner & Co.)—A great deal of information not accessible to the general English reader is afforded in this volume, which answers the purpose not only of a history, but to a certain extent of an Anthology. Herr Solling begins his survey of German literature at the very earliest period, and his copious descriptions of the Niebelungen Lied, and other mediæval epics, will be highly acceptable to many who have no inclination to study early poetical art, but would gladly be made acquainted with the subjects of the minstrels' songs. The several periods prior to the age of Klopstock are well defined, and each of them is illustrated by an alphabetical list of the writers, with a summary of characteristics appended to each name. On the other hand, Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Richter, Goethe and Schiller, each the subject of a separate section, are examined at length, and illustrated by copious extracts. Altogether 'Diutiska' is the very book for those older students, who would like to take a general glance at the literature with which they are about to become more minutely acquainted,—that is to say, in parts, for those who know more about the earlier writers than Mr. Solling tells them will be few indeed. Another volume is promised, devoted to the writers of the Romantic School, the one before us terminating with Goethe and Schiller.

French Writers, their Life and Works; or, a History of French Literature.—[Les Ecrivains Français, leur Vie et leurs Œuvres, &c. par F. Baurère]. (London, Williams & Norgate; Paris, Ducrocq.)—Some years ago, we had to speak in terms of praise of M. Vinet's work on French literature; we may speak with increase of eulogy of M. Baurère's volume, for the latter gives a general and lucid history of the literary men of France, from the earliest times, whereas M. Vinet treated only of those of a particular period. In a small space, the author has contrived to impart a vast amount of information, much of it anecdotal, and we commend his volume to the study and approval of all who are desirous to acquire, at small pains, a clear view of the outlines of literary France, from the era of the Langue d'Oil and Langue d'Oc, to that brought to a close by the death of Voltaire.

Lord Byron: a Biography.—[Lord Byron, seine Biographie, von Dr. Felix Eberty]. (Leipzig, Herzog; London, Williams & Norgate.)—Encouraged by the favourable reception given to a previous biography of Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Felix Eberty, a Breslau Professor, has completed, for the use of the German public, a life of Byron which, short as it is, comprises a critical examination of the poet's principal works. The tone of the book is generally eulogistic.

The Life of Mohammed.—[Das Leben Muhammed's, von Theodor Nöldeke]. (Hanover, Rümpler; London, Williams & Norgate.)—Herr Nöldeke has entertained the opinion that a succinct popular biography of the Founder of Islam drawn from original sources would be acceptable to the public; and, in pursuance of this opinion, he has written the small volume before us. He has long, it seems, been a student of Arabic poetry, but his book is designed for those who are not equally erudite. The statement of one of the difficulties he has met with in the execution of his task may be interesting to chronologists:—"There is one defect in my book which I am bound by way of preliminary to admit. This is in the inaccuracy of the chronology of Mohammed's last ten years. If we have few reliable dates for the time before the Hegira, not one of which can be reduced to a date of the Julian Calendar, our chronological information relative to the period after the flight is much more abundant. However, it is only when we come to the very last days of the Prophet that we can reduce even the later dates to a conformity with our mode of reckoning, for it was not till then that Mohammed firmly

settled that year of twelve lunar months or 354 days, which regulates the computation of his adherents to the present day. It is almost certain that before this period the Arabians computed time by a lunar year, which was, on one occasion, rectified with the solar year, by intercalary additions. Of the nature of these, however, nothing is accurately known."

Of Miscellaneous Publications we have to mention: *A Constitution for Poland and Russia considered Politically and Commercially*, by J. D. (Mann, Nephews).—*A Concise Review of Poland's History and Russian Policy, including Remarks on the Reputed Will of Peter the Great*, by W. Handcock (Dublin, Robertson).—*Note on the Block of Tin dredged up in Falmouth Harbour*, by Col. Sir H. James (Stanford).—*The Case of Servia*, by a Serb (Bell & Daldy).—*The Serbian Nation and the Eastern Question*, by Vladimir Yovanovitch (Bell & Daldy).—*Irish Fallacies and English Facts: being an Appeal to the Common Sense of the British Public on the Subject of the Irish Convict System*, by Scrutator (Ridgway).—*Recognition: a Chapter from the History of the North American and South American States*, by F. W. Gibbs (Ridgway).—*The Present American Revolution: The Internal Condition of Democracy considered*, in a Letter from the Hon. T. D'Arcy M'Gee to the Hon. C. G. Duffy (Hardwicke).—*A Treatise on Positive Printing*, by T. Sutton (Lampray, Tibbitts & Co.).—*An Essay on Production, Money and Government: in which the Principle of a Natural Law is advanced and Explained*, by W. A. Thomson (Buffalo, Wheeler).—*Remarks on the Rig of Sailing Ships*, by H. D. P. Cunningham (Whitehead & Morris).—*Irish Facts and Wakefield Figures in relation to Convict Discipline in Ireland*, investigated by J. T. Burt (Longman).—*The Position and Duty of Pennsylvania: a Letter addressed to the President of the Philadelphia Board of Trade* (Mackintosh).—*Lectures on Coal-Tar Colours, and on recent Improvements and Progress in Dyeing and Calico-Printing*, by Dr. Calvert (Trübner & Co.).—*A Serious Fall in the Value of Gold ascertained, and its Local Effects Set Forth*, by W. S. Jevons (Stanford).—*Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte (Jérôme)*, by a French Soldier (Farrah & Dunbar).—*The Case of the West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway Company: Debenture Stock no Security; An Act of Parliament no Protection* (Wilson).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATIONS.

As yet we do not hear of any large and inclusive attempt to organize the Shakespeare celebration of next year: though there is, in every section of our intellectual societies, a strong desire that something worthy of Shakespeare and of his countrymen should be done. There is a local movement at Stratford, with a view to a dinner, a speech, and perhaps a statue. The Canadians are preparing for a demonstration of their own, and have actually made some progress toward holding a great festival in Toronto. Australia, too, is moving. But with the exception of a small body of gentlemen connected with a club in Clerkenwell, some of whom are members of the Dramatic Authors' Society, we are not aware of any persons being engaged with the idea of a great national celebration to be held in London or elsewhere. We have not one word to say against the Urban Club; on the contrary, we think some credit is due to them for taking the open initiative in a matter to which everybody professes to wish well, while he is indolently waiting for his brother to move. But a Shakespeare Committee—if it is to do anything considerable, or even creditable, in the Poet's name—should, in our opinion, represent all the intellectual forces of the country, all the grades of our society, all the activities of our literature. No doubt, when duly appealed to, "the press, the heads of literary institutions, the clergy, and persons of local standing throughout the land, will lend prompt and hearty assistance in the matter; not merely on account of the homage that is due to the memory of Shakespeare, but in order to vindicate the English character from a charge of insensibility to the claims of literary excellence alleged against it on the ground that we have erected public monuments to kings, conquerors, statesmen, divines and disciples of science, and public philanthropists alone, leaving to Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Scotland and Ireland the proud distinction of manifesting open reverence for the memory and the genius of their great national poets." But then the press, the clergy and the heads of literary institutions will desire to know with whom they are co-operating, and to what definite end.

To begin, it is, we think, desirable that whatever is done should be done under the inspiration of a common thought, made visible by the ascertained sanction and adhesion of the one august personage who represents the whole country. The patronage of the Queen, the Presidency of the Prince of Wales, would give to the project of a grand commemoration the only basis worthy of the name of Shakespeare. This adhesion gained, the next step should be an invitation to the Fellows of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, to the Royal Academicians, to the heads of Colleges, to the members of all our learned bodies, and the managers of all our theatres to join a Committee. The Committee might be a large one, made to include every sort of celebrity, social, literary and scientific. The chief, perhaps the main difficulty is—how to begin?

Now, it happens conveniently that a Committee has been gathered together, for a special purpose, in connexion with the Shakespeare Fund, established in 1861 for the preservation of objects illustrative of the Life and Works of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. A public reading of Shakespeare, by Mr. and Mrs. Kean, is about to take place in St. James's Hall for the benefit of that Fund; and a Committee of noblemen and gentlemen connected with Shakspearian literature has been named to aid in that object. At present this Committee consists of The Duke of Newcastle (President), Sir C. H. R. Boughton, Bart., C. H. Bracebridge, Lord Justice Knight Bruce, B. Bond Cabbell, The Earl of Casdale, J. P. Collier, F. W. Cosens, W. Hepworth Dixon, James Dugdale, The Earl of Dunraven, The Rev.

A. Dyce, E. F. Flower, Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, The Earl Granville, F. Haines, Sir R. Hamilton, Bart., The Rev. W. Harness, R. S. Holford, The Earl Howe, H. Johnson, Lord Lindsay, Lord Lonsdale, The Lord Mayor of London, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., D. MacLise, W. C. Maeready, Lord John Manners, Herman Merivale, R. Monckton Milnes, C. N. Newdegate, Sir C. Nicholson, Bart., Sir James Prior, Gen. Sabine, President of the Royal Society, H. B. Sheridan, William Tite, S. H. Walpole, B. Webster, J. Wilkinson, T. Wright, Lord Vernon; with J. O. Halliwell as the Honorary Secretary.

If these noblemen and gentlemen, while aiding to complete the Shakespeare Fund, should think proper to undertake the arrangements for a National Celebration in April next year, the thing might be done, and well done. To a body already organized, it would be easy to bring accessions of strength. The Shakespeare Fund Committee includes a goodly portion of our known Shakspearian students; and the rest might be invited to come in on equal terms. By this easy process a very large and very influential body could be brought into combination with scarcely any waste of time. Our own duty is done in placing these hints at the service of the Duke of Newcastle and his friends.

MUSEUMS IN HOLLAND.

Amsterdam, May 26, 1863.

IN 1860, Mr. Carel Joseph Fodor, a merchant of this city, left by will to the municipality of Amsterdam his collection of paintings, sculpture, drawings, etchings and engravings, together with his residence and adjacent buildings. The conditions on which this valuable legacy were made, were, that the works of Art which he had collected should be preserved by the city, in a building to be constructed on the site of his residence and warehouses, to be called the Fodor Museum. This museum he further endowed so liberally that there will always be sufficient funds to keep it in thorough order, and to pay the salaries of the Director and the attendants. In order, however, that the museum might not be exclusively for the benefit of the educated and intelligent classes, to whom alone perhaps his collection will prove attractive, he provided that a small charge, to be fixed by the city authorities, should be made for admission. This charge has been fixed at 10d., and (on Sundays) at 1s. 3d.; and the entire amount of these charges is, according to the desire of the testator, to be distributed among the city poor.

The Fodor Museum has recently been opened. The very handsome building consists of three large rooms, in addition to a residence for the Director. The large hall, or gallery, has been admirably constructed, so as to render the light as useful as possible in showing off the merits of the works it contains. The collection consists of 121 paintings of the Modern Dutch and Flemish Schools, the chief-d'œuvre of this division is Scheffer's 'Christus Consolator,' which Mr. Fodor purchased at the sale of the Duchess of Orleans' collection, for 2,100l.; 30 French, and 12 German pictures complete the collection of oil paintings. The Dutch and Flemish drawings number 788; French, 161; German and English, 15; Italian, 14. In the catalogue of the engravings, there are 87 of the old Dutch, Flemish, German, and French schools, and 275 modern specimens. 'A Nymph,' by Cartellier, and 'Innocence playing with a Serpent,' by Eugene Simones, are the only specimens of the statuary art in this museum.

Mr. Fodor's collection so liberally bequeathed to his native city, may justly be considered one of the greatest attractions in this quaint capital of the Low Lands, to every amateur and connoisseur of the fine arts who may happen to stroll thither. Mr. Murray should "make a note of it," for the benefit of those who may consult his handbook. The public and private collections in this city were already excellent and numerous; and while the old masters, whose best works are among those collections, will always find their full per-centage of admirers, those modern masters, whose works now literally adorn the walls on which they have been so judiciously hung, cannot fail to render a visit to

the Fodor Museum a most gratifying intellectual treat to every man of taste and intelligence.

I am unwilling to close this communication without referring to an attempt that is now being made to obtain subscriptions to the amount of 500,000 florins for building a National Museum in Amsterdam. This museum is intended to be commemorative of the restoration of the national independence of Holland in 1813. As disputes have already arisen among the patriots at the head of the enterprise, it will probably prove to be a museum divided against itself, and fall down before it is built up. Should the design be realized, however, the scattered collections of paintings, drawings and sculpture in the various museums in the country—so far as they are the property of the nation—will be transferred to this National Museum. It is thought more than probable that patriotism here will contrive a much cheaper way for ventilating itself; and if it do not, it will be a greater curiosity than any which the museum will contain.

C. H. GUNN.

AUGSBURG.

Munich, May, 1863.

AN afternoon spent in the streets of quaint old Augsburg is the most singular commentary on the modern architecture of Munich. The utter stillness and repose of the mass of buildings, each one of which harmonizes with the rest in the commanding look—the absence of all striving after effect—the decided character of every façade—the citizen simplicity of ornament—contrast very strangely with the search for novelty, the mongrel mixture of styles, and the profuse decoration that characterize the capital. In Augsburg, every restoration is effected with a view to improving what already exists, instead of grafting something new upon the old stock. Slight changes have been made during the six years that have passed since my last visit; a few new houses have been built, several have been restored, and yet there is only one attempt to introduce the new Munich architecture. You may still roam about the winding streets, and gaze on old patrician houses, with their mounting roofs and the series of steps at the angles; you may lose yourself in narrow lanes, and extricate yourself at last by a dive through mysterious passages, propped open by beams; you may admire unaccountable little doors, made of a single plank, and locked with bars and padlocks, though scarcely large enough to admit anything bigger than a rat; you may look up with the most genuine admiration at the noble pile of the towering Rathhaus, and still find nothing to displease you in the old free town of the commercial Middle Ages. Perhaps there is no very real interest in thinking of Charles the Fifth and the Emperor Maximilian—as Murray tells you to think—when you have none of their works before you; and I have no doubt the admirable cellar of the Drei Mohren is far more worthy of a visit than the room in which Fugger burned the bond that Charles the Fifth had left as a security. But there are people of such eminently historic minds that the least association is of value to them, so long as it can be duly authenticated.

This year, however, Augsburg has acquired a new historical significance, which may not be so grateful to its patriotic citizens as their ancient connexion with the heads of the German empire: a house is pointed out in one of the less-frequented streets with a tablet on it announcing that the Emperor Maximilian used to inhabit it during his stay in Augsburg. A few doors off is a more modern building, of a light, agreeable colour, with trellis-work on two sides, and a projecting wing running out from the centre, flanked by two courts. This is the house in which the present Emperor of the French lived with his mother; and to his residence in which he looks back with such pleasure that only last month he made a present of books to the school in which he was educated, accompanying them with a letter to the rector, in which the following phrase occurs:—"J'ai été bien heureux de cette nouvelle occasion de me rappeler au souvenir d'un pays pour lequel je ne cesserais jamais d'avoir la plus vive sympathie." In one way, the connexion of Louis Napoleon with Augsburg is really remarkable, especially at the present

moment. Mr. Kinglake has made a disrespectful comparison of the Emperor to a weaver; and the great endeavour of Augsburg is to glorify the founder of the Fugger family who practised that trade. A fine statue of Jakob Fugger has lately been erected by King Ludwig, and the ancient Fugger-haus in the Maximilian Strasse is even now being decorated with frescoes. The statue, which, strangely enough, is executed by the same artist to whom so many of the weak and paltry figures in Munich owe their origin, gives us a fine head and figure in trunk-hose, at once noble and characteristic. The frescoes are painted by Ferdinand Wagner, and are devoted to the history of the family and that of the town of Augsburg. The first picture shows the foundation of the old town, Rudolph of Habsburg giving the municipal privileges to its citizens. In the second, the Emperor Ludwig, the Bavarian, takes refuge in the town when defeated by Archduke Leopold of Austria, brother of the rival emperor, Frederic the Handsome. Another picture presents the building of the Fuggerei, that quaint, little, inclosed quarter, with its four gates and its rows of miniature houses, which are let out to poor Catholic families at the nominal rent of two florins a year. Round the frescoes are arabesque borders, one of the large pictures being surmounted by the Imperial eagle of Germany, another by the coat-of-arms of the Fuggerei. Below them runs a frieze, to some extent suggested by Kaulbach's companion work in Berlin. The development of arts and sciences and the progress of the town are typified by groups of children, some hammering out weapons and armour, others working in gold and chasing, others as meistersängers, architects, painters and sculptors. The colour and design are especially pleasant in this frieze; in the larger frescoes the colour is sometimes of an exaggerated warmth that looks hot and glaring.

The block of buildings belonging to the old Fugger mansion stretches some way along the Maximilian Strasse, and one of the houses attached to it is now the famous "Drei Mohren." A lover of wine can hardly speak with too much respect of that admirable institution. There is a story of a man dining at some restaurant in Paris, and being told that some dish would not be ready for half-an-hour: "But Monsieur will not wait for something to occupy him," said the master of the house, handing him the red velvet volume that contained the *carte*. The catalogue of the "Drei Mohren" fulfils the same conditions. It is like a journey to the East to read such names as Vin du Carmel, Vinum Sanctum Bethlehemitanum, La Rosée de l'Hermon. One may live long in Italy without finding any such wines as are recorded here—our old favourites in Horace, the Cæcuban, and the Formian and the immortal Massic. A classical scholar is said to have drunk a bottle of the latter without speaking, and at the end of it to have uttered the phrase, "I see now how Latin verses ought to be written!" The Isles of Greece, too, are so well represented by Chian and Samian, the wines of Cyprus and Asia Minor, that you cease to wonder at the tenacity of the Bavarian dynasty, and ask if Hellas has not been ungrateful to her truest lovers. At the head of each division of the list of wines is the sentence, "Chosen by me in my travels through the East," or "Bought by me at the 'quinta da Trapiche' in the island of Madeira," and frequent quotations from the Latin poets, or from Rediti's 'Bacco in Toscana,' run through the volume. There have been so many "Travels in search of —" from the time of Moore that travels in search of wine ought to be respected.

As a commercial town, and one in which large sums of money are "turned over," Augsburg is celebrated for the number and the wealth of its charitable foundations. A member of the Council of Magistrates has lately published an account of the various institutions, tracing them back to their origin, and showing the intentions of their founders. With this view, he gives the history of no less than seventy-three foundations, possessing a capital of 720,000 florins, the yearly income of which is devoted to forty-one different objects—as the support of the poor, elementary teaching, and training in higher branches, especially the fine arts and

arts of design. These seventy-three form the United Protestant Charitable Fund, and of them four were in existence before the Reformation, two more came into being between the Reformation and the religious peace of 1555, sixteen between the Peace and the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, three only during the Thirty Years' War, and forty-one from the Peace of Westphalia to the end of the eighteenth century.

E. W.

DISCOVERY AT GIBRALTAR.

Gibraltar, May 13, 1863.

I send you an account of the discovery of an ossiferous cavern on this rock. The mere fact of a cave containing osseous remains having been found would not perhaps be of sufficient interest to justify me in asking you to give place to a letter on the subject. But there are circumstances connected with this discovery which induce me to believe that some account will not be unacceptable to geologists. At any rate, it is desirable to determine if possible the antiquity of these remains, even though they be, as some declare, comparatively recent. The fact of a human skull having been discovered in a cave embedded in bone earth, in close contiguity to a stone implement and the bone of a huge mammal twenty feet below the surface of a limestone plateau, is sufficient to justify some inquiry. For the last six months the Royal Engineers have been employed excavating a large tank for the use of the military prison on Windmill Hill. The spot where this excavation has been made is situated upon an oval plateau, 400 feet above the sea, at the southern point of the rock. The plateau is composed of compact limestone, in most places scarcely concealed by the superficial soil. So solid is the rock that the quarrying of the tank was done entirely by blasting. About ten days ago I heard casually that some bones, described as "beef bones," had been discovered in the excavations, when proceeding to the spot I found the quarrymen working about fifteen feet below the surface, and they were removing portions of a blast which had just taken place. Beneath two large blocks of limestone some dark, loamy earth was visible, and it was from here that the first discovered bones had been taken. Unfortunately, being considered valueless they had been thrown away. A few turns of the spade, however, brought up others, including three portions of a human skull and a humerus, also human. Close by was found a fragment of rude pottery made of baked clay. Since this discovery the search has been prosecuted more carefully, and with the following result. It was ascertained that no fissure of any kind leading from the earth's surface was observed during the progress of the excavations. The superincumbent limestone was compact, and measured twelve feet in thickness at the spot where the first bones were found. After a few hours' careful digging, during which many bones were collected, the roof of a cave was reached. Labour was then directed to the excavation of the cavern. It was filled to its ceiling with dark, rich mould. This mould was filled with bones, broken and dislocated, and presenting the same appearance as the bones found in other osseous caverns. The roof of the cave is covered with broken stalactites. The depth of the cavern has not yet been ascertained. It has been excavated vertically 24 feet below the surface; and an iron rod forced through the mould gives no bottom at 14 feet lower. The organic remains and works of Art found in the small portion yet excavated are numerous. Seventeen feet below the level two human jaws were discovered. Close by were two stone knives and an oblong slab of sandstone, with one surface much worn and polished as if by friction. Within a few feet on the same level was a stone instrument shaped like a rude pestle. The bottom surface is worn and polished, and the handle or upper part has three small concavities, which exactly fit the thumb and two fingers when the instrument is grasped most conveniently. It seems probable that this implement was used for grinding cereals or breaking nuts on the slab of sandstone. Mixed with these remains were found numberless bones of animals, including a portion of the vertebra of a huge

mammal. An experienced surgeon has declared this bone to have belonged to the elephant, but of what date he is unable to say. In my opinion it is the bone of a smaller animal. Amidst the vast quantity of bones I have been able to recognize the teeth of a large species of ox, the horse, a large deer, the wild boar, the lagomys, the jaw of a carnivorous animal which I believe to be the hyæna, and portions of the jaws of other carnivorous animals which I cannot determine. At the lowest point yet reached two flint hatchets, more highly finished than those of Abbeville, were turned up. Also, a small highly-polished and sharpened flint (?) implement, cut with some skill. At this point, portions of three human jaws were found with the femurs of a man and woman.

Fragments of pottery abound; also bits of charcoal. A vessel of baked clay of the rudest manufacture, which appears to have been used as a pipkin, has been preserved unbroken. When found a *Pecten jacobæus*, or common scallop, was inside it. Three rolled pebbles, of greenstone, have been found; also, a large piece of coral, quite bleached. The coral is recent, and of the species *Oculina Bamea*. Among the shells I fancy I recognize the *Murex alveolatus*.

It is somewhat singular that, close up under the roof of the cavern, a copper fish-hook three inches in length was found. The vertebrae of many fish have been picked up. The lower jaws of mammalia are in greater abundance than any other part of the skeletons.

Since writing the above, I have again visited the cave. The excavations are progressing rapidly under the superintendence of Mr. Brome, Governor of the military prison. As far as can be judged, the cave is not very extensive, though its depth cannot be ascertained. It is choked with bone earth. Another slab of sandstone, about one foot long, and eight inches wide, slightly concave in the centre, where it is worn and polished by friction, has been brought out.

A skull (human) was also found to-day, but broken into many pieces. Its position when taken out was about fourteen feet from the level of the ground. Some recent shells, including the common oyster, have been found at the same level. A few rolled pebbles have been picked out of the mould at the depth of twenty feet. All the specimens found are carefully collected and preserved for inspection by competent persons.

FREDERIC SAYER.

NATIONAL GALLERY.

SEVERAL of the pictures announced in a previous number of the *Athenæum* are now exhibited to the public. A large, square altarpiece by Crivelli, in a richly-carved frame with bold cornice, and flanked by pilasters panelled with gilded arabesques, attracts immediate attention by the side of Uccello's battle-piece, in the first room, or vestibule. This picture was formerly in the church of the Franciscans at Matelica, a small town between Assisi and Macerata, and was purchased from Count Luigi di Sanctis. The composition is very simple, but impressive. In the centre the Virgin is enthroned, holding the infant Saviour seated on her lap. St. Jerome stands on the left of the central group, and St. Sebastian on the right. The picture is thinly but very carefully painted in a sober grey tone, with much elaborate gilding in the way of ornament on the dresses. The Virgin wears a jewelled coronet, with a gauze veil, and the embroidered mantle which covers her knees is drawn also over her head, to serve like a hood. The infant Saviour has a necklace of red beads round his neck, and a small coral of the same colour pendent from it.

The five predella pictures are exquisitely finished, and show the superior qualities of Crivelli most advantageously. Without losing a certain tone of quaintness and occasional extravagance of gesture, into which Crivelli is prone to fall, these small paintings show him to have been capable of very deep feeling. The St. George, on a white horse, having broken his spear, and about to destroy the dragon with a sword, held in his right hand alone, anticipated in a great measure the famous compo-

sition of Raphael from the same subject. This picture is on the extreme right, under the pilaster. At the opposite end is a half-length figure of St. Catherine holding a palm-branch of martyrdom and the broken wheel. The central picture, below the Madonna and Child, represents the Nativity, where the infant Saviour is lying on the ground, adored by the Virgin; Joseph remains seated hard by, in a deep sleep. The ox and ass are introduced; the form of the latter as seen stretched on the floor of the stable is drawn with a careful attention to nature: neither is made to kneel, as ridiculously shown in many early pictures.

Beneath the figure of St. Sebastian is an animated picture of his martyrdom. Three archers, one holding a cross-bow, are attacking him. There is something demoniacal in their expression, whilst the slender human forms are very accurately rendered. St. Sebastian himself affords a strong instance of the quaintness of conception inherent in the painter: having been struck in the foot by an arrow, he raises the limb with an evident cry, thus contrasting strongly in point of treatment with the ecstatic expression adopted by the Umbrian and Florentine representations of the same subject. A graceful and well-studied figure of a large greyhound standing in profile immediately behind the figure of the martyr, increases, by his tranquil attitude, the effect of violence in the rest.

St. Jerome doing penance occupies the left-hand compartment, beneath the standing figure of the saint. In this small picture he kneels before a crucifix in a wild scene. His red hat hangs on a tree near him, and a crane has very strangely perched on the top of the crucifix which is the object of his adoration. This Oriental feature is further carried out in the background by the walls of an Eastern town with Turkish figures on the shore, and in a boat on a piece of water. The entire altarpiece is in excellent preservation, and a far more favourable example of the master than the picture which had previously been acquired for the Gallery. It is signed in gold on one end of a cornice, below the figure of St. Sebastian, "CAROLVS . CRIVELLVS . VENETVS . MILES . PINXIT." It is not dated.

Another interesting picture of the Venetian school is a bright and cheerful representation of St. Jerome reading in his study. It was purchased direct from the proprietors of the Manfrini Gallery at Venice. The figure of the saint is very small in proportion to the size of the picture; but there is a deep earnestness in the attitude, as he studies the volume, with absorbed attention, on the desk before him. The picture exhibits a large proportion of horizontal lines and plane surfaces, since both the side of the apartment and of the great reading-table also, are directly facing the spectator. The flatness of the wall is relieved by certain square cupboards, which, being partially open, reveal a variety of objects lying within them in great confusion, but painted with a clearness, brilliancy and minuteness that bespeak a close affinity to the most laborious Flemish painters of the fifteenth century. The general tone of colour is cheerful, very pale, and far different from that which we usually observe in Bellini. The dress of the figure is pink, shaded with a rich crimson; his cape or hood, a deep, rich blue, and the cardinal's hat, lying flat on the ground, is the exceptional colour of bluish lilac. The deep green running round the lower part of the wall contributes much to the general brilliancy of the picture, and relieves the masses of grey on the upper part with which it comes in contact.

Another Venetian picture, and also from the Manfrini collection, is by Andrea Previtali. This artist was a pupil of Bellini, and distinguished for his perspective and for the richness of his landscape backgrounds. The latter quality is conspicuous in the left-hand side of this picture, where a forest glade, in all the freshness of spring, is seen gilded by a brilliant sunlight. The principal figures are the Virgin seated, seen a little below the knees, holding the infant Saviour, who blesses a monk kneeling in adoration, and holds a passion-flower in his left hand.

A very impressive picture, notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of the subject, has been placed

towards the upper end of the north side of the great new saloon. It is a half-length figure by Moroni, and represents a tailor standing at a board, about to cut a piece of black cloth with a large pair of shears. He seems to be in the act of taking up the cloth, and looks thoughtfully at the spectator. He is a young man, bare-headed, with small beard and cropped hair; the dress white, covered with spots, close fitting to the body, with tight sleeves, and a plain leathern strap round the waist. The background is quite plain, with merely a diagonal course of shadow cleverly introduced so as to assist the moving line of the figure. The picture was known in Italy as the 'Tagliapanni,' and purchased by Sir Charles Eastlake, in October last, from Signor Federigo Frizzoni de Salis, of Bergamo.

A curious picture, from the Lombardi collection at Florence, by a fantastic artist, Piero di Cosimo, has been hung over the door leading into the large saloon. It is long in shape, and serves very well for what the Italians call a "sopra porta." Cosimo was celebrated for his landscapes, and assisted his teacher and godfather, Cosimo Rosselli, in the background of his famous picture, 'The Sermon on the Mount,' in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Piero di Cosimo was gifted with extraordinary invention, and delighted in the representation of strange animals. These qualities and tastes are manifest in the picture now added to our national collection. A wounded female figure lies on the grass; a brown dog is seated at her feet, and a young satyr kneeling on the opposite side gazes at her. The subject is supposed to be the Death of Procris. Beyond the grass extends a line of sea-shore thronged by strange-looking animals, but the extreme distance is bright and clear, fully bearing out the praise which the historians of Art have bestowed on Piero for his powers in landscape. The principal figure is far from graceful, and exhibits a fullness of form combined with a wildness that reminds the student alternately of Lorenzo di Credi and Luca Signorelli. The absence of any fixed style seems always to have been a peculiarity with this artist; he seems, however, like Sandro Botticelli, to have frequently indulged his fancy in the embodiment of classic themes. He was a genuine painter in oil-colours, and is said to have worked in emulation of Leonardo da Vinci. It is, however, as the instructor of Andrea del Sarto that he is more especially deserving of remembrance.

A very fine life-sized portrait of this illustrious pupil, painted by his own hand and bearing his well-known monogram, consisting of the combined letters A.V., has, by a fortunate coincidence, just been hung in the saloon near the Moroni picture already described. It was purchased from the executors of a certain Niccolò Puccini of Pistoja. The picture is painted in oil on fine linen; the hands, holding a book, remain in a very unfinished state. The figure is seen below the waist seated in a wooden chair with his back partly turned, and looking over his left shoulder at the spectator. The face is very much in shadow, and the cheek is thinner than in the other portraits of Andrea del Sarto, but the look is very keen and thoroughly artist-like.

A fine picture by Lorenzo Lotto has also been added to the collection. It contains the portraits of Agostino and Niccolò della Torre. The elder of the two, Agostino, is clothed in a long grey gown, holding a letter, addressed to himself, and a napkin in his right hand, and bearing a ponderous volume of the works of Galen on his left arm. A fly that has settled on one of the hanging folds of the napkin is painted with marvellous truthfulness, although, for the higher purposes of Art, it is too prominent an object in the picture. The younger of the two persons is bearded, with full dark hair, and wearing a large cap and a mantle; he has a full plaited shirt round his neck; the figure is placed behind that of his companion. The picture is on canvas, and signed in the right-hand corner L. LOTTO. P. 1515. The style of painting, although a comparatively early work of the master, clearly confirms the biographical records of his having been a scholar of Bellini with closer affinity to Giorgione, his fellow-pupil. The picture was purchased from Signor Morelli, of Bergamo.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A grave gentleman, a scholar and a man of science, M. N. C. Szerelmey, advertises as on view, a Portrait of Jesus Maria Hodegedria, as painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. The painting and the pamphlet which accompanies it are both very curious. We have examined the one and read the other. A visit to Regent Street and a conversation with the proprietor have helped us to some conclusion respecting the alleged antiquity of the work and the authenticity of the story about its passing from one owner to another. We cannot subscribe to the opinion that the picture is as old as Luke the Evangelist, nor to the conjecture that it was painted by him. The tradition that Luke was a painter as well as physician, is not well founded. Even if it were, the probabilities, not to use a stronger word, are all against his having painted these two portraits of the Virgin and her Son, which appear to be not many centuries old. The faces of both are not pleasing. There is nothing masterly about them. Hence we cannot set much value on the work. It may have come from Mount Athos and be of monkish origin. The Chaldaic letters, said to be on the gilt ground of the picture and to attest its genuineness, signify little. They could be easily put there. In our view they have no independent value. A learned German, it is alleged, has transferred them to paper and translated them. We should like to catechize this scholar after an examination of the letters themselves, which we could not see with the naked eye. The proprietor of this picture, M. Szerelmey, believes in his treasure, and, naturally enough, sets a high value upon it. He exhibits it for the aid of the distressed and wounded Poles. This is a laudable object. But there is no attractiveness about it; and the public will be slow to believe that Luke himself painted that which bears plain evidence of Romanist times and tastes.—The story of the picture is a sort of legend, of which the original might perhaps be found by any one who would search through the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*. It is this: A poor Greek priest was found in a weak, diseased state, in Palestine, was charitably taken by the narrator to Egypt, whence he implored to be transferred to Europe, but died on board the vessel. His only property, a leathern pouch, having been bequeathed as a legacy to his benefactor, the captain ordered it to be thrown overboard for fear of infection. Instead of this being done, the narrator's servant saved it, and it was opened at Ancona. Among the contents was a picture of the Madonna and the Infant Christ, painted on metal, together with a piece of parchment and a paper, inscribed with Greek letters. Having undergone different cleanings, the work was brought to its present state. The fact of its being painted by St. Luke is stated in the will of one Azarias, some pious predecessor of the Greek monk from whom its present possessor received it. Such is the story.

The following award of prizes has been made to architects in the Freemasons' Hall Competition:—150*l.*, T. H. E. Carpenter, with the motto, "L'Union fait la Force,"—100*l.*, Edward Barry, "Stability,"—75*l.*, S. W. Dawkes, "Experientia."

On the 3rd of June Mr. William Hawes will read a paper, at the Society of Arts, 'On the Results of the International Exhibition.' The Duke of Cambridge, who represented Her Majesty at the opening of the Exhibition, will preside.

The Council of the Society of Arts have issued cards for an evening party at the South Kensington Museum, on Friday, the 12th of June.

The President of the Institution of Civil Engineers will hold his Annual Conversazione on Tuesday evening, June 2, when the co-operation of members and visitors is requested, in order that a collection of Models of Engineering Construction, and of specimens of works of Art, worthy of the Institution, may be made.

The Arandel Society, as will be seen in our columns elsewhere, holds an important General Meeting on Tuesday next, June 2, when it is proposed to modify the rules under which it is at present existent.

Seven thousand persons gathered in Her Majesty's

Gardens—as the Royal Horticultural might be called—and in the adjoining edifice, on Wednesday last, to see the first great flower-show of the season. The sight was in the highest degree splendid; the whole nave being filled with stands and flowers. The public seemed to feel that the uses of such a building, covering acres of ground, in a climate like ours, were many, and that they had found out one of the most delightful. A fortnight hence, they will find another.

The Royal Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, has been opened, under a new management, with special entertainments for the Whitsun holidays, including many of the old, and some new attractions. Among the former, are the two famous views of London and Paris—marvels of pictorial art; and, among the latter, a series of Orchestral Concerts, under the direction of Mr. W. Howard, the Musical Gleanings of Mr. George Buckland, and Juvenile Christy Minstrels.

This year, the May examinations of the Department of Science and Art are, on the whole, satisfactory. In geometrical drawing the number of pupils examined in 1862 was 119; this year they have increased to 239. In machine drawing the number has increased from 70 to 194; in building construction there has been an increase from 45 to 107. In theoretical mechanics there has been a falling off from 52 pupils to 35; and in applied mechanics the decrease is from 47 to 22. The experimental sciences appear to be more popular. In acoustics, light and heat, there is an increase from 47 to 121; and in magnetism and electricity the increase is from 105 to 207. Inorganic chemistry shows an increase from 558 to 679; organic chemistry an increase from 105 to 157. In some of the natural sciences there is failure. Geology has fallen from 189 to 129, mineralogy from 81 to 46, animal physiology from 349 to 343; zoology from 84 to 41. In vegetable physiology there is an increase from 66 to 126; and in systematic botany from 26 to 84. In mining and metallurgy, which has been lately added to the list of subjects, there were 29 pupils in the former and 63 in the latter. The centres of examination have increased from 54 in 1862 to 71 in 1863; and the number of pupils examined in the different subjects has increased from 1,943 to 2,672.

The Master and Court of Painters, in the City of London, have got up another Exhibition of Decorative Works of Art. A private view of the collection will take place this day (Saturday).

A Reader at the British Museum calls attention to the great risk which is run by leaving exposed to deprecation the Shakespeare autograph in Florio's *Montaigne*. "Why," he asks, "is not the book withdrawn, and placed, as it should be, in the cases, with the other MSS. and autographs? We all recollect the fate of the letter which Lord Byron addressed from Greece to Sir Walter Scott, and which had been placed in the vase at Abbotsford. It is little short of a miracle that the autograph is still in the book; and I almost dread to forward this remonstrance, fearing it may call the tardy attention of some literary sharper or enthusiast to the lucky chance which is still open." A Reader probably exaggerates the risk of loss, but we shall do no harm by putting the authorities on their guard.

The Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law has received a Report from the Special Committee on Convict Discipline. Sir Walter Crofton gave the Committee an elaborate account of the Irish system; and that Committee, after much debate, arrived at the following resolutions:—"That it is not desirable to revive the system of transportation, but it is desirable to promote the emigration of criminals sentenced to penal servitude, who shall have by steady industry and labour, whilst in prisons or whilst under probation, earned a sum sufficient to enable them to defray the whole or the greater part of their passage-money to any colony they may select.—That the present system of short imprisonments requires revision.—That it is desirable that the convict system should be remodelled on the principle of the convict system now in force in Ireland.—That for this purpose the preliminary imprisonment should be made more severe; that a system of marks should

be established in the second stage of labour; that intermediate prisons on the plan of Lusk and Smithfield should be organized, and that a strict supervision should be exercised over convicts discharged on tickets-of-leave, the conditions of which should be stringently enforced."

Dr. Norton Shaw, so long the active and successful officer of the Royal Geographical Society, has resigned his commission—mainly, it would seem, on the ground of health. The Society, for which he has done so much, have testified their sense of his services by a vote of 500*l.* towards a testimonial. In consequence of Dr. Shaw's retirement several changes will be made in the Secretary's office: in place of three Honorary Secretaries there will be, in future, two Secretaries, who, by virtue of their office, will be members of the Council, also a Foreign Secretary, and a paid Assistant-Secretary, who will reside at the Society's apartments, and edit the Society's publications.

Messrs. Jackson, Walford & Co. have published a chart of ancient and modern chronology. It is an elaborate table, and exhibits a good deal of historical information, of the kind required in schools and libraries. It cannot fail to be a useful companion to the reader of history.

Mr. Sorby has turned his microscope upon meteorites, or rather upon sections of those exotic minerals, with a view to ascertain their origin by close examination of their microscopical structure. The evidence thus far appears to be strong in favour of the conclusion that they are formed by the aggregation of smaller fragments or minute particles, in which particular they are most nearly resembled, among terrestrial rocks, by consolidated volcanic ashes. Is there anything in this fact of aggregation which touches the nebular hypothesis?

In reply to the letter of Herr Julius Lax, in our last week's number, we are now able to state that the quotation from 'The Robbers,' disguised under the fictitious title of 'Life of Moor, Tragedy, by Krake,' in Schiller's dissertation, 'Ueber den Zusammenhang der thierischen Natur des Menschen mit seiner geistigen,' is easily explained. It is nothing more nor less than a hoax by Schiller; at the expense of the illustrious Founder and the grave Professors of the "höhe Karlsruhen." Herr Lax is quite correct in supposing that Schiller invented and used the reference to the Tragedy, by Krake, for the purpose of concealing his authorship of the play; but he is not aware of the waggery which prompted the quotation. At the time when the Dissertation was written and printed, 'The Robbers' existed only in manuscript, and was not known to any one except the author and his intimate friends. To them, in the merriment and excitement of youth (Palleke, in his 'Life of Schiller,' suggests the possibility of a wager), he seems to have promised the dangerous experiment of introducing a passage from the Drama into the Dissertation,—and thus, apparently translated from the English (the learned Examinators, it seems, did not doubt of the existence of the fabulous 'Krake'), the first scene of the fifth act of 'The Robbers' appeared in print about a year before the drama itself was published. The little story, altogether, is an amusing game at hide-and-seek played by genius and unsuspecting pedantry.

We notice that the Catalogue of the Sculptures now exhibited in the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden does not contain the price at which each work is for sale. As it is understood that most of the examples are for sale, and as the Society, which gratuitously exhibits them, can hardly be expected to maintain a clerk to answer the questions of intending purchasers, would it not be considerate, on the artists' part, if they enabled the Catalogue-makers to complete it?

"A Constant Reader" complains that he has in vain searched the Engraving Copyright Acts to find the conditions upon which the legislature has granted copyright in engravings and lithographs. We are not surprised at his want of success, inasmuch as he has had no less than six Acts of Parliament to read. He will, however, find what he wants in the first of them, Hogarth's Act, 8 Geo. 2. c. 13. s. 1. This statute gives the copyright in a print for

a limited period, "to commence from the day of the first publishing thereof, which shall be truly engraved with the name of the proprietor on each plate, and printed on every such print." The Courts have in several instances held the performance of these conditions to be imperative. Consequently, the copyright in an engraving or lithograph will be lost if the above conditions are not complied with.

We have pleasure in announcing that the Saxon government has permitted the architect Semper, to whom the Dresden theatre is due, to return to Germany. The measure seems tardy, it must be owned, as fourteen years have just elapsed since the May of 1849, when the King of Saxony took refuge in the virgin hill-fort of Königstein, and the fight in the streets lasted more than a week, till the arrival of Prussian troops restored the balance of power. But the Saxon government is gradually wiping off old scores, and haste in this respect would be too little in accordance with the nature of any German monarchy, however quick in picking a quarrel with its subjects.

A new bi-monthly publication, approaching more nearly in its character to an English quarterly than to the ordinary type of German periodicals, is being issued in Vienna, under the name of the *Austrian Review*. It has long been a subject of complaint with Germans and of wonder with English, that so little of the kind has been attempted in so learned and so exhaustive a country, and that of the mass of periodicals so few should attain to an English standard. The first number of the *Austrian Review* gives more promise of completeness, and is not without decided literary merits. The opening article, on Napoleon's Italian Campaigns, founded on his lately-published Correspondence, is admirably written, and throws new light on the character of a man with whom Austria has naturally little sympathy. It is curious to find an Austrian writer raising the question how far Napoleon would have trod in the same path if he had arrived at the command of the Italian army at the age of sixty or seventy, after the usual promotion of peace time, instead of leaping into the saddle at twenty-seven, amid the general disturbance of Europe.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admittance (from Eight till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
JOHN PRESOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark.—Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours.—The ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.—Gallery, 33, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WORKS of DECORATIVE ART, at the HALL of the PAINTERS' COMPANY, No. 9, Little Trinity Lane, City, commences on MONDAY, June 1, and continues for One Month.—Admission Free, from Ten to Seven daily.
F. G. TOMLINS, Clerk.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKESPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Mr. Mitchell has the pleasure to announce that in consequence of the great success which has attended the First Series of Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS of SHAKESPEARE, they will be continued every Monday and Wednesday Evening, and Saturday Morning.—On Monday Evening, June 1, 'Anthony and Cleopatra'; Wednesday Evening, June 3, 'Macbeth'; and on Saturday Morning, June 6, 'The Tempest.'—To commence each Evening at Half-past Eight, and on Saturday Morning at Three o'clock (Unreserved), 3s.; 5 Shells, 6s.; a few Fanshills, 7s. each, which may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

LEVAISSOR EN VISITE.—FIFTH WEEK.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—SCÈNES ET CHANSONS COMIQUES.—In consequence of the great and increasing success attending these ENTERTAINMENTS they will be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings till further notice.—Commencing at Half-past Eight.—Seats (Unreserved), 3s.; Stalls (numbered), 7s.; a few Fanshills, 10s. 6d. each.—Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—May 21.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 'On the Nature of the Sun's Magnetic Action upon the Earth,' by C. Chambers, Esq.—'Numeric Elements of Indian Meteorology, Series 1,' by Her-

mann de Schlagintweit.—'On the Structure of the so-called Apolar, Unipolar and Bipolar Nerve-Cells of the Frog,' by Dr. Beale.—'On the Belts of Jupiter, in a Note addressed to the Secretary,' by Prof. J. Phillips.—'Notes of Researches on the Polyammonias, No. 23, Hydrazobenzol, a new Compound Isomeric to Benzidine; and Note on the Composition of Aniline Blue,' by Dr. A. W. Hofmann.—'On the Calculus of Symbols, Third Memoir,' by W. H. L. Russell, Esq.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—May 25.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—A ballot was taken for officers for 1863-4, when the following list was returned: *President*, Sir R. I. Murchison; *Vice-Presidents*, Lord Ashburton, Capt. R. Collinson, Col. Sir G. Everest, Viscount Strangford; *Trustees*, R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., Sir W. C. Trevelyan; *Secretaries*, C. R. Markham, Esq., W. Spottiswoode, Esq.; *Foreign Secretary*, Dr. Hodgkin; *Ordinary Councillors*, Right Hon. H. U. Addington, Col. G. Balfour, Lord A. Churchill, Lord Colchester, J. Crawford, Esq., J. Fergusson, Esq., A. G. Findlay, Esq., Right Hon. Sir T. Fremantle, C. C. Graham, Esq., Rear-Admiral W. H. Hall, W. I. Hamilton, Esq., Rear-Admiral the Hon. H. A. Murray, Sir C. Nicholson, Dr. Rae, Major-Gen. Sir H. C. Rawlinson, Commodore A. Ryder, Earl of Sheffield, E. O. Smith, Esq., J. Walker, Esq., Major-Gen. Sir A. Waugh, Col. H. Yule; *Treasurer*, R. Biddulph, Esq.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 20.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—Sir C. T. Bright, J. Dees, E. C. H. Day, W. D. Eye, R. F. Hodgson, the Rev. C. Kingsley, E. C. Masson, T. G. Bylands, and J. Scott were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read: 'Further Observations on the Devonian Plants of Maine, Gaspé and New York,' by Dr. J. W. Dawson.—'Notice of a new species of Dendroperon, and of the Dermal Coverings of certain Carboniferous Reptiles,' by Dr. J. W. Dawson.—'On the Upper Old Red Sandstone and the Upper Devonian Rocks,' by J. W. Salter, Esq.

NUMISMATIC.—May 21.—W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—J. Hunt, Esq., J. M. Hunt, Esq. and R. Pullan, Esq., were elected Members of the Society.—Dr. Lee exhibited an Oxford sixpence of Charles the First, being the only one in the hoard of 2,428 coins found at Hartwell, of which 181 were sixpences of Charles the First.—Dr. Lee also exhibited as a curiosity a penny of George the Third, reduced to an oval shape by rolling.—Mr. Evans exhibited a British coin found at Bury St. Edmunds.—Mr. Evans read a paper communicated by W. Aylton Dyer Longstaffe, Esq., and entitled 'Northern Evidence on the Short-Cross Question.' The paper is of great length, and one of the most valuable contributions to numismatic science that has appeared for years. A summary of Mr. Longstaffe's arguments may be given to show what the paper contained.—1. William was moneyer at Carlisle and Newcastle during the whole of Henry the Second's first great reign and no longer. These coins exhibit the varieties of the type of the Tealy bind; therefore, that type represents Henry the Second's first great re-coinage only.—2. Alan was moneyer at Carlisle during the rest of the reign of Henry the Second. He was the King's moneyer. The earldom of Northumberland was in the King's hand. There was no mint at Durham. In the reign of Richard the First the Bishop of Durham might cause him to coin at Durham, being Earl of Northumberland. Alan ceased office before John's coinage. His coins exhibit a plurality of pearls in the diadem and the short-cross type. They occur for both Durham and Carlisle, and are of the first or archaic variety of the type. He lived at Carlisle, and, though his mint was principally in Northumberland, no coins struck at Newcastle have occurred to Mr. Longstaffe; therefore, Alan's coins, struck at Durham, must be referred to Richard the First's time, and Henry the Second did coin short-cross pennies, and those of one variety only, which was continued into Richard the First's reign without change of legend. 8. John's coinage was contemporary with Otho the Fourth's of Germany, who reigned before its com-

pletion. Thomas, son of Alan, was not moneyer at Carlisle until the reigns of John and Henry the Third. Otho's coins are in imitation of our short-cross pennies with the quatrefoil Mint mark, which Mint mark occurs on one variety only, and which variety, with and without that mark, has been found in a worn state with new Irish pennies of John. The coins of Thomas of Carlisle are of a short-cross type; therefore, John continued to strike short-cross pennies without change of legend, and the type was thus continued to the reign of Henry the Third. 4. Adam Tailor did not acquire a die at Canterbury until the reign of Henry the Third. His coins are of a short-cross type, differing in character from those above; therefore, Henry the Third's first coinages were also of a short-cross type.

LINNEAN.—May 25.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—G. Bentham, Esq., President, in the chair.—The Treasurer read the financial statement, by which it appeared that there was a balance of 177l. 2s. 4d. in favour of the Society, on the year's account.—The Secretary reported that since the last Anniversary, eleven Fellows and two Foreign Members had died; and that twenty-two Fellows, one Foreign Member and one Associate had been elected during the past year.—At the ballot which subsequently took place, J. Bateman, Esq., M. T. Masters, M.D., H. T. Stainton, Esq., T. Thompson, M.D., and G. C. Wallich, M.D., were elected *Members of the Council*, in the room of others retiring from it, in accordance with the provisions of the Society's charter. The following officers were unanimously re-elected, viz.—G. Bentham, Esq., *President*; W. W. Saunders, Esq., *Treasurer*; and G. Buak, Esq. and F. Currey, Esq., *Secretaries*.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 26.—Dr. J. E. Gray in the chair.—Dr. Sclater read a list of the birds collected by the late Mr. Motley, at Banjermassing, in Borneo, with notes on their habits by the collector. Dr. Sclater also pointed out the characters of a spine-tailed swift of the genus *Chaetura*, from West Africa, for which he proposed the name *Chaetura Cassini*.—Mr. R. Swinhoe exhibited specimens of a new species of *Zosterops*, from Northern China, for which he proposed the name *Z. erythropleurus*, and an example of the scarce wader *Pseudocolaptes semipalmatus* of Blyth, obtained at Tien-tsin, in China, in full summer plumage.—Mr. E. Blyth read a synoptical list of the species of Felis inhabiting the Indian regions and the adjacent parts of middle Asia, with indication of their range and geographical distribution.—Dr. Gray gave the outlines of a new general arrangement of the Cetaceans founded upon the additional information recently acquired concerning these animals. Dr. Gray also read a paper 'On the Box Tortoises of the Genera *Kinixys* and *Sternotherus*,' and made some remarks on the peculiarities presented in the formation of the eyes of the species of tortoises of the family Emydidae.—Mr. O. Salvin exhibited thirteen new species of birds, discovered in Central America by himself and Mr. F. Godman during their recent explorations in Guatemala and the neighbouring republics.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 19.—J. Hawshaw, Esq., President, in the chair.—At the Monthly Ballot, the following candidates were elected:—Messrs. W. Neill and G. Smith, jun., as Members; Capt. Fowke, R.E., and Messrs. A. Joy, A. W. Staffs, J. H. Tuok, and W. Wilson, as Associates.—The paper read was 'On the Manufacture of Duplicate Machines and Engines,' by Mr. John Fernie.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 1.—Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., in the chair.—'On Japanese Art, illustrated by Native Examples,' by J. Leighton, Esq.

May 8.—Sir R. I. Murchison in the chair.—'On some Chemical and Physical Properties of Soils, and the Productive Powers of the Soils of England,' by Dr. A. Voelcker.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—May 12.—J. Lee, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Marsden read a paper containing some remarks on the name of the King engraved

on the Coffin-Lid which was found by Col. Vyse, in 1837, in the Third Pyramid of Ghizeh, and attributed to Memka-va, the Mycerinus of the Greeks. He conjectured that in the absence of a hieroglyphic alphabet at that early period of Egyptian history, it was probable the real or verbal name of this King, reaching us as it does but through a Greek source, as well as for other reasons which he endeavoured to explain, was neither satisfactorily proved nor firmly established.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Nov.** Archaeological Institute.—Exhibition of Sculpture in Ivory.
 — Asiatic, 3.
 — Entomological, 7.
 — Architects, 8.—'Colour,' Mr. Lightly.
 — Royal Institution, 2.—General Monthly Meeting.
Thurs. Ethnological, 8.—'Caste System, India,' Prof. Tagore.
 — Photographs, 8.
 — Engineers, 2.—'Conversations.'
 — Royal Institution, 3.—'Sound,' Prof. Tyndall.
Wed. Horticultural.—Promenade.
 — Geological, 8.—'Sandstones of Cromarty,' Rev. Dr. Gordon; 'Section at Moulins-Guignon and Flint Implementa,' Mr. Prestwich; 'Tertiary Shells, Jamaica,' Mr. Carrick Moore; 'New Fossil Thecodium, Malta,' Mr. Macdonald.
 — Society of Arts, 8.—'Results of International Exhibition, 1854,' Mr. Hawes.
Thurs. Royal, 4.—Election of Fellows.
 — Linnean, 8.—'Monstrosity in genus *Passiflora*,' Mr. Salter; 'Fertilization of *Dios grandiflora*,' Mr. Trimen.
 — Chemical, 8.—'Synthesis, Methods in Organic Chemistry,' M. Marcelin Berthelot.
 — Antiquaries, 8.
 — Royal Institution, 3.—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted.
Fri. Philological, 8.—'Cultivating the Vernacular Keltic Languages, British Isles,' Rev. G. C. Geldart.
 — Royal Institution, 3.
 — Archaeological Institute, 4.
Sat. Actuaries, 3.—Annual General.
 — Horticultural.—Promenade.
 — Royal Institution, 3.—'Electric Telegraphy,' Prof. Thomson.

FINE ARTS

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

THE Fourteenth Annual Report of this Society lies before us, and suggests much that must be gratifying to lovers of Art. Its operations have been extended, and its prosperity is great. During the year 1862 the annual publications were, for the first time, delivered within the year in which they were due; those for the present year will be delivered in November next. While this is the case, the expenses and cash balances have been so managed that about 800*l.* remained in hand in January last. The publications for this year will be taken from the two series of frescoes now in course of illustration, and will consist of an engraving by Herr Schäffer, from Fra Angelico's 'St. Stephen thrust out, before Martyrdom,' and five chromolithographs, by Messrs. Storch & Kramer, from the following works of Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel:—1. St. Peter raising a Youth from the Dead, with, 2, a Life-size Head, from the same,—3. SS. Peter and John giving Alms, with, 4, the Head of St. Peter, full size,—5. SS. Peter and John healing the Sick. Mr. Gruner's engraving of 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' after the tapestry in the Vatican, designed by Raphael, is postponed for 1864.

More satisfactory even than this report of regular progress is the fact stated, that the sale of the "Occasional Publications" of the Society,—a class very highly to be esteemed, and, in some respects, including the most valuable of its productions,—has largely increased. The chromolithograph of 'The Marriage of Sta. Cecilia,' after Francia, and that of 'St. Augustine Preaching,' after Benozzo Gozzoli, have lately been published. Two fac-similes of illuminated letters, from the collection already engraved in outline, will shortly appear, and two chromolithographic copies, from 'The Conversion of Hermogenes,' by Mantegna, and 'The Annunciation,' by Fra Angelico, will appear in November next. The casts of the Theæus and Ilissus have been withdrawn from sale, the moulds being quite worn out. 'The Horse's Head,' Elgin Marbles, was published by the Society last year. The collection of drawings is continually on the increase. Copies were made last summer from three of the finest frescoes by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Marco, Florence; from an important historical subject by Fra Filippo Lippi, at Prato, and four masterpieces by Luini, at Saronno, together with several heads from these paintings. A drawing has also been made from a small picture by S. Memmi,

now at Paris, and commissions given to copy two of the great frescoes by Raphael, in the Stanze of the Vatican, and for a copy of a triptych by Memling, in the Hospital of St. John, Bruges. From these drawings future publications of copies may be made; and, at any rate, by them will be preserved transcripts of many noble works, too often threatened with destruction, and liable to be lost altogether. Added to what the Society has already done in the publication of works of Art, this is indeed a noble list, deserving success.

So successful is the Arundel Society, that it is at present a little embarrassed by the number of its members. The possibility of supplying to all applicants chromolithographic copies, without injuring their quality, is seriously doubted. 1,600 members already test the capabilities of the process; a certain reserve must also be made, for financial and other reasons, of copies for general sale. To maintain this important reserve, the Council proposes to limit the number of members in future. At the general meeting, to be held on Tuesday next, June 2nd, a new set of rules will be proposed, expressing, amongst other points, that the number of members shall be allowed to fall to 1,500, who will alone receive the annual publication in return for their subscriptions; secondly, that new members, who will be admitted at first as Associates, and afterwards as Subscribers, on the occurrence of vacancies in the 1,500, will be required, on entrance, to contribute to the Copying Fund—a fund set apart for purposes suggested above; and, thirdly, that, as the sale of supernumerary and occasional publications will probably increase, the profits arising from the sale may be applied to support the said fund. We may here say that the Society earnestly desires subscriptions to this fund; its application may be indefinitely extended, because the works which cry aloud for transcription and preservation are innumerable.

The latest publication that comes within the list of occasional works by this Society is that which has just been issued, 'St. Augustine Preaching,' from a fresco painted by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Church of that Saint, at S. Gignano, near Volterra, about the year 1465, and when he was about forty years of age, nearly at the prime of his life and style, which culminated in the gloriously exuberant works in the Campo Santo, Pisa. Putting aside certain technical objections, to be urged below, to this production, it is amongst the most satisfactory results of the Society's efforts. The work itself was favourable; the simplicity of composition, the repose, that, without being statueque and severe, is complete, yet broken enough in the design to give it a lively interest, the variety of expressions,—all characteristic and beyond a doubt put into portraits of men of note of the artist's time,—give it an effectual appeal to us. In the design Benozzo has placed the Saint seated on a slightly-raised desk, and reading some text from a book placed before him: he runs his fingers along the page, following the line as it is read off. In a line on either side is a portion of the audience, some standing, some sitting, their expressions varied as in abstracted attention, consulting with each other, and delighted at the "sweet preaching." This artist seems, from Vasari's account of other works by him, to have been unusually habituated to introducing portraits of men he knew into his pictures. That writer cites the picture of 'The Queen of Sheba visiting Solomon,' the portraits of M. Ficinus, Agriopolo, Platina and B. Gozzoli himself. In the Cathedral at Pisa was 'The Dispute of St. Thomas Aquinas,' containing many other portraits. Knowing thus much, we are convinced that all these heads are portraits, taking into account the individuality they have, and that some faces have been identified. Benozzo painted in the church in question stories of the life of the titular Saint, of which this of his "Preaching" is perhaps the best, from his conversion to his death. Vasari says of the series "of all this work I have the design, by the master's own hand, in my book, with several drawings of those described above as executed in the Campo Santo of Pisa."

Our objections to the methods of transcription and reproduction adopted by the Arundel Society are, (1) that its publications are of the nature of re-

storations; (2) to a certain extent mechanical; and (3) exhibiting less of the artistic vitality than they might and should do. We have no trace in any of its works of the ill usage of men and the effects of time upon pictures; patches that have long ago fallen out of the originals, stains that traverse them, and decay that has invaded them are all ignored, so that we get not each picture as it is, nor even as it ever could have been, but something the copyist thinks it should be. The leathery surface and the curry-powder-coloured flesh that are the peculiar sins of Berlin chromolithographers come out in all examples,—Pinturicchio shares them with Ghirlandajo, Gozzoli with Giotto. Del Sarto, into whose greys not even the heart of a Berlin artisan could introduce curry-powder, retains the element of leather and takes a woful green. We do think it would be possible for the Society to secure the services of persons gifted with a higher perception of Art altogether:—men live in different heavens of Art, as we all know,—to that the professional copyist it employs has attained. Such men would never dream of filling up and restoring broken parts of pictures, but, knowing how the ends of Art should be best served, would be faithful to her even in her works' decay. A fac-simile of the pictures as they are is what men want in authoritative reproduction. There is too little difference in the complexions of the men in the chromolithograph before us, to justify Gozzoli, too little variety in the textures of the objects represented, flesh, robes, walls and ornaments, to be receivable as worthy. The mechanical reproducer does not seem to have even so little of an artist in his composition as to see that the textures *cannot* be all alike in a great artist's work. His rendered colouring is often crude: see the bright blue and red robes of the personages on the proper right of the picture before us; the very execution is of an unpleasant and technically-wrong uniform semi-opacity, so that the qualities of the pigments employed by the artist of old are neglected, and the copy rendered flat and dull where it should be intense and forceful in tone and in colour. We hope not to seem hypercritical in these remarks: knowing the difficulty of the task before the managers of the Society, we give them the honour that is due for what they have done; but desire, now the movement is prosperous, that it should be directed in a manner worthy of the cause.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—One of the protests to which we have before alluded as likely to be made against the selecting and hanging of pictures for the current Exhibition of the Royal Academy has taken effect by the collection of a few rejected works. These are to be seen, on application, at the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Club, 30, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Mostly landscapes,—many are admirable, some are eccentric, but not therefore and *necessarily* condemnable, for eccentricity sins only against convention, and is not, because it is eccentric, wrong. By the way, let us add that the Academy contains many pictures of which the eccentricity exceeds that of any of these, and some of them without the redeeming intellectual faculty present here. It would be absurd to deny the beauty of Mr. Naish's 'Castle-Rock, Lynton,' a learnedly studied and lovely phase of Nature.—Mr. Hughes's 'La Belle Dame sans Merci' has, beyond all denial, exquisite poetry in the lady's head.—Mr. Holliday's 'Scriptural Allegory of the Lost Lover' shows feeling for beauty, with some affectation so robust an artist will soon outgrow. Like Mr. Hughes's picture, this is not free from absurdities, but in neither are the absurdities those of dull men. The beauty of some of the faces in Mr. Holliday's picture is as rare as it is estimable. This collection of rejected works, by about a dozen painters who have agreed to appeal to the public, must not be taken at more than it professes to attempt; it is the protest of so many men against the wrong-doing or want of consideration of others who have made them suffer. It is farcical to talk, as some do, of its being "an opposition" to the Royal Academy. By the undeniable value of these works, the painters establish their case, and we are quite sure their protest will have effect.

The election for Members of the Society of

Painters in Water Colours, for the present year, takes place on Monday, the 8th of June. The existing number of Members is twenty-seven; it is the custom of the Society not wholly to fill up its ranks. We understand that it is probable the Members will take into consideration the untoward result of the last attempt at an election of Associates of the Society, which was a "tie" between Messrs. E. B. Jones and Duncan. Both of these gentlemen being figure painters, and the Society needing to strengthen itself with able artists, especially such as paint with brilliancy and originality, to which qualities recent exhibitions owe their attractiveness and Art-interest, we hope an end may be put to the question of choice between them. As there are at least three vacancies for Associates, no great harm would be done and much positive good arise from the gracefulness of the act of electing both these gentlemen. The public will soon decide which is the more worthy.

As it seems probable that the plan initiated by the Society of Arts for giving prizes to encourage Art-workmanship amongst modellers, workers in metal, iron, brass and copper, ivory-carvers, chasers, enamel-painters, porcelain-painters, inlayers, glass-engravers and embroïderers, will be so far successful as to bring forward many worthy competitors, we understand that it is contemplated to distribute the premiums in a public and ceremonial manner. This may take place at the Crystal Palace or some equally suitable locality. We may remind competitors that they must designate themselves in their own names, or by cipher, to the Secretary of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., on or before the 15th of July next; and that each work sent in competition must be delivered, free of charge, on or before the 31st of August next, at the Society's House.

Mr. J. C. Robinson will deliver a lecture at the South Kensington Museum on the evening of Tuesday next, June 2nd, 'On the Art-Collections at South Kensington, considered in reference to Architecture.' On the 16th of June, at the same place, Mr. T. Gambier Parry will lecture 'On Architecture, its Purpose and its Place among the Fine Arts.' The last will conclude the series of discourses promoted by the Architectural Museum for the current session.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—LEOPOLD AUER, the Hungarian Violinist, will play for the first time at the Music Union, on Wednesday, June 3, at Three o'clock. J. ELLA, Director.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN'S ENTERTAINMENT, "A MORNING at the PIANOFORTE," on THURSDAY NEXT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, when she will read and illustrate a Lecture by G. A. Macfarren, Esq., on the Pianoforte. Miss Palmer.—Tickets, 3s.; Stalls, 7s.; at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—AT THE SECOND MORNING CONCERT to be given to the Subscribers of Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, on TUESDAY, June 2, at Three o'clock, the following New Compositions will be performed: Pianoforte Quartet, Sichi; Violin Quartet, Mendelssohn's 'Chant des Sirènes'; O'Leary; Spinnelried, Liszt; Solo, Violoncello, Romance Volkemann; Songs: 'A Poet's Love and Devotion, Schumann'; 'Do not in Beauty thus appear, Nicolai'; 'Mary of the Oberland, Desseaux'; 'Somebody, Agnes Zimmermann'; Duets, Contralto and Baritone: 'Gardner, by Treeman'; Schumann. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Dannreuther, Santon, Ries, Webb and Paque. Vocalists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, and Mr. Lausener. Conductors: Messrs. Frank Mort and Evers. All Tickets retained at the First Concert are available.—Programme at Ewer & Co.'s Musical Library, 67, Regent Street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, June 5.—MR. CUSINS'S CONCERT.—Under the immediate patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Full orchestra and chorus. Parepa, Sims Reeves, Messent, Santley, Orpheus Gluck, Gounod, Buxton, Buxton, Chatterton, and John Thomas. The Serenata, composed in honour of their Royal Highnesses by Mr. Cusins, and other works of interest will be performed. Conductors, Prof. Bennett and Mr. Cusins.—Tickets, 10s. 6d.; 5s., 3s., and 1s.; at Addison & Lucas's, 210, Regent Street, all Music-sellers, and Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

WELSH NATIONAL MUSIC, sung by United Chorus, accompanied by a Band of Harps.—A MORNING CONCERT, to be given by Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencroft Gwalla), at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, June 13, to commence at Three o'clock, with the kind assistance of the Members of the Vocal Association, the Royal Academy of Music, &c.—Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne (Eoc Cymra), Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; Harpists: Mr. J. Belsir Chatterton (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. J. Cheshire, Mr. John Thomas (Pencroft Gwalla), &c. Further particulars will be duly announced.—Sofa Stalls, 15s.; Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of the Music-sellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and of Mr. John Thomas, 109, Great Portland Street, W.

JUNE 16.—BARDIC FESTIVAL.—APTOMMAS'S CONCERT OF NATIONAL AND MODERN MUSIC.—Vocal Association, Band of Harps, &c. Parepa, Sims Reeves, Messent, Edith Wynne, Eleanor Ward; Messrs. Reichardt, Wilbye Cooper, Lewis Thomas, Engel, Harrison, &c. Conductors, Messrs. Benedict and Ard II. Accompanists, Messrs. Gans and Archer.

MISS FANNY CORFIELD'S MATINEE MUSICAL, at 16, Grosvenor Street, by kind permission of Messrs. Colliard, on WEDNESDAY, June 3, at Three o'clock. Instrumentalists: Herr Molique, M. Paque and Miss Fanny Corfield. Vocalists: Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Miss Marian Moss and Mr. Bedford. Conductors: Mr. Arthur O'Leary.—Tickets, numbered, 10s. 6d.; Reserved, 7s.; at Cook, Hedges & Co., 25, New Bond Street; and of Miss F. Corfield, 29, Burton Street, Eaton Square.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON (Harpist to Her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, and Courts of France and Belgium) has the honour to announce his GRAND HARP CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, June 8, at Eight o'clock. The Orchestra of Harpe, commencing with the Prince Consort's March, composed by Mr. Francis Chatterton, who will also perform a new Fantasia and Duett with his daughter, Madame Bohrer Chatterton, and take part in a Selection of Welsh Melodies, assisted by the West London Madrigal Society.—Artists: Mesdames Parepa, Louisa Vinning, Taylor and Weiss; Messrs. Tennant, Montem Smith, Allen Irving and Weiss, Bohrer, Klallmark, G. E. Allen.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s., 3s.; to be had at all Music Shops; at the Rooms; and Mr. Frederick Chatterton, 23, Acacia Road, Regent's Park.

JUNE 11.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.—St. James's Hall.—Lemmings-Sherrington, Wilbye Cooper, and Miss Fanny Corfield, Charles Halle, Madame Lemmens will sing Blumenthal's new Song, 'A Day Dream,' and the Variations in 'Les Diamans de la Couronne.' Mr. Lewis Thomas will sing Gounod's Cantique, 'Nazareth.' Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle will play Mozart's Sonata in D for Pianoforte. The Programme will include Mendelssohn's Psalm, 'Judge me, O Lord'; Mozart's 'Ave Verum'; and the following Compositions by Henry Leslie:—New Trio, 'Love, gentle, holy, pure,' 'Blow ye the Trumpet,' and the Grand Duett and Final Chorus from 'Holywood.'—Stalls, 6s.; Family Ticket for Four, 21s.; Boxes, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Addison's, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and all Music-sellers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mdlle. Fioretti made another step in the good graces of our public by her admirable singing and natural behaviour in M. von Flotow's opera, 'Martha,' this day week. Had she not sung anything but the "Rose" song, it must have assured every hearer that she is one of the complete Italian vocalists, who bid fair to become as few as the Sibylline leaves. Though she has been denied beauty by Nature, the entire absence of affectation in her manner on the stage makes large amends. She is not merely tolerated, but increasingly admired as a valuable acquisition to the company of the theatre,—most welcome, for instance, as a substitute for Madame Penco. Though Signor Mario has still his good moments, which set him high above any other tenor at present on the stage, he must now rely on his impassioned style, and the elegance of his bearing. Never has there been such an opera lover in mortal recollection. Madame Didiée does not regain the ground she has lost,—we suspect owing to mistaken ambition. Her Nancy, though graceful and gay to see, was weaker as a piece of singing than it used to be.—On Monday she adventured in the difficult part of *Fides* in 'Le Prophète.' It would not be fair to pass judgment on this performance, seeing that it was in some sort under protest, indulgence being requested for her on the score of indisposition. Mdlle. Dottini, another novelty in the cast, has hardly weight enough for the part of *Bertha*. Only parts of the opera went finely, yet, perhaps, the music of the cathedral scene was never more cordially relished on any previous performance.—'Il Trovatore' was given the evening before last, with Mdlla. Patti as the heroine: 'La Gazza Ladra' is announced for Thursday next, with the same lady as *Ninetta*.

CONCERTS.—We last week omitted to notice a concert given by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir on Thursday evening week; and to mention that the first appearance of Miss Madeline Schiller duly took place at the Musical Union. M. Jules Lefort was the singer, and introduced one of the most beautiful modern songs in being, 'Le Vallon,' M. de Lamartine's 'Méditation,' excellently set by M. Gounod.

Mr. Halle's Second Recital was a "command" performance for the pleasure of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

M. Thalberg's Matinees began duly on Monday with a perfect performance, as was to be expected: the artist not having lost an iota of his incomparable manual power and grace. He is, however, still most admirable in his own music,—not entirely satisfactory in his readings of Chopin, which are too heavy, or of Mendelssohn, which are hardly expressive enough. Nor do his later *fantasias* and transcripts seem to us so happy as those which electrified the public, he will not care to be reminded how many years ago.

The last concert of the Musical Society was principally noticeable for the essay of Miss Madeline Schiller in Mendelssohn's second *Concerto*,—a

piece of execution at present beyond her powers. We do not, however, recollect any lady who is equal to the difficulty and fatigue of the last movement. Miss Schiller shows true musical feeling, and practice before the public may give her that force and firmness which are at present to be desired in her performance.

Concerts of pupils have been given during the last ten days by the Royal Academy of Music and by Dr. Wylde's Academy. Quarter after quarter are these exhibitions made—year after year fades out—the results are unchanged and vexatiously monotonous. Here and there we are tantalized by signs of promise, both vocal and instrumental which fail to be fulfilled; the plain and paradoxical fact being that our concert-rooms and theatres are sustained in interest by English artists who have made their education abroad, or by foreigners who, having arrived in England, and who, finding the country more cultivated than a howling wilderness, in which there is, nevertheless, a good "yield" of gold, intelligently adapt themselves to our tastes and requisitions.

NEW ADELPHI.—The drama of 'Angel or Devil' has been added to the bill for the last ten nights, and the character of the wife, whose conduct raises the doubt implied in the title, has been acted by Miss Avonia Jones with her wonted energy. 'The Wooden-Spoon Maker' is likely to become a favourite, and the hero one of the best impersonations by Mr. Webster. A new burlesque by Mr. H. J. Byron has been produced, under the title of 'The Ill-Treated Il Trovatore.' The main outline of the opera has been preserved, but with humorous modifications from which the story suffers no little distortion, while the text of the dialogue bristles with those mechanical puns which are now expected in these stage-caricatures. The parodical songs introduced had the advantage of two excellent vocalists,—Miss Sara and Miss Carry Nelson,—who show an ambition to excel in the singing as well as in the eccentric action of their parts. The piece gains in importance and interest by their engagement. Perhaps, however, the main element of its success lies in the acting of Mr. J. L. Toole, who, as *Arucena*, the gipsy, gives full swing to his extravagance; and whether he sings, dances or maddens, excites the audience to such demonstrations of mirth as are seldom witnessed even in this theatre.

SURREY.—This theatre opened on Saturday for the summer season, under the management of Mr. Loraine, with Mr. Falconer's drama of 'Peep o' Day,' which is here performed, with one exception, by the Drury Lane Company, illustrated with beautiful scenery and efficient accessories. The part of *Mary Grace* was supported by Miss Margaret Wilton with considerable elegance. The play was well received, and on the fall of the curtain, Mr. Loraine was called to receive the approbation of the audience.

MUSIC IN LEIPZIG.

MY last report of the season will deal more with revivals than with new compositions. None of the latter have been produced in the *Gewandhaus*—but the former have been very interesting. A Symphony by the Abbé Vogler showed more life and freshness than could have been expected; the first movement, which is decidedly the best, contains some devices, not to say tricks, which speak more to the eye than to the ear; the other movements fall off somewhat. Very solemn, and excellently fitted for its purpose, is Mozart's 'Masonic Funeral Music,' written for the funeral of the Grand-Master, Prince Esterhazy. I must return to the concerts devoted to French music, having sketched the programme:—Overture to 'Semiramide,' Catel,—two Choral Songs (Brunetta's) of the middle of the seventeenth century,—'La Violette' and 'Grisélide,' compositions of exquisite grace and beauty,—Ariette and Chorus from the ballet 'La Mascarade de Versailles,' Lully; strangely Handelian in many touches,—Violin Variations, Rode, superbly played by Herr David,—Aria and Chorus from 'Hippolyte et Aricie,' Rameau; graceful and pleasant, but with rather too many bird-effects for modern taste,—

Overture 'Jean de Paris,' Boieldieu.—Symphony in G minor, Méhul; the longest, but the least interesting, work of the evening; some of the themes are good enough, and the *scherzo* and *finale* have piquancy and life, but the way in which the whole is worked out makes the effect monotonous; the second movement is a singular anticipation of Mendelssohn's four-part song, 'Ein Vöglein in den Zweigen schwank,'—Chorus from 'Les Deux Avars,' Grétry,—'Fée Mab' *Scherzo*, Berlioz, a wonderful piece of orchestral sonority, but in which the harp effect was lost, only one harpist being engaged,—Le Sueur's March and Magicians' Chorus from 'Alexandre à Babylone'—a good winding-up piece.—In one of the *Gewandhaus* Concerts, M. Auguste Werner, of Geneva, a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, made his first appearance, and proved himself a thoroughly well trained pianist; his touch is strong and his technical acquirements brilliant. He chose Herr Hiller's *Concerto*; the second and third movements may be placed by the side of any piano *concerto* of late times. Herr Wilhelmj has again won deserved applause by his rendering of Bach's 'Chaconne' and Ernst's 'Élégie.' Hanover has sent us a most welcome contribution—two singers who can really sing. Fräulein Weiss has a high and sweet *contralto*, and uses it with true musical and poetical feeling. The other guest was Dr. Gunz, likewise a member of the Hanover Opera, with a tenor voice of pleasant quality: if not very powerful, well suited for lyrical music, which he sings with great purity.

At the *Euterpe* Concerts, M. Rubinstein's Overture to 'Dimitri Donskoi' was produced for the first time—the best of the works of this very unequal composer which I have heard this season. Dr. Liszt's music to Herder's 'Der entfesselte Prometheus' does not grow upon us; though it contains some good passages, the Reapers' Chorus especially, the greater part is an extravagant use of means, with a result most disproportionately meagre and unpleasant.

Two chamber compositions call for notice. The first, which was given in a *Gewandhaus* Quartett Concert, is a String Quartett in E minor, by Herr Musik-Director Richter, a Professor of Harmony in the Conservatory. Most refreshing is it in these exercising times to find a writer who does not think it beneath him to be cheerful and gracious. Herr Richter's name is a sufficient guarantee that his Quartett would be clear in construction and judicious in his treatment of instruments; but, besides, there is a pleasant and novel elegance which will recommend his work. Very different is Herr Volkmann's Trio in B flat minor, for piano, violin and violoncello, given in an *Euterpe* Chamber Music Concert. This composer seems to despise beauty of sound and clearness of form; his themes, however good in themselves, make no pleasant effect, and the hearer is sent away dissatisfied and weary. Belonging to the same class is another *Suite* for the Piano in E minor, Op. 72, by Herr Raff, which was played by Herr von Bülow in the last of his Pianoforte *Soirées*. Besides this *suite*, the aforesaid pianist gave us, among other things, Sebastian Bach's 'Italian Concert' and a *Sonata* in A flat, by Philip Emanuel Bach, a new edition of which has been somewhat strongly "edited" by the player. Herr von Bülow also introduced two new pieces by Dr. Liszt—'Venezia e Napoli.' The first, a *Gondoliera*, is very graceful.

In a Concert of the Dilettanti Society, for the conducting of which Herr von Bernuth deserves all praise, Mr. Dannreuther played Mendelssohn's 'Variations Sérieuses,' as well as other music by Bach, Schumann and Chopin, with remarkable power and promise.

Herr Riedel's Choral Society always gives an interesting programme. In the last concert we had Glück's only known sacred composition, a 'De Profundis,' a work very monotonous, and quite unworthy of the master. Its dreary effect was not removed by the three next pieces,—a song 'On Death' by Beethoven, a composition rarely heard, and its effect marred by the substitution of a very injudiciously "stopped" organ accompaniment,—the Requiem and Kyrie from Berlioz's 'Requiem,' and the 'Agnus Dei' and 'Dona nobis' from Schumann's Mass. But the concluding two num-

bers made rich compensation; two of Bach's best Cantatas, "Ach wie flüchtig," and "Ein feste Burg." A page might be written upon the beauties and strong contrasts of these two works,—the one so tender,—the other as strong as some old-world fortalice.

Herr Louis Lubeck, whom I mentioned in my last letter, has been appointed to the several posts lately held by Herr Davidoff, in the Conservatory and in the Church, Gewandhaus, and theatre orchestras.

A "Concert Grand," of a new form, has just been built by Herr Julius Büttner of this city; each side has a curve similar to the one curved side of the ordinary instrument. This symmetry of shape makes it much more easy to dispose of this usually so despotic instrument in any part of the room. Internally it is provided with two soundboards, and the lower bass strings are made to cross the others obliquely. For a concert instrument the tone is brilliant and penetrating, but is a little too hard for a small room. The touch is excellent. A.

—It is impossible to print the above closing report of the Leipzig concert-season without pointing out the quantity of topics touched (which has rendered condensation necessary), as a matter worthy of English consideration.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Even clever Mrs. Beecher Stowe, to whom no notoriety or gifts seem to come amiss, cannot, we imagine, have anticipated such a tribute to her popularity as briek Italian ingenuity has struck out, and Mr. Mapleson has produced to wondering English eyes within the week. Who could have been prepared for a *bailet* founded on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? Such a delightful entertainment, however, is actually in London—a running accompaniment to the not very cheerful excitement which all persons must feel who seriously contemplate the fratricidal state of affairs on the other side of the Atlantic. We may, possibly, speak of it more in detail when we discuss the new tenor, Signor Baragli, of whom much has been expected,—and tell how "the Ace" of Mr. Mapleson's company, Mdle. Artot—one of the two fine singers now in London, Mdle. Fioretta being the other—acquits herself in 'La Traviata,' which is selected as her second opera.

Madame Ristori will give some performances at Her Majesty's Theatre during the month of June.

The singers at the performance of 'The Creation' by the Sacred Harmonic Society yesterday were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Swift and Mr. Weiss.—Mr. Sims Reeves was the attraction at 'Judas,' given on Thursday by Mr. Martin's society.

Among other of the musical strangers now in London is Mdle. Ennequist Biondini, a *soprano* lady, who is described as possessing a *soprano* voice of extraordinary beauty.—Signor Batocchi, of Rome, a professor of some eminence, is also here for a time.

'L'Allegro' will be given again, in the course of the season, by Madame and Herr Goldschmidt.

The reign of Contortion, with its barbarous excitement of terror, is, we are disposed to fancy, on the wane in the provinces—apparently in London. Simultaneously with advertisements of Spanish acrobats at the Alhambra, who are described as more frightful than any of their predecessors, we have to notice a project of regenerating that unlucky and unwholesome haunt of pleasure by converting it into a popular music-hall, in which a large proportion of really good and new music shall be brought forward. Mr. G. Macfarren is the Chairman of the Committee, and undertakes to write for the establishment. Other English composers, it is to be presumed, may follow his example. Treaties are on foot to place the concerts, which are to be evening entertainments, under the conduct of Herr Manns, of the Crystal Palace.—Meanwhile, Mr. Morton, who has never been led astray by tumblers and gymnasts so wildly as some rival caterers for the idle and the thoughtless, keeps pace, as usual, at the Oxford, with the opera-excitements of the year by forestalling managers, with

selections from 'Faust' and 'La Forza del Destino.' 'Alceste,' too, still figures in his programme.

It is said that the score of a lost opera, 'Maria Stuarda,' by Donizetti, written at Naples in 1834, and then suppressed by the censorship, has been recovered, and will be produced so soon as an artist can be found able to support the heroine's part.

What are we to have next in the way of foppery fancying itself originality?—Herr Hiller has been producing a four-handed pianoforte composition, entitled "an operetta without words."

A grand composition for *solo*, male chorus and orchestra, 'The Deliverance of Leyden,' by Myraheer Hol, has been produced at Amsterdam, greatly to the honour of the writer, who was decorated on the occasion by Royalty.

The first appearance of Mdle. Agar, a new *Phédre*, which took place, a few evenings since, at the Théâtre Français, was disastrous to the artist, who, M. Janin assures us, is a beautiful woman, having a real vocation for tragedy. Passing behind the scenes, some one (it is to be hoped not purposely) trod on her long robe. She fell, and bruised herself so severely that, after struggling through three acts of the play, she was compelled to leave the remainder unfinished, and the performance was abruptly closed. It was feared that she might be disfigured for life; but this, happily, proves not to be the case.

Marseilles is a very Paradise for *prima donna*. Some of our readers may not have forgotten to what an "Arabian Night" of praise and luxury Madame Charton-Dameur was treated there a year or two since. The other night an ovation little less picturesque and splendid fell to the lot of that excellent artist, Madame Miodan-Carvalho, on the last night of her engagement there. She will, by the way, be here forthwith, having halted in Paris, to appear for still a few evenings more in 'Faust,' which opera holds "the town" with a pertinacity almost unprecedented.

MISCELLANEA

Fresco in Islington.—Mr. Armitage has painted a large fresco in the Roman Catholic church of St. John the Evangelist, Duncan Terrace, Islington. The church itself is a large structure, Basilican in plan, very lofty and effective in composition; its aisles are narrow, set off for chapels and special altars. In one of these is the fresco, painted against the external wall of the church. The figures are life-size; the subject, St. Francis of Assisi, in 1210, receiving the approval of Pope Innocent the Third to the Rule of the Order of the Fratres Minores, or Franciscans, as they are now called. Their founder stands, his head humbly bent, his hands held together before the enthroned Pope, who reads article by article the Rule of the Order. A monk on each side of the saint kneels, as do others behind him. The Pope is supported by a cardinal on each side, seated, all splendidly dressed. Attendants stand behind the throne. The scene is an open-sided hall in the Capitol, where the Pope is presumed to have lived at the period in question.—Through the arcade we look over Rome and its ruins as in the thirteenth century. Following that sound rule of Art which demands character everywhere, Mr. Armitage has given a portrait-like character to his heads, which in the broad style he follows individualizes each figure and face, and gives a striking look of truth to the whole. The expressions are effective, without anything of the theatre; the design, large and simple in composition, suits the subject and the material perfectly. We trust the effect may be temporary and its cause removable; but that this work has not suffered in colour and tone since it was painted is beyond doubt. It seems faded, not scurfing off at the surface as in the frescoes at the Parliament House, and is in a much finer condition than they are. In the apex of this church is the fresco before described by us (*Athen.* No. 1814), representing Christ and the Apostles. In the semi-dome above the last is a fresco, very much faded and stained, representing God the Father with the Angels, &c., painted by A. Aglio about 1844.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T. M.—H. H.—A. J. T.—F. B.—Northern—Constant Reader—J. S. B.—Solitaire—E. G.—A. T. S.—G. H. K.—received.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1863.

LITERATURE

Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By Frances Anne Kemble. (Longman & Co.)

From the day when English ladies put aside 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and hastened with throbbing hearts and tearful eyes to take part in the Stafford House demonstration, the best and most thoughtful of our countrywomen have often asked themselves how they would think and act on the question of slavery, if they had been born in the Southern States of America, and not in Europe's isle of freedom? What, also, would they say and do if, with their English birth and education, they by marriage with wealthy owners were made participants in a system which they abhor? Would they give a passive support to the peculiar institution, forbearing to examine and criticize its influence on lord and bondman? Or would they endeavour to mitigate its atrocities, whilst they strove by cautious suggestion and mild entreaty to create a desire for abolition in the breasts of those best able to uproot the evil? Without doubt the latter course has been elected by every Englishwoman who has considered the question of slavery by the aid of such personal hypotheses. To those of our wives and mothers who have deemed it possible for woman to do battle against slavery in the Southern States by such means as she employs in Europe to combat injustice and alleviate suffering, this book will give saddening and needful enlightenment. It tells the story of a lady who, born an Englishwoman and reared in the atmosphere of British freedom, was in an evil day induced to marry a Southern proprietor, being at the time of her wedding ignorant that the man whom she swore to love and honour had a vested interest in human wretchedness and degradation. It tells how, after she had become the mother of beautiful children, she together with her babes accompanied her husband to Georgia just five-and-twenty years since, and made acquaintance with the "peculiar institution" as a fact of daily experience,—not as a system observed from a distance through the glasses of opponents and apologists, novelists and poets. It tells how she saw the iron piercing the soul of an oppressed race and might not raise a hand to pluck it out,—how her womanly sympathy for her wretched servants only brought them stripes from the taskmaster and a sterner bondage. Finally, it tells how, utterly defeated in her attempts to do good, and forbidden to weep with those whose tears she had daily to witness,—whose cries were constantly in her ears,—she fled from scenes where compassion was a crime. A more startling and fearful narrative on a well-worn subject was never laid before readers, and the story does not lose in effect from the fact that its teller is well known to her countrywomen and honoured by all who honour genius.

Her husband's estate lay in a region of no ordinary loveliness, a land in which orange-groves welcomed her with blossom, whilst oaks put forth their greenest leaves. Writing to the friend for whose benefit the "Journal" was kept, she said:—"Honeysuckles twine round every tree; the ground is covered with a low white-blossomed shrub more fragrant than lilies of the valley. The acacias are swinging their silver censers under the green roof of these wood temples; every stump is like a classical altar to the sylvan gods, garlanded with flowers; every post, or stick, or slight stem,

like a Bacchante's thyrsus, twined with wreaths of ivy and wild vine, waving in the tepid wind. Beautiful butterflies flicker like flying flowers among the bushes, and gorgeous birds, like winged jewels, dart from the boughs,—and—and—a huge ground snake slid like a dark ribbon across the path while I was stopping to enjoy all this deliciousness."

Amidst such scenes did Mrs. Fanny Kemble collect her facts on slavery,—facts which she has put forth in a manner that signally shows how much the cause of Abolition has lost through idealistic treatment by romance writers. She uses plain terms, calling a spade a spade, and we thank her for so doing. The mealy-mouthed apologists, whose function it is to "make things pleasant" with regard to slavery, and to whom we could not justly refuse a hearing in answer to the exaggerations of the novelists, have of late had it all their own way. But the time has now come for heed to be given to the other side. For many a day we have heard enough, and rather more than enough, about the chivalry of Southern gentlemen, the moral and physical graces of Southern women, the patriarchal character of the peculiar institution, the devotion of slaves to their masters, the tenderness of overseers who with aching hearts flog their blackies mercifully, just as mothers whip their children, to do them good, and make them upright members of society. It is time to look at the picture from a fresh point of view, and hear its features explained by other lecturers. But before we give heed to the author's revelations, it is well for us to know that though she entered Georgia "prejudiced against slavery," as every Englishwoman must be, she went there "prepared to find many mitigations in the practice to the general injustice and cruelty of the system, much kindness on the part of masters, much content on that of slaves." It appears, however, that these moderate expectations were disappointed. Slaves were more debased, masters more cruel, and life in every respect more barbarous than she had anticipated. First, for the ruling class, whom there exists a transient fashion to extol as the chivalric descendants of English cavaliers. When Mr. Russell recently made the acquaintance of Southern proprietors, the best of them fulfilled his ideal of the Irish aristocracy of a century since. Five-and-twenty years ago Mrs. Fanny Kemble drew the same comparison. On all sides lawless debauchery, selfish passion, and absence of refinement astonished her. The men, caring for no pastime more elevating than field sports, passed their days in drinking, gambling, coarse debauchery, and savage feuds. More frequently gentlemen who had quarrelled over drink exchanged shots before going to bed. Sometimes, however, they arranged all the preliminaries of mortal conflict, but deferred the final settlement of accounts till a convenient season. Two of the lady's neighbours, proprietors of good repute in their county, having quarrelled about the ownership of a strip of land, agree to fight it out with fire-arms. The hostile meeting, it was arranged, should stand over for a few weeks, but that the surrounding gentry might be well assured the event would come off, the terms of the challenge were advertised in a local paper. The enemies would fight with pistols, standing at a certain distance from each other; each combatant would wear a piece of white paper, or other mark immediately over the region of the heart; nothing less than the death of his adversary would satisfy either combatant; the victor was to have "the privilege of cutting off his enemy's head, and sticking it up on a pole on the piece of land which was the origin of the debate." Nice neighbours these! Far from

causing scandal, this deliberate compact to commit murder and mutilate a dead body was an affair of pleasant gossip amongst the quality of the aristocratic district. "No one," wrote Mrs. Fanny Kemble in her Journal, is "astonished and nobody ashamed of such preliminaries to a mortal combat between two gentlemen, who propose firing at marks over each other's hearts, and cutting off each other's heads; and though this agreeable party of pleasure has not come off yet, there seems to be no reason why it should not at the first convenient season." There is no need to describe minutely the characteristics of a society which could tolerate such ferocious and yet cold-blooded ruffianism. All that the writer saw of Southern gentlemen accorded with what she heard of them from Southern ladies, of whose domestic revelations she says: "If the accounts given by these ladies of the character of the planters in this part of the South may be believed, they must be as idle, arrogant, ignorant, dissolute and ferocious as that mediæval chivalry to which they are fond of comparing themselves; and these are Southern women, and should know the people among whom they live." But though the woman of English birth saw clearly the vices of her adopted countrymen, she was not less alive to their valuable qualities, which, far from being checked, are nurtured and strengthened by the circumstances of slavery. "The devil must have his due," she writes, "and men brought up in habits of peremptory command over their fellow men, and under the constant apprehension of danger, and awful necessity of immediate readiness to meet it, acquire qualities precious to themselves and others in hours of supreme peril." These words written in 1839 have been signally verified in 1863. But if she found little to please her in the men, she found even less to admire in the women of Georgia. Steeped in indolence, these ladies could not conceal their astonishment at the eccentric demeanour of their new friend, who, bringing with her the tastes and habits of Englishwomen, regarded bodily exercise as a source of enjoyment, and persisted in paddling her own canoe over the waters of the Altamaha, and in riding an ill-broken stallion over her husband's plantations for hours together. Their ordinary pastime was "doing nothing," as they lolled on the sofas of their ill-furnished rooms; their favourite topic of conversation was the utter degradation of the negro race—the impossibility of educating "black women" into good domestic servants. The descriptions of their houses, and ways of managing them, will cause English ladies equal terror and amusement. The former are such as thriving English farmers would disdain to inhabit, whilst the latter would provoke adverse criticism amongst gipseies. Till our countrywoman visited Georgia, and knife in hand taught her husband's cook how to cut up a dead sheep into "joints of civilized mutton," it was the custom for the plantation carpenter to operate on the carcass, and prepare for table some half-dozen rectangular chunks of meat, cut without any reference whatever to the natural conformation of the animal. The following passage also gives information on certain points of Southern life that will interest English ladies:—

"This morning I went over to Darien upon the very female errands of returning visits and shopping. In one respect (assuredly in none other) our life here resembles existence in Venice; we can never leave home for any purpose or in any direction but by boat—not, indeed, by gondola, but the sharp cut, well made, light craft in which we take our walks on the water is a very agreeable species of conveyance. One of my visits this morning was to a certain Miss —, whose rather grandiloquent

name and very striking style of beauty exceedingly well became the daughter of an ex-governor of Georgia. As for the residence of this princess, it was like all the planters' residences that I have seen, and such as a well-to-do English farmer would certainly not inhabit. Occasional marks of former elegance or splendour survive sometimes in the size of the rooms, sometimes in a little carved wood-work about the mantelpieces or wainscoatings of these mansions; but all things have a Castle Rackrent air of neglect, and dreary careless untidiness, with which the dirty barefooted negro servants are in excellent keeping. Occasionally a huge pair of dazzling shirt gills, out of which a black visage grins as out of some vast white paper cornet, adorns the sable footman of the establishment, but unfortunately without at all necessarily indicating any downward prolongation of the garment; and the perfect tulip-bed of a head-handkerchief, with which the female attendants of these 'great families' love to bedizen themselves, frequently stands them in stead of every other most indispensable article of female attire. As for my shopping, the goods, or rather 'bada,' at which I used to grumble, in your village emporium at Lenox, are what may be termed 'first-rate,' both in excellence and elegance, compared with the vile products of every sort which we wretched southerners are expected to accept as the conveniences of life in exchange for current coin of the realm. I regret to say, moreover, that all these infamous articles are Yankee made—expressly for this market, where every species of thing (to use the most general term I can think of), from list-shoes to pianofortes, is procured from the North—almost always New England, utterly worthless of its kind, and dearer than the most perfect specimens of the same articles would be anywhere else. The incredible variety and ludicrous combinations of goods to be met with in one of these southern shops beats the stock of your village omnium-gatherum hollow: to be sure, one class of articles, and that probably the most in demand here, is not sold over any counter in Massachusetts—cow-hides and man-traps, of which a large assortment enters necessarily into the furniture of every southern shop."

Of the dialect of the Southern ladies, the writer, whose opinion on a question of enunciation has special claims to respect, observes—

"In this matter, as in every other, the slaves pay back to their masters the evil of their own dealings with usury, though unintentionally. No culture, however slight, simple or elementary, is permitted to these poor creatures, and the utterance of many of them is more like what Prospero describes Caliban's to have been, than the speech of men and women in a Christian and civilized land: the children of their owners, brought up among them, acquire their negro mode of talking—slavish speech surely it is; and it is distinctly perceptible in the utterances of all southerners, particularly of the women, whose avocations, taking them less from home, are less favourable to their throwing off this ignoble trick of pronunciation than the more varied occupation and the more extended and promiscuous business relations of men. The Yankee twang of the regular down-easter is not more easily detected by any ear nice in enunciation and accent than the thick negro speech of the southerners: neither is lovely or melodious; but though the Puritan snuffle is the harsher of the two, the slave *slobber* of the language is the more ignoble, in spite of the softer voices of the pretty southern women who utter it."

But Mrs. Fanny Kemble's most valuable testimony relates to the working of slavery. Prepared to take a liberal view of the peculiar institution, she found it not less atrocious in details than in principle. As the negroes on her husband's plantations were treated better than the involuntary labourers on many estates in the same region, slavery was displayed to her under favourable circumstances, but what she saw differed widely from what the apologists of the system had led her to look for. The first fact which deeply impressed her was the large quantity of white blood that manifestly flowed

in the veins of her husband's bondmen. It would almost seem that it is affectation for planters to speak of slavery as the fate of the African race, since Anglo-Saxon sires have contributed so largely to the production of the present generation of slaves. "I cannot," observes the lady, with splendid scorn, "help being astonished at the furious and ungoverned execration which all reference to the possibility of a fusion of the races draws down upon those who suggest it, because nobody pretends to deny that, throughout the South, a large proportion of the population is the offspring of white men and coloured women. In New Orleans a class of unhappy females exists whose mingled blood does not prevent their being remarkable for their beauty, and with whom no man, no *gentleman*, in that city shrinks from associating; and while the slaveowners of the Southern States insist vehemently upon the mental and physical inferiority of the blacks, they are benevolently doing their best, in one way at least, to raise and improve the degraded race, and the bastard population, which forms so ominous an element in the social safety of their cities, certainly exhibit in their forms and features the benefit they derive from their white progenitors." The next features of the oppressed race which most strongly and unpleasantly struck the observer were their dirt, stench and stupidity, all which three qualities are used as arguments why they are fit for nothing better than slavery, though Mrs. Kemble shows them to be necessary results of "the system." Of the hardships endured by these repulsive wretches she speaks with startling frankness. Their dwellings were filthy sties; their food was coarse in kind and insufficient as to quantity; of religious instruction they received nothing but a mere form, just enough to make things pleasant to the consciences of their owners; their only discipline was the whip. Not only were the bondwomen subject to the lash; but daily, women of every variety of age and strength, decrepit crones, young girls, women with child, were fearfully cowed by drivers and overseers. Lissom girls were flung down in the fields where they had been working, or tied up to trees, and when their clothes had been put over their heads they were welled on their bare bodies by men, who gave all the force of their muscular arms to the stripes which they administered as servants of "the paternal system." We have of late been often assured that slaves are humanely treated because humanity is the master's best policy; but Mrs. Fanny Kemble shows that sometimes it is the owner's policy to "work off" his cattle, in order that he may be rid of beasts who can no longer render him efficient service. She bids us also bear in mind that a large proportion of the Southern proprietors do not visit their estates for years together, and that "resident planters" live on their plantations for but a few months of each year. When the paternal chief is away, his labourers are under the control of an overseer, whose chief object is to get the greatest possible amount of work out of them, as his efficiency is estimated by the state of his crops and the balance for the year of the plantation ledger, not by the condition of his workmen.

A few words will show how the system has worked on estates in which Mrs. Kemble had a personal interest. In the time of her husband's grandfather the soil was very productive, and the female slaves were allowed five weeks' rest after increasing the servile population—five weeks' pause between experiencing the labours of childbirth and returning to the labours of field-work. Not too long a pause, English mothers will think! But in two generations the agriculture, with which Mr.

Olmsted's readers are familiar, had so exhausted the once fertile land that, to keep up the income derived from the estates to something like the old standard, it was found necessary to screw more labour out of the negroes. Consequently, before Mrs. Kemble visited Georgia her husband's overseer had diminished the pause between birth-labour and field-labour to *three weeks!* Let the mothers of England attempt to realize the full significance of these words. No wonder that Mrs. Kemble found these brutally-maltreated mothers showing in their bodies the evidence of such incredible barbarity. "This morning I had a visit from two of the women, Charlotte and Judy," she wrote to her friend, "who came to me for help and advice for a complaint which, it really seems to me, every other woman on the estate is cursed with, and which is a direct result of the conditions of their existence; the practice of sending women to labour in the fields in the third week after their confinement is a specific for causing this infirmity, and I know no specific for curing it under the circumstances." And yet the apologists of slavery have the impudence to say that masters take good care of their slaves because it is their interest to do so. Those same apologists have argued that the slaves are well treated because they increase and multiply, whereas the free negroes show a tendency to numerical decrease in the Northern States. Mrs. Kemble replies to this fallacy by showing how procreation is artificially stimulated in the Slave States, where even the three weeks' pause between birth-labour and field-labour, and the few indulgences granted to pregnant negro women, induce the female slaves to have children as soon and frequently as possible. So also to the apologists who aver that the slaves as a rule are affectionately attached to their owners Mrs. Kemble answers, "I know that the Southern men are apt to deny the fact that they do live under an habitual sense of danger; but a slave population, coerced into obedience, though unarmed and half-fed, is a threatening source of insecurity, and every Southern woman to whom I have spoken on the subject has admitted to me that they live in terror of their slaves."

As soon as Mrs. Kemble had taken up her abode on her husband's Georgian estates, the slaves flocked to her with the tears that slaves shed, the entreaties that slaves make of those from whom they can hope for pity. Doubtless they made many exaggerated statements, and became more earnest and pathetic when they saw gentle commiseration for their lot in the bright eyes of their massa's lovely wife. For once they found a ready listener to their tales of suffering. The lady to whom they pleaded answered with kindness. On Sundays she gathered them together in her dining-room; and the voice which still charms far different audiences read to them the words of that Sacred Teacher who brought into the world a message of love to all mankind. She sate by them in their sickness, comforted them in their trouble, knelt by the graves to which their dead were committed. What marvel that there was commotion throughout the plantations, that overseers averred the work of the estates could not be carried on till the Christian English lady was sent about her business! The overseers did their duty bravely. The slave who was caught tale-bearing to missis was promptly stripped, and lashed with cowhide or cat. Even female patients in the infirmary were flogged for the hideous offence of shedding tears when massa's wife spoke to them pitifully. Of course it was necessary to maintain discipline! So thought the lady's husband, when he commanded her never again to bother him about his slaves. "He desired me," she wrote

to her friend, "this morning to bring him no more complaints or requests of any sort, as the people had hitherto had no such advocate, and had done very well without, and I was only kept in an incessant state of excitement with all the falsehoods they 'found they could make me believe.' . . . I must return to the North, for my condition would be almost worse than theirs,—condemned to hear and see so much wretchedness, not only without the means of alleviating it, but without permission even to represent it for alleviation,—this is not the place for me, since *I was not born among slaves, and cannot bear to live among them.*" Mrs. Fanny Kemble returned to the Northern States. The moral of the autobiographical portions of this book—which is a perfect contrast to the same writer's previous 'Journal' on America, a book which was a mistake and almost a scandal—has two-sided, having a lesson for Southern planters and another for English ladies. It bids them keep apart, saying to the former, "Do not wed women who have not been reared from infancy to admire your peculiar institution"; and reminding the latter that, as "they were not born among slaves, they could not bear to live among them."

The Varieties of Dogs, as they are found in Old Sculptures, Pictures, Engravings and Books; with the Names of the Artists by whom they are represented, showing how long many of the numerous Breeds now existing have been known. By Ph. Charles Berjeau. (Dulan & Co.)

Bacon's saying to Secretary Winwood, "Every gentleman doth love a dog," is in as full force now as at the time when he uttered it, and the canine assembly at Islington last week bore strong testimony to this fact, both by the list of contributors and by the visitors who crowded thither. The book before us appears very opportunely, and is extremely well conceived. Hitherto we have known Mr. Berjeau as an admirable reproducer and expounder of ancient woodcut and typographical works, but the present undertaking treats of animated nature as seen through the medium of various artists, and extending over an almost boundless range of time. The object of his book has been fully and concisely stated on the title-page. To this we add, that "as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are classed all by the name of dogs," each particular type may, doubtless, be found in Mr. Berjeau's collection. His engravings are spirited, but, in some respects, too roughly executed to render so excellent a subject the justice it deserves. Too great a preponderance of specimens taken from old woodcuts and engravings gives an unnecessary appearance of coarseness to the book. The real interest, however, consists in the certainty of date, combined with evident truthfulness of the representations, and, above all, in finding that those animals which now surround us really existed so remotely, without any apparent modification of form or habit. This point a fierce mastiff-looking Assyrian dog (Plate I.), taken from a wild-ass hunt on an Assyrian bas-relief, establishes at first view. The most curious thing, however, about Mr. Berjeau's book is the great number of omissions.

The author has given no instance of Egyptian dog-portraiture; animals remarkable both for the variety of breeds and for the vigour of character with which they were depicted. The veneration felt by this nation both for the canine and feline species is almost proverbial; and, whether the Roman writers were right or wrong in assigning a dog's head

to the divinity Anubis, we may still point to a well-painted group of dogs of the period of Thothmes the Third, and remember the couching figure of a greyhound holding the statue of its deceased master between its fore-paws. The Grecian examples selected in this series are not very satisfactory; the groups from which the specimens have been selected are, in fact, Roman work of an equivocal period. The best examples of Grecian dogs are to be met with on the painted vases, where, indeed, all kinds, and with great spirit of action, occur very frequently. Such subjects as Paris when a shepherd, Diana and Actæon, Castor and Pollux, Meleager, and The Attack of the Caledonian Boar, are all subjects of purely Greek character, and abound in representations of different dogs in every possible variety of position. In representations of the last-named subject, we find dogs occasionally mounted on the back of the boar, whilst others, wounded, are rolling on the ground, kicking in the agonies of death, depicted with much of the force and artistic daring carried afterwards to such perfection by the pencil of Rubens and Snyders. The greyhound and wolf-dog seem to have been much used for the chase; but the Grecian ladies appear sometimes on vases accompanied by small dogs, with full curling tails, partaking very much of the character of our spaniels; children and youths are also represented playing with them. Homer mentions table-dogs, and, both on sculptures and Etruscan paintings of feasts, we find dogs as well as poultry employed in picking up the crumbs. That famous subject, never as yet worthily treated by sculptor, ancient or modern, Ulysses recognized by his faithful dog, Argus, very rarely appears on works of ancient Art, but where it does we find the dog was of the large sporting kind, with long head, square muzzle, and curved tail. Those who have visited the Vatican cannot fail to have been impressed by the rich variety and force of character displayed in the sculptures of the "Sala degli Animali," nor is it possible for any one, except Mr. Berjeau, to forget the famous gigantic Molossian dogs, placed on each side of the entrance. Whether the great and very valuable dog belonging to Alcibiades, whose tail, as related by Plutarch, he wantonly cut off, belonged to this breed, has not been ascertained, but there can be little doubt that these Molossians illustrate a story mentioned by Pliny, in his 'Natural History,' when treating of dogs. He says that Alexander the Great received the gift of a very large dog from the King of Albania, which delighted him extremely. He turned loose before it bears, wild boars and stags, in turn, without producing any effect whatever on the animal, upon which, attributing the dog's indifference to cowardice and laziness, he ordered him to be destroyed. This being told to the King of Albania, he sent him a second dog, with a recommendation not to try him with such *small* animals, but rather to set a lion or an elephant at him. Alexander, acting upon this advice, put out a lion, which immediately had his back broken and was torn to pieces by the dog. His encounter with an elephant was still more fierce. "For the dog," to quote the words of Philemon Holland's translation, "at the first, with his long, rough, shaggy hair, that overspread his whole body, came with full mouth, thundering (as it were) and barking terribly against the elephant. Soon after he leaped and flung upon him, rising and mounting against the great beast, now of one side and then of another, maintaining combat right artificially, one while assailing another while avoiding his enemy, and so nimbly he bestirreth himself from side to side, that with

continual turning about to and fro the elephant grew giddy in the head, insomuch as he came tumbling down and made the ground to shake under him with his fall."

One of the most spirited illustrations in Mr. Berjeau's book is a group of a greyhound caressing a bitch, from an antique marble in the British Museum. A duplicate found with this in the Monte Cagnolo, near Rome, is now in the Vatican. The dogs attacking Actæon (given on a preceding plate) are Roman work of the time of Antoninus Pius; but they are interesting as showing the same kind of animal as appears on a roughly painted Etruscan vase, and also on the very primitively sculptured metope, of the same subject, found at Selinus. There is, it may be observed, generally a consistency and traditional treatment of particular subjects; thus, for instance, the heads of Cerberus were represented in Greek and early Roman works with long pointed noses, erect ears, and generally with a long tiger-like tail. To Byzantine representations of the dog no importance can be attached, as they are so very *heraldic*; but in the Saxon illustrations of our forefathers we recognize an attempt at truthful designs of shepherd and hunting dogs. Where Harold is seen hawking, in the Bayeux tapestry, the two kinds of dogs attending him are so well defined as to merit quotation in a work on dogs as represented in works of Art; other specimens exist in the rude stitchery of the borders. We are disappointed to find that between the antique greyhounds above referred to and a French dog (poodle) of the fifteenth century, from an engraving in the British Museum (plate 5), Mr. Berjeau gives us no example whatever. Some striking instances of the varieties of dogs might be found in early Italian paintings, especially in the famous 'Triumph of Death,' painted about the middle of the fourteenth century, by Orcagna, in the Campo Santo, at Pisa. A very small thin spaniel sports in the lap of a lady seated next to a gentleman holding a falcon, and on the extreme left of the picture two different spaniels, belonging to a hawking party, are seen starting and sniffing at an open coffin, whilst a large and well-formed greyhound bounds gallantly forward in the same direction. The various forms of these animals have been carefully rendered by the artist. The smaller dogs on the extreme left are remarkably fat and round-bodied, with high curved spine, curling tail, long sharp claws and long pendent ears. This breed seems to have been much employed by ladies in hawking, and we frequently find them at the feet of ladies on English monumental brasses of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Their fat round necks are generally decorated with a string of bells. A similar animal, wearing also a collar of bells, is figured in a rough woodcut by Aldrovandus, in his curious work on Quadrupeds, published at Bologna in 1637, where it is called a *French dog*. Whilst speaking of brasses, it may be observed that dogs are the only supporters to ladies, whilst their lords generally rest their feet upon a lion. In later times, however, they also adopted a dog; but invariably a greyhound, not with bells, but with a strap-collar with buckle fastened round the neck. The possession of a greyhound became, it may be remembered, a sign of nobility. Some fine examples of this animal are to be found on the supporters of the royal arms of Henry the Seventh, and a spirited representation of the running hound appears on the great seals of Henry the Eighth and several of his male successors. Various dogs may also be found in the paintings by Benozzo Gozzoli, dating from 1469 to 1485, on the wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa. He was, together with Paolo Uccello,

a diligent observer of animal life, and depicted these forms with great success. It would be useless to particularize the pleasure which Titian and Paul Veronese took in the introduction of this animal. One of the finest full-length portraits by the former of Charles the Fifth by Titian, belonging to King Charles the First, represented him with a large Irish dog. The little spaniels known as King Charles's, from the fondness which Charles the Second showed for them, might, with almost as much reason, have derived their name from his royal father; for, in Van Dyck's great picture of Charles the First with his Queen and two children at Windsor, these spaniels are prominently introduced. Again, in the smaller picture of Charles the Second as a boy with his two sisters, these spaniels play an important part. But perhaps the most impressive example of Van Dyck's power as a painter of animals is to be found in the fine picture at Windsor, representing Charles the Second as a slim boy, standing with grave expression, and resting his hand on the head of a huge mastiff. Van Dyck's grand portrait of Philip le Roy, Murillo's Don Andres de Andrada, and the Cardinal Infant Ferdinand, and 'Las Meninas,' by Velasquez, are all instances of the great extent to which the interest of a picture may be increased by the introduction of a faithful portrait of man's appointed companion. In the same category may be included the famous picture by Hogarth of himself and his pug. Reynolds's charming picture of the little Princess Sophia of Gloucester, measuring her pretty face with the grim countenance of a poodle, is fresh in the recollection of all who saw the Kensington display of last year, or the British Institution a season or two ago. Greuze's picture of a little girl fondling a lap-dog, once in the possession of the Duc de Choiseul, is one of the most charming pictures ever seen. In all these instances the breed and nature of the dog can well be seen and depended on. How, within our own period of Art, dogs continue the same, may be observed in the successive pictures of generations of the Marlborough family, where the Blenheim spaniels, invariably introduced, appear identical from the time of the first Duke to the present, a period of more than a century and a half. It has been truly remarked, that the dog very rarely appears in Italian paintings of sacred subjects; whilst, on the contrary, in German Art it is frequently intruded even when treating on subjects the most solemn. A dog generally is seen sleeping on or at the foot of the throne of a judge. In Albert Dürer's smaller 'Passion,' in 'Christ before Caiaphas,' a dog is introduced, and in 'Christ sent to Herod,' a crouching one lies behind the feet of the judge. In Cranach's 'Christ before Pilate' two dogs are fighting at the feet of the judge. A strange-looking German cur occasionally appears also in scenes of popular tumult on painted glass windows.

The dog, however, appears of necessity in Italian pictures of sacred subjects, such, for instance, as St. Roch, St. Hubert, Tobit and St. Dominic. In connexion with the latter may be remembered the famous picture by Simone Memmi, about 1332, in the Spanish Chapel at Florence, where a pack of dogs is seen in the foreground attacking and tearing to pieces several wolves. These dogs are spotted black and white, in reference to the dress of the Dominicans (Domini Canes), and represent the faithful destroying the heretics.

The dogs of Albert Dürer are figured by Mr. Berjeau. These plates, including a capital sketch of a Terrier from Van Eyck's picture in the National Gallery, and Cornelius Van Noorden's engraving (1683) of a dog with a collar of bells

round his neck, are among the best in the book. The bear-baiting woodcut used by old Richard Pynson (1521), and the sporting engravings by Jost Ammon (1575), are rough, but very much to the purpose in such a book as this. The dogs of Beckerveld (1626) are also full of character. The plates from Theodor de Bry do not sufficiently express the delicacy of the original master.

Enough now has been said, both suggestively and descriptively, to show both the interest of the subject and the manner in which Mr. Berjeau has treated it. The book, which is of a convenient and portable size, will, we venture to say, find its way into many hands. In another edition it should be much improved.

Tea Cultivation, Cotton and Agricultural Experiments in India: a Review. By W. Nassau Lees, LL.D. (Allen & Co.)

Notes on the Propagation and Cultivation of the Medicinal Chinchona or Peruvian Bark Trees. Printed and published by order of the Government of Madras. By W. G. M'Ivor. (Madras, Graves & Co.)

LADIES who love their cup of tea, and who object to a decoction from sloe, willow, cherry and maple leaves, may derive some consolation from the fact that within a very few years we shall be altogether independent of China for the article. Thanks to Mr. Fortune, the hill districts of our Indian empire are in a condition to supply any amount of the finest teas. The quality of the article may be judged from the fact that the best Souchong from that new source has been sold in the London market for 21s. per pound, and the best Pekoe for 34s. per pound; whilst the quantity actually gathered in Assam, Cachar and Darjeeling alone amounted, in 1862, to 2,203,781 lb., and almost every mail brings us word that new companies are forming to cultivate tea, either alone or conjointly with coffee and Peruvian bark.

The idea of introducing the tea-shrub into India was first attempted in 1793, by Lord Macartney, who, during his celebrated Embassy to China, actually sent, as Sir G. Staunton informs us, plants to India, some parts of which he thought adapted for their cultivation. But no practical end resulted from this attempt, and the subject seems to have dropped altogether until revived in a singular manner. It should be known that the tea-shrub, although so extensively cultivated both in Japan and China, has hitherto not been found wild in any part of those countries. We have historical proofs that the Buddhist priests introduced it into Japan from China, probably before the ninth century; and as early as the fourth century after Christ it is mentioned that a certain Chinese minister drank tea, though it was not until the year 800 that a duty was laid upon the article. That tea was indigenous to any part of the Celestial Empire, and had yielded the national beverage from time immemorial, is nowhere stated. The gradual spread of its use would seem an argument in favour of its being an introduction from abroad, and was slowly, but firmly, establishing itself in a country long considered by us its real home. In 1816, Mr. Gardiner, the British Resident at the Court of Nepal, thence transmitted a plant to Calcutta, which was sent on to London, and which Mr. Gardiner justly pronounced to be the wild state of the Chinese tea. Again, in 1826 Mr. David Scott sent from Munnipoor certain leaves of a shrub "which he insisted upon was a real tea"; and four or five years later Lieut. Charlton actually obtained from Beesa, in Assam, several young tea-plants,

which were found wild in the neighbourhood of that place. Further evidence was supplied by Major Bruce and his brother, Mr. C. Bruce, but all to no purpose. Dr. Wallich, at that time Director of the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta, took it into his head that the so-called wild tea of Assam was a *Camellia* and not a *Thea*; whilst our Society of Arts, who probably had a better botanist among their members, awarded to Mr. Bruce "their Gold Medal, for discovering the indigenous tea tracts, and cultivating and preparing tea in Assam." That Dr. Wallich was entirely wrong in his determination is now generally known, and Dr. Seemann, in his monograph in the *Linnean Transactions*, has shown that the Assam tea, so far from being a spurious kind, must be regarded as the plant from which all the other varieties of teas grown by the Chinese have sprung. Lord William Bentinck, when Governor-General, did everything he could to promote the cultivation of tea in India, and referred the subject to a body of gentlemen, who were called "The Tea Committee," and of which Dr. Wallich was a member. But this Committee seems to have done very little. Even after tea had actually been manufactured from the wild plant, Dr. Wallich still clung to his notion about the *Camellia*, and the Committee, when in 1834 forced to admit an established fact, still begged to suspend their decision until they should be in possession of the fruit of the shrub, which they considered—but which in reality, is not—the only test they could safely take as a guide:—

"Now eight years is a very long time to allow for a suspension of judgment regarding the species of a plant so long known to the commercial world as the tea-plant. Had the Tea Committee, with the knowledge they confess to have been so long in possession of, either individually before or collectively after their appointment, taken any active measures to satisfy themselves on the point which they imply in their Report was in question, they might have been admitted to some share in the merit of this discovery. But there is nothing to show that they did so, or that they were not quite as much taken by surprise as every one else in India. On the contrary, their proceedings, both before and after the discovery, negative any such conclusion."

The battle was ultimately fought out by Drs. Falconer, McClelland and, above all, Griffith, the most able of Indian botanists, and the high prices we have already quoted which the first chests of Assam tea fetched in the London market led, in 1839, to the formation of a Joint-Stock Company, "The Assam," with a nominal capital of a million sterling. In 1840, they commenced operations for bringing the "tea forests of Assam," as they were called, into cultivation. But, so ill was the company managed, that it was reduced to a state of insolvency so nearly verging on bankruptcy, that 20l. shares were sold, in the Calcutta market, for less than a shilling apiece:—

"The prospects of tea in Assam, so bright in the commencement, were now dimmed almost to extinction; and had it not been for the energy and perseverance of a few individuals, it is possible that the cultivation of the plant would have been abandoned altogether. Among them should be specially mentioned Mr. H. de Mornay, the regenerator of the experiment, Mr. Williamson, and a military officer, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hannay, Commandant of the 1st Assam Light Infantry. The latter gentleman having by high and careful cultivation brought a small experimental garden, of the *China* plant, into a flourishing condition, he obtained a further grant of land, and extended his cultivation with great success (1851). Encouraged by the success which attended the operations of the Colonel and the gentlemen above mentioned, Messrs. Warren and Jenkins, G. Barry of Seraj-

gunge, and others, soon followed their good example; and the work rapidly progressed. The choked-up gardens of the Assam Company had, by this time, been completely reclaimed. A *dividend* was declared! (1852.) Planters generally took heart. Proper care was bestowed on the selection of the soil, the cultivation of the plant, and finally, on the manipulation of the leaf and other processes of manufacture. The tea, always in itself good, gradually assumed an altered appearance,—until at last the produce of the indigenous Assam plant, which the brokers rejected, became more sought after, and, once more, fetched higher prices in the London Market than the very finest China teas."

Since then, the cultivation of tea is proceeding at a rapid rate:—

"The quantity of land appropriated to the cultivation of tea by the latest returns (July, 1862) had reached the sum of 71,218 acres, 13,222 of which are actually under cultivation, bearing an estimated crop of 1,788,737 lb. of tea, and affording employment to 16,611 daily labourers. There are now in Assam one hundred and sixty plantations, owned by sixty Companies and individuals. Of the Companies, five are joint-stock concerns, the Assam, the Jorehat, the East India, and the Lower and the Central Assam; besides which there are fifteen private Companies. And, if an idea be required of the favour with which the public now views India tea investments, it may be gathered from the stubborn fact, that the shares of the Company which, as before mentioned, were once sold in the Calcutta Market for less than one rupee, can with difficulty be obtained for *four hundred and fifty!* Nor was the cultivation confined to Assam. It was discovered for the second time (1855) that the plant was indigenous to Cachar also, and the discovery was no sooner made, than enterprising men (especially Messrs. Williamson and Barry), were found to turn it to account. In this province up to date, (18th July, 1862) upwards of 68,149 acres have been leased to tea planters; there are thirty-one working concerns; and, though the experiment has a development of but six years, 6,077 acres have been brought under culture, the estimated crop of which for the year is 336,800 lb. of manufactured tea. From the chops moreover which have been sent into the London Market, it has been pronounced quite equal, in every respect, to the best Assam. The cultivation afforded employment last year to 6,719 labourers. At Hazareebagh, and especially Darjeeling, both places in point of climate well suited to the European constitution, the cultivation of tea has been also introduced, and I believe with every success. I say, I believe, because from Hazareebagh I have no information further than that the tea that has come to Calcutta from it is good. But regarding Darjeeling as a tea-growing district, there are differences of opinion. Some think that at an elevation of 7,000 feet, the cold is too severe for the delicate young seedlings, and that the heat in summer is not sufficiently great to ensure fine flushes. But in opposition to these opinions, we have the simple facts that practical planters have taken up 21,865 acres of land for the purpose, and employed, last year, 4,819 labourers in cultivating it; and though operations were only commenced five years ago, 8,762 acres have been brought under the hoe. Of this, 5,152 acres have been planted out, the out-turn of which for the year was estimated at 78,244 lb. of manufactured tea, musters of which having tested, I have no hesitation in pronouncing, though perhaps somewhat too highly flavoured to please all tea drinkers, a very first-class tea."

Though we have been told, over and over again, that India can supply all the cotton we require, both quantitatively and qualitatively, yet up to this time these expectations have been only partially verified, and those interested in the subject will find, in Dr. Lees's book, capital materials for forming an opinion respecting it.

The question which Mr. M'Ivor brings before us has repeatedly been discussed by us, and its vast importance pointed out. It will be remembered that Mr. Clements R. Markham,

after overcoming innumerable obstacles, finally succeeded in introducing the chinchona or Peruvian bark trees into India, so as to ensure the supply of quinine and chinchonine, after, by the ruthless destruction by the natives, the plants have become extinct in the South American forests. Mr. M'Ivor was charged with the superintendence of the plantations in the Neilgherry Hills, and it is principally owing to his ability and industry that the success of the undertaking is no longer doubtful. So successful has Mr. M'Ivor been in propagating and growing the plants, that the plantations under his charge are now in a position to supply thousands of seedlings to public companies formed for the purpose of cultivating the chinchona for commercial purposes. Quite recently Mr. M'Ivor was able to send home some branches of his trees, and these have been analyzed by Mr. Howard, the largest importer of Peruvian bark in this country, and at the same time one of those best qualified, as is evident from his magnificent folio last year reviewed by us, to pronounce an opinion. It is gratifying to learn from his analysis, that all fear entertained by desponding botanists of the chinchona plants grown artificially in the East Indies not containing the same alkaloids as those produced spontaneously in South America, is groundless. Mr. Howard finds not the slightest difference between them; and Mr. Markham's labours are, therefore, crowned with complete success.

Both Dr. Lees's book and Mr. M'Ivor's pamphlet have been printed in India, and are published most opportunely, at a time when capitalists are investing largely in tea, cotton, coffee and chinchona plantations, and search for reliable information, such as is contained in these publications.

Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I., 1633-1634, preserved in Her Majesty's Record Office. Edited by John Bruce, Esq. (Longman & Co.)

Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles II., 1664-1665, preserved in Her Majesty's Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. (Longman & Co.)

THE first volume of these *Calendars of State Papers*, Mr. Lemon's, was produced in the year 1856. We have now on our shelves no less than twenty-four volumes,—an average of one volume produced for every quarter of a year since the commencement. This great scheme of publication has been conducted, not only with commendable rapidity, but with uniformity and regularity. There have been no spurts and spasms. Four volumes is the average per annum, and four volumes were produced last year. At the present rate of progress, the whole task of indexing the State Papers may be achieved in a single generation.

The new volumes are not perhaps among the most attractive of the series. Few names of the first order occur in either of them: John Milton, Oliver Cromwell, Robert Blake, the younger Henry Vane, are absent from Mr. Bruce's index,—John Dryden, Edmund Waller, John Locke, from Mrs. Green's; yet a careful gleaner would find a rare sheaf of corn in either of the fields thrown open to him by Mr. Bruce and Mrs. Green.

We shall pick out a few ears from the mass. We begin with Mr. Bruce's *Calendar*, as the earlier in point of date. On the 2nd of May, 1633, we read:—

"Articles of agreement between Bishop Laud and Hubert le Sueur, of London, sculptor. The latter agrees, before Michaelmas Day, 1634, to make and cast in brass 'the statue' of the king,

'six foot high,' and the statue of the Queen 'in brass likewise as big as the life.' The Bishop agreed to pay 400*l.* for the two statues, and to remove the same when finished."

Not much is known of Hubert le Sueur, and the foregoing will be a welcome addition. Of the Earl of Somerset, the subject of our next gleaning, too much perhaps is known. In his day of pride, besides being allowed to marry against the canon, Somerset had been loaded with money and jewels—some of these latter being jewels of the crown. Charles the First, on coming to the throne, required these jewels to be given up; and in 1633, on the eve of his departure for Scotland, his Secretary, Windebank, sent one Sir Robert Carr, perhaps a kinsman of the luckless Earl, with a peremptory message. Somerset, who seems to have thought a king's gift good in law, refused to return the jewels,—whereupon we have a more angry message. On the 15th of May, Windebank writes:—

"The King is very ill-satisfied with the Earl's answer returned by Sir Robert Carr concerning the jewel belonging to the Crown, and observes besides the manner of putting it into Sir Robert's hand, and not addressing it to his Majesty nor to the writer. The substance was an evasion or device to elude his Majesty's command which he much resents, and the rather because the Earl, having been many years in some nearness to his Majesty's father, to whom he owes his fortune, should better understand how to treat with his Sovereign. Besides, his present condition is not fit for a scormer. His Majesty will be no longer delayed, but will take another way in case of a second refusal. The Earl is therefore to send the jewel by the bearer."

—Somerset was not convinced, and the King had to depart without the jewel. Coke, at the end of a week, begged Windebank, if he succeeded in getting the treasure, to send it by a special messenger to the King.

In the same year, 1633, we have a curious report from the Mayor of Banbury as to certain strolling players. The Mayor and Justices send up to the Lords of the Council—"a patent of licence pretended by the bearers to be granted by His Majesty, and a commission from the Master of the Revels. The patent they suspect, the commission they find rased. The parties are wandering rogues, if not more dangerous persons, as appears by their examinations, in which it is apparent they have changed their names. Have committed them to prison till their Lordships' pleasure be signified." Inclosed are the examinations, some of which are of interest. For example, that of Bartholomew Jones:—

"Examination of Bartholomew Jones. Has gone with this company up and down the country these two years, and has acted his part in divers places. They played by virtue of this commission at Leicester, Market Bosworth, Stanton, Solihull, Meriden, and Stratford, at Sir Thomas Lucy's, and divers other places. At Coventry and other places where they played not they received rewards. The commission under the privy seal was one Edward Whiting's, and he and Richard Bradshaw were partners, and were both gone to London. 2nd May 1633."

It is odd to find Sir Thomas Lucy among the early patrons of the wandering drama,—in fact, the only gentleman at whose house the comedians were entertained. An examination of Richard Whiting, another member of the troop:

"Examination of Richard Whiting of Cothelston, near Derby. Has been with this company of players about half a year. Met his father, Edward Whiting, in Cornwall. Thence they came to Bristol. Has acted a part with these players lately in divers places; at Leicester, Stratford, Meriden, Solihull, at Sir William Spencer's, and Sir Thomas Lucy's. On Saturday last they came to Keinton, and there they played three days."

In a paper of notes by Secretary Windebank

of business to be transacted in the Council there is a bit of information about Blackfriars Theatre. It is entered in these words, under date of November 20, 1633:—

"Notes by Sec. Windebank of business transacted at the Council this day. Blackfriars' play-house. The players demand 21,000*l.* The Commissioners (Sir Henry Spiller, Sir William Becher, and [Laurence] Whitaker) valued it at near 3,000*l.* The parishioners offer towards the removing of them 100*l.* An order of the Board to remove the coaches from thence, and to lay the coachmen of whomsoever by the heels. That no coaches stay between Paul's Chain and the Fleet Conduit. The officers to be punished if they do not their duties. The Lord Mayor to have this commandment directed to him, and every ward to be answerable."

In the same year, Taylor, the Water Poet, sends in a petition to Lord Cottington, on behalf of His Majesty's watermen. It is in rhyme, and brief enough for quotation:—

Shows that your Lordship is so well inclined
To pay us, that our order you have signed,
For which we humbly thank you, though as yet,
We sue, and seek, and can no payment get.
We live in debt, we coin and credit lack,
And we do fear Sir Robert Pys is slack,
Or else unwilling; therefore we implore
Your Lordship to remember him once more:
And we shall pray unto the power supernal
To bless your Lordship, temporal and eternal.

George Wither, the poet, presents to the Council a petition respecting his licence to vend the Book of Hymns, from which a fact may be gathered for any future memoir of his life:—

"Petition of George Wither, his Majesty's servant, to the Council. Upon a former complaint against the stationers, for resisting a privilege concerning a book of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, the Lords ordered that the stationers should be conformable thereunto, and the petitioner expected their conformity to the King's pious injunction and their lordships' just order, without using the least compulsion, partly in regard it concerns the furtherance of devotion, which he would not give them colour to scandalize, and partly because he would have won them by his long suffering. But gentleness making them more obstinate, and the petitioner having by their contentions disbursed and injured himself about 1,200*l.*, having likewise about 500*l.* worth of the aforesaid hymns upon his hands above three years without profit, which, had not the stationers wilfully hindered, might have been vendid in less than one year, and he being thereby destitute of means, beseeches them that their former order may be renewed, and warrants granted to bring before them such as disobey the same, that they, who enjoy all their privileges by royal prerogative, may not be suffered to resist and despise the same; otherwise the petitioner's best approved studies, and the benefit intended him will become both his disgrace and undoing. By their assistance he shall be the better enabled to glorify God and serve his Majesty in some other good employment."

If we turn to Mrs. Green's Calendar we shall find plenty of the like curious details. Here, for example, on an early page, is a bit of local gossip about Pall Mall. The date is September 23, 1664:—

"Warrant for a grant to Baptist May and Abraham Cowley, on nomination of the Earl of St. Alban's, of several parcels of ground in Pall Mall described, on rental of 80*l.*, for building thereon a square of thirteen or fourteen great and good houses; also of the common highway lying between the houses in South Pall Mall Street and St. James' Park wall, on rental of 40*l.*, with proviso of erecting no building thereon that should cause annoyance to the inhabitants. The said grant is made because persons were unwilling to build such great houses on any terms save that of inheritance, and the former leases recapitulated were only for years."

Five months later they obtain, on the same influential nomination, a second grant:—

"Grant to Baptist May and Abraham Cowley, on nomination of the Earl of St. Alban's, of ground

in Pall Mall, whereon thirteen or fourteen houses are intended to be built, on rent of 160*l.* a year, to begin from Michaelmas, 1666; and also lease to them of part of the ground sometimes used as a highway from Charing Cross to St. James's, with the usual provisos and exceptions."

These grants were the beginning of an enclosure of St. James's Park.

The appearances of Samuel Pepys in these papers are very numerous; but then they are in his official, not his private capacity. His attitude here is highly decorous and his character respectable. He is drawing up papers, auditing accounts, communicating lists, and behaving generally like a good clerk, not railing at Sir William Penn, quizzing the Duke of York, chronicling the small scandal of the theatres, or gloating over his own little peccadilloes. The public will not care for him in the better part. We have grown so familiar with Pepys as the funny man, who is always peeping under women's bonnets, gaping for a coarse joke, or kissing somebody's wife, that we regard him as a privileged fellow, like clown or pantaloon, on the sole condition that his impudence and eccentricities make us laugh. We no more care for him in his office than we should for Mr. Buckstone as a banker's clerk.

Of the notorious Tom Chiffinch, keeper of the back-stairs at Whitehall, we have a few glimpses. The first may appear a little odd from such a fellow:—

"Thomas Chiffinch. Begs that for avoidance of the pestilence, which in 1605, 1625, and 1636, were brought into this kingdom from the Mediterranean, precautions may be used here as in all those parts, except by the Turks who believe in predestination; that an office be erected to visit goods or passengers, none to land without certificate, and that all diseased persons remain first on shipboard, and afterwards apart on shores."

Fancy Tom Chiffinch being the predecessor of John Howard in the great question of Quarantine! Tom had probably no interest in the affair, except that of the "office to be created." The next appearance is in his own proper character of the King's confidant:—

"Warrant for discharging Thos. Chiffinch from all writs of *distringas* and other processes, for not accounting for several sums received and disbursed by him according to the King's commands, notwithstanding any grant thereof to others."

Nor is there much difficulty in understanding the next item:—

"Warrant to Thomas Chiffinch to retain in his hands 250*l.* from moneys paid on composition by persons charged with goods, furniture, &c., of the late King, in reward for his zeal and industry in recovering the same."

If Tom, like Sir Kenelm Digby, Anthony Hamilton, and other great men, had chosen to write memoirs of his life and misadventures, we should have known exactly what the services were for which he received the 250*l.*

Both in Mr. Bruce's volume and in Mrs. Green's volume, the general history of the country is presented in a curt but authentic form; all commissions are recorded, all proceedings of the Court described. A good deal of attention is bestowed on the royal progresses through the country; the letters reporting which abound in traits of manners. For example, Sir William Coventry writes to Lord Arlington, from Leicester, under date of August 1, 1665:—

"The Duke of York is well, but has not been without alarms. At St. Alban's, one of his pages fell ill with fever and vomiting, and the innkeeper, thinking it the plague, was about sending him without leave to the pesthouse; he is now better. The magistrates of Leicester waited on the Duke at his arrival. Lords Devonshire and Bridgewater waited on him at St. Alban's. In his journey, the Earl of Kent, and Lords Bedford, Maynard, and

Lucas met him, near Woburn, an excellent and capacious house, where he lodged and was well treated by Lord Bedford; there several gentlemen attended him. Towards Northampton, the sheriff of Buckinghamshire, with Sir Wm. Tyringham and others, met him; also in Northamptonshire, the sheriff, who made a good speech, with some gentlemen. There Lord Sunderland invited him to his house near Northampton; he declined, but dined there yesterday, and supped at Lady Thomond's. The magistrates of Northampton met and attended him through the town, also Lords Northampton, Peterborough, and Thomond. The Duke declined an invitation to breakfast at Lord Banbury's, but his lordship stopped the coach as it passed, and being again refused, laid hold of his Highness' leg, and pulled so hard that he had almost drawn off his shoe. This rhetoric, with the trouble he expressed, induced their Royal Highnesses to go in, where a table was prepared with sweetmeats and fruit. He was importunate with the Duchess to see his lady, who was lying in, but as she was not ready to be seen, the Duchess broke loose, with a promise to see her on her return. Lords Westmoreland and Exeter sent excuses that they could not come in time. At the entrance to Leicester, the Duke was met by Sir G. Villiers and other gentlemen, and by the magistrates. Their Highnesses have dined and been well treated at Mr. Griffin's, where came the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, Lords Cardigan, Rockingham, Brudenell, the Attorney General, and other gentlemen of those parts. Lady Yerbury's sisters, Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Temple, have impaired their beauty by heat and swelling in the face; thinks this a providence to preserve those who approach them frequently from danger."

In this Calendar a reader finds a great mass of details as to the unhappy Dutch war, then raging. The subject is not a pleasant one; and a patriotic man will perhaps be content with the record of it contained in Pepys.

Fish Hatching. By Frank T. Buckland. (Tinsley Brothers.)

"You are to know that there is a brook in Kent that breeds trouts to a number incredible, where you take them twenty in an hour." Thus wrote Izaak Walton, just two hundred years ago, in his delightful book on Angling; by which we of this generation are to know that in ancient Izaak's time the rivers near London abounded with trout; and he also informs us that there are streams which yielded their lusty two and three pounders, where now you may angle in vain for a gudgeon.

But better days for the angler are at hand, and we do not despair of seeing our rivers well stocked with trout and other fish, for the great importance of fish-culture is now fairly engaging public attention. Not long since we noticed a work by Mr. Francis on 'Fish Culture,' and now Mr. Buckland gives us very valuable results derived from his experience in 'Fish Hatching.' His book is the more welcome because it contains, with but few unimportant exceptions, original observations and experiments on this interesting subject. The substance of the work was given in a lecture at the Royal Institution, in April last, but so much new matter has been added that the present publication may be regarded as original.

Mr. Buckland draws attention to the important fact that, while from the earliest days there have been agriculturists or land-farmers, *aguculturists* or water-farmers have not existed. This is the more surprising when it is remembered that the yield of our rivers and lakes under judicious pisciculture would be enormous, for it was obtained from the beginning of the world that the waters should bring forth abundantly. Obedient to this law, the germ of this abundance is ever present, but instead of protecting and developing it, we have neglected and in many instances destroyed it. "Gold

suggests have been under our noses in the water," says Mr. Buckland, "and we have not stooped to pick them up."

Unwilling, as is too much the custom with writers on natural history, to quote stereotyped statements from books, Mr. Buckland personally examined the roes of the ordinary fish used for human food for the purpose of ascertaining the number of eggs contained in them. The following are the results. A trout of one pound, 1,008 eggs; a jack of four and a half pounds, 42,840; a perch of half a pound, 20,592; a roach of three-quarters of a pound, 480,480; a smelt of two ounces, 36,652; a brill of four pounds, 239,775; a sole of one pound, 134,466; a herring of half-a-pound, 19,840; a mackerel of one pound, 86,120; a turbot of eight pounds, 385,200; and a cod of twenty pounds, 4,872,000.

Thus it is evident that nature is abundantly prolific, and it is further remarkable that though salmon and trout carry, on an average, 1,000 eggs to one pound of their weight, other fish differ in this respect, that the heavier they are the more eggs do they bear. Another important fact respecting the eggs of some fish is their great toughness, a provision, doubtless, intended to enable them to resist the crushing effect of stones and gravel in their spawning beds. In order to ascertain positively how much direct weight trout's eggs would bear, Mr. Buckland placed iron weights upon individual eggs, which did not give way until the pressure amounted to five pounds and six ounces.

Mr. Buckland describes with great minuteness the process of salmon and trout spawning, bringing forward various trustworthy witnesses of the operation. It is generally believed that both the male and female salmon make the "ridd," or spawning bed, but, according to Mr. Buckland's authorities, the female alone performs this operation, the male being intent, during the process, in driving away all intruders, against which he fights with great ferocity. It is supposed by some persons that the curious beak, or horny projection, at the top of the lower jaw, with which the male salmon is provided during the spawning season, is for the express purpose of enabling him to do battle efficiently, being analogous to the horn of the deer.

Our author devotes a chapter to the enemies of the ova of salmon and trout, among the chiefest of which are water-scorpions, the larvæ of the May and dragon fly, ducks and swans. "If you desire good fishing," says Mr. Buckland, "drive off the ducks—you cannot have both." Our experience enables us to indorse this precept, for wherever ducks have abounded trout have been scarce; and we know an excellent trout stream in Hampshire where the fishing was very indifferent until the ducks which infested the water were kept off. Swans are quite as mischievous, gobbling up the spawn of fish until they are gorged.

Mr. Buckland gives very precise directions respecting the breeding-boxes, the manner of hatching, and the best food for the young fish when they have ceased to be nourished by the umbilical sac. Boiled liver, finely powdered, is the usual pabulum, and generally agrees with the fish; but it appears that small flies, and particularly midges, are also excellent food.

A most important feature connected with fish-culture is the transport of eggs, which being more easily carried than young fish may, if properly managed, be sent very long distances. It is essential that no attempt should be made to move the eggs until the eyes of the embryonic fish are visible. These are generally seen about the thirtieth or thirty-fifth day, according to the temperature. When the eggs are thus de-

veloped, the following is the best method of packing them for carriage:—

"Procure some wide-mouthed bottles, three or four inches high—common pickle bottles will do very well—place at the bottom of the bottle a layer of fresh moss (this must have been well washed previously), then dip it in clean cold water, and squeeze the superfluous water out, so that the moss shall be wet but not dripping. Portions of rough sponge, the size of a walnut, well cleaned, are as good packing as moss and are cleaner (these must also, of course, be damped). Upon the layer of moss deposit a layer of 'eye-showing' eggs, arranging them so that they shall not touch one another. Place another layer of moss, another layer of eggs, and so on till the bottle is full,—but there must be no pressure anywhere. Pour out any water that has collected at the bottom of the bottle, cover the top with a bit of common paper, and stab some holes in it with a penknife. The bottles being filled, get a stout but light box,—arrange your bottles in it in the most convenient position and stuff them down quite tight with moss that is dripping wet with water, put the cover on the box and fasten it securely. Then place this box inside another box, leaving about two or three inches of interspace. Fill this up quite tight with wet moss, and send them off by the quickest route of transport to your friend. The latter should immediately on receiving the eggs pick the moss out carefully; the eggs still packed in the bottles should be placed upright in the breeding-boxes for a couple of hours, the water *not* by any means being allowed to get into them. The eggs will thus gradually assume the temperature of the water in which it is hoped they will hatch out."

The above method of packing eggs for carriage is that used at the great piscicultural establishment at Huningue, and has been found to answer admirably. When young fish are transported to distant places, it is essential to change the water frequently; and if the fish become sickly, the water should be oxygenated by splashing it or blowing air into it by means of bellows. But with every precaution it is found that young fish do not bear carriage as well as eggs, upwards of sixteen millions of which were distributed over Europe by the establishment at Huningue in 1861. So easy indeed and inexpensive is fish-hatching, that Messrs. Ashworth—who declare that it is cheaper to breed salmon than lambs—state that the total cost of the carriage and hatching of 770,000 salmon-eggs for the supply of Loughs Mask and Carra in Ireland was only 18*l.* One of the most important facts stated by Mr. Buckland in connexion with fish-egg hatching is the discovery that salmon-eggs preserve their vitality after having been imbedded in ice for the long period of ninety days. Eggs thus treated have been successfully hatched; and there is, therefore, every reason to expect that if ever salmon are transported successfully to Australia it will be done by freezing the ova in ice and developing the egg into the fish on its arrival in that country.

We cordially recommend Mr. Buckland's treatise to all interested in pisciculture. That the art is capable of improvement cannot be doubted; but it has already worked wonders: 35,000 young salmon, trout, charr and grayling were turned into the Thames during the late season, hundreds of which will afford recreation to the London angler and provide delicacies for the table; and we know many rivers which, long barren, are now showing pleasant signs of ichthyological life.

Memoirs of Miles Byrne, Chef de Bataillon in the Service of France, &c. Edited by his Widow. 3 vols. (Paris, Bossange & Co.)

BORN March 20, 1780, of a gentle family, in the county of Wexford, Miles Byrne was an

Irish malecontent who, after taking an important part in the insurrections of 1798 and 1803, managed to escape to France, where he obtained a commission in the Irish Legion which, from 1804 to 1815, fought gallantly in the service of the French Empire. When the Irish Legion was dissolved by the Bourbons after the battle of Waterloo, Miles Byrne was put on half-pay, and had to reconcile himself to a condition of military inaction until the year 1828, when he was appointed to the staff of General Maison, and served with the French army in Greece. Returning to France in the autumn of 1830, he continued to act as *chef de bataillon* to the 56th regiment till 1835, in which year he retired from the service and settled in Paris, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death, in 1862. During the later years of his life, this soldier of fortune amused himself with the composition of the *Memoirs* which his widow has edited and put before the world in three volumes. The first volume contains the story of Irish politics between 1798 and 1803, told, of course, from a malecontent's point of view; the second gives the history of Bonaparte's Irish Legion; and the third is made up of biographical sketches of those Irish exiles and enthusiasts whom the author naturally regards as "patriots." Although these volumes cannot be recommended as brilliant, they contain much that will interest Irishmen of all parties. Wexford men will enjoy the local minuteness with which Miles Byrne describes those scenes of the insurrection which came under his personal observation. The story of the Irish Legion contains many well-told episodes of gallantry and martial prowess; and the glimpses given in the third volume of the lives of Irish exiles in France are suggestive and saddening. Pathetic is the fact, apparent in every page of these autobiographical reminiscences, that to the last hour of his life, which closed in 1862, the writer looked upon the country of his birth as that same oppressed and suffering land from which he fled in early manhood. Fifty years of change and improvement in the condition of Ireland had made no difference in the view he took of her wretchedness and degradation. To the veteran of fourscore years she was just as much the subjugated land as she had been to the youthful rebel of the last century. Speaking of Miles Byrne as he appeared in 1860, an Irish writer observes:—"He knows that a just God reigneth on the earth; as a Frenchman and an Irishman, he feels that the balance must be struck; and whenever the shifting scenes of diplomacy appear to open a prospect that a kind Providence is about to bring the hour of final settlement, even now—even in this day—a flush burns on that ancient warrior's thin cheek, and the hand that has swayed a sword for two generations trembles like a maiden's." In the same spirit Mrs. Byrne, Francis Horner's sister, expresses a hope that her husband's *Memoirs* "may awaken sympathy in England and Scotland for the wrongs of Ireland." A novelist of Lever's school would find in Miles Byrne, as he appears in these volumes, an admirable hero for a work of fiction.

NEW NOVELS.

Heart and Cross. By the Author of 'Margaret Maitland.' (Hurst & Blackett.)—Some of our readers may dimly remember a story by the same author, in which Derwent Crofton is the hero, and the heroine, despairing of ever marrying the man of her heart, endows an asylum for the orphans of the middle rank of society, left often more friendless and destitute than the children of the poor; but at the last hour, when the hero is believed to be undergoing the very ceremony of marriage with

the wrong person, he comes forward, and, to the great comfort of the reader, persuades the heroine to carry on her charitable institution by deputy, and devote herself to him for life. The present story takes up the couple some years after, with an only child, a son of seven years old. The family of an excellent clergyman who died in the former story are here grown up, and are heroes and heroines on their own account, and the story chiefly concerns them. Alice Harley, the daughter, a beautiful, stately young woman, has many offers of marriage, but refuses them all, cherishing a secret but obstinate attachment to a cousin, who went off to India in the former story, and who is now a gallant and distinguished officer. There is a handsome coxcomb, her brother, and a pretty married sister, and a younger brother, a cripple, in ill health, and a young curate in love with Alice, supported by the wishes of the mother and his sister, a handsome flirt, and Mrs. Derwent Crofton's only son, an *enfant terrible* of seven years old, and Bertie, an officer in India; these are the persons of the story. There is the anxiety during the Indian Mutiny, and the harassing suspense; but the officer comes safe back, receives the Victoria Cross and the heart of his pretty cousin. All ends well: but the tale is so very slight, that all its interest depends on the graceful manner in which Mrs. Oliphant relates it.

Arrows in the Dark. By the Author of 'Said and Done.' (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This is a well-intentioned novel; with the moral that men and women ought to act up to the light they have at the moment, and do what is the absolutely right thing, and not to be impatient to bring on what they wish, nor to be insincere towards themselves by trying to fancy that gold which is not, but to wait and patiently to accept the duties of the state of life in which they are placed, no matter how dull, or dark, or heavy. The reason and meaning of all that troubles them are the "arrows flying in the dark," which in the end will assuredly reach their mark and be justified in their aim. This is a lesson we all of us need to learn more or less, and it is one that needs to be impressed line upon line and precept upon precept, for we all are apt to think ourselves wiser than the "Providence that shapes our ends." The story before us is gently drawing, and rather dull; and each event has its duplicate, which gives a mechanical regularity of composition that wearies. The author lacks vigour of style and force of interest, but it is a book that will be useful to girls on the threshold of womanhood, when counsel and wise guidance are most needed to strengthen foibles that look almost like virtues, and to teach them that "to be weak," under whatever guise of romance or heroism, "is to be miserable." It is a book we can recommend for such young persons as are allowed to read fiction in moderation.

Bertha's Repentance: a Tale. By J. Frazer Corkran. (Chapman & Hall.)—'Bertha's Repentance' is a pleasant little story which reads like the plot of a French drama; it is skilfully told, and the English point of view which the author assumes gives it the piquancy of pleasant broken English. The story is not said to be a translation from the French. Considering all the strong elements for a tragedy this short story contains, the escape into an amusing book, so light and slight and graceful, is something for which a reader may be at once glad and grateful. It is capable of being adapted for the stage, and would have more force when put in action than read as plain prose: the characters are made for representation. We recommend it to the attention of the purveyors of dramatic literature. The incidents are indicated rather than detailed, and the skeleton of the story would give little idea of the graceful improbability of the whole, which floats with the ease and lightness of a successfully-turned soap-bubble. Michel Freymann, a young Swiss mountaineer, just descended from the diligence which has brought him to Paris to seek his fortune and his uncle's family, naturally loses his way, and he finds himself contemplating the *Wandschüsseln* at work near the Pont des Arts;—suddenly he discerns the body of a woman floating past; he springs into the water, rescues the woman, who is all but dead, with a locket tightly clasped in one of

her hands, the locket containing a scrap of baby-hair. Michel loses his own bundle, with his little store of money in it, and stands dripping and destitute on the quay; an enthusiastic bystander thrusts a purse of gold into his hand, and a *restaurateur* living close by takes him home for dry clothes and something to warm his shivering limbs. The *restaurateur* is a brave man too; he makes much of the young Swiss, gives him brandy-punch and an omelette *aux fines herbes*, and when he goes away makes him promise to come again. A hearty, jolly, prosperous fellow this *restaurateur*, but he, too, has his sorrow; his only niece, his adopted child Bertha, is married to a blackguard husband who makes her miserable, and Bertha, who is the soul of all that is beautiful and poetical, has married this man under the idea that he, too, is a poet and a patriot, and the leader of a secret patriotic club, and M. Savellot, the uncle of Bertha, is made as miserable as his niece. We need not tell the reader that it is Bertha whom Michel has saved. On Michel's road to his destination, he enters the Church of St. Roch, and there he finds a basket and in the basket a baby, and a paper attached to it, announcing that the mother, about to die, had placed it there. This baby, of course, is the next piece of the puzzle, and fits accurately to the rescued woman. Michel, by an inspiration, takes up the child and carries it with him. At last he arrives at the house of which his uncle is *concierge*—it is an *hôtel garni*,—and he finds, in the various *locataires* of the different floors, the disconnected links of the chain of circumstances which it is the will of Fate he should weave into a romantic drama, and be the good angel of all concerned, though at the expense of being thrown into prison himself as a murderer. Bertha's repentance turns upon her regret at having married her husband in spite of good advice, in which species of repentance she has many suffering sisters: the title is not at all descriptive of the story. The incidents, except in a novel or in a drama, are improbable; but they are so well narrated, and hang together so lightly, that the reader will accept the amusement without having the heart to demolish the pretty air-spun fabric by the demonstration of reasonable objections.

Wayfe Summers: the Story of an Inner and an Outer Life. By Thomas Archer. 2 vols. (Low & Co.)—This story of an inner and an outer life is a morbid, unnatural, wearisome story, like a tale in a bad dream. Wayfe Summers is the child of somebody, undoubtedly, but neither she nor the reader knows of whom. She lives in a dull old house, in a dull street, in vulgar poverty, under the care of a sordid, bad-tempered old woman. The description of the neglected child is the best part of the book; indeed, the only part with anything like truth or nature in it. A guardian visits her, who, of course, knows nothing of the ill-usage to which she is subjected. A mystery evidently hangs over her, but though the scenes of the story lie in London, in well-known streets, the reader is oppressed and bewildered as though under a nightmare. The young person, Wayfe Summers, is as much pursued and persecuted by mysterious myrmidons as any heroine in old novels; she is waylaid and forced into hackney-coaches; frightened by mysterious maids-of-all-work whom she dares not denounce; she finds a mother who dares not claim her; there is a young French girl who is living in a state of perpetual bewilderment, her only solace being the companionship of her deceased mother's workbox and the company of a handsome young fisherman. There are mysterious documents contained in secret drawers; everybody seems to have been married to somebody in a former state of existence, and to have left their respective partners and their children, and otherwise to have complicated their position. The reader is thoroughly bewildered.

Mildrington, the Barrister: a Romance. 2 vols. (Skeet.)—There is a good deal of cleverness but more of affectation in 'Mildrington, the Barrister'; written in a sharp, quick, incisive manner by one who is accustomed to society, and able to give the appearance of things as they are,—not exactly graphic, but suggestive of the matter in hand, whether it be a dinner, a drawing-room, or the fair face and dress of a lady. The story is one that

has been told, and, alas, transacted many times, in prose, verse and reality,—a man beginning the world, bent on rising, with much talent, some goodness of nature, but with no more principle of stability than what results from never having been tempted; he marries, not altogether imprudently, but less ambitiously than his mother would approve, and on her he is partially dependent,—he keeps his marriage a secret: thence, heart-burnings, distrust, difficulties, and, finally, the beginning of disgust. Meeting the lady his mother had selected for him and schemed to secure, Mildrington becomes captive to her attractions,—she is a finished coquette, a siren of respectability. Complications arise; discovery ensues; Mildrington suffers exposure and banishment from the high social regions in which he had been received; his worldly prospects are overclouded, and of course he makes his wife the victim under him. The story is natural and true to human nature; but the pleasure is marred by affectation. The style is a jumble of Carlyle, Trollope and Sala, all good in their way, but detestable in imitation, as all mock jewelry is.

Charlie Thornhill; or, the Dunce of the Family: a Novel. By Charles Clarke. 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)—For readers who want to hear about horses, races, steeple-chases, *Bell's Life, mis en scène et en action*, the conversation and observations of real owners of thorough-bred, betting books made up, wagers lost, jockeys and gentlemen riders described as they are among themselves, may here have their curiosity gratified. Society at Baden-Baden and at Homburg, the Kursaal, the gambling at home and abroad, French steeple-chases, &c., are displayed in these pages by one who has the appearance of knowing what he talks about. The story plays a very secondary part; it is vague and disjointed, standing still for a while, and then going on with a start. There is a murder, and a villain who holds the strings by which he works other villains,—there are mysterious gipsies and blacklegs, and an estate which seems to belong to two owners,—lost documents, and police officers, and there is a hero who would be an excellent man if he did not gamble, and who would be a rich man if he did not lose his money on every occasion; indeed, his purse seems to bleed at every pore, and how he does not become a beggar is a miracle,—and there is a good younger brother who enters his uncle's banking-house; he is the dunce and sensible man of the story, and a very good fellow. The framework of the story is weak, but as readers will take up the book for the sake of the scenes of real life, it is of not so much consequence. Where the author has worked on his own knowledge and experience, the book is good; the school scenes are especially pleasant, and the general tone of the book is fresh. It will be more acceptable to men than women, because men do not care so much for a story as for detached scenes, and those in 'Charlie Thornhill' are very spirited and well written.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

Songs in the Night. A Collection of Verses by the late Grace Dickinson. (Wertheim & Co.)—These are songs in the night in sad verity! sung by a poor bed-ridden woman in a union workhouse. The description of the circumstances under which they were sung is touching indeed—one of those pathetic facts of life which beat the best fictions of literature. Grace Dickinson became an inmate of the Halifax workhouse in consequence of being in a decline; and it was there she wrote this collection of verse. At first she jotted her thoughts down on a slate—later she was unable to do this; but curiously enough she had learnt the deaf and dumb alphabet on purpose to converse with a poor deaf and dumb workhouse companion, and when she could not sit up in bed to hold her pencil, she dictated her verses to her mute amanuensis. Books have been composed under many singular conditions, but these we look upon as among the most singular and interesting. The chaplain of the Halifax union workhouse vouches for the verses being a genuine expression of the writer's religious feelings, and as such they give us one more proof

that many and many a jewel of God gets trampled and darkened in the mire of this world that shall one day shine very brightly in its heavenly setting. They also suggest the thought that men in the position of workhouse chaplains may do a world of good and be great comforters to suffering souls who are let out of life by that grimest door of death, the pauper's grave. Blessings be upon all who in this way are true to the Master's work! Several of the pieces in this little book may fairly claim a place in collections of hymns, as the following characteristic specimen will show:—

My lot on earth is poor and mean,
My circumstances sad indeed;
But Jesus cheers the dreary scene:
He meets me in my greatest need.

He smiles on me though some may turn,
He pities fallings none can see;
He welcomes me, whoe'er may spurn:
How kind my Jesus is to me!

He comforts and he succours me;
He teaches me to look above,
Beyond this life and its rough sea,
To yonder land of rest and love.

He hushes all my passions still,
He makes the storm become a calm,
Brings sweet submission to his will,
And holds me with his mighty arm.

He makes the curse a blessing prove;
He turns my sorrow into joy;
He teaches this hard heart to love,
And make His praises my employ.

He turns my darkness into light,
He makes this earth become a heaven;
Gives inward peace 'midst outward fright:
All glory to His name be given.

—The piety is better than the poetry—such is often the case with hymns; and, apart from the literary estimate, the little book deserved publication for the facts which it contains. There must be many kind hearts that will be touched by the story to put forth a helping hand; for it appears that when poor Grace Dickinson fell worn out at the workhouse-door she had with her a burden of two children. These she had toiled hard for during eighteen months of widowhood, and failed at last. These are still living in the workhouse. The book is printed in their behalf; and the dying mother would undoubtedly have thought her verses had won ample fame if she had known that they would be of service to her little ones, as we trust they may be.

The Teacher's Crown (with Notes), and Minor Cadences. By Alexis Paget. (Dublin, M'Glashan & Gill; London, Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—The Teacher's Crown is partly a versified record of the author's school-days and partly a dissertation upon various topics suggested by his narrative. Mr. Paget pays an ardent and, probably, a deserved tribute to his village schoolmaster, and we intend no slight to the good man's memory in saying that self-knowledge was not among the benefits which he conferred upon his pupil. This is a science the mastery of which depends more upon the scholar's nature than the preceptor's skill; and it is but too obvious that Mr. Paget has not attained it. He shows no qualifications for his self-imposed task. His attempt at didactic narrative has neither suggestiveness of thought nor interest of story. Simple facts and harmless truisms are hidden in such patchwork of metaphor that the reader has before him all the pains of discovery without any of its rewards. Here is an instance:—

Go, classmate, to thy work! build up a fame
With goodly deeds and freeborn truth; nor fall
Before that hideous idol of fair name—
POLICY—whose oblation is the gall
Of Error mingled with the wine of Truth;
Her hellish talons gloved with godly sooth.

How the oblation, which is at once "the gall of error and the wine of truth," can be at the same time "hellish talons," and how these talons can be gloved with "godly sooth"—the word "sooth" really meaning truth or reality, not, as the writer implies, show or appearance—is a problem that may be solved when that peculiarity of mind is explained which could deliberately put on record such jingle as the following:—

Unknown before
That sacred stream
Whose waters dream
Along the shore,
As, mirrored on its bosom, gleam
The fairy beauties of Glenmore.

But Mem'ry's hand,
With pow'r untold,
Grasping, shall hold
Those mountains grand;
And o'er her swanlike bosom fold
The drapery of sky and land.

No more again
Shall ALL we meet
With converse sweet
In yonder glen;
Nor, one by one, those strains repeat
That issue from the Poet's pen.

We have read verses as puerile as Mr. Paget's before, but none which—if we except a few devotional pieces—are so pretentious or ushered in with such an air of importance. The writer complains, in his Preface, that the critics have "complexed the subject of poetry with their irreconcilable definitions"; and he therefore gives the public liberty to read his matter either as poetry or prose. The public has, however, the choice of a third course, which, we fancy, will be the one adopted.

Evenings with the Muses. By Frank Stephens. (Ewins & Co.)—Why these verses are so called we do not see, unless the author alludes to his own mental twilight, and wishes to leave the reader completely in the dark. Morning or evening he has not been with the "Nine" at all. There is nothing in the pamphlet to warrant the jaunty affectation of its preface; and the dedication to Alfred Tennyson will be resented by those who read it as presuming and insolent. The verses themselves merit neither praise nor blame: the manner in which they are presented smacks of Malvolio.

A Field Full of Wonders. By Charles Smith Cheltnam. With numerous Illustrations. (Routledge & Co.)—This little book, no doubt, may prove instructive and entertaining to those who are more ignorant than Mr. Cheltnam respecting grass, crows, moles, grasshoppers, hedgehogs, earwigs, toads, frogs, rats, newts, butterflies, ants, wasps, redbreasts, larks, spiders, sparrows, bees, snails, ladybirds, field mice, worms, squirrels, gnats, leeches, cockchafers and flies. We, however, have read the book through without finding a single original observation in it to prove that the author has ever used his eyes, except in reading the books of other writers on natural history. Now, compilations are at best but bad reading. They blunt curiosity instead of whetting it. They give their readers something to say, instead of a desire to observe and know. It would be a good thing if it were an established rule among the students of the natural sciences, never to read any book which does not contain new observations.

Complete Solutions of every Class of Examples in Algebra. By T. Wharton, B.A. (Longman & Co.)—This is what we must call a thundering lot of examples, which we hope no one will work right through. But any one may go on until he finds he has the power he wants in one subject after another. It is well suited to the time: and, accordingly, we find a large supply of those conundrums which are called "problems" producing equations. Much time should not be wasted over such things: the little knack of sharpness which they foster will be gained soon, or never. The following is one of the most full-blown flowers of a dubious plant which we ever saw: "A regiment in which there are between 10 and 100 officers and twice as many sergeants, in clearing the streets during a revolution, loses two officers: and after storming a barricade in which 3 more fall and 1 accidentally joins, is obliged to retreat, and loses other 3. Whilst engaged in clearing the streets, the liability of an officer to fall is half that of a sergeant or private, but at the barricades as 4 to 3, and in the retreat as 3 to 4. Also, on leaving their barracks, the number whose left-hand digits are the sergeants and right the officers, is 20 more than ten times the number of privates; but in coming back (including the officer who joined) it is only 13 more, the number of officers being still greater than 10. Required the state of the regiment at first!" Here is a problem for a Woolwich examination! For all this, the book will answer the purpose well, and it has what a teacher wants, plenty of it.

Record Revelations: a Letter, &c. By an Irish Archivist. (J. R. Smith.)—This is a letter to the Treasury on the Calendar of Chancery Rolls in Ireland, recently published under the direction of the

Master of the Irish Rolls. Had a work of literary pretension met our eye with such a specimen of bad taste as "Let there be light!" for a title-page motto, we should have felt inclined to accede to the request by throwing the book on the fire. But as it is only a complaint about the execution of a public work, against the justice of which the impugner's taste proves nothing, we read the pamphlet, and were pleased to find that, so far as appears, the author may have more sense than the reader of his title would give him credit for. It is a plain statement, to be answered by those whom it concerns, of inaccuracies and improprieties, especially of plagiarisms. On this last point the originals and the copies are given side by side, the resemblances being very close. The author complains generally of injustice to Ireland, on which we can only say, Go to the House of Commons, in which an Irish gnat will be seen with the naked eye, when an English camel would be invisible through a microscope.

Galileo and the Inquisition. By R. R. Madden. (Burns.)—This is a review of all who have written on the subject of late years, by a Roman Catholic. It will be useful for reference: but we do not find anything in it to demand separate notice. The author wants information on many points, by which he makes his caseless strong than it might be. A vestige of the practice of attributing all the works of the Diffusion of Knowledge Society to Lord Brougham is to be found: surely by this time a professed searcher into the Galileo affair might have known that the 'Life of Galileo' was written by Drinkwater Bethune.

A History of Christian Missions during the Middle Ages. By G. F. Maclear, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)—A History of Missions suggests something like those reports to the missionary societies which set forth that Brother Smith has been ill, but has now a congregation of thirty, four of whom seem inclined to listen. Very differently, however, will the pages before us strike the reader. Here we have it how the king or chief was converted in one dialogue by some holy hermit, and baptism or death the edict of next morning to all his subjects; with many an incident of as striking a character. The book is interesting reading, and the author has drawn from numerous sources. His Middle Ages run from the fourth to the sixteenth century; and the narrative will give definite shape to the notions of many whose history of the spread of Christianity, from the time of the Apostles to that of Luther, is summed up in a vague picture of St. Augustine and St. Patrick coming over with mitres on their heads, and establishing cathedrals.

L'Esprit des Volcans,—or spirit of thieves,—or thieves' wit, with a vocabulary of French slang, is the name of a poor and trashy book, by Emile Colombry, and published in the Hetzel Collection. Of such a subject much might have been made, but the volume never rises above the average of the Percy Anecdotes. To the curious in dialects, however, the vocabulary in slang will not be without interest. It curiously illustrates how a man may speak perfect French that is not at all the French of Paris, and how very ordinary words do not bear the meanings assigned to them by ordinary dictionaries.

Of Religious Publications we have to record, *The Kingdom and the People; or, the Parables of our Lord Jesus Christ explained and illustrated*, with a Preface by the Rev. E. Garbett (Sealey),—*The Importance of Linguistic Preparation for Missionaries in general; with some Remarks on Christian Literature in Eastern Vernaculars*, by the Rev. C. H. H. Wright (Williams & Norgate),—*Shall the Burial Service be Revised? an Appeal to the Most Reverend the Archbishops and the Right Reverend the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland*, by Fiat Justitia (Wertheim),—*Ipsissima Verba; or, "Those be the very Words. Are they Wise? are they Safe? A Letter to Lord Ebury in reference to his Lordship's Bill, intitled, 'An Act to amend the Law respecting the Declaration of Assent to the use of the Book of Common Prayer, required of Ministers and others of the United Church of England and Ireland'*, by D. C. L. (Wertheim),—*My Ministerial Experiences*, by the Rev. Dr. Büchsal (Strahan & Co.),—*Scripture*

Facts and Scientific Doubts, by G. Palmer (Hamilton).—*Answers to James Morrison's Questions on the Shorter Catechism*, by a United Presbyterian (Simpkin).—*A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London on the State of Subscription in the Church of England and in the University of Oxford*, by the Rev. Dr. Stanley (Parker).—*England's Crown of Rejoicing*, by the Rev. M. Margoliouth (Wertheim).—*The Spirit Witnessing with our Spirit*, by the Rev. D. Moore (Parker).—*The Perfected Work of the Spirit*, by the Rev. Dr. Alfred (Parker).—*Counsels and Warnings before and after Confirmation*, by the Rev. W. B. Casparn (Parker).—*The Negro Race not under a Curse*, by the Rev. A. Crummell (Wertheim).—*The Work and the Word; or, the Dealings and Doctrines of God, in relation to the State and Salvation of Man, summarily Reviewed, Reconciled and Recommended in accordance with the Dictates of Human Reason*, by T. M. Mason (Wertheim).—*Evidences of the Antiquity and Universality of a Belief in the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, with an Explanation of some Ancient Religious Customs, Rites and Symbols*, by a Layman (Hall & Co.).—*On the Inspiration of the Bible*, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth (Rivingtons).—*The Book of Bible Prayers*, by J. B. Marsh (Simpkin).—*Thanksgiving: a Chapter of Religious Duty*, by Frances Power Cobbe (Tribner).—*Tracts for the Thoughtful on Matters relating to the Religious Condition of the Age* (Freeman).—and Vol. I. of the Rev. T. G. Horton's *Lectures on the Romans* (Freeman).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adrian l'Estrange, or Moulded out of Faults, cr. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Altogether Wrong, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.
 Berkeley's Handbook of British Mosses, 8vo. 21/ cl.
 Bonar's A Week's Course of Prayers for Families, 18mo. 1/ cl.
 Bradshaw's Overland Guide to India, Egypt, China, &c., 1863, 5/ cl.
 Brotherton's Respectable Sinners, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
 Brown's British, Colonial, and Foreign Postage Stamps, 4th ed. 1/6
 Browne's The Pentateuch, in Reply to Bishop Coleman, 8vo. 3/ swd.
 Carter's Doctrines of the Church of England, 2nd ed., 4/ cl.
 Church of England, Congregational Edition, fc. 8vo. 1/6 cl.
 Chronicle of Carlington, the Rector and the Doctor's Family, 10/6
 Clark's Outlines of Surgery, Lectures at St. Thomas's, fc. 8vo. 5/ cl.
 Conolly's Study of Hamlet, fc. 8vo. 5/ cl.
 Cornhill Magazine, Vol. 7, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
 Critical Analysis of the Pentateuch, &c., cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Davies's Glimpses of our Heavenly Home, 5th ed. fc. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Davy's Devon Herd Book, Vol. 4, 8vo. 10/ swd.
 Deane's The Schoolmaster of Alton, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.
 Dendy's Legend of the Lintel and the Ley, cr. 8vo. 9/ cl.
 Denise, 2 vols. fc. 8vo. 10/ cl.
 Engineer's Handy-Book, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Elliott's The Broad Way & The Narrow Way, 2 Sermons, cr. 8vo. 2/6
 Estlin's War Pictures from the South, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.
 Evangelical Theory, cr. 8vo. 1/6 cl.
 Family Friend, Vol. for June, 1863, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Foster's Essay on the Improvement of Time, ed. by Ryland, 6/ cl.
 Galligan's New Paris Guide for 1863, with plates, new ed. 10/6 bd.
 Gardner's Household Medicine, 2nd ed., revised, 8vo. 12/ cl.
 Goodwin's Hand, the Song in the Street, fc. 8vo. 9/6 cl.
 Helen and her Cousins, or Two Months at Ashfield Rectory, 1/6 cl.
 Helmore's S. Mark's Chant-Book, roy. 8vo. 4/6 swd.
 Henry's Christ All in All, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Historic Character of the Pentateuch Vindicated, 2nd ed. 8vo. 6/ cl.
 History against the Bible, by B. Fisher, Pt. 2, 8vo. 1/ swd.
 Jackson's Repentance, its Necessity, Nature and Aids, 7 ed. 1/ cl.
 John Dobson, the Young Apprentice, 18mo. 1/6 cl.
 Kasprovicz & Cornet's Manual of Polish Conversations, 18mo. 3/6
 Lacordaire (Abbe), Memoirs of, by the Count de Montalembert, 10/9
 Laird of Logan, new ed., fc. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
 Lee's Principal Baths of Germany, France and Switzerland, V. 1. 7/ London Society, Vol. 3, 8vo. 9/6 cl. g.
 Lord's Prayer, The, illustrated by Friddle, 4to. 15/ cl.
 Lowe's Popular Natural History of Great Xarmouth, cr. 8vo. 3/6
 Maitland's History of the County of Devon, fc. 8vo. 4/ cl.
 Michelet's La Sorcière, the Witch of the Middle Ages, cr. 8vo. 7/ cl.
 Ministration of the Spirit, Sermons at St. Mary's, Oxford, 8vo. 7/6
 Moore's Elementary Treatise on Mensuration, fc. 8vo. 5/ cl.
 Moun's Adventures among the Andaman Islanders, 8vo. 16/ cl.
 Murray's Ancient History until the Death of Augustus, post 8vo. 7/6
 Murray's Biographical Annals of Parish of Colinton, cr. 8vo. 3/6
 Nullity of Metaphysics as a Science among Sciences, fc. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Patrick on the Appearing of Jesus Christ, by Dean of Ely, 8mo. 3/6
 Parry on Kneeling in the Communion Office of Bk. of Prayer, 12/6
 Pratt's Haunts of the Wild Flowers, fc. 8vo. 1/6 bds.
 Punch, Re-issue, Vol. 22, 4to. 5/ bds.
 Ramsay's Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, 2c. 8vo. 5/6
 Redding's Yesterday and To-day, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.
 Scott's Waverley Novels, Vols. 15, 'Redgauntlet', fc. 8vo. 1/ swd.
 Seller's Roman Poets of the Republic, 8vo. 12/ cl.
 Smith's (Goldwin) Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery? 2/6
 Whitehead's Rate of Mortality in Manchester, 2nd ed. 8vo. 3/6
 Wilson's Registration of Title to Land, 8vo. 12/ cl.
 Wood's Mrs. Hallibarton's Troubles, cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.

THE SHAKSPEARE CELEBRATION.

SINCE our last impression came out some very good names have been added to the Shakspeare Committee, including those of Earl Russell, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Lord Chief Baron Pollock, Gen. Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart., Sir Fitzroy Kelly, William Ewart, M.P., F. W. Gibbs, David Roberts, R.A., Tom Taylor and Alfred Tennyson. The Committee is now strong, and its increase in strength is a question, not of power, but of convenience. It is now large enough for its special purpose. All the needful arrangements for the public reading at St.

James's Hall have been made, and a notable addition to the Shakspeare Fund may be confidently expected from the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Keane. As to the details of that public reading, the announcements by placard and advertisement tell everything that need be told; and we may pleasantly regard that affair as having been put on the sure, highway to success. When this is achieved, there will remain for consideration how we can give effect to the great desire of our countrymen to commemorate, in some worthy manner, on a scale of sufficient magnitude, and to an appropriate end, the third centenary of our national poet. We have done much for Handel; we cannot do less for Shakspeare. It is only a question of—how?

That there will be some sort of celebration of Shakspeare's birthday next year—other than the annual dinners of literary clubs—may be taken as the starting-point. Indeed, it is proved by many facts that the 23rd of April, 1864, will be celebrated in every part of this globe in which the language of 'Lear' and 'Hamlet' is spoken or read—in London, in Calcutta, in New York, in Sydney and Quebec, in Cape Town and San Francisco, in Boston and Kingston. The demonstration may be more or less general, more or less imposing. In some places it may begin and end in a dinner and a speech; in some there will be a procession, a dramatic performance, a lecture on the poet's genius; in others, again, the celebration may take all these forms. The dinners and the speeches may be regarded as general and certain; but that on the Poet's natal day the sun, in his visitation of the great belt of provinces and cities which constitute the empire on which he never sets, will shine from hour to hour on a succession of festivities in the name of Shakspeare, no man can doubt. In London alone, unless some general scheme should draw the lesser to the greater, there will be a dozen clubs and public bodies each making its own demonstration on that memorable day, for some special purpose of its own. That it would be well, if it were possible, to bring these committees into free communication and mutual help, nobody, we imagine, will dispute. It is only by a common effort that anything worthy of Shakspeare and of England can be done. Even the Handel Festival required a vast deal of organization. The question is, how to harmonize all interests, so as to bring the various activities to a common centre. If this attraction were once achieved, some of the preliminaries of success in the great celebration would be secured.

The Shakspeare Fund Committee held a meeting on Monday, at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, when the subject of extending the labours of the Committee, so as to include in its objects a movement in favour of organizing the Shakspeare Festival of 1864 was broached. It was found to be a general idea, and was considered to be opportune and feasible. The response obtained to a partial appeal from men of rank and letters proved that the name of Shakspeare is one to conjure with. Most of the replies expressed a strong devotion to Shakspeare, and a warm desire to be associated in any public scheme to do him honour. It is not supposed that any member of the Committee would object to the proposed extension of its labours—should those labours appear to be necessary to the success of the celebration next year. Shakspeare is the first consideration. That it would be well to have one grand Committee, such as the Prince of Wales might be asked to preside over, may be assumed. If such a grand Committee can be formed elsewhere, let it be done; if help be required in forming such a body, a Special Shakspearian Committee which already includes within its ranks many of Her Majesty's Ministers, many eminent judges, poets, and historians, many excellent artists and commentators, may very well offer its aid towards the end which all of us have in view.

The parties to be mainly considered, so far as London goes, are three. There is the Shakspeare Fund Committee, which Mr. Halliwell may be said to represent; the committee of noblemen and gentlemen which began in the Garrick Club—though its members are not confined to that pleasant brotherhood; and the body of gentlemen who

meet the Urban Club. Each of these parties has a separate existence, and a different object. Mr. Halliwell's purpose is to buy the Shakspeare estate, in Warwickshire, including Anne Hathaway's cottage and freehold. The Garrick Club are mainly concerned for the Dramatic College, in behalf of which they would devote any of their surplus fund. The Urban Club propose as their chief end to erect a statue to the Poet somewhere in London. Now it happens, fortunately, that all these objects are legitimate, and might, with due subordination, be made to rank in the same general plan. All parties would consent to a statue of Shakspeare being the first thing secured; and no one would object to any surplus which might remain being handed over to the Dramatic College or the Shakspeare Fund. We do not think there would be any great difficulty in either amalgamating the various committees or in harmonizing the several projects. Goodwill towards the purpose in view would supply the lubricating kindness of spirit.

THE POST-OFFICE.

THE Report issued by the Postmaster General tells us how his department treats obscurely or imperfectly directed letters, and such as cannot be delivered. Whenever a letter is found, the address of which is illegible or incomplete, it is passed at once to the "blind officer," whose duty it is to try to decipher the writing, to correct any evident mistake or omission, and to put the letter in course to reach its destination. The "blind officers" are supplied with all the principal London and Provincial Directories, Guides and Gazetteers, by the help of which, and of their own intelligence, they generally succeed in making out the destinations of the letters referred to them. They are indeed able at once to dispose of many letters which a stranger would consider it impossible to find owners for. A letter is always presented in the first instance at the place to which it is addressed; but, if wrongly directed, and the name is known to the letter carrier, it is then offered to the person for whom it is supposed to be intended. Unless the cause for non-delivery is conclusive, no letter is sent to the Returned Letter Branch without the attempt to deliver it being repeated by another letter carrier. After leaving the letter carriers' hands, the address of every undelivered letter, and the endorsements it bears, are carefully examined by a superior officer, who is held responsible for discovering any wrong treatment it has undergone, and for having recourse to any further available means of finding the owner. The regulations by which this officer is guided are framed with the double purpose of leaving no reasonable chance of delivering the letter untried, and of insuring its speedy return to the writer if these efforts prove unsuccessful. It is, however, considered better that the sender should be aware, as soon as possible, that the letter has not reached its destination, than that the letter should travel about with but little probability of its ever reaching the person for whom it is intended. On its arrival at the Returned Letter Branch, every letter is first examined by an experienced officer to make sure that it has been actually presented as addressed, and that the reasons assigned for its non-delivery are sufficient. In doubtful cases the Directories and other books of reference in the Returned Letter Branch are consulted, and, should it be found that there has been any oversight or neglect, the letter is immediately re-issued. The addresses of some letters are at once seen to be erroneous. Thus—"Lombard Street, Manchester"; "St. Paul's Churchyard, Liverpool"; "Ludgate Hill, Newcastle"; all obviously intended for London; or "London" is sometimes added in mistake for a provincial town. Such letters are at once sent out for trial at what are believed to be their real destinations. In the same manner, letters for officers in the army and navy, when on service, for dignitaries in the church or state, and for other persons of rank or eminence, whose correct addresses are known or can be ascertained, are immediately sent to their right destination however erroneously directed. About 300 letters, &c., are thus re-issued daily. When it has been fully ascertained that nothing further can be done to effect the delivery

of a letter, such letter if it contains an address, is returned to the writer on the same day that it reaches the Returned Letter Branch; and when possible this is done without breaking the seal, or examining the contents; some hundreds of letters being returned daily by means of information on the outside of the covers. If, on opening a letter, it is found to contain any article of value, the address and contents are recorded for reference in case of inquiry. When such letters contain the sender's address they are specially returned, and a signature obtained for them; and if there is no address in them, pains are taken to discover the writer by the names or addresses of persons mentioned in the letter, or in other ways. Bills of exchange, cheques and money orders almost always furnish a clue to the senders, and inquiries are often made of bankers and others. When all the efforts to effect a delivery fail, the letter, if from abroad, is retained from one to two months, and then returned to the country from which it was received; but if it originated in this country, and does not contain property, it is not preserved. A much larger proportion of the undelivered letters could be returned if the senders were more careful in writing their names and addresses fully and plainly inside, or if they were embossed on the envelope. With few exceptions these regulations apply also to newspapers and books.

Owing to the successful measures which the Post-Office authorities have adopted, very few losses, of late years at least, have occurred from defalcation. More than twenty years ago, however, a postmaster, who owed the Office more than 2,000*l.*, but who had given security for only part of that sum, absconded, leaving an unpaid debt of upwards of 1,000*l.* The recovery of this debt had long been regarded as hopeless, but a short time ago a letter was unexpectedly received from the postmaster's son inclosing a remittance in payment of part of his father's debt, and expressing a hope that after a time he should be able to pay the remainder; a hope which was soon realized, every farthing of the debt having now been discharged, in a manner most creditable to the gentleman concerned.

The number of newspapers delivered last year was nearly 78,000,000, which is about half a million more than in the previous year; and the number of Book Packets was rather more than 14,000,000, being an increase upon the previous year of about 1,700,000, or nearly 14 per cent.

Hitherto there seems to be no tendency to abandon the old practice of sending Valentines. Last year the number of Valentines which passed through the London Office was upwards of 430,000, showing an increase of more than 20,000 upon the previous year; and in the present year there has been a further and yet larger increase.

It is found that more than 91 per cent. of the inland letters are sent in envelopes; but the number of foreign and colonial letters so despatched is, as might be expected, smaller; being about 65 per cent.

Without counting home services, such as those to Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Orkney and Zetland, the voyages performed by the mail packets during the year were equal, in the aggregate, to more than 8,000,000 of miles, and the cost (including payments by the Colonies) was nearly 1,000,000*l.* sterling, or about 6*s.* 4*d.* per mile. The most distant point to which mails are conveyed by British packet is Auckland, New Zealand, about 15,000 statute miles from Southampton; the nearest is Calais, twenty-six miles from Dover. The excess of time, when the packets were too late, was often a few hours only; sometimes only a few minutes.

Several instances occurred of remarkable punctuality in the delivery of mails conveyed over great distances, even when such punctuality was dependent on packets arriving at a point of junction by different routes. Among them were the following:—1st. The arrival of the mails *via* Marseilles despatched from Sydney, New South Wales, distant nearly 13,000 miles, on the 22nd of September; from Calcutta, distant 8,000 miles, on the 10th of October; from Shanghai, distant upwards of 11,000 miles, on the 19th, and from Hong Kong, distant upwards of 16,000 miles, on the 27th of September. These mails were all due in London on the 13th of

November at midnight, and they arrived one hour and ten minutes before that time. 2nd. The mails from the West Indies and Central America despatched from Southampton on the 17th of September, were delivered at the Danish Island of St. Thomas, distant more than 4,000 miles, at the precise moment at which they were due, viz., at 6 A.M. on the 2nd of October. On the same voyage the mails for Jamaica and Demerara, conveyed in each case by a separate branch packet, were delivered within a few minutes of the time at which they were due; while the mails for parts of Central America and for the Pacific were delivered at Colon, on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Panama, distant 5,400 miles, thirty minutes after time, the packet having been detained at sea that precise time by H.M.S. Orlando; and the mails for Chili, after having been conveyed with others across the Isthmus of Panama, were delivered at Valparaiso, distant nearly 9,000 miles from Southampton, two hours before the appointed time.

The total number of steamships employed in the packet service, exclusive of tenders, &c., is ninety-six, with an aggregate of 140,000 tons and of 36,000 horse-power. The largest and most powerful packet is the paddle-wheel steamship *Scotia*, of 3,871 tons and 1,000 horse-power, belonging to Messrs. Cunard, Burns & Maciver, the contractors for the North America Service; and the smallest is the *Vivid*, of 300 tons and 128 horse-power, the property of Mr. Churchward.

During the year 1862 there was a large number of shipwrecks in the mail service, five packets having been totally lost; viz., the *Karnak*, in entering the harbour of Nassau, Bahamas; the *Lima*, on a reef off Lagarto Island, in the South Pacific Ocean; the *Cleopatra*, on Shebar Reef, near Sierra Leone; the *Colombo*, on Minicoy Island, 400 miles west of Ceylon; and the *Avon*, at her moorings in the harbour of Colon, New Granada. The only loss of life was in the case of the *Cleopatra*, where one officer and four Kroomen were washed from a raft in endeavouring to reach the shore and were drowned; nor was there any considerable loss of correspondence, although many letters on board the *Colombo* arrived in a state requiring the greatest care in drying and handling to prevent their crumbling to pieces, while others were found reduced to a hopeless state of pulp.

Experiments are in progress with a view of seeing whether, without undue hindrance in the despatch of the mails, or in the sorting on board ship, registered letters, at least, may not be packed in bags or boxes which are waterproof.

THE ABBEVILLE HUMAN JAW.

Nash Mills, Hemel Hempstead, June 2, 1863.

THE articles which have appeared in the *Athenæum* and the letters of Dr. Falconer in the *Times* have placed the public in possession of the conclusions at which the conference of English and French men of science arrived with regard to the human jaw and flint implements from the gravel beds of Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville.

I had seen both jaw and implements at Easter, and had expressed an opinion as to the implements in question being of recent date, and I was in consequence summoned to the meetings both at Paris and at Abbeville, but unfortunately was not able to attend. From what I had seen of the implements and what I knew as to the circumstances of their discovery, I was surprised at the verdict agreed to by the majority of those present. I could not see what possible evidence could have been adduced that would determine that "the human jaw had not been fraudulently introduced into the pit at Moulin-Quignon," for it seemed to me that the utmost that could be proved on this head was that about which there was no dispute, viz., that M. Boucher de Perthes and others saw the jaw-bone still engaged in the bed, and believed the surrounding gravel to be undisturbed.

It was further found, with the one dissentient voice of Dr. Falconer, that the greater part, if not all, of the flint instruments discovered about the same time as the jaw are authentic. This finding was not based upon the characteristics of the implements themselves, but upon the fact that some members of the conference and others who had

visited the pit had seen the implements in question exhumed, from what they believe to be undisturbed portions of the gravel. Had it been clearly shown that the four implements of peculiar character discovered during the excavations made by the conference had been fraudulently introduced into the beds of gravel, there can be no doubt that the whole of the suspected *haches* would have been at once condemned, and that the jaw would in all probability have fallen under the same condemnation. We have here, then, the basis of the whole verdict—the *belief* of such members of the conference as witnessed the finding of the implements that the beds in which they occurred were in their undisturbed natural condition.

When I look at the eminent names of those who were present at this meeting, for many of whom, indeed, I have the highest possible esteem and regard, and in whose powers of observation I should under ordinary circumstances place the most implicit reliance, I feel how presumptuous it is to suggest that on this occasion they may possibly have been mistaken. The evidence of the flints themselves is as strong as possible in one direction; the evidence of those who found them is equally strong in the other. But in the one case it depends on physical facts, in the other on observation.

In a case of such conflicting evidence, a judgment, if it be necessary to form one, must be based on a balance of probabilities; and, unwilling as I am to be driven to such a conclusion, it appears to me more probable that, under circumstances of great excitement, there may have been an error on the part of such able observers, than that there should have been such a conjunction of exceptional circumstances, both as to the flints themselves and the manner of their discovery, as is implied by their being reckoned authentic.

I will now point out some of these exceptional features, a portion, but not all of which were discussed at the meeting of the conference. Genuine flint implements, from the drift of the valley of the Somme and elsewhere, as an almost invariable rule, present some one or more of the following characteristics: glossiness of surface, dendritic markings, calcareous incrustations, and discoloration, varying, of course, with the nature of the beds in which they have lain. Of upwards of 150 in my own collection there is not one but what presents at least one of these signs of antiquity. The suspected *haches* have not one of these characteristics, but when washed their surface is as fresh as if made the same day. The pebbles in the "black band" in which the *haches* are said to have been principally found are, without exception, more or less stained by the ferruginous matrix, a stain which cannot be removed by washing. The same remark holds good with those said to have been found in more ochreous beds. The suspected implements, though coated with this matrix, are, when washed, perfectly unstained. All the genuine implements formerly found at Moulin-Quignon are variously discoloured and patinated, and in general slightly rolled. The surface of the suspected implements is as fresh as if recently shaped, and, as a rule, the edges are quite sharp and uninjured. Genuine implements have been hitherto comparatively rare at Moulin-Quignon. The suspected implements are now found in abundance. The usual form of the flint implements from the drift are now well known. Some of the suspected implements are of "new types," and all, to a certain extent, differ from the ordinary forms. Genuine flint implements have been found at Moulin-Quignon for upwards of twenty years. It is only within the last few months that those of the suspected character appear to have presented themselves, and then not only at Moulin-Quignon, but at the Porte St.-Gilles, Mautort and Épergnette, in beds on three different levels, and probably differing in geological age.

Beyond this, the internal condition of the jaw, pronounced by Dr. Falconer and Mr. Busk to be "wholly irreconcilable with an antiquity equal to that assigned to the deposits in which it was found" throws additional doubt on the whole discovery, and still further strengthens the case against the worked flints. When, therefore, we find them combining every attribute of novelty with the absence of every

characteristic of antiquity, and "discovered," not singly, but by dozens, not in one place only, but in three or four, their authenticity may well be questioned.

But when I add, that the suspected *haches* first shown to me by M. Boucher de Perthes were all smeared over with the ferruginous matrix as if to disguise their natural colour, that some have iron marks upon them as if chipped out with an iron hammer, that many of them are apparently made by the same hand, and some are identical in form and character of surface with celts, said to have come from the peat beds of the valley of the Somme, but which present no appearance of antiquity, and that I purchased a twelvemonth ago an indisputably forged drift-implement from one of the *terrassiers* of Abbeville, I think I have said enough to show that I was justified in pausing before accepting the verdict of the conference as final.

But I have now been again to Abbeville, in company with several friends, and the further observations I have thus been enabled to make have, in my opinion, placed the question as to the suspected implements beyond all doubt.

On proceeding to the pit at Moulin-Quignon, a workman, who was there in waiting for us, commenced a search in the gravel, and under the eyes of Mr. Lubbock, Mr. J. W. Flower and myself, dug out an implement of the suspected character, which had apparently rested on the face of the "black band," though concealed at the time by a few inches of talus. It was carefully picked up by the edges and its surface left untouched; and yet, in the parts which were not concealed by portions of the matrix, there were visible small striae, just as if it had been smeared by hand or brushed with the dark ferruginous clay of the band to give it its colour. On no other smooth surfaces of flints from the same spot could we discover these striae, but a recently fractured surface smeared by myself with the clay, presented the same sort of marks. The implement differed in colour, as well as in the character of its surface, from any other flints dug out at the same time, and when washed was as fresh-looking as if just broken. Having found this specimen, the workman soon gave up digging, as if it were useless then to look for more.

On our return to the pit the next day, after some difficulty in obtaining work-people, we resumed operations, and a genuine implement and a portion of another were discovered, though not *in situ*, but no others until after we had left the pit, when one was brought after us which was said to have just been found. I at once returned, and our workman of yesterday, who was the solitary witness of the finding of the *hache*, pointed out its supposed place in an ochreous sandy seam, every pebble of which was discoloured. The surface of this implement had been rubbed in places to remove the adhering matrix, but I marked with a pencil round the outline of the parts on which the matrix still adhered apparently intact, and on dipping it into water all the sand fell off, leaving a surface which presented the most evident marks of having been smeared or brushed all over with ochreous clay in order to colour it, as on washing it further it became as fresh as if just broken. These marks or striae were not such as could have resulted from the passage of sand over the surface, but were evidently hand-made smears, such as would have disappeared had the implement lain any length of time in the ground. These implements must therefore have been smeared or brushed in order to give them a fictitious colouring, but recently before being found as supposed *in situ*! There remains therefore not the slightest doubt on my mind that a fraud, and a most ingenious and successful one, has been practised by some of the Abbeville *terrassiers*.

Such a result is but the natural consequence of the demand for flint implements from the drift which has arisen since attention has been called to these, the earliest relics of man. It may be paralleled by the frauds practised in Italy and Egypt, where the excessive demand for antiquities is met by a corresponding supply of forgeries.

It may be asked why, when so many genuine flint implements had been found in the beds of Moulin-Quignon, and there was therefore no reason why the bones of the men who made them might

not be found there also, it was worth taking so much trouble to prove that a certain small number of implements reputed to have been found there were false, and the jaw which accompanied them probably unauthentic? To this I reply, that trivial as the question may appear the consequences of a wrong answer to it are most important. For if these implements, without a solitary sign of antiquity about them, had been determined to be undoubtedly genuine, we should have then had no characteristics left whereby to distinguish true from false, and should have been at the mercy of every unprincipled flint-knapper and gravel-digger who thought fit to impose upon us.

Allow me to add a few words to caution a section of your readers against jumping to any such conclusions as that, because there may have been one error in observation, therefore all the observations on the occurrence of the works of man in undisturbed beds of gravel have been illusory, that because certain flint implements are fabrications therefore all are false, or that because a human jaw, supposed to have been found in the drift, is modern, therefore man did not exist at the time when this drift was deposited. On the contrary, let them rest assured that the energy which has been displayed in investigating a mere minor matter such as this Abbeville case, shows how thoroughly the great question as to the contemporaneity of man and the extinct mammals of the drift has been examined, and remember that it is the experience thus acquired that has served to detect this imposition, even though it would, if undetected, have told in favour of the views of the detectors.

JOHN EVANS.

ART IN ROME.

IN the intervals of severer and more worldly occupations, what greater luxury or repose can there be than in visiting a Roman studio, and particularly if that studio be Gibson's! The work of Gibson this season, though it is but a repetition, is a *Hébe*, of the size of life, resting easily on the left leg, whilst the right is slightly drawn back. She is in the act of presenting a cup of nectar to the gods. A gold bandeau around the head secures the hair, which is coloured, as is the body, except where the drapery relieves, and I would say redeems, it. Underneath is the apt inscription, *HBH ÆQVN KAAAIETA*. It is a noble work, and the original was secured to our country by Mr. Howard Galton. Repetitions of it have been ordered this season by Sir Francis Goldsmid and Mr. John Bowring. The bandeau is carried round the head and supports the nodus at the back,—a great improvement, by the by, on the ugly network which ladies wear, and is sanctioned by high classical authority. By the Greeks it was called the *opisthosphendone*, and, decorated with stars as Gibson has represented it, it is an elegant ornament. Small repetitions of the coloured *Venus* have been ordered, too, by the Prince of Wales and Mr. Bowring. One of Mr. Gibson's largest works now in course of execution is a bas-relief for Mr. Saubach representing 'Christ calling to him little Children.' It consists of eighteen figures, and graphically describes the various dispositions of our human nature. A man on the left is explaining the scene to two attentive women, one of whom, a mother, is trying to lead her struggling boy to the Saviour; another is urging on her child; before them are two girls,—one of them, the elder, has already yielded her heart to Christ, whilst her younger sister is shyly looking over her shoulder. A little, fearless fellow is leaning on the Saviour's knee, and looking boldly into a face which is full of sweet benevolence. With his left arm Christ clasps a little girl, whilst his right hand is extended. The other figures which complete the group are all expressive. A Wounded Warrior is a new work. So is, almost, a bust of Lady Lilah Clifden. It is rarely that Mr. Gibson executes a bust, but he could not resist the beauty of that head and face. The last work to be noticed is descriptive of the death of Mr. Preston, who was the purchaser of the original coloured *Venus*. He is seated in a chair, whilst his wife hangs over him from behind, and in the midst of her grief is soothing him. His four children are around him, and hovering in the air is an angel ready to receive his soul. It is full of

touching sentiment. In his studio there is also a pretty work, executed by Miss Hosmar for Lady Marian Alford: it is a Cupid seated on a Dolphin, and is intended for a fountain.

Taking other studios in the order in which I visited them, Mr. Storey has a grand and colossal statue of Judith. The moment is supposed to be just before she slays Holofernes; and the sculptor has dignified the act by his mode of representing it. Her left hand and her face are lifted towards heaven as in prayer; whilst in her right hand, from which the full, loose sleeve has fallen back, she holds a sword. The figure is draped in a long robe. This noble work is well adapted to, and would adorn, a public building. The same may be said of 'Saul,' who is imagined at the moment when the evil spirit comes upon him. It is a colossal figure, seated in an antique chair. The eyes are dilated with madness; the right hand grasps his beard. The royal Saul is draped in a regal robe, and, in spite of his mental alienation, is every inch a king. 'Sappho' is seated carelessly on the side of an antique chair, against which she leans; whilst her folded hands and her whole expression indicate the utmost despondency at having been abandoned. The left shoulder is nude, the drapery having fallen from it; by her side is a harp. 'Sappho' is a commission for Mr. Stirling Crawford. Besides these works, there is in Mr. Storey's studio an 'Infant Bacchus on a Panther.' With his left hand thrown back, he supports himself on his steed, whilst in his right he holds above his head, which is upraised, a bunch of grapes.—Mr. Gatley deserves to be better known as the Landseer of sculpture. He has long been employed on a *basso-relievo*, representing the Re-joining of the Israelites after the passage of the Red Sea—a grand work, which is intended for Edinburgh. A man of grand conception and of infinite labour, all his studies are from the life, and there are figures of Lions in his studio which, perhaps, are only second to those of Thorwaldsen or Canova. It is saying much, but let visitors another season go and see. 'A Bull being led to the Sacrifice' is also another work in Mr. Gatley's peculiar and life-like style. A pretty idea is 'Narcissus,' reclining on the left arm, with the left leg crossed under the right. He is looking into a fountain; behind him is 'Echo,' half-stooping, with her left hand at her ear. She is half-nude, whilst Narcissus is nude. Another beautiful figure is that of 'Echo,'—a favourite subject with our sculptors. With her left hand raised to her ear, she is looking intently forward—eye and action alike telling the history of the fable.—Mr. Mozier, an American, maintains the honour of his country. Of all his great works he has been executing repetitions. His 'Esther,' which was in the Exhibition last year, was sold to an American, and he has executed another for a countryman. 'The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish' he has repeated several times; and the 'Tacite' and 'Truth,' companions, the originals of which were executed for Astor Place Library, have been repeated seven times. 'The White Lady of Avenel' is a new design and work of this winter. 'The Peri,' who has at last gained an entrance into Paradise, is a new work, executed for a lady in Washington. Her left hand, which hangs down, has three tears upon it; whilst in her right hand she holds one of the "thousand goblets." Her face breathes her delight.—

Joy, joy for ever, my task is done;

The gates are passed, and Heaven is won.

'Jephtha's Daughter,' which was exhibited in London last year, and bought by Mr. Tite, has been repeated for Chicago.—Who has not heard of the 'Highland Mary'? It is one of Mr. Spence's happiest works, and has been repeated seven times. The original was executed for the Queen, and, in a reduced form, it is now being repeated for another commission. The 'Parting of Hector and Andromache,' full of heroic vigour and of womanly affection, is being done for Mr. Brassey. The likeness of Miss Gibbs, Mr. Spence is executing as the Highland Mary, and who could fail to love it? 'Jennie Deans appealing to Queen Caroline in the Garden for her Sister' is an order for Mr. Bowring, and, in a reduced form, is being

done for Mr. Richardson. 'Flora Macdonald mourning for the Departure of Prince Charles' is a noble subject, and full of expression. It is a commission for Mr. Morris, of Liverpool; but there is nothing in this studio so charming for its sentiment as the 'Angel's Whisper.' By the side of a sleeping infant an angel kneels, and hanging over it whispers in the ear. W.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Her Majesty proposes to pay a visit to the Royal Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday, to see Mr. Durham's Memorial of the Great Exhibition and Statue of Albert the Good. The visit will be private, the gardens being closed to the public on that day. But the streets through which she will pass are open and the approaches to the gardens broad; so that of the many millions who will rejoice over her partial re-appearance among her people, some will be able to obtain a glimpse of their Queen.

The annual dinner of the members of the Society of Arts will take place this year at St. James's Hall, on Saturday the 20th of June, under the presidency of Her Majesty's Solicitor General, Sir Roundell Palmer, M.P.

A Select Committee of the Guild of Literature and Art, consisting of Mr. Charles Dickens, Sir E. B. Lytton, Messrs. R. Chambers, W. H. Wills, C. Wordsworth, and F. Ouvry, has for some time been considering plans for remodelling that institution. At length they have made a Report to their clients, in which they say:—"We find that to make life assurance a qualification of membership of the Guild is attended with difficulty and hardship, inasmuch as a case has already occurred in which the life of one of the original promoters of, and workers for, the Guild cannot be assured in any life office. And we find that, for various reasons—pecuniary and otherwise—the classes eligible as professional members are not generally disposed thus to qualify themselves. We find that the attempt to establish a sickness fund as a qualification of membership has failed, by reason of its small sphere of action. We recommend therefore that the prosecution of these two objects be discontinued, and that the qualification of professional members shall, for the future, consist in the payment to the funds of the Guild of an annual sum of one guinea each, in addition to the entrance fee of one guinea; such contribution to cease on the part of any member who may (in accordance with the recommendations we shall presently offer) be chosen as an occupant of one of the Guild's free dwelling-houses, or as the recipient of one of the Guild's annuities. We recommend that the funds of the Guild shall be (for the present) wholly devoted to such purposes as are contemplated by 'The Grand Institution.' Towards this end Sir Bulwer Lytton, present at our second meeting, agreed to fulfil his generous promise to give the Guild a piece of land, consisting of two acres, on which to build dwelling-houses, agreeably to the recital in the preamble of the Act of Parliament. We recommend that on such piece of land three free dwelling-houses be forthwith erected, with all necessary fixtures and fittings, at a cost for the whole not exceeding 1,500*l.* The occupants of these free dwelling-houses to be elected by the Council, and not to be debarred from following their usual avocations. We recommend that the income of the Guild derivable from the remainder of its funded capital, and from annual subscriptions or other sources, be devoted to the granting of annuities to professional members, either occupants of the dwelling-houses or not, according to the discretion of the Council, after making due provision for the current expenses of the Guild, including the repairs of the residences to be erected, power being reserved to the Council to accumulate and invest income as they may think fit." These recommendations have been adopted by the Guild.

Prof. Lister, of Glasgow, is appointed to deliver the Croonian Lecture at the Royal Society, on the 11th inst. The subject announced is 'The Coagulation of the Blood.'

Those who are interested in the history of Art would do well to look in at Messrs. Christie's in the course of next week to see a very curious collection of

early Italian pictures, previous to their dispersion by public sale on Friday and Saturday. They were the property of the late Davenport Bromley, who purchased largely from the Otley, Solly, Fesch and Woodburn galleries. He commenced his collection at a period when pictures of the earlier Italian masters were little known and less cared for. The present management of the National Gallery has done much to prepare the public to look at these primitive works with a proper interest, and it is to be hoped that the Director, Sir Charles Eastlake, will avail himself of this opportunity of adding several historical celebrities to our national collection. Mr. Davenport Bromley rarely contributed to the British Institution: he sent a few, and confessedly not his best, pictures to the Manchester Exhibition, in 1857; and the choicer part of his paintings, many of them large altar-pieces, were secluded in his country-house of Wootton. His interesting picture of 'The Burial of the Virgin, and Christ receiving the Soul in his Arms,' by Giotto, and mentioned by Vasari, will alone repay the trouble of a visit. It was seen at the British Institution during the term of the Manchester Exhibition.

Herr Julius Lax, the gentleman who called attention to Schiller's intentional mystification in 'The Robbers,' is of opinion, that the perplexing marginal reference to Krake, having served its turn in deceiving the founder and the professor of the "Karlschule," should not be played by Schiller's publishers on the public at large. In this we agree with Herr Lax. Few of Schiller's readers ever see Pallese. It would certainly be well if, in future editions of Schiller, the reference were explained by a foot-note.

The Oxford Local Examinations have been going on in various cities and towns throughout the country during the present week. There is an increase in the number of candidates, the total being 1,071, of whom it was expected more than 1,030 would actually present themselves. This steady advance from year to year affords satisfactory evidence of the estimation in which the examinations are held; and we have no doubt they will continue to rise in public esteem, as their bearing upon middle-class education becomes more evident. It has always appeared strange to us that, considering how little parents can know of what their sons are doing at school, until it is too late to remedy defects, they do not more frequently insist upon having their acquisitions tested by so highly qualified an authority as the University of Oxford or Cambridge. The efficient and faithful schoolmaster will be glad of an opportunity of showing the results of his teaching; and, as a general rule, it may be safely concluded, that those whose pupils habitually do well at these examinations, are entitled to public confidence. The examiners announce that the results of the present examination cannot be made known till nearly three months hence, a period longer than is required at other examinations, and far beyond the apparent necessities of the case. In their solicitude to avoid a hasty decision upon the merits of each candidate, they seem to overlook the inconvenience of long-continued suspense.

The Report of the Director of the National Gallery has unusual interest this year. Much of its substance has already been rendered in our recent account of the new purchases of pictures. 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' Vandyke, has been added since the last report.—22 works were lent to the International Exhibition; 42 were removed,—9 to the National Gallery, Dublin; 7 to Edinburgh, and 23 for the use of the Art Department, South Kensington. Bequests of Haydon's 'Punch,' by Dr. Darling; 'St. Hugo,' in the dress of a Carthusian, holding a crozier, as Bishop of Grenoble, oil, attributed to G. Mansueti; 'Ecce Homo,' by L. Spagna, oil; 'St. Catherine,' crowned, and with the instrument of her martyrdom, by Pinturicchio, and the 'Madonna and Child,' school of Perugia, four works left by Lieut.-Gen. G. Moore, have been accepted. A 'Portrait of an Astronomer,' F. Bol, has been given by Miss E. A. Bennett. Seven pictures have been protected with glass during the past year: making, in all, foreign pictures, 92; British school, 32; and 202 frames of drawings. The students'

attendances in Trafalgar Square, 92 days, were 5,283; South Kensington, 154 days, 6,802. Average daily attendance of students of oil painting, Trafalgar Square, 41; South Kensington, 24; of painters in water-colour, respectively, 16 and 19. Of the number of copies made, we learn that Vandyke's 'Gervartius' maintains its ancient pre-eminence, as it should, being an excellent subject, with 12 copies; Guido's 'Ecce Homo,' a very bad subject for practice, has occupied, we might say wasted, the time needed to make 11 copies; Murillo's 'St. John and the Lamb,' 8 copies; the inferior Greuze, 'A Girl's Head,' 6 copies; and most unworthy of all, the hard and feeble picture by Dyckmans, 'The Blind Beggar,' 4 copies. This is, however, a smaller number than in preceding years; we trust soon to learn that students will cease to occupy themselves with this frivolous and meretricious production. The total number of visitors to the National Gallery has been, for the year, 2,146,261; of which 904,892 went to Trafalgar Square, and 1,241,369 to South Kensington. The difference is explainable by considering that the gallery in Trafalgar Square stands alone as a collection of pictures independent of the South Kensington Museum's attractions, and consists, for the most part, of the less popularly attractive works by old masters. The International Exhibition must also have brought a large number of visitors to the section of the National Gallery at South Kensington.

We wish Sir Edwin Landseer may live for ever, but one-third of his number of sixty years and one has passed since he received the commission to execute the famous African lions that will some day astonish us in Trafalgar Square. No man has yet seen even the models for them, nor anything more solid than a drawing on paper, and it is reported that the sculptor's visits to the Zoological Gardens, where he has dissected several lions, are incessant and so alarming to those brutes that each one turns tail when the growl is passed that he has arrived. He will forgive us, under these circumstances, for jogging his memory once more. It is twenty years since the granite Nelson was mast-headed, and yet nothing has been done towards finishing the National Memorial the price of blood for which was honourably paid by the great Admiral more than fifty-eight years ago. Why, he might have lived another life of forty-seven years, gone to the North Pole for us, been at another Calvi, St. Vincent, or Santa Cruz, won another Nile and another Trafalgar for us, and been almost forgotten again, while we are loitering over the monument. Upon Sir E. Landseer lies the performance of this duty. If the price of 3,000*l.* for the four lions be, as may well be, not enough, the nation that has just voted seventeen times that amount to commemorate the Prince Consort will not grudge a few thousands more to the best artist she has for the work due to Nelson. England can afford to do this seeing that she has saved a good deal of money by letting the man who slew the Admiral's slayer, Lieut. Pollard, who still lives at Greenwich Hospital, remain a lieutenant ever since. Enough has surely been saved out of the Lieutenant to pay for the lions.

The estimates for Public Education, Science and Art, this year were asked and granted at the sum of 1,386,417*l.* Public education, Great Britain, takes 804,002*l.* Of this, 316,221*l.* is for the grants remaining to be paid according to the Code of 1860. For elementary schools under the Revised Code, 239,146*l.* For fabric and fixtures of premises and support of training-schools, 173,605*l.* For administration, 75,030*l.* The total expenditure for this object from 1839 to December 31, 1862, has been 6,710,862*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*—an enormous sum, out of which 2,344,160*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.* has been given in stipends to pupil-teachers and gratuities to schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and 1,514,522*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* for building, enlarging and furnishing premises. The Science and Art Department takes 122,882*l.* Of this, 5,020*l.* goes for general management in London (against 4,750*l.* for last year), schools, 46,650*l.*; South Kensington Museum, &c., 33,971*l.*; School of Mines, 7,034*l.*; Geological Survey, 11,069*l.*; special purchases from the International Exhibition, 5,000*l.*; total increase, 6,187*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

(there are 89 Art-schools, having, in all, 88,265 students). Public education, Ireland, costs 306,016*l.*, (increased 15,112*l.* since last year). Scottish Universities, 19,905*l.*; Queen's University, Ireland, 2,296*l.*; Queen's Colleges, Ireland, 4,800*l.*; British Museum, 90,541*l.*; (decrease, 8,471*l.*); National Gallery, 16,028*l.* (increase, 4,075*l.*); Historical Portrait Gallery, 1,500*l.*; scientific works and experiments, 7,141*l.*; Royal Society, 1,000*l.* On the whole estimate a total decrease is shown of 23,697*l.* since last year.

Dublin, it appears, has its troubles with the locomotive Frankenstein as well as London. An Irish Shandean writes in denunciation:—"Would you let us put on record a protest against the monstrous sacrifice about to be made to the god of steam and rails, now fast becoming the greediest of all the greedy Molochs of our day. Never was there so hideous a promise of convenience (and even this benefit is debatable) purchased at so frightful a cost of all that is beautiful, as in this Dublin Metropolitan Railway, which cuts clean through our noblest streets, and, with a perverse wantonness, obstructs every classical view and vista. Anything more odious than the effect cannot be conceived; and a sort of temporary model which has been wisely put up, has become an eyesore, almost painful for those who, like Leigh Hunt, revel in the cheap out-door shows of city and country. I firmly believe, that the constant viewing of monstrosities like this, must degrade the tone and general morale of the populace."

A letter from Berlin tells of considerable activity among artists, and of some encouragement given by the Government, although it confirms the general complaint of feudal and military sympathies overriding all sounder maxims. This symptom of disease is most apparent in the new statues of Prussian generals, erected in the Wilhelms Platz; bronze works having been substituted for the former ones in marble, as better able to bear exposure. The extreme poverty of the new bronzes, and the care with which the details of regimental costume, down to the number of the buttons, have been observed, to the entire exclusion of all artistic merit, are severely censured; while the removal of the marble statues "out of the air" means only that they have been placed in the open court of the Cadets' College, and the excuse for putting them there is that they are too heavy to be set up inside the college in question. The sole advantage of the new bronzes is said to be that they are not railed in, and that the nurses and maid-servants of Berlin use the pedestals for benches. The valuable collection of Rauch's remains, which was bought six years ago by the Government, and which amounts to about 800 works, including the last great group on which the sculptor was engaged, is left unordered and uncatalogued. Meanwhile, Adolf Menzel, the painter of Frederic the Great, is at work on a large picture of the Königsberg coronation, a subject which excited so much unfavourable comment two years ago. The King has bought Lessing's picture of 'Huss at the Funeral Pile' for the National Museum, and statues of eminent men in art and science, beginning with one of Winckelmann, are being prepared for the hall of the same building.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admittance (from Eight till Seven), 1*l.*; Catalogue, 1*l.*
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, Esq., E.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark.—Admittance, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.—Admittance, 1*l.*—Gallery, 33, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admittance 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF DECORATIVE ART, at the HALL of the PAINTERS' COMPANY, No. 9, Little Trinity Lane, City, commences on MONDAY, June 1, and continues for One Month.—Admittance Free, from Ten to Seven daily.
F. G. TOMLINS, Clerk.

W. P. FRITH, E.A.'s Picture of THE RAILWAY STATION.—This celebrated picture is NOW ON VIEW, at Mr. Plakou's Fine Art Gallery, 11, Haymarket, from 11 till 6.—Admittance 1*l.* A Descriptive Pamphlet, by Tom Taylor, M.A., 6*d.*

RAPHAEL.—THE HOLY FAMILY, by Raphael, being returned from the inspection of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House (who has been graciously pleased to express his admiration of it), is NOW ON VIEW DAILY, at 191, Piccadilly.—Admittance 1*l.*

LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—LAST THREE WEEKS.—SCENES at CHANSONS COMIQUES, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS during the month of June, when the Entertainments must positively terminate, in consequence of M. Levasor's Continental Engagements.—To commence each Evening at Half-past Eight.—Seats (Unreserved), 2*s.*; Stalls (numbered), 7*s.*; a few Fauteuils, 10*s.* 6*d.* each.—May be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street, W.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—MONDAY EVENING, June 8, 'Much Ado about Nothing'; WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 10, 'King Lear'; and SATURDAY MORNING, June 12, 'King Henry the Eighth'. To commence each Evening at Half-past Eight, and Saturday Morning at Three o'clock.—Seats (Unreserved), 2*s.*; Stalls (numbered), 5*s.*; a few Fauteuils, 7*s.* each.—May be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—June 1.—Gen. Sir H. C. Rawlinson, Director, in the chair.—M. H. Scott, Esq., was elected a non-resident, and Gen. Sir J. Low, a resident Member.—A paper was read by J. Muir, Esq., 'On Manu, the Progenitor of the Aryan Indians, as represented in the Hymns of the Rig-Veda.'

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—May 27.—T. J. Pettigrew, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—R. B. Hay, Esq., and W. Holdgate, Esq., were elected Associates.—The Rev. E. Kell gave an account of a recent find of a hoard of coins at Farringford, Isle of Wight, the seat of A. Tennyson, Esq. They were in number 250, and were found by a labourer in an urn, which was broken into fragments. The coins were of the time of Gallienus, of whom there are several, also of his wife Salonica, various examples of the two Tetricuses, Victorinus Postumus and Claudius Gothicus. They are of brass, though many appear as silvered over.—Mr. Blashill exhibited a drawing of a Roman tessellated pavement recently found near the site of the portico of the East India House. It forms a square of about five feet, set in a floor of common red tesserae. The pattern is ingenious and beautiful. Under it were found broken portions of plaster, with red, black and grey stripes, very perfect as to colour. The pavement has been removed to one of the rooms of the building, and can now be seen to advantage.—Mr. Powell delivered in a Pedigree of Derwentwater, of Castle Rigg upon Derwent, and accompanied it by a rubbing of the brass of Sir John Ratcliff and Alice his wife in Crosthwait Church, the heraldic bearings on which were peculiarly placed.—Mr. Gunston exhibited a fine iron lance-head found at Queenhithe.—Mr. Cuming sent remarks upon this and other early lances in iron, and drawings of the Holy Lance from various authorities.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—June 1.—E. Christian, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read, by Mr. W. Lightly, 'On the Principles to be observed and the Processes to be employed in the Decoration of Churches.'

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—June 1.—F. Smith, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. A. R. Wallace was elected a Member.—Exhibitions:—By Mr. Stainton: certain Lepidopterous larva mining the leaves of the hazel; the same larva had been found on *Ribes sanguineum*, and in the north of England in birch-leaves; it was most probably that of *Incurvaria pectinea*. By Mr. Waterhouse: British specimens of a species of Homalota, apparently undescribed, and which he named and characterized as *H. platycephala*; it was closely allied to *H. gregaria*; five specimens had been taken, four in the corridor of the Crystal Palace, and the fifth in the courtyard of the British Museum.—By Mr. Bond: hermaphrodites of *Anthochorus Cardamines* and *Papilio Machaon*, the former captured near London, the latter from Whittlesea Mere; in both specimens the right side of the insect was of the female form, and the left side of the male form.—

By the President: drawings of two hermaphrodites of the Honey-bee: in the first specimen the right side partook of the male characters, the antenna, eye, anterior and intermediate leg being male, whilst the wing and posterior leg were female or worker, and the left side was entirely worker; the second specimen was partly male and partly worker, the left side partaking of the male characters; the left eye, antenna, wing, anterior, intermediate and posterior leg being of the true male form; and the abdomen was considerably enlarged on the left side.—By the President: specimens of *Branla cæca*, which on the Continent had been found to be very destructive of the honey in beehives; it had only recently been found in this country, and had been imported with the *Apis ligustica*, in a hive of which species the exhibited specimens had been discovered.—By Mr. M'Lachlan: three new British species of Trichoptera, viz., *Hydropsyche ophthalmica* (Rambur), *Philopotamus columbina* (Pictet), and *Psychomyia derelicta* (n. sp.).—Papers read:—By Mr. M'Lachlan, 'Notes on the above-mentioned Trichoptera,' with a diagnosis of the new species.—By Mr. Stainton, 'On *Tinea vivipara* (Scott), described in the *Transactions of the Entomological Society of New South Wales* as being viviparous in its habit.'—By Mr. Stainton, 'Notes on the Proceedings of the Entomological Society of Philadelphia.'—The Secretary read a letter from Mr. C. A. Wilson, of Adelaide, giving a brief account of the entomological captures of Mr. F. G. Waterhouse, the naturalist attached to the South Australian exploring party under Stuart, which had recently succeeded in crossing the Australian continent from Adelaide to the north-west coast and back again.

Special General Meeting.—After the conclusion of the ordinary meeting, a special meeting was held, pursuant to notice given, for the purpose of considering the following Report of the Library and Cabinets Committee, dated the 30th of March, 1863:—"That the present income and the financial prospects of the Society do not warrant this Committee in believing that the Society is or will be able to provide the sums requisite for forming a collection of British Insects which shall be worthy of the Society, and for maintaining the same in a satisfactory state. This Committee therefore recommends to the Council that the Society's collection be discontinued, and that proper steps be taken for the disposal of the specimens and cabinets. The Committee, however, further recommends that the type-specimens be not dispersed, but be placed in some public institution where they will be readily accessible and available for scientific purposes; and the Committee suggests the feasibility of some arrangement by which the specimens in question might be placed in the British Museum." This Report was adopted.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—June 1.—W. Pole, Esq., Treas., and V.P., in the chair.—Prince Louis of Hesse was elected an Honorary Member.—Messrs. W. Barnet, J. Goulden, G. Johnson, M.D., G. Prevost, G. H. Strutt, and Miss Elizabeth Woods were elected Members.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 27.—Thomas Winkworth, Esq., Member of Council, in the chair.—The paper read was, 'Destructive Distillation, considered in reference to Modern Industrial Arts,' by Dr. Paul.

June 8.—H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair.—The paper read was by Mr. W. Hawes, 'On the Results of the International Exhibition.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
Mon. Geographical, 8*l.*
Tues. Syro-Egyptian, 7*l.*—'Dates of Pentateuch,' Mr. Sharpe.
— Royal Institution, 8*l.*—'Sound,' Prof. Tyndall.
— Zoological, 9.
Wed. Horticultural.—'Uncovering of the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851.'
— Microscopical, 8.
— Society of Literature, 8*l.*—'Phœnician Inscription, Sardinia,' Mr. Deutch; 'Ancients' Knowledge of Sources of the Nile,' Mr. Vaux.
— Archaeological Association, 8*l.*—'Leadon Objects found in London'; 'Seals of the Bishops of Man,' Mr. Cuming; 'Jewry Wall, Leicester,' Mr. Wright; 'Roman Discoveries, West Coker, Somerset,' Mr. Moore.
THURS. Antiquaries, 8*l.*—'Human Sacrifices among the Romans,' Dean of Christ Church; 'Unpublished Antiquaries of Bononiensis of Treviso,' Mr. Black.
— Royal, 8*l.*—Croonian Lecture: 'Coagulation of the Blood,' Prof. Lister.
— Royal Institution, 8*l.*—'Geology,' Prof. Ansted.

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| FRI. | Astronomical, 8. |
| SAT. | Royal Institution, 8.—'Researches on Radiant Heat,' Prof. Tyndall. |
| SAT. | Horticultural—Promenade. |
| SAT. | Royal Institution, 8.—'Electric Telegraphy,' Prof. Thomson. |

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES IN IVORY.

The Collection of Works of Ancient Art, which has been for several years past provided by the Archæological Institute, comprises this year, one of the best representative gatherings of sculptures in ivory it is possible to have. This collection is more complete than that of ecclesiastical vestments or of enamels and works in niello. How much the arts owe to the Institute may be known when it is recollected that its efforts aided, if they did not originate, the idea of the great Loan Collection of works of Art at the South Kensington Museum, to which we all owe so much.

The use of ivory has been fortunate to the arts; specimens may be seen here of all dates, and from almost all climates, from the Nimrod lions, belonging to Mr. Mayer, a carved (Greek) head of a tiger, remarkable for expression and precision of treatment, as well as sharpness of preservation. Two remarkable Roman ivories of the second century, contributed by the Monmouthshire Antiquaries' Association, were found at that ancient station of the legions, probably the most western of the Roman colonies, Caerleon-upon-Usk, a locality admirably illustrated in the recently published 'Isca Silurum.' These represent a tragic mask, and the ends of a casket. Almost all occidental classes of works in ivory are here represented, more or less completely, from these ancient periods to those of quite recent date and almost contemporary uses, and from parts of the globe as widely removed as Nineveh and Caerleon. Of Oriental works there are not a few, embracing Japanese, Chinese, Indian—a remarkable school—and Burmese, most of which, being of uncertain date, we must exempt, in the present state of our knowledge at least, from any attempted chronological arrangement.

The mass of the collection before us has been arranged chronologically, and thus illustrates the history of the art in a very complete manner. Besides the examples above named, we may quote, as of interest, the famous Fejérváry Collection, the property of Mr. Mayer, which he declined to send to South Kensington, and is therefore of novel interest to us, although known wherever the art of ivory sculpture is known. Here are the beautiful consular diptychs of Æsculapius and Hygiea, probably of the second century; that known as of the Emperor Philip the Arab, who presided over the secular games, given in the year A.D. 248, to commemorate the thousandth year of Rome; this represents three seated figures as in the imperial "box" of an amphitheatre—below are men holding shields and fighting with stags, as in the arena. Contributed by the same are two Byzantine drinking-cups (the authenticity of one of which, at least, has not been allowed to pass unquestioned); also a diptych representing the Crucifixion and the Ascension. A remarkable work of the second Byzantine period, representing Christ enthroned, in a large and very broad manner, testifies highly to the artistic excellence of that period; the throne itself is very interesting in form, as illustrating the furniture then in vogue. Of later date, are six tablets from a box of fifteenth century Italian workmanship, evincing an early attempt at the antique manner, and two paxes, of the fourteenth century, representing the Dead Christ and the Crucifixion. Mr. Mayer's contributions comprise works of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and other styles. Mr. T. G. Parry's contributions are numerous and valuable. Amongst them is a Virgin and Child enthroned, attended by angels, French, fifteenth century, a perfectly artistic work. Again, in another, Christ is seen seated on a throne placed upon a mound, attended by angels bearing the emblems of the Passion; as a piece of sculpture, hardly surpassable. Also a beautiful diptych, having for subjects the Ascension, quaintly showing the feet and robe-edges of the rising figure above the heads of those below; the Betrayal of Christ; the Annunciation, and Virgin Sleeping, treated in

the manner known to be conventional at the period of the ivory in question, the fifteenth century; the Descent of the Holy Ghost; Crucifixion, and Adoration of the Magi, a perfect work in art and preservation. Mr. Webb is not less liberal in his contributions; among them are two very curiously carved book-covers, early sixteenth century. Mr. Hope sends several fine *oliphants*, or carved ivory horns of various dates and styles; and together with other interesting items, a "Peace-Dagger," or token of amity between Hercules D'Este and the Republic of Venice, dated 1484, containing, with other carvings suitable to the object of the work, the arms of the Visconti and Colonna, as guarantors of the pledges. Other contributors of works of various dates are: Lord Amherst, Rev. Fuller Russell, Rev. J. C. Jackson, Messrs. A. Way, H. G. Bohn, Brett, E. Waterton, Wynne, Beresford Hope, Phillips, W. E. Gladstone, O. Morgan, A. Lewis, E. W. Cooke, Dunn Gardner, J. Henderson, Barraud, C. L. Mainwaring, Rolla, R. J. Pritchett, R. Blackburne of Tunbridge Wells, Canon Rock, the Hon. Mrs. Stapylton, the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, &c.

It is in Mediæval works, as might be expected, that the collection is richest; still there are here specimens of every era of Christian Art in ivory, and even consular diptychs, produced before Art had received the impress of Christianity; the like with indications of its effect, such as the Cross, defining the influence of the new religion, although most of the works have an official and some an Imperial character. Also diptychs, triptychs, paxes, pyxes and crucifixes of the times when Art existed only as the handmaid of Religion. Numerous specimens are brought together of the period when Art had once more disseminated itself amongst the people, and found an aim and object in the production of articles for secular use. Of this period are tankards, medallions, statuettes, articles for personal adornment and domestic use. A casket of the eleventh century, belonging to Mr. T. G. Parry, may be noted for its splendid top and side carvings. Mr. Webb sends a lovely sleeping figure of a boy, attributed to Fiamingo,—Mr. Philips, of Cockspur Street, a remarkably fine group, said to be by G. Gibbons, of Adam and Eve, and a large St. Giovanni, vigorously designed. The same artist is represented in great force, and to great honour, by the rare example, in ivory, of a medallion portrait of Sir Isaac Newton, after a picture by Sir G. Kneller, the property of Mr. Brett. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has contributed largely, and, particularly, as follows: a statuette of Christ at the Pillar; another of Louis the Fourteenth as Hercules, a very noteworthy example in portraiture; a fine figure, in wood, representing Labour (probably a St. Christopher); and an elaborate piece of modern Greek work. Mr. O. Morgan and others send snuff-graters of ivory: from the action of rapping which,—when it was desired to remove the grated tobacco that had fallen through,—the appellation *Rappee* probably arose. Some of these are very beautifully carved, and indicate a fine state of the art at a time when almost every branch of sculpture was in anything but a satisfactory position. Mr. E. W. Cooke sends three medallion portraits, which had belonged to Sir Walter Scott, and were presented by him to Mr. Blore,—Mr. Dunn Gardner a beautifully carved spoon,—Mr. Barraud a large crucifix, seventeenth century,—Mr. C. L. Mainwaring a fine tankard,—Mr. Blackburne's tenure horn, on silver feet, is very fine. The collection will remain on view the whole of next week,—we trust longer. It is much to be desired that something like a catalogue, even of the most incomplete nature, of such collections as this should be obtainable.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Among the results of the General Meeting of Royal Academicians on Thursday evening last, is that Mr. Witherington accepts the rank of Honorary Retired Academician; following the examples of Messrs. Baily and Cockerell, who, after a life of usefulness and service to the arts, leave the places they have held so long for younger men to fill. These three gentlemen have resolved not to stand in the way of the advancement of other men. For

the future, it was resolved that not more than four works are to be allowed to be placed below the "line," i. e. about seven feet from the ground; this is to apply to members as well as outsiders. Mr. Partridge was re-elected, for a term of five years, Professor of Anatomy. Mr. Frith's explanation respecting the non-hanging of Mr. J. Stirling's picture, as conveyed to us by the last-named gentleman in a letter from Mr. Frith himself, is understood to have been disputed. So far was it from being the fault of Mr. Frith, that a picture, which is admitted by him—one of the hangers—to be worthy of a good place, was not hung, that Mr. Knight, the Secretary, is reported to have shown that the picture in question was amongst the rejected works, and was never at the disposal of the Hanging Committee at all. The misunderstanding is a curious one; and we refer to it solely on the ground of our having been the channel through which Mr. Frith's mistake—supposing it was a mistake, and that he is really in error—was conveyed to the public.

Mr. Foley has been commissioned to execute the Cambridge Memorial to the Prince Consort,—a marble statue.

It is proposed to restore, at a cost of 240*l.*, the ancient city cross at Winchester.—A new carved oak pulpit is being placed in Lincoln Cathedral, constructed after designs by Mr. G. G. Cuthbert.

In treating so large an exhibition as that of the Royal Academy, some noteworthy items of its contents are sure to be overlooked. Such are those we now briefly notice. *Laboratory of a French Chemist* (No. 8), by Mr. W. Linnig, is excellent in tone and keeping, as well as character.—*A Hill-Side Flock* (11), by Mr. F. W. Keyl, a landscape, with sheep, has the opal-tinted distance carefully studied, and the fleeces well painted.—Mr. E. J. Poynter's *Day-Dream* (38), a young lady abstractedly fingering a pianoforte, is one of the best painted and most expressive pictures in the rooms: very solid and strong.—*Miss L. P.* (42), a portrait-study, although crude in colouring and rather incomplete in form, does Mr. G. R. Chapman great credit for its solidity, and promises much of his feeling for expression and character.—*Conquered, but not Subdued* (77), by Mr. T. Morten, a little girl, put up for punishment, who sulks with her bread-and-butter, is crude, but full of character and humour.—*Robinson Crusoe teaching his Parrot to Talk* (92), Mr. J. D. Watson, has character, but is super-dextrous in execution.—*An Autumnal Evening* (131), by Mr. V. Cole, the sun setting behind trees on the edge of a high moorland, with fern and gorse in front, is exactly what the artist so often paints with felicity, brightness and skill: it is a little mannered.—*A Winter Scene* (143) in a wood is very capably painted, solid and well drawn, by Mr. R. Butler.—*Twilight, Autumn, on the way to Sandwich* (127), by Mr. H. Williams, scene over the watery flats and sea-sands, the sun setting, his rays streaming from behind a cloud, is very solid and true: this picture is inconsiderately hung at the top of the room.—*The Moorland Edge* (137), by Mr. J. Smetham, is rather rank and crude in colour, but potent enough to promise well.—Mr. F. Talfourd's *Margherita* (95), a young lady in a dress of white and black, is solidly painted; exuberant, it may be, in style, but far from coarse, having an expression of gladness well rendered, and altogether so powerful, that we hope to see something more important from the painter, who must do well if he will do heedfully.—Mrs. D. Cooper's *Fresh Gathered* (212),—study of flowers, is crisp and clear, but a little slaty and hard.—*In the Woods, Knowle Park* (348), by Mr. J. Knight, is a fine rendering of the great serpent-like beeches of that place.—*Dead Swan, &c.* (558), by Mr. W. Duffield, if a little cold in colour, is large and solid in treatment,—the work of an artist.—Mr. E. N. Downard's *Rest by the Way* (816), sheep by a road-side, is rather hot in the shadows, but singularly felicitous and broad in colour: a happily-treated work.—Mr. R. Tucker's chalk heads, portraits (754, 778), are finely and soundly drawn.—We seldom see fruit painted so carefully or with such truth as by Mr. J. Sherrin: *Bough of Apples* (776), exquisite in textures, and *Beauties of Kent* (756), a similar subject.—

Miss R. Solomon's *Good Night* (668), a boy kissing his mother ere going to bed, is the best picture she has painted, solid and aptly expressive.—In Mr. T. Heaphy's production, Kepler at Venice mistaken for an Astrologer (696), there is much that is estimable: see the fullness and brightness of expression in the ladies' faces, who interrupt the astronomer's observations, and a good deal of dash in the execution that is at times happy; but much of these qualities is marred by mere glitter and want of atmosphere in the picture.

A sale of pictures by old masters took place at Messrs. Christie & Manson's on Saturday last. Items and prices fetched by them were as follows:—J. and A. Both, Rocky Landscape, half of cavaliers, 160 guineas (Isaacs, of Liverpool).—An Italian Landscape, with peasants, mules and sheep, near a pool, 133 guineas (Cox).—J. Both, View on the Tiber, 106 guineas (Pearce).—K. du Jardin, a Cavern Scene, a soldier, beggar and peasant gambling, 190 guineas (Evans).—W. Van der Velde, Coast Scene at the mouth of a river, stranded man-of-war being caulked, boats, calm, 212*l.* (same).—Van der Heyden and A. Van der Velde, View of a Dutch Town, the figures by the last, 105 guineas (Bourne).—Rembrandt, Portrait of a Man in a rich dress, with a black cap and a gold chain, signed, and dated 1646, 220 guineas (White).—M. Hobbema, a Wooded Landscape, peasants on a road, &c., 315*l.* (Cox).—Backhuyzen, A Sea View, a man-of-war and fishing-boats, 110 guineas (same).—The same, in a stiff breeze, three figures on the shore in front, 115 guineas (same).—Lingelback, The Hay-Cart, 210 guineas (same).—J. Ruysdael, A Rustic Water-Mill, 111 guineas (same).—N. Bercham, Landscape, peasants milking cows and goats, 175 guineas (Mainwaring).—P. Wouwermans, View before a Country Inn, 126*l.* (Cox).—Murillo, St. Francis nursing the Infant Saviour, 165 guineas (same).—Tintoretto, The Raising of Lazarus, and Worship of the Calf, both painted for the family of Da Mula, in whose possession they have been from 1570 to 1861, 110 and 100 guineas respectively (Bourne). From Mr. Solly's collection:—L. da Vinci, St. Jerome at his Devotions, kneeling before a large crucifix, which is placed on his crimson mantle and raised on some volumes of the Scriptures; to the right, a richly cultivated landscape, with buildings, rocky mountains beyond; to the left, a dense wood: from the Dominican convent Del Bosco, near Bologna, 105*l.* (Seguier).—The Madonna and Infant Christ, seated in a cavern; a bishop kneeling; St. Jerome writing; behind the last, Joseph: formerly in the Crivelli family at Milan, one of whom is represented in the picture, 209*l.* (same).—Mazzolini di Ferrara, Passage of the Red Sea, the well-known example, presumed to be the largest by him, engraved in Agincourt, 249 guineas (same).—Rubens, Portrait of Anne of Austria, 209*l.* (same). The whole produced 7,410*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, June 9, Half-past Three, St. James's Hall.—Quartet in C. Mozart; Réverie, Vieuxtemps, Violin Solo; Duet in F. Piano and Violoncello, Beethoven; Quartet in D. Mendelssohn; Piano Solo. Executants: Leopold Auer, from Pesth, first time in England, Ries, Webb and Piatti. Pianist, Halle.—Victors' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier & Co.; Austin, at the Hall; and Ashdown & Farry, 18, Hanover Square.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S MORNING CONCERT OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC. Hanover Square Rooms, June 6.—Artists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, M. Sainton, Signor Piatti and Mr. Walter Macfarren.—Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*—1, Omsburgh Street, N.W.

MR. FREDERICK CHATTERTON (Harpist to Her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, and Courts of France and Belgium) has the honour to announce his GRAND HARP CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, June 8, at Eight o'clock. The Orchestra of Harps, commencing with the Prince Consort's March, composed by Mr. Francis Chatterton, who will also perform a new Fantasia and Duet with his daughter, Madame Bohrer Chatterton, and take part in a Selection of Welsh Melodies, assisted by the West London Madrigal Society.—Artists: Mesdames Ferepa, Louisa Fanning, Taylor and Weiss; Messrs. Tennant, Montem Smith, Allen Irving and Wells, Bohrer, Kiallmark, G. B. Allen.—Stalls, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Tickets, 5*s.*, 3*s.*; to be had at all Music Shops; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, 53, Ansonia Road, Regent's Park.

S. THALBERG'S FAREWELL SEASON.—S. THALBERG'S THIRD MATINÉE and last appearance but one will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, June 8. The Last Matinée on Monday, June 15, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock.—Stalls, 5*s.*; Family Tickets, 3 Guineas; Unreserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*; to be had at all the principal Libraries; Austin's, Piccadilly; and of Mr. Fish, Hanover Square Rooms, where the Plan of the Seats may be seen.

JUNE 11th.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.—St. James's Hall.—Lemmens-Sherrington, Wilby Cooper, Lewis Thomas, Arabella Goddard, Charles Halle, Madame Lemmens will sing Blumenthal's new Song, 'A Day Dream,' and the Variations in 'Les Diamans de la Couronne.' Mr. Lewis Thomas will sing Gounod's Cantique, 'Nazareth.' Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle will play Mozart's sonata in D for Two Pianofortes. The Programme will include Mendelssohn's Psalm, 'Judge me, O Lord'; Mozart's 'Ave Verum'; and the following Compositions by Henry Leslie:—New Trio, 'Love, gentle, holy, pure.' 'Blow ye the Trumpet,' and the Grand Duet and Final Chorus from Holywood.—Stalls, 5*s.*; Family Tickets, 10*s.*; Admission, 1*s.*—Addison's, 210, Regent Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly; and all Music-sellers.

Mr. J. F. BARNETT'S GRAND CONCERT. Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, THURSDAY EVENING, June 11.—Vocalists: Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Mesdames Weiss, Laura Baxter, Mrs. Weiss, and the West London Madrigal Society. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Pollitzer, N. Mori, Webb, Paque, Ganz, and Mr. J. F. Barnett.—Tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*, at the above Rooms; the principal Music-sellers; and of Mr. J. F. Barnett, 21, Brecknock Crescent, N.W.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, South Kensington.—A GRAND MILITARY CONCERT, in aid of H.R.H. the PRINCESS MARY FUND, for Providing Nurses for the Infants of the ARMY and NAVY, will be given in the International Building, South Kensington (by permission), on SATURDAY, June 13, under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, Her Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide, The Bands of the Household Brigade, consisting of the First Life Guards, the Second Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards (Blue), the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and the Scots Fusilier Guards, will perform on this occasion.—Admission, 5*s.*; Reserved Seats, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Tickets to be obtained at Mr. Sams's Royal Library, St. James's Street; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street; Mr. Westerton's Library, St. George's Place, Knightsbridge; Messrs. Keith & Prowse's, 48, Cheapside; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly.

WELSH NATIONAL MUSIC. Song by United Choirs, accompanied by Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Percussion Concert), at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, June 13, to commence at Three o'clock, with the kind assistance of the Members of the Vocal Association, the Royal Academy of Music, &c.—Vocalists: Miss Wynne, Mrs. Edith Edson, Mrs. Eleanor Ward; Messrs. Eschard, Wilby Cooper, Lewis Thomas, Engel, Harrison, &c.—Conductors, Messrs. Benedict, Arditt and Frank Mori. Accompanists, Messrs. Ganz, Hargitt and Archer.

APTOMMANN'S BARDIC FESTIVAL.—WELSH, IRISH, and SCOTTISH MELODIES.—TUESDAY EVENING, June 16.—Vocal Association, Congress of Harps, Desnoailles Ferepa, Louisa Fanning, Montem Smith, Edith Edson, Eleanor Ward; Messrs. Eschard, Wilby Cooper, Lewis Thomas, Engel, Harrison, &c.—Conductors, Messrs. Benedict, Arditt and Frank Mori. Accompanists, Messrs. Ganz, Hargitt and Archer.

Mr. KUHE'S RECITAL OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on THURSDAY, June 18, at Three o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Sainton-Dolby, and Herr Reichardt. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each; Family Seats (Reserved Seats), to admit Three, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5*s.* each; to be had at all the principal Music-sellers; Fortman Square, W.; and of all the principal Music-sellers.

HERR MOLIQUE'S ANNUAL CONCERT will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, FRIDAY MORNING, June 19.

JUNE 22nd.—BENEDICT'S CONCERT, under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, St. James's Hall, to commence at Two o'clock. The full Programme in its entirety, immediate application for the few remaining Stalls is solicited.—At the Music-sellers'; Austin's Ticket Office, 25, Piccadilly; and of Mr. Benedict, 3, Manchester Square, W.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mdlle. ELVIRA BEHRENS and Herr FRANZ ABT have the honour to announce that their CONCERT takes place on THURSDAY EVENING, June 25. Assisted by most eminent Artists. Full particulars will be duly announced.—Address Mdlle. Behrens, 23, Dorset-place, Dorset-square.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.—HANDEL'S CANTATA.—Mr. Mitchell respectfully announces, in answer to numerous inquiries, that arrangements have been made for a Second Performance of the CANTATA, 'L'Esclavage et le Commerce,' which will take place, at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 8. The Vocal Parts by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. T. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Band and Chorus of 25 performers. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.—Stalls (numbered and reserved), One Guinea; Reserved Seats (not numbered), 10*s.* 6*d.*; Back of the Area, and Gallery, 5*s.*—Seats will be appropriated according to priority of application, and Tickets delivered on and after Monday, June 22. Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street; Addison & Lucas, 210, Regent Street, and all Libraries and Music-sellers.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—It cannot be required to say that Mr. Halle's performance, at his third *Matinée*, of Weber's *Sonata* in a flat (that most elegant, bold and fanciful of its composer's *solo* works) could not have been exceeded. This day week, too, he had recourse—as must all classical players, sooner or later, now that Beethoven has become a household word—to the library of Clementi's music, choosing, however, his specimen somewhat timidly—a well-known *Sonata* in C major. There are a dozen besides—those in B, F sharp and G minor,—the grand one in D minor, which forms the second of the 'Didona' set,—the rhythmically singular and delicate one in F major,—that in B flat, with its elaborate *cadenza* inclusive—better worth being brought forward; especially since there no longer exists any need of managing our musical public with a view of sparing its digestive powers. We duly noted the originality of Mr. Harold

Thomas's programme. The success of his concert was, in every point of view, encouraging. Of most of the unfamiliar music selected, however, we have spoken, and in some detail of its most special novelty—the singular and delicious duet from the Shakespearean opera by M. Berlioz.—It remains, then, to offer a word of sincere admiration on the new and short introduction written by Dr. Bennett for the clever 'Chasse' of Mr. Thomas, which is as delicate as it is individual; and to say that the concert-giver was playing his best, as his execution of Mendelssohn's very difficult *Fantasia* in F sharp minor made evident.

M. Thalberg's second *Matinée*, now announced as one of a "farewell" series, was held on Monday. Like other men, an artist has every right "to do what he will with his own"; but no earthly reason save this presents itself why one in such plenitude and perfection of power as he should retire from giving pleasure and instruction to the world of amateurs and pianoforte-players.

Herr Pauer's last *Historical Concert* was devoted to music by Murschhauser, Scarlatti, Rameau, Handel, Sebastian Bach (this specimen was the *Concerto* in the Italian style), Emmanuel Bach, a *Tocatta* by Clementi, Mozart, a Beethoven *Sonata*, Hummel's 'La Bella Capricciosa,' Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann. It was closed by the tremendous 'Hexameron,'—the variations on Bellini's 'Suoni la tromba,' edited by Dr. Liszt.—In his programme Herr Pauer adverts, with pardonable complacency, to the fact of his having played ninety-eight compositions during the series. The high feeling for Art which can have prompted and carried through the necessary research on the part of one so incessantly occupied as he is known to be cannot be over-estimated. It is his intention, he says, to resume—nay, also to extend—his concerts next year.

Messrs. Ewer's second concert of new music was as interesting as its predecessor. Its principal features were a Pianoforte Quartett by Herr Stiehl, Op. 40, and a Stringed Quartett by Herr Volkmann, Op. 43. The numbers affixed to these compositions may be admitted as denoting some maturity on the part of their writers; in neither, at all events, have we to complain of the violence and the vagueness which tincture too much of modern German instrumental music. Curiously, the *schizzo* in both (in Herr Volkmann's Quartett in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo) was the least interesting movement, whereas, generally speaking, the *schizzo* "comes out" the best—a certain appearance of character being inherent in the form of it. The *finale* of the Quartett pleased us by its animation and rapidity.—We have purposely spoken of these two works in company, to indicate the want which ranges them, to our thinking, among compositions of the second class. In both the ideas are distinct, and many of them pleasing; in both the treatment is judicious, showing a fair amount of constructive science and ingenuity; but in neither is there such individuality as would make the transfer of any movement from one composition to the other musically unpleasing or preposterous. It would be impossible to place an *adagio* by Spohr after an *allegro* by Mendelssohn, so clearly defined were their respective manners. Without a style of his own, let a composer be ever so clever, he is but one among the many. That there is style even in arrangement was proved in Dr. Liszt's attractive transcript of Herr Wagner's 'Spinnerlied,'—which, with a Siren *Fantasia* by Mr. O'Leary and a *Violoncello Solo* by Herr Volkmann, completed the instrumental portion of the concert. The pianist was Mr. Dannreuther, who, young as he is, and only an importation of yesterday, so to speak, has already taken a firm place among the best players on his instrument; and who will remain, we may say, in London, so decided has been his success. He wants but that which only time can add.—Miss Robertine Henderson was singing better than we have heard her; among other things, a Swiss song by Herr Dessauer, 'Mary of the Oberland,' which, like all Herr Dessauer's music, is "distinguished," (as they say in France), hackneyed though the pattern be. The other singers were Mdlle. Behrens and Mr. Lansmere.

Among other concerts of interest must be mentioned that one given the other evening, with true

brotherly sympathy, by *Mr. Lea Summers*, for the benefit of those, like himself, afflicted with blindness.—*Signor Vailati*, a blind performer on the mandoline, is here, deserving the consideration of all who care for instruments of the kind played on by him. Signor Vailati's instrument is not the most grateful as to sound of its quaint family, but he masters it, or, it might perhaps more precisely be said, caresses it, excellently well.

Madame Arabella Goddard performed Beethoven's G major Concerto at the last Concert of the *Philharmonic Society*. Madame Lehmann, from Stockholm, made her first appearance there.—The last Concert of the *New Philharmonic Society* had a more varied programme than usual—including Spohr's Symphony 'Irdisches und Göttliches in Menschen Leben,'—Schumann's Overture to 'Genoveva,'—and Mendelssohn's 'Serenade and Allegro Gioioso,' played by Mr. Halle.

To bring our list of concerts nearer completeness, we may enumerate those of *Herr Jansa* and *Miss Fanny Corfield*,—also another of *Mrs. John Macfarrren's* concert-lectures,—as having taken place.

OLYMPIC.—Under the title of 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' Mr. Tom Taylor has placed a new drama, in four acts, on these boards, in which he has endeavoured to correct the natural prejudices of society against the returned convict. He has not exactly fairly stated the case, for his hero is an innocent man, who has been unjustly accused, and is, accordingly, more "sinned against than sinning." His drama, therefore, however cleverly constructed, is no answer to the question, what is to be done with the real criminal? Society would know whether he is to be trusted. If we are to judge from the character of *James Dalton* in the play, we should reply, that he is not; for the author has drawn this individual as hardened and impenitent, necessarily, on account of the circumstances which invariably and effectually prevent his return to honest life. This man, finding it impossible to re-enter the ranks of respectability, makes up his mind to his destiny, and under various *aliases* employs himself profitably in the practices of fraud. Having seduced a Lancashire young man into the dissipations of London life, and reduced him to a penniless condition, he next tempts him to change a forged 20*l.* note at a tobacconist's shop, for which almost immediately afterwards he is taken into custody by a detective. *Brierly* (for that is the name of the youth) serves his four years at Portland, and for his good conduct obtains his ticket-of-leave. On his return, he visits one *May Edwards*, a street-singer, to whom he had given in charity two sovereigns out of the proceeds of the forged note, a right-hearted wench, whose correspondence has operated with him as a motive for his redemption, and who has used her small capital to great advantage and is thus enabled to live in very decent lodgings. These are kept by *Mrs. Willoughby*, a talkative landlady, from whose confused jargon he learns that she was the wife of the tobacconist who had changed the forged note, and suffered ruin in consequence. Just that sum he has saved from his overwork at Portland, and he sends the twenty pounds to her anonymously, "in discharge of an old debt." Employed, by the recommendation of *May Edwards*, in the service of Mr. Gibson, a bill-broker, *Brierly* is in the fair way of recovering his position in life, when the fence-keeper, *Melter Moss*, the manufacturer of the forged note, denounces him as a returned convict to his employer, and thus secures his discharge. Both *Moss* and *Dalton* are determined that *Brierly* shall not return to that society from which they are themselves shut out, and so dodge his whereabouts that he cannot get employment even as a navvy. Having reduced him to despair, they solicit him to join them in a burglary on Gibson's premises, to which he accedes, but contrives to send notice to the former by *Hawkshaw*. The thieves are taken in the act, and *Brierly*, though wounded in the conflict that follows, benefits by the opportunity of thus showing that he is still an honest man. Mr. Taylor has been extremely fortunate in his actors. Every character, without exception, is well played. Mr. H. Neville as the hero, Mr. Atkins as *Dalton*, Mr. G. Vincent as *Melter Moss*,

Mr. Horace Wigan as *Hawkshaw*, Miss Kate Saville as *May Edwards*, Mrs. Stephens as *Mrs. Willoughby*, Miss Raynham as her scapegrace son, Mr. R. Soutar as *Mr. Green Jones*, a foolish lisping young man, and Miss Hughes, as the ballet-girl whom he marries, and who, adopting the name of *Emily St. Bermond*, sings a "sensation" song, called 'The Maniac's Tear,'—one and all, both looked and acted the characters confided to them with a completeness seldom realized on the stage. Mr. Telbin, too, has supplied some very effective and appropriate scenery, and Mr. J. H. Tully the incidental music. At the fall of the curtain, all the performers were summoned to the footlights, and greeted with the unanimous approbation of the audience.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. George Vining has commenced his management with spirit. Under the name of 'Court and Camp,' he has produced a version of a melo-drama by M. Paul Meurice, which was acted some years since at the Porte Saint-Martin, and entitled 'Fanfan la Tulipe,' and appears himself in the character of the eccentric hero, whom he has named *Bibi*. This man, who is totally uneducated, is selected by the *Count Salviati* and the *Duke de Maurepas* to substitute the lost heir of a noble killed in a duel, and also to compromise the character of the *Countess Du Barri*, the mistress of Louis the Fifteenth (*Miss Amy Sedgwick*). This bluff, bold, honest fellow happens to be the friend and companion of the rightful heir, who under the name of *Angelus* is also in the army. *Bibi* is determined to do the right thing with all parties, and to defeat the purposes of the rascally Count and Duke. In carrying out his plan he encounters innumerable dangers, caused principally by the treachery of his courtly employers, who would sacrifice him in the service of the camp; but by his courage and straightforward conduct he contrives to checkmate them at every turn, until the last, when *Marshal Saxe* comes to his aid, and delivers him from the impending peril. Some part of his conduct having proved mysterious to his friend *Angelus*, an angry scene takes place, in which a young actor (Mr. J. P. Warde) sustains his part with great force and spirit. One of the most striking assumptions was that of *Marshal Saxe*, by Mr. H. Marston, who played it with dignity and determination. That, however, which will most conduce to the success of this piece is its scenery and machinery, which have been painted and contrived by Mr. F. Lloyds, and are exceedingly picturesque and clever. The explosion of the *Lawfield Mill*, at the end of the second act, and the arrangement of the *Watteau fête* in the third, are both highly creditable to the artist, and will, we think, prove attractive.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—If there were no other than opera-music this year, it would not be possible to report on that point by point and week by week, save in a journal exclusively operative:—so rapid are the changes of performance, so numerous and of unequal value are the new candidates for favour at the rival theatres. Nothing is possible for the present moment beyond recording that a new bass, Signor Fricca, a German with an Italianized name (says the *Morning Post*), has appeared for Mr. Mapleson in 'Les Huguenots,'—that Signor Baragli has not fulfilled expectation,—that a Signora Lustrans sang the other evening for Madame Nantier-Didié, in 'Il Trovatore.' There would seem such a thing as "a run of luck" in theatres as well as in gambling-houses. At present Fortune seems against *contralto* singers, no artist having that voice at all striking or even up to the average mark, having presented herself since *Mlle. Barbara Marchisio*.—On the appearance of *Mlle. Artot*, in 'La Traviata,' and *Mlle. Patti*, in 'La Gazza,' we shall report in a column to come.—The latter lady, the other evening, surprised her greatest admirers, by dramatic power hitherto unsuspected, put forth by her in 'Il Trovatore.'—Mr. Mapleson's cast of 'Faust' is as follows:—*Margaret*, *Mlle. Titieni*; *Faust*, Signor Giuglini; *Mephistopheles*, M. Gassier; *Valentine*, Mr. Santley.—M. Obin has arrived, and is to make his appearance this day week, as *Bertram*, in

'Robert,' at the Royal Italian Opera.—New York journals announce that Miss Kellogg, whose name appeared in Mr. Mapleson's programme for the season, is not coming this year.

A Festival of Parochial Choirs was the other day held by the Salisbury Diocesan Association. Eighty choirs, making up the ample number of fourteen hundred and fifty voices, were brought together.—The first meeting of the *London Motett Choir* was held on Wednesday.

The performances of the Marchesa Piccolomini-Gaetani, for Mr. Lumley's benefit, are said to have answered their object. The sprightly lady's voice, however, is not what it was.

Miss Alice and Miss Florence Phillips are engaged for this autumn's Festival of the Three Choirs.

Some three years ago, at a Wiesbaden concert, we heard Herr Auer, and were satisfied as to his remarkable promise as a violinist. It is, therefore, with much pleasure that we see announced his arrival in this country, to play at a coming concert of the *Musical Union*.—M. Lotto, another violinist of whose extraordinary executive powers our readers have heard, is here.

Never, we conceive, even in the somewhat questionable days when England got the epithet of "merry," were our countrymen so resolute to be amused, "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber," as now. It is not that they are urged by the sight of princes and princesses moving about among the treasures and pleasures of Art, with an excellently small cumber of etiquette and parade;—but in every class of society there is a determination to make and take holiday in one form or other, the existence of which, only a quarter of a century since, would have been represented and protested against as impossible.—Look at the amount of amateur industry and entertainment now to be found in the worlds of painting, music and drama. There is no taking up a journal, at the time being, without being "avised" of volunteer theatricals,—the managers of which can engage a sprightly Irish noblewoman to dance a jig, as part of the *ballet*,—of amateur concerts, where an Earl's daughter, strong enough as a pianist to deal with Mendelssohn's music, can appear without discredit to her order. There were such "unbendings," it is true, in the days of Strawberry Horace, when the Ilchesters and Ailesburys and Waldegraves acted plays, before, and, what is more, with the aid of—royal personages. But those manifestations were limited to a small circle; whereas, to-day, they are used frankly to bring the different classes of society together and to encourage that minute study of and close sympathy with Art, which must bear one golden fruit,—an increase of intelligent appreciation, and with this, of liberal patronage.

The Opéra Comique of Paris promises us for the autumn and winter season, M. Auber's 'Fiancé du Roi de Garbe,' M. Gevaert's 'Capitaine Henriot,' M. Maillart's 'Lara,' M. Massé's 'Péruvienne,' M. David's 'Hermine,' and M. von Flotow's 'Nuit des Dupes.'

M. Léon Escudier, long connected with *La France Musicale*, is about to publish his "Recollections."

Gluck's 'Orfeo' is about to be produced in New York, with Madame Vestvali in the principal character.

A meeting of Orphéonistes was the other day held in the old Southern-French town of Agen.

Olten, in Switzerland, on the 3rd of May, saw the birth of an oratorio (!)—'Helgi and Kara,' by Herr Edward Munzinger.

The sensible leading musicians of Brussels (so we must esteem them), MM. Fétis, Daussoigne-Méhul, Blaes, Mabillon, Hanssens, Bender and Samuel, have sent in a Report to the Government on the question of pitch, announcing it to be their unanimous judgment that the diapason ought not to be lowered.

The papers tell us that M. Fechter and Mr. Phelps have parted company on the troublous subject of the *Ghost* in 'Hamlet,' and that (to use the particularly new phrase) "the gentlemen of the long robe" are likely to have something to say in the matter.

MISCELLANEA

The International Exhibition Buildings.—A supplementary Civil Service estimate shows that a vote of 172,000*l.* is to be asked for the "purchase of land and purchase and alteration of buildings used for the purposes of the late International Exhibition." The following are the particulars of the vote:—

| | Total Estimate for the Service. | Vote required for 1863-4. | Further Amount that may be required. |
|--|---------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| | £. | £. | £. |
| For the purchase of land and certain buildings from Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1861 | 120,000 | 67,000 | 53,000 |
| For the purchase of existing Exhibition buildings from the contractors | 80,000 | 85,000 | — |
| For repairing, altering and eventually completing the building | 284,000 | 25,000 | 259,000 |
| Total | 484,000 | 172,000 | 312,000 |

Photo-zincography and Photo-papyrography.—It is curious to note, whenever the properties of any substance (if light can be so designated) have been discovered, and the students of the science are intent upon multiplying the variety of its applications, how by apparent accident, and sometimes coincidentally, the phenomena of a new art are suggested to persons widely sundered by place and circumstance. Colonel Sir Henry James, at Southampton, and Mr. Osborne, at the Antipodes (Melbourne), hit upon the zincograph in the same month: the latter obtaining for his invention a patent, with a reward of 1,000*l.* from the spirited and munificent Government of Victoria; Colonel James and his accomplished subordinate, Captain A. De C. Scott, resting content under the conscious sense of public usefulness with the honour conferred by the noble and enlightened of all lands. In December, 1859, an ingenious young lady asks Sir Henry how she could get her etchings cheaply printed; and he takes one of them to the Ordnance Office at Southampton, submits it to the chromo-carbon process, and transfers the imprint to the zinc plate.—This was the first zincograph. Again, shortly afterwards, one of the workmen having, by mistake, laid the ink on the wrong side of the paper, thus giving a reversed outline, Sir Henry obtains from this negative on paper a copy of the original, and ascertains that the negative can be printed on paper instead of glass.—Here was the first papyrograph. Now, by these discoveries we possess the means of reproducing, with a fidelity, cheapness, and durability hitherto unattained, copies of any subject, unaltered, enlarged, or reduced in size, and with every gradation of shade or tone; for the lithographic ink used, of which the main ingredient is pure carbon, is, like the carbonized ink of some of the ancient palimpsests, ineffaceable except by the destruction of the material on which it is inscribed. In the reduction of plans and maps the greatest deviation by the photographic process did not amount to $\frac{1}{16}$ th part of an inch in the rectangle; and even this minute error is not cumulative, and can be estimated with mathematical accuracy, if required. With deeds, MSS. and all artistic and natural objects, so minute a deviation would, even if appreciable, be of no consequence. It would not be admissible to detail here the modes and manipulation of these novel appliances of photography, which afford to all the learned professions, as well as the workers in every employment, useful and ornamental, advantages as widely diffused as the very light which is their intervenient instrument; but the manipulation is not so difficult, nor the materials so expensive, as to prevent the practice of photo-zincography and photo-papyrography even by lady amateurs, who would wish to furnish their drawing-rooms with fac-similes of objects of rare beauty and elegance, whether the originals be the productions of their own talent, or gathered from the kingdoms of Nature and of Art.

JOHN LOCKE.

Dublin, June 1, 1863.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L. R.—M. F.—W. N.—J. G.—J. J.—J. A. D. (declined)—P. F.—J. W. T.—J. C. D.—J. N.—H. Y.—G. M.—A. T.—W. R.—received.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

LITERATURE

Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders. By Frederic J. Mouat, M.D. (Hurst & Blackett.)

If modern criticism has reduced records thought to be historical to the level of myths, knocked down the Roman kings like ninepins, and left William Tell hardly any other existence than the short-lived one he enjoys in Sheridan Knowles's and Schiller's plays or in Rossini's opera, it has on the other hand raised accounts which generations have regarded as mere fiction to the dignity of history. Our ancestors would never have dreamt of looking for real facts into the pages of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, yet nothing would seem more natural than to search for historical substrata in a book which contains so faithful and vivid an account of Oriental life that a Frank on first visiting the East feels more at home than in any other foreign country, though everything around him is seen for the first time. The charming pictures Scheherazade has painted pass before him in real flesh and blood. He feels almost tempted to ask what has become of all the characters she has made him familiar with, of the talkative Barber, Morgana, and Sindbad. Does the Old Sailor still spin yarns out of the inexhaustible materials of his seven voyages? Does his back still ache from carrying the Old Man of the Sea? Were the so-called precious stones as common as blackberries in one place real jewels, or did they turn out pebbles after all? What allowance has to be made in accepting his account of that gigantic bird, the *roc*? Was he only gulling us—sailors have done such things—when he told us of savages who fattened the shipwrecked mariners and then ate them? We can believe a good deal, knowing that Malayan pirates will and did employ captives, like asses, to carry them on their backs, that Ceylon is famous for the abundance of its precious stones, and that in the island of Madagascar fossil eggs of such dimensions have been discovered that Sindbad's *roc* may not have been without its prototype in nature. But with regard to the fattening of the shipwrecked by man-eaters, we feel ourselves very nearly in the position of the old grandmother, who, after fully believing in the temples of gold and diamonds and other wonderful things described by her seafaring grandson, indignantly protested against being expected to put faith in his accounts of the flying fish. Yet the existence of the flying fish is a fact, and so are the main features of Sindbad's yarns. That sailor seems to have lived about the eighth century; and the account of his remarkable voyages, though best known to us in what may be called a popularized form in the 'Thousand-and-one Nights,' constitutes a distinct and separate work in Arabic, a translation of which into French was made by M. Langlès, and published in Paris in 1814. Baron Walckenaer had the merit of first calling attention to the real importance of this singular collection of voyages in a geographical point of view, and claiming for it a value equal to the narrative of Soliman and Abu Said, the former of whom, probably, was a contemporary of Sindbad, whose fame, like that of Marco Polo and Bruce, gets brighter and brighter the further research is pushed.

Mr. R. H. Major, in his Introduction to 'India in the Fifteenth Century,' one of the publications of our Hakluyt Society, has given a summary of what in 1857 was thought of Sindbad's exploits. In his third voyage the restless sailor is supposed to have visited the Anda-

mans,—a group of islands situated in the Bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, but of the inhabitants of which we know less than of almost any other people under the sun. One day, when Sindbad was at open sea, a tremendous tempest, probably a cyclone, sprang up, which lasted for several days, and drove his ship "near an island, which the captain would gladly have been excused from touching at, but we were obliged to cast anchor. The captain told us that this, as well as some of the neighbouring isles, was inhabited by hairy savages, who would come to attack us. That although they were only dwarfs, we must not attempt to make any resistance; for as their number was inconceivable, if we should happen to kill one they would pour upon us like locusts and destroy us. . . . We were soon convinced that the Captain had spoken the truth. We saw coming towards us an innumerable multitude of hideous savages, entirely covered with red hair, and about two feet high. They threw themselves into the sea and swam to the ship, which they soon completely encompassed. . . . They began to climb the sides and ropes of the vessel with so much swiftness and agility that their feet scarcely seemed to touch them, and soon reached the deck. They unfurled the sails, cut the cable from the anchor, and after dragging the ship to shore obliged us to disembark; after this they conveyed us to another island, from whence they had come." He then goes on to say—we quote the popular version of the Arabian Nights—that the pigmies took them into the presence of a giant, who, after examining their bodily condition, found only the Captain fat enough for eating. The others were allowed to reve about freely till they had improved, and were one after another introduced to the spit,—only a few, Sindbad amongst the number, saving themselves by flight on hastily-constructed rafts.

Even in this highly-coloured version we recognize the chief peculiarities of the Mincopie, or Andaman Islanders. They may truly be termed pigmies or dwarfs, being on an average, when fully grown, only four feet five inches in height, and weighing about 76 lb. They are certainly a most ugly race, and though not covered entirely with red hair, as stated by Sindbad, they paint themselves all over with a mixture made of oil and red ochre. Their agility and nimbleness are incredible,—their swiftness of foot surpassing belief; whilst their hostility to strangers is affirmed by all who have ventured on their shores:—

"As the cutters neared the part of the shore where they had stationed themselves (says Dr. Mouat), and they clearly perceived that we were making preparations to land, their excitement was such that they appeared as if they had suddenly become frantic. They seemed to lose that restraint and self-control which it is the pride of the savage to exhibit in time of danger, and jumped and yelled like so many demons let loose from the bottomless pit, or as if there had been a Bedlam in that locality, and they the most unmanageable of its frantic inmates. Their manner was that of men determined and formidable in the midst of all their excitement. They brandished their bows in our direction, they menaced us with their arrows, said by common report—so often a liar—to be poisoned, exhibiting, by every possible contortion of savage pantomime, their hostile determination. To use a common vulgar expression of some of the seamen, they seemed to have made their minds up to 'chaw us all up.' One man, who stood prominently out from the others, and who seemed to direct their movements, was, to the best of our judgment, their chief. The spear which he flourished incessantly was terminated by a bright, flat, pointed head, which gleamed with flashes of light, as, circling rapidly in the air, it reflected the rays of the sun.

Sometimes he would hold it aloft, poising it in his uplifted hand, as if with the intention of hurling it with unerring and deadly aim at the first who dared to approach the shore of his native island. At length, in a paroxysm of well-acted fury, he dashed boldly into the water, boiling and seething around him as it broke in great billows on the beach, and on the rocks by which it was defended, and fixing an arrow in his bow he shot it off in the direction of the steamer, as if that were the arch-enemy that had provoked his bellicose fury. * * * But meanwhile what was doing on the sandy beach, where the other party of natives were collected? There was evidently some performance of a very different description in the course of enactment there, the nature of which, when we became aware of it, fully accounted for the remarkable heroic antics of the warrior on the reef. A timid knot of frightened females, as destitute of any respectable patch of clothing as their male protectors, ran to and fro in helpless, hopeless alarm. They evidently did not know what to do, as, with those significant gestures in which untutored savages so often indulge, they expressed more plainly and impressively than they could have done by language—even if it were intelligible to us—the anxiety and terror by which they were possessed. * * * Their complexions were as black as soot could make those of our Ethiopian minstrels at home. Their small dwarfish figures were hard and angular, and their general contour the very reverse of graceful. * * * Their heads were perhaps the best part about them. They were certainly small, bullet-like appendages, but they are not otherwise ill-formed. The fact that they were entirely destitute of that natural ornament which has a graceful appearance even when the phrenological development is far from being what the professors of Spurzheim's 'mental science' call beautiful, namely, an abundant head of hair, or even any hair at all, did not at all tend to make their other defects less perceptible. The red ochre with which their bald occiputs were daubed was no doubt meant as an ornament, but we cannot recommend it as an article of the toilette, for it only rendered their appearance more repulsive."

Both sexes have no other clothing than a thick covering of soft mud, which is put on regularly every evening, to protect them against the bites of the mosquitoes, ticks, and other tormentors abounding in their islands. No sort of garment is provided for newly-born babes. If it should rain, however, while the party to which the mother belongs are on a march, a few leaves are collected and rudely stitched together by thread obtained from ratan. The leaves of which the covering is made as well as the covering itself are called *Kapa*,—a word, we would remark, which under various forms occurs throughout Polynesia, and signifies cloth, garment, covering, thatch. The Mincopie lead a migratory life, keeping chiefly near the coasts of their thickly-wooded islands, where the sea yields them a never-failing supply of turtles, oysters, mussels, and fish. They do not seem to cultivate anything, and eat only such fruits as are the spontaneous produce of their country. Their architecture is of the most primitive description. A few sticks put into the ground and covered with the gigantic leaves of palms constitute their houses. But they devote more time and ingenuity to the construction of canoes from the trunks of trees.

"The buoyancy of these boats, when they are well constructed and carefully finished, is remarkable. They float lightly on the top of the waves, and, unless they have received some injury, it is considered almost impossible to sink them. We sometimes made the attempt, but never succeeded. We fired at them repeatedly when at Port Mouat—which may be regarded as a sort of Andaman Pembroke yard, where a fleet of Mincopie men-of-war were lying in every stage of preparation—but they still floated with as great ease and buoyancy as ever. They would make most excellent life-boats,

such, we believe as have never yet been constructed by any of our most experienced boat-builders. When the Mincopie go to sea in them, they attach to some part of the boat an outrigger, in some respects resembling that which the Cingalese fishermen attach to their boats. The use of this outrigger must be a thing of comparatively recent practice among the Mincopie, for no former writers, who have given any account of them and their customs, ever allude to them. Hence many surmises have been formed as to the origin among them of this useful adjunct to their boats. But none appeared to me so probable as that which has occurred to my own mind, which easily accounts for its sudden adoption. During one of the monsoons, a Cingalese outrigger boat may have been overtaken by the storm before it could return to port, and being drifted with the currents of the Indian Ocean, from the power of which its crew must have found it impossible to escape, it may have been drifted onward at the mercy of the current, until it was, in all probability, stranded on the sandy beach of one of the Andaman Islands. On being observed by the natives, it may have been attacked by them, taken possession of, and paddled to one of their small natural, land-locked harbours, where, on examining it, they would at once be struck by the peculiarities of its construction, which they would endeavour to imitate."

We do not think that Dr. Mouat's surmise respecting the origin of the outrigger is the right one. The Mincopie canoe, as represented in one of his plates, is quite unlike the Cingalese, and closely resembles the canoes we find in the Fijian and other islands inhabited by the Papuan race. In the Cingalese canoe the pieces connecting the body of the canoe with the outrigger are bow-shaped and directly attached to the outrigger, whilst in the Mincopie and Papuan canoes, the piece alluded to—we know no English term for it—is quite straight, and hence three additional pieces of wood are necessary, which, tripod like, are inserted in the outrigger, and to which the poles are secured with strings. The difference, easily understood by comparing models or drawings, is an essential one. The Cingalese plan is the most simple and at the same time the most safe, there being a direct connexion between the body of the canoe and the outrigger, and little danger of its getting loose, whilst in the Mincopie and Papuan handiwork exactly the reverse is the case.

Nothing has been learnt, as yet, respecting the religion of the Mincopies, and it has been supposed that they are entirely without any; but we cannot accept the absence of idols as a proof of this conclusion, knowing that several Papuan tribes characterized by the same deficiency, believe in a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul; and until we shall know more of the inner life and language of the Andaman Islanders, it would be premature to indorse the conjecture respecting their want of religion:—

"When a member of any of their communities dies, the Mincopie make little if any demonstration of grief. There is neither weeping, nor wailing, nor gnashing of teeth. The body of the dead man, while still flexible, is tied tight to the knees, and then buried in an upright position. After decay has gone on for some time, and the body is almost entirely decomposed, it is again dug up, and each relation appropriating any bone of the deceased he may be able to obtain, they all commence howling over it, although so long a period has elapsed since the death of their relative. If he was a married man, the widow obtains his skull, which she suspends by a cord round her neck, carrying it about as a lugubrious kind of ornament, which, for the remaining period of her natural life, is considered as a manifestation of the affection with which she regarded her deceased husband. But this outward display is the only way in which they are really faithful to the memory of the dead.

The Nicobarians, inhabiting some islands about seventy miles or so farther south, put their dead in a bundle and bury them under trees. Once a year the inhabitants of a village carry one of their dead relations round its precincts until the body drops to pieces. It is a curious fact that the slinging of the husband's skull round the neck of the widow is also a custom prevalent among the natives of Terra del Fuego."

The origin of these singular islanders is wrapped in the greatest obscurity; the belief that they were descended from a body of shipwrecked Portuguese slaves, and that their hostility to strangers found a ready explanation in their having at one time been in degrading bondage, is pretty well exploded. But whether they are an aboriginal race, as Professor Owen is inclined to think, or related to the Papuan or some other dark-skinned races is still an open question, to the solution of which Dr. Mouat's 'Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders' furnish valuable materials.

It may not be generally known that towards the end of last century the Indian Government established a convict settlement in the Andaman Islands, but that in 1796, on account of the great mortality amongst the prisoners, the settlement was given up. A few years ago the scheme was revived, and when all India was in rebellion, and the fate of Lucknow trembled in the balance, the author was despatched by Lord Canning to explore the islands once more, with the view of finding suitable sites for such a settlement. Accompanied by a French photographer, of whose productions we should like to have seen a few more in this book, Dr. Mouat and his party made a survey of the whole group, and finally fixed upon Old Harbour, as the most suitable spot for the purpose of a settlement. Their intercourse with the natives was most unsatisfactory. Generally the Andamans greeted their visitors with a discharge of arrows, and then disappeared in the woods. Nobody could follow them, their swiftness of foot being extraordinary, and their running over the entangled roots of the mangrove swamps a feat which no one could hope to imitate. Dr. Mouat's party, in self-defence, were obliged to fire upon them, and they succeeded in capturing a native boy, who was taken to Calcutta, where he became the lion of the season, and collected such crowds around Dr. Mouat's house, that it was found necessary to dress up a lay figure, and place it at some other house; a trick proving effectual till discovered by the crowd. The boy, to whom the sailors had given the name of Jack, was very docile and became a great favourite; but Dr. Mouat's black servants could never become reconciled to him, fancying that he was a cannibal like the rest of his nation; but for which infatuation, as the author remarks, there is no direct proof. Jack, however, though receiving much kindness, did not thrive, and his return to the Andaman Islands was resolved upon:—

"He was at first conveyed ashore in the clothes he usually wore at Calcutta, but the reflection immediately occurred to those in whose charge he was, that in that condition it might not be possible for any of the natives to recognize him. He was therefore stripped, with his own consent, and left naked on the shore, a condition to which he had been accustomed all his life, except during the short period of his sojourn at Calcutta. * * He took an affectionate leave of all who had accompanied him, appearing very dejected and low. The crew of the boat were very unwilling to leave him behind, and were it not that they believed it was for the benefit of his health, they would not have done it, so lonely and sad did the poor fellow appear. After taking a last farewell, they rowed out to the ship, gradually losing sight of him, still standing silent and melancholy in the same place;

and, as soon as they had got on board, they steamed away from the Reef Island on their return to Calcutta. After this sad parting nothing was ever seen or heard of our captive again. Alas, poor Jack!"

Dr. Mouat's book rather increases than satisfies our curiosity as to the pigmies of the Andaman Islands. Whilst forming a most important and valuable contribution to ethnology, it will be read with interest by the general reader.

Gleanings from Westminster Abbey. By G. G. Scott, R.A. Second Edition, considerably enlarged. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

"That you will take none other sepulchre than mine, and that you will lie by my side in the abbey at Westminster," were the last words of Philippa the Beloved to Edward the Third. How many of us that walk by the graves of these two think of the tenderness of the farewell? We know the prayer was granted; in seven years they met again, and the piety of five centuries has spared their tombs, no hands having lifted the lids. These words alone are enough to render sacred the Abbey that surrounds the grave of her whose entrance into it Froissart describes in words no Englishman ought to be ignorant of as part of the history of a place holding so much glorious dust. Lord Berners, as usual, renders the passage best:—

"There fell in Englande a heuy case and a comon; howbeit it was right pyteouse for the kyng, his chyldren, and all his realme. For the good Quene of Englande, that so many good dedes had done in her tyme, and so many knyghts socoured, and ladyes and damsels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goodes to her people, and naturally loued always the nacyon of Heynaulte, the cuntry where she was borne. She fell sicke in the castell of Wyndesore, the which sicknesse contynewed on her so longe that there was no remedye but dethe. And the good lady, whanne she knewe and perceyued that there was with her no remedye but dethe, she desyred to speke with the kynges her husbunde. And when he was before her she put out of her bedde her right hande, and toke the kyng by his right hande, who was right sorowfull at his hert. Then she sayd, 'Sir, we have in peace, joye and great prosperyte used all our tyme toguyer. Sir, now I pray, at our departyng, that ye will grant me thre dayres.' The kyng, right sorowfully wepyng, sayd, 'Madame, desyre what ye will, I graunt it.'—'Sir,' sayd she, 'I requyre you, firste of all, that all maner of people, such as I haue dault withall in their merchaundyse, on this syde the see or beyond, that it may please you to pay every thinge that I owe to theym, or to any other. And, secondly, Sir, all such ordynances and promyses as I haue made to the churches, as well of this cuntry as beyond the see, whereas I haue hadde my denocyn, and that it maye please you to accomplyshe, and to fulfyll the same. Thirde, Sir, I requyre you that it may please you to take none other sepulture, whansoevre it maye please God to call you out of thys transytorie lyfe, but besyde me in Westmynstre.' The kyng, all wepyng, sayde, 'Madame, I graunt all your dayre.' Than the good lady and quene made on her the signe of the crosse, and commaunded the kynges her husbunde to God, and her youngest son, Thomas, who was there besyde her. And, anone, after, she yelded the spiryte, the whiche I beleue surely the holy angels recyued with great ioy up to heuen, for in all her lyfe she dyd neyther in thought nor dede thyng whereby to lese her soul, as ferr as any creature coude knowe. * * She was the moeste gentyll quene, moost lyberall and moost courtesse that euer was quene in her daye."

We may add the above to Mr. Burges's account of the tomb of Queen Philippa. If we go from it a little further round the ambulatory to the tomb of Edward the First, about which the author tells all that is known, another idea may be gained of a time men style barbarous,

Gothic, and what not, but which was earnest above almost all times. The stark, square sarcophagus of Edward is in keeping with the man whose bones it holds, and about whose disposal of his own bones we learn thus much:

"When he perceived he could not recover, he called to him his eldest son, who was afterwards king, and made him swear, in presence of all his barons, by the Saints, that so soon as he should be dead, he would have his body boiled in a large cauldron, until the flesh should be separated from the bones, and that he would have the flesh buried and the bones preserved; and that every time the Scots should rebel against him, he would summon his people, and carry with him the bones of his father, for he believed most firmly that so long as his bones should be carried against the Scots, those Scots would never be victorious. His son, however, did not fulfil what he had sworn, but had his father carried to London and buried—for which much evil befell him, as you have before heard."

Had Edward the Second been the man to keep this erie oath, the history of Scotland might have read another way, and both nations escaped the Stuarts.

The mass of Mr. Scott's additions consists of papers by Mr. Burges.

We collect from Mr. Burges's account much of interest respecting the iron-work of the Abbey. Thus, that which originally surrounded the tomb of Queen Philippa came from St. Paul's, "being bought by the King for 40*l.*, paid by his own hands for an iron tomb lately existing above the tomb of the Venerable Father Michael, late Bishop of London, without the west porch of the same church." The plain sarcophagus of Edward the First was, until quite recently, inclosed in an iron railing: this is shown in Dart's book, and had heads (busts) attached to it, which were declared, probably without good reason, to be portraits of the King. No doubt this iron-work was covered with a gorgeous pall, the whole being surrounded by burning candles. The cost of Queen Eleanor's grille was 13*l.*, including 20*s.* travelling expenses and carriage of the work to London, from Leighton Buzzard probably; for, like all the fine architectonic work of that age—as the perfect Eleanor Crosses, that queen's three tombs, and the effigy on the last remaining one, &c.—this grille was English work, being made by Thomas de Leghton. English, likewise, were the workmen of the splendid brass grille of Henry the Seventh's tomb, there being a marked difference between its details and those of the monument it incloses. The spoliation of portions of this work that has taken place of late years has been shamefully great, if we are to trust Dart's engravings, made about forty years since.

Another revived ancient manufacture illustrated in this work is that of mosaic. Mr. Burges's examinations of the fine piece of *Opus Alexandrinum* before the altar, and that somewhat inferior one which forms the pavement of the Confessor's Chapel, are of great interest. The former was made about 1269, by Ordericus, employed by Abbot Ware, who went, as other abbots did, to Rome on his election, and, returning, brought the artist for the work that remains still, and is much less injured than might be feared. The true *Opus Alexandrinum* is, of course, based in white marble or cippolino, but, as neither of those materials were obtainable in England, Ordericus used Purbeck marble in which to set his tessere; an unfortunate choice, seeing that this marble ill resists damp. Consequent upon this defect, much of the work in question has had to be replaced. Its chief perils have been from the hands of men. We have to thank Lord Oxford and the Bishop of Rochester that the workmen employed in erecting the pagan altar-piece, in the Augustan

reign of Anne, did not destroy the whole of this admirable relic.

To the antiquary the chapter on the Retabulum, so fortunately discovered by Mr. Blore, has high interest. Whether this admirable specimen of Middle-Age art be a retabulum at all, still less one intended to go at the back of the high altar, may be doubted. It might have been a frontal for the last, or one of the sides of St. Edward's shrine itself; certainly it is one of the most beautiful works of its kind in existence, and has engaged the attention of all antiquaries and writers on the history of Art since the time of its discovery. M. Viollet-le-Duc claims it for French work, but gives no satisfactory reasons for so doing. It is a painting upon oak panels, enriched with imitation jewels, enamels, gilding and diapers of the richest character. It has five compartments; 1, in the centre, a sort of triptych or space divided in three by highly-enriched shafts that sustain a canopy of tabernacle work in three sections. The central space of this is filled with a picture of the Saviour as Creator; in the right and left sides of this are, respectively, figures of the Virgin and St. John,—not as we find stated in Sir C. Eastlake's 'Materials for a History of Oil Painting,' angels with palm branches. Mr. Burges's iconographic knowledge has enabled him to read the whole of this invaluable work so completely, and the plates of this book so well illustrate it that his description may be used to correct the work of our P.R.A.

The Sedilia, erected in the latter part of the reign of Edward the First, show but a mere wreck of their ancient splendour; no small part of their interest is derived from the extreme rarity of wood-work of the thirteenth century. This is enhanced by the colouring the examples still retain. It seems, from Sir J. Ayloffe's description, and engravings, dated 1775, that these fine works were at that time in a much finer state than at present. About the time of the coronation of George the Fourth, no end of mischief was done to these as to other works in the Abbey. Mr. Burges suggests the removal of an ugly plaster imitation of King Sebert's tomb that now stands at their feet, and the substitution of an oak seat, but no restoration. In these recommendations we heartily join. Above all things in relation to the Abbey, *no restoration*. If the mania for restoration ever threatens this edifice we shall propose that "Puffing Billy" and the "Rocket," patriarchal locomotives now in the Patent Museum, be refitted, painted and varnished; as well one thing as the other.

Mr. Burges agrees with most modern writers in trusting the authenticity of the famous Scone stone that has been placed for so many generations under the seat of the Coronation Chair. Whether it was Jacob's pillow at Beth-el, which has travelled into Egypt, Spain and Ireland, or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that the rugged cube is the one which Edward brought from Scone Abbey. The chair the Conqueror made for his own throne was originally purposed to be of bronze (would it had been so!) for Adam, the King's workman, had begun such a one. From the multiplicity and fineness of the mouldings, says Mr. Burges, it is very easy to credit the account of its being a copy of a work intended to be cast in bronze. From the remains of ornamentation on the chair a tolerable idea has been presented, for the first time, in the book before us, of the decorations and splendour of the ancient work. The ground was covered with a priming of gesso, then gilt, the gold burnished, and a pattern pricked upon it before the ground and gilding had lost their elasticity. Of the exterior we learn that the panels were

filled up with dotted foliage, *i. e.*, a design indicated by dots pricked, as above. The inside of one of the arms was decorated with diapers, containing birds and foliage very spiritedly executed; on the other a diaper of compound quatrefoils, each of which inclosed a different object; thus, in one we see a knight on horseback brandishing his sword, in another a monster's head ending in foliage. The figure at the back of the chair, long known to exist, has been made out to represent a king seated, his feet resting on a lion, the front of the throne panelled, and the panels filled with foliage; the cushion on which he sits is diapered with lozenges, the back exhibits a series of quatrefoils connected by pellets.

The account of the shrine of Edward the Confessor would demand a separate examination to do justice to the almost complete history Mr. Burges conveys to us in his admirable treatise on the relic. Suffice it here to say that the author has got together all that is known on the subject, illustrated it with singular felicity of remark, and a vivid manner that carries interest to a theme second to none in archaeological and historical importance. In like manner, the account of the tombs in the Abbey is excellent. The author does no more than justice to the sculptor, Torel, who had nothing to do with the Italian family Torelli, but was a "goldsmith and citizen of London," who made the beautiful effigies of Henry the Third and of Queen Eleanor for her three tombs, one of which remains here. Of the art of these it is impossible to speak too highly. With regard to the action of the left hand of the last-named statue, commonly said to be holding a crucifix, but correctly here as holding the string of the cloak, we may point out to Mr. Burges that the same action is to be seen in the beautiful figures of the Queen in the Waltham and Northampton Crosses. The account of the enamels on the tomb of William de Valence will be read with interest, as will the papers on the three tombs of the Earl and Countess of Lancaster, and of Aymer de Valence.

While we heartily thank Mr. Scott and his associates for this book, with a specially low bow to Mr. Burges, we cannot but regret that they have not given an index of its contents. The little table of contents and the index of tombs are but indications of the necessity for such a thing in a book that is specially qualified for reference.

The King's Mail. By Henry Holl. 3 vols. (Low & Co.)

'The King's Mail,' by a writer whose dramas created a stir in London theatres in past years, is a brisk and entertaining story, full of action, and containing several descriptive passages of considerable merit. As a work of fiction it will find favour with subscribers to circulating libraries, whilst many readers who pay little heed to the ordinary novels of the season will turn over its pages for the sake of their pictures of provincial manners towards the close of the last century. The chief interest of the narrative is drawn from an occurrence which in the days when George the Third was king raised Hue and Cry in Sussex, gave occupation to Bow-Street runners, and struck consternation into the breasts of those who had cause to make frequent journeys through the wild and sparsely inhabited region which lies between Petworth and Chichester. The event is still preserved by tradition in the hamlets and homesteads on which the tourist looks, as he wanders along the bleak Blackdown range; and Mr. Holl has done well in gathering the particulars of the strange story

from peasants' lips and old wives' gossip, and placing them on permanent record. The scene of the drama is put before the reader in well-chosen words:—

"Amid wild picturesque scenery, lying about, and forming, as it were, the centre of a triangle, the counties of Hants, Surrey and Sussex meet at a point, and then branch off, spreading far away over their several shires: immediately contiguous to this junction, and stretching towards the south, is a bleak range of hills called Blackdown. This swelling upland of slate-coloured, sandy heath, stands prominently forth; the stretched-out hill, lying high and dark against the way beyond, while from its top the southern coast is visible, the gleaming ocean, and the sailing ships. Overgrown with whort, gorse and heather, the bare black hill, and the surrounding country of sterile down, or broken slope, remind the sportsman of the wilds of Scotland, to which its general aspect might be compared, or to the swelling heights of Cumberland. From the summit of this bleak range the prospect stretches far away over a valley towards Petworth, while due south lies Chichester; the wide expanse, rich and varied in its landscape, studded with wooded dells, copses and underwoods, is relieved here and there by the green slope of fertile valleys. The sharp edge of the hill, crowned and clumped with fir-trees, cuts sharply down amidst broken rock and crumbling earth, tangled and overgrown with hawthorn, sloe and holly bushes, spreading up the steep ascent, or hanging from its side in strange, fantastic growths; while sweeping from its base, and stretching miles away, crossed and intersected by high old-fashioned hedge-rows, the grass land spreads its level way. Even in this bleak November month the earth looked fresh and green, the foliage of the trees still hung upon their boughs in scattered knots, unwilling to fall before the winter's frost set in and sent them whirling to the ground. On either side the shadowing range of hill lie thick and frowning woods of oak, and birch, and ash; while further on, towards Bexley Heath and Midhurst, the woodlands skirt along a sloping vale, rich in its pasture and varied in its beauty; the dark umbrageous woods shading the emerald land with dense dark patches, clustered and massed upon the rising ground, while threading along the distant valley runs a narrow stream, fed in its course by drainage from the far outlying lands, its winding channel twisting through the marshy soil, until at last it flows into the Wey near Godalming."

In the heart of this wild country still stands an old manor-house, called "The Chase," which in the year 1785 was inhabited by Martin Blakeborough, lord of the manor and lands adjacent, and last representative of an old Sussex family. A roystering, fast-living young squire, Martin Blakeborough had made evil friendships at college, and discreditable associations in London. His name was in ill odour with his county neighbours, and when he stirred away from home disrepute attended him. It was rumoured that his conduct had broken his mother's heart; it was known that the old squire had put beyond the young man's reach all that portion of his property which was not settled by entail; neighbouring proprietors whispered that "The Chase" was deeply mortgaged, and would soon be in the market; tenants were crying shame on the young squire for dealing unfairly by old occupants of his ancestral soil, and for seducing his gamekeeper's pretty daughter Nelly; in London the police were watching the riotous young spark from Sussex, who showed himself at hells and drinking-kens with the worst reprobates of the town. In short, Martin Blakeborough was covered with ill fame, and merited no better lot. At "The Chase," however, he still maintained an establishment, keeping hounds, and riding over his tenants' crops in the society of swaggering roysters whom he brought down from town, to take the place of the county gentry who

held aloof from him. Rapidly affairs grew worse. Debt was added to debt, and mortgage piled upon mortgage, till, rendered desperate by duns and debauchery, Martin Blakeborough made a grand attempt to retrieve his fortunes by stopping the King's mail, on its way from London to Portsmouth, and seizing the bullion which it conveyed from the capital to the great port. The daring project would be beyond his powers, if he essayed to carry it out single-handed; but he had near him friends who were peculiarly qualified to assist him in the undertaking. The scheme was speedily arranged; and on a certain night in the year already mentioned the young squire and three "gentlemen of the road" mounted horse, stopped the mail, and after an affray in which one of the attacking party, Mike Garroway, was wounded by a ball from the guard's blunderbuss, relieved the coach of its treasure, amongst which were the mortgage deeds on the Blakeborough estate, and sundry bundles of I O U's and promissory notes given by Martin Blakeborough to a London attorney and a Hebrew money-lender, who were amongst the passengers. So far the raid had been successful. Parting with his friends, Martin rode back to "The Chase" and re-entered his house ere any of his servants had risen. His coadjutors were less fortunate. The Hue and Cry was soon raised; and a party of horsemen were speedily in hot pursuit of Messrs. Baxter, Bridgeman, and Garroway. This hunt is capitally described, and forms the most exciting part of the story. At Godalming the wounded Garroway is left behind, and falls into the hands of justice. Baxter and Bridgeman have a narrow escape. The scene in Guildford, where Baxter secures Bridgeman's retreat, and then turning round on his pursuers charges and rides straight through them, is excellent in its way, calling up recollections of bold Dick Turpin mounted on Black Bess. In dealing with Mike Garroway, who is in due course tried and executed at Guildford, Mr. Holl is guilty of an error which he will do well to amend, should his vivacious story reach a second edition. Mike's counsel could not have made the speech attributed to him in the trial scene, for prior to the 6 & 7 Will. 4. barristers were not permitted to speak in behalf of prisoners upon trial for highway robbery, except on points of law. This slip, which many readers will think a matter of trifling importance, is made more remarkable by the conscientious care with which Mr. Holl has sought in official reports and old road-books for facts bearing on the main incidents of the tale. Of the plot and episodes of the narrative we say nothing, as we should be sorry to diminish any reader's interest by revealing too much. We may, however, add, that though 'The King's Mail' sets forth attractively the manners and deeds of lawless men, it contains nothing against which morality has any right to exclaim.

Memoirs of the Abbé Le Gendre—[*Mémoires de l'Abbé Le Gendre, Chanoine de Notre Dame, Secrétaire de M. de Harlay, Archevêque de Paris, Abbé de Clairfontaine. Publiés d'après un Manuscrit Authentique, avec des Notes Historiques, Biographiques et Autres, par M. Roux*]. (Paris, Charpentier; London, Jeffs).

LET us begin our dealings with this French memoir of the times of Louis the Fourteenth by stating that, however curious, we cannot conceive that it is to be wholly relied upon. Prejudice, scandalous assumption, suppression ingeniously adjusted, are to be discerned in most of its pages by any reader who has only a moderate acquaintance with the epoch and the persons referred to. Its author was a man of

letters who had singular notions of their use. Moreri mentions that in his will the Abbé desired that his autobiographies should be published, having written no fewer than five memoirs of his own life, all differing one from the other in style and taste. Only a fifth of this strange testamentary request has been fulfilled; and that not till to-day, by the issue of the present volume. The book, with its notes of animadversion and correction by M. Roux, amounts to a contribution to French history of some value and amusement.

The Abbé was one of seven boys, born at Rouen, to the son of a member of the body-guard of Henry the Fourth;—a man "of parts" rather than of prudence, who wasted his property. Such good as the youth learned came from his mother, a woman of true discretion, and from an elder brother, who would be neither priest, monk, nor married man, but who gave himself up to literary studies. Our Abbé wished to be either a Jesuit or an Advocate, but the former choice was not sanctioned by his Jansenist mother, and the alternative desire gave way to some prospects of church preferment. The youth accordingly decided on becoming a preacher, and, to that end, studied nine or ten hours a day,—learned the four Gospels by heart,—dived into the writings of the Fathers, among whom his predilection was for St. Chrysostom; borrowing his books from his mother's Jansenist confessor, whose sole notion of theology lay in vilifying the Jesuits and accusing them of immorality. By this he drove a brisk trade among his penitents; and, true to the vocation of his class, fomented dissension between the would-be Jesuit and his mother. The former came to Paris with some discourses,—there began to preach, and to criticize other preachers. Of these we will string together a few notices.

For a long time, the Court favourite was the Abbé de Fronteniers, who seems to have fulfilled his duties with considerable tact; as when he had to address La Vallière on her becoming a Carmelite, and managed, says M. Roux, to observe all due courtesies, without compromising his severity as a minister.—Fléchier, afterwards Bishop of Nismes, in spite of personal drawbacks—in spite of a sluggish intellect, which was evidenced by the utter want of interest in his conversation—was popular from the ingenuity, polish and accuracy of his sermons, which bear the test of reading.—A certain Dubourg, who assumed the name of Des Alleurs, as being genteeler than his own, was pushed into notoriety by M. de Fantouville, a free-living counsellor of Rouen, who gave the Abbé house-room in admiration of his merry sayings, took him wherever there was play, good cheer and music,—ill-natured people said, even to comedies and operas.—Anselme, whom Madame de Sévigné approved and Madame de Montespan protected, was another shining light, though he had "the ways of a pedant, and his morality was so vague that as it hit no one, no one was touched."—The Capuchin Father Seraphin got on in another fashion:—

Madame de Maintenon, who possibly feared the too free tongue of this good man, to pacify him permitted him to preach two Lenten sermons at the Louvre. He had no talent save that of making a loud noise and crudely saying abusive things. When preaching before the King, in the presence of the first physician, the latter asked him if God had not in this world those who execute his justice. "Who can doubt it?" replied the Father, "and who are they that execute? The physicians; who, by their prescriptions, given at random, kill the larger number of those that die." Though this good man was such a Diogenes in the pulpit, he was nothing of the kind when at table; but a famous diner, and one who, when he was out of his con-

vent, would eat and drink nothing save the best. Being about to preach in St. Benedict's, one of the parishes of Paris, he said to one of the beadles six weeks before Ash Wednesday, that, being desirous of passing Lent in the preachers' apartment, he begged that they would advance him, on account of the fee he was to receive at Easter, enough to put wine in his cellar and to pay his cook-shop bill. This fee, though amounting to five hundred francs, was eaten up before Palm Sunday came. The beadle on duty, a man little disposed to any risk, acquainted the Father, dryly enough, that he could furnish him with nothing more. The Father, without being disconcerted, replied, "If money be wanting, let them make a collection in the parish; otherwise, I will not preach." It cost a thousand francs to Cardinal de Noailles to treat this Capuchin, who, during the Lent when he preached for us, had always at his table four Capuchins with as good appetite as his own.

Other pulpit orators are sketched in the list:—among them the famous Bourdaloue, the Corneille of preachers, whom M. Le Gendre praises magnanimously,—Bourdaloüe having been ungrateful to him. That famous orator, however, he tells us, gesticulated too much. The revelations here made concerning the science and art of preaching will be found by many more curious than edifying. Those whose standard in regard to the duties of a Christian priesthood is high will hardly come forth, without a saddening impression, from the sacristy in which the great orator of the fast or festival day has been robbing himself with persuasion and enthusiasm—here meditating an ingenious illustration—there providing for some change of tone, by which expectation was to be excited or flagging sympathy aroused. The admission that eloquence is a craft—that those who have swayed the hearts of vast congregations have been so many performers—must bring with it surprise and pain to all who cling to the theory of inspiration in proportion as the matter to be delivered is solemn and weighty.

To return to the Abbé Le Gendre's personal history,—one of the familiars whom M. de Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, employed to keep him advised of all the clerical novelties of his diocese, brought the dignitary and the rising preacher together. The former, as his habit was, gave the younger man sundry commissions in secret, which the latter executed so satisfactorily as to lead to the connexion announced on the title-page. The first of these was the translation of papers relating to "the affair of Charonne,"—which is worth dwelling on for a moment as one consequence of the gallantries of the great monarch. Betwixt him and Pope Innocent the Eleventh there was an old grudge. The Pontiff conceived himself to have been hindered in reaching his throne by French influence, and complained that his authority was little respected in France. The King, who destined one of his natural sons—Le Comte de Vexin—for the Church, memorialized the Pope for an exemption from the tonsure for the Count, with permission to hold benefices. This request the Pope flatly rejected, replying that the youth was the fruit of a double adultery, Madame de Montespan's husband being alive. During this time of irritation it fell out that the nuns of Charonne, a convent half a league from Paris, finding their establishment in debt and disorder, owing to the misconduct of a Superior, entreated the King, for the re-establishment of discipline, in place of a triennially-elected Superior to give them a permanent one. This the King did;—but the Pope, in the absence of due formalities, refused to ratify the arrangement; whereupon the lady besought the Archbishop to sanction the nomination, if but provisionally. M. de Harlay complied. The whimsies and bad temper of the new Superior so provoked the nuns that they

complained to Rome. The Pope annulled the election and commanded another; the second vote was, in its turn, declared by the Parliament void and illegal, because contrary to precedent and privilege. The end was that the community was dispersed and the convent broken up.

Many other passages of the kind, belonging to the earlier period of these Memoirs, make it clear that only a peculiar kind of Archbishop could then have sat on the episcopal throne of Paris without being tormented past mortal composure by the thorns in its cushion. Such an one was M. de Harlay; if not a time-server, a man not averse to managing,—a man, too, with no extraordinary severity of morals, as such entitled to rebuke the licences claimed by the imperious King, who dared to affront the Court of Rome with them. Scandal was busy with his name. The genial De Sévigné insinuated tales of his gallantries among the other pleasant wares of her budget for Grignan. The Jansenists (less unimpeachable themselves, it is possible, than their eager partisans have chosen to represent them) adverted to them freely; not thereby improving their own chances of Court favour. M. Le Gendre, who here writes of these rumours as so many calumnies, does not scruple to contribute such a testimony to the Archbishop's laxity as the following anecdote, which belongs to a later period. Though M. de Paris was "trimming," so as to satisfy M. de Pomponne, the suspected court favourite of Jansenism, M. Le Gendre assures us that he could do substantial service to a black sheep of his own party.—

Father Bouhours, so well known by his 'Remarks on Language' (the best thing he did) and by some Lives of the Saints, the serious not being his line, had a *liaison* with Madame de Bourdonné, Canoness of Remiremont, who was at Paris to carry on a trial of the ladies of the Chapter against their Abbess. Bouhours drew out the pleas of Madame de Bourdonné, and for that purpose saw her often;—a thing which would have excited no remark, she being old, if she had not had with her a pretty, young and sprightly daughter. Bouhours, who was of jovial nature, often talked with the daughter, and took so little pains to keep up appearances that a *Procureur* in whose house the lady and her daughter lived for some time, in the cloister of St. Benedict, wished, perhaps out of jealousy (it was said that he loved the daughter), perhaps out of curiosity, once for all to throw light on the Father's assiduities.

By spying, the *Procureur* became eye-witness of a scandalous scene. What he had himself witnessed, he told his friends, and one of them having repeated it in the Cloister of Notre Dame, at one of M. Ménage's receptions, it became, presently, public. At these receptions were sometimes found people of worth, but oftener only ribald rhymesters. Songs were made on the adventures of the Vestal. I wish to believe that M. Ménage had no part in these songs; he was not, however, grieved to have humiliated Bouhours, because the latter had maltreated him in grammatical quarrels which they had held formerly. * * An affair making so much noise greatly mortified the Jesuits; and as they are inexorable in matters of gallantry, to the point of not pardoning the most illustrious of their confraternity who was proved guilty or legitimately suspected,—they would have brought Father Bouhours to trial if his friends from without had not come to his assistance. His innocence depended on the recantation of the *Procureur*; but it was not easy to bring this to pass, the accuser having armed himself with letters of which he had become possessed, in one of which the Father expressed himself, to say the least of it, in a suspicious manner. "Let the other Jesuits go to the Indies," wrote he to the damsel; "for my part I will not quit you; you are my China and Japan." In vain M. Lamoignon, one of the Advocates-General, a private friend of Father Bouhours, did what could be done to bring

him through this affair, but not coming to an end, he entreated the Archbishop to exorcise the *Procureur*. M. de Harlay, not to commit himself, paved the way through the intervention of the curate of St. Benedict. The negotiation succeeded;—the *Procureur*, insensibly led on by threats or otherwise, to the convenient point of docility, came to the Archiepiscopal Palace,—verbally deposed, as he afterwards did in writing, that he had no share in the evil reports which had been spread concerning Father Bouhours, and that he acknowledged the Father to be very virtuous and chaste. The public mocked at this extorted or lying disavowal, and believed none the less for it what the *Procureur* had said of the priest and the Vestal.

To be just to our easy Archbishop, while on the one hand he served as screen to the Jesuits, on the other he gave them umbrage by standing forward to defend M. de Rancé, the Abbot of La Trappe, an order abominable to the followers of Loyola, when calumnious accusations were brought against him by one De Chalippe, a renegade postulant, set on to breed scandals.

It was a time—as must be all times of corrupt morals and lax principles—of hot controversies. There were academical quarrels,—appeals against the abuses of the theatre to be looked into, wherein our Archbishop had to play pacificator. Then, the Molinists were beginning to give trouble; and among them Madame Guyon, whose person and mystical writings were alike unpalatable to the Abbé Le Gendre and to his patron. Further, it was necessary to propitiate a strange, secret woman, who meddled in everything—a woman of whom the world will not be speedily tired of hearing, of thinking—Madame de Maintenon. This may be explained by a reason, the force of which is not flattering to poor humanity,—namely, that the world can never be made to like her. She was a cold, inscrutable (some maintain), hypocritical devotee, at once cautious in her proceedings and careless in her friendships;—holding on to Ninon de l'Enclos, on the pretext of gratitude for the past loan of her yellow room, in which she had received M. de Villarsaux privately, and other accommodations,—a pretext the reality of which is belied by almost every other action of her self-interested life. She was chamber counsellor to one of the great sovereigns of Europe,—a formal religionist, who promoted a genteel and intellectual form of Catholicism,—a steady persecutor of all who read her elected scripture with interpretations and practical deductions different from her own. Commentators are disagreed as to the amount of chastity preserved in early life by the patroness of the school at St. Cyr,—as to the degree of her participation, active or passive, in that awful state crime,—the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It may, however, be asserted that she was watched, feared, mistrusted, throughout her sinuous and decorous years of Court favour. It is evident that the hollow hypocrisies which it was the necessity of her position and the tendency of her disposition to encourage (weak barriers against that outbreak of Fanaticism under many forms, real and unreal, which was in part represented in Jansenism) did much, whether by promoting or by destroying, to sap such genuine religious belief as existed in France, and thus to pave the way for the abominations of the St.-Médard Cemetery,—the philosophical tendencies of Voltaire's "sincere et tendre" Pompadour (who yet, as the Barbier *Mémoires* remind us, took up devotion under distress at the loss of her daughter),—or the later, more insolent and extravagant orgies of "La Belle Bourbonnaise," Jeanne Vaubernier,—all three heralds of the disorders of the first French Revolution. In the outset of her career a wife to a worn-out, heartless wit,—in its meridian the consort of a worn-out *débauché*, the

King, whose wasting faculties she had the weary task of preventing from utterly stagnating, and so rendering their owner deaf to her ambitious insinuations,—raised from a poverty that solicited and accepted alms, to the splendour of one who, by plucking the royal sleeve, could direct the shower of gold and honours which fell from it,—there is not in History a more unamiable heroine than Madame de Maintenon. The place she occupied in the hearts of all around her (for the thing she played upon in Louis the Fourteenth was not a heart) had been singularly prefigured by the circumstances of her birth. So indignant was her widowed mother, Madame d'Aubigné, on the occasion, that, out of deference to her grand relations, who had forbidden her to increase her family, she concealed as long as possible the birth of her unacceptable baby, Françoise,—as we are reminded by a new collection of portfolio-rakings put forward and edited by M. Bonhomme ('Madame de Maintenon et sa Famille,' &c. Paris, Didier & Co.), not of sufficient interest to claim a separate notice.

M. de Harlay made an enemy of Scarron's prudent and prudish widow by opposing himself to the declaration of themorganatic marriage, at which he had been one of the three witnesses. The Father de La Chaise elbowed him out of the royal favour and the distribution of patronage. The clergy, in spite (or possibly because) of the light hand he had held over them, began to show contempt and disrespect for their Chief so soon as it became known that he had no longer pre-ferment in his gift. The world abandoned him.

All the graces of his body and his intelligence (says M. Roux), which were infinite and perfectly natural, withered. He found no resource save to shut himself up with his good friend the Duchess de Lesdiguières, whom he saw every day of his life, either at her house or at Conflans, where he had made a delicious garden, and which he kept so neat that, wherever the two walked, gardeners followed them at a distance to smoothe over their footprints with rakes.

Habits of life like those revealed by the above anecdotes were common in other sees than that of Paris. The successor of Archbishop de Harlay, Cardinal de Noailles, a more severe man than his predecessor, who chose that the theatre should be purged of many of its abuses, found doves and money-changers in other temples than that of Notre Dame. There was Hervé, the Bishop of Gap; ruled in his palace by a rapacious Irish lady, who figured with her friend at the theatre, and who, on being stinted in the supplies which she wished to lavish on fresher lovers, carried her audacious complaint against her reverend protector to head-quarters. The Bishop had the effrontery to appear as respondent, and denied every accusation. The strict Archbishop, moved by the tears of the Irish lady to believe that she spoke truth, recommended the King to send Hervé to a remote convent, to end his days in penitence. The Bishop of Gap, however, had powerful friends—and money. This he spent freely on sundry Jesuit charities favoured by Madame de Maintenon,—and to such good effect that, on leaving Gap, he was placed by his grateful friends in the Abbey of Aubriac, a *domerie*, which means an abbey having feudal power.

The story of the Bishop of Fréjus is stranger. Louis the Fourteenth's first physician, Daquin, a man of Jewish extraction, long a first favourite at Court, was as rapacious as he was fortunate in preserving the King's health. He never ceased asking for favours and grasping money with both hands:—

A surgeon named Dutertre, anxious for the post of royal surgeon, had promised 2,000 louis to the first physician on the condition that the money should only be paid down when Dutertre had bled

the King. The first physician, to put the surgeon in possession, ordered that His Majesty, who was then at the siege of Mons and in good health, should be bled for precaution.

This Daquin had already established his three sons, and had asked for his third, who was an Abbé, the archbishopric of Tours; but his stratagem came to the knowledge of Madame de Maintenon, and Daquin was swept out. On this, the Abbé, disappointed of Tours, set his heart on Fréjus, of which his uncle was then Bishop. Could the uncle be got rid of, he had hopes of succeeding to the see. With this view, the nephew accused his relative of many crimes,—not the least an intrigue with his own niece! The Bishop had already become unpopular;—the slander was believed, and the culprit was invited to exchange Fréjus for the Abbey of St.-Denis de Rheims, which was almost an equivalent—an ingenious mode of reproving vice! This arrangement, however, was so loudly bruited about by the incautious nephew, that it reached the ears of M. de Noailles, and the Bishop of Fréjus, whether truly or falsely accused, was exiled to Maine, there to live on a pittance more fit for a monk than an abbot.

The bishops' evil, one so fruitful in temptations to the partisan judge or the hypocritical scandal-monger, spread far and wide. Even "the Eagle of Meaux," whose discourses are among the classics of pulpit oratory, could not go to his grave without equivocal demonstrations following his death, which gave rare occasion for attack to idle scoffers or to those bitter philosophers, who were bent on showing how worm-eaten were the pillars of the Church in France. A Demoiselle de Mauléon, Bossuet's friend during life, who had made acquaintance with him when he was the obscure sub-dean of St.-Thomas du Louvre (then a handsome and well-made youth), and who from time to time had re-appeared as an influence in his private affairs, some days after Bossuet's death claimed a dower and its appanages as his widow. So much for the uses, privileges and profits of celibacy in the "Church"! Who can wonder that after a period illustrated by such events as are here told—allowing to their narrator something of exaggeration, more of self-interested malice,—the Church establishment of France should have dropped into the disrepute from which it has only of late begun to redeem itself.

The peculiar interest of M. Le Gendre's Memoirs does not cease with the death of his patron and the appointment of the Cardinal de Noailles. But what has been above written must suffice: and though (to repeat a former caution) the book, by its very face and utterance, warns us not to rely on it, it is one which no future writer on church matters in France can pass by without sifting it for purposes of correction, comparison or admission.

A Hebrew Grammar, with Exercises. By M. M. Kalisch, Ph.D. M.A. Part II. (Longman & Co.)

HEBREW grammars are very numerous. It is calculated that a thousand have been published,—most of which have passed into oblivion. A very few survive on account of their prominent excellency. Dr. Kalisch has now completed a work on which he has spent nearly five years. The First Part was noticed in the *Athenæum* after it appeared. The Second is for more advanced students of the language, containing the exceptional forms and constructions, preceded by an Essay on the History of Hebrew Grammar. The whole work is excellent in design and execution. The learned author has spared no pains in its elaboration; and we may

safely pronounce it the best Hebrew grammar in the English language, as it is also the fullest in all requisites for a thorough acquaintance with the sacred tongue. Few will need any other grammar; for they will find it sufficiently comprehensive, minute and clear. The arrangement is good and perspicuous. We have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending it to the favourable attention of all who desire to know the language of the Old Testament.

The grammar before us is completed at an opportune time, when new interest is awakened in the Hebrew Scriptures, and controversy about their authority is rife. Already questions are agitated which cannot be silenced by noisy bigotry or ignorant assertion. The foundations of men's faith in old records of venerable antiquity are boldly canvassed. Doubts are openly promulgated in England; and sacred criticism is beginning to bestir itself. All this is favourable to the study of Hebrew, without a good knowledge of which no real progress can be made: and the basis of acquaintance with Hebrew must be laid in a thorough knowledge of grammar, with all its peculiarities and difficulties.

We have been pleased with the preliminary Essay on the History of Hebrew Grammar, which shows extensive reading and sound judgment. The sketch is both full and masterly. We observe, however, that the Hebrew grammar of the late Prof. Lee is unnoticed. And yet it was published, with some pretensions, as one based on new principles. The important works of Nordheimer and Justus Olshausen should have been characterized, not dismissed with a simple mention. The latter is the production of an accomplished philologist, and has an independent value.

As Dr. Kalisch's grammar is constructed on the inductive or Baconian principle, it most resembles the *Lehrgebäude* of Gesenius. Our learned Hebraist follows in the path of the Halle Professor, much more than in that of Ewald. Hence he is clear and methodical, though less philosophical than the Göttingen Professor. We could have wished for some of Ewald's manner and profound analysis, since Gesenius's method is empirical.

Several things in the work we were hardly prepared to find, such as *preterite* and *future* instead of *perfect* and *imperfect*. It is high time that the former names were discarded. We should also dismiss *vau conversive*, and give the true philosophy of the matter. The *pluralis majestaticus* is also a fictitious thing. Doubtless the writer has retained these because they are common, not wishing to alter the nomenclature; but the retention of them conveys erroneous ideas. Delitzsch's name is misspelt throughout, of course by an oversight. In some cases we differ from the explanations given, and should express ourselves differently here and there; as, in page 284, when we read "the singular is sometimes inaccurately used where the plural would be properly required"; but there are few niceties for which we have turned to the pages of the volume and been disappointed in their explanation. Thus, Dr. Kalisch gives the proper construction of Psalm xlv. 7, where the suffix is appended to the governing, instead of the dependent, noun. So good a scholar as the late Dr. Robinson, of New York, in his English translation of Gesenius's Lexicon, ventured to deny the applicability of this construction; and Bishop Colenso has failed to perceive it, retaining the usual English version, which is incorrect. We are glad also to find that Dr. Kalisch pronounces the termination *in* in Isaiah liii. 8, and elsewhere,

to be plural (p. 130). Here he is correct, though Ewald appears to deny it. The following quotation we commend to a large class of theologians who seem strongly inclined to what Lessing has called Bibliolatry:—

"Hyperboles are peculiarly in harmony with the emphatic nature of the Hebrew style; they are found, in every degree of boldness, not in the enthusiastic language of poets and prophets alone; even the simplest diction in prose is generally tinged with a spirit of poetical elevation; figurative expression, everywhere a sure characteristic of early literature, is pre-eminently an element in all eastern composition; and the fresh and vivid conceptions of the imagination predominate over the severe abstractions of balancing reason. Even in historical books we meet with phrases such as, 'Like an angel of God, so is my lord the king, to discern good and bad, to know everything on earth,' words addressed to David by the wise woman of Tekoah (2 Sam. xiv. 17, 20); or 'my little finger is thicker than my father's loins' (1 Kings xii. 10), a simile intended to describe the relative power of Rehoboam and Solomon; and repeatedly the descendants of Abraham are compared to the sand on the sea-shore, or to the stars of heaven which cannot be counted for multitude, although the Hebrews are, in other historical portions, called the smallest, the least numerous of all nations (Deut. vii. 7). In many passages it is, indeed, of the utmost importance for a correct interpretation to appreciate and to take into due account this spirit of hyperbole, to distinguish between plain statement and poetical amplification, and to discern the kernel of fact through the veil of metaphor and imagery."

Now that this excellent Grammar is finished, we hope that it may be the means of stimulating many to a thorough study of the old Hebrew Scriptures in their original language. While smatterers are pronouncing dogmatically on grave questions of criticism, and decrying the sure results already attained in Biblical literature, we think that an extended acquaintance with the Hebrew and its cognate languages will lead to conclusions favourable to religion. We welcome light and truth from every quarter, convinced that they must lead mankind to God, and promote that charity which is the greatest, as it is the most permanent, of Christian virtues.

Arabian Days and Nights; or, Rays from the East. By Marguerite A. Power. (Low & Co.)

THERE is a pleasant, piquant vein of unconscionable Irish humour in this light sketch-book of Eastern travel. Miss Power has christened her volume 'Arabian Days and Nights' because it describes life in Alexandria and Cairo, and she has never set foot on Arab soil. In the same spirit, when she speaks of the vice-regal family of Egypt, and draws attention to the fact that seven out of Mohammed Ali's nine children have already passed to the silent land of death, she says,—“I learned, while in Egypt, some touching traits of the strong domestic affection subsisting between the members of this nearly exhausted race. Most of them live under the perpetual and perfectly well founded impression that their already 'brief and evil days' are in considerable risk of being *cut yet shorter* by the instrumentality of some other member or members of their own family." How can this be? Surely this gloomy impression is ill-founded. Mighty rulers fall to the earth at the nod of Death; but even the universal tyrant is powerless to alter the past, to diminish the enjoyment man has already experienced. Rich also is the volume in feminine drolleries and gushing young-ladyisms of expression. "Presently I wandered out to the balcony," writes Miss Power, "to make a closer inspection of the flowers, for which I am at all times perfectly *fanatical*." How does a lady act when love of

flowers inspires her with fanaticism, which Theodore Parker defined "hate before God"?

But notwithstanding its many laughable slips, 'Arabian Days and Nights' is a readable book, and gives new glimpses of a land in which interest will never be exhausted. And it is no small praise to say that there is novelty in a volume which describes a country, or rather two cities of a country, about which so many travellers have written and spoken from widely different points of view. Bearing more resemblance to Albert Smith than Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Miss Marguerite Power paints the picturesque and grotesque aspects of Alexandrian streets, as she saw them through the blinds of an English lady's London-fitted drawing-room, or the windows of a Long Acre carriage. Her gossip about the East is the prattle of English cliques resident in Egyptian cities, being May-Fair gossip with a difference—Hyde-Park scandal spiced with Oriental immorality. The atmosphere of Said Pasha's Court, according to the writer's testimony, can have been neither pure nor invigorating. His Highness is depicted in his last days as an indolent, coarse voluptuary, surrounded by European parasites who bought the privilege of plundering the royal exchequer with unchaste stories suited to their patron's depraved tastes. A good practical joke would get its performer—not a sinecure, but "a contract," out of which he was permitted to make all the profit his own elastic conscience would permit him. One of these courtiers obtained a commission to supply the Pasha with kid gloves for ten years, and he availed himself of the order by casing the royal fingers with lambskin gloves, bought in Paris at two francs a pair, and sold in Egypt at 5*l.* a dozen. Another lucky adventurer furnished one of the Viceroy's palaces with splendid mirrors, for which he paid 700*l.* and received 10,000*l.* each! Who wouldn't be a Pasha? or a Pasha's favourite?

Miss Power's best chapters are those in which she describes the life and women of Egyptian harems. The picture of Mahomed Bey's gorgeously-decorated statue of a bride is a revelation to be thought about. "Anything," observes the tourist, speaking of the reception-room in Mahomed Bey's temple of dalliance, "more strangely incongruous than the aspect of the place and its inhabitants it is impossible to conceive. The walls of the room were covered with an ugly, common European paper, and the floor with a gaudy and equally ugly Brussels carpet. Round the walls were ranged a drawing-room set of two sofas and some chairs covered with dark-green silk. In the middle of the room stood a little round table, with a covering of the cheapest and most ordinary brown and white cotton-print, trimmed with a coarse edging, such as may be bought in England for about a penny the dozen yards." The hours were even less attractive than their home:—

"Of these ladies truth compels me to state that few were young, still fewer at all good-looking. They were of all shades of complexion and casts of feature, one or two being nearly black, with negro faces, while others were fair, and had no Oriental type at all in their countenances. Not one, however, had the slightest freshness or brightness of colouring; and the weary listlessness of expression visible—in the slaves especially—was too marked to escape notice. Many of the older women were extremely fat, and so unwieldy that when they sat down they had to be hauled up by some of their more active companions. I observed that the same incongruity which marked the style of the furniture displayed itself in the women's dresses. A few were handsomely attired—others wore a curious mixture of splendour and shabbiness—others were mere bundles of old clothes. The cos-

tume consisted, first of the nondescript garment looking like half skirt, half trousers, wrapped loosely about the figure from the waist to the feet. This is a necessary part of every dress. Over this some wore a tunic of another colour and material. Sometimes the dress had a body to correspond, crossing over the bosom, with large loose sleeves and very short waist. But in general a jacket, long or short—in some cases quite loose, in others fitting the figure pretty closely—was worn over an under-vest. The head-dress consisted generally of a little Cashmere handkerchief, black or some bright colour, and edged with gold or silver tinsel or spangles, pinned about the head; in some cases it was decorated with stars and other ornaments in diamonds; but some of the ladies, the old ones especially, had their heads tied up in anything that came to hand. I did not see a single turban in the harem. Long hair seems much prized among these fair ones; and I was amused at the naïve attempts made by some of those who evidently studied appearance to produce a semblance of it. I (being shortsighted) was struck with admiration at the two long thick plaited tails that fell low down the back of a lady handsomely dressed in rich lilac silk, trimmed with silver. But when the lady approached, I perceived that the hair which showed under her head-dress was black, while the tails were of a light brown."

The reader must pay his respects to the bride:—

"This was the bride. Immediately gilt and satin-covered chairs were placed for us within a yard of the divan, and directly in front of it; and the invitation, 'Shoof aroussa' (look at the bride), was given. I have seldom experienced so singular an impression as that which seized me on obeying the injunction. There she sat—a girl of sixteen, very beautiful, rich, in the full possession of her woman's charms—but no woman. For the time being she was simply the aroussa—a show, a sight, a thing on which to hang gorgeous jewels, gold, glittering stuffs, feathers, embroidery—nothing more. She sat upright, supported and surrounded by cushions, her legs tucked or crossed under her, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes drooped. This position she never changed during the whole time—about an hour and a half—that we remained there. I shall never forget the cold, handsome, scornful, weary face I then gazed on, nor the suggestions it conveyed to me of the struggles between the external and internal life some of these women must undergo before they settle down into the usual routine of the harem existence. There was this young creature, passively and silently submitting to what to any woman must have been a frightful penance, physical as well as moral—submitting without a murmur expressed, while her face was one persistent protest against the enthrallment she was enduring, and which must have been inexpressibly painful; for her finely-cut closed lips were nearly colourless, and all her face was wan with the fatigues and constraint of her position, maintained daily during many consecutive hours."

Let us turn from the bride in her hour of triumph, and glance for a moment at a dowager-hour:—

"This old lady, who, in addition to being fat and shabby, was, as her subsequent conduct proved, so very jovial as to awaken a suspicion touching the use of stimulants, evidently considered that the answers indicated a very backward state of civilization. Did they sing at the wedding? she inquired, beginning herself one of the tuneless monotonous chants of which Eastern song consists. No. She tossed her chin with an air of pitying contempt. Did they dance! and here, scrambling to her feet, she began a slow swaying, rhythmical movement, twisting her arms and her head in a manner that would have been graceful, had some twenty years been taken off the lady's age, and some four or five stone from her weight, accompanying the dance with a slow song (to which, however, she gave anything but a 'slow' expression, in the slang acceptation of the word) and a clapping of the hands in time to the measure. And now, for the first and only time, did the bride indicate that she was a living woman, and not a deaf and dumb and

blind and senseless image. At the first movement of the old lady, the shadow of a smile flickered over her fine set features and was gone; but when the dance and song actually commenced, the passive scorn of her face changed for an instant into an indignant sneer; up went the chin, still lower dropped the lids, and a little inarticulate sound, indicative of contemptuous impatience, escaped her lips; then again her face became rigid. Meanwhile, considerable sensation was produced in the harem by the conduct of the old lady; and though some laughed, it was evident from the demeanour of the ladies in general, that they were greatly scandalized by the proceeding. But in vain. The dancer wavered and quavered on unheeding, addressing both dance and song especially to us, and, for the first time since my entrance into the harem, I began to acknowledge that there were cases where ignorance might be bliss; for there were evidently portions of the song so little suited to ears polite, that some of the women uttered exclamations of horror, and one or two covered their faces with their hands."

—Between Miss Power and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu the contrast is striking.

At Cairo Miss Power encountered Mr. Buckle, of whom she writes:—

"At Cairo we had the good fortune to fall in with one whose premature death a few weeks later now makes the souvenir of the encounter doubly interesting. This was Buckle, who, in his researches for fresh materials for his 'History of Civilization,' was now on his way back from a journey up the Nile. He had, on his arrival in Egypt, brought letters of introduction to the R—'s, so that as they were already acquainted he came almost immediately to call, and was asked to dinner on an early day. I have known most of the celebrated talkers of—I will not say how many years back—of the time, in a word, when Sydney Smith rejoiced in his green bright old age, and Luttrell, and Rogers, and Tommy Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash, and when the venerable Lord Brougham, and yet more venerable Lord Lyndhurst, delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables, whose hosts are now in their half-forgotten graves. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine and Dumas, and Cabarrus, and brightest, or at least most constantly bright of all, the late Madame Émile de Girardin. I knew Douglas Jerrold; and I am still happy enough to claim acquaintance with certain men and women whose names, though well known, it were perhaps invidious now to mention. But, for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory, and self-confidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat, and drink, and sleep to him: he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors on any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start fresh. Among the hundred and one anecdotes with which he entertained us I may be permitted to give, say the hundred and first. 'Wordsworth,' said Charles Lamb, 'one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly over-rated.' 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now if I had a mind I could write exactly like Shakespeare.'—'So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was *only the mind* that was wanting!' We met Buckle on several subsequent occasions, and his talk and his spirits never flagged; the same untiring energy marked all he said, and did, and thought, and fatigue and depression appeared to be things unknown to him."

Of such gossip there is an abundance in Miss Power's entertaining volume, which is a success because she usually confines her remarks to the trifles which she understands. The poorest part of her performance is where she rides out from Alexandria to explore Roman remains, and as she gallops her donkey homewards composes some singularly feeble verses, on 'The Grave of a City.'

Wills from Doctors' Commons. A Selection from the Wills of Eminent Persons proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, 1495—1695. Edited by John Gough Nichols and John Bruce. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

THE records in Doctors' Commons are open to students of history, and the world is not loosed from its foundations. Never was locality so absurdly guarded to no good end. When admittance was given, it was for money paid down; and the reader of a will was watched as a man likely to be guilty of larceny. He came there, of course, for information which he particularly desired to remember; but if he attempted to take a note, to assist his memory, the watchers were upon him; and the poor man, rebuked, bewildered, and half-conscious that his reputation for morality was small in the estimation of the vigilants, withdrew from the office neither wiser nor better than he came.

Thanks to Sir John Romilly and Sir Cresswell Cresswell, such reformation has been made that all wills may now be freely read and copied, the dates of which are previous to the year 1700. We hope to see an improvement even upon this great step, and that all wills which are a century old may serve to illustrate social, political or religious history, if students can get anything out of them for that purpose.

Into the collection now accessible, Messrs. Nichols and Bruce have dipped, and brought up between two and three dozen wills, whose dates range over two centuries. They are of persons of various degrees, from the mother of Edward the Fourth to Davies the writing-master; and most of them display the common alacrity of testators in giving away money after their deaths, when it really becomes the property of their heirs. There are some exceptions to this practice, in which case the person benefited is named; and the moribund testator, having done what he liked with his own, intimates to his heirs that, as far as that person is concerned, the property which has fallen to their hands will suffer no diminution.

In the very first will, that of Cecily, Duchess of York, dated 1495, we find an early allusion to carriages, in the legacy "to my daughter of Suffolk the chair with the covering, all the cushions, horses and harness belonging to the same, and all my palfreys." A later bequest to Richard Boyville and Griselda, his wife, gives to that couple, among other things, "my chariot, and the horses, with the harness belonging thereunto,"—a lot that might figure in any modern Duchess's will of this later era. The books of this not too happy lady, the Duchess Cecily, consisted of a *Legenda Aurea*, Lives of St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Matilda, and an antiphoner with the rules of music in the latter end, with a "legend book," a "collect book" and a "gospel book." On the other hand, the widow of him who was slain at Wakefield died possessed of much miscellaneous property,—of which she gives to Dame Jane Pesemershe, widow, "mine inn that is called the George, in Grantham." The whole is devised "at my castell of Berkehamstede," where the greatest of the Plantagenets had kept his Court, and under the shadow of the relics of which nigger melodists now ply their harmony and Aunt Sally endures the assaults of all comers.

We should have liked to have heard more in detail of the books of Archbishop Warham, the predecessor of Cranmer, at Lambeth. We learn, however, that he lent them, and he bids his nephew, William Warham, to keep those which the said nephew had borrowed! The rest are "pricksong books," theological books, ledgers, grayles and antiphoners, bequeathed to various colleges. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Win-

chester, leaves "to Thomas Worlyche, all my humanity and law books," and Casaubon, in 1614, "to the library of the French Church in London four of my greatest books among the fathers, and my Gregory Nyssen Manuscript." Of Prynne's library we get fuller knowledge from these details:—

"Item, I give to the library of Lyncolnes Inn all my manuscripts of Parlyament rolles and journalls, and other records not yet published, together with my Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores in five, Rerum Hispanicarum Scriptores in 4, and Goldastus in 3 folio volumes. Item, I give to the library of Oriall Colledge in Oxford, whereof I was both a member and a tennant, my Ocham upon the Sentences, Saint Bugel's Revellacions, Laurentius Surius his Comments in 4 tomes, and one of each sort of my owne printed bookes, which they yet want. All the rest of my divinity and ecclesiastical history bookes I give to my deare brother Mr. Thomas Prynne, and all my other history bookes, phisick, philosophy, chirurgery bookes, and poets I give to nephew William Clerke, with this proviso, that he shall not sell them. And for my law bookes I give see many of them to my brother George Clerke as he shall make choyce of."

The editors add in a note—

"The books given to Lincoln's Inn are not indicated in the library of the Society as having been the subjects of this bequest; but several of the manuscripts in that library have Prynne's handwriting in them, or can be shown in other ways to have passed through his hands."

Prynne left to Tillotson "one of each of my three tomes of my 'Exact Chronological Vindication,' 8vo., bound." William Lilly, the astrologer, bequeaths his "library of books" to his wife Ruth; and Vossius makes precisely the same bequest "to my loving niece, Attia." This latter collection was held to be the best then in the possession of a private man (1688), and it was bought by the University of Leyden.

The tracing of the descent of pictures is not much facilitated by these documents, but something of interest concerning them is not wanting. Archbishop Warham, for instance, leaves to his nephew all his clothes hanging "in the chamber in which I sleep at Knoll, in which are the pictures of Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, and of some of the other Apostles, which I bought from my lord Sir Arthur Darcy"; and further to the same nephew the hangings "in another room in which I sleep at Knoll, in which are pictures of huntsmen, bears, boars and stags, which I bought from John Barret." Some of these pictures may still exist at Knowle Park, though that possession has so often since changed hands.

Isaac and Peter Oliver, specimens of whose handiwork may be found at Kensington, meet together in the following extract from Isaac's will:—

"I give and bequeathe to my eldest sonne Peter, yf he shall live and exercise that arte or science which he and I nowe doe. But, if he shall dye without yssue and not use the same arte, then I will that all the same drawynges onely shall remaine to such an other of my sonnes as will use and exercise that arte or science. Item, my will ys that my sayed sonne Peter shall have the first proffer of the sale of my pictures that shalbe soulede, and fyve shillings in a pound cheaper than any will give for them."

Great as Isaac was as a miniature painter, he was excelled by Peter. The Digby collection of Peter's miniatures was one of the features of the Strawberry Hill sale. Another master, Lely, directs his pictures to be sold. They were so numerous, including the drawings, as to take six weeks in the selling. They realized 26,000l.

In such remote times as 1529 there was no directing money to be invested in Consols, as will be seen by the will of Dame Maude Parr, mother of Queen Catherine Parr, and of Anne,

wife of the first Earl of Pembroke, of the Herbert family:—

"I will that all suche mony that I have in keeping toward the marriage of my daughter Anne, whiche my husband willed to hir, and all suche plate and other bequestes as I have willed to my said daughter Anne by this my will, be putt into an indifferent place in suer keeping in cofers locked with divers lockes, wherof every one of my executors and my said daughter Anne to have every of theym a key, and there yt to remayne tyll it ought to be delyvered unto hur."

Cardinal Pole, too, husbands his money well. He could not have foreseen that Matthew Parker was to succeed him in the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but he particularly protests against his estate being called upon for dilapidations:—"Pro dilapidacionibus autem non est cur successor meus in ecclesia Cantuariensi aliquid petat, cum in melioramentis domorum ut fiquido apparet his paucis annis quibus eidem ecclesie prefui plusquam mille libras expendim"; and 1,000*l.* was no small sum to have expended on improvements during a two years' tenure of the primacy.

To Pole and to Queen Mary, Stephen Gardiner is particularly flattering in his will. To the latter, whose graciousness he could not requite if he were to live many lives, he leaves "a cup of gold with a sapphire in the top, as worthy to have precious stones and gold as ever was a princess." To Pole is bequeathed "a ring with a diamond, not so big as he is worthy to have, but such as his poor orator is able to give."

The most business-like will, and one of the briefest, is that of Frances, Duchess of Suffolk, and mother of Lady Jane Grey. The widowed Duchess re-married with her equerry—superintendent of her stables, in fact,—Adrian Stockes. "Has she married her horsekeeper?" said Elizabeth to Cecil.—"Yea, madam," the latter is reported to have answered,—and he was a bold fellow if he did,—and she says you would like to do the same with yours"—alluding to Leicester. The Duchess by courtesy, Mrs. Stockes according to Canon and Civil law, was happy, we suppose, with Adrian, for she bequeaths to him everything she possessed, and that for the very sufficient reason "that the said Adrian Stockes, my husband, is indebted to divers and sundry persons in great sums of money." Admirable specimen of womanly foresight and kindness, where a wife consoles her husband for his loss, by paying his debts!

Uncles are not so unreservedly liberal to their nieces. Here is Sir Thomas Gresham, who must have had a precocious young kinswoman, for he bequeaths 300*l.* to his niece, Catherine Neville, to be paid on her marriage-day, "so that she mary not afore she be fifteneh yeares of ayge." Barbarous *avuncule*, to keep Kate Neville waiting to such an advanced time of life before she might give her hand to a lover! It reminds us of the maid in the French ballad, who sings,—

Hier, Damon, qui me pourrui sans cesse,
M'offrait un œur tout prêt à s'enflammer,
Allez, lui dis-je, allez à la jeunesse!
Moi j'at quinze ans, on ne doit plus m'aimer!

Although most of the wills deprecate all disputes, some of them must have given fine grounds for that rare domestic luxury—a family quarrel. Such must have been Casaubon's bequest "to the son who, walking in the fear of God, shall be the fittest to sustain my family, I do give the cup of Mr. Scaliger, of most happy memory." Here was a legacy to set brethren at issue. Who was to decide the question? Apparently the mother—which circumstance was not likely to render the settlement more easy.

Then, again, here is that triple rake, Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, speaking of his dear wife, Elizabeth Mallet, and their children, and adding to their legacies a bequest "to an infant child of the name of Elizabeth Clarke, forty pounds annuity, to commence from the day of my decease, and to continue during her life." Was this last and little Elizabeth the daughter of another Elizabeth, "the great Mrs. Barry," who was then drawing tears at Dorset Gardens by the most touching of all her creations, Monimia, to Betterton's Castalio? But, perhaps, Lady Rochester—the Mrs. Mallet whom Lord Herbert wished to have, Lord Hinchinbroke did not care to have, Lord John Butler could not have, Popham would have done anything to have, and Rochester was determined to have, for a wife, and so carried her off by force and married her—construed mildly of proceedings, of which Prince Rupert speaks more unreservedly in his own case than Rochester does in his.

We have drawn these illustrations of past life and death from only a few of the wills in this volume, put forth under worthy editorship. It is a book in which everybody seems to prosper by death, even the dying who are full of hope, but especially the heirs who come into possession, and who,

— like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Do stand and root themselves in dead men's graves,
And there do prosper.

A Commentary, Critical, Experimental, and Practical, on the Old and New Testaments. By R. Jameson, D.D., A. R. Fausset, A.M., and D. Brown, D.D. Vol. V. *Matthæw—John*, by D. Brown, D.D. (Glasgow, Collins; London, Nisbet & Co.)

COMMENTARIES on the Bible are plentiful, and their number increases from year to year. It is very difficult, however, to write a good one. A single scholar cannot do so on the whole Bible. Excellence in this department, as in others, can only be attained by division of labour; different men taking different books. To some extent, the present Commentary partakes of this benefit. It is distributed among three divines; and the first instalment consists of the four Gospels. According to the title it is *critical*. It had been better, however, that the department in question should have been omitted; for the specimens of criticism are comparatively few and of inferior merit. The scholarship of the writer is evidently of small grasp. This appears plainly enough from the introductions to the Gospels, where difficult questions are settled in a very perfunctory way. Thus in speaking of miracles, he asserts, in an off-hand style, "To our thinking, the possibility or credibility of a miracle is simply a question of Theism or Atheism. If there be no God, there can be no miracle, in any proper sense of the term. But if there be, 'the laws of nature' are but his own method of rule and his own physical creation." No light whatever is thrown on the points handled, such as the primitive language of Matthew's Gospel; and the proof for an Aramæan original is badly stated. The reasoning is like that of an advocate, who takes his side at the beginning. When the writer asks, "Who can readily bring himself to believe that if such Hebrew original of the Gospel according to Matthew was in existence for nearly four centuries, the orthodox Church would have allowed it to go out of their own hands almost from the first, and that this treasure was preserved exclusively among a contemptible body of Judaizing heretics, who at length melted away altogether, and their Gospel with them?"—the reader sees the writer's incompetency to deal with questions of a critical nature. This is confirmed by the note on John v., 3, 4, where

it is stated, incorrectly, that the external evidence for the authenticity of the passage is much stronger in fact than in appearance, and that the internal evidence is quite sufficient to outweigh even stronger external evidence against it than there is. Equally wrong is the tenor of the remarks made upon John vii., 53—viii., 11, the genuineness of which is upheld contrary to the most convincing evidence. In like manner, Mark xvi., 9–20 is defended as an authentic part of the Gospel, and it is gravely asserted that "the argument from difference of style is exceedingly slender." But it is needless to show the worthlessness of the commentator's critical judgments. No scholar can attach the slightest value to the portions which bear this character.

The value of the work lies in the experimental and practical part of the notes, which is the largest. Here the Calvinistic theology of the Westminster Confession of Faith underlies the whole; and therefore the volume may be popular with those addicted to that system. With many of the annotations we incline to agree. They are instructive, edifying, devotional. The commentator writes clearly, and displays much good sense. Plain readers of the New Testament will thank him for his help. Yet it cannot be said that *exegesis proper* is the body and soul of the Commentary. It should be so, but it is not. Difficulties are not explained. In many cases they are not even attempted. Thus, not a word is said of the *subjective or objective* nature of Christ's temptation. It is simply assumed that the whole was objective. The first two chapters in Matthew's Gospel are beset with great difficulties, most of which are ignored. Those who look to the work as a *commentary proper* courageously entering into, and attempting to explain the difficulties inherent in the words of Scripture, will be greatly disappointed. Thus, the word "therefore," in John, vii. 22, is passed by; the commentator not knowing apparently that the two Greek words so translated belong to the preceding verse, not to the twenty-second. In many instances, Barnes's notes are superior in exposition. Thus in Matt. i. 22, the expression *that it might be fulfilled, &c.*, is passed over; whereas Barnes has a very good note upon it. Had the commentator given more space to exegesis, and less to sermonizing remarks—had he refrained from inserting pieces of hymns and sacred poetry, reserving his space for more important matters, he would have produced something better. As it is, the value of his book is not great. There is more of pretence than performance in it. We notice, in conclusion, that the spirit of the annotations is moderate and good. Bitterness and intolerance hardly appear. Here and there, there is an allusion to the Tübingen school and the Unitarians, which might have been spared with advantage, but such phenomena are rare.

NEW POETRY.

The Laureate Wreath; and other Poems. By John Edmund Reade. (Longman & Co.)—Mr. Reade has heretofore given better proofs of his ability than are to be found in the book before us. 'The Laureate Wreath,' though it has a few good lines and truthful descriptions, is tedious as a whole. The style is frequently vague and pretentious; and not all the amplitude of verbal dexterity can lend dignity to the meagre ideas which it too often envelopes. Here is an example in point:—

There are three gods in one that rule mankind,
Idols material and self-create,
Before whose shrines we offer sacrifices,
Time, life, and circumstance. While onward roll
Their chariot-wheels whose cycles are our years,
There is no ill cast forth without its good,
The attendant shadow, and no wrong but brings
Awarding retribution, that ungrasped

By the quick hand and ever-watchful eye
Is lost for ever. Chance no substance owns,
The anarch ghost embodied in the fate
Which is necessity.

—These lines have certainly an imposing sound, but no corresponding depth or justness of thought. In what sense, for instance, can time be so distinguished from life, or life from circumstance, as to make them three separate powers? Either time and life are the mere spheres in which circumstance evolves itself, or, if otherwise understood, they are identical with circumstance; and in neither case can they form a trinity of causes. Besides this, when we are told of their operation that there is no good without ill, and no wrong without retribution, we cannot but feel that such very plain axioms might have dispensed with the pomp of a metaphysical introduction. The most serious objection, however, to Mr. Reade's poem is the unreality of its interest and story. A "grey and thoughtful man," who bears the romantic name of Astrophel, and whose high and open brow is "signed by ancestral race," rather imprudently goes to sleep upon the grass. In this condition he is found by Cornelia, the heroine of the poem, and her father. Cornelia and Astrophel love at first sight, and the latter is invited to be a guest at her father's house. We next learn that Astrophel, notwithstanding his high birth, is very poor; but as he is also a poet of the loftiest order, his indigence takes a romantic colour from his genius, and endears him still more to the susceptible Cornelia. When her father's guest, Astrophel meets another poet, Auriol of the West, whose second-rate effusions are highly popular, while the nobler strains of Astrophel are comparatively neglected. A trial of skill takes place between the rivals, in presence of the company assembled, who have the bad taste to prefer the verses of the inferior genius. Astrophel forthwith quits Cornelia, resolving never to marry her until he has achieved a reputation and reversed the judgment in his rival's favour. This he eventually accomplishes. A second audience of judges is convened, both poets again declaim their compositions, and this time Astrophel comes off triumphant. Cornelia bestows on him the wreath, and he is now content to accept the hand which she accords, and to ascribe his victory to the inspiration of her love. How utterly foreign all this is to modern habits and notions, we need not point out: it has, moreover, the graver fault of being untrue to the dignity of genius. Unappreciated poets have ceased, now-a-days, to weary society with their complaints; and it is to be hoped that they have a higher object than the laurel won at a public competition. As some of the works here ascribed to Astrophel have subjects in common with those of Mr. Reade's previous poems, we cannot avoid the inference that the fictitious bard in 'The Laureate Wreath' is intended for a reflex of its author. From this point of view, Mr. Reade's protest against public taste is, to say the least, ill advised. We have every respect for him as one who has devoted his life to worthy labour, although he has often been unfortunate in choosing themes which had already been treated by celebrated writers. We could point out many fine passages in his poems which, owing to this cause, have been unduly neglected. In his tragedy of 'Catiline' he took more independent ground; and the vigour and characterization displayed in that work might have found a response in days when the classical drama had admirers. Mr. Reade, however, would do more wisely to let his writings speak for themselves than to speak for them. If they have true claims upon public attention, it will one day be conceded. The result depends upon their own qualities, not upon the author's opinion of them.

Mirvan: a Moorish Tale, &c. By an Author without a Publisher.—'Mirvan' is introduced by a Preface in which the author, Mr. J. A. Smith, complains bitterly of our leading publishers. None of them, it seems, would undertake to issue his volume, even at the expense of the writer, who, indeed, received from one firm an intimation that they "never published works which did not issue from the presses of their own printers." We cannot direct Mr. Smith to any remedy for hardships of this kind. They are but illustrations of a universal law,

which compels every new labourer to prove his merit in the face of difficulty, and which gives capital the power to be exclusive. There are really no means, legal or moral, by which publishers can be forced into the service of unknown genius. They may show blindness to their own interests, the consequence of which is that they miss a prize,—or they may be simply arrogant, in which case they send the author to houses of humbler standing and more pliant dispositions, and thus help to establish their future rivals. Commercial power, like any other power, if misapplied, thus draws on itself a natural retribution. We know of no other penalty that would be just or even possible. Our readers may wish for a sample of the book which publishers have declined to introduce. This description of Mr. Smith's heroine is perhaps as good a one as we can select:—

The strain hath ceased, and o'er her lute
A lady bends with pensive brow;
But though her passion'd voice is mute,
Her inward thoughts tumultuous glow,
And fan with scarily hidden sighs
The love-light of those dove-soft eyes.
Her neck the sculptor's marble shames,
Her soft sunned cheek the orient claims,
And keeps such beauty still a prize
'Mong passion-flowers and Pnylin akies.
As musk-rose in dawn's ruby ray,
As dream that haunts the wakening day,
As virgin white rose with the blush
Of conscious purity appears.
Her inward love's impassioned gush
Warms the ripe peach her rich cheek wears,
And stirs a soul, by joy inspired,
With beauty's dream of passion fired.

—Further on we meet with a hand-to-hand combat, which is told with considerable force. Indeed, the story throughout is sufficiently fluent and lively to be readable. It has nothing, however, original enough to seize on the memory or to invite re-perusal.

NEW NOVELS.

Grace of Glenholme. 3 vols. By William Platt. (Newby).—Mr. Platt's stock-subject for illustration appears to be money, and its influence on those who possess it, or who wish to possess it. His stories are provoking,—they offer glimpses of a plot, capable of being made thoroughly interesting, and the glimpse afforded in the early pages lures the reader on, in a hope that, we regret to say, is never realized. The story itself is swamped, and the interest frittered away in prolonged conversations between characters who do nothing to help on the story, and who talk at their leisure and for the pleasure of the author, whilst the story itself is so cramped and curtailed, that instead of gradually ripening to a conclusion, the explanations are huddled together in a few pages, and the *dénouement* is precipitated in a crude, unsatisfactory manner: the whole story resembling an ill-dressed joint of meat, burnt to a cinder on one side and not cooked at all on the other. Apparently, Mr. Platt wishes to develop his characters,—but mere characters who only talk, and do nothing but enter right and exit left or centre, and who do not contribute any action to the story, are tiresome supernumeraries—no matter how naturally they may be dressed or described: if they say nothing to interest the reader, it is no matter how easily or characteristically they may discourse. The story of 'Grace of Glenholme' might have been made extremely interesting, but as it stands we can only record our disappointment at seeing good materials produce so little effect. Mrs. Kitty Oldcastle is a woman of immense fortune, which she has inherited from a brother, to the total exclusion of her sister Amy, who having made an imprudent marriage and gone out to India with her husband, has never been forgiven. There is some skill shown in drawing Mrs. Kitty's character; who, hard, capricious, proud and tyrannical as she is, cannot be called a wicked woman, and the reader is obliged to feel a regard for her, although it is evident she has done something at which her conscience is ill at ease. There is knowledge of human nature shown in the mode in which she endeavours to quiet her remorse by doing anything and everything except make atonement to the individuals whom she has injured. She is not naturally a bad or designing woman, but she is proud and hard, and having once done wrong, will

not own to it, but obstinately persists in trying to turn wrong into right. She refuses to recognize her sister Amy, who has been left a widow under tragical circumstances, but she adopts a mysterious baby, which has been dropped into the river one night by a dark lady attired in a long black cloak. This baby grows up to be a beautiful young lady, whilst Amy's baby is a little boy, who grows up into an equally-beautiful young man, whose name is Ernest Harrington. These two babies are of course destined for each other, but instead of working out the tragedy begun by the death of Amy's husband, the whole of the three volumes is occupied with the amiable endeavours of the doctor, the clergyman and an old servant to penetrate the mystery that lies on Mrs. Kitty's conscience; they carry on their conversations in a semi-jocular manner, and always with some reference to future legacies. There is an intriguing solicitor and an intriguing poor niece, companion to Mrs. Kitty, well described; and no use whatever is made of the dark lady, who does nothing else except lose a locket, containing two miniatures, which, after lying exposed to wind and weather for seventeen years, is discovered in all its pristine freshness, and of course leads to the discovery of Miss Grace's parentage; but the author dallies with his subject, doing only the easy parts of the story, till the interest grows quite cold; and when the closing scene comes, when the wrong is made right, and there is a grand awarding of poetical justice, the reader has pretty well ceased to care about the matter.

Cost of a Secret. By the Author of 'Agnes Tremorne.' 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall).—This is a clever but uncomfortable novel; it is not natural or probable. A Monsieur Corsand, a French hero, and the noble French Providence of the book, has made a secret marriage before the book begins, and events are in a considerable state of complication when the story opens. Cordelia Ashley, a beautiful young woman, full of musical genius, with a divine voice, is living apart from her husband with her own family, who, though worthy people, are entirely uncongential. There is a mystery and much discomfort in her position; her own marriage has been unhappy; but what has been the matter the reader does not know. Cordelia leaves home, goes to Italy, becomes a *prima donna*, has immense success, and the mystery about her husband grows more impenetrable. M. Corsand goes for a great deal in the difficulty. There is a Russian princess of the stamp of fascinating demons, familiar to readers of French novels, who makes mischief between Cordelia and her husband; but the reader can make nothing out of the entanglement. Cordelia, it appears, is the only one who knows the secret of M. Corsand's marriage; his wife is dead long ago, but he still persists in the secret, and he is mistaken for Cordelia's lover. It is not until everybody has been made miserable and Cordelia is nearly dying that M. Corsand magnanimously resolves to act with common sense, and to sacrifice a secret for which the most flimsy reason only existed. The air with which he discloses the innocent fact that he had been the lawful husband of a rich and excellent woman is almost comic, although the author does not intend it as such. The conclusion is, that he had done wrong to make an inviolable secret of what has so bitterly compromised another; whilst the other actors in the story apportion their own respective shares of blame; only the Russian Princess, the "white devil" of the story, insists on being a good angel, and will not own to having done anything but what is heroic. The story winds up comfortably; but the radical fault remains—the plot is theatrical and unnatural, whilst the "secret," which it has cost so much to keep, is machinery too slight for the strain upon it.

The Fate of a Year: a Novel. By Miss Sarah Stredder. 3 vols. (Skeet).—We should imagine that the novel with the above rather vague title was a first attempt. It is not without promise of better things; but the author must be warned not to tease her readers out of all their interest by long desultory conversations, which interrupt the action, and by telling the story in hints and allusions and fragmentary incidents. The story is fatiguing to follow, and not particularly worth the trouble. Vere-

nica and her brother Rayner, the orphan brother and sister, living with an old miser uncle, are well sketched, but they begin and break off so often that the reader grows tired before the story fairly begins. The indecision of George Elishaw, and his conduct to Veronica, does not give the reader much promise of happiness for their future married life, which gleams out at the end, and is intended for the bright evening after a day of clouds and rain. The loves of Agatha Brandistone and the impoverished owner of Romanaleigh is a pathetic story, which would move the reader more if it were more distinctly told, and if the Master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton had never been heard of. The novel wants force and distinctness. There is a constant intrusion of secondary characters, who overcrowd the stage and hinder business. If the work had been shortened by the suppression of extraneous characters, the story would have gained considerably in interest. 'The Fate of a Year' is not satisfactory as a whole, but we repeat that it gives the promise of better things.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Alpine Journal: a Record of Mountain Adventure and Scientific Observation. By Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by H. B. George, M. A. (Longman & Co.)—A very desirable new Quarterly, which though consisting only in the present number of but few pages will probably enlarge its dimensions and include more miscellaneous matter than the number before us does. All kinds of useful scraps for pedestrians and mountaineers, together with a Notes and Queries department, should be added. If made a thoroughly accessible and popular medium of communicating Alpine information and science, it will probably live out the days of periodical peril; but if suffered to be merely a bare record of adventures in the High Alps, its interest will be limited to the few who dare the arduous passes and climb the greater heights. All the papers in this number are of value, but they mostly lack liveliness, excepting Mr. T. J. Kennedy's account of Zermatt and the Matterhorn in winter. In the course of two or three pages that gentleman will describe his toiling up the much-encumbered valley of St. Nicholas to Zermatt, and his bold, not to say rash, attempt to scale the Matterhorn. Of course he failed, but he has not failed to interest all who have trodden the same ground—save and except the Matterhorn itself.

Something New; or, Tales for the Times. By several Writers. Edited by Eustace Wilberforce Jacob. (Faithfull.)—The times must be sadly out of joint if they can find pleasure in the miserable little novelettes which make up this volume of rubbish. What right, apart from their singular folly, they have to the title of 'Something New' we are at a loss to say. Stupid stories are common enough; and it is no new thing for several silly people to lay their foolish heads together and produce a joint work, in the hope that their combined weaknesses may appear a phalanx of powers to the eyes of simple gazers. It is customary for sheep to run about in flocks. Far from novel also are the charitable professions of the several writers, whose avowed object in putting forth their opusculi is to swell the receipts of the "Lancashire Distress Fund." Never does a London season pass by without exhibitions of that sort of benevolence which induces amateur actors to hire a theatre, and, in the name of an hospital, tout for spectators to whom they may exhibit their histrionic powers. There is, however, something unusual in the frankness with which Capt. Jacob avows the means by which he has obtained money from the public, and the reserve that makes him keep a profound secret the exact amount which he has squeezed from the charitable. "I had certainly," observes the Captain, in a Preface which either admits too much or says too little, "intended bearing the whole expense of publication; but I soon saw that it would do no service to the Lancashire Distress Fund unless, in order to secure the desired result, I determined to publish it by subscription. To those who have so kindly aided me by subscribing to this volume, I would tender my grateful thanks. It is simply from

a reluctance to multiply matter that I have been induced to omit their names." The gallant Captain's "reluctance to multiply matter" is, we presume, reluctance to incur the additional expense of publishing the list of his pecuniary contributors. The terms, therefore, in which he apologizes for his reticence imply that his subscribers have been numerous, and that the sum of money confided to his hands has been considerable. Such being the case, we would gladly have received more exact information as to the mode in which he has hitherto carried out a public trust. People who are asked to buy these worthless tales for the sake of the "Lancashire Distress Fund" may reasonably be curious about the proceedings of their almoner, and ask how much he has collected, what proportion of the gathered fund he has paid to Miss Faithfull, and what proportion has been absorbed by the cost of advertisements and other incidental expenses. When every committee for raising a "Lancashire Distress Fund" has presented the public with a balance-sheet, why should Capt. Jacob not be called on to render an account of his stewardship? Doubtless he has acted with good faith and to the best of his abilities, but his "reluctance to multiply matter" leaves his subscribers much in ignorance as to the amount of good their charity has done to the suffering operatives.

Matilda the Dane. By C. J. Collins. (Ward & Lock.)—A story on the too well known tradition of Matilda of Zell and Count Struensee. Where the outline, progress and dénouement of a drama have been so minutely set before the world that no room is left either to ask or to answer any further questions, to attempt a romance upon the subject at this time of day is unremunerative labour. There is nothing novel or original in this volume.

The Farm Homesteads of England. Edited by J. Bailey Denton. (Chapman & Hall.)—We have here a general acquaintance with the agricultural districts of England, good judgment in the selection of the best specimens of farm architecture, great skill in draughtsman and lithographer, and the best typographical ability, all united in the production of a work at once useful and ornamental. Mr. Bailey Denton has done well to publish pictures and working drawings of buildings when their fitness to the farms on which they have been built has been proved by actual experience. Designs for ideal circumstances would not have been so satisfactory. He has also done well to publish, in short descriptive essays accompanying the drawings, an account of the farm-buildings which have been thus selected as the models and illustrations of those rules in farm architecture which, in the concluding part of his volume, he has to discuss. His readers will thus be able to appreciate the soundness of his reasoning and the general applicability of his rules. The work is being issued in Parts: each of which contains the particulars, in ground-plan and isometrical perspective, of three selected homesteads. Part I. describes in this way the Prince Consort's Flemish Farm, the Duke of Bedford's Thorney Farm, near Peterborough, and Bucken New Farm, near Kimbolton, the property of Col. Linton. Part II. contains similar illustrations of first-class farms in Gloucestershire, Lincolnshire and Oxfordshire. The whole volume when completed will present a very striking picture of the complete equipment which agriculture now requires and very generally possesses.

Of publications on American affairs and other subjects we have to mention *An Appeal to the American People and a Protest against the American People; together with Three Letters in reference to the Great American Question, Peace or War?* (Tallant),—*A Letter to W. H. Russell on Passages in his 'Diary North and South,'* by A. D. White (Stevens),—*Union Foundations: a Study of American Nationality as a Fact of Science,* by Capt. E. B. Hunt (Trübner),—*Peace the Sole Chance now left for Re-union,* by J. L. O'Sullivan (Brown),—*Refutation of Fallacious Argument anent the American Question* (Ridgway),—*A Northern Plea for Peace,* by the Hon. W. B. Read (Macintosh),—*Holmes's Magneto-Electric Light as applicable to Lighthouses,*—*A Statement of the German-Danish Question, with reference to the Propositions for its*

Adjustment lately made by Great Britain (Leipzig, Brockhaus),—*Four Centuries of Modern Europe,* by T. B. Bishop (Freeman),—*Short Explanation of the Sketch of the Analytic Universal Nautical Code of Signals,* by Count D'Escayrac de Lauture (Hotten),—*Military Despotism; or, the Inniskilling Dragoon: Addenda to the Case of the late Regimental Sergeant-Major Lilley* (Chapman & Hall),—*The Flying Dutchman, and Precursor of the Overland Route to India* (Dublin, Robertson),—*Letter to the Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde on the Sale of Waste Lands and Law of Contract for India,* by J. O'Brien Saunders (Ridgway),—*The Abolition of the Law: an Essay,* by the Rev. Dr. Whately (Hodges, Smith & Co.),—*Iron-Clad Sea-going Shield Ships,* by Capt. Coles (Harrison),—*London and its Gas Companies,* by S. Hughes (Waterlow),—*Remarks and Experiments on English Hexameters,* by C. B. Cayley (Asher),—*The Metric System: its Prospects in this Country,* by the Rev. J. Kerr (E. Wilson),—*The Science of Ship-building considered in its Relations to the Laws of Nature,* by H. B. Wilson (Potter),—*Mr. Cobden's Speech on the Foreign Enlistment Act* (Ridgway),—*Insecurity of British Property in Peru,* by H. De Wolfe Carvell (Chapman & Hall),—*Sequel to 'Britons Robbed, Tortured and Murdered in Peru,'* by Capt. Melville White,—*Capt. Melville White to Earl Russell* (Hardwicke),—*The Nemesis of Drink: Passages in an Autobiography,* with a Preface by the Dean of Carlisle (Hatchard),—*Outlines of a New Theory of Muscular Action,* by the Rev. S. Haughton (Williams & Norgate),—*Ought France to worship the Bonapartes? Ahirman I.* (Hardwicke),—*An Appeal to the British Public on behalf of the Indian Tax-payers,* by C. Bathoe (How),—*Observations on Wine,* by A. and H. T. Grainger (Lynn),—*The Essentials of a Healthy Dwelling, and the Extension of its Benefits to the Labouring Population,* by H. Roberts (Ridgway),—*and Report of the Supposed Progressive Decline of Irish Prosperity,* by W. N. Hancock (Dublin, Thom).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Albert's (Prince) Golden Precepts, 2nd edit. 16mo. 2/6 cl. gt.
- Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence, Vols. 2 and 3. 8vo. 24 cl.
- Bacon's Proficiency & Advancement of Learning. Summary of, 2/
- Bacon's Essays, The Illusion, by Stansby, n. ed. 8vo. 12/6
- Boy's Own Paper, Fiction, History, & Biography, 8/ cl.
- Bretherton's Laws affecting the Qualifications of Voters. 16/ cl.
- Brown's (Stafford, M. A.) Memoir, with Extracts, by his Widow, 3/6
- Burn's Outlines of Modern Farming, Vol. 2. 12mo. 3/ cl.
- Cromwell's Art of War, by Thomas Arden, 12mo. 1/6 cl.
- Charlesworth's Ministering Children, new edit. cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl. limp.
- Chesterford and some of its People, 2 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
- Church and Chapel, by the Author of 'High Church,' 3 v. 31/6 cl.
- Dixon's Lives of the Archbishops of York, ed. by Raine, V. 1. 15/6 cl.
- Ezra's (Sophia May) Poems, 16. 8vo. 6/ cl.
- False Positions, or Sketches of Character, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.
- Ferguson's Life's Bye-ways & What I Found in Them, 6s. 8vo. 2/6
- Few Words on the Apocalypse, 4to. 1/ swd.
- Gilbert's 2,600 Questions on English History, Biography, &c. 1/ swd.
- Hunt's Fulfill'd Prophecy, Truth of Revealed Religion, 8vo. 10/ cl.
- Gospel in Madagascar, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
- Goulburn's Family Prayers, on the Liturgical Principle, 6s. 8vo. 3/
- Goulburn's Sermons on Different Occasions, 3 ed. 2 v. 8vo. 10/6
- Handbook for Kent and Sussex, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10/ cl.
- Hannam's Pulpit Assistant, revised by West, 8th ed. V. 1. 2/6 cl.
- Hinchliff's South American Sketches, post 8vo. 12/6 cl.
- Homilist, The, Vol. 1, Third Series, cr. 8vo. 5/6 cl.
- Howitt's The Poet's Children, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
- Howitt's The Wye, its Ruined Abbeys and Castles, imp. 16mo. 3/6
- Hunt's Universal List, 1863, oblong 18mo. 4/6 cl.
- Jones's Mercantile Directory of Leeds, 1863, cr. 8vo. 3/ cl.
- Juvenal's Satires, Construed literally, by Giles, 18mo. 2/ swd.
- Lea's Poemata Medica. Original Odes, 18mo. 4/ cl. gt.
- Lyttelton (Lord) and Gladstone's Translations, 2nd edit. 4to. 9/ cl.
- Maid's Indoor Gardener, 8vo. 5/ cl.
- Manual of Family Devotions, from Book of Common Prayer, 1/6
- Memorable Events in the Life of a London Physician, 8vo. 7/6 cl.
- Monckhoven's Treatise on Photography, tr. by Thornthwaite, 1/6
- Morreau's Examination of Some of Dr. Colenso's Objections, 1/ swd.
- Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, new edit. cr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
- Penn's Fruits of Solitude in Bedouin and Maritime, 4to. 5/ cl.
- Phillimore's History of England, during Reign of George 3. V. 1. 12/
- Pindar's Odes, Pt. 2, Construed by Giles, 18mo. 1/6 swd.
- Purcell's Sir Aberdour, or the Sceptic, Cantos 3 & 4, cr. 8vo. 4/ cl.
- Select Library, Lever's One of Them, new edit. cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
- Stearns' Gard, its Adaptation to Horticulture, 8vo. 1/
- Stevens and Hole's Grade Lesson-Books, Third Standard, 1/ cl.
- Testament, New, Gr.; Commentary by Alfred V. 1, Pt. 1, n. ed. 12/
- Townley's Parturition without Pain, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 3/6 cl.
- Twenty-Seven Sermons Preached by Emancipators, 2/6 cl.
- Vin's A Narrative of the Wars of Britain and the British, cr. 8vo. 3/
- Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy during the Great Rebellion, 3/
- Waring's Hymns and Meditations, 9th ed. 2/6 cl. gt., cheap ed. 1/

ALBERT THE GOOD.

AFTER a dozen years, the glories of 1851—the triumphs of peace and genius, of art, of commerce, of inventive skill—have been illustrated in marble and expressed in bronze. After a dozen years! In those few words lurks the true cause of an unexpected and a mournful association of ideas. The trophy which we have raised is not a memorial; it is a cenotaph. It tells us less of triumph than of death. The commemoration of the great congress in Hyde Park has been nobly made by the public, and its meaning has been well expressed

by the sculptor in his group of figures; yet the glories of 1851 are to the popular mind of only secondary interest. Albert stands first, the Exhibition next. In the dedication of Wednesday the world, we may be sure, thought less of the Crystal Palace and all its wonders than of that prince of men who first conceived it in his mind, and then by skill and courage translated the ideas of his soul into its perfect material shape. It was an unwelcome rather than an infelicitous combination; the fitness being perfect, while the need for that fitting combination was full of pain. The figure which should have crowned the pedestal in the Horticultural Gardens was a Britannia—making the whole work symbolical, instead of partly real and partly ideal, as it now stands, to its manifest artistic loss. But the years consumed in making out the original thought brought with them changes which compelled us to adopt new plans. Britannia gave her place to Albert; the true genius of the Exhibition,—the best representative of Peace, Industry and Art.

We could well have spared the mournful poetry of this association; but having no choice in the affair, we may take to heart the tender teaching, the benignant moral, of events, which come upon us against our selfish will. That lapse of a Dozen Years which changed our memorial into a monument must be accepted with other facts. It is the old story. We go a safe and steady pace. A more sprightly people, to whom a *fanfare* of trumpets is an event and real events are but a *fanfare* of trumpets, would have enjoyed, and quizzed, and libelled, and forgotten the doings in Hyde Park long ago. This haste to do and to forget is not in our sober and chastened natures. We play our music in slow time. Our festivals become solemnities. We pause so long about our rejoicings that Time and Death come knocking at our gate and add some fresh and unwelcome visitors to our string of guests. It has always been so with us; for our movement of ideas is like the growth of our oaks, our Constitution and our empire. We are talking of a monument to Shakespeare and asking whether Cromwell is to have a statue. Our Nelson column is still unfinished. With us, everything has to *grow*, and while growth is proceeding change may come. It is the principle of our national life, and we must accept the law even when, instead of giving us, in our most frequented and brilliant public places, a memorial of our enterprise and greatness, it reminds us of an irretrievable loss.

As a mere spectacle, the uncovering of Mr. Durham's group was singularly fine; recalling more than any other show of a dozen years, that festive scene when the Queen and Prince, in the bloom of youth and manliness, rode over into Hyde Park on the 1st of May, 1851. There were the same bright colours, the same royal salutes, the same graceful harmony of trees and flags, the same fitful sunshine, broken by straying clouds, and the same serpentine winding of a rich bright line of representative men and women. Some of the chief performers were the same; and where, as in the foremost, change had done its melancholy office, there were gleams of beauty and of hope which proved that if the cloud which weighs upon the nation is very dark, it has, nevertheless, a most radiant golden fringe.

The Gardens in which the statue stands and the ceremonial took place were looking magnificent, and the commodious edifice used as vestibule and ante-room served its purpose well. We know of few combinations of garden and palace so admirably suited for such a state ceremonial as that of Wednesday last.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

On Saturday last, June 6th, the Board of Visitors went down from the Royal Society to Greenwich to inspect the Royal Observatory. They were met by the Astronomer Royal, who led them over the premises, and read to them his annual report.

The first point on which Mr. Airy dwelt was the state of the edifice. Since the visitation of last year, Struve's Observatory, and the former Dip House and Deflexion House, have been taken down, and a range of seven rooms has been built.

The Magnetic Ante-room has been much extended; an alteration which, had it been made earlier, would have saved some expense in the magnetic reductions of 1848—1857.

A Map of the grounds and buildings in their present state has been nearly prepared for engraving.

Mr. Airy referred to the project of carrying a railway in a tunnel through the lower part of Greenwich Park. Three plans were proposed, by three different companies; two of them are withdrawn, but one (that of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Extension) is still pressed. The Astronomer Royal thinks it would be possible to render such a railway innocuous to the Observatory; it would, however, be under restrictions which might be felt annoying to the authorities of the railway, but whose relaxation would almost insure ruin to the Observatory. The communication between Woolwich and London was, some years ago, carried round in the *détour* by Lewisham; if a connexion between Woolwich and Blackfriars is required, a junction can be made either in the Ravensborne valley (which makes connexion both with Blackfriars and with the Crystal Palace) or at Gravel Lane; so that a very small expense would independently connect Woolwich with Greenwich. The passage through the Park is now therefore actually unnecessary.

The Parliamentary Copies of the Yard Standard and the Pound Standard, which are deposited in the Royal Observatory under the provisions of the Standard Act, for official custody, are in good order.

The arrangement and cataloguing of the bound Manuscripts by Mr. Carpenter, one of the Assistants of the Royal Observatory, have been completed. The current arrangement of Manuscripts, as they accumulate daily, is closely kept up, on a system which the experience of many years has shown to be very satisfactory; and volumes are bound from time to time, when the amount of collected papers on any special subject appear to make binding desirable. The Library continues to increase, partly by moderate purchases, but principally by presents.

The Transit-Circle is in an excellent state. The Altazimuth is in good order. The Prismatic Spectrum Apparatus has been completed, and is very efficient. It is constructed on the principle of giving breadth to the linear spectrum by allowing the conical pencil of light, that diverges from the image of a star, to fall in a diverging state upon the prism, which is placed in a position differing from that of minimum deviation. When both these conditions are secured, the light, on emergence from the prism, diverges differently in the two transverse planes; and the apparatus of lenses which then receives the pencil, and which gives complete convergence in the direction that produces purity of the spectrum, does not give complete convergence in the direction that produces narrowness of the spectrum. The construction is the simplest that has been proposed for its purpose. Prof. Airy, however, still regards it as experimental; there may be some risk in the oblique refraction of conical pencils; and he proposes soon to try the effect of the prism with parallel pencils of rays passing through it; breadth being given to the spectrum by a cylindrical lens.

The general details given were satisfactory; though it is matter of regret that from unavoidable causes the work of the Observatory is falling slightly into arrear.

SPURIOUS COPIES OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS.

FROM facts which have recently been communicated to us we regret to find that the fraudulent manufacture and sale of spurious copies of pictures and drawings are still carried on in England. The original works thus copied are by artists of eminence; dextrous hands are often employed for the purpose, and every artifice is used to imitate the originals as closely as possible, including the *signatures*. There is, perhaps, not one British artist whose works command high prices that cannot cite numerous instances where spurious copies of his productions have been made and sold. The injury to artists and to the innocent purchasers of

these fraudulent copies has been very great; and we are induced again to call attention to the subject because there is reason for supposing that some of the persons engaged in this disgraceful trade are under the delusion of supposing that 'The Copyright Works of Art Act, 1862,' only relates to pictures and drawings which are the subject of *copyright* under that statute. Happily, it not only grants copyright in pictures, drawings, and photographs, but likewise contains provisions "for repressing the commission of *fraud* in the production and sale of such works." The seventh section of the Act was expressly framed to meet the class of cases to which we have alluded. Therefore it provides that—1st. No person shall *fraudulently* sign any name, initials or monogram upon any painting, drawing or photograph, &c.—2ndly. No person shall *fraudulently* sell, publish, exhibit, or dispose of, or offer for sale, exhibition or distribution, any painting, drawing or photograph, &c. having thereon the name, initials or monogram of a person *who did not execute or make such work*.—3rdly. No person shall *fraudulently* utter, dispose of, or put off, or cause to be uttered or disposed of, any copy or colourable imitation of any painting, drawing, or photograph, or negative of a photograph, *whether there shall be subsisting copyright therein or not*, as having been made or executed by the author or maker of the original work from which such copy or imitation shall have been taken.

Every offender under this section will, upon conviction, forfeit to the person aggrieved a sum not exceeding 10*l.*, or not exceeding double the full price, if any, at which all such copies, &c. shall have been sold or offered for sale. And all such copies, &c. will be forfeited to the person, or the assigns or legal representatives of the person whose name, initials, or monogram shall be so fraudulently signed or affixed thereto, or to whom such spurious or altered work shall be so fraudulently or falsely ascribed as aforesaid.

And all such penalties and unlawful copies, imitations, &c., may be recovered either by action or by summary proceeding before any two magistrates having jurisdiction where the party offending resides. Such has been the law as to spurious copies of pictures, drawings, and photographs since the 29th of July, 1862.

Now to the persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of such works it is useless to point out the *injustice* of their conduct. They are men of that class who are so absorbed with the lust of gain that in its acquisition they are only to be restrained by the strong arm of the law. The original and chief delinquents in this miserable trade of plunder are usually persons who can afford to give considerable prices for *original* works. To give an artist, say, five hundred guineas for his picture, then employ some needy creature to make minute copies of it at 30*l.* each, and sell each of them at a profit of several hundreds per cent. upon their cost price; all this is looked upon by such persons merely as a very "smart" transaction.

All sorts of devices are resorted to and various agencies employed for effecting the sale or exchange of spurious copies. Tempting offers of "a great bargain" from persons professing to be rather short of cash and having some bills just coming due, should usually be regarded with suspicion. So, likewise, should "very cheap lots" at public sales.

It may be advisable also to state that the fraudulent sale or exchange of a spurious copy of a picture, drawing or photograph brings the offenders within reach of the law as being a *criminal offence*. By an Act of 1861 it is provided that "whoever shall by any *false pretence* obtain from any other person any chattel, money, or valuable security, with intent to defraud, shall be guilty of a *misdemeanor*, and being convicted shall be liable, at the discretion of the Court, to be kept in penal servitude for the term of three years, or to be imprisoned for any term not exceeding two years, with or without hard labour, and with or without solitary confinement." And every person who shall aid, abet, counsel, or procure the commission of any such misdemeanor will, by the same Act, be liable to be indicted and punished as a principal offender. We desire to call especial attention to this latter provision of the Statute as to *abetors* in

misdeemeanors, because it includes in its operation not only the person who makes a spurious copy, but also the original delinquent, his employer.

It will have been observed that to bring an offender within the provisions of either of the statutes mentioned it must be established that he *fraudulently* did the act complained of against him, consequently it may be supposed that there would be great difficulty in doing so. Such, however, is not the fact. As in the case of a man found in the possession of stolen goods, it lies upon a person offering for sale or selling a spurious copy satisfactorily to account for its being in his custody. If he fails to do so, his knowledge of the fraud may be *presumed*, and his conviction thus insured. If, on the other hand, he can satisfactorily explain how the copy in question came into his possession then he may escape, but his disclosures would almost inevitably lead to the detection and conviction of the original delinquent.

From these observations on the present state of the law as regards the manufacture and sale of spurious copies of pictures, drawings and photographs, it will be seen how very dangerous it has become to engage in any transaction of the kind; and what ruin it may involve where a man has any character to lose. We trust the risk will be found to outweigh the profit of such scandalous ventures, and thus abate a prolific source of injury to British artists and the purchasers of their productions.

DISCOVERIES NEAR ROME.

Rome, May 23, 1863.

ON leaving Rome by its northern gate, Porta del Popolo, and proceeding on the Flaminian road towards the north and north-west, the Campagna offers a physiognomy differing considerably from that met with on excursions towards the east and south, to the Sabine and Alban Mountains. In the east direction you find yourself on an undulating plain, that, in pre-historic times, was the bottom of the sea, and still, by its form, may remind you of the sea and its waves, whilst yonder you ascend the old bed of the Tiber, a valley that, serpentine between rocky hills, becomes narrower and narrower. The Tiber now is visible like a white or grey riband only at the bottom of the valley, but time was when it filled the whole space between the hills, and when, five or six miles broad, it opened into the sea. At about midway of its mouth in those times, when the hills on which Rome should rise were covered with brackish water, was the spot where now *Ponte Molle* bridges a curve of the senile stream.

These and other similar remarks are made by my friend, the geologist, and no place in the world can be more fit for such observations, investigating the remotest incidents and revolutions of nature, for the naked greenish hills with their scattered remnants of ruins proclaim in stern silence that we are moving over an immense tomb, over ages of activity and glory that now seem to have interrupted nature for a moment only.

Under such circumstances I feel almost ashamed of mentioning such incidents of yesterday as the names of the locality remind me of. It was at Ponte Molle, Pons Milvius, that the Allobrogian ambassadors suffered themselves to be attacked and deprived of the despatches Catiline had entrusted to them, and thus gave the consul, Cicero, the means of laying bare before the senate the formidable conspiracy. If, whilst proceeding, we turned to the left, we should come to Cremera, the place of sad memory where the Fabian family were cut to pieces. Were those three hundred Fabians, with their thousands of *clients*, only going to wage war against Veji? or, dissatisfied with the ascendancy of the Latin tribes at Rome, were those Sabian aristocrats bent upon establishing a new Rome when they should have conquered Veji? and did the consul therefore leave them to their fate? I would at this moment give more for the solution of this problem, in which the human heart throbs, than for an insight into the volcanic mysteries by which the hills arose and the river took its course.

As we proceed, even my friend, the geologist, cannot help forgetting for awhile eras and strata,

and allowing his imagination to re-people our road with men instead of with fire, for we are on the battle-field where Constantine conquered Maxentius, which event prepared the triumph of Christianity, and to which Raphael has given a second immortality by his picture in the Vatican. Ay, we are at this moment between Saxa Rubra, where the battle began, and the river, where it was ended by Maxentius perishing in the waves. The hills around us no longer appear as representatives of mute, indifferent nature, but seem wrapt in conscious, majestic, sympathetic silence; nor do we at the moment see them bare and desolate, for our inner eye is filled with colours—those of the first Christian banner, "In hoc signo vinces," singularly blended together with those by the greatest Christian painter. Down this very road Alaric, a hundred years later, descended—the first conqueror of the city of Romulus, Cæsar, Constantine. What a yell of Gothic triumph these hills must have witnessed! Ay, ay, I understand their silence.

But whilst memory and fancy are creating life around us, the very interior of the hills reargues into life, or, to reduce my words to prosaic correctness, one of the hills, at least,—that which towers over the little osteria or inn at Prima Porta—is being excavated with good results. On the top of this hill, which we now ascend on foot, a ruined brick wall, for centuries peeping out of the soil, beckoned man to come and dig; but the invitation was answered only this spring, when almost the first spade hit upon the ruins of a villa. The villa, it is said, belonged to Calpurnia, the wife of Cæsar; and a clay pipe, exactly resembling a modern drain-pipe, bears in distinct letters the inscription, Calpurnia. From Calpurnia or Cæsar the villa may have been inherited by Octavianus and Livia, and through generations it may have remained an imperial summer abode. Scholars now call it *Livia's Villa*.

A few feet beneath the surface of the soil is found a suite of rooms, no doubt the first floor of the villa. The walls of one of the rooms are, singularly enough, decorated with landscape paintings, a grove of palm and orange trees, with fruits and birds on the branches—the colours all as fresh and lively as if painted yesterday. Though exquisite, they may, however, be looked upon by most visitors with less admiration than surprise; for not only is it a strange taste to decorate rooms of a villa with a representation of trees, but this kind of picture is in itself an exception from what we know of antique Art, the Romans, as well as their descendants, being without that romantic feeling which prompts the Teutonic race to landscape painting. A learned friend of mine even expresses a doubt of the decoration being antique; but who in later times would have descended beneath the earth to execute such a work? The ceilings have fallen down; but in their scattered fragments can be seen the beauty of line and colour, and the fine floating figures, &c., so well known from Pompeii. Glass and earthenware have been found likewise.

The most essential part, however, of the discoveries, that which has caused so much sensation at Rome, is a statue of Augustus. I admit that, on hearing of it at Rome, I had my doubts about the sincerity or depth of the enthusiasm it occasioned, considering the number of such statues with which the museums abound, nor did the statue at first sight make an impression answering to the expectations aroused. It has been removed to a shed, and lies on straw, on a litter, exactly like a man found drowned near a village. But, on closer inspection, the unpleasant feeling of misfortune and death gives way to a singular, most agreeable sensation—it is not death, but life, that has been found; or, if death has been at work, here is resurrection. Beauty, ideality, in the sense in which this work was created, assuming by emanation their power over the mind, and throwing their veil before the ages, cause a feeling of strange gladness or felicity, which it is the secret of eternal Art alone to produce. The statue evidently was executed shortly after the death of Augustus; it is, at once, a portrait and an attempt to idealize and deify him, and to incarnate in him the imperial power of Rome. The face has a remarkably happy expression of grandeur, gentleness and intellect.

He is clad in his triumphal garb, in armour, the *chiton* loosely thrown from arm to arm, so as to cover the trunk. On the armour the following emblems in bas-relief are seen. Lowest, Roma, with a cornucopia, the twins at her side. Over her, to the left, Apollo, with his lyre, riding a hippogriff; to the right, Diana on a hind. Over these, to the left, Mars, holding out his sheathed sword (potent or armed Peace); to the right, a figure with a torch and dog, the signification of which I do not know. Over these, and closer together, a soldier with banner and eagle, evidently Loyalty; to the right, a trophy, Victory. Over these, a figure in a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, and preceded by soaring Victories, rides into heaven, which Jupiter holds open, or expanded, for their reception.

The statue, eleven Roman palms high, was found quite unscathed, with the exception of the feet, and these are but broken off, not lost, and may be easily joined on to the body. At the right foot was an Amor with a dolphin—hinting perhaps at the battle at Actium. This Amor, and some little things about the garment and the right knee are wanting in execution, and in so far the work stands behind, for instance, "Britannicus" in the Museum of the Lateran, whilst by the ideality of the head and the gracefulness of the emblems it surpasses that statue as well as any other of the same period and in the same style.

But, says my learned friend, how has the iron protruding from the broken leg been able to resist rust during centuries? This I cannot answer; but no one can doubt that the statue is antique, and if even the iron be modern, it would only prove that the statue has been seen by man since the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, some time or other before its present excavation at Porta Prima. It is said, that occasionally, when a statue is found at a time unpropitious for sale, Romans know how to ignore it and to find it again at a happier moment.

The statue bears traces of having been coloured; but all such traces are strictly confined to the garment of the emperor and the emblems. In the villa are found three other sculptural works, busts of Septimus Severus, his wife and their son, Geta; and the leaders of the excavation confidently hope to find still more. M. GOLDSCHMIDT.

THE HUMAN JAW OF ABBEVILLE.

10, Kent Terrace, N.W., June 8, 1863.

THE letter of my friend, Mr. Evans, in the last number of the *Athenæum*, calls for some remarks on my part as member of the conference whose conclusions he calls in question. Mr. Evans is steadfast to his first opinion, an opinion shared by me up to the 12th of May. The reasons for my original disbelief were the same, with few modifications, as those of Dr. Falconer, Mr. Evans and Mr. Busk; and it must not be forgotten by Mr. Evans that all the points he insists on, with the exception of the finger-markings, were strongly felt and maintained by us at the conference in Paris, at the close of which we were unshaken in our convictions. Our distinguished French associates gave full attention to every objection, and the same spirit of candour and an earnest desire to arrive at the truth seemed to animate all the members of that conference. The discussions of the four days were carefully recorded by M. Delesse, and the *procès verbaux* will probably be published. Mr. Evans was invited to attend this conference, and I much regret he was unable to be present. The leading objection (identical with our own) urged by Mr. Evans is the absence of all the ordinary characters of age in the new type of flint implements from Moulin-Quignon. Our objections on this point were combated by the observation that some of the undoubted specimens, such as those disinterred by Dr. Gaudry at St.-Acheul, and some others, appeared, like the suspected implements, as fresh as though they had been recently made. Other specimens found by myself at Menchecourt, on my first visit to Abbeville, in 1859, are singularly fresh-looking, and even without the habitual lustre. A closer examination of most of these specimens showed however some minute indication of antiquity, such as a speck of calcareous incrustation, or of dendrites, or some of those small points perceptible to the experienced observer. Nevertheless it is quite possible to sup-

pose a case where such minute traces might be altogether wanting, and then we should be entirely without the ordinary test of age. This might be an extremely exceptional condition, still the possibility of its occurrence is manifest.

With regard to the test by shape, I confess myself unable to adopt it without limitation. On the one hand, I think the form of the facets and the depth of conchoidal fracture depend upon the shape of the instrument used, and upon the force of the blow, rather than upon the material of which the breaking implement is made; and on the other hand I see no reason why, with a little practice, flint implements of quaternary age should not be imitated, as far as form is concerned, as well as celts and arrow-heads of the age of stone, which have, we know, been fabricated with such skill as to deceive even practised antiquaries. But while admitting thus much, I do not agree with Mr. Evans, that if so "we should have no characteristics whereby to distinguish true from false, and should be at the mercy of every unprincipled flint-knapper and gravel-digger who thought fit to impose upon us." There may be cases where it is difficult, and others where it is impossible, to say from intrinsic characters alone whether a flint implement is genuine or not, but from experience I am satisfied that such instances are of rare occurrence.

The other objections of Mr. Evans were the iron-marks found occasionally on some of the suspected implements, and the apparent finger-smearing. The iron-marks are rare, and such as might be produced by the pick or by the shovel in digging out the gravel, or, as the men often put the specimens in their pockets, they might be marked by a knife or a key. The finger-marks are not so apparent to me as to my able friend. The two specimens he examined had slipped down in the gravel, and in so slipping the movement of the sandy matrix might cause striae on the moist coating of flints of this shape.

The surest test of the genuineness of any flint implements is, however, their identity in mineral character with the component flints of the gravel itself; and this, I admit, was a weak point in our case. Where these are stained brown or yellow, so should be the flint implements if of contemporaneous date; where the one are unstained and unaltered, so should be the other. Thus, at St.-Acheul, where the mass of the gravel is white, the flint implements often retain their natural black colour, and are but little changed; but in the few intercalated ferruginous seams there they are found stained and discoloured. So, notwithstanding that the mass of the gravel at Moulin-Quignon is ochreous, there are subordinate light-coloured seams, and it was quite within the range of possibility that some variations in the character of the bed in which the newer flint implements had been discovered might account for their exceptional character; while, as these beds are amongst the most ancient of the post-pliocene deposits of the valley of the Somme, it was possible that, as in the newer beds of Montiers and Menchecourt we have a different type of flint implement, so in the older of the beds of Moulin-Quignon there might have been preserved an earlier and ruder type than any with which we were previously acquainted.

Seeing, therefore, the difficulty of arriving, upon intrinsic characters alone, without a knowledge of the condition of the beds themselves, at a positive result as to what the characters of the flint implements should be, it was, I think, a judicious resolve on the part of M. Milne-Edwards to adjourn the meeting to Abbeville, for the purpose of investigating the beds *in situ*.

No announcement was made of our intended visit, and we appeared unexpectedly on the ground early on the morning of the 12th of May. Sixteen workmen were engaged, and kept at work during the whole day, under the careful supervision of the members of the conference and of several visitors. The talus and a certain portion of the gravel were cleared away, so as to obtain a fresh surface, and in the course of the day five specimens were discovered. One (No. 2) was of the old undoubted type; the other four were of the new and suspected type. The first one was taken out by

one of the workmen under the eyes of M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards; No. 3 by another workman, in presence of M. Bert; No. 4 was found by Dr. A. Gaudry; and the fifth by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards, who saw this specimen while yet imbedded in the gravel. Mr. Brady and his son had also before our visit to Abbeville, in a search conducted with much care, found seven specimens under similar circumstances. This cumulative evidence led me to accept the authenticity of the discovery and the genuineness of the specimens, although I did not myself witness the disinterring of any of them. This I had hoped to have accomplished on a second day; but a further delay was hardly thought necessary, and would have been attended with much inconvenience to several members of the conference. That evening, therefore, when asked my opinion, it was expressed as recorded in the *procès verbal*:—"M. Prestwich déclare que bien qu'il n'avait pas assisté à la mise à nu des haches, prenant en considération le soin extrême avec lequel l'opération a été dirigée et surveillée, il n'élève plus aucun doute sur l'authenticité de ces haches et de la plupart des haches contestées dans les réunions antérieures, y compris les deux échantillons trouvés par M. Quatrefages."

With respect to the intrinsic evidence of the jaw, the opinions of Dr. Falconer and Mr. Busk as to its recent character are entitled to the greatest weight; but, on the other hand, we have the authority of M. Delafosse for supposing that the coating of limonite must have been the work of ages, and the two eminent French authorities, M. Quatrefages and M. Lartet, saw reason to maintain in its high antiquity. As to the quantity of gelatine present in the bone it is much a question of the nature of the matrix. A human bone of a Gallo-Roman sepulture at Lillebonne contained not a trace of animal matter, while a bone from the cavern of Miallet contained 7.17 per cent., and another from Oreston gave 11 per cent. Fossil teeth especially are often singularly fresh-looking. As to the possible colouring effect of the black band I have flints from it covered with black clay and limonite, and yet almost as fresh-looking and as white as a flint recently taken from the chalk. On the palæontological question, however, I speak with due reserve.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety" does not always hold good in geological research. It is not the clash of opinion, but quiet and close observation, that is required in the field. I abandoned myself to the former, on the first day, intending to stipulate for a portion of the latter on the second day; but that second day never came, and consequently one important point we had in view was overlooked. We were to have washed a mass of the gravel taken from the spot where one of the flint implements had been found so as to ascertain what proportion of the flints composing it were permanently stained and discoloured and what number were unaltered, for it is evident that, on the assumption that the flint implements were of the age of the Moulin-Quignon beds, they should, as before observed, present generally the same aspect as the gravel, after eliminating any cause of variability. I had suggested it at the pit, and some of the gravel had actually been brought away, but, owing to the late hour to which the discussion that evening was prolonged and the early close of the conference the following morning, this essential test was overlooked: The circumstances under which the flint implements were found seemed to us all to prove that they were *in situ*. The assumption of fraud was therefore discarded and the authenticity of the case accepted. Dr. Falconer and Mr. Busk alone still maintained that the conditions of the jaw were not consistent with its being of any very great antiquity, and Dr. Falconer held by the same conclusion with respect to the flint implements. For my own part, the first point, that no fraud had been practised, (unanimously accepted) carried the rest, as I was satisfied from previous study that the beds were undisturbed and of early quaternary age. I may also observe, that these beds contain sufficient independent evidence of the antiquity of man.

My visit to Abbeville last week, in company with Mr. Evans, Mr. Godwin-Austen, Mr. Lub-

bock and Mr. Flower was made with a view to determine some geological points, and to corroborate some former observations. I took, also, the opportunity to conclude our neglected experiment. I washed a portion of the gravel containing 135 flint fragments, and of them 108 were completely stained and coloured, 22 partially so, and only 5 (all small) not at all altered. There exists one possible cause of variability, which is, that some of the flints might have been stained before they were imbedded in their present position. That this happens in places in these high-level gravels, is evident from the fact, that such coloured flints are found mixed with the unaltered flints of the white gravel-beds of St.-Acheul. But there are always flints not of this secondary derivation, and others with fractures of the period; the rarity, therefore, of unaltered flints in this bed is in contradiction to the unaltered condition of the totality of the flint implements of the new type.

Among the specimens in M. Boucher de Perthes' collection are the fragments of two skeletons—a child and an adult from Mesnières, a village about fifteen miles south of Abbeville. These were coated with brick-earth, and had been reported to M. de Perthes to have been found in undisturbed ground. M. Quatrefages and Mr. Busk were struck with some peculiarities presented by these remains. Both these gentlemen wished me to visit Mesnières and report on the character of the beds in which these skeletons had been found. We accordingly went, and found the small pit at the corner of a road. The upper two feet consisted of brick-earth or loess, and the lower six to eight feet of coarse angular flint-gravel, very open and porous. It was at a depth of two feet in the latter that the skeletons were reported to have been found. They appeared, from the description given us, to have been buried in an open trench, which was filled up with the soil taken out, and were of great antiquity, possibly Celtic. In a discussion which took place at the Geological Society on Wednesday last, Mr. Busk stated that the jaw of the child from Mesnières presented the same peculiar form as that of the aged adult of Moulin-Quignon, that their mineral condition was the same, and that he found the same coating of limonite on some of the bones. This coating I also found in unusual quantities on some of the flints in this gravel. These are coincidences which may be worth the while of M. Quatrefages and Mr. Busk to inquire into. The workmen employed at Mesnières were from Mautort, and it was from one of them that Mr. Evans obtained the three Mautort flint implements that he alludes to.

In all inquiries, when the evidence is conflicting or circumstantial, the opinion necessarily vacillates according as the balance of evidence tends to preponderate on one side or the other, until after a time a right adjustment is made. Such phases of a scientific question are not, therefore, to be regarded as unusual, though they do not generally come before the public. It is enough, I think, that they should trouble the observers until study and discussion amongst themselves have removed some of the difficulties. For my own part I object to this kind of thinking aloud. As a geologist, I cannot dispense with time, and like to use it.

JOSEPH PRESTWICH.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

IN his distribution of the Civil List Pensions for the past year, Lord Palmerston appears to have freed himself from the influence of Lord Aberdeen's ideas. The men and women who receive the nation's bounty have done the State some service, of which all the world can judge. The merit of the claimant has been thought of more, the poverty less. In only four of the fourteen cases are "straitsened circumstances" named as part of the claim advanced; in these four they are mentioned incidentally, and along with better ground for receiving the national award. In ten cases the service is put forth alone. The distribution, too, seems fair enough, as the following analysis will show. Nine pensions are given to Literature:—that is to say—to Miss Frances Browne, 100*l.*, on account of her works in prose and poetry, composed in spite of blindness existing from birth. Mr. S. W. Fullom, 70*l.*, in consideration of a long career as author and journalist, and

of the merits of some of his works. Mr. Lane, 100L., in testimony of the value of his Arabic Dictionary, the product of twenty years' labour, ten of which were passed in Egypt for the better accomplishment of the task. Dr. Robert Latham, 100L., in appreciation of his eminence in the studies of grammar, philology, and ethnology, and of his contributions to the knowledge of the same. Mr. Gerald Massey, 70L., in appreciation of his services as a lyric poet sprung from the people. Mrs. O'Donovan, 50L., in consideration of the late Dr. O'Donovan's valuable contributions to Irish literature and archaeology. Mr. Cyrus Redding, 70L., in consideration of his labours in the field of political and other literature, extending over more than half a century. Mrs. Elizabeth Strutt, 70L., in consideration of her straitened circumstances at a great age, and after 58 years of contributions to literature. Dr. Tregelles, 100L., on account of his valuable labours on subjects connected with Biblical criticism, and of similar works still in hand.—Four pensions have been given to Science:—to Sir Thomas Maclear, 100L., in consideration of his services as Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Joshua Alder, of Newcastle, 70L., in consideration of his labours as a naturalist, especially in the department of marine zoology, and of his being suddenly reduced to poverty by circumstances over which he had no control. Mrs. Atkinson, 100L., in consideration of her husband's contributions to geographical science, the fruits of six years' explorations in Eastern Siberia and Mongolia—during which she accompanied him, and aided in preserving a record of his researches—and of his having expended all his means in these efforts, leaving his widow totally unprovided for. Mr. George Bartlett, 100L., in appreciation of his pursuit of the natural and physical sciences during thirty-six years, resulting in the establishment of the "Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society," and the publication of many works, but also in a total prostration of mind and body now that he is old.—The remaining pension is on account of Education:—to Mrs. Hughes, 100L., in consideration of her husband's labours in the cause of education during a long service as master of the Greenwich Hospital Schools, and of the straitened circumstances in which she is left.—Except that Sir Robert Peel had a manifestly larger notion of the true functions of a Civil List—excluding "straitened circumstances" altogether from his consideration—we do not know that he ever distributed his country's dole to its very serviceable children with a wiser hand than Lord Palmerston has this year done.

Our attention has been called to the fact that the vote for completing the Nelson Column by Sir E. Landseer's lions is six thousand pounds. The larger sum implies the deeper obligation on the sculptor's part. It is surely time for Sir Edwin to begin his task or yield it to a readier man. When alluding to this subject last week, we suggested, laughingly, that the country had, perhaps, saved enough out of Lieut. Pollard to pay for the Nelson lions. But the neglect of Mr. Pollard is something worse than a joke. The man who avenged his great commander was the signal midshipman on board the Victory; he helped to pass that glorious motto round the fleet, "England expects that every man will do his duty": and he did his duty on that memorable day, by avenging his adored admiral's death. That deed will live in history so long as Trafalgar is remembered by mankind. Yet the hero of it is still a lieutenant, is living in a public hospital, and we understand is suffering from feeble health and domestic trials.

The members and friends of the Ecclesiological Society will hold two meetings on the Twenty-fourth Anniversary:—one in the afternoon in the Tower of London, when by permission of Lord De Ros, Lieutenant of the Tower, the White Tower, including the Norman Chapel, and the other Historical Antiquities of the place will be open to the inspection of the party; a second, in the evening, at the galleries in Conduit Street. Mr. Beresford Hope, the President, will attend both meetings.

In answer to the Correspondent who inquires where he can find the old lyric 'Back and Side go Bare,' which, in a recent review of some books

of collected verse, we called Bishop Still's, we have to say that he will find it in 'Gammer Gorton's Needle.' We may add, however, that Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Skelton's Works, prints a version from a manuscript copy in his possession, which he describes as of an earlier date than 1575, the year in which the play was printed. The song requires collating; for if Bishop Still adapted it, he has missed one or two of the hits made by the older writer. The lines—

No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,

loses the reckless jollity and precision of—

Nor frost, nor snow, nor wynde, I trow,
Canne hurte me yf hyt wolde.

—We fancy the "[c]oynve of golde" of Mr. Dyce's copy is a misprint for "coyne of golde." We referred to this song because of its real English jollity. A far more serious omission of early poetry is that of Raleigh's 'Wrong not, sweet Empress of my Heart,' in which occurs that lovely conceit:—

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

—But, in order to make a good collection of poetical extracts for general reading, a compiler ought to read the original writers.

The power possessed by locomotives to surmount steep gradients has been lately demonstrated in a very remarkable manner by the opening of the Bhore Ghaut Incline of the Great Indian Railway. The incline attains at one long lift the great height of 1,832 feet, which is the highest elevation hitherto attained by any railway incline. It is fifteen and a half miles long, and the average gradient consequently is 1 in 46.39.

We would very gladly help Mr. Fuller to recover, if possible, the paper about which he inquires in the following note:—

"Boston, May 21, 1863.

"In the London *Athenæum*, of 1852, p. 254, near the bottom of the second column, it is stated that my sister, the late Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, left with some person, whose name is not given, certain papers in a sealed parcel, being journals, &c. I am her executor, as well as brother, and have the charge of all her works. I should be very glad to get those papers, and to be put in communication with the party who has them. Can you give me the party's name, or get the party to write to me?"

"RICHARD F. FULLER."

Can any of our readers tell us where these journals may now be found?

The following note is from the Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects:—

"June 3, 1863.

"At the Arundel Society's Annual General Meeting, held on the 2nd inst., it was argued, that the Society could not issue *faithful* copies of the Italian frescoes in consequence of their mutilation; and that it was necessary to restore the missing or decayed portions. Allow me to remark, that the Architectural Photographic Society have just issued unrestored photographs from the mutilated sculptures at Wells Cathedral, among which is the subject of 'The Gift of Tongues,' without one head to the whole group of apostles, so gifted as must be taken on faith; and further to say, that I for one value the faithful representation of this sculpture as it exists better than if it had been restored. I allow the cases are hardly parallel, but we should at least be shown clearly which is original and which not.—I am, &c., JOHN P. SEDDON."

The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, in their sixth Report, urgently invite the attention of Government to the want of space for the collection under their care. The pictures and busts now amount to 158 in number, 47 of which are presentations. The number of visitors during last year, when the Gallery was open only two days in the week, from twelve to five o'clock, amounted to 12,448, being nearly double that of the previous year—6,676. On the last Easter Monday there were 942 visitors as against 672 in 1862. There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the obscurity of its position, the collection is steadily growing in favour with the public. Although artistic merit is not a

primary object in this institution, the collection already contains some five-and-twenty works (whether painting or sculpture) that would hold a respectable position in any gallery of Art. The Trustees announce themselves wholly at a loss to provide for fresh accessions. Pictures are already placed upon the ground, and in dark corners round the windows; but it would be a great pity if so good an enterprise were to fall through merely by the want of extended house-room, and a more decent light for the advantageous display of the few works belonging to the collections deserving attention on grounds of Art.

Mr. J. P. Berjeau writes to say that he is not the author of the 'Varieties of Dogs,' reviewed in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last. The work was executed by his son, also Mr. J. P. Berjeau.

A curious and interesting discovery of ancient church ornaments has been recently made at Douai. According to the French papers, the students of the formerly-celebrated college at that town secretly buried two coffers full of valuable church plate at the time of the great French Revolution. The secret, which was carefully kept for many years, has recently been divulged. A corps of engineers, who now occupy the buildings formerly used by the college, searched for the hidden treasures, and they have already succeeded in disinterring various silver vases bearing the names of Presidents of the College, and that of Philip Howard of Norfolk, with the date 1744. The search is being prosecuted for other articles supposed to have been also buried.

The King of Prussia has purchased Lessing's picture, 'Huss on the Funeral Pile,' which was exhibited in London last summer, for the sum of 15,000 thalers. Kaulbach's cartoon, 'The Reformation,' destined for the hall of the new museum at Berlin, has arrived there. Kaulbach will soon follow, and execute his work with the help of Berlin artists.

Although an artist is not expected to be an historian, there can be no doubt that he is bound to be reasonably heedful of the authenticity of any event he illustrates. Many persons, feeling this, and cognizant of the denial by the Duke of Wellington that he first met Blucher at La Belle Alliance on the field of Waterloo, according to the popular legend, have challenged Mr. Maclise's historical fidelity in the great water-glass picture in the Parliament Houses. By some inconceivable blunder, this is decided to represent the meeting of the generals; and even M.P.s, who have opportunities of using their senses on the subject, complacently enter the Royal Gallery, where the picture is, and dilate upon the philosophy of error with the unction of Sir Thomas Browne himself. Countless times has the press repeated this "vulgar error," especially in reviewing the latest published section of Wellington's Despatches, within the last few months. No doubt this opinion will be held for generations, unless some one shows that the whole discovery is a mare's nest, and founded upon mere heedlessness of the most obvious points in the picture. If Mr. Maclise had blundered, as people say he did, who could blame him for receiving the authority of Lords Stanhope and Macaulay,—both members of the Fine Arts Commission? If it was anybody's business it was surely that of the two professed historians to inquire into the point in question. Mr. Maclise might be excused in their default, or on the authority of M. Edgar Quinet, who, on the French side, says:—"En revenant du côté de la Belle Alliance, Wellington revenant contre Blucher. Tous deux mirent pied à terre, et se jetèrent dans les bras l'un de l'autre. La ferme de la Belle Alliance avait servi de point de direction à l'armée Prussienne; Blucher voulait qu'on appellât de ce nom la bataille; l'orgueil des Anglais l'a emporté," &c. ('Histoire de la Campagne de 1815,' p. 279.) All this might justify Mr. Maclise in accepting the already entertained and rather picturesque popular legend that the meeting took place at the farm in question; but he did nothing of the kind, and the very title of his picture might have suggested to those who were in haste to find fault that he has not attempted to represent the meeting, but, so it runs, 'The Interview between

Wellington and Blucher.' Some suspicions had all along rested upon the legend, and the artist, heedful beyond the occasion and his strict duty, has painted not the meeting but the parting of the commanders. The Duke himself had contradicted the legend in a letter to Mr. Mudford (Gurwood, vol. 8, p. 332). Mr. Maclise inquired of Lord Sandys, who, as Lord Arthur Hill, one of the Duke's *aides-de-camp*, was present on the occasion, and is painted in the picture, and from him learned that if the meeting of the generals took place at, or near, Gemappes, they parted at the farmhouse of La Belle Alliance, and that he (Lord Sandys) saw them there, both mounted on horseback, from which place Blucher and Gneisenau pursued the French, while the Duke rode sadly back over the death-strewn fields to the little village of Waterloo. Upon this authority, which thoroughly fits in with the history of the battle and with the Duke's letter to Mr. Mudford, Mr. Maclise proceeded. That the parting and not the meeting point of the interview is expressed in the picture, anybody may see with his own eyes who will go into the Royal Gallery.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dark.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—The ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.—Gallery, 33, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 190, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

The READING GIRL is now at 110, REGENT STREET.

THE SLEEP OF SORROW AND DREAM OF JOY is NOW ON VIEW at the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company's Establishment, 110, REGENT STREET. This Statue and the 'Reading Girl' are the Originals from the International Exhibition of 1862, and which were purchased by the Company.

LEVASSOR EN VISITE.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly.—It is respectfully announced that M. Levasor will give his admired ENTERTAINMENTS OF SCENES et CHANGONS COMIQUES, on TUESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, June 16 and 20, at Half-past Eight, and (in compliance with numerous requests for a Morning Representation) on THURSDAY MORNING NEXT, June 18, at Three o'clock, assisted by Mlle. Tessiere and M. Rey, being the last week but one of these very successful Entertainments.—Seats (Unreserved), 3s.; Stalls 7s.; a few Parterres, 18s. 6d. each.—Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—June 4.—General Sabine, President, in the chair.—The Annual Meeting for the election of Fellows was held this day. The under-named were balloted for and elected:—Messrs. E. W. Cooke, W. Crookes, J. Fergusson, F. Field, Rev. R. Harley, J. R. Hind, C. W. Merrifield, Prof. D. Oliver, F. W. Pavy, M.D., W. Pengelly, H. E. Roscoe, Rev. G. Salmon, D.D., S. J. A. Salter, Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D., Col. F. M. E. Wilmot.

ASTRONOMICAL.—May 8.—G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal, in the chair.—H. Johnson, Esq., C. Baume, Esq., and Lieut. G. L. Tupman were elected Fellows.—'On Solar Spots, and on the Variable Star η (Argo) Navis,' by Prof. Wolf.—'Note on the Coefficient of the Parallaxic Equation in the Lunar Theory,' by E. J. Stone, Esq.—'On the Acceleration of the Mean Motion of the Moon,'—'Note on Planes Lunar Theory,' by A. Cayley, Esq.—'Jupiter's Satellites: Are they visible to the naked Eye?' by C. Mason, Esq.—'Phenomena of Jupiter's Satellites and Occultations of Stars by the Moon,' observed by S. Gorton, Esq.—'Occultation of ϵ Cancri observed at Highbury,' by T. W. Burr, Esq.—'Remarkable Phenomenon attending the Lunar Occultation of ϵ Cancri, on the 26th April, 1863,' by the Rev. W. R. Dawes.—'Some Observations of the Lunar Crater Plato,' by the Rev. W. R. Dawes.—'On a Portion of the Surface of the Mare Imbrium, observed with the Hartwell Equatorial,' by W. R. Birt, Esq.—'Elements of the Comets II. and III., 1863,' by Mr. Hermann Romberg.—'Observations of the Comets II. and III., 1863,' by R.

Hodgson, Esq.—'Observations and Parabolic Elements of Comet III., 1863,' by M. Karlinaki.

GEOLOGICAL.—June 3.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—The Rev. R. W. Greaves, M.A., was elected a Fellow.—The following communication was read: 'On the Section at Moulin-Quignon, and on the peculiar Character of some of the Flint Implements found there,' by J. Prestwich, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 4.—Octavius Morgan, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—J. Farrar, Esq. exhibited a stone implement (supposed to be a hammer left unfinished) found at Orkney. Mr. Farrar communicated some particulars as to its discovery.—G. Roberts, Esq. exhibited a volume of "Warrants and Grants," ranging in date from 1610 to 1631.—The Rev. S. Lysons communicated an account of discoveries of arrow-heads, &c., made at Rodmarton, in the county of Gloucester.—J. G. Nichols, Esq. read a paper 'On Portraits of the Wives of King Henry the Eighth.' The paper was profusely illustrated by prints of such portraits gathered from all quarters. To these illustrations Sir J. Boileau, Bart. contributed a portrait, on which was the legend "Anna Regina, 1580, HB.," and which has unfortunately been adopted as the original of the portrait of Queen Anne Boleyn in the Historical Gallery at the New Palace of Westminster, where it is converted into a full length. Whoever the lady may be, there can be no doubt she never was intended for Anne Boleyn, and the sooner such a blunder is corrected the better.—Mr. Scharf also contributed to the exhibition a very rare portrait of Catherine of Arragon, and, what was of still greater value, a series of critical comments on the various portraits of the wives of Henry the Eighth. Mr. Scharf's remarks on this occasion will be published in the Society's *Transactions*; but meanwhile we would lay particular stress on a fact which Mr. Scharf brought forward, and which we believe to be new and original. It is this, that the only portrait of Anne Boleyn on which reliance can be placed is the oil portrait in Windsor Castle, with a golden letter B pendent from her pearl necklace. This picture was copied in miniature by Hoskins, for Charles the First, and formed one of the well-known set in the original black frame now belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. The portraits of Jane Seymour, Mr. Scharf also observed, are reducible to two types; the original drawings for both of these will be found at Windsor. The two types are seen, one at Hampton Court, where the peak of the black veil attached to the hood is in front of the face, and the other, at Woburn Abbey, where the black peak is at the back of the head.

ZOOLOGICAL.—June 9.—J. Gould, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. Sclater made remarks on some of the animals he had lately observed living in the Zoological Gardens of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp, and read some notes on the period of gestation of certain ruminants which habitually bred in the Society's Gardens.—A communication was read from Mr. W. Williams, containing observations on the growth of some West Indian tortoises hatched in this country.—Mr. Bartlett exhibited a living Lemurine animal of the genus Galago, obtained by Mr. J. J. Monteiro in Angola, which he considered new to science and for which he proposed the name *Galago Monteiroi* after its discoverer.—Dr. Sclater read some notes on the modes of incubation of the birds of the order Struthion.—Mr. Gould exhibited a collection of birds made by Mr. F. G. Waterhouse during Mr. Stewart's late exploring expedition through Central Australia. The most remarkable of these was a very elegant new parrot of the genus *Polytelus*, which Mr. Gould proposed to call *P. Alexandræ*, in honour of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.—Dr. Günther communicated a paper by Capt. B. R. H. Beddow, entitled 'Descriptions of New Species of Serpents of the family Uropeltidae from India.'—Papers were also read by Mr. E. D. Cope 'On a New Species of *Vipera*,' supposed to be from Africa, and proposed to be called *Vipera confluenta*; and by Dr. J. E. Gray 'On a new Genus of Lizards from the Arabian Desert.'

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 22.—The Rev. J. Barlow, M.A., V.P., in the chair.—'On the Direct Measurement of the Sun's Chemical Action,' by Prof. Roscoe, B.A.

- MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
- Mon. Asiatic, 8.
 - Tue. Ethnological, 8.
 - Wed. Horticultural, 1.—Great Exhibition.
 - Thurs. Meteorological, 7.—'Meteorology of Years 1858 to 1862.' Mr. Glaisher; 'Hurricane of May 1852.' Mr. E. J. Lowe; 'Theory of Vapour,' Mr. J. C. Bloxam.
 - Geological, 8.—'Sandstones of Cromarty and Reptilian Footprints,' Dr. Gordon and Rev. J. M. Jones; 'Tertiary Shells, Jamaica,' Mr. Moore; 'New Fossil Invertebrates,' Mr. Macdonald; 'Sandstones and Shales of Gales of Scarborough,' Mr. Leakey; 'Ammonites of Cambridge Greensand,' Mr. Seeley; 'Geology and Mineralogy, Borneo,' M. Groot.
 - Naturalists, 7.—Annual.
 - Chemical, 8.—'Electrolytic Action,' Mr. Abel; 'Lithic Acidammonium,' Dr. Guthrie.
 - Linnean, 8.—'Relations of Tanalis, &c.,' Mr. Blanford; 'British Fungi,' Mr. Curry; 'Botanical Collections of Dr. Ljvall,' 'Anisostichium, new Genus of Musci,' Mr. Mitten.
 - Antiquaries, 8.—'Recent Discovery of Human Remains at Pompeii,' M. Goldschmidt; 'Cranage, near Ballisborough, Co. Cavan,' Prof. Huxness.
 - Royal, 8.
 - Philological, 8.—'Keltic Races of England,' Rev. J. Davies.
 - Horticultural.—Promenade.
 - Society of Arts, 8.—Annual Dinner.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A peculiarity in this year's Exhibition of Paintings by the Old Masters is the entire absence of any grand historical pictures. Portraiture is in the ascendancy, and of that the best are Flemish; only two or three of the Italian school being at all remarkable. The first picture in the Catalogue, and worthily occupying the post of honour, in the North Room, is Lord Overstone's large altar-piece, by Murillo, representing the Virgin standing on clouds with the infant Saviour in her arms, and surrounded by groups of very lovely boy-angels. This picture stands forth among the works of Murillo, as Raphael's 'Madonna di San Sisto' does from all other paintings in the world. Indeed the *motive*, with the solemn thoughtfulness of the Child and the serious expression of the Virgin, shows an accidental affinity to the masterpiece of the great Italian. There is in this picture a remarkable purity about the forms, although slight and even vague in some parts, which, combined with clear colour and solidity of shadow, render this picture singularly impressive. Its history is curious. It has been known as 'La Vierge Couplée,' from the following circumstance. Whilst still at Seville, the central part was cut out by the monks and concealed with the view of deterring the French from disturbing the picture. Sout, however, saw the value of the angels still remaining, and took possession of it. In the General's gallery the centre part was made up by a modern hand. The cut-out portion found its way to England, and passed from the choice collection of Mr. Gray, of Harringay House, to that of Lord Overstone. The sale of Sout's pictures in 1852, afforded an opportunity of purchasing the rest, and of this the present owner subsequently availed himself. The parts have lately been re-united with great skill and once more form a grand whole, rivaling, in fact, if not outshining, the great picture in the Louvre which was originally connected with it; both forming a part of one series of paintings in the same building. A large picture of a similar subject (No. 95), placed in the centre of the middle room, suffers very severely by the comparison, whilst a fine Magdalen (30), contributed by Mr. Beaumont, M.P., shows, very advantageously, a refinement and intensity of feeling, united with a wonderful depth, although sobriety of colour, but rarely to be found in his works. The great picture of St. Joseph leading the Infant Saviour (31), the property of the Earl of Strafford, is a conspicuous but not very favourable example of the painter. Beyond these we find no Spanish picture to record. A large "Conversation Piece," attributed to Titian (61), and consisting of seven figures, all seated, with the exception of the youthful St. John, is deficient in first-rate quality and deserving rather to be ranged among the works of Palma or Bonifazio, where largeness of limb and smoothness of features more frequently occur.

A remarkably fine picture, although much im-

jured, a portrait of the Doge Gritti, by Titian, is one of the grandest works in the room. It is said to have been rescued from a fire in the Ducal Palace at Venice in 1578, and to have been inserted, as a fragment, in a panel in the Contarini Palace, where it remained till purchased in 1856 by the present owner of the Palace, when it was transferred to a handsome frame, and finally sold to the present exhibitor, the Dean of Bristol. Few portraits now extant display a greater breadth, simplicity and grandeur of treatment. The benignity of the face, the broad painting of the gold brocade, both of his robe and of the cap, show abundant care, with Art concealed. The action of the hands confirms the tradition that it is only a portion of a larger picture, and that, when destroyed by fire three years after the painter's death, Tintoretto was appointed to reproduce the composition from memory in the throne-room of the Ducal Palace. In contrast to this, but only because on a minute scale, may be mentioned a fine head of the youthful Saviour (51), contributed by Mr. J. C. Robinson. The conception is large and grand; but the peculiarity of type, together with the exquisitely refined handling, show a more decided affinity to Albert Dürer than to Bellini, whose name is appended to it in the Catalogue. Boldly conceived and massively executed is the Meroni portrait of a disagreeable-looking man, with a beardless face, surrounded by a ruff. It belongs to Mr. E. Hawkins (85), and peers forth from the dark corner of a wall on which not many good portraits are to be found; the principal exception being a fine study of a male figure, attributed to Hanneman (82), from Warwick Castle: it had formerly passed as the portrait of Macchiavelli, by Titian. A very striking picture, a careful and most life-like study of the head of a Jew (65), and here, without any apparent authority, styled 'Portrait of Monsignore Pucci,' is, with still less probability, ascribed to the pencil of Raphael. It is possibly the work of a North Italian, perhaps a Bergomask or Brescian painter, and is remarkable for equality of finish and individual character, with a certain dryness of manipulation. Nor should we omit a grand and remarkably fine portrait, belonging to Lord Lindsay, of a young man tying his hose (58); it is full of dignity, and worthy of Sebastian del Piombo, whose name is assigned to it. Mr. J. C. Robinson's Portrait of a Young Man (38), by Francia, with very black shadows, seems almost to belong to an earlier time. In the dearth of Italian paintings of historical subjects, we have only to particularize the very fine Lorenzo di Credi (47), belonging to Lord Overstone, and formerly a conspicuous ornament in the collection of the poet Rogers. Lord Overstone also contributes a fine but frequently repeated head of the Praying Virgin (92), by Sassoferrato. A singular picture, by Melozzo da Forlì (28), the property of Mr. Spence, is one of a now dispersed series of paintings from the Sacristy of the cathedral at Urbino, which represented the different Dukes of Urbino and their descendants. In the picture before us a youth kneels upon the green carpeted steps of a throne, before a seated female, possibly a personification of Rhetoric. She hands him a book and, at the same time, points to a small organ which lies on the step close by his small Florentine cap. A sprig of myrtle is seen falling upon him from the other side. Numerous small pictures with well-sounding Italian names float before the eye, but the pooriness of No. 48, claimed for Mazzolino di Ferrara, and the gorgeoussness of the frame, together with its prominent position by the side of so fine a work as the Lorenzo di Credi, already specified, compel us to renew a word of remonstrance against the practices of the hanging committee. The so-called Sebastian del Piombo (134) of Christ bearing the Cross, although not occupying a position of undue prominence, is, in itself, a sad reflection on the judgment of those who regulate admission in the first instance. Lord Elcho's Sandro Botticelli (135) affords a pleasing relief, and is, in fact, one of the very finest examples of this unequal master. It represents the Virgin Mary kneeling and adoring the infant Saviour in a garden of roses. It formerly belonged to Lord Northwick. Lord Elcho is likewise the contributor of a genuine piece of early

Italian portraiture in the Profile of a Lady attired in Crimson (52) by Filippo Lippi.

The distinctive features of this Exhibition, besides the first on the list, are the three, if not four, Portraits by Rembrandt. Lord Clifden's Burgomaster Six (26), with light-brown parted hair, in an arched frame, is, perhaps, one of the most perfect works he ever painted, and the Berchem (126) and his Wife (130), both belonging to the Marquess of Westminster, are in no way inferior. The fourth picture, the Wife of the Burgomaster Six (34), is less generally accepted as Rembrandt's, although the colour is wonderfully fine and the vivacity of the figure equal to almost any of his portraits of ladies in the prime of life. Only one picture by Van Dyck appears in the Catalogue. That, however, is an interesting family piece, belonging to Lord Strafford (62), representing Wentworth, Earl of Cleveland, his Wife, Son and Daughter, half-length figures the size of life. It is a fine and little-known painting; the lady, dressed in white satin, is seated in the centre of the picture, with her son, in armour, behind her, and the daughter, in blue, standing at the side, fondling a dog jumping up. Two large and very ugly full-length portraits of Lady Westmoreland (2) and Robert Spencer (20), the property of Lord Falmouth, are, unfortunately, attributed to Daniel Mytens. They are quite unworthy of the contemporary of Janssen and Van Dyck, and are either the work of Geerards or Van Somer. Notwithstanding their artistic crudities and stiffness, they contain many curious pieces of detail in point of costume, and are well deserving of more than a passing glance.

There are many very choice cabinet pictures of the Dutch School, which at the present time it would be impossible to particularize. The principal contributors in this class of Art are, Miss Bredel, Mr. John Walter, M.P., and Mr. George Perkins. The Both (123), Landscape and Figures, belonging to the latter gentleman, is singularly fine. A large and brilliant Snyders (84), a Flemish Larder, contributed by Lord Overstone, maintains a prominent position, and by the intensity of its colour, pales many a surrounding picture. Two hooks of the central ring, intended for suspending game, are now empty, but in the original state of the picture, and when recently exhibited at Christie's for sale, an unsightly carcass was seen hanging from these points, forming a very objectionable central object, and serving still more to increase the even now crowded effect of some parts of the picture. This part has been cleverly painted over, and only remains to be discovered some centuries hence by an active picture-cleaner. A fine Boar Hunt, also by Snyders (27), the property of the Duke of Northumberland, shows the power of the painter in favourable contrast as treating animated objects in the open air. Two large and very fine London views by Canaletto will command great interest among the topographers of our ancient city. The one (132) represents Charing Cross and Northumberland House, looking up the Strand, with all the sign-posts and signs suspended in front of the houses, and the other (125), a view looking northwards up Parliament Street, or King Street in the olden time, with the Treasury Buildings and Downing Street to the left; the Holbein Gate stretching across the road, Whitehall Banqueting House as an isolated block near the centre, and Montague House on the right, with a distant peep of the Thames and the dome of St. Paul's, which in some measure serves to mark the period when the picture was painted. They are judiciously hung on a line with the eye, so that their technical qualities may also be looked into.

Turning to the English School, we this year look in vain for any really worthy specimens of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Terpsichore (150), a nymph with cymbals, adapted from his figure in the portrait of Garrick between the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, The Duchess of Cumberland (71), contributed by the Marchioness of Waterford, and Meditation (156), belonging to Mr. G. Perkins, are all that admit of special enumeration. Of Romney we have a numerous collection. Among his best, and the most equally finished—a quality always rare with him—we would cite Lord Heytesbury's Mrs. A'Court (187); Portrait of

a Lady (111), highly refined and delicate; Portrait of Mrs. Trench (137), recently published in the Memoirs; and a charming, but slightly painted picture, belonging to the Earl of Derby, Lady Horton fondling a dog (104); Admiral Geary (176), is a clear and boldly painted whole length; Wortley Montagu (183), seen to the knees, in a Turkish dress, full of dashing colour and more mellow than usual, is one of his best and earliest pictures: it never fails to attract attention in its accustomed place among the numerous treasures of Art in Warwick Castle. The most charming, however, of Romney's works exhibited this year is the Portrait of the Earl of Derby (father of the present Lord) and his Sister, represented as children, standing full length in the open air (180). The *naïveté* of the girl and the temper of the boy are caught with amazing power. Romney's Serena (109) is highly finished and delicate, but his fame is still liable to suffer from such coarse colossal pictures as The Infant Shakspeare (182), and the Newton with the Prism (186), or such shortcomings as The Boy and Dog (161), A Lady as Hebe (160), A Lady (191), or Lord de Tabley's very loose sketch of Lady Hamilton (153). The very large and weak pictures by Thompson, contributed by Mr. Brassey, unprofitably occupy as much space as his very large and strong Apostles, attributed to Spagnoletto (44 and 46), in the first room. An interesting little painting, by Hogarth (168) representing Sarah Malcolm in Prison, is valuable as a further illustration of a portrait of the same person reviewed in the last year's Exhibition. Gainsborough's Sea-shore (185) is a fresh and charming piece of painting, and his Girl with a Pan of Milk (184) affords a good specimen of his fuller and richer style of colouring, like the well-known Cottage-girl, with the dog and pitcher. Gainsborough's powers as a copyist are shown in his very faithful and masterly copy of Van Dyck's Pembroke Family at Wilton House (152). It belongs to Lord Clifden, and is a minute and carefully worked transcript. One picture in the South Room deserves special mention, as the first of a very considerable number of portraits of William Pitt (154). It was painted by Hoppner, for the Marquess of Normanby, and served after the statesman's death as a prototype for the very large number of copies which now exist. Mr. Huth's fine Constable, Hadleigh Castle (181), and Mr. Anderdon's beautiful Woody Scene (162), by Crome, show English landscape-painting most advantageously, whilst Leslie's charmingly-finished cabinet picture of The Rivals (148), and Wilkie's Guess my Name (170) stand prominently forth as figure-subjects. Apart, however, from the National Gallery, it would now be difficult to point to two more complete illustrations of the best powers of Wilkie than in the finished sketch for the Blind-man's Buff (99), and The Card-players (118), both the property of Miss Bredel. The Landscape, with a Mill, (189) is curious as a specimen of Sir Joshua's landscape-painting. It is a free adaptation of the celebrated Rembrandt, now at Bowood, and was probably an experiment painted after it from memory.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The grateful English nation voted a monument in St. Paul's to Wellington, hardly so long ago as that still remaining unfinished to Nelson in Trafalgar Square, but more than ten years since, and long enough to have got the thing executed three times over. We buried the Great Duke November 18th, 1852. They performed funeral services for him at Vienna and Madrid a month or six weeks before. Our national monument was, after a competition, entrusted to Mr. A. Stevens, a sculptor, or architect, unheard of before or since. Will anybody in Parliament ask about the monument?

Hardly any branch of applied art is more worthy of attention than the silversmith's; in none have the English been more unfortunate of late. The International Exhibition showed that there had existed for years an extensive manufacture of homely vases, tripods, candelabra, dishes, &c., utterly foolish in character and evidently abandoned by artists to ignorant mechanics, working under the

inspiration of stupid "patrons." It was apparent that somehow or other the art Stothard and Flaxman delighted in had been almost given up by able men to popular illustration and childish criticism. It is not too much to say that Messrs. Veichte and Armistead stood almost alone before the world last year as worthy of their ancient profession. Messrs. Hunt & Roskell derived much credit from the work of those artists, which made their collection at the great gathering worthy of notice. The public owes the firm much for this. We trust they will persevere in the same intelligent employment of Art, giving a worthy character to all their works; and therefore see with satisfaction that the Ascot Cup, produced by them from the designs of Mr. A. Barrett, is, although not a remarkably original example, worthy of praise and wholly free from the hideous fooleries common in like works.

Works intended for the Manchester Institution must be sent so as to arrive not later than the 17th of August. Pictures, &c., from London will be forwarded by Mr. Green, 14, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, W., if delivered to him before the 3rd of August; if from the Academy, these works must be delivered to him immediately on the closing of that Exhibition. The Council offers the annual prize of fifty guineas to the artist of the best picture exhibited, provided that it has been painted within three years, but it reserves the power of withholding the prize should there be no work of sufficient merit in the collection.

The new rules for the government of the Arundel Society were adopted at the General Meeting. Mr. Layard stated the case of the Council; Messrs. G. E. Street and Rose deprecated the idea that seemed to be held by some members, that the Society's objects were to encourage the production of popular pictures, such as might be hung on the walls of houses, rather than of faithful and legitimate transcripts from the works of the old masters in their present state. Mr. Rose urged the employment of engraving, in place of chromo-lithography, as suited to the objects of the Society, and averred that the method of reproduction now used is not so satisfactory as might be wished.

'The Vision of St. John' is the title of a rather commonplace treatment of a grand theme, by Mr. W. Armitage, now exhibiting at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street. Very well meant, and not devoid of ordinary executive merits, this picture, if we may so style it, is without any of the higher qualities of Art. Its producer has yet to learn that innumerable figures and many incidents do not, of themselves, make a picture.

The Chief Commissioner of Works has caused to be placed in the central south pathway of St. James's Park, leading to the bridge over the lake, a marble statue of a boy, a water-carrier, filling a vase, which surmounts a drinking-fountain. The work has been designed and executed by Mr. R. Jackson, and is a very creditable production in every respect.

The church at Shenfield, which is one of the most interesting among the many such in the county of Essex, has been recently restored by Mr. Bartlett, of Brentwood. This is one of the very few sacred edifices that have clustered oak columns of solid timber with carved capitals and bases. Formerly the arches connecting these columns were of oak also; these will be replaced, the iron shafts that had been introduced being removed. The chancel arch will likewise be of oak, with proper mouldings. The interior of the church will be much enlarged by throwing the base of the tower open within, and enlarging the chancel. Our readers may remember that Greensted Church, near Chipping Ongar, Essex, has, or had until recently, a portion of its exterior walls formed of roughly-hewn oak-trunks.

The Architectural Photographic Association is about to publish an extensive selection of photographs from Gothic and Romanesque buildings in France, including churches and civil and military edifices at Vezelay, Leon, Macon, St.-Lo, Carcassonne, Aix, Nismes, Avignon, &c. Messrs. Cundall & Downes are engaged in making the negatives.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, June 16, Half-past Three. St. James's Hall.—Quartet, Op. 18, in D, Beethoven; Quartet, E flat, Op. 7, Piano, &c., Schumann; Quartet, 'God preserve the Emperor,' Haydn; Tema and Variations, Kreutzer Sonata, Beethoven. Execution by Leopoldina (Leopoldine in England), Rice, Webb, and Piatti. Pianist, Dannreuther (first time).—Visitors' Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer & Co.; Chappell & Co.; Ollivier & Co.; Austin, at the Hall; Ashdown & Parry, 18, Hanover Square. J. ELLA, Director.

S. THALBERG'S FAREWELL.—S. THALBERG'S FAREWELL MATINEE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY NEXT, June 15, at Half-past One o'clock.—Stalls, 12s.; Family Tickets, Three Guineas; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had at the principal Musicians' and Libraries; and of Mr. Fish, at the Hanover Square Rooms, where the Plan of the Seats may be seen.

APTOMMA'S BARDIC FESTIVAL.—TUESDAY NEXT, June 16, at the Hanover Square Rooms.—NATIONAL MELODIES, &c., by the Vocal Association, Congress of Harps, Demoiselles Parepa, Louisa Vinning, Messent, Edith Wynne, Eleanor Ward; Messrs. Reichardt, Wilby Cooper, Lewis Thomas, Harrison, Engel, Ganz, Harvitt, Archer, &c. Conductors, Messrs. Benedict and Frank Mort.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. and 3s.

MR. KUHE'S RECITAL OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on THURSDAY, June 18, at Three o'clock. Vocalists: Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Saindon-Dolby, and Herr Reichardt. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea each; Family Seats (Reserved Seats), to admit Three, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s. each; to be had of Mr. Kuhe, 17, York Place, Portman Square, W.; and of all the principal Musicians.

MRS. LASCELLES and Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the immediate patronage of her Serene Highness the Princess of Serbia, Her Grace the Duchess of Roxburghe, the Right Hon. the Countess of Cathness, the Right Hon. the Countess of Camperdown, the Right Hon. the Countess of Glasgow, the Right Hon. the Countess of Morley, the Right Hon. the Viscountess Forbes, the Lady Carey, the Lady Abercrombie, the Hon. Lady Phillips, Lady Easthope, Mrs. Darby Griffith, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Gray, on WEDNESDAY, June 17, at Three o'clock precisely.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s. 6d.; may be had at the principal Musical Warehouses; of Miss Lascelles, No. 8, York Street, Portman Square; and of Mr. Francesco Berger, No. 38, Thurloe Square.

JUNE 19.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—M. GEORGE PEIFFER'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on FRIDAY EVENING, June 19. Under distinguished patronage. Vocalists: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Wynn; Violoncello, M. Leborio (his first appearance in England); and Pianoforte, M. George Peiffer, who will introduce his new Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, adopted by the Conservatoire of Paris, and other works. Virginia Gabriel's successful Cantata, 'Dreamland,' for the first time with full orchestra and chorus. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Pleyel, Wolf & Co.'s new patent grand pianoforte will be used. Commence at Eight.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MR. DEACON'S THIRD AND LAST SÉANCE OF CLASSICAL MUSIC for the Season, will take place on FRIDAY, June 19, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by permission of Messrs. Colliard), commencing at Three o'clock.—Vocalists: Mlle. Parepa and Madame Saindon-Dolby. Instrumentalists: M. Saindon, Herr Politzer, Mr. H. Webb, Signor Pezzo, and Deacon.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; to be had of Mr. H. W. Ollivier, 18, Old Bond Street; or of Mr. Deacon, 72, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

HERR MOLIQUÉ'S CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY NEXT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at Three o'clock.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Last Two Concerts of the Season.—MONDAY EVENING, June 22. MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT, on MONDAY EVENING, July 6, the DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT, on which occasion the Programme will be selected from the Works of all the Great Masters.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT, and LAST CONCERT BUT ONE of the SEASON, on MONDAY EVENING, June 22, at ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard, Violoncello, Signor Piatti, Vocalists, Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT and LAST CONCERT of the SEASON, on MONDAY EVENING, July 6, at ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Halle; Violoncello, Signor Piatti.—Vocalists: Madame Saindon-Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves.—Conductor, Mr. Benedict.—Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.—HANDEL'S CANTATA.—St. James's Hall, WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 8.—Mr. Mitchell begs to announce that a Second Performance of Handel's Cantata, 'L'Allegro and Il Penseroso,' will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 8. The Vocal Parts by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. T. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Nisam. Band and Chorus of 250 performers. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.—Stalls (numbered and reserved), One Guinea; Reserved Seats (not numbered), 10s. 6d.; Back of the Area, and Gallery, 5s.—Seats will be appropriated according to priority of application, and Tickets delivered on and after Monday, June 22. Mitchell's Royal Library, 38, Old Bond Street; Addison & Lucas's, 210, Regent Street; and all Libraries and Musicians.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The revival of Signor Rossini's delightful and lively 'La Gazza Ladra,' which, after 'Otello' and 'Semiramide,' contains some of his most impassioned dramatic music, and throughout overflows with melody,—is, in many respects, welcome to the ears of every one who loves the best things in Opera, and who can keep that importunate sprite, Memory, quiet.—Mlle. Adeline Patti cannot replace Madame Griani, as she was when, at Mlle. Patti's age, she entered her London career by singing "Di piacer"; but her

'Ninetta' is, we think, by much the best of her serious characters. Her phrasing of it is larger than formerly; her power of voice is sufficient; the pathos of the part is tenderly felt by her, if not, in every case, wrought out to the fullest; her ornamental passages retain little or nothing of the *staccato* manner which we feared might grow into a mannerism. We were pleased with it throughout,—especially with the great trio in the first, and the prayer interrupting the march to the scaffold.—Madame Nantier-Didiée's Pippo at once displays her to her utmost advantage, and marks the limit of her resources and attractions. M. Faure's *Fernando* is the best since Signor Tamburini's. He is always sedulous, always finished, and in this character is called on for a vocal brilliancy such as has not been till now demanded from him in London. Signor Neribaldi sings the soldier-lover's music well. Alas, for Time! the truth must be told, that not all Signor Ronconi's wondrous adroitness and genius can make up for the ravages wrought on a voice which, in its best day, never belonged to the part,—never had the required tone, weight, or compass. The bass is of the deepest musical importance in this opera; and his deficiencies seriously compromised some of the most striking concerted pieces. We would have no more confessions of weakness urged on an artist of such consummate genius. Lastly, while the orchestra was as superb as ever, the execution of the chorus told of too frequent strain on its energies, and was, in more scenes than one, unfinished and out of tune, for a wonder,—or rather no wonder! Overwork can have but one consequence. On Tuesday evening the house was crowded, and the opera most cordially received—as a welcome change after 'Traviata' and 'Rigoletto' and 'Trovatore.'—'Robert le Diable' is to be given to-night.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—'La Traviata' has been the luckiest of unlucky heroines whose devices and desires have been set to worthless music. Rarely has an opera-character been so well sustained as hers in this capital by three representatives so different from each other as Madame Bosio, Mlle. Fioretti,—and now Mlle. Artot, who the other evening took the town by storm in this poor production. Our expression is the more exactly fitting because her one fault is a certain exuberance in the production of certain notes and in the launching of her daring ornamental passages. Mlle. Artot may have been encouraged in these effects by her having principally appeared before German audiences, who are apt to regard every vocal exhibition as real and precious in proportion as it is vehement and over-expressed. London and Paris influences may, and we hope will, abate this slightly superfluous animation of hers; meanwhile, it is the solitary drawback on a success as brilliant as it is thoroughly merited. As to action,—in the first act, Mlle. Artot was as lively as our first *Traviata*, Mlle. Piccolomini, without those displeasing coquetries, which, nevertheless, with a portion of her public carried off that lady's defective singing. The natural feeling for better things than thoughtless libertinism made by the dramatist to grow into the character of *Violetta*, was excellently indicated by Mlle. Artot, even in the heyday of her feverish spirits. Not till now has the second act been so well played in London. Never has the struggle in which the heart breaks, and the decay of frail mortality is hurried on, been so touchingly yet so delicately represented. Her performance, in truth, has shown us an artist all but first-rate. Mr. Santley, now the best baritone on any stage, was the most effective *Germont* who has been here. His pronunciation has refined and settled itself, and the polish of his vocal training and the truth of his expression tell doubly because of his thorough musical preparation.—'Un Ballo in Maschera' has also been performed, with Mlle. Volpini as *Oscar* and Mlle. Trebelli as *Ulrica*,—the other characters as before.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Mr. C. Halle's Fourth Recital was memorable by reason of Schubert's Sonata, Op. 42. Here, again, with Beethoven, Clementi and Weber may be named a fourth Sonata

composer of the highest merit;—in fertility and originality of idea next to the first-named king and ruler. The disproportion which often exhausts the hearer's pleasure in Schubert's compositions, even when attention has been most eagerly engaged by some striking invention at their outset, has little existence in this Sonata. Its first *allegro* is restless and impassioned, with a distinctness of subject not always to be found in movements of a minor key, the nature of which is to conceal commonplace and to encourage vagueness of thought. There is not a phrase in it which does not tell. The library of Sonatas contains no lovelier air, with variations, than the theme in C major, so deliciously "changed," which stands for the second movement. (This was played to perfection.) In the *third*, or Minuet, the trio in F major must be pointed out for the delicate charm of its melody,—one among a myriad of no less exquisite airs lavished by Schubert throughout his compositions. The finale, a *Presto*, is less happy. We can only, besides this admirable and important work, specify M. Heller's 'Chant du Berceau' (from his Op. 81), and the wood *Réverie* from his Op. 86, as full of beauty, and beautifully rendered by Mr. Halle.

The Concert of *Mr. Cusins*, being orchestral, gave him the occasion of playing, and playing well, Mendelssohn's *First Concerto*, and of repeating his own wedding *Serenata*, which was performed at the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre this season. We cannot praise this work as we could wish. Mr. Santley gave the song of *Polyphemus* from Handel's 'Acis' with more spirit and relish than we have ever heard given to it till now.

One of those astounding performances which have of late been got up about once a month by *Mr. Howard Glover*, and to the weariness of the world that plays and sings and the world invited to hear forty pieces of music, was given this day week;—at the same time when *Mr. Walter Macfarren* was receiving his friends, and introducing some new compositions by himself and a Trio by the lady who was Miss Kate Loder. Of these we hope to speak on some future occasion.—The principal "stars" announced for Sydenham were *Mdlle. Carlotta Patti*, *Madame Lemmens-Sherrington* and *Madame Arabella Goddard*.

So much for last week. The one closing to-day has been little less busy. On Monday came *M. Thalberg's* third recital, and a *Popular Concert* devoted to Beethoven. *Madame Arabella Goddard* was the pianist. These entertainments are in a somewhat languishing state. Has not the repetition of a few known works been overdone? We are disrespectful enough to conceive that even 'Adelaide' would not be the worse for a rest, even though *Mr. Sims Reeves* sings it, and though *Madame Goddard*, by a usurpation which is more fashionable than courteous, takes it out of the appointed accompanist's hands, there being no peculiar difficulty or complexity which places it in the rank of slow pieces.

M. Auer, the young violinist announced last week, made, on Tuesday, a first appearance at the *Musical Union*, which must have satisfied the most fastidious amateur of classical music and lover of the instrument. He is another of the youths under twenty belonging to another class than the doleful and factitious prodigy-species, who make up so remarkable a group at the time present. His tone is pure and sufficient, without the trick of trembling, now, good taste be thanked, falling into disesteem. His reading is modest, which means true without exaggeration,—not cold, though susceptible of a little added warmth and emotion. His execution is neat, bright, and, so far as we can judge, very considerable. His violin *solo*, a *Réverie*, by *M. Vieuxtemps*, could not have been better played—could not now be so well played—by the composer himself. As a performer of concerted music, he was tested in Mozart's Quartett in C and by Mendelssohn's in D major, and stood both tests with firmness and finish. In brief, here is an excellent violinist beginning what we hope will be a long career.

The concert of *M. and Madame Sainton* was an excellent one,—made more than ordinarily interesting by a full and rich orchestra, conducted by *Mr. Mellon*, and by the production of some novelties. The one to which we must confine our notice

was *M. Auber's Concerto*—or rather *Concertino*—for the violin, a work of the veteran's early days,—but rarely graceful and effective—to range with the too-much-forgotten *solos* of *M. De Beriot*. By its disinterment, *M. Sainton* has done the world a real service. *Madame Sainton* was singing her best in a great song from Gluck's 'Alceste,' and an air of parade by *Mercadante*. We like *Mdlle. Carlotta Patti* less and less on every subsequent hearing. *Madame Arabella Goddard* has never played with greater spirit, more perfect mechanism and true expression than in Mendelssohn's *First Piano-forte Concerto*. For the present we must content ourselves with announcing the concerts of *M. Blumenthal* (that sterling young artist), *Mr. J. F. Barnett*, and *Mr. Henry Leslie's* benefit, as having duly taken place. At each of these, new compositions by the concert-givers were produced,—*Mr. Barnett's* being nothing less important than a stringed Quartett and a Sonata for pianoforte and violin.

HAYMARKET.—'An Unlucky Mortal' is the title of a new farce at this theatre, for which the author is indebted to a French vaudeville, the hero's ill luck consisting in his uncle having devised his estate to an adopted daughter, and cut off his nephew with a thousand pounds. *Henry Vincent* (*Mr. Farren*) proposes to speculate with this at Newmarket, but stops on the road at the Old Red Lion, where he makes the acquaintance of *Miss Blanche Tremaine* (*Miss Maria Harris*), the young lady to whom the estate in question has been devised. After some flirtation and some explanation, *Blanche* acts the generous part, and offers to abandon the bequest, in his favour,—to which he consents on condition that she will also give herself. The treatment of the theme, simple as it is, is not without skill, and the acting was sufficiently lively. The comedy of 'Finesse' continues attractive.

PRINCESS'S.—'Cousin Tom' is the title of a farce produced on Monday. It is an old friend with a new face, and originally derived from a French source, but exactly fits the humour of *Mr. Belmore*. Five years have passed since *Cousin Tom* went away, and *Lucy Lothbury* (*Miss M. Oliver*) retains her affection for him, yet readily enough mistakes *Newington Cosway* (*Mr. Belmore*) for her old playmate and admirer. When *Tom* actually returns, he finds his place supplied; but as he has married and is deeply in debt, it is fortunate for the young lady that she has already transferred her love to another. *Old Lothbury* (*Mr. Fitzjames*), who was always favourable to *Cosway*, is pleased at the result, and all parties are made happy in their own way. The vivacity of the dialogue and the oddity of the situations (for, in fact, it is throughout a "comedy of errors") provoked constant laughter. The new drama of 'Court and Camp' progresses in public favour.

OLYMPIC.—'A Lad from the Country' is the title of a new farce produced at this theatre,—an adaptation from the French, by *Mr. J. M. Morton*, which is sufficiently strange in its plot, but not so effective as might be wished, though skilfully played. The principal part is supported by *Mr. Atkins*, who, as *John Chickabiddy*, acts with fidelity to nature and rustic peculiarity. *John* has fled to town to escape prosecution for the misfortune of having been the cause that some sheep were run over in the country, and becomes the servant of *Mr. Peckover*, a gentleman in difficulties (*Mr. R. Soutar*). In fear of being served with a writ, and his furniture seized, *Peckover* makes over his property to the country lad, who, when the affair is over, is reluctant to give it up. Meanwhile, he perplexes himself and others by mixing up his own private misfortunes with his master's, and in his answers confounds the legal with the criminal case; but the amusement obtained from this source is not very piquant.

STRAND.—On Monday this house re-opened under the management of *Mr. W. H. Swanborough*. 'The Handsome Husband,' 'Aladdin' and 'Marriage at any Price' were performed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP. — Public opinion (it cannot be helped) is a power, and those

who will not wisely lead must needs submissively follow it. There is no longer keeping 'Faust' out of England's musical theatres. Reluctant and slack as our managements have been in its acceptance, and scornfully as our contemporaries have averted their attention from the career of one who is confessedly the most popular rising musical composer in Europe, the opening of the doors has become a necessity. The name of *M. Gounod* has, of late, been in every concert-bill (even in that of the slumberous Philharmonic Society). Publishers are contending with each other which shall have the preference in producing his works; and here the rivalry betwixt the old and the new house has rarely, if ever, been more sharply stirred up, or the race been harder run, than in this production of what has been voted unanimously in France and Belgium, throughout Germany, nay, even in Lombardy, to be the opera of the time. Regarding the performances of 'Faust' with more than common interest, as justifications of prophecies which were mocked at during many a year, we can but for the moment announce that *Mr. Mapleson's* presentation of the work came to hearing on Thursday, and shall be spoken of in detail seven days hence.

M. Raonkilde, a Danish composer, who has for some years been resident in Rome, and presents himself as a writer of pianoforte music, is here.—So, too, is *Signor Marchesi*, who began his career as a singer some dozen years ago in England, and whose intention it is to give an historical concert, if not a short series devoted to vocal music.

We can heartily confirm the good report of *M. Lotto's* extraordinary accomplishments as a violinist. He will perform at the Crystal Palace to-day, where *Mdlle. Artot* will sing.—For the next Philharmonic Concert, which again is a "command" one (the third, if not the fourth, this season), the Directors have intrusted *Mendelssohn's* violin Concerto to *M. Buzian*.

Madame Ristori's performances will commence on Monday next, with 'Medea.'

Mdlle. Stella Colas, a young French actress attached to the Court of Russia, whose graceful performance in *M. Le Musset's* 'Caprice,' together with *Mdlle. Duverger* and *Mr. Fechter* some two years ago, in a private theatre here, is not to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it—is again in London, rumour says, with the intention of appearing on the English stage.

A Correspondent intimate with French playhouses and plays desires us to point out that 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' at our Olympic Theatre, was last season 'Léonard' at one of the Boulevard Theatres, and very successful there.

The *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* of the 3rd inst. reviews at length a Symphony in D major, by *Herr Reintaler*, citing its principal subjects, which are sufficiently well contrasted and lend themselves to musical treatment. We are glad, after so long a silence, to receive a sign of life from a composer so rational and accomplished as the author of 'Jephtha and his Daughter.'—A *Herr Dallmann* has been out-Heroding Herod in his programme of a descriptive overture to Schiller's 'Diver,' lately produced at one of *Herr Liebig's* Symphony Concerts at Berlin.—A new name comes to us from Rostock,—that of *Herr von Roda*, whose works are on a large scale. Among others by him mentioned are a grand Cantata 'Thomela,' and an oratorio 'The Sinner.'

Nicolai's 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is to be given at the Théâtre Lyrique of Paris this autumn. This opera should be produced at our Royal Italian Opera, *Mr. Gye's* company containing every artist capable of doing it justice—save a *Falstaff*; but he is wanting everywhere as there, *Falstaff* having passed from the opera-stage when the grand *Lablache* died.—*M. Berlioz* has read his opera 'Les Troyens' (the book of which is by himself) in the green-room of the Théâtre Lyrique.—The part of *Dido* is to be taken by *Madame Charton-Demeur*. The work is on the most ambitious scale, in five acts, with a prologue.

There is to be a Singing Festival at Augsburg on the 3rd of August, with upwards of 3,000 singers;—another on the 6th and 7th of September at Aix-la-Chapelle;—and a Musical Festival at Munich on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of October, for which *Herren*

Joachim and Stockhausen are promised, and, perhaps, Madame Schumann.

'Les Vêpres Siciliennes,' by Signor Verdi, is to be revived, forthwith, at the Grand Opéra de Paris—and 'Zampa' at the Opéra Comique.

The Société de Sainte-Cécile, of Bordeaux, has awarded the prize announced by it for the best Concert Overture to M. Camille Saint-Saëns.

A Mlle. Spohr is announced to appear at Berlin as *Alice*, in 'Robert.' The name has promise in it.

A rather grand concert of sacred music has been given at Sotteville, near Rouen, with choruses by Bortinsansky, Jomelli, Lasso, Lulli, Palestrina, Carissimi, &c.:—some of the works, in short, of the choicest vocal writers.

Mr. Lumley promises a pamphlet, in which will be explained how it was that his benefit performances were shut out of Her Majesty's Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

Lessing, Schiller and Goethe.—On the 10th of November, 1859, the foundation-stone of a Schiller Monument was laid at Berlin, on the Gensd'armen-Markt, before the theatre. On that day, the centenary birthday of the favourite dramatic poet of Germany, it seemed an indisputable fact, that only Schiller should occupy the place of honour before the theatre; but the contest of opinion soon began, and went on unabated till now, in spite of the great constitutional struggle absorbing almost every other interest. The admirers of Goethe looked upon the intended monument in the centre of the Place, not only as a privilege of Schiller, but almost as an insult to Goethe, for whom they claimed the same right as had been granted to Schiller. They formed a Goethe Committee, obtained the permission to erect a Goethe Monument, and wanted the foundation-stone of the Schiller Monument moved more on one side, either to the right or to the left. Perhaps this would have been another matter for disagreeing, but for the Schiller Committee declining altogether to move either way, maintaining the centre place for Schiller as an acknowledged right. The proverbial saying, that there are not two Germans of one mind, had a full opportunity of displaying itself on this occasion; whatever was proposed by one party was rejected by the other, and all attempts at reconciliation remained fruitless. The grouping of the two poets on one stone, as at Weimar, was rejected by both Committees. The controversy lasted for about a year, when a little pamphlet, 'Three Poets' Monuments at Berlin,' seemed to bring about peace and harmony; its proposal to erect also a monument to Lessing before the theatre, leaving to Schiller the centre place, found approval with the two Committees as well as with the authorities of the town, and was granted by a Cabinet Order of November 6, 1861. A Lessing Committee formed at once, and every thing seemed settled, when, lo! the Goethe Committee felt pangs of conscience, for having admitted Lessing in the presence of Goethe and Schiller. In its turn it published a pamphlet, trying to prove that the "Poet-trias" was from an artistic point of view not feasible, and from a literary and historical point unsuitable. In confutation of this strange assertion, a little work has now appeared, by Herr Friederich Blömer, 'Lessing, Schiller und Goethe,' which not only points out the possibility of three monuments standing on the large Place, but asserts the right of Lessing to stand near the two great poets,—a right which ought never to have been disputed. The little book is written with good taste and good sense, and will prove interesting also to those who are not specially concerned in the vexed question; having to plead the cause of Lessing in particular, it brings highly interesting extracts from his letters, giving a total picture of the great critic and excellent poet, in his relations to life and literature. May the little book fulfil its mission, by ending a dispute which is almost ridiculous! No doubt, Goethe and Schiller will be pleased with their companion, and the German people will be proud to see the three together.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Cecilia—G. J. M.—C. H. G.—J. J.—C. C.—E.—M. C.—H.—J. H.—A Reader—W. S.—received.

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LITERATURE

History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By John George Phillimore. Vol. I. (Virtue Brothers & Co.)

THE first of the British-born Georges is likely to have justice rendered him at last. If he have not, it will not be for want of inquiry or for lack of sifting evidence. The testimony is conflicting enough, because of its abundance and because the witnesses are many, and a little more like advocates than witnesses. Nevertheless, we shall be able to pronounce a true verdict at last, the bearing of which undoubtedly will be that George the Third was neither so peerless as "the king's friends" would have him to be, nor quite such an ogre as he was painted by his adversaries.

It is strange that we should be so ignorant of late events, and of the actors in them. The fact is, that our sires and grandsires knew nothing of contemporary history except its gossip, and we ourselves, perhaps, think chiefly of George the Third as the good old man with a sempiternal smile and a large cockade, a dozen and more children, and a wife whose sole personal beauty was in her arms. Under our new lights, this homely George begins to come before us in heroic dimensions, for good or for evil, as interesting as the Conqueror himself.

That we require such revelations of the recent past should be a profitable lesson to us in the actual present. Young people should learn the contemporary history in which they live and of which they are a part. Vicksburg is as important as Saguntum; to follow Forey from the coast to Puebla (and learn why he went) is as exciting as accompanying Cortez; and to know something of the history and the sayings and the doings of those who govern and of those who would like to govern us, is, at least, as important for our youth of either sex as to learn the constitution of the Roman legislature.

We have heard objections made to this on the ground that such instruction would lead to partisanship. Why, so it ought, if by partisanship be meant that a young fellow should be able to entertain an opinion of his own, and have spirit to support it. It would breed dissensions among boys, we hear some one say. We hope it would, if by that we are to understand discussions and an obstinate sticking to an opinion till it can be logically reversed. Partisanship! Dissensions! Do they not exist among the young students of ancient history? We can say, for our own parts, that we have seen furious fights between the respective supporters of Hector and Achilles, and have ourselves bled for the beautiful Helen, of whose cause we have since become ashamed.

We rejoice, therefore, at the development which is being given to modern, that is, to recent history, with the details of which our ancestors of two removes little troubled themselves, or learnt it so blunderingly as to rob it of all charm. The truth is, that the History of England during the reign of George the Third looks, in the books and papers of that period, as heavy as the portrait of that monarch himself, dull as his smile and pert as his cockade. Yet what a reign it was for the rise and the ruin of empires, for bloody battles, for marvellous duellos on the sea, for dazzling oratory, for sweeping changes over the face of the world, for glory, corruption and calamity, in all of which our country had a part, and sometimes a suffering and humiliating part! We all know this much. What we want further to know is, —why there came this much; how the results

were obtained; and *what* were the hidden springs by which these great effects were arrived at. Mr. Phillimore is the new witness who comes to dispel obscurity on many of these points, and who modestly says that he will be content if he be found like the torch-bearer who does not so much enlighten himself as the path of those who follow him.

Mr. Phillimore, it must be understood, does not write his history with rose-water. To stern views he gives strong language. He is a Royalist, and he abhors a king who is not, in his turn, a Royalist too, and a loyalist to boot. He would be ashamed to paint George the Third in any other colours than those which represent him as coarse, illiberal, and—the word must be said, though Mr. Phillimore employs many dainty phrases to express the same terrible thing—a liar! We shall have to look upon George the Third's children as a rude, graceless, ill-nurtured set of boys and girls; and on George the Third's mother as something which cannot be expressed in plain phrase, but which Mr. Phillimore expresses by asking, "Would any Court-chaplain venture to say that his mother was spotless?" After this query, it is needless to say that the Princess-Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute are constantly together in unseemly propinquity, and that, indeed, the whole Georgian family is seen under very unpleasant aspects.

Mr. Phillimore has not undertaken a disagreeable task without very excellent reasons, and for this smashing of the old idols at St. James's, Carlton House, Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Kew, he pleads his justification in these words:—"Yielding to no one in loyal and dutiful attachment to Her Majesty,—an attachment founded, not upon the servile notions which her family was placed upon the throne of England expressly to destroy, but on the solid ground of gratitude for the happiness which my country has enjoyed under her mild and constitutional rule,—I have not hesitated to point out the crimes and errors of her kindred."

We confess that it seems at first sight strange that because a lady is supposed to have secured to you a certain amount of happiness, you are therefore to expose her wicked old grandfather, and assure all the world of the worthlessness of her whole kith and kin. Would Mr. Phillimore have refrained from pillorying this family, unclean in his eyes, if their successor had inherited only their vices? Mr. Phillimore, despite some exaggerated and some unquestionably mistaken views, has rendered excellent service to history; but we think he should have left Her Majesty's name out of the matter altogether. He had better grounds to go upon than those he assigns. It is not because he sits comfortably under the olive-tree with the lady, that he can find just reasons for abusing her kinsman who cut down the oak. Even in the French proverb we are told that if you dine with a man whose father was hanged, you will do well not to make so much as an allusion to a rope.

But, to come more immediately to the volume before us, let us state that all the preliminary pages tend to show that if George the Third was but an indifferent king, he succeeded to a worse than indifferent system, with which he did his best, according to his nature and his training. The preliminary chapters, and those devoted to the history of Ireland and of India, although they travel a little beyond the limits in which an historian might keep himself who professes to write an account of the reign of George the Third, are admirable for the lucidity in which they place a vast amount of facts, all of which are preserved by rare skill in condensation.

This skill, indeed, is manifest in all parts of the book, and as one sample of it, we give Mr. Phillimore's character-portrait of George the Third himself; if "the wen and the wrinkles" be there, the good points are put "i' the sun" also:—

"The object of George the Third was to make his will as absolute in England as that of any German prince was over the boors and servile nobles in his dominions. Everything was to be drawn to his personal favour and inclination: ministers were not to look to the House of Commons, nor the House of Commons to the people—every tie of social affection and public trust was to be dissolved—parties were to be broken up—the great families were to be stripped, not only of the influence derived from the abilities and virtues of their representatives, but of that which property must always command in a free country. Nothing was to stand between the Crown and the populace. The Rockinghams, Grenvilles, Bedfords, Saviles, were to be reduced, so far as political authority was concerned, to the condition to which the nobles of Castile had been brought by Ximenes, and the French aristocracy by the third monarch of the house of Bourbon. The smile and favour of the sovereign were in the eighteenth century to be the sole object to which an English gentleman, however ancient his lineage, however great his possessions, however splendid his abilities, however numerous his titles to the love and veneration of his countrymen, should aspire. They were to stand in lieu of all other qualifications: with them Bute, or Sandwich, or Barrington—a minion, a knave, a parasite—were to be omnipotent; without them Pitt, Grenville, Rockingham, Savile—probity, knowledge, station, genius—were to be ciphers. The king was to interfere directly and personally in all the affairs of government, from the highest to the lowest and most minute detail of office—from the choice of a prime minister to the appointment of an architect. Even Louis the Fourteenth, in the height of his power, had been kept somewhat in check by the dread of public opinion, and of the sneers of a keen-eyed and sarcastic race; but in England, where duller men, rolling without respite in the mire of practical life, were hardened against wit and opinion, and looked only to what they could see, and touch, and count,—to the letter of the law, and the distribution of wealth and power,—the sovereign, if he could once emancipate himself from the control of the aristocracy—I use the word in its widest sense—if he could succeed in reconciling the ends of arbitrary power to the forms of a free constitution, had no such restraint to apprehend. He would have no more to fear from gibes and epigrams than Amurath or Aurungzebe. But let me not be unjust. If George the Third had quite succeeded in this object, England would have had no reason to dread a repetition of the injuries she bore under the Tudors, and did not bear under the Stuarts: men's lives and properties, the honour of their wives and daughters, so far as the monarch was concerned, would have been safe. He would have been able at the end of his reign, like the Jewish prophet, to have called on those whom he had ruled to witness—whose ox or whose ass he had taken, or whom he had defrauded—and he would have obeyed the law. He would neither have exacted a hundred pullets from a great lady, as the price of an interview with her husband, like King John; nor have flung Members of Parliament into prison for their votes and speeches, like Charles the First; nor have murdered them by bills of attainder, like Henry the Eighth. George the Third would not have imitated the debauchery of Augustus of Saxony, nor have allowed a courtesan to choose his ministers and generals, like Louis the Fifteenth; nor would he have run about the streets of his capital beating respectable women with his cane, like the father of Frederick the Great. The earnings of the labourer and the tradesman would not have been squandered on harlots and men as infamous as harlots, but (and in no very lavish measure) on parasites, hypocrites and dunces. He would have contented himself with exacting strict and absolute submission to his wishes in Church

and State. He would have been satisfied if he could have excluded every glimmering of light from the moral horizon of England; if he could have guarded himself against the danger of admitting to his councils any man of greater abilities than his own; if he could have disposed of every place of importance in the kingdom to a series of beings like Lord Bute and Lord Sidmouth, and have brought this island to be the Goshen of lords of the bed-chamber and maids of honour—a flat, monotonous level of German servitude and repose. If he suffocated all political speculation, he would have promoted agriculture. If to inquire into the nature and destiny of the soul would have been perilous, investigations into irrational matter, into acids and alkalis, and the habits of molluscs, topics in no way likely to cherish any love of independence, would have been secure, and perhaps encouraged. The example he gave of temperance was to the last hour of his rational life a public blessing. Though, treading in the steps of his race, he was an unkind father, he was a faithful husband. The English pardoned much when they saw the virtues they most appreciate on the throne."

In the portrait of George the Third's mother, on the contrary, there is little of pleasant light at all; the whole figure is in sombre shade. She is described as "a corrupted and dissembling woman, bent on power and greedy of money," and a mother who combined with her son's tutors to exasperate the defects in that son's character:—

"It is evident that George the Third had been early and carefully taught the lesson which had proved fatal to the House of Stuart, and which at one time was on the point of being destructive to himself. Lord Harcourt, his governor, a courtier, but not without a sense of honour, resigned rather than witness what 'he found himself unable to prevent.' When Lord Harcourt was asked by the minister to assign the cause of his resignation, he replied that the reason was 'too delicate to mention to any but the king himself,' clearly pointing out the mother as the cause of the evil that he complained of. That mother, the Princess Dowager, was, in the opinion of all, high and low, of the best informed contemporary writers, as well as of the populace, before and after her husband's death, the mistress of Lord Bute. To him she sacrificed, if some writers are to be believed, at least one rival. To him she certainly sacrificed her reputation, and, what she valued more, her wealth. In order to strengthen her ascendancy over her eldest son, whom she despised, she excluded him as much as possible from all society, while she carefully instilled into his mind the arbitrary notions which were exemplified in the petty courts of Germany, and which were in speculation the cherished maxims of her paramour. These were the seeds sown, which fell on a most congenial soil, and soon sprang up into a bitter harvest."

Darker still is a family group, with a whole House of Lords in the gloomy background:—

"George the Second, from wise and benevolent motives, had been anxious to see his heir married before his death, and with that view had proposed the hand of a princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, a beautiful and highly-accomplished lady, to his grandson. The Princess Dowager, however, true to her system, and determined that her son should have no wife but of her choosing, interfered successfully to thwart this project. Lord Waldegrave's remark on this transaction deserves to be quoted, as well from its intrinsic value, and as it shows the notoriety of the relation in which Lord Bute stood to the Princess (the cause of so many calamities to this country), as because it has carefully been kept back by the optimists who have undertaken to write the history of this humiliating epoch of English story: for these reasons, notwithstanding the familiar tone in which it is written, it ought to find a place in the text of the narrative. 'Here, that is, in sending for the Prince of Wales on occasion of the proposed marriage, 'his Majesty was guilty of a very capital mistake; instead of sending for the Prince he should have spoken firmly to the mother,—told her that as she governed her son she should be answerable for his conduct; that he

would overlook what had past and treat her like a friend, if she behaved in a proper manner; but, on the other hand, if either herself, her son, or any person connected with them, should give any future disturbance, she should expect no quarter. He might then have ended his admonition by whispering a word in her ear that would have made her tremble.' Before the ashes of George the Second were cold, two circumstances disclosed the spirit and policy of his successor: one, the favour shown to Lord George Sackville, a strict friend of Lord Bute's, who had dishonoured the English name at Minden, and was, at the close of the last reign, in a state of just and complete disgrace; the other, the terms of the speech, and the minister by whom it was prepared. The first act of the king had been to put Lord Bute in the cabinet. The speech was drawn by him without any assistance from the other advisers of the Crown, and spoke with a purpose not to be mistaken of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining a just and honourable peace. In this state it was delivered to his colleagues, and it was not till after an argument of three hours with Lord Bute that Mr. Pitt succeeded in changing the words so far as not to cast a direct censure on his policy. Mr. Pitt must have been destitute of all penetration if he had not discovered the spirit and complexion of the new reign. He went to Newcastle, and urged him to make common cause against the favourite. Newcastle, impatient to shake off the yoke of Pitt's imposing genius, with his usual baseness and pusillanimous cunning, refused to take this course; and thus George the Third was almost enabled to establish royal power at once on the ruins of English honour and prosperity. Newcastle, indeed, affected a wish to retire from public life; but a few words, of course, from George the Third, whose schemes—though Newcastle's ultimate removal from office was essential to them—were not yet mature, induced him to remain and to drag his unrespected age through courts and antechambers, till he was finally pushed off the stage by his insolent and successful rival. Much has been said of the expression inserted in the speech, and alluding to the fact that, unlike his father and grandfather, George the Third was born within the precincts of this island. But no notice that I recollect has been taken of the scandalously servile reply—the result, no doubt, of Lord Bute's dictation—made to the speech by the House of Lords. 'What a lustre does it cast upon the name of Briton when you, Sir, are pleased to esteem it among your glories.' Strange language for a powerful aristocracy in a free country, still reckoning Howard, Berkeley, Somerset, Nevile, Seymour, Cavendish, Stanley among its technically noble; Bagot, Harcourt, Wrottesley, Dering, Shirley, Courtenay among its unennobled members! Stranger still, for the countrymen of Shakespeare and Hampden, of Raleigh, Blake, and Marlborough, of Edward the Third, Elizabeth and Cromwell, to use to an ignorant, dishonest, obstinate, narrow-minded boy, at that very moment the tool of an adulteress and her paramour!"

Mr. Phillimore supports much of what he says against Lord Bute by references to Bubb Doddington's Diary. These references have given us some trouble; and they are certainly, we will not say disingenuously made, but not correctly made. The first one, quoted at page 289, in one paragraph of nine lines, with a single break, thus, . . . forms detached portions of six paragraphs in our edition of the Diary, occupying two pages and a half. There is not much harm done by this proceeding; but we do not know how the case may be with quotations which we are unable to verify at all.

We will add here, that there is too much of a sneering tone throughout the volume, and an epigrammatic smartness without the epigrammatic point, which may be said to mar many a fair precedent. Speaking of the last century, the author says,—“In those days it was usual for a clergyman of the English Church, even if he were a dean or a canon, to believe in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments.” The inference is, that deans and canons enter-

tain no such belief now; and as future deans and canons are among the teachers of our youth, Mr. Phillimore does not look for better things, we fear, from their hands.

“Great improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology, are quite consistent with the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations; nor will incessant and boisterous panegyrics on ourselves, and on the worst and coarsest parts of the national character, which are as disgusting to men of refinement as they are captivating to the herd of readers, avert any one calamity we have to apprehend, or remedy one single evil under which we suffer. We may do well to recollect the passage in which Plutarch describes the Athenian pilots—‘They gave great names to their ships—they called them Minerva, Neptune, Apollo—but they were cast away like other men.’ Nor, if those intrusted with the education of youth among us (I am making, I know, an extravagant supposition) were more ignorant of the art of writing than they are, and have been, with few exceptions indeed, for the last forty years, would that, in my opinion, at all justify such a tone of exultation, or in any way improve the future prospects of the country. ‘I have lost all the blood in my body,’ says Dr. Sangrado's dying patient, ‘and yet do not feel the better for it.’ If, instead of giving up their time to read, and servilely to repeat, what the Germans have written about the classics, they studied the classics themselves—if they read Livy instead of Niebuhr, and Demosthenes instead of Boeckh—if, instead of cramming their pupils for examinations, bringing every mind to the same dead, tutor's level, and so in nine cases out of ten stunting the intellectual growth of the unhappy boys for ever, they taught them to read Homer, and Virgil, and Cicero, and Euripides, as they were read by Milton and Dryden, by Addison and Barrow, and Atterbury and Fox—England might hope to shake off the sleepy drench which, where gain or physical exertion are not concerned, has so long benumbed her faculties. Then, instead of the authors of Tract Ninety, and the History of the British Beetle, and biographies of Fox-hunters and Railway Contractors, men might arise in England who would recall the days when the Tale of a Tub, and the Vision of Mirza, and the Idea of a Patriot King, delighted the readers of Milton, and Dryden, and Shakespeare, and added splendour to a literature already glorious.”

When treating of a bygone literature, and comparing it with the present, Mr. Phillimore advances some singular ideas, not unmixed with much truth. He traces much of the excellence of the old authors to the fact that their writings were not based on a mere mercantile speculation!—as if ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’ were not written with a view to the money it was to produce and the rent it was to pay. “Our greatest writers,” he says, “were beyond the mob”; as if Milton were not more the possession of the middle classes, in all times, than of any other. We do not know why he says, “Cicero, in our days, would have been a Baron (not of the Exchequer) and Tacitus a Baronet”; for it is one of the commonest remarks that to literary men are awarded the smallest measure of honours. One merit the older writers certainly had—sincerity; they affected neither religion, nor modesty, nor decency, if they had it not: but even an affectation of it, in a book which is to go among readers who know nothing of the author, is better than a violation—if we only have the old wit with it. All modern novelists are leather and prunella to Mr. Phillimore, in which he is a little wrong; but Fielding he accounts as “the Rubens of novelists,” and in that he is abundantly right—a Rubens without a school.

But when Mr. Phillimore contrasts the Georgian dramatists with the older brethren of the craft, we find him, in one sense, sadly

astray. He finds "overflowing wit and command of language" in Etherege, the dullest of common-place talkers of any of the fraternity. Of Wycherley he makes too little, of Congreve far too much; and he sees in Sheridan an imitator of the latter, where we see a close imitator even of the incidents in Wycherley's comedies, though Sheridan was incessantly praising the wit of Congreve, and even his indecency, protesting that he would rather go without both than have them separated. But Sheridan, who studied Wycherley so closely, had very good reasons for drawing popular attention to Congreve. As to "Congreve's wit," it is a cant term in the mouths of many who never read a line of him, and who are none the worse for it. When Congreve was received for a wit, he was not censured for his indecency; but opinions have changed as to what is witty and decent. The preface to one of the wittiest of his comedies, 'The Double Dealer,' emphatically asserts its cleanliness, but you may read it through without being dazzled by more than a few sparkles, and you cannot read half a page without falling upon allusions that are disgusting.

We do not think so ill of modern English literature as Mr. Phillimore does; even the men who search after the "British Beetle" and write about it are witnesses to a healthy state of society, agents in promoting useful knowledge, and practical missionaries in developing the glory that resides in the meanest of the works of God.

Nevertheless, we do not mean to say that Queen Charlotte was justified in preferring 'Polly Honeycombe' to 'The Double Dealer,' for the reading of her daughters; though Miss Burney, who read the former aloud to them, was probably charmed with the mission assigned to her by a mistress, who is thus delineated by the unsparing pencil of Mr. Phillimore. The time referred to is before the royal marriage, when

"The king gave a proof of his blind deference to his mother's wishes, which took all men by surprise. While every thought was occupied by the negotiation, the Privy Council was suddenly summoned to hear the king announce his intended marriage with the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, which soon afterwards took place. Colonel Græme, a notorious Jacobite agent, had been sent to different states in Germany, to discover among the little states of that enslaved country some Princess whose appearance, disposition, and understanding would be to the mother of her future husband a complete guarantee against any dread of the loss of her ascendancy. For this purpose a better choice could hardly have been made. The new queen was chaste; but if to watch over the education of her children and to promote their happiness be any part of a woman's duty, she has little claims to the praises that have been so lavishly bestowed upon her as the model of domestic virtue. Her religion was displayed in the scrupulous observance of external forms. Repulsive in her aspect, grovelling in her instincts, sordid in her habits; steeped from the cradle in the stupid pride which was the atmosphere of her stolid and most insignificant race; inexorably severe to those who yielded to temptations from which she was protected, not more by her situation and the vigilance of those around her, than by the extreme homeliness of her person; bigoted, avaricious, unamiable to brutality, she added dulness and gloom even to the English court. The marriage was precipitated to prevent George the Third from again soliciting the hand of a lady of a sweet and generous temper, one of the noblest and most beautiful of his subjects, who, by a lot the reverse of that which attended the royal bride, became the mother of a distinguished, high-minded, and intellectual race—especially illustrious for two highly gifted men, in whose destiny it was, both by the pen and the sword, by the qualities which fit men to lead in war and to rule

in peace, by heroic courage and commanding genius, to exalt the fame and extend the dominion of their proud but not very grateful country."

Grateful! What is gratitude? Mr. Phillimore presents the public with this portrait of Queen Charlotte, because of his comfort under the mild constitutional sway of Queen Victoria. It would have been but justice if he had added whatever little there may have been of bright and good in the older Queen's character. In a dissolute age, she set a virtuous example, and a similar course reflects the greatest lustre on the crown of her granddaughter, one of a race of whom Mr. Phillimore is pleased to say, that it is the reverse of that of which Lady Sarah Lennox was the mother,—the "reverse of distinguished, high-minded, and intellectual."

Notwithstanding the drawbacks which we have indicated, this volume gives promise of a work which will deserve to be read. If there be a little too much of assertion, there is no want of argument; and if there be exaggeration of expression and sentiment, in an exactly opposite direction to that taken by Mr. Massey—another historian of whom we had occasion to speak recently—there is no suspicion aroused that the censor is exercising his right in any but an honest spirit. In intention, the book is good; in execution, *very* good; unpleasant, perhaps, to the bigots of all parties, but acceptable to every man who may be glad to know what an honest thinker and a rough but able writer has to say about the times of George the Third.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Part III. (Longman & Co.)

Dr. Colenso is still alive, and apparently unhurt. He shows the same bold front and the same quiet attitude, though his shield bears the marks of every kind of blow from every kind of opponent. He enjoys the respect of a great many who differ from him: for while, on the one hand, it is difficult to imagine what, except love of truth, should lead him to face such a shower of obloquy, it is certain, on the other, that his opponents are, in great part, though perhaps without knowing it, acting in imitation of those who, in former time, endeavoured to extinguish light by authority. His modes of behaviour are only presumptions; but they are strong ones: and some of Dr. Colenso's opponents would do well to put on an appearance of Christian temper and civilized language. He picks out of one short letter of one of his brother Bishops the phrases *unfounded, false, childish, heretical, blasphemous, abominable, unhappy, blind, daring, ignorant self-sufficiency, instrument of Satan, poor Bishop Colenso*. This brother Bishop no doubt eased his own mind, but he also showed the world what sort of ease his mind wanted, and what sort of mind it was.

The Third Part of 'The Pentateuch' takes in the question of the Book of Deuteronomy, which Bishop Colenso, in agreement with many critics, places about the time of Josiah. The Convocation and its adherents will have nothing to do with the school of Biblical critics whose works are in the hands of all scholars. The clergy examine and report as if all the argument against the usual suppositions about the Pentateuch was brought from Africa by one isolated inquirer. The clergy ought to know better, for the world is beginning to know better; and he is a good friend of the Church as established in this country—a church of light, of freedom, and of inquiry—who has the courage and the skill to show the clergy that in Biblical criticism they must lead, not follow, the lay inquisition.

Our chief concern is with the Preface, in which the attacks on the previous Parts are noticed. Dr. Colenso is fortunate in his opponents, if, as stated by him, the one whom a leading Quarterly describes as having effectually disposed of the greater part of his objections is obliged to make Jacob go down to Egypt with a thousand and more followers who were *reckoned* as his descendants. This is the way in which "three score and ten persons" are made the progenitors of the millions who went out of Egypt. Dean Milman says that he sees no way out of all the "difficulties, contradictions, improbabilities, impossibilities," of these numbers, if no reduction be allowed, except "one vast continuous miracle." It is amusing to see how much licence is permitted to those who refrain from using the word "unhistorical." Dean Milman says, "The moral and religious truth, and this alone, I apprehend, is 'the word of God' contained in the sacred writings." To this maxim the learned Dean has adhered, through good report and evil report, ever since—some thirty years ago—he published a work which made him the Colenso of his day. Our modern critic says the same thing: namely, that God's word is not the Bible, but *in* the Bible. He criticizes those details of historical fact which are not part of the moral and religious teaching; and for this he is assailed, as a subverter of the "word of God," by a Convocation which numbers Dean Milman among its members. This is certainly illogical.

The Primate of all England has pronounced that Usher and Watson have already answered all that Dr. Colenso has advanced. This is a neat excuse,—but, unfortunately, both too easy to make and too hard to believe,—on which the Upper House of Convocation may decline both to point out *accessible books* to which plain people may refer, and to furnish answers of their own. The Bishop of Natal deals with the assertions of the Archbishop of Canterbury as follows:—

"It is hardly necessary for me to repeat what the Public Press has already said in reply to such assertions as the above, viz. that many of the criticisms in these volumes have *never* been answered, and that the writings of Archbishop Usher and Bishop Watson will throw no light whatever upon the most important questions which are here discussed. As well might we refer to books of the last century for a refutation of the objections which are raised to the historical truth of some portions of the book of Genesis, by recent discoveries in geological science. But, on behalf of those who regard the Bible with a true reverence, as a Divinely-given Teacher, which God in His Providence has 'caused to be written for our learning,' but which He wills us to read with intelligent discrimination of its contents, not with a blind unreasoning idolatry of the mere letter, I respectfully protest against the language which the Archbishop of Canterbury has, apparently, applied to all those who read my books with interest, by summing them up under three categories, as either 'ignorant,' or 'half-informed,' or else 'rejoicing in anything which can free them from the troublesome restraints of religion.' The object of my whole work is to bind the consciences of men more imperatively than ever by the law of true Religion, which is the law of life and happiness. But, inasmuch as multitudes have already broken loose from the restraints of that traditional religious teaching, which they know to be contradicted by some of the most familiar results of modern Science, now made the common heritage of every educated English child, I believe that I have only done my duty, as a Minister of the National Church, in endeavouring to re-establish a permanent union between the teachings of Religion and Science, and to heal effectually that breach between them, which otherwise will assuredly widen day by day, with infinite injury to the Church itself, and to the whole community."

Dr. Colenso goes on to notice the charge

that he has denied the inspiration of the Bible. He replies, that he has not touched the point, either way: and this appears to us true. His opponents have made an inferential denial for him. It is the commonest trick of theologians to deduce what, by views of their own, they think an opponent *ought* to hold, and then to affirm that he *does* hold it. There was once a man in Bedlam who thought he was St. Paul, and who favoured his comrades with many sermons. One of them, whose madness took a different turn, pronounced him an impostor. "You infamous wretch," said the first, "do you dare say that St. Paul was an impostor!" If this had been all, the poor man ought no more to have been shut up than Dr. Colenso's opponents. "I am St. Paul," said he; "this heretic says I am an impostor; therefore he says that St. Paul is an impostor." His reasoning was perfectly logical: its only fault was, that he tacked one premise of his own on to one of his opponent's, and made that opponent answerable for their joint effect.

The Bishops addressed a letter to Dr. Colenso, in which they impute to him that he does not now believe what at his ordination he declared he did believe; that he could not use the Ordination Service; that he could not use the Baptismal Service. To this Dr. Colenso makes a frank reply. He admits that when he was ordained he made that declaration of unfeigned belief in "all the Canonical Scriptures" which a deacon is called on to make, in the sense usually understood; that is, he believed, and professed to believe, in the historical as well as the doctrinal statements. When his researches led him to a conviction of the existence of inaccuracies of historical fact, he avows that he really felt himself at issue with his oath, and so continued until he read the decision of Dr. Lushington in the Court of Arches. By this decision, our readers are aware, it is pronounced to be and to have been the law that a clergyman is bound to think of the Bible as laid down in the Articles; namely, to receive all the Canonical Books, and to admit that all that is necessary is contained in them. On that decision, Dr. Colenso finds himself able to use all the services, provided he be allowed to explain his meaning, in its conformity with the recent declaratory decision. He is accordingly able to tolerate allusions to the facts of Mosaic history which he could not have made in the sense which Convocation would demand: but those who cannot go so far he would recommend to omit them—and take the consequences. Singularly enough, just in time to save him from the uproar which this declaration would have excited, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the 1st of this very month, told the House of Lords that he had often been consulted by clergymen about the obnoxious words of the Burial Service, and had answered that there were cases in which nothing would induce him to pronounce these words,—that he would stand the risk of all the penalties of the law rather than do so. This declaration of the Archbishop was made just in time for Bishop Colenso to add a note to his account of his own advice:—

"This, then, is what I meant when I contradicted publicly the assumption of my Episcopal Brethren, that with my present views I cannot use the language of the Baptismal and Ordination Services. I can use that language—provided that I claim it as my right, as a Minister of the National Church, and lay it upon myself as a duty, to explain freely and fully to my people in what sense I use it. And what are others doing in this respect? How does my conduct differ essentially, in respect of honest adherence to the principles of the Church of England, from theirs? The Bishop of Oxford was the first to issue a letter of inhibition, after

my reply to the address of the Archbishops and Bishops. Not, then, in his personal capacity, but as a representative of those, who have followed him in adopting this extraordinary mode of public Church censure,—upon the mere judgment of each individual Bishop, without any hearing or trial of the accused,—I would ask the Bishop of Oxford before my fellow-countrymen, Does *he*, a Fellow of the Royal and other Scientific Societies, believe unfeignedly in the literal historical truth of the account of the Creation, the Noachian Deluge, or the numbers of the Exodus? If the Bishop will say that he *does* 'unfeignedly believe' in all these matters, as related in the Pentateuch, of course I have nothing more to say as regards this part of my argument. But, if he does not, then how, I repeat, does his present conduct differ essentially from mine? *He* has some way of explaining these matters, which satisfies his own mind, as I have. And the only difference is this, that I think it to be my duty, and shall make it my practice, to tell my people plainly, on such points, what I believe, and what I know to be true; and the Bishop of Oxford has not yet, as far as I am aware, thought it necessary to say what he really thinks upon any one of these subjects."

This is truly an odd state of things. When will the hierarchy begin to see that it cannot last? The first prelate in the realm, a few weeks after he has addressed reproaches, in a letter to his clergy, against the Bishop of Natal for not resigning his see because he cannot perform the whole of certain functions, declares that there is a service which, in certain cases, he himself, the Archbishop of Canterbury, would refuse to perform entire, and would take the consequences. The worthy prelate—he well deserves the title, in spite of an inconsistency—forgot that he had impressed on Dr. Colenso the obligation of *resigning his see*. Dr. Colenso does what the Archbishop said he would have done—namely, awaits the consequences. It is yet to be seen whether he has broken any law: those who say he has broken law are preparing to call him to account. The Archbishop would, perhaps, use the excuse of the young woman whose child had no legal father—that it was a very little one. He thinks that he only refuses to read a bit of one service, and that but in certain cases, while the Bishop of Natal refuses certain services, as he supposes, and in all cases. But discretionary law-breakers cannot be allowed to place limits to the discretion of other persons. An offender against rule is not entitled to make rules for other breaches of rule, by which to bind other offenders. Dr. Colenso adds:—

"But what do my Episcopal Brethren mean by this proceeding? Do they really suppose that, by the obstruction of Church censures and anathemas, or the mere exercise of authority, they can bar out the entrance of that light of Critical Science, which God Himself has given us, as one of the special blessings bestowed upon us by His Goodness in this day? May it not be that the Science of Biblical Criticism is as needful to our true progress and highest happiness as any other of the Sciences—as Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry, Natural History, &c.—all which have been aroused into new life in this very age, and many of which—like that of which the most recent results are exhibited in the works of Davidson, Kalisch, &c., and in the Parts already published of this work—were almost wholly unknown to our forefathers? May it not be true that each one of these Sciences is as truly intended by the Wisdom and Grace of God for the present stage of human development, as any other of the sisterhood,—that we cannot despise or refuse the help of any one of them, without 'rejecting the counsel of God against ourselves.'—that, 'if this work be of God, we cannot overthrow it, lest haply we be found fighting against God'? In short, may it not be true that this light of Criticism may be but one of the many-coloured rays of modern Science, which come to us all from the 'Father of Lights,' in this our own age of wonderful Illumination,

and which are meant to blend together into the pure, white, Light of Truth, that Light which our spirits need, and which His Wisdom and His Love at this time impart to us? Must we, then, English Christians, live on, as men did in former ages, under strict ecclesiastical restraints, as if there was a 'dark chamber' in the house, into which we have once looked, but have shut to the door, and dare not look again, lest we should see something to frighten us out of our 'hopes for eternity,' and cause us the loss of 'all our nearest and dearest consolations'? How much better to open wide the door, and let in the blessed light and air of day into every part of our spiritual dwelling! That light, indeed, may show us that the stories of the six days' Creation, the Noachian Deluge, the slaughter of 68,000 Midianitish women and children, are no longer to be spoken of as historical facts. We may perceive that it is no longer possible to confound the early legends of the Hebrew people, and statements contrary to reason and the facts of nature, or condemned by our moral sense, and by the Voice which witnesses for God within us, with the Eternal 'Word of God.' But we shall find in the Pentateuch, notwithstanding, precious things without number, of which little or no use is made at present in the instruction of the people,—unquestionable facts of ancient history, mixed up, no doubt, with much of uncertain or unreal tradition,—and, above all, rich lessons of spiritual Truth, by which our souls may be cheered and strengthened for the work of life. What a day of regenerated life will it be for the Church of England, when these things shall be spoken of, plainly and freely, in every pulpit of the land,—when the Bible shall be opened, and the story of its origin explained, and the real value of its histories discussed, as the records of living men, like ourselves, written down by living men,—with the reverence due to a Book so venerable, and endeared to the inmost heart of every Christian, but yet without fear of treading with irreligious feet upon holy ground,—rather, with the deepest and most sincere conviction that we can only thus serve God acceptably, and discharge our duty before Him, as Christian men and Ministers, by such free inquiry after Truth, and such free utterance of it."

The Bishop then proceeds to consider the charges of heresy and blasphemy. One of them is that of Dr. M'Caul, who charges Dr. Colenso with robbing Christ of his Deity by denying his omniscience. On this point a letter is printed from the Rev. W. Houghton, containing, among other things, a long list of those who have done the same thing. Whom shall we select from this tribe of M'Caulian blasphemers? Will Athanasius do? He says—after much of the same purport,—"For as, on becoming man, he hungers and thirsts and suffers with man, so, with men, as man, he knows not." And Theodoret says,—"If he knew the day, and, wishing to conceal it, said he was ignorant, see what a blasphemy is the result: truth tells an untruth."

Mr. Houghton, the largest contributor to the natural history of the Bible in the second volume of Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary,' comes forward with the following testimony:—

"And now, my Lord, with respect to the general character of your recent publications on the Pentateuch, I feel it my positive duty, at whatever cost, to say a few plain and honest words. I have diligently, conscientiously, and prayerfully, studied the whole question at issue for the last six months, and am compelled to admit the general truth of your arguments, though differing in some particulars. You are aware that I published a pamphlet in reply to your Part I.; I have withdrawn that reply from circulation. Before the appearance of your Book, however, I was quite certain that the Bible and Science were opposed to each other. Four years' examination of almost every word in the Bible relating to its Natural History has convinced me that, in many essential points, the Biblical and Natural records are, to use the words of the learned and candid Kalisch, 'utterly and irreconcilably at variance.' The more I examine the whole question

for myself, the more certain I become that, in the Bible, 'legend is mixed up with history, poetic imaginings with prosaic narrative, that no miraculous power has been exerted to preserve it from omissions, interpolations, and corruptions of the text,' and that the Bible 'is, therefore, not infallible in the sense in which the popular creed assumes it to be.' We acknowledge, my Lord, notwithstanding a large admixture of the human, and therefore fallible, element in the Bible, that in that Book there is a *jewel* of heavenly lustre and of priceless value. Why are we to suppose that this *jewel* shines less brilliantly, or loses one iota of its value, because the gold of its *setting* has a considerable per-centage of alloy? Why will men refuse to drink of the 'water of life' because it is offered to them in an earthen vessel? Your Lordship is at liberty to make any use you please of this letter."

The Bishop proceeds to notice,—very briefly, but quite sufficiently,—the recent report of Convocation. This we will not lengthen our article by discussing. The quotations which are made from others, not only here, but in previous pages, show that there is not a point on which Dr. Colenso is blamed but what is held by some clergyman of high position. There is a Colenso ready made to hand in Stanley, Milman, Alford, Browne, and others, for those who will put the fragments together. As in the celebrated case produced by Cowper, one divine has eaten this bit of the animal, another that, and so on: the crime of Dr. Colenso is that he has eaten the whole hog. He has collected, he has enforced, he has attracted attention by the position which he holds. What he may have said, how far he may be right, how far he may be wrong, are of personal, rather than of literary, interest. The right of the clergy to consider questions which the laity are considering is the main question. Dr. Colenso and a few other bold men are the promoters of an inquiry which is much wanted, which must be made, and which will be made. In the last century there was a system, political and ecclesiastical, which required reform much more than ours. The examination was left to the enemy; the unbeliever was allowed to train a generation. That system fell, as we all know: it fell because it found no enemies within its own citadel at the right time; it found enough when the crash came. We believe in the day when the English Church will be thankful that the shattered part of its routine, the conventional chapter of its belief, and the self-blinding element of its spirit, raised up assailants among its own clergy, and that the reform was conducted from within.

Strange Things among Us. By H. Spicer. (Chapman & Hall.)

In his Preface Mr. H. Spicer describes his experiment on public credulity as "a sketch—a study—a '*ballon perdu*,' flung up among the currents which have of late set, somewhat steadily, in a direction of much promise." We should doubt the steadiness and deny the promise. Of all the delusions brought from New York to amuse or afflict the idle people of this generation of Englishmen, the most foolish, barren, and indecent is that of the spiritual circle. This is said, however, by the way. Mr. Spicer is not so credulous as Mr. Howitt or so impudent as Mr. Home. He does not believe in the spiritual office of every charlatan who can rap with his toes or write letters upside down. Indeed, he has a healthy contempt for your ordinary spirit-rupper or table-turner, who, himself unable to speak the Queen's English, undertakes to put you, at the small cost of half-a-guinea an hour, into communication with the souls of men who, amongst other changes, have forgotten how to spell. He thinks the swarm of Americans which infested our society and fed

on our curiosity a year or two ago arrant impostors. Much of his mistrust we share; but when he parts from these humbugs we have ourselves to part from him. So far our roads run together; there they begin to diverge. Mr. Spicer would dismiss the impostor into oblivion; and would afterwards approach, consider and adopt the imposture.

This, in a few words, is the form of his plea for the 'Strange Things among Us.' Society is fond of ghosts. Every old house has its haunting spirit. Many persons have seen sights, more persons have heard sounds, which cannot be accounted for by natural causes. Some of these manifestations have been foolish and unmeaning; others have been grave and serious; some have had no results, while others have been followed by the direst calamities. The minds of men and women are disquieted by the frequency and unexpectedness of these warning sights and sounds. Many persons, not absolutely weak or silly, have begun to think there must be something in them, which it is the duty of philosophers and naturalists to consider. Mr. Spicer thinks so too. He finds that the world has knowledge of a sufficient number of isolated facts on which to lay the foundation of a new spiritual science. It is only necessary to ascertain which are the true facts, to gather them up into a common storehouse, to arrange them in their just order and class; and you can then reason from premise to conclusion, as in any other science. In short, spiritualism waits its Bacon, and Mr. Spicer offers to supply the want.

The reader shall judge with what share of success Mr. Spicer has enacted the part of spiritual critic and lawgiver. His object being, not to write a volume, but to lay the foundations of a new philosophy, he writes down certain rules for his own guidance, and for that of his followers, should he have any. We do not mean to discuss these rules—they are somewhat lax in form and commonplace in substance; but we may usefully show the fashion in which a sober and comparatively philosophical writer on ghostly matters deals with the rules which he prescribes to himself. On page 5 we read, "As a general rule, it is advisable to refrain from any voluntary testimony to the well-strung nerves of Mr. B. (the hero). In all probability, you know nothing about them; and, if you did, it remains yet a question whether nerves have much to do with the subject." No doubt, this is a good rule, if not a very profound one. But when Mr. Spicer begins to collect his facts—that is, to tell his stories—he straightway violates the very law which he has laid down.—

"M— (with whom the writer was well acquainted) was a man of the coolest nerve, of the most imperturbable self-possession. It was his habit to sit up reading in the chamber of his invalid wife, after the latter had retired to bed. One night, Mrs. M— having fallen asleep, the door opened, and her maid, Lucy, who had been sent home ill to the charge of her friends, a few days before, entered the room. Perfectly conscious, as he declared, from the first, that the object he beheld was no longer of this world, the steady soldier fixed his eyes on the apparition, careful only to catch its every movement, and impress the unexpected scene with accuracy on his memory. The figure moved slowly to the side of the bed,—gazed with a sad and wistful expression on the sleeper's face—and then, as though reluctantly, died away into the gloom. Colonel M— then awoke his wife, and related what had occurred. Together they noted the precise moment of the vision. It proved to be that at which the poor girl had breathed her last, murmuring her mistress's name."

This is, however, but a minor breach. The main objection to Mr. Spicer's manner of treating his spiritual facts is the entire lack of

authentication. In many places, he affects the utmost scrupulosity as to his materials. At the opening of his book he says, "The circumstances of each case have been verified with unusual care, because another object than simple curiosity, or the making a readable book, suggested the inquiry." Other expressions to the same effect occur. Yet in the face of these declarations, the facts are really stated on no available authority. In nearly every case it is M—, or Colonel —, or X. Y. Z., who tells the story or suffers the visitation. Where a name is given in full, we are told it is a false one. Thus, after telling one horrible story about two brothers who had quarrelled, Mr. Spicer says,—"It may be as well to add, that Mr. 'Hare' (the name by which the friend who supplied this incident desires to be known) furnished the most sufficing verifications of the fact related." No names are given. An uncle and a nephew are the speakers: who they are, where they live, when the event happened, are not related. Even the friend who told the tale to Mr. Spicer will not vouch for the truth of it under his proper name. He is only Mr. "Hare"; and, for anything we know, Mr. March Hare. Again, in another story we read,—"The headstrong squire, Mr. Barnett, as *I will call him*." Why this concealment if the facts are true? Would Mr. Spicer accept a new fact in chemistry or astronomy on such evidence? What would be the value in a court of law of such testimony as this?—"The late Mr. G—, a gentleman of large property in Norfolk, used to vouch for the following anecdote." Suppose the following, "furnished by a lady, Miss B—," were offered as evidence before the Lord Chief Justice,—"On Saturday, the 21st of June, —, being on a visit at H—, Scotland (at the house of a friend of the author), I retired to bed rather earlier than usual, about ten o'clock,"—would not Sir Alexander ask Mr. Spicer why the year was omitted, also the locality?

In the mass of cases, Mr. Spicer's treatment has the advantage of baffling criticism. You cannot follow Mr. — to his home and press him with cross-examinations. When Mr. Spicer, by accidental or indiscreet allusions to common life, enables us to follow his line of inquiry, we return from the excursion with enfeebled powers of belief in his care and judgment. One of his wonderful stories professes to be taken from the lips of "the lady of a distinguished German diplomatist." She is mentioned as Madame L—, with no address in particular; and the scene of her strange experience is not suggested even by an initial and a blank line. But she has one reference in her narrative to a third party:—"Much troubled in mind, Madame L—, after some deliberation, resolved to appeal to the strongest and most ardent soul within the range of her acquaintance, in the person of —, sometimes called the 'German Luther.'" What German diplomatic lady could have been ignorant that Luther himself was German? We can fancy a foolish fellow calling Gavazzi a Neapolitan Luther or Spurgeon a Bermondsey Luther; but it is beyond even the power of folly to style any man whatever the German Luther.

There is at least one English story told, about which it is possible to arrive at some conclusions from the external facts. As will be seen, it is introduced with a special testimony to its accuracy:—

"In the following additional example, the names of those concerned have been supplied to the writer—coupled only with the stipulation that nothing beyond the correct initials should be made public. The Lady J. T—, sister-in-law of the Duchess of L—, was much attached to her young nephew,

Lord C. A.—, the duchess's second son. This lady was sitting one evening, about six o'clock, in her drawing-room, when, looking up from her work, she saw Lord C. A.— (who was at the time a student at Oxford) standing before her. 'Ah, C.—!' she exclaimed, astonished at his silent entrance. 'How did you come hither?' He made no reply, but began gradually to disappear, and, in a few seconds, was gone. Much disturbed, Lady T.— drove over, early next morning, to visit her intimate friend, Lady S.—, and related her vision; on her return, a messenger had arrived from H.— Castle, requiring her presence. Proceeding thither, she learned the sad news of Lord C.—'s death, at Oxford, from the effects of an accidental blow received from his friend, the present Marquis of D.—."

It is a pity the Duchess of L.— was so squeamish about giving her name in full; since a little more frankness on her Grace's part would have saved Mr. Spicer from the appearance of having been made the subject of a hoax. Mr. Spicer says he has the names, which we are glad to hear, as, otherwise, an unbelieving public, with a Peerage in its hands, might doubt whether any possible Duchess of L.— could have a son with the name of Lord C. A.—. That book, which we quote under correction of Mr. Spicer and the spirits, shows us only two Duchesses of L.—, Leeds and Leinster, neither of whose family names begins with A.—. Lord C. A.—, the hero of the story, could not have been an Osborne or a Fitzgerald. The Marquis of D.— is not so easily hunted down, there being quite a crowd of Marquises of that initial—Douro, Donegal, Douglas, Downshire, Drogheda and others. But we think an incredulous world would like to see Mr. Spicer's list of the real names in this romantic case.

Mr. Spicer must forgive us for rejecting his philosophy. As a story-teller he is not amiss; and we shall show our charity by quoting from his pages, without objection, one little French anecdote:—

"A young German lady (still living) had arrived with a party of friends at one of the most renowned hotels in Paris, and occupied, for her part, an apartment on the first floor, furnished with unusual magnificence. Here she lay awake, long after the hotel was wrapt in slumber, contemplating, by the faint glimmer of her night-lamp, the costly objects in the room, until, suddenly, the folding-doors, opposite her bed, which she had secured, flew open, and the chamber was filled with a bright light, as of day. In the midst of this, there entered a handsome young man, in the undress uniform of the French Navy, having his hair dressed in the peculiar mode à la Titus. Taking a chair from the bedside, he placed it in the middle of the room, sat down, took from his pocket a pistol with a remarkable red butt and lock, put it to his forehead, and, firing, fell back apparently dead! Simultaneously with the explosion, the room became dark and still, but a low soft voice uttered these words:—'Say an Ave Maria for his soul.' The young lady had fallen back, not insensible, but in a far more painful state—a kind of cataleptic trance, and thus remained fully conscious of all she imagined to have occurred, but unable to move tongue or hand, until seven o'clock on the following morning, at which hour her maid, in obedience to orders, knocked at the door. Finding that no reply was given, the maid went away, and, returning at eight, in company with another domestic, repeated her summons. Still no answer—and again, after a little consultation, the poor young lady was delivered over for another hour to her agonized thoughts. At nine, the doors were forced—and, at the same moment, the power of speech and movement returned. She shrieked out to the attendants that a man had shot himself there some hours before, and still lay upon the floor. Observing nothing unusual, they concluded it was the excitement consequent upon some terrible dream. She was therefore placed in another apartment, and with great difficulty persuaded that the scene she so minutely described had no founda-

tion in reality. Half an hour later, the hotel-proprietor desired an interview with a gentleman of the party, and declared that the scene so strangely re-enacted had actually occurred three nights before. A young French officer had ordered the best room in the hotel—and there terminated his life—using, for the purpose, a pistol answering the description mentioned. The body, and the weapon, still lay at the Morgue, for identification, and the gentleman, proceeding thither, saw both; the head of the unfortunate man exhibiting the 'Titus' crop and the wound in the forehead, as in the vision. The Archbishop of Paris, struck with the extraordinary nature of the story, shortly after called upon the young lady, and, directing her attention to the expression used by the mysterious voice, urged upon her, with much fervour, the advisability of embracing that faith to whose teaching it appeared to point."

There is a touch of human interest in the visit of Monseigneur Sibour, who, very properly, attended to his own business in the office. Of course we fail to see the steps by which the prelate arrived at his conclusion; but then it is not permitted to lay critics to reason in the manner of an archbishop.

A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus and Branchidae. By C. T. Newton. Vol. II. Part II. (Day & Son.)

FIFTEEN months after the appearance of the first volumes of this important work the conclusion is issued, at a time which is just four years from the breaking up of the expedition in Asia Minor,—June, 1859. It is not difficult to believe that all the interval of time that has elapsed has been occupied by Mr. Newton in completing his home researches into the history of his theme, and in the illustration of his labours in the field. The text of the work is laborious in character, rich in the results of study, and an excellent record of what has recently been found, brought into union with much that was previously known of the history, topography and Art-remains of the cities named above, and of those hardly less worthy of note—Lagina, Myndus, Bargylia, Mylassa, Labranda, Stratoniceæ, Keramos, and the island of Cos. The last was visited by Mr. Pullan, the architect appointed to accompany the Budrûm Expedition, who took with him the inevitable Corporal Spackman, R.E.,—an individual who played so important a part in the early portion of the service. The controversy, if we may so style it, between Mr. J. Fergusson and Mr. Pullan on the nature of the proposed restorations for the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus will not be forgotten by our readers, who will, perhaps, think with us that Mr. Fergusson got the best of the argument, as he unquestionably produced the most characteristic, complete and beautiful reconstruction of the work of Satyros and Pythios.

Mr. Newton does not aim at writing a book of "travels," or a popular work of any order: probably he would fail in an attempt to do such a thing. His work is, consequently, almost a register of antiquarian labours and discoveries in the field and at home, divested of that personal element which sometimes renders the narratives of explorers so readable and so generally interesting. He neither records his own sufferings nor those of his companions; never seems moved with success, and is seldom tempted to enlarge upon the often highly suggestive themes in hand, by diving—as he is well qualified to do by education, if not feeling—into the scenes and secrets of the past. We would not desire a man in Mr. Newton's place to produce anything like "fine writing," nor can we regret that he does not treat us to picturesque descriptions of scenery and adventures. Nevertheless, the flesh and blood of the personal element is a blessed thing in a book of this

sort, and it has been imported into those of Mr. Layard and others. If Mr. Newton had no troubles, he must surely have had pleasures in the prosecution of his task; and we should really be glad to feel some sympathy for one or the other of these apparently inevitable contingencies. Throughout the book there is, however, not a heart-beat, not a hope, not a smile. When the author found the Mausoleum itself, he does seem to have been moved—it is true Prof. Donaldson had given him a broad hint of its locality, which was probably a damper;—but when he stood in the secret-chamber of the Carian king, we doubt if he so much as sneezed. Mr. Newton is so good a Greek as to preserve the unities in his drama of explorations. It is hardly fair to say that he himself is the central figure, excluding others; but there is only an impersonality, named Newton, in action. The very chorus of companions is absent; and, with rare exceptions, the wrecks of the chief Carian cities echo no other voice than his.

Cnidus forms the main theme of this concluding volume of the series. In treating it, the author follows the plan already adopted with respect to Halicarnassus, and describes the site of the city, which was originally built upon an island, like Myndus and Mytilene, so close to the mainland as to form two harbours connected by a narrow strait, such as the Greeks called an *euripus*. This island was the ancient Triopium, so famous of old, and well remembered in the history of the Dorian colonies as the meeting-place, and indeed Acropolis, of the Asian Hexapolis—so called until Halicarnassus was excluded from the League on account of some misbehaviour of one of her citizens, who, winning the tripod in the games—probably held on this very spot—of the Triopian Apollo, bore it off to his own house and did not leave it to the god. Pentapolis the confederacy was afterwards named, and comprised Cnidus, Cos, Camerius, Ialysus and Landus. The appropriation of a "challenge cup" is thus said to have broken up the potent League. Mr. Newton is of opinion that the famous Temple of Apollo stood on the island, and not, as has been surmised by many writers, on the adjacent mainland: he, however, found no traces of its site. Like most of the cities on the Ionian coast, Cnidus rose, in a series of grades, like an amphitheatre, from the shores of the sea; it had the advantage of its duplicated situation, upon the island and the main, and ascended in two faces, with the harbours between them. The axis of the island lies north-east and south-west: from its south-west point a citizen could look across the bay and see the Lion promontory that, with its grand memorial statue—one of the most important acquisitions of the expedition of which we are now treating—commemorated, thinks Mr. Newton, a great naval victory over the Lacedæmonians (B.C. 394).

Cnidus took a high place in what concerns us most—Science and the encouragement of Art. Eudoxus, the astronomer, who discovered Canopus on the southern horizon from his observatory in the city, was a native, and framed a code of laws for the people. In the fifth century before Christ, Cnidus had invested part of its wealth in two pictures painted on the walls of the Lesche at Delphi by Polygnotus—two great pictorial epics, says Pausanias: one representing the taking of Troy and the return of the Greeks; the other the descent of Ulysses into the infernal regions. Above all the possessions of the city, she owned the famous undraped Venus by Praxiteles. Round about this work a temple was erected, with groves, gardens and fountains. Among other great artistic posses-

sions of Cnidus, Pliny mentions a Minerva by Scopas, a Dionysos by Bryaxis—works only surpassed by the Praxitelian Venus. Ctesias, the physician, was a Cnidian, as was Sostratos, architect of the Pharos; Artemidorus, who warned Cæsar that the Ides of March were dangerous to him, seems to have been a citizen of influence. His name occurs in inscriptions found by Mr. Newton.

In the ruins of what Mr. Newton styles the Temple of Demeter were found the seated and standing statues of Demeter and that of Persephone, now in the British Museum. The first of these is exceedingly valuable as a work of Art, but not, probably, of the best period. The standing Demeter is a finer work. Perfect proportion is one of the unquestionable signs of the best periods of Art, as Mr. Newton would feel if he added the knowledge of an artist to his antiquarian attainments and native taste. Judging by the indifferent drawing in the costly book of plates that accompanies the work before us, we do not believe the head of the sitting Demeter belongs to the body on which it is placed. This drawing is taken from a photograph, and sanctioned by the author. Not far from this were found numerous lamps which had been, probably, deposited at the base of some statue. "We learn from Pausanias that lighted lamps were offered to Persephone, and let down into the trenches or chasms consecrated to the infernal deities"—a very striking and characteristic rite. Some of the offerings prove to have been of so late a date as the third or fourth century after Christ. Notwithstanding the careful excavations made on this spot, Mr. Newton does not seem to have found anything throwing a new light on the great questions respecting the Eleusinian or other rites of Demeter or Persephone.

The Lion Tomb was the most important single relic discovered at Cnidus; it is instructive as illustrating the structure of similar works in Asia and elsewhere, being probably the most complete of its class yet known. It stood on the summit of a bold headland, forming the end of a bay. The Lion is now in the British Museum, where every one may see it. As we have very recently discussed its character and merits (*Athen.* No. 1855), we need not repeat our opinion, especially as that of Mr. Newton is substantially the same as our own. It was surely an oversight of the author to say, p. 497, that no means of comparison between the Cnidian Lion and the fragments of that of Charonea have been afforded him. At Branchidæ were found the statues that lined the Sacred Way to Apollo's famous oracular temple; these are highly interesting as testifying to the influence of Egyptian upon early Greek art, our knowledge of which has been confirmed in the course of Messrs. Salzmann and Biliotti's discoveries at Rhodes. "The evidence of these extant monuments" (from Branchidæ), says Mr. Newton, "is an interesting corroboration of the story told by Diodorus, that the Samian artist, Theodoros, made one-half of a statue in his workshop at Samos, while his brother, Telekles, made the other half at Ephesus; so that the same canon of proportion was observed so exactly by the two brothers, working independently, that the two halves of the statue were found to tally exactly!"

The Phantom Bouquet: a Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed Vessels, and adapting them to Embellish the Home of Taste. By Edward Parrish. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Bennett.)

Mr. Edward Parrish is an eminent drug cook. His writings on drug cookery, or pharmaceu-

tical chemistry, have gained him the esteem of the brethren of his craft in Europe as well as in America. When they learn, therefore, that he has been recreating himself from the fatigues of graver labours, if not more useful pursuits, by writing in a high-flown style a *brochure* on a "Phantom Bouquet," they will receive the information with some amusement. They will smile all the more when they learn that the book is obviously misnamed. Opticians can make phantom bouquets; and now that scientific spectres are doing the business of poetical and dramatic ghosts upon the stage, spectral flowers may soon be seen adorning theatres and drawing-rooms with their ethereal and startling beauty. It is the optician, and not the botanist, who can make phantom bouquets. But leaves and not flowers, fibres and not phantoms, are the themes of this publication of Mr. Parrish, of Philadelphia. He is nearer the mark when he compares the art of preparing leaves to something like what Sydney Smith fancied he would like doing to himself, when he wished to lay aside his too cumbrous flesh during the intense heat of the dog-days, and sit in his bones. By phantom bouquets are meant "skeleton leaves,"—long and familiarly known in Europe, as exhibited at horticultural shows or in shop-windows, and used as drawing-room ornaments and educational appliances. Mr. Parrish is as unfortunate in his second name for the art in question, calling it "skeletonizing"—a term which includes not merely the gratification of the whim of Sydney Smith, but the pursuit in which the most memorable feat was performed by the ants in the Hartz Forest: they prepared the skeleton of the deer which enabled Oken to perceive that the skull is only a developed vertebra. After calling its subject by such over-fine and over-dismal names—skeletonizing and phantom-making—Mr. Parrish affectionately inscribes his book to his wife, as "a pioneer and proficient in the art herein portrayed"; and the inscription is a compliment, however oddly worded.

The art of what we may call Leaf-bleaching has been traditionally known in Europe and Asia for many centuries, but seems to have reached Philadelphia, in America, only just before the civil war. This American druggist writes about it in the enthusiastic strain of the Scottish editor whose descriptions of the British metropolis provoked his readers to say "he seemed to have discovered London." To this circumstance we owe this little book—the first, as far as we know, ever devoted to an art producing very pretty and instructive results, and well worthy the attention of ladies. Skeleton leaves have, for the first time, a little book all about themselves.

Some years ago, Mr. Parrish was attracted by a beautiful vase of prepared leaves and seed-vessels, displaying the delicate veinings of these plant structures, and of such brilliant whiteness as to suggest the idea of perfectly bleached artificial lace-work or exquisite carvings in ivory. Mr. Parrish is so little of a physiological botanist, that he calls the cellular tissue, the seat of the marvels of cell life, the parenchyma, which becomes the germ and the pollen, "the grosser particles":—

"This elegant parlour ornament was brought by returning travellers as a novel and choice trophy of their Transatlantic wanderings; none could be procured in America, and no one to whom the perplexed admirer could appeal was able to give a clue to the process by which such surprising beauty and perfection of detail could be evolved from structures which generally rank among the least admired expansions of the tissue of the plant. That the novelty of this spectacle then constituted one of its chief attractions need not be denied. Yet the

phantom case, now that hundreds of pier-tables and *étagères* in city and country are garnished with its airy forms, and its photographic miniature, under the well-chosen motto of 'Beautiful in Death,' is displayed in almost every stereoscope, still delights with a perennial charm, creating a desire, among all amateurs in matters of taste, to add an ornament so chaste to their household treasures."

Leaf-bleaching has been known traditionally from time immemorial in Europe and Asia by the families in which botanical tastes have been hereditary. It is not, as Mr. Parrish calls it, a lost art revived; and it has neither been forgotten nor restored. In Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, as well as in the United or Disunited States, among the quaint old curiosities to be found in the houses of retired sea-captains and East India traders, Chinese pictures are often to be found, sometimes of considerable beauty and ingenuity, exhibiting flowers, fruit, shells, birds or insects painted in bright colours on veritable skeleton leaves. The process is to be found described in old books published in London in the seventeenth century. It appears to have been introduced into England from Italy, probably in the Elizabethan age, when the Italian mind had so much influence upon the English mind. In 1645, at the time of the civil war, Marcus Aurelius Severinus, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Naples, published a figure of a skeleton leaf. Frederick Ruysch, naturalist, published an account of the process of fermentation, by which heat and moisture could be employed to loosen the pulpy from the fibrous parts of the leaf. This fact, so long known in Europe, was circulated as a secret in Philadelphia in 1860! Secrets do not fly so very fast after all.

"The leaf is the plant," say the disciples of Goethe; and there is as much truth in the proposition as can be compressed into a saying. There are air and water, stem and flower, leaves. Botanists divide the tissues of plants into vascular and cellular; and in skeleton leaves the cellular tissue is removed and the vascular retained. The vascular tissue branches through the cellular by what used to be called nerves, and are now called veins. Mr. Parrish, after certain European theorists, calls the leaf the type of the tree, in the sense that the leaf-veins correspond exactly to the branches of the trunks in their angles and curves. The skeleton leaf is its tree, leafless, in miniature. Prior to comparing the leafless tree with the skeleton leaf, the tree ought to be seen in the "gloom"; just as Sir Walter Scott said that, to be seen to advantage, Melrose Abbey must be seen by moonlight. No doubt it is well to compare the leaf-pattern with the tree-pattern; and there is some ground in reality for these fanciful correspondences. The lengths of the stalk and of the trunk are relative to each other—shooting up or sitting low; as, for example, in the poplar and chestnut, beech and oak. Leaf-bleaching, however fanciful these resemblances may be deemed, must promote habits of observation in young people, and cause them to notice the differences of leaves, serrated or entire, ovate, acuminate, cordate, or irregular. Observers of leaves, we may add, will see greater marvels than this book promises them. They may witness the metamorphoses of the leaves, which are quite as wonderful and beautiful as the metamorphoses of the insects, and much less known. The egg, grub and fly in the circle of insect life are not more interesting to watch, as forms passing into each other, than are the seed, leaf, petal, sepal, stamen or pistil, cell and pollen, watched as changes of form in the phases of plant life. Prof. Schleiden and other botanists

who have never mastered Goethe's theory and Geoffroy St.-Hilaire's explanation of monstrosities, have sneered at the discovery of the poet-botanist; but any observer of the leaves of the wild strawberry may easily convince himself that scientific accuracy is not on the side, on this occasion, of certain mere botanists.

Not merely in summer, but nearly all the year round, may leaves be gathered for bleaching. Leaves already prepared are sometimes found in winter and early spring. Leaves macerate best when gathered or picked mature, perfect, unblemished and fresh. The leaves of suckers are large, but not strong. A list of forty plants whose leaves, and twenty more whose seed-vessels, reward bleaching, is appended to this essay. Among the hardy deciduous plants and shrubs are maples, poplars, lindens, magnolias, tulip poplars, willows, beech, ash, hickory, chestnut, horse chestnut, elm, Kentucky coffee-tree, pear, quince, apricot, andromeda, deutzia, spiræa, sassafras, althæa, pomegranate, rose-acacia, rose, medlar, wild cherry, sugar-berry, witch hazel, *Fraxinella dictamnus*, *Gardenia florida*, *Laurestina francisceæ*, *Erythrina cristigalla*, *Virgilia lutea*, white fringe-tree. Among the evergreens are holly, mahonea, barberry, mountain laurel, box, butcher's broom, *Olea fragrans*, *Camellia japonica*, caoutchouc; and among the vines and creepers are ivy, begonia, witsaria, Dutchman's pipe, greenbriars, and wild yam. The seed-vessels, modified leaves, and calyxes, successfully macerated or found naturally prepared, are thorn-apple, poppy, mallows, nican-dra, physalis, henbane, monkshood, wild sage, safflower, canterbury bells, toad flax, skull-cap, figwort, French tonato, wild hydrangea, hydrangea, bladder senna, bladder nut, ptelia, false pennyroyal.

Leaf-macerating is very simple. Mr. Parrish cannot, however, be recommended as a safe guide in the process, for his advice is too vague and his methods are too rough. Nothing can be more misleading than to say a single vessel will suffice for many similar leaves of different kinds; for the leaf-bleachers who succeed best in this country say a separate vessel is necessary for every separate leaf. A few leaves of the same plant are all which ought to be in a single vessel. The leaf-bleacher, in fact, who feels all the difficulties of his art will not, whilst he is but a beginner, simultaneously attempt to macerate and bleach a great variety of different kinds of leaves, but will make the leaves of each species his separate care and study. Each species requires special treatment, either as regards maceration, bleaching, manipulation or time. Beautiful skeleton leaves of the *Camellia japonica*, for instance, are obtained by boiling them with soap.

The tannin in oak-leaves enables them to resist the ordinary process of maceration in a vessel of water in which evaporation is promoted by solar or artificial heat. Oak-leaves are prepared in England by a process repudiated in Philadelphia, by mixing dilute muriatic acid with the macerating water. Beautiful and ready-prepared oak-leaves are found in the fresh-water streams of America. And they are prepared by very singular artists! But we shall allow Mr. Parrish to describe this curious observation in his own way and words:—

"It yet remains to notice in connexion with oak-leaves, what cannot fail to excite the liveliest pleasure in every naturalist who delights to seek the woods and streams on chill autumn days, though all the fragrant epigeas, the delicate bloodroots, the pale spring beauties, the modest 'quaker ladies,' and all their lovely spring companions have so long departed as to diffuse almost a feeling of sadness in visiting the now desolate slopes they rendered so inviting. Let our amateur

note what becomes of the leaves that, having performed their allotted part in the growth of the forest and ceased to be fermented by the life-sustaining sap, have yielded to the blast and now thickly strew the ground, awakening, as stirred by the wind or the foot of the pedestrian, the familiar rustle of the autumnal woods. These are all destined to pass into the earth from which they sprang by a slow but sure decay. The oak-leaves, as would be supposed, longest resist this destiny. Even those that have fallen into yonder stream have not matted themselves into the slimy mass, except by mixing with other and less hardy leaves; and here if the explorer will search closely, he may occasionally find almost perfectly skeletonized oak-leaves. How came they so? Look, provident Nature has found a way to make them, intractable as they are, to subserve a purpose in her wise economy. Thousands of curious little animals called caddice bugs [*sic*], who envelop themselves in a tubular little cocoon [*sic*] of pebbles and sand, are daintily masticating the soft parts of these, leaving all the veinings as perfect as the most captious skeletonizer could desire. It is true that after the rough usage of the running stream upon its pebbled bottom and the thick matrix of twigs, chestnut-burs, acorns, and the like, very few perfect specimens remain, but then, my friend, here is a hint for us. Change these adverse conditions; colonize, by the aid of an exploring kettle, a few hundred caddices with their moveable tents [*sic*] to your own sheltered veranda; give them a shallow dish with a bed of sand in the bottom and a constant trickle of fresh water to resemble their native stream; then supply them with their favourite leaf, and they will clean it for you to perfection. This has been done successfully, and it can be done again."

The insect in question is, no doubt, the larva of a species of *Phryganea*, or caddis-fly, called by anglers cad-bait and water-moth. They may be seen flying over the surface of the water about sundown. The species serviceable in Philadelphia in preparing oak-leaves may not be identical with the species found abundantly in water-cress beds in French and English streams. But no one desirous of repeating and testing the experiment can fail of being rewarded for his pains. The English type of the species (*Phryganea grandis*), if it does not feed upon the parenchyma of oak-leaves, certainly feeds upon cresses. And no more curious animal can be watched in a tank! His pharmaceutical repute considered, it is astonishing that Mr. Parrish should have called this insect a bug, and its tubular abdominal case, or sheath, a cocoon or tent. Entomology, we fear, is not much cultivated in Philadelphia. The species common in Europe may be seen taking the fine white threadlike spongioles of the floating water-cress, and twining them in rings around its body and then glueing the shells of planorbes and other young or tiny mollusks to the tube of rings!

Mr. Parrish mentions some electrical observations made upon skeleton leaves and flowers in glass cases which deserve quotation, although mistakenly stated:—

"In a model phantom-case, arranged by a medical friend, himself a model naturalist, 'humble that he knows no more,' a delicate fern rising to the summit trembles with electric vibrations on every touch of a silk handkerchief to the glass, while a little tuft of hydrangea flowers, loosed from its moorings, rises to the top like a balloon whenever the unseen electric flash is awakened even by dusting the surface of the shade."

Saying nothing about a flash which is not seen, we suspect that the volatile flowers mount by specific gravity, because cold air is admitted at the bottom of the shade by the shaking which follows the dusting. But the statement respecting the handkerchief and the fern-leaves is worth testing.

For bleaching the leaves, solutions of chloride

of soda and chloride of lime are used, and some succeed best in the one and some in the other solution. Mr. Parrish gives up flowers and the leaves of herbs as hopeless, but many of them may be dried and preserved in very fine and very dry sand.

Jurisprudence. By Charles Spencer March Phillipps. (Murray.)

It is to be regretted that, as a rule, every author who produces a work on any of the moral sciences feels himself bound to produce a bran-new definition of the science of which he treats, and to prove that all former writers have been ignorant of the subject. The student is thus asked by each succeeding teacher to begin his studies anew; and the consequence is, that a study which might otherwise be interesting, becomes almost as irksome as that first great trial of childish patience, the learning of the alphabet.

Mr. Phillipps has his new definition, and has something more than the usual amount of contempt for those who have gone before him, which he expresses with something more than the average amount of violence. He talks of the "pedantic stupidity of Tribonian and his colleagues," and characterizes Blackstone's description of the development of property among mankind as "the most astonishing specimen upon record of complacent presumption"; while Blackstone himself is, in another place, spoken of as "a dull and shallow sophist, who never used an idea which he had not borrowed, and who never borrowed an idea which he did not spoil." Nor is the author's disdain wholly expended upon the writers who have preceded him. The occupation of a practising barrister is described as "screwing truth out of rogues in a witness-box, for the purpose of hammering it into fools in a jury-box;" and as being an art "whose greatest masters have been found quite unable to take the lead in an assembly of educated gentlemen." All this appears to us to be in very bad taste.

The writer defines jurisprudence to be "the science which teaches us to analyze and classify the rules of justice"—a definition which in substance differs so little from "the philosophy of positive law," (which, we think, is Mr. Austin's definition,) that it would have been better if Mr. Phillipps had adopted the latter, with which we are familiar. The author wholly rejects the doctrine known as the Utilitarian theory, while, however, he makes the important admission that this theory goes far enough for all purposes of civilized legislation. In his opinion, justice itself is an instinct, and not a science: its principles must be taught by the conscience, not the intellect; and jurisprudence is to justice what language is to thought. It follows, that a perfectly scientific system of jurisprudence may be constructed upon any jurial principles, however wrong these principles may be in themselves. This is true; but such a system could not properly be spoken of as jurisprudence, but would be the jurisprudence of a particular State; for, used without any qualification, the word "jurisprudence" must mean the science of laws as they ought to be, in whatever manner the principles of justice are to be ascertained.

The author divides his work into two books, in the first of which he treats of what he calls "Natural Jurisprudence," or the rights which arise between man and man by the mere fact of their co-existence; and this subject he disposes of in three chapters. In the first of these he considers those obligations which arise irrespective of property or of any peculiar position or status occupied by the parties. In the next

he deals with the effect which may be produced on these personal rights and obligations by the possession of property; and in the third chapter he considers the modifications of these rights by the peculiar status of the parties, arising from the absence of free agency, infancy, marriage, difference of sex, &c. In other words, in the first and second chapters the author deals with questions of natural right as they arise amongst persons in a common status; in the third he considers the modifications of those rights which arise from any peculiarity of status in the parties.

In the second book Mr. Phillipps proceeds to inquire in what manner the natural rights and obligations of mankind are affected by their division into independent states; and this book is divided into four chapters, in which he successively treats of (1.) The jural relations which exist between one independent state and another; (2.) The rights and obligations as regards the state and fellow citizens which arise from citizenship of any particular state; (3.) Territorial rights and obligations; and (4.) Those rights and obligations which arise by the appropriation by the state of unoccupied territory, or by acquisition of a certain right of sovereignty over territory in the occupation of persons who are not citizens of that state.

Mr. Phillipps hints that he may hereafter continue the present work by considering that which he calls "Conventional Jurisprudence,"—by which he means those laws and usages which (whether right or wrong) are generally established; or, as the author expresses it, he proposes to lay down the general principles by which all the conventional usages which are known to have existed, or which can be conceived as existing among mankind, may be divided into classes, and to illustrate each class by the example of some particular usage familiar to every modern lawyer. The object and effect of this analysis are thus set forth by the author:—

"The great object of the system of analysis which I have now briefly described is to reduce the whole science of Jurisprudence to a single expression, by adopting the human individual as the Unit, the determination of whose Status is its final object and from whose various situations the entire series of its problems must arise. We begin by taking the simple fact of his existence and by combining that fact with the subsequent consequences of his volition and with the antecedent peculiarities of his character. We then proceed to consider the effect of these natural circumstances when combined with the fact, whether considered as natural or as artificial, of his Allegiance to a Political community. And we may possibly hereafter conclude by further combining the results of Natural and Civil with those of Conventional Society. I say with the utmost confidence that the human imagination may safely be defied to conceive any possible opposition of interests between two human beings whose causes and consequences may not, according to these principles of analysis, be classified with mathematical precision."

We have small hope of seeing this dream of classification with mathematical precision realized; yet the system pursued by the author appears to us to be natural, and well worthy of the careful consideration of those who turn their attention to this most useful and somewhat neglected branch of moral science.

The execution of the work appears to us to be hardly equal to its conception. There is much of vigour and at least enough of forcible and lively illustration, but there is a certain lack of clearness; and where, as is frequently the case, the consideration of what laws ought to be is illustrated by what the laws of England are, it is not always clear whether the author is speaking of the law as the rules of justice would have it,

or stating what the law of England is. Many of the opinions, moreover, are unpractical and exaggerated; as, for instance, that in war a fortress which is surprised, or a detachment which is surrounded, ought to be shown its danger and offered quarter before fire is opened. Surely the observance of such a rule would in most cases destroy the advantage of the surprise. We have a minor objection, which we feel bound to state. Mr. Phillipps rejects those respectable lay figures of legal illustration, Titius, Gaius and Seius, who have so long done service, and selects as their successors persons no less celebrated than Brown, Jones and Robinson! We have no great respect for Titius and Co., who certainly do not now suggest any very lively idea of humanity; but who can read seriously of Brown, Jones and Robinson in the statement of a legal proposition? *Their status*, as Mr. Phillipps would express it, is too notorious. In a like spirit the author selects Lilliput, Blefuscu and Brobdingnag for the states between which grave questions of international law are supposed to arise.

The Principal Incidents of Goethe's 'Faust,' Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' and Virgil's 'Æneid'—[Die Hauptmomente von Goethe's 'Faust,' &c., von C. Vogel von Vogelstein]. (Munich, Fleischmann; London, Dulau & Co.)

This work, by the Court-painter of Saxony, consists of three large copper-plate engravings, intended as designs for as many painted windows, and a copious explanation in letter-press, which brings the whole within the range of literature, as well as of art.

Each engraving is, of course, divided into several compartments, in the arrangement of which they all three correspond, to a certain extent, with each other. At the top of the 'Faust,' in a circular compartment, is the figure of God the Father, on each side of whom is an angel, one bearing the tables of the Law, the other the scroll of the Gospel. Further to the left of the Deity (the right of the spectator) is Mephistopheles, accompanied by another demon, who appears amid the heavenly host, soliciting permission to tempt the German doctor. In the central compartment, which is by far the largest of all, appears Faust himself, shrinking from the spirit of Earth, which he himself has raised. This compartment terminates in a pointed arch, against the right-hand corner of which is a small compartment, showing the first manifestation of Mephistopheles, who, in the shape of a dog, has put himself in the way of Faust and Wagner. Below this, and against the central picture, is a compartment, likewise terminating in a pointed arch, showing Faust's admiration at the vision of the lovely female in the witch's kitchen; and with this corresponds a similar compartment on the left-hand side of the whole engraving, representing the garden scene, with Faust and Gretchen embracing in the foreground, and Mephistopheles and Martha at the back. The eye, now travelling downwards, lights on two rectangular compartments, respectively representing Gretchen's agony in the church and the death of Valentin. To pursue the story, the spectator must now go to the right hand, and he will find, below the witch's kitchen, an illustration of the orgies in the Blocksberg. Not going straight downwards, but looking directly under the large central division, he will now find a picture representing the ride of Faust and Mephistopheles by the gibbet, adjoining which, on the right, is the prison scene, in which the salvation of Gretchen is assured, while Faust is dragged away by the fiend. All the lower part of the engraving is

now exhausted; and the spectator, soaring to the top, will find on his left hand, close to the Deity, the soul of Margaret accepted by the angelic choir, having passed on his way a small work of supererogation, showing Faust when he was a good little boy, going to church with his mother. This is intended to illustrate the monologue uttered by Faust when he hears the Easter bells.

The subjects above enumerated are, for the most part, the same as those sketched by Retzsch; but the enumeration was necessary to render clear the correspondence of the whole first picture with the second one, which illustrates the 'Divina Commedia.' Here we begin, not at the top, but at the large middle compartment, where we find Dante seated on the grave of Beatrice, and, pen in hand, looking up in an ecstatic state towards the Paradise, which occupies the compartment over his head. The despairing Philosopher evoking the spirit of the Earth, corresponds with the Italian poet beginning a new life, with the aid of contrition and self-knowledge. As Dante ascends when Faust falls, the correspondence is always between a degree of perfection and a degree of descent. Thus where Faust yields himself up to a life of sensuality in the witch's kitchen, Dante has arrived at the gate of Purgatory, and is marked by the angel with the seven P's, denoting the seven deadly sins (*peccata*), which are to be washed away. Where Faust in the garden is tempting Gretchen to stray from the paths of virtue, Dante is passing through the purifying flames that are to qualify him for a meeting with Beatrice. To see the evil consequences of sin the spectator had to go down the Goethe picture, and find the agony of Gretchen in the church and the death of Valentin. On the contrary, he rises from Purgatory to behold the meeting of Dante with Beatrice in the earthly Paradise as a result of purification. Faust drops from the witch's kitchen, first upon the Blocksberg, then into the clutch of the fiend, where Dante attains contemplation of the Deity. So thoroughly has the painter thought over his subjects, that even in the disposition of his pictures there is a meaning.

The respective frames of the 'Faust,' and the 'Divina Commedia' are in harmonious contrast with each. The former is set in a painted Gothic window, in the corner of which are two medallions, containing portraits of the German and the Italian poet, while at the sides are four allegorical figures, three representing the three learned faculties, Theology, Medicine, and Jurisprudence, all of which Faust discovered to be so flat, stale and unprofitable, while the fourth symbolizes Poetry, singing the hapless doctor's fate. 'Faust' is the tragedy of the University. The 'Divina Commedia,' on the other hand, is encased in the façade of a church, terminating in three gables. On the midmost of them is the cross, and on the other two are figures of the Pope and the Emperor, symbolizing the Guelph and Ghibelline parties.

Having thus invited a comparison between Goethe and Dante, with a manifest preference for the latter, Herr Vogel von Vogelstein feels that his work would not be complete without a corresponding illustration of the 'Æneid,' being the great work of the Florentine's instructor and guide.

In this third work, the pious Trojan, with his father on his shoulders, occupies the large central compartment, while over his head, in the place where the most sacred objects of the Christian faith are represented in the other two, is the Olympian heaven, where Venus is imploring Jupiter to bestow his favour upon her son. Two statues of Augustus and Virgil,

which seem to stand before the view of Olympus, divide it into three parts. The one of these to the spectator's left is occupied by Mercury, who is about to descend to earth to secure a favourable reception for the wanderer, and, tracing our way downwards, we come successively to the storm, the scene where Æneas relates his adventures to Dido, and the arrival at Cumæ. Below all these is Æneas with the Sibyl, placed in a compartment corresponding to Dante's first interview with Virgil. The retreat of the Trojan and the queen to the cave, and the death of Dido are in two small compartments, to which nothing corresponds in the other pictures; but to the passage of the Infernal river there is almost an exact pendant. As Dante rises from the 'Inferno' to the 'Paradiso,' so does Æneas attain his apotheosis on the right hand of Olympus, and on his upward passage we find three pictures representing the arming of the hero by his mother Venus, the death of Turnus, and the marriage with Lavinia. The frame of this work appears even more decidedly architectural than those of the others, being in the form of a Roman portal of the Imperial age. Over the central picture are five metopes, in which the entrance of the Trojan horse, the deaths of Laocoon and Cassandra, the discourse with the wounded Polydore, and the visitation of the harpies are severally embodied.

NEW NOVELS.

Rough and Smooth: a Tale of Our Own Time. By Lieut.-Col. R. D. Clephane. (Edinburgh, Elgin & Son.)—This story of adventure is not written by a practised author, but it is written by a gentleman, which gives it a pleasant tone. There is much freshness in the scenes of Spanish life, which read very much like real adventures; they are exceedingly well told; and the book is very entertaining reading, although the plot of the tale is not remarkably clear or probable. One brother has seized wrongfully the estate and title of a brother supposed to be dead, which brother is alive, though, for reasons he has, he keeps up an incognito, and acts as guardian angel to a young man who is the *jeune premier* of the tale. For readers who delight in the novels of Lever and Grant we can recommend Col. Clephane's 'Rough and Smooth,' with the assurance that they will not be disappointed.

The First Temptation; or, Eritis sicut Deus. Translated from the German, by Mrs. William R. Wilde. 3 vols. (Newby.)—This work is extremely well translated, but few readers will have the patience to wade through three thick volumes of German philosophy, and its practical application to the different characters, who live and move only to show the various dangers and difficulties which are the natural consequence of abandoning the old Christian belief and doctrines to lead a life according to the German schools of philosophy and theology. The characters are all lay figures, dressed in accurate philosophic costume; they each act up to their own doctrines, and the logical result is pitilessly enforced. There is a great deal of careful and patient labour in the book; the philosophical arguments and aphorisms are taken from the works of Goethe, Fichte, Kant, Hegel, and others; but the application belongs to the author, and, whether it be that the puppets are perverse or the author unskilled, the result is a fatal concatenation of madness, badness, and general inconvenience,—a universal imbroglio, in which the high philosopher is nearly poisoned, and the chief heroine narrowly escapes being brought to justice for an attempt at murder. There is a great deal of cleverness in the work; but the distracted situations could find a place nowhere except between the boards of a German novel. All the characters go more or less mad, and the reader will find himself inclined to follow their example, and close the book in haste.

A Simple Woman. By the Author of 'Nut Brown Maids.' (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This "simple woman" is a great bore—to the reader at any rate. The author speaks of her throughout in a lack-

a-daisical tone of admiration, wondering at everything she does, and giving epithets of approbation to all she says. The story is told in a faint, fantastic manner; it is without interest, although the author's epithets indicate what the reader is expected to feel. An old man has disinherited his son in a fit of passion and left the estate to another; the daughter of the niece, who will inherit under this will, discovers the injustice, and watches for a gleam of consciousness to induce the old man, who has become imbecile, to revoke the unjust bequest. Told simply and skilfully, this might have been made interesting, but it is not so told; the characters are all introduced as foils to show off the "simple woman," and the story is vague, stupid and unsatisfactory, which is the most provoking as the author has done so much better.

Tried and True: a Tale. By Alton Clyde. (Newby.)—Stories like this show how much authorship has become a knack—a pursuit to be learnt like fancy work, or illuminating, or any elegant occupation—and taken up to beguile time, or lose a little money. The characters and incidents of 'Tried and True' are purely conventional, yet not without a certain degree of theatrical interest. It is, we suspect, a reprint from some of the many illustrated penny journals of the day. The moral is unimpeachable, but the probability is of the very wildest and most shadowy description. The hard-hearted fine lady,—the generous heiress,—the cruel uncle,—the victim heroine, and the unfortunate father have appeared in many romances; and though the circumstances are sometimes painful, for readers like to read of sorrows of the soul, and enjoy difficulties both of love and money, they know well from experience that these veteran actors always emerge at last into bridal happiness and fortune's favours.

Snowed Up. By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen. 3 vols. (Newby.)—A collection of stories told by a party of travellers who, as the title intimates, are "snowed up" in the midst of a journey, and who afterwards continue the pleasant habit of mutual tale-telling every evening till their routes separate. The stories, connected by this slight link, are not of very great merit; some are highly romantic, and border on the supernatural, and these are more like reality than those which are called stories of real life. They remind us of the tales that used to be so popular in the Annuals of days gone by.

Manxland: a Tale with an Introductory Sketch of Manx Home Missions. By B. Stowell. (Nisbet & Co.)—This "tale" is of the very mildest description; it bears the same relation to the general idea of a story that a milk-bun does to a slice of bride-cake. It is not the topics that are in fault, for we know many very pleasant tales about Sunday schools and their scholars; it is the flat, insipid manner in which this tale of Manxland is told. The introduction gives an account of the spiritual needs of the island, and the provision that has been made to meet them. Manxland is itself such a curious place, with its native race, who belong to another civilization, that an author must be ingeniously unfortunate to avoid telling the reader something to excite his interest, and this talent is certainly evinced in the present work.

Joan Carewe: a Novel. By E. M. O. L. 3 vols. (Newby.)—This is a foolish high-flown novel, with sorrows and difficulties which the simple reader will scarcely comprehend. The heroine of the book, having been won by a worthless man to promise to marry him, in a fit of foolish generosity gives him at his request "a written promise." Discovering afterwards that he is worthless, and that she herself prefers another, she asks him to release her; he candidly tells her that he does not love her, that he is only marrying her for her money, yet he holds her to her promise; and for the sake of escaping some shadowy threats, she fulfils her promise, because it was written, and of course lives miserable, breaks her lover's heart, and dies a martyr. The story is stupid and foolish.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The London Industrial Exhibition of 1862—[Die Londoner Industrie-Ausstellung von 1862, von Lothar Bucher.] (Berlin, Gerschel; London,

Thimm.)—About a year since, Herr Lothar Bucher made himself known by a volume containing 'Pictures from Foreign Lands' ('Bilder aus der Fremde'), in which he uttered several unpopular opinions in a very lively and agreeable manner. In the year 1848, when peoples seemed to rise against governments, he was apparently an extreme Liberal; but since the word "nation" has taken the place of people, and nationalities, instead of resisting their tyrants, are quarrelling with one another, his sympathy with the liberal cause is diminished. Why should he as a German be particularly anxious that Austria, a German power, should lose Venetia for the sake of a foreign potentate? The publisher of the 'Pictures' thought that a description of the International Exhibition of last year would make a good second volume; and hence the book before us was produced. Herr Bucher went through the great building in a merry but somewhat sarcastic mood, convinced that the whole affair would prove a failure; and though he faithfully classified and described the various objects, his conviction was never altered. The circumstance that he had to pay five guineas for his ticket, whereas the members of the British press were admitted free, soured him a little at the beginning; and in his very first chapter he tells his publisher that he expects to be repaid. His readers, flattered that they are thus made the confidants of his business transactions, will, of course, hope that his expectations have been answered, and that he is not five guineas out of pocket. The following scrap may amuse some of our lady readers:—"When in England a mattress is stuffed with what is called horse-hair, only the curly hair of the tails of oxen is used; the genuine article is called in the language of trade 'real horse-hair,' and must be ordered under that name. The French word for the hair of a horse's tail is *crin*, and a texture of cotton and horse-hair interwoven is hence called 'crinolines.' When a certain article of female attire was made of this stuff it was also called a crinoline; but as the stuff was found dear, hoops of wood, whalebone or steel were used instead, and to these likewise the word 'crinoline' was less properly applied. As hoops have become more common than horse-hair, the word has so completely lost its original signification, that in ordinary parlance it denotes the former only, so that ladies who (to their credit) wear horse-hair only, stoutly deny that they wear crinoline. * * The most perfect specimen of the spurious crinoline was exhibited by Mr. Thompson. * * Round this did the ladies impatiently throng, like chickens round a saucer of food, and exclaimed 'Beautiful!' which, in their language, means 'Blessings on the man who made it.' If, however, one of the male sex came near them, they cried 'Shocking!' which, being interpreted, means 'Evil betide him who set it up here.'"—Herr Bucher has a fine ear for the purity of the English tongue. When he was wedged in a crowd on his way to the Guildhall banquet, and amused himself by examining the elaborate head-dress of a lady who stood close before him, she suddenly exclaimed, "Look at them flowers"; and by this ejaculation he was thrown into a state of horror that can only be felt, not described (*der nicht geschildert, nur mit empfunden werden kann*). Do not let our city belles fancy they can talk as they please in the presence of foreigners. On the 18th of July there was a "chiel among them talkin' notes," whose proximity they little suspected. Moreover, the horrid man adds, that they were not nearly so good-looking as the ladies he saw at Chiswick and Hatfield.

Tableau from Geology; and other Poems. By Matthew Brydie. (Hardwicke.)—The author of this book of verse premises that the reader will be tempted to smile when he learns that the writer has been at it for a quarter of a century! We do not see matter for a smile in the confession. On the contrary, we could sooner drop a tear over the frailties of poor humanity and its "last infirmity" of versifying. The 'Tableau from Geology' opens with a regiment of asterisks, all in rank. We are gravely assured that these mark the lapse of an indefinite period of time preceding the commencement of the poem. This time we can smile; and, having glanced at some of the other poems, we have determined to leave the geological poem un-

read until such time shall have elapsed as is represented by the asterisks.

The Real and Ideal: Poems. By Arthur Llewellyn. (Hurst & Blackett).—Adverse criticism is sometimes as distasteful to the critic who pens it as to the author who is the subject of it. The poems before us furnish a case in point. There is so much evidence in them of a mind alive to impressions of moral and mental beauty,—they show such delicate taste and careful labour, that it is with uncommon regret we point out their one fatal defect—the want of power to arrest the reader by a fresh and individual style. We quote the opening verses:—

Spirit, that when the world was young,
Didst wander o'er the plains of Earth,
And waken into tones of mirth
Her dull grey heart; like harp new-strung.
Of land, sea, sky, not one was mute,
Nalads along the rills divine
Laughed lightly, and the happy Nine
Sang to Apollo's silver lute.
Oh, thou wert ever hovering o'er
The minds of mortals, in the days
When cloudlets beamed with Iris' rays,
And Neptune moaned on every shore:—
When Flora streaked the way with flowers,
Though 'neath lurked Hades' gloomy bed;
And hurling thunderbolts o'erhead
Sate Jove august, supreme of powers:—
Imagination dimmed the Real;
And thou wert seen in calm and storm—
No idle tale, but living form;
Man's spirit dwelt in the ideal!

—There is a certain grace in these lines, but no new or striking picture; they afford a fair example of the volume.

Legends of the Lintel and the Ley. By W. C. Dendy. (Bell & Daldy).—We own ourselves incompetent to extract the grain of wheat out of this bushel of chaff. Professing, as the work does, to be a journey through Surrey, with legends of the various localities, it might have been made interesting and instructive; as it stands, it is unintelligible nonsense, written in a fantastic jargon, to which the euphuisms of the days of old were plain speaking.

The Apostle of the Alps: a Tale. By the Author of 'Moravian Life in the Black Forest.' (Hall & Co.).—The Author of 'Moravian Life in the Black Forest' has here told the story of Bernard de Menton in a fashion suited to the tastes of children. Little girls will read the tale with pleasure.

The United States of America in 1863; their Political History, their Mineralogical, Agricultural, Industrial and Commercial Resources, and the Contribution they have made to the Riches and Civilization of the Entire World. By John Bigelow, United States Consul at Paris. (Paris, Hachette & Co.).—Written in French for the benefit of the Emperor Napoleon's subjects, before whom it wishes to place what many Northerners would deem a fair and moderate view of the American question, this historical essay is cautious rather than candid; but it is superior to the ordinary run of political statements put forth with the stamp of semi-official authority. The introductory part of the work is a sketch of the States from the first settlement of the Plantations to President Lincoln's Abolition Proclamation. In this division of the volume there is but little with which English readers are not familiar. The second and concluding section of the book is statistical, its facts being chiefly taken from Appleton's 'New American Annual Cyclopaedia,' which work the author terms "le répertoire le plus riche et le plus authentique de faits relatifs, non seulement à l'Amérique, mais encore à une foule de sujets contemporains."

The Merchant-Prince and his Heir; or, the Triumphs of Duty: a Tale for the World. By the Author of 'Geraldine.' (Duffy).—If this be really a tale for the world, most assuredly we are not worldly, for we have in vain attempted to read it. It is one of those heavy pieces of light literature which are written for the amusement of their authors—and no one else. Sometimes a very bad novel makes very good fun for idle readers, but the folly of 'The Merchant-Prince and his Heir' is not of the sort that creates pleasant laughter.

The New Editions on our table include: Vol. I. of *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning* (Chapman & Hall).—*A History of Feudalism, British and Continental*, by Andrew Bell (Longman).—*Autobio-*

graphy of Lutfullah, a Mohamedan Gentleman, edited by Edward B. Eastwick (Smith, Elder & Co.).—*Agnes of Sorrento*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe (Smith, Elder & Co.).—Vol. I. of *Wilson's Tales of the Borders and of Scotland*, revised by Alexander Leighton (Ward & Lock).—The Rev. W. Jones's *Essay on the Church*, and a Complete Edition of Mr. Wilberforce's *Practical View of Christianity* (Edinburgh, Johnstone, Hunter & Co.).—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have added to their 'Golden Treasury' *The Fairy Book*, by the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'—*The History of Sandford and Merton*, by Thomas Day, has also been added to Messrs. Longman's 'Entertaining Library.'—The following have also appeared: from 'Fraser's Magazine,' *A First Friendship* (Parker, Son & Bourn).—from 'Bentley's Miscellany,' *A Visit to Russia in the Autumn of 1862*, by Henry Moor (Chapman & Hall).—from the 'Atlantis,' *Some Remarks on a Proto-Morphic Phylotype*, by Dr. Sigerson (Dublin, Fowler).—from the 'Christian Spectator,' *The Customs of the Dissenters* (Stock).—from the 'Nonconformist,' *The Politics of Christianity*, by Edward Miall (Miall).—from the 'City Press,' *London Scenes and London People*, by "Aleph" (Collingridge).—*The Correlation of the Natural History Sciences*, by D. T. Ansted (Macmillan).—*The War in Poland, 1830-31*, by Sir Archibald Alison (Blackwood).—and Dr. Hunt's Address on the *Study of Anthropology* (Trübner).—Our Translations include *The English Constitution*, by Dr. Fischel, translated from the second German Edition, by R. J. Shee (Bosworth & Harrison).—*The American Question*, by Canon De Haerne, translated by T. Ray (Ridgway).—*La Sorcière, the Witch of the Middle Ages*, from the French of M. Michélet, by L. J. Trotter (Simpkin).—*A Short Historical Explanation of the Seals and Trumpets of the Apocalypse*, by the Rev. W. Digby, translated from the French (Dublin, Curry).—We have on our table Second Editions of *Translations*, by Lord Lyttelton and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (Quaritch).—*Recollections of Mrs. Anderson's School*, by Jane W. Hooper (Virtue).—*A Tract on the Doctrine of Baptisms and of Laying on of Hands*, by the Rev. W. A. Vaughan (Parker).—*The Rate of Mortality in Manchester*, by Dr. Whitehead (Simpkin).—*The True Interpretation of the American Civil War and of England's Cotton Difficulty*; or, *Slavery from a Different Point of View, shewing the Relative Responsibilities of America and Great Britain*, by Onesimus Secundus (Trübner).—*Preachers and Preaching, a Critique with Practical Hints*, by "A Dear Hearer" (Freeman).—*Richard Cobden, Roi des Belges*, par un Ex-Colonel de La Garde Civique (Trübner).—Third Editions of *The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion*, by Dr. Leared (Churchill).—and *Essays and Reviews: a Lecture*, by David Duncan (Bennett).—Fourth Editions of Dr. Lee's *Baths of Germany, France and Switzerland*, and also of his *Watering Places of England* (Churchill).—and a Seventh Edition of *Repentance, its Necessity, Nature, and Aids*, by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln (Skeffington).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Bede's Handbook for Travellers on the Rhine, royal 18mo. 4/;
- Switzerland, Lakes of North Italy, &c. royal 18mo. 5/6 cl.
- Banister's Gas Manipulation, 8vo. 5/ cl.
- Blaikie's Better Days for Working People, cr. 8vo. 1/8 bds.
- Book of Daniel, translated by Bellamy, 4to. 2/6 cl.
- Brown's Christian Morals, square cr. 8vo. 8/ cl.
- Chaffers's Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate, royal 8vo. 3/6 cl.
- Colenso's Pentateuch & Joshua Critically Examined, Pt. 3, 8vo. 8/
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- Conversations on the Catechism, Vol. 3, 'Means of Grace,' 8vo. 3/6
- Davis's Tracks of M'Kinlay across Australia, ed. Westgarth, 16 cl.
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- Footprints of Deod. Translated from German, cr. 8vo. 6/6
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- Maguire's Miracles of Christ, cr. 8vo. 2/6 cl.
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- Pigeon Pie, The, by the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' 18mo. 1/

- Pollard's The First Year of the War, royal 8vo. 10/6 cl.
- Popular Educator, The, Vol. 3, new edit. 4to. 5/ cl.
- Power of Consistency, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
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- Sherman (Rev. James), Memoir of, by Allison, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 7/6
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- Smart's The New Theology, edited by his Wife, 2nd ed. cr. 8vo. 3/6
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- Smith's Dreamthorpe, a Book of Essays written in the Country, 3/6
- Strauss's Englishman's Illustrated Pocket Guide to Paris, 1/ bds.
- Synge's Triumph of Grace, 8vo. 3/8 cl.
- Testament, New, for English Readers, by Alfred, Pt. 1, 8vo. 12/ cl.
- Tour in Turan-Land, by Gauthier Bede, post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
- Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, new edit. 18mo. 3/6 cl.
- Wanostrocht's French Grammar, Key to, by Ventouillac, 12mo. 3/

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE Annual Report of the British Museum—like that of the Post Office—recently examined by us, is a document of great interest; by it we learn the condition and progress of the national centre of science and education, or storehouse of learning, maintained by the empire for present and future use. Although this document appears in the unpretending form of a return to an Order of the House of Commons, it comprises much more than a mere statement of expenditure in dry masses of figures, such as the popular idea associates with Blue-books. It is really the only accessible account and register of additions made to the national collections devoted to so many branches of learning, science and art. All the important acquisitions are mentioned in the Report: such as are of general interest we briefly quote.

By the Department of Printed Books, an Herculean task has been accomplished in cataloguing and arranging alone. 17,000 additional entries have been made in the New General Catalogue of titles and cross-references; 3,736 titles have been transcribed fourfold; 26,751 title-slips have been incorporated into each of the three copies of this Catalogue: to admit of which 37,613 title-slips have been shifted. 52,467 titles and cross-references have been written for the Supplementary Catalogue; 40,365 have been transcribed fourfold; 29,806 title-slips incorporated, and, to admit them, 30,324 titles have been shifted. In the Carbonic Hand Catalogue, 47,000 titles have been mounted of printed books also; 76,466 titles of maps arranged as a carbonic hand catalogue of those productions. The Catalogue of Maps has been increased by 4,697 entries, 6,764 titles transcribed fourfold, 10,626 incorporated, and 5,807 shifted. The Music Catalogue has received great additions. Binding has not been on a less enormous scale; 12,688 volumes being bound, 1,693 repaired, and 761 maps mounted. The number of volumes returned to the shelves of the Library and Reading Room amounts to 1,325,331, or 4,539 a day. The number of readers has been 122,497, averaging 419 a day. Each reader consulted on an average 10 books a day. Of additions we learn that,—including 339 received under the International Copyright Act, and Music, Maps and Newspapers,—the whole number received was 30,362; of these, 22,830 were purchased. 32,020 parts of volumes of all the above classes have been added. Minor items under the above heads form, together, a vast aggregate, not included.

In the Manuscript Department it appears that the Index to the Catalogue of Additions for the years 1846 and 1847 has been completed and sent to press, and progress made in the Catalogues of various collections. The most noteworthy additions are as follows: a fine copy, twelfth century, of the 'Hist. Ecclesiastica' of Bede; William of Newburgh, to the year 1197, fifteenth century; a volume containing the Psalter, Canticles, &c., partially illuminated in the best style of English Art, probably for Alphonsus, second son of Edward the First, in 1284, from the Tenison Library; Apuleius, fourteenth century, Mitford Library; 'La Spera,' of G. Dati, with miniatures and coloured maps, fifteenth century; the curious work of R. Valturio, of Rimini, 'De Re Militari,' fifteenth century, with drawings of war-machines; the original Book of Expenses of Marguerite de Valois, wife of Henry the Fourth of France, from 1612 to 1614; the entire works of Saadi, in Persian, a splendid volume; numerous miniatures and borders, written 976, Libri Collection; original correspondence of Thomas Lord Dacre of Gillesland, Warden of the Marches, 1523 to 1524; a volume of original letters of Philip the Fourth of Spain to

Quiroga, 1629 to 1646, and a volume of Consultas, with annotations in Philip's handwriting, 1643 to 1648; six autograph letters of Bossuet to Madame D'Albret, 1690 to 1698; nine Letters of William the Third to Godolphin, 1691 to 1693; a notarial document relating to the heirs of F. Rousseau, signed by J. B. P. Molière, 1664, &c.

In the Department of Oriental, British and Mediæval Antiquities and Ethnography, progress has been made in the arrangement of many classes of objects. Two table cases in the Assyrian (Basement) Room have been filled with various small objects for public exhibition; the Assyrian collection of ivories has been re-arranged; the foreign collection of stone implements, including the large accessions of this year, has been arranged in a parallel series to the British collection; ninety-six Assyrian ivories have been re-joined; fac-similes of the Hymyaritic inscriptions have been commenced; they are to be published in lithography. The most interesting acquisitions of this Department have been an Egyptian net, found in a tomb at Thebes,—a painter's brush, from another,—four Gnostic amulets, one of them of remarkable character, having figures of a triad of divinities, and being inscribed with an elegiac distich in their honour. Babylonian and Persian: a terra-cotta cylinder, inscribed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar,—a Persian gem of fine work, representing a king on horseback hunting the wild boar. Phœnician and Early Oriental: a Phœnician scarabæus from Gaza, resembling in workmanship those found in Sardinia,—a block of marble from an arch at Tripoli, bearing a bi-lingual inscription, Latin and late Phœnician,—twenty-eight bronze plates, with Hymyaritic inscriptions,—a metal bowl, inscribed within and without with three different characters, apparently of a talismanic nature. British and Mediæval: a large number of flint and stone implements, English, Scottish, Danish, Indian, Peruvian, Canadian, British Columbian and Portuguese,—British urns from Standlake and White Horse Hill,—spear-heads and dagger-blades from the Thames at Ditton, and Headford, co. Galway,—a fine circular bronze shield, two bronze swords and other weapons from the Thames,—a stone mould for casting bronze spear-heads from Lough Cur, Limerick,—a massive gold armet from Hull,—weapons and other remains of Romano-British character from Spetisbury, Dorset,—a Roman leaden coffin found at Bethnal Green,—some fine specimens of Anglo-Saxon jewelry found at Ash, Kent,—a silver sword-pommel, Danish type, from the Seine, Paris,—two iron keys found in the Castle of Dürnstein,—a watch, inscribed with the name of John Milton, and the date, 1631, presumed to have belonged to the poet,—an Oriental quadrant, dated 1334, &c.

The Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities has been active in arranging its treasures. Its important acquisitions have been antiquities from Camiras, Rhodes, obtained from a tomb, the most valuable of which are an amphora, with figures painted in red and opaque white on a black ground—a very interesting item, not only on account of its masterly composition and drawing, but from the fact that its principal subject, the surprise of Thetis by Peleus, may be recognized as the same scene which is represented on the Portland Vase, thus strikingly confirming the theory of Mr. Millingen,—a gold pyxis (casket), about an inch in diameter, ornamented on each side with a figure, exquisitely embossed and chased: on one side, Cupid feeling the point of his arrow; on the other, Thetis, on a dolphin, bringing the armour to Achilles.

The Department of Coins and Medals has acquired 121 gold coins, 762 in silver, and 976 copper, total 1,859; the most remarkable items in which are a very small silver coin of Athens,—an unique *stater* of Bithynia,—a silver coin of Alexander Ægus, struck in Egypt,—a very rare solidus of Alexander the Great,—a very rare coin of Heraclius and his eldest son,—thirteen coins of the rare class of the Visigothic kings of Spain.

The Department of Natural History complains of want of room in every section. That of Zoology has received 13,129 additions. The *Trogodytes vellerosus* (Gray), discovered by Capt. Burton, in

the Cameroon Mountains, is a specimen of the adult male; a new tortoise, *Cyclemys Mouhotii*; a representation of a new genus of lizard, from the Fiji Islands. Two remarkable innocuous snakes have been obtained from Central America; and, from Africa, a viper, living on trees. New Australian Batrachia have been added: 1,911 fishes, mostly entire animals, in spirits; a part of which were new, others in place of mere skins and deteriorated specimens. The assistance of Consul Pethe- rick has been obtained to secure a complete collection of the fishes of the Nile, important to the archaeologist as well as the naturalist. This is in progress. Rare specimens have been received from South Australia, the British North American Boundary Commission, San Francisco, Guatemala, and Vera Paz, including many new species. Fossil specimens of the bones of *Archæopteryx macrurus* (Owen), the most ancient of fossil birds, have been secured, together with many desirable examples from the International Exhibition. The section of Mineralogy is described as being, in general arrange- ment, completed, the work of the officers being devoted to particular animals and the crystallography of the collection. The collection of aërolites has been increased by many specimens. A magni- ficent turquoise, weighing 4 lb. 3 oz., green, from the Summer Palace, Pekin, and other items are reported.

The Department of Botany has received the important additions of the Herbaria collected by Ray, Dale, Rand, and Nicholls, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the Apothecaries' Company; that of the late Jasper Lyon, and many hundreds of new specimens.

The Department of Prints and Drawings has acquired important drawings by Donatello, Giorgione, Da Vinci, Correggio, Hollar, Lely, F. Floris, Mieris, Murillo, Goyen, Janet, Cheron, &c., and a very interesting collection of drawings made by the late G. Scharf, Esq., from portions of London, since much altered. The collection of prints and etchings has been equally extended.

The estimate for the year is 90,541*l.* Of this, 45,842*l.* is for salaries to sixteen officers, sixty assistants, twenty-six transcribers, and one hundred and thirty-seven attendants and servants; house expenses are, 2,845*l.*; purchases and acquisitions, 19,335*l.*, of which last, 10,000*l.* is for printed books, 2,000*l.* for MSS.; special purchases, 675*l.*, amongst which the meteorite from Melbourne, which obtained honourable mention in such an unexpectedly humorous manner from a jury of the International Exhibition, figures as costing 300*l.*; book-binding, &c., 10,220*l.*; printing, 1,690*l.*; buildings, furniture, fittings, &c., 14,184*l.* In thousands only, the numbers of visitors have been, January, 43,000; February, 35; March, 38; April, 59; May, 48; June, 103; July, 143; August, 165; September, 87; October, 81; November, 36; December, 56. Including visits to special collec- tions for study, the grand total is 1,024,030.

PRIVATE BILLS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE labours of one of the most important Select Committees of the House of Commons, that on Private Bill Legislation, are drawing to a close. The following resolutions have already been agreed to. That a Bill or Bills founded on the principle of the Clauses Consolidation Acts should be prepared, and if possible passed this session, for the further consolidation of the clauses usually contained in Railway Acts and other classes of Private Acts. That a Bill be prepared and brought in for enabling new and existing railway companies, on compliance with conditions to be contained therein, such compliance to be certified by a department, to make new lines of railway and new railway works, when all parties are consenting, and also for accomplish- ing the following objects: Giving power to two or more companies to enter into mutual arrangements for the working or use of their respective lines for limited periods. Giving extension of time for the sale of superfluous lands by railway companies. Power for raising further capital, with preferential dividends or otherwise, for completion of existing lines, or for additional works, the priority of the rights of exist- ing preference shareholders being secured. That,

considering the large discretion which must necessarily be vested in any tribunal, however consti- tuted, to which may be intrusted the duty of reporting to the House on opposed Private Bills, and the absence of fixed rules for the guidance of such tribunal, it is not expedient that this duty should be performed otherwise than by Committees of the House. That with a view of saving the expense and loss of time now occasioned by the double hearing of contested cases by Com- mittees of each House of Parliament, an ar- rangement ought to be come to by the two Houses by which a single hearing might be made to serve the purpose of the present double inquiry. That opposed Bills having passed through a Com- mittee of the House of Commons, should be dealt with as unopposed Bills in the House of Lords, and *vice versa*; but that each House should, neverthe- less, retain the power of referring any Bill to a Committee, if from special circumstances that course should appear desirable. That it is expedient that the number of Members serving on Private Bill Committees be reduced from five to three. That such Committees be ordered to meet at eleven o'clock. That no Member shall be required to serve on a Private Bill Committee for more than ten sitting days in one Session, except for the pur- pose of closing the hearing of a case already com- menced. That independently of the fees marked on the briefs when delivered to counsel, no further or other fees shall be allowed on taxation than five guineas a day as a refresher for attendance, and two guineas a day for consultation. That the pay- ment of solicitors by means of fees on copies of Minutes of Evidence and other documents, which entail no labour upon them, is improper, and ought to be abolished. That it is expedient that the Minutes of Evidence be printed. That the scale of fees payable upon proceedings connected with Private Legislation ought to be revised, so as to meet, but not exceed, the expenses thrown upon the House by the private business. That the system of charging *ad valorem* fees on a scale proportionate to the capital proposed to be raised by any Private Bill ought to be discontinued, and that there should be charged a uniform fee on all Private Bills in their several stages through the House. That, in cases of Bills in the second class, in lieu of the schedule annexed to notices to owners, lessees and occupiers of lands and houses prescribed by Stand- ing Order 19, and by the form in the Appendix marked A. to the Standing Orders, there be sent with every notice under Standing Order 19 a copy of a portion or portions of the deposited plan and section sufficient to show the property alluded to in the notice, and distinguishing that property by colour. That the notices required to be advertised in metropolitan papers (in addition to local news- papers), except the London, Edinburgh, and Dub- lin Gazettes, should be discontinued. That, with a view of deciding questions arising in Private Bills by a more speedy and less expensive process than an inquiry by a Committee on opposed Bills, it is expedient to empower the Committee of Selection, and the General Committee of Railway and Canal Bills, at any time after the committal of such Bills, with the consent of all parties promoting and opposing, to refer the same wholly, or with refer- ence to particular clauses, to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and that such Chairman, together with Members to be appointed in like manner as Members of the Committee of un- opposed Bills, should be empowered to hear the parties promoting and opposing such Bills, or their agents, and to report upon the same to the House. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that com- petition is not a valid ground of opposition to new projects.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF PERSPECTIVE.

(No. VII.)

AT the time when I wrote my former notes (1861, Oct. 5, 19, 26; Nov. 9, 16, 30) M. de Mont-aignon had just published—as I learned while my remarks were at press—his historical account of Pelerin, or Viator, the earliest printed writer on the subject. I have lately examined this interesting and able monograph, which, though separately published, is also added to the fac-simile of Viator's

work issued by M. Tross, and produced by the anastatic process of M. Pilinski. I have a criticism to make on a fault for which the writer is not responsible: namely, the want of recognition of Viator's priority. The author is not to be blamed for taking the history of perspective as he found it: it was his business to examine and describe a particular book, and to collect information about its author; and this he has done well. I do not know of any one who, before myself, stated the truth on this point, except Mr. Panizzi, who put it forward under glass in 1851, when he exhibited the Museum Pelerin of 1505, among the other curiosities, to the crowds which the first Exhibition brought to London. Even the Jesuit of perspective, Dubreuil, as I have already explained, puts Viator second. M. de Montaignon puts him equal with the second; he makes the work of Archbishop Peckham to be the earliest, and gives the treatise in the 'Margarita Philosophica' the date 1505, which is that of Viator's first edition. He also refers to the same period a work of which he knows nothing but the author's name, *Hans Fris*. I shall take these points in order.

The Franciscan Peckham is one of the list—containing also Roger Bacon, Alhazen, Vitello, Gauricus, Pacioli, &c.,—who are set down as writers on perspective. This in one sense they were, the word *perspective* meaning *optics*; except only Pacioli, who wrote neither on our perspective nor on optics, but borrowed the talents of Leonardo da Vinci to represent geometrical solids in true drawing. I have examined all these writers, and find no allusion to *artificial* perspective—as Viator called it—in either of them; except only Pacioli's praise of his friend's *optics*. With Peckham I have been familiar for thirty years; his three books are on simple light, on reflected light, on refracted light. I find that Baldi was not so absurd in calling him *Betsan* as I had supposed. His name was actually corrupted into *Pithsanus* in the first printed edition: somebody has Melancthon's copy of this work, bought at Kloss's sale. This edition is described both by Panzer and Hain; it has no date, but is thought to be of Milan, 1480. Hain describes a companion work 'De Oculo Morali,' also by Pithsanus, described as Archbishop of Canterbury. And so much for Peccam, Peccamus, Peckam, Pecham, Peachamus, Pithsanus, Pisanus, Betsan, or Betsan: there is authority for all; but not a word of graphical perspective under any one of the names. Perhaps the good monk felt uneasy under the usual Latin form of his name: what a cluster of irrecoverable jokes must have been launched upon society when Archbishop Peccamus—as he did at once on his accession—convened a synod to mend the morals of the priests! He died in 1292, having held the see thirteen years.

With respect to the 'Margarita Philosophica,' M. de Montaignon announces two editions of 1505, each of which contains the appendix on perspective: and further, that no other edition, before or after, has the same. One of these editions he only knows from the report of a friend who had seen a fragment: as to the other, I cannot make out whether the information comes also from the friend or not. I must suppose that if M. de Montaignon had seen this appendix, he would have read at once either Viator in Reich, or Reich in Viator, in title, text, method and plates. Did two persons, for example, in one and the same year, independently chance to call the art of drawing solids on a plane by the new name of 'Artificial Perspective,' the word 'perspective' having till then meant *optics*? Grant this coincidence, and there remain many others to be explained. The community of the two works is beyond doubt: and I at once decide, and shall be supported by all editors and writers, that it was not the retired Canon of Toul who within the year turned a meagre encyclopædia article into an elaborate folio of many plates, but the active editor of the encyclopædia who cut down the folio into an article. If there were an appendix of 1505, it will be impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Canon must have communicated materials to the editor, even before his own work had appeared.

But was there an edition of 1505? It is said to have been printed by Gruninger, at Strasburg.

Panzer mentions editions by Schott, at Friburg, 1503 and 1504, and at Basle in 1508; by Gruninger at Strasburg in 1504, 1508, 1512, 1515. Of these I know the Schotts, and the Gruningers of 1512 and 1515. The Schotts have not the appendix, but the Gruningers of 1512 and 1515 have it. Since 1515 has the appendix; and since M. de Montaignon speaks of this appendix as wanting in all but 1505, I strongly suspect that his informant has given a wrong date, and that his 1505 should be 1515. The date is not in figures, but in the words "decimo quinto supra mille quingentes": I suspect that "decimo" has been disregarded. I can find no trace of an edition of 1505; and the occurrence of two editions of 1504 renders such a thing unlikely.

It is rather extraordinary that a work published at Toul should have been known at Strasburg even in three years (Viator's second edition being of 1509). But it so chanced that Viator found an actual German translator of his second edition at once. This I missed entirely in my notes, having never seen a copy, and looking only at books, and not at catalogues. Scheibel mentions this translation, knowing it to be such from actual inspection: both Viator and the translation have the asterisk by which he denotes books he has seen. M. Tross saw a copy at Vienna, and his report entirely agrees, and independently; for M. de Montaignon says it has never been stated that the work is a reproduction of Viator, by which it appears that he—and therefore probably M. Tross—did not know of Scheibel's description. The work must be excessively scarce, for Scheibel says that he never saw any notice of it: and Kastner, generally well informed on German works, knows no more of it than of its original. The title, according to Scheibel, is 'Von der Kunst Perspektiva, 1509, Jörg Glogkendon': it was probably published at Nuremberg. This reproduction may easily have been commenced in 1509; the second edition, from which it is certainly taken, having been finished in March, as appears by the last page. The 1509 of the reproduction is on the first or title page: which, at that time, would probably have been the first printed. I suspect that the tract in the Gruninger appendix of 1512 and of 1515 was taken from Glogkendon, or Glockendon, as the French work spells it.

I now come to *Hans Fris*. M. de Montaignon has with great trouble and skill detected most of the persons alluded to in the curious verses which I quoted. Three have baffled him; Martin of Pavia, Paul and Benard. One of the other persons is Hans Fris; and M. Tross remembers having seen a work of the period, on perspective, having the words 'Hans Fris,' in capitals, under a frontispiece portrait. Hence M. de Montaignon infers that a contemporary, perhaps a predecessor, of Viator published on Perspective. The date "of the period" is very vague: the chance recollection of a publisher who sees many old books in every week, he not having any particular reason for dwelling on the book, is not to be relied on. But a strong suspicion may exist that this Hans Fris was a century later. *Hans* is the Dutch for *Jack*, and there was a *John* who wrote on perspective, and who took particular pains to be known as the *Frisian*. This was John Vredman, whose work went through many editions (the first mentioned by Scheibel is of 1604), most of them with portraits, and all described as by Vredman Vrijse, Vredemannus Frisius, Vredemant Vriese, &c. &c., the national appellative never being omitted: hence Vriese is often the name given to him. It may easily be that one of the portraits of this *Frisian Jack* has *Hans Fris* printed under it. We may almost suspect an edition of 15 . . . for the portrait of the first edition known states the author to be then 77 years old, a great age for the first production of a large work. At any rate, here is ample ground of presumption to place against a vague recollection. Looking at all the circumstances together, I regard it as established, until some one shall actually produce a book to the contrary, that Pelerin was the first who printed a book on perspective, and the first who can be certainly known to have possessed a method in which a point is laid down by help of two vanishing

points. At some future time, I hope to give some account of the method which was used in aid of the vanishing point, so long as there was but one, or only two. A. DE MORGAN.

THE ITALIAN FESTIVAL.

Florence, June 10, 1863.

AMONG the popular festivities provided by the municipality last Sunday for the *fiesta dello Statuto*, which celebrates all over Italy, on the first Sunday in June, the consolidation of Victor Emmanuel's kingdom, there was one performance so effective and characteristic that it really deserves a word of notice for its dramatic beauty. This was the execution of Signor Matiozzi's warlike symphony, 'The Battle of Magenta,' at nine in the evening, on the noble old Piazza della Signoria, in the midst of such scenery and decorations as few places in the world can boast. The Symphony was performed by seven military bands and a chorus of a hundred and fifty male voices, with accompaniment of church bells, discharge of musketry near and distant, and mimic cannonading. The music can by no means be said to belong to the highest order of composition, being necessarily a *morceau de circonstance*; but it contained many bursts of fine and powerful harmony, some of pathos, and more than one passage so heartstirring as to call forth shouts of applause from the closely-packed audience, roused by the glorious memories of the fighting days of 1859.

The weather—strange to say at this season in Italy—was cloudy and threatening the whole day, and a little rain fell about sunset; but it soon cleared up, and the Piazza was crammed to overflowing; the very streets leading from it were impassable for the crowd; every window and balcony was filled with heads; and even along the top of the beautiful Loggia d'Orgagna a serried rank of spectators formed a variegated cornice against the purple night-sky. The Palazzo Vecchio, with its lofty tower, was illuminated, as is usual for the *fiesta* of San Giovanni, and wore its matchless holiday-look of pale waxen transparency. The other buildings which inclose the Piazza were also brilliantly illuminated; and the colossal statues on the great fountain, the David and the marble groups under the Loggia glimmered out against their shadowy background with wonderfully picturesque effect.

The Symphony professed to tell the story of that fierce battle in which the united forces of Italy and France forced the strong position of the Austrian army at the little Lombard village of Magenta, and in which the village itself was taken and retaken no less than seven times. The scene opened on the camp of the Allies near the Bridge of Buffalora, at early dawn. Drums beat the *réveille*, mingled with trumpet-calls, and repeated by distant echoes; while a twittering concert of birds, admirably managed, filled up the pauses between the warlike signals. Then the village bells (hanging in the Loggia) tolled out the Morning 'Ave Maria,' and the choir broke out into a stave of a hymn whose broad harmonies wrapped up and hid the shriller sounds, imploring the Most High for victory over the barbarian. As the prayer ended, out broke the sun in his strength, figured by a golden blaze which lit up every corner of the Piazza, putting the lower illuminations to shame, and making the thronged area gleam with colour like a huge flower-bed. Then came the varied noises of the camp, and the mingled national airs of Italy and France, ending in the Royal March, which always tells the coming of the King. Then came more tumultuous crashing, and a sudden outbreak of Matiozzi's own noble war-hymn, 'All'armi! All'armi!' which used to ring through the streets of Florence in 1859, sung by thousands of voices, the same which now again involuntarily joined chorus with the rush of its stormy measure.

After that, the drums beat the *générale* to the tramp of feet and the clash of weapons, the thundering of cannon and the rattle of musket-volleys. For awhile all was confused noise and clanging of *fanfars* and battle-cries of "Savoià! Savoià!" while great cloud-festoons of many-coloured smoke wreathed about the stately arches of the Loggia

and folded and unfolded the statues in most weird fashion.

By degrees the hubbub died away into wailings and sobbings, which, I suppose, were meant to portray the groans of the dying; the Austrian drums retreated further and further, and the Evening 'Ave Maria' bell rang out sadly and sweetly over the reeking battle-field. Of course the end of all was a grand crash of the seven bands, and a blaze of tri-coloured Bengal lights, whose crimson, green and blue fires produced such wondrous effects on the scene that the thousands of spectators literally held their breath for a moment in dead silence, forgetting to applaud. Then came a streaming forth of national banners, a carillon of joy-bells, and a triumphal March sung in the midst of a tempest of *Vivas*. Of course, too, the words of the chorus were not of the category of "immortal verse." Still, the second strophe had something of a rude vigour in it which made the heart leap up and the cheek kindle. God grant its prophecy be not *de circonstance* only! Thus it ran in free translation:—

Still the foe our brethren tramples;
Still but half the deed is done.
Bare your swords once more, brave comrades!
Rome and Venice must be won!
O Ansonia! nurse of heroes,
Calm in strength, arise and see!
If King Victor leads to battle,
Italy shall all be free!

After this the seven bands dispersed, playing the concluding March through the great thoroughfares of the city, pausing in the different piazzas, which were full of holiday-makers till late at night. I suppose, nay, I am pretty sure, that such a performance as I have tried to describe is terribly illegitimate in a musical point of view, and dramatically speaking, not much better. But the effect it produced was wonderfully fine, owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to the *locale* it was performed in, and that was, after all, the result most to be desired, and more than can be said for not a few popular entertainments of far more pretension.

TH. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Devonshire, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Worcester, and others, have joined the Shakspeare Committee since the date of our last publication. This committee even now embraces a large representation of our Shakspeare scholars and collectors; and its indefinite extension is only a question of time and of convenience. All the arrangements for Mr. Kean's readings on Friday next have been made and most of the reserved tickets sold. Of the success of that reading there can be little doubt. Meantime, every day which passes shows a larger and deeper interest in the great question of a Shakspeare Celebration next year: part of which, it may be said, displays itself somewhat irregularly, though no doubt with the very best design. Some disputes have arisen at Stratford as to the form and object of the local festival; a majority of the present Committee being in favour of enlarging the Town Grammar School as the first aim of a fund to be raised in the Poet's name; while a large minority, backed by the public, are in favour of a statue. In London, a gentleman, acting apart, as it would seem, has announced a theatrical performance (or, as he pleases to call it, a Grand Mélange Dramatique) at Drury Lane. He announces that the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present; a fact about which we fear he will find himself completely mistaken. The names of Mr. Webster and Mr. Coyne have been mentioned in connexion with this performance; and these gentlemen have both repudiated and withdrawn from the affair. We are sorry to see such things done in the Poet's name; but until a National Committee is charged with the duty of representing and directing the national enthusiasm, we see no remedy for the evil. On Monday next, the Shakspeare Committee will meet to consider the existing state of affairs, and resolve how far it will act in the premises.

The Newcastle Secretaries of the British Association for the Advancement of Science have sent out invitations for the Thirty-third Meeting, to be held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 26, 1863. The attractions stated are "our mines of coal, iron

and lead—manufactures—machinery—chemical products of nearly all descriptions—fire-clay—lead—iron—iron ship-building—and the field of Cleveland ironstone—all of which will be thrown open for the information and inspection of visitors." The date of meeting is retained; the local secretaries being of opinion that the 26th of August is a convenient period for members of our Universities!

An extra Evening Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society will be held at Burlington House on Monday next, the 22nd inst., at 9 P.M., to receive Captains Speke and Grant on their return from Africa.

Dr. Beke has addressed a letter to the President of the Royal Geographical Society, on the subject of "Who Discovered the Sources of the Nile?" He urges his claim to be considered as the theoretical discoverer of the sources of the Nile; and refers to misunderstandings in the Royal Geographical Society which are, unhappily, no secret to the world. "When I returned to England in 1860," he says, "after an absence of several years, I did hope that within the Council of the Society the old leaven of 1848 would have been exhausted. But to my great disappointment I found that when, in 1861, I communicated to the Society my paper 'On the Mountains forming the Eastern Side of the Basin of the Nile,' it was refused insertion in the Society's *Journal*, or even, in abstract, in the *Proceedings*. I was still more grieved in 1862 at the difficulties I experienced in obtaining a hearing for the narrative of my journey to Harran in Padan Aram, and thence over Mount Gilead into the Promised Land, in the footsteps of the Patriarch Jacob; which occasioned my letter to Lord Ashburton, already mentioned. But the climax has been attained now, in 1863, when I have been informed by the President that, in his Anniversary Address, of which the most interesting topic is the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile in accordance with my hypothesis and my plan of exploration of 1848, it was deliberately contemplated either to attribute to me opinions which I do not entertain, or else to ignore me altogether."

A General Meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society is called for this morning (Saturday), at Burlington House, to consider an alleged breach of certain rules of the Society at the late election of officers. Admiral Sir Edward Belcher stands at the front of the malecontents. Sir Roderick Murchison and the Council have issued a note of explanation to the Fellows; which note admits the breach of rule, but contends that such breach was unimportant and not unusual. It will be for the Fellows to say whether this explanation ought to pass.

At the recent Annual Meeting of the London Library it was announced that the Prince of Wales had consented to become the patron of the Library, in the place of the late Prince Consort. The increase of members during the past year was 7, the total number on the books being 862. 1,200 volumes and 36 pamphlets were added to the Library by purchase since the last anniversary. It was further announced that a new edition of the entire Catalogue, in alphabetical arrangement of the writers, with a concise classified Index of subjects, is nearly ready for the press.

'A History of the Recent Discoveries at Cyrene,' made during the expedition of Lieut. Smith and Commander Porcher, is announced for publication by Messrs. Day & Son. Our readers will remember that the officers named began their researches at their own expense; but being highly successful, the Trustees of the British Museum and the Admiralty gave important aid in their extended prosecution. The marbles recovered are reported to be sufficient to form a gallery in the British Museum, and to be the only known specimens of the art of Cyrene, a city renowned in ancient history. Photographs, by Mr. F. Bedford, will accompany the text, with maps, plans and woodcuts.

According to recent investigations made by Mr. W. Chambers into the character and circulation of the cheap periodicals in the United Kingdom, it appears that the monthly issue of works of a strictly improving tendency is 8,048,500; of works of an exciting nature, but not positively immoral,

1,500,000; and of works of an immoral tendency under 80,000.

With respect to the portrait of Lorenzo Pucci, the property of Lord Abercorn, now at the British Institution, which we questioned, both as representing that prelate and as a work of Raphael, we have been referred to Passavant's 'Life of Raphael.' In the last edition of that work (that of La Croix, page 358), we find the picture classed among "works attributed to Raphael." No clue to the person represented is afforded by the writing on the paper in his hand; the translation just referred to correctly states that it is illegible. In the original edition (vol. 2, page 431), the description is headed 'Lorenzo Pucci (?)' and likewise classed among the supplemental works attributed to Raphael. We gladly add, that the picture was known as a Raphael in the Casali Palace at Bologna, whence it was removed to the Casa de Rossi, in the same city. M. Rossi sold it in England, and we believe the picture was for some time in the possession of Messrs. Graves. Sir Robert Gordon became the purchaser, and at his death, in 1847, Lord Aberdeen, his brother, removed the picture to Scotland. It is now the property of Lord Abercorn. The head-dress alone would deter one from accepting the picture as the portrait of a high dignitary of the church immediately preceding his ordination as Cardinal. The latter event took place in 1513, instead of 1511, as stated in the works above named. We are as far as ever from admitting that it possesses any real claims to be received as a Raphael. Passavant himself admits that the picture has undergone very extensive reparations. Its former locality in Bologna goes far to favour the conjectures we threw out.

"The term *Rappee*," writes a friend, "is taken by some as derived from the action of *rapping* out the grated snuff: as an 'Old Snuff-Taker,' I beg to suggest another derivation (not now a *new one*), namely, from the French verb *rasper*, to rasp. *Tabac rapé* would easily slide, in English parlance, into *rappee*. Is not Le Sage who describes an idle man of fashion, of a certain period, in a lounging morning hour, with a roll of tobacco in his hand, rasping his own snuff?"

We are sorry to hear that the Delegacy appointed to conduct the Oxford Local Examinations are becoming intolerant with regard to what they term "the Rudiments of Faith and Religion." At first they allowed candidates to please themselves about answering questions in this section, assuring them that, in either case, their position in the division-lists would not be affected. They then offered marks for this subject, thus giving members of the Church of England an advantage over others who are not brought up in the use of the Church Catechism and Prayer Book. In the course of the examination which has just closed they went still further, and on the papers gave notice, that no one whose parents have not objected on conscientious grounds to his being examined in the Prayer Book as well as the Bible "can obtain a certificate, without showing some knowledge of each of the two portions, *whatever may be the value of his work in other subjects*." What makes the matter worse is, that no previous notice was given of this extreme severity. In the programme this subject was not classed with those required of all in order to pass. It was indeed stated that "no one can be held to have satisfied the Examiners in the section without both portions," i. e. the parts relating to the Prayer Book as well as the Scripture; but since candidates have been for several years suffered to pass without satisfying the Examiners in this section, it was naturally supposed the same thing would be allowed again; and it was not till they saw the notice prefixed to the paper of questions, that many found they were to be deprived of the fruit of their labour. We trust the Delegacy will at least have the justice to put off the execution of their stern decree till next year, so that all may have timely notice. Even then, we think, it would be much better to adopt the Cambridge plan of putting this part of the examination upon the broad basis of Scripture and the evidences of Christianity, subjects in which members of all communions can combine without offending the conscience of any.

Many complaints have been uttered about theatrical management in Munich. A Correspondent writes, that a reform is about to be introduced by the organization of a new popular theatre, under the direction of eminent men of letters, officials of high standing, &c.; the funds being provided by shares of 100 florins each. At present, the Court Theatre has a virtual monopoly, as the two small theatres that are called popular are only booths, and are restricted to farces and buffooneries. They have not a right to play pieces which are played at the Court Theatre without special permission, and the care with which the Court Theatre preserves its monopoly causes this permission to be very sparingly given. The public has long suffered from the want of competition without making its complaints heard; but the promoters of this new enterprise have evidently a strong faith in the justice of their cause, and are convinced that the public suffering will pay to be redressed.

The sale of the valuable and curious collection of books formed by the late John Adolphus, Esq., and, after his death, by his son, John Leicester Adolphus, Esq., took place at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, during the last and present week. It was remarkable for rare facetiæ, songs, Shakspeariana, trials for crimes, biographies of thieves and other malefactors, last dying speeches and accounts of executions, in addition to the usual run of the best writers in history, topography, belles-lettres, and general literature. Amongst the rarer articles, the following may be cited:—A Collection of Old Ballads, 3 vols., with plates, including that of the Swimming Lady, 7l. 10s.—Byron's Works, with various publications respecting the poet, in 39 vols., 12l. 10s.—Dillon's Account of the Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford, for its absurdity nicknamed 'Lord Wenables' Voyage to discover the Source of the Thames,' 8l.—D'Urvey's Pills to Purge Melancholy, with the Tury Pills, and Pill for State Melancholy, 7l. 10s.—Marguerite, Reine de Navarre, L'Heptameron, 3 vols., 5l. 5s.—Head's English Rogue, 4 parts, 1l. 16s.—Wilkes's (so called) Essay on Woman, 1l. 5s.—Grose's Slang Dictionary, 1l. 8s.—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Dr. Johnson's copy, with numerous passages marked by him to be quoted in his Dictionary, 1l. 17s.—Grose's Antiquities, 14 vols. 29l.—Harris's Aurelian, or English Moths and Butterflies, painted on vellum, 21l.—Dugdale's Monasticon, 22l.—Retrospective Review, 16 vols. 5l. 7s. 6d.—Shakspeare's Plays, 21 vols., with MS. notes by Mr. Aldophus, 16l. 16s.—Shakspeare's Plays, altered by various Writers, in 63 vols. 14l. 3s.—Capell's Notes to Shakspeare, 2l. 8s.—Remarks on Hamlet (a thin pamphlet), 4l.—Martyn's English Entomologist, the original manuscript, with drawings of insects, 14l. 14s.—Ormerod's History of Cheshire, 3 vols., 38l.—Bachus and Venus: a Collection of Songs, 19s.—Songs sung at the Beef Stake Club, 4l. 8s.—Joanna Southcote's Prophecies, 2l. 11s.—Wilkes's English Liberty, 2 vols., 3l. 13s. 6d.—Lives, Behaviour, and Dying Words of Remarkable Persons convicted of Murder, Treason, Robbery, &c., 5 vols., 2l. 12s. 6d.—Annals of Newgate, 4 vols., 2l. 5s.—Dodd's Memoirs, with Accounts of his Execution, in 5 vols., 3l. 10s.—Johnson's History of Highwaymen, wanting 5 plates, 6l. 2s. 6d.—Old Bailey Trials, in 1678, Scroggs as Judge, and Jeffries as Recorder, 18s.—Perreau's Genuine Memoirs, with other Tracts relating to these unfortunate Forgers, in 8 vols., 3l. 10s.—Life of Jack Sheppard, 1l. 17s.—Trial of the Murderers of Sir J. Dinely Goodere, 1l. 8s.—Trials at the Old Bailey, 8 vols., 4l. 12s.—Tyburn Chronicle, 4 vols., 3l. 7s. 6d.—Lives of Jonathan Wild, 3 vols., 1l. 15s.—Trial of Renwick Williams, 1l. 16s. The entire sale realized 993l. 7s., of which 148l. was for 360 pamphlets, &c., containing accounts of thieves and other convicts.

The READING GIRL is now at 110, REGENT STREET.

The SLEEP OF SORROW and DREAM OF JOY is NOW ON VIEW at the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company's Establishment, 110, REGENT STREET. This Statue and the 'Reading Girl' are the Originals from the International Exhibition of 1862, and which were purchased by the Company.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven), 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The EVENING EXHIBITION will commence on MONDAY NEXT, the 22nd of June, and continue open every Evening.—Admission (from Half-past Seven till Half-past Ten), 6d.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, Esq., R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1831 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—The ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.—Gallery, 63, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall.—The TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—June 11.—Dr. Carpenter, V.P., in the chair.—The Croonian Lecture: 'On the Coagulation of the Blood,' by Prof. J. Lister.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—June 8.—Sir R. I. Murchison in the chair.—Elections: The Count de Paris, the Earl of Belmore, Sir J. P. Boileau, H. Browne, Esq., J. Brunton, Esq., W. Buchanan, Esq., M.P., F. Burdock, Esq., T. F. Callaghan, Esq., the Rev. G. H. Clements, E. Clowes, Esq., S. W. Courtenay, Esq., M.P., Edgworth, Esq., T. F. Hall, Esq., G. F. Heneage, Esq., C. J. Leaf, Esq., Sir T. D. Lloyd, Capt. Lovell, Visc. Milton, W. Winwoode Reade, Esq., R. H. St. A. St. John, Esq., F. Snowden, Esq., Dr. G. E. Spikernell, J. Taylor, Esq., the Hon. H. P. Vereker, H. Waite, Esq., C. N. Welman, Esq., W. O. White, Esq.; also Lieut.-Col. the Chevalier Sonklar von Inatätten as Hon. and Corresponding Member.—The President, in opening the proceedings, stated that he had received a telegram conveying the information that Captains Speke and Grant left Alexandria on the 4th inst., for Southampton, in the Pera.—They are due in England on the 17th, and the Council had decided on having an extra Meeting to receive them.—The paper of the evening was 'On the Malay Archipelago,' by Mr. Wallace.

ASIATIC.—June 15.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, V.P., in the chair.—Dr. Goldenblum, of Odessa, was elected a Non-Resident Member.—A paper was read by Mr. E. Schlagintweit 'On the Bodily Proportions of Buddhist Idols in Tibet,' and showing from a series of measurements made by his brothers that all images of Buddha in that country preserve the features and proportions of the Aryan type, while those of their saints are moulded on the Bhot or local Turanian modification of the human form.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 11.—O. Morgan, Esq. M.P., V.P., in the chair.—S. Bale, Esq. exhibited a circular miniature which was known in the Strawberry Hill Collection as Jane Seymour, and has been engraved by Harding as Catherine of Aragon, but which Mr. Scharf showed to be a portrait of Anne Boleyn.—W. H. Black, Esq., read a paper 'On the Antiquarian of Hieronymus Bononius of Treviso and his Poetical Remains,' including a poem on the revivers of literature in the fifteenth century who were personally known to him. Mr. Black is the fortunate possessor of what was stated to be the original MS. of this most interesting work.—Nothing had been heard of it since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mr. Black inferred, from various internal evidence, that the author died before the year 1520.—The Secretary read a paper by the Dean of Christ Church 'On Human Sacrifices among the Romans in connexion with a question raised by Lord Stanhope in his Miscellanies.'

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—June 10.—J. Copland, M.D., V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. T. D. Keighley and J. B. Greenfields were elected Associates.—The Rev. Mr. Hartshorne read a notice respecting Oliver Cromwell's

Mint, and exhibited some dies found at Marston Moor.—Mr. E. Roberts exhibited a stone jug of the sixteenth century.—Mr. Greenfields exhibited a variety of coins, weights, &c., found in Lanarkshire.—Mr. J. L. Irvine exhibited the casts of some ornaments belonging to a tomb in Shetland of the eighth century.—Mr. S. Cuming forwarded some curious leaden objects obtained by the late Mr. Charles Ainslie from the Thames.—Mr. J. Moore reported further discoveries at Chessels, West Coher, Somerset.—Mr. T. Wright described the results of recent excavations made at the Jewry Wall, Leicester.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—June 9.—J. Lee, Esq., LL.D., in the chair.—Mr. Sharpe read a paper 'On the Age of the Several Parts of the Pentateuch.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Geographical, 9.—Extra Evening Meeting: to receive Captains Speke and Grant on their return from Africa.
Tues. Zoological, 9.—Placenta of Hæmæ: Prof. Huxley; Placenta of the Kuree: Prof. Rolleston.
Wed. Horticultural.—Promenade.
—Society of Arts, 4.—Annual General.
—Society of Literature, 4.
Fri. Horticultural, 2.—Election of Fellows.
Sat. Horticultural.—Promenade.

FINE ARTS

THE BROMLEY COLLECTION.

THE sale, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, of the famous Bromley Collection of pictures, mainly by Early Italian masters, took place on Friday and Saturday last. This gallery has long been remarkable for the extreme rarity and high value of many of its items, more than one of which were unique, other examples of the respective artists being unknown. It is not too much to say, that there has not occurred a sale of works of ancient Art for several years which, in importance, can compare with this. Almost free from mere sensational and pretty pictures, such as form the staple of popular galleries, this collection was worthy of a man of genius who understood Art in its highest and most spiritual sense. Several of the most interesting works were acquired for the National Gallery. Many of those works known as *casone* were comprised in the sale, and showed the genius of their artists: among these were several by Pollaiuolo, and evinced that painter's wonderful powers of design. These, from some unexplainable chance, did not seem to be appreciated; one of the best of them, a spirited romance, styled, A Chief surprised by Treachery at a Feast, a work that might have been the glory of a Florentine palace in the best days of the city, sold for 7½ guineas.—An admirable study of a single figure, A Priest Praying, by Zurbaran, coming close upon the merit of Velasquez, and such as is rarely obtainable, fetched only 22 gs.—Alessio Baldovinetti, The Virgin and Child, rare, 25 gs. (Lord Southesk).—Gentile da Fabriano, The Wise Men guided by a Star to Bethlehem, Rogers Coll., 23 gs. (R. Monckton Milnes, M.P.).—V. Pagani di Monte Rubiano, The Annunciation, Feach Coll., 105 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—Pietro Lorenzetti, The Virgin and Child, 50 gs. (Sir W. Farquhar).—Luca Signorelli, a Figure of Joseph, with subjects from his life in the background, 30 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—Pinturicchio, Adoration of the Magi, 35 gs. (Anthony).—Duccio di Buon Insegna, 1282, founder of the Siennese School, The Crucifixion, 250 gs. (same).—Filippo Lippi, The Fable of Cupid and Psyche, 80 gs.—Companion, concluding the subject, 59 gs. (Roe).—Giovanni Bellini, Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives, an infant angel, painted in white, standing in the sky, offering the cup, three apostles asleep in the foreground, a procession of soldiers in the background: the famous picture, comprised in the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, 1857, 600 gs. (National Gallery).—P. Alemanno of Ascoli, The Virgin and Child, with two angels adoring, inscribed "Opus Petri Alemanni, discipuli Maestri Caroli Crivelli, Venet. 1488," 41 gs. (Lord Southesk).—Crivelli, four pictures of Saints, St. George in a rich suit of armour holding the shaft of his spear, 104 gs. (Farrer).—F. Penni, Virgin, Child and St. Elizabeth, under rich architecture, 187 gs. (Holloway).—S. Memmi, St. Ursula, holding two palms, 113 gs. (Baron Maro-

chetti).—The companion, a youthful Saint, with a sword, palm, &c., 81 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—Cosimo Roselli, an altar-piece, The Virgin Enthroned, with the Child on her knee, in the act of blessing an angel holding flowers; on each side, behind, and in front, SS. John the Baptist, Andrew, Bartholomew and Zanobio, exhibited in the Art-Treasures, Manchester, 28 gs. (Solomon).—S. Botticelli, A whole-length figure of Venus, holding a garland of roses, 150 gs. (Lord Somers).—Leonardo da Vinci, The Virgin and Child, backed by a curtain, on each side of which are views of the Lake of Como, &c., 490 gs. (Goldsmith).—Velasquez, The Angels appearing to the Shepherds, 215 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—C. da Conegliano, The Virgin and Child, 50 gs. (Ensom).—Giulio di Amendola, The Virgin with the Infant, seated on a throne, two angels above, SS. Peter and Paul on either side, pronounced to be an unique work. —S. Botticelli, The Virgin and Child, surrounded by five youthful saints, a rose-tree behind and landscape background, exhibited at the British Institution, 1860, 750 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—Sir Antonio More, La Belle Isabella, daughter of Henry the Second of Spain, from the Fesch Collection, 140 gs. (Farrer): there was another portrait by this master, of Mary of Austria which, with the last, was remarkable for his solid and artist-like manner and good colouring. —Palma Vecchio, Divine and Heathen Love, in a splendid landscape, from Louis-Philippe's Collection, 420 gs. (Seymour).—R. Wilson, A Landscape, with a lake, ruins and figures, 295 gs. (Holloway).—Giotto, The Coronation of the Virgin, two angels kneeling on each side; above is the Deity, with the symbol of eternity, exhibited at Manchester, 1857, 195 gs. (T. G. Parry).—Lo Spagna, The Crucifixion, 340 gs. (Seymour).—A. del Sarto, Portrait of Sannazaro contemplating a Skull, inscribed "Tengo la morte in mano perchè con carità e l'amore e il mio," 276 gs. (Holloway).—Il Bramantino, Adoration of the Kings, in a landscape, an unique picture; on the robes are ornaments in relief, 121 gs. (National Gallery).—Palmezzano da Forlì, The Virgin Enthroned, holding the Child, who stands on her lap, St. John on the right, St. Luke on the left, Fesch Collection, 320 gs. (Dublin National Gallery).—A. Bottraffio, The Virgin and Child, the Virgin, in a green dress and crimson bodice, offering her bosom to the Saviour, who turns towards the spectator, a remarkably fine and original picture, not alone for its execution, but the design, and the dignity, beauty and gravity of the Virgin's face, and the intelligence of that of the Saviour, Northwick Collection, 440 gs. (National Gallery).—G. Cotignola, The Ascension of the Virgin, 104 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—B. Pinturicchio, The Trojan Horse brought into the City, represented by Florence, and the companion, The Death of Hector, *cassone*, 110 gs. (Colnaghi).—Filippino Lippi, Portrait of La Simonetta, in a crimson and white dress, with pearls and a veil, Rogers Collection, 466 gs. (Barker).—S. Botticelli, The Virgin and Child surrounded by four angels, circle, Solly Collection, British Institution, 1859, 230 gs. (Martin).—L. da Vinci, The Virgin and Child; the Virgin in a blue dress, kneeling, supports the Saviour, who stands on a red cushion, and holds a bird in his hand; bought by Mr. Bromley, at the Northwick sale, for 15 gs., 140 gs. (Hebeler).—S. Botticelli, Venus, pendant to that purchased by Lord Somers, 100 gs. (Lord Ashburton).—Pesello Peselli, 1380-1457, The Holy Trinity, 2,000 gs. (National Gallery). The second day's sale produced 8,724l. 10s.; total of both days' sales, 13,958l. 5s.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The meeting of Members of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, held last week, resulted in the election of Mr. H. Britain Willis from the rank of Associates to that of Member. Although three vacancies existed, only one election was made. Nothing was decided with regard to the vacant Associateships.

The Council of the Royal Academy has determined to repeat the not very successful experiment of last year, and open the Exhibition in the evening from half-past seven o'clock until half-past ten

o'clock: the admission fee to be sixpence. Monday next, the 22nd of June, will be the first day. Lovers of Art to whom this will be a convenience may remember that daylight lasts now, even in-doors, until half-past eight o'clock. Later the rooms are lighted with gas.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster have recently caused to be covered over with planks a portion of the invaluable mosaic pavement of the Confessor's Chapel in their church. While this protection preserves, it effectually hides the work. The process of destruction by traffic of visitors over the pavement is so rapid, that the portion left uncovered must soon be irretrievably injured; we remember the whole twenty years ago in a much better condition than it is now. Is it not desirable to remove, and set up elsewhere, the whole, where it may not be obnoxious to further injury—say in the Cloisters—and repave the chapel in a fitting manner? As this fine example of *Opus Alexandrinum* is set in large slabs of Purbeck marble, probably no difficulty would be found in removing it. It appears to have been placed where it is in the time of King Edward the First; for, in the payments of Queen Eleanor's executors, was a sum of sixty shillings to William le Pavour, probably, in part at least, for this work, which is presumed, says Mr. Burges, to be of Northern and not Italian execution, as is the more costly *Opus Alexandrinum* by Ordericus in front of the high altar, finished 1263.

The decorations for the Wolsey Chapel, Windsor Castle, will consist of mosaics,—filling the vaulting between the groinings of the roof, which is elaborately covered with fan-tracery,—representing angels, about 100 in number, emerging from clouds. These are at the springing of the tracery from the shafts. At the intersections of the ribs are to be placed heraldic emblems—the *rose en soleil*; the whole to be treated in a conventional, and therefore strictly decorative, unpictorial manner. The windows of the chapel are to be filled with rich glass, designed on the same legitimate decorative principle. The walls are to be covered with splendid decorations and pictures in fresco.

Mr. Leighton is painting in fresco, behind the altar of Lyndhurst Church, Hants, a large picture, in three divisions, representing the history of the Wise and the Foolish Virgins. In a raised centre, seen as issuing from under a baldaquin or canopy, is the figure of Christ; at his left hand an angel repels the Foolish Virgins, one of whom kneels with her hands thrust forth in supplication, a second lies prostrate on the floor, others remain in the background. Behind the scene is a darkening landscape, a desolate forest. On the right hand of Christ a section of the picture shows the Wise Virgins. One, gladly kneeling, offers her well-cared-for lamp to the Saviour; next, a second exultingly raises hers above her head; a third rests a happy rest. An angel assists a diffident virgin, another pours new oil into a lamp. Behind are a bright garden and a springing fountain. The whole of the design is proposed to be inclosed above by a flight of angels forming an arch, treated with due attention to the decorative character of the whole. The design of this picture is exceedingly beautiful; it is admirable in every sense as a work of Art, in composition, drawing and expression. It is incontrovertibly the best work, as yet, of an artist long ago tried in large-scale painting. A splendid stained-glass window has been executed by Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Co., after designs by Mr. E. B. Jones, and placed above Mr. Leighton's altar-piece.

One of the Worcester papers states, the Cathedral of that ancient city has been plundered of one of its bells, weighing 5 cwt.; this must have been done recently, and during the extensive scrapings and "works of restoration" that have been going on.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION. — DIRECTOR'S MATINÉE. — TUESDAY, June 23.—Beethoven's and Hummel's Septett; Sonata Pastorale, Beethoven. Solos on the Violin, Violoncello, and Piano-forte. Vocal Music sung by Miss Artôt, Solistella, Leopold Auer (from Pesth), Platt, Halle, and Lubeck. To commence at Three o'clock.—Tickets to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Ollivier & Co., and Ashdown & Parry, Half-a-Guinea each. J. ELLA, Director.

HERR WILHELM GANZ respectfully announces that his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on FRIDAY NEXT, June, 26 at Three o'clock.—Artists, Messrs. Favre, Lieberich, Esqueret, Wilkinson, Soldene and Lemaire; Messrs. Reichardt, Irving, Paque, Benedict, Edouard Ganz, and Wilhelm Ganz.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s.; to be obtained of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

MISS EDWARDS'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place JUNE 27 (by kind permission), at the Residence of Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan, 48, Grosvenor Place, at Half-past Two o'clock.—Miss Edwards will be assisted by Madame Badia, Signori Solieri and Ferranti, Messrs. Oberthur, Rice, Regondi, Elmer and Campana.—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea, to be had of the principal Musicians, and at 94, Upper Ebury Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 1, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.—Stalls and Tickets, 5s. and 10s.; at the Musicians'; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Brinsley Richards, 4, Torrington Street, Russell Square.—Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT. — HANDEL'S CANTATA. St. James's Hall, WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 8.—Second Performance of Handel's Cantata, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. The Vocal Parts by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. T. Montem Smith, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Band and Chorus of 250 performers. Conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.—Back Seats (Area and Upper Gallery, 5s.; Reserved Seats (not numbered), Half-a-Guinea.—Stalls (numbered and reserved), One Guinea.—Seats will be appropriated according to priority of application, and Tickets delivered on and after Monday, June 22.—Mitchell's Royal Library, 23, Old Bond Street; Addison & Lucas's, 210, Regent Street; and all Libraries and Musicians.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — 'Faust.'—In March, 1859, some analysis was offered in the *Athenæum* of M. Gounod's 'Faust'—an opera the triumphant career of which has been, during the four intervening years, uninterrupted and progressive;—without doubt the opera which has most thoroughly satisfied the stage of Europe since 'Les Huguenots' appeared,—an opera which has arrived at its universal acceptance within more limited compass of time than that grand musical tragedy.—On referring to the notes then made, we find not a conviction, not a line, not a fancy, which intimate acquaintance with the music makes it necessary or just for us to cancel or to change. "How large, how frank, how noble, M. Gounod can be in his melodies and their treatment" (so ran the chronicle of impressions), "Faust" shows abundantly in its choruses and in most of its great situations, but it contains many too charming passages, which never may be valued as they deserve, owing to their evanescent brevity." The too frequent changes of scene in the last act were then noted here,—as were the inferiority of the supernatural or "Walpurgis" music to that in M. Gounod's 'La Nonne Sanglante,' and the difficulty imposed on the composer by his having to re-set the song of Margaret at her wheel, set once for all by Schubert. It would appear from the Italian score in its present state as if the above impressions—in our case awakened at the moment—had presented themselves, on reconsideration, to M. Gounod. The opera, as it now stands in London, is not as it then stood in Paris. The original spoken dialogue has been replaced by sung recitative—perhaps too much after the elaborate fashions of the time, which tend towards converting opera into a sung symphony.—The "Walpurgis" music has vanished—the spinning song, too; and in the prison-scene the duet and the trio have been retouched. The scenes of the church and of the combat ending in Valentine's death have changed places—every alteration being for the better.

Though it be only repeating what we have said before, we must call attention to the weary gloom of the opening music, broken by the snatches of sweet rural melody behind the scenes,—to the nobility of tone pervading all the music given to Faust,—to the stir and character, and capital structure of the *Kermesse* Chorus (not forgetting the quaint tune of the old men),—to the captivating vivacity of the waltz, with the charming appearance of *Margaret* as she crosses the stage,—to the garden-scene for the heroine, in which her old ballad and her coquetry and misgiving, on discovering the fatal jewels, are so admirably contrasted,—followed by the quartett; and, later, to the duett,—the *adagio* of which is of itself as sufficient to assure all competent to judge of the power and genius of its maker, as a cherub's head on the frame of an enamel would be to announce to those conversant with other arts that they had to do with a Cellini.—But, regarding the soldiers' chorus in the fourth (here the third) act, the bitter serenade of *Mephistopheles*, with its consequences in the combat betwixt *Faust* and *Valentine*, and the death of *Margaret's* soldier-brother, new praise

must be added to old admiration. There is nothing in the whole range of opera more effective, more impressive than the moment when Death strikes down the fiery, true-hearted victim to Woman's frailty, Man's passion and the "supernatural sollicitings" of Devilry. The musical working of this act cannot be exceeded, and it is much to be able to say that the following final prison-scene enhances every effect. Passion is driven to its wildest limits, but not torn to tatters. There are harmonies and progressions (Gluck had consecutive fifths in his 'Armida') which travel beyond the bounds of established form and order; but so powerful is the harmonizing dramatic sense, so thorough has been the musical training of the composer, that none of these licences afflict the ear, as they do in other stage-music belonging to our day, when destruction is too often mistaken for discovery.—The instrumentation of the opera, from first to last, is first-rate;—sonorous, picturesque, appropriate and rich, up to the requirements of the time,—and still clear of eccentricity. To this we may return. Meanwhile, let us repeat, 'Faust' is the work of an original, vigorous genius,—and by many degrees the best among modern operas. The crowd assembled at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday week obviously was aware of the fact. Rarely has a stronger sensation been produced—rarely has a more complete triumph been achieved.

All that Mr. Mapleson can do he has done with wise and liberal preparation to insure success. His orchestra was readier and neater than we have heard it till now; his chorus was correct and forcible. Signor Giuglini (*Faust*) has never (to our thinking) sung so like a great classical artist as in this opera. His first act was excellent. His garden scene was too softly honeyed; but some Italians have the fancy that Love must whisper rather than speak aloud. Mdlle. Titiens could not make herself *Margaret* by anything short of magic stronger than nature. Her great scene in the garden act was not satisfactory. There was no *réverie* in her ballad of 'The King of Thule'—there were no lightness and surprise in the *cabaletta* where the jewels are discovered. A shake, too, is there indispensable, and a shake is not among her possessions. In the exquisite avowal of the girl's love there was not the tender, impassioned, entire confidence suggested by the music. Her scene without the church was better; and, in the climax of the final encounter, her superb voice bore her up through the admirable trio to its close.—M. Gassier's *Mephistophèles* was mediocre, but he gave the song of the Calf of Gold and the Devil's bitter serenade under *Margaret's* window with care and some spirit. The best thing in the cast is Mr. Santley's *Valentine*. Highly as we rate this artist, and aware, as we are, of the progress made by him from part to part, we were not prepared for so admirable a piece of acting and singing as this is. Nothing could be more *gaillard* and soldierly than his appearance and bearing; nothing deeper in feeling than his death-scene.

There remain still many remarks to be made on 'Faust' as on an opera which will keep the stage, and which will make it difficult for any future musician to set the story; but we must stop after having again expressed our pleasure in a success which has outdone all expectation, and which has silenced for ever those who have sneered at M. Gounod as a man whose productions in no respect justified the pretensions and professions of his admirers,—among whom we were the earliest.

'*Medea*.'—In our recollection, as we have said in days gone by, there has been no tragic actress comparable to Madame Ristori. Many, we know, and judges to whom it is a pleasure to defer, have no relish for Italian acting: finding it overstrained, fierce and superficial. To ourselves, one school of national art has always illustrated another. There would be no real liking of Shakspeare if we could not also take to our hearts Molière and Schiller. A Rossini is not spoilt for us because there was a Gluck and a Beethoven. Tried, however, by the rules of Art, which are of no country, we fail to figure to ourselves anything in artist's form which, for beauty, for emotion, for variety, has approached this magnificent actress. Where Rachel had two strings to her lyre, Madame Ristori has twenty.—

On Monday, her *Medea* moved her audience here with as potent a sorcery as in the first hour when it became the rage in Paris. Time has dealt gently with her beauty. Not a note of melody in her wondrous voice has grown dull or harsh since we heard it last. Of the two, her style may have gained some ripeness;—if it may not have been the pleasure, after a lapse of time, of greeting a great queen, and one to whom we owe much gratitude for pleasure—which coloured and toned for us what was always a forcible and grand and expressive performance. To return on the drama is needless; nor can we here point out the rich, noble and delicate beauties of execution, scene by scene—though some of these were new—Madame Ristori being remarkable in nothing more than in an unexpectedness amounting to improvisation (which, by the way, is one characteristic among others of Italian mimic art). While she is in London,—besides her two contrasted performances of Mary Stuart and Elizabeth, the last a Zucchero picture in life and brilliancy and passion,—besides her presentation of the wicked Gothic queen, Rosemond,—she intends, we perceive, to introduce two new characters, a Norma and a Debora; also, to play Adrienne Lecouvreur.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—M. Obin's *début* as *Bertram* in 'Robert le Diable' is one of no common importance. There can be small doubt that as the representative of the Evil One he is next best to M. Levasseur, who "created" the part. His appearance and stage bearing are excellent;—his voice has that penetrating quality which is demanded by the music,—and it has been schooled as few deep bass voices are schooled now-a-days, when the prevailing idea seems to be that, provided a German gentleman can sing "In diesen heiligen Hallen" slowly enough, and open his mouth sufficiently roundly on the final deep E, he is thereon and therefore fit for all manner of work. M. Obin was slightly nervous in the use of a language strange to him, but this will soon pass with so excellent a musical and dramatic artist. He is a valuable addition to Mr. Gye's company.—Mdlle. Fricci is better in *Alice* than in any former character. It was a disappointment, after having been promised Mdlle. Fioretti for *Princess Isabella*, to be put off with Mdlle. Battu. The former lady, it was said in the theatre, has abruptly left London, without warning to anybody. Can it be that she was startled by having gained an honest popularity here, which has been accorded to her in no other capital? In spite of this substitution, the opera, as a whole, went well. The orchestra, as usual, was superb.

HAYMARKET.—'Easy Shaving' is the title of a new farce, taken from an old French vaudeville, which has been introduced to these boards by Messrs. F. C. Burnand and Montague Williams. It exhibits Miss Louise Keeley in the character of a female barber, named *Ninette*, resident in Islington in the time of Charles the Second, who for her services has obtained a ring from the merry monarch, which she uses in the interest of a young cornet, who is in danger of being cashiered for having overstayed his leave of absence. The brave fellow is foolishly in love with a married woman, and to disabuse him of this unworthy passion, *Ninette* shaves off his ringlets and moustache on one side of his face, which, by making him ridiculous in the eyes of the lady, cures him of his infatuation. *Ninette*, however, consoles him for his loss by accepting him herself for a husband, and thus ensures him the happiness of having a clever and faithful woman for his wife. All, of course, depends on the acting of Miss Louise Keeley, who sustains the part with that arch humour and exquisite finish, to which she is indebted for her rapid rise in the profession.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The musical event of the season has, for the moment, so entirely absorbed attention that many excellent and interesting entertainments have passed and must be mentioned with briefer notice than they might have commanded, had not the praise of 'Faust' "filled the town." A line, for instance, must tell

that young M. Lotto's success at the *Crystal Palace*, on Saturday, was what it should be. It would be impossible for any one to be better received. He will make his second appearance there to-day.—Another line must be devoted to M. Thalberg's farewell, and to repeating our earnest and cordial hope that it is not, in final deed and truth, a farewell. If singers, after having taken leave, will return and return again, when no one desires to hear them, why should not a pianist, whom every one wishes to hear, because he is playing his best, follow the fashion?—A line must tell that the harpers, Mr. John Thomas and Mr. Ap-Thomas, have been in the field.—Another, that Mr. Dannreuther made his first appearance at the *Musical Union*, on Tuesday, in Schumann's Piano-forte Quartett in E flat. This is no music for us; nor shall we ever become reconciled to the hardness of ugliness which is therein paraded by way of originality. In this respect, the *Andante Cantabile*, both for idea and treatment, is a veritable curiosity. Mr. Dannreuther did the most for the quartett that could be done; and it says much in praise of his playing, that his excellent tone and thorough command of the instrument made themselves felt by the critical audiences in spite of the uncouthness of the work on which his labour was wasted. He will do well, however, save when presenting himself before a young German audience, to eschew Schumann's music, for that has as small chance of establishing itself in England as it had in 1848, when this very quartett was introduced by Herr Edward Röckel.—Herr Auer confirmed every good impression made by him at his first appearance. As a player of classical music he may become very precious in this country.—On Wednesday *Miss Lascelles* and M. Berger gave a concert in company. The lady was singing her best, and M. Berger brought forward some new compositions which, like all that he writes, are elegant. Further, the singing of Miss Parepa and the setting of some Elizabethan words by M. Blumenthal are not to be passed over.—On Wednesday, also, two very good Italian artists, Signori Pezze and Andreoli, gave their concert, made attractive by the good violoncello of the one, and the very good piano of the other partner.—The *fantasia*, however, by Fumagalli, which Signor Andreoli played so well, was not worth the pains bestowed on it.—The above are about a third, or thereabouts, of the Concerts of the Week.

The revival of 'Zampa' at the Opéra Comique of Paris has not been very happy.—The new opera by M. Gounod, 'Mireille,' is destined for the Théâtre Lyrique, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho.—Here, by the way, as he is the hero of the hour, it may be said that *Twenty Melodies—Vingt Mélodies* (Choudens)—by him have been just published. Some of them are already well known and admired here; most have a distinct beauty, rare in any day. We should have to look long and search far ere we found anything equal in style and character to 'Le Juif Errant,' 'Les Champs,' 'Le Vallon,' and 'Le Printemps,'—anything so tenderly simple as the setting of Béranger's 'Mon Habit,'—each of these excellent to sing, and showing the master-hand as unmistakeably as the garden-scene in 'Faust,' the march from 'La Reine de Saba,' or the Bacchanal from Philemon et Baucis, or the exquisite Molière serenade from 'Le Médecin.'

M. Lebouc, a violoncellist of considerable Parisian renown, is here.—M. Georges Pfeiffer, too, a pianist of pretension.

A new opera, by M. Serow, 'Judith,' has been presented at St. Petersburg. It is described as more orchestral than vocal—in brief, after the pattern of Herr Wagner's bad operas.

At Rostock, there has been a performance of the 'Passions-Musik' of Sebastian Bach, in which all the songs omitted by Mendelssohn, as many as a dozen or more, if memory serve us, were religiously performed. Many of these are tedious and mechanical.—M. Rubinstein's 'Paradise Lost' has been given at the Königsberg Festival.

MISCELLANEA

Antiquity of Man.—It appears to me that the following information has some bearing upon the evidence of human fossil bones. About twelve years

since, some human bones were taken from a fissure in a quarry, worked, I believe, for hematite ore, in the mountain limestone at the Mumbles, Swansea. Of these bones I have one, which is a portion of a lower jaw. It consists of the right ramus only, and contains the three molar teeth, the first and second being considerably more worn than the third. In an ethnological point of view, there is one feature of interest, the third molar is larger than the second, and the second is larger than the first; but this increase is to a certain extent made greater than real in consequence of the first and second being considerably more worn down by mastication than the third. The increase of the size of the teeth posteriorly is characteristic of the New Zealand type, and is the converse of the European normal condition. But the chief object to which I wish to draw attention in this specimen is, that it bears all the appearances of great antiquity. The animal substance is so far removed that the bone will hang to the lip. This, to a less extent, is the case with the teeth also. Being desirous of ascertaining the amount of animal matter still remaining, I placed a fragment of the bone in some hydrochloric acid, and found that there was not the slightest trace of gelatine left in the residue. I also sawed into two pieces one of the teeth. The freshly-cut surface is white and compact, but more opaque than in a recent tooth. I immersed one half in hydrochloric acid, and found that after all the lime had been removed the gelatine remained to a very large extent, showing that but a small portion had yet been extracted. Here, then, we have an instance in which the gelatine is removed from the bone and not from the teeth in the same jaw, therefore demonstrating how much more rapidly the animal substance is removed from one tissue than from another. I have also a jaw of a child about eight or nine years of age, taken, I understand, from the same fissure as the preceding specimen. This appears not to have lost any sensible portion of animal material, and offers little or no peculiarity to distinguish it from any graveyard bone. I have seen the tooth of the hippopotamus, from a limestone cave at Plymouth, so perfect in its histological conditions that it appeared fit for the turner; and I remember some bat's bones that I removed from beneath a thick stalagmitic crust, in Bacon Hole Cave, so perfect that they might readily be mistaken for recent specimens, while all the other bones from the same cave were extremely friable from the loss of the gelatine. I do not bring forward these specimens as evidence of fossil man, but only to show that bones may lose every atom of gelatine and yet the teeth possess the appearance of being recent, while lying under one and the same condition; and, moreover, that bones may, under apparently the same conditions, be differently acted upon, and therefore exhibit different results. I say that I do not offer the specimens as evidence of antiquity. My reason is, that one of the specimens from which the teeth are lost, or another that I have mislaid altogether, exhibited marks on the teeth similar to those we see in the mouths of persons by whom a clay pipe has been much used. This suggests the idea that the bones must have been interred subsequently to the introduction of tobacco into this country, unless we are prepared to show that "antique man" smoked a "calumet,"—a not improbable circumstance when we remember the common practice of savage life, and from whom we receive the modern luxury. If these remarks have any value, they must press against the assertion that because the tooth found at Abbeville contained gelatine, therefore it could not be so old as bones that have lost their gelatine, even if found under similar conditions. There is one circumstance that must strike the least accurate observer, that in these specimens, spurious or antique, it is curious how they differ from the present type of Europeans.

C. SPENCE BATE.

8, Mulgrave Place, Plymouth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—G. K.—P. D.—J. D. W.—H. O.—received.

F. S.—An ingenious attempt; of which we have seen the like before. The lines 1, 2, 3, &c. do not all meet in one point, as F. S. supposes. This conclusion is, we suspect, drawing, not demonstration.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1863.

LITERATURE

Despatches from Commodore Wilmot respecting his Visit to the King of Dahomey, in December 1862 and January 1863. (Presented to the House of Commons.)

THESE Despatches throw some new light on that strange region well known as the Garden of Africa, and give a graphic account of its extraordinary sovereign. The King of Dahomey has recently obtained the reputation of being one of the chief promoters of slave traffic; hence English cruisers and English missionaries have been hovering about his territories. Towards the end of last year, Commodore Wilmot, of the *Rattlesnake*, was informed by the Rev. P. W. Bernasko, Wesleyan Missionary in the English fort, that the King of Dahomey was most anxious to see somebody of consideration from England—"a real Englishman"—with whom he might converse on the affairs of his country. Having mentioned this to the Yavogah of Whydah, the latter said, "If you will come back again in seven days, I will send to the King, and let you know if he will see you." He accordingly sent to the King, saying that Mr. Wilmot was a "good and proper person, come out as a messenger from the Queen of England." Before making up his mind to accept the King's invitation, there were many points, Mr. Wilmot tells us, to be considered. It had been said that our late attack on Porto Novo had enraged the King's mind to such an extent that he had expressed a strong desire to lay hands upon an English officer in order to avenge the destruction of that place. Porto Novo belongs to his brother; and the European residents at Whydah had spread the most alarming reports of the disposition of the King towards Englishmen, and his hatred of them. But after mature consideration he resolved to go, and place implicit trust in the King's good faith.

Having made preparations for an absence of fourteen days, he landed on the 22nd of December, in company with Capt. Luce and Dr. Haran, of the *Brisk*, who had volunteered to accompany him. The *Rattlesnake* and the *Brisk* were sent to cruise, and both vessels were ordered to return on the 14th of the next month. The three Englishmen were conveyed in hammocks across the lagoon and through the wet marshy ground, almost impassable in the rainy months, to a large tree at the entrance of Whydah, where certain ceremonies were gone through as a welcome. They were received most cordially by the Yavogah and other officials, with drums beating, colours flying, muskets firing, cabocceers as well as soldiers dancing, and the latter singing warlike songs. "We were also treated," remarks the Commodore, with the simplicity of a man accustomed to strange sights, "to the manoeuvres of a slave-hunt." The Yavogah and chiefs accompanied them to the English fort, where the King's stick was presented, and the healths of the Queen of England and the King of Dahomey were drunk. Having secured hammock-men, carriers for luggage, and guides, and being furnished with a body-guard of soldiers, they started the following afternoon, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Bernasko and his servants. They arrived at Cannah, eight miles from Abomey, in the evening, when the King was holding his court. At all places on the road the head men turned out with their soldiers, and received the strangers with firing, dancing and the usual presents of water, fowls and goats. Speeches were made expressive of their desire to go to

war and cut off heads for their master. The war-dance was performed by women and children, and motions made with swords as if in the act of decapitating their enemies. This show of war did not interfere with hospitality, for at the villages where they slept, comfortable quarters had been provided, and water furnished. The latter is, however, denounced by the Commodore as very bad, scarce and unwholesome. The King had sent three of his sticks by special messengers to meet them on their way, with inquiries about their health; and at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 10th he summoned them to his reception. They went in full dress, and remained under some large trees, in an open space. After a short time, the chiefs arrived in succession with their followers, according to their rank, and were duly introduced, the same drumming, firing, dancing and singing being carried on as at Whydah. When this, which occupied a considerable time, was over, the Commodore and his companions got into the hammocks and went to the palace, outside of which, in a large square, were assembled all the chiefs with their people, as well as large bodies of the King's soldiers. The gaudy colours of the large umbrellas, the dresses of the headmen, the firing of the muskets, the songs of the people, the beating of the war-drums, the savage gestures of the soldiers, and their ferocious appearance, made the travellers at first a little uncomfortable. All, however, treated them with marked respect, while, according to custom, they were carried three times round the square. After the third time, they got down and entered the palace-gates, passing through a row of chiefs on each side. They found the courtyard of the palace presenting a spectacle not easily forgotten. At the further end was a large building, of some pretensions to beauty in that country, being made of thatch, and supported by columns of wood, roughly cut. In front of this, and close to it, leaving an open space for admission to the King, was placed a large array of variegated umbrellas, to be used only by the sovereign. Near these were congregated his principal chiefs. On either side of him, under the building, were his wives, to the number of about one hundred, gaily dressed, most of them young and exceedingly pretty.

The King was reclining on a raised dais, about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe, whilst one of his wives held a glass sugar-basin as a royal spittoon. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetich charm round his neck, and an unpretending cloth around his waist. The left side of the court-yard was filled with Amazons, from the walls up to the King's presence, all armed with various weapons, such as muskets, swords, gigantic razors for cutting off heads, bows and arrows, and blunderbusses. Their large war-drum was conspicuous, being surrounded with human skulls. The visitors advanced with due form and ceremony to where the King was sitting; and, when close to him, all the respect due to royalty was paid by bowing, which he gracefully acknowledged by bowing himself, and waving his hand. Having sat down close to him, in chairs that had been brought from Whydah, the conversation commenced with the usual compliments. He asked about their health, and how they got on during the journey. He then inquired about the Queen and all her family, asking many questions about the form of government in England. Mr. Wilmot said the Queen sent her compliments to him, and hoped he was quite well, at which he seemed much pleased; but this being only a visit of introduction, nothing political was

entered into. The King then gave orders for his Amazons to perform a variety of movements, which they did most creditably. They loaded and fired quickly, singing songs all the time. In Mr. Wilmot's opinion they are a very fine body of women, and are very active in their movements, being remarkably well limbed and strong. No one is allowed to approach them except the King, who lives amongst them. They are first in honour and importance. All messages are carried by them to and from the King and his chiefs. Every one kneels down while delivering a message, and the men touch the ground with their heads and lips before the King. The women do not kiss the ground nor sprinkle themselves with dust as the men do. When a man appears before the King he is obliged to perform the ceremony of covering his head and upper part of his body with dust before he rises, as much as to say, "I am nothing but dirt before thee!" Though the Commodore admits that this is rather a degrading spectacle, he says, "but, after all, it is only the custom of the country." After the Amazons had finished the manoeuvres, they came to the strangers and gave them their compliments, singing songs in praise of their master, and saying they were ready for war, suiting the action to the word by going through the motions of cutting off heads. The King then introduced all his princes, chiefs, and warriors, in succession, according to rank; then the chiefs and captains of the Amazons; then the princesses, daughters of the late King: in fact, he brought up and named one by one everybody of importance in his kingdom, including the mother of the King and the mothers of his principal chiefs. After each group was introduced, a bottle of rum was given, the usual present after such a ceremony, and a signal that they had permission to retire. To the head chiefs a glassful each was presented, which was drunk by themselves, or given to one of their followers. When once in the King's presence, or in his capital, no one, European or native, can leave without this customary present. After all the presentations, the King called the Amazons again to salute the strangers, and then offered them water and spirits, which he drank with them; and thus terminated the first visit. No one is permitted to see the King drink: all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up by his wives while the royal mouth takes in the liquid.

When the visitors were going away the King got up, it being almost dark, and walked side by side with them across the courtyard, through the gates, and nearly half-a-mile on the road towards their house, which was considered a great compliment. The whole court followed, with the exception of the Amazons and the wives, who never join in such processions. The soldiers shouted and sang their war songs, while certain chiefs went in front of the King to clear the road and point out any dirt or inequalities of ground before the feet royal. The sight was imposing, and impressed Mr. Wilmot with the power of the King amongst his people. He seemed much feared as well as much beloved. Indeed, he appears to have produced no small effect on the Commodore himself, who describes him as a very fine-looking man, upwards of six feet high, broad-shouldered, and with a pleasant countenance when he likes. His eyes are blood-shot. He is a great smoker, but does not indulge much in the bottle. His skin is much lighter than that of most of his people, resembling the copper colour of the American Indians. He is very active, and fond of dancing and singing, which he practises in public during the "customs." He is an admirer of the fair sex, of whom he possesses as many as he likes. He is about forty-

three years old. Before leaving the palace, the King saluted the Queen with twenty-one guns, from pieces of all sizes, the largest being a 3-pounder. These guns are, usually, carried on men's heads, and occasionally placed on the ground and fired off. The King also saluted his visitors with nine guns. The number of guns fired was shown by a corresponding number of musket-balls produced in an iron pot.

On arriving at their quarters after this day's ceremony, the Prince, who had accompanied them from Whydah, asked for a present for the soldiers and Amazons. He said he hoped they would not make him ashamed before his people, as he had brought the party up, and was ordered to attend upon them. Mr. Wilmot immediately acquiesced, and made them a handsome present, which was thankfully acknowledged. Whenever strangers meet, they either drink with each other on their first arrival, or when they are about to depart. Of course, our countrymen had always to submit to this, which caused a great drain upon their resources. Next day the King's jesters danced before them. One of the Amazons, in firing, had injured her hand very much by the bursting of the musket, and a messenger arrived from the King with a request that the doctor might be allowed to attend her. This was granted, and Dr. Haran saw her twice a day until the wound was healed and a perfect cure made. The wound was a very severe one, and Mr. Wilmot thinks it was fortunate for the Amazon that the skill of Dr. Haran was called in.

The Commodore has no small opinion of his own tact. He says:—"I have reason to believe that my line of conduct was rewarded by the whole country being laid open before us, and the whole people, King, chiefs, and all, being our friends. The greater part of what we saw I firmly believe was entirely got up for my sake, and certainly no white men ever saw what we did, or were treated with such marked consideration."

While at Cannah the King invited them on the afternoon of two days to witness the firing of his Amazons and soldiers with ball at a mark. They found him about two miles outside the town in a very large open space which had been cleared away, surrounded by his chiefs and people, to the number of several thousand, preparing to practise at a number of goats, which were tied to stakes driven in the ground at intervals of about fifteen yards, under a mud wall of considerable length, and about ten feet high. The King received them very cordially, and told the Prince to place them under his own umbrellas in a convenient place for seeing everything. The firing commenced, and the King's body guard of Amazons distinguished themselves as good shots. The King fired several times himself. The soldiers fired also exceedingly well, and taking into consideration the quality of the flint musket and the iron ball, which is jagged and fits loosely in the barrel, the display they made astonished the strangers. Several goats were killed, and on the second day four of those despatched were sent to Mr. Wilmot as a present. These had been selected by the Amazons as a particular present to the visitors, and until they were killed no other goat was fired at. The firing was very rapid, and the ladies' weapons were well handled. Some heads were cut off during the night, and this appears to be the practice whenever the King returns to his capital. Eight heads were in the doorway of the palace on the following morning, and more of these trophies were inside. Mr. Wilmot and his companions remained in Abomey five weeks, and daily witnessed scenes of a very extraordinary character, such as the dancing of the Amazons, their war-

like songs, the dancing and songs of the soldiers, the distribution of presents to the Princes, chiefs, captains, and head men of the troops, the "passing" of the King's drummers, of the captains of the Amazons, of the King's jesters, and of a variety of other people which appear before the King during the "customs."

Upon the last day but one of the "customs," late in the afternoon, a large body of soldiers, with their attendants carrying their camp equipage, made their appearance from a place about three days' journey in the interior, belonging to the King. These men had been sent to the assistance of a small town belonging to a chief on friendly terms with the King, who had been threatened by the Abbeokutans, and who had applied to Abomey for assistance. The King had granted the assistance required, and despatched two of his head warriors with about 600 men for this purpose. When these men arrived at the town, they found that the Abbeokutans, hearing of their approach, had run away, and hence their return to Abomey. As usual, on their return the King made them a long speech and gave them presents.

On the Saturday, six days after the English party's arrival at Abomey, the King saw them privately in his own palace, and they gave him the presents brought up for the occasion. He was attended by six of his Privy Council, his most trusted friends; also by five of his principal wives. He would only receive the presents from Mr. Wilmot's hands. He gave him first the picture of the Queen, saying that Her Majesty had sent this out to him as a mark of her friendship, and her wish to be on good terms with him. He took it in his hands and admired it very much. In this picture the Queen is represented in her coronation robes, with crown on her head and sceptre in her hand. The frame is very handsome, and the picture is a large one. After looking at it attentively, he asked many questions concerning the dress, and then said, "From henceforth the Queen of England and the King of Dahomey are one. The Queen is the greatest sovereign in Europe and I am King of the blacks. I will hold the head of the Kingdom of Dahomey, and you shall hold the tail." Mr. Wilmot then gave him a few small presents from himself, with which he was very much delighted and grasped him warmly by the hand. His council participated in these feelings, and said, "At last good friends have met." Then commenced the delivery of the message which the Commodore thought it his duty to lay before the King. The first subject was the Slave Trade, on which he argued apparently at great length. He then gave the King an admonition about human sacrifices, and the threatened occupation of Abbeokuta, winding up with the suggestion of an embassy, an extension of trade and missionary schools. The King listened attentively to the message, and made several remarks during its delivery. The usual ceremony of drinking was not forgotten, and he accompanied Mr. Wilmot through the gates of the palace far on the road to his quarters, amidst the cheers of the soldiers and people. They remained a month in Abomey after the delivery of this message, in consequence of the "customs" going on. Nothing could persuade the King to let them go until this was over, as he was most anxious that they should see everything and report it.

They saw the Royal treasures pass round in the interior of the palace, preceded by all the principal ministers, princes, and chiefs, in their Court costume. The captains of the Amazons passed round in the same way. The costume worn, the different colours displayed according to etiquette, the ornaments of silver round the necks, with an occasional skull at the waist-

belt of the Amazons, and the half-savage appearance of all, notwithstanding their good manners and modest behaviour, were peculiarly interesting. It was during the procession of the King's treasures, that the "human sacrifices" came round, after the cowries, cloths, tobacco and rum had passed, which were to be thrown to the people. A long string of live fowls on poles appeared, followed by goats in baskets, then by a bull, and lastly half-a-dozen men with hands and feet tied, and a cloth fastened in a peculiar way round the head.

A day or two after these processions, the King appeared on the first platform: there were four of these platforms, two large and two small. His father never had more than two, but he endeavours to excel him in everything, and to do as much again as he did. If his father gave one sheep as a present, he gives two. The sides of all these platforms were covered with crimson and other coloured cloths, with curious devices, and figures of alligators, elephants and snakes; the large ones are in the form of a square, with a neat building of considerable size, also covered over, running along the whole extent of one side. The ascent was by a rough ladder covered over, and the platform itself was neatly floored with dried grass, and perfectly level. Dispersed all over this were chiefs under the King's umbrellas, sitting down, and at the further end from the entrance the King stood surrounded by a chosen few of his Amazons. In the centre of this side of the platform was a round tower, about thirty feet high, covered with cloths, bearing similar devices as the other parts. This is a new idea of the King's, and from the top of this tower the victims are thrown to the people below. When the King is ready, he commences by throwing cowries to the people in bundles, as well as separately. The scramble begins, and the noise occasioned by the men fighting to catch these is very great. Thousands are assembled with nothing on but a waist-clout, and a small bag for the cowries. Sometimes they fight by companies, one company against the other, according to the King's fancy; and the leaders are mounted on the shoulders of their people. After the cowries, cloths are thrown, occasioning the greatest excitement. While this lasts, the King gives them to understand that if any man is killed, nothing will be done to the man who is the cause of it, as all is supposed to be fair fighting with hands, no weapons being allowed. Then the chiefs are called, and cowries and cloths are given to them. The King begins by throwing away everything himself; then his Amazons take it up for a short time, when the King renews the game, and finishes the sport, changing his position from one place to another along the front part of the platform. When all that the King intends throwing away for the day is expended, a short pause ensues, and, by and by, are seen inside the platform the poles with live fowls (all cocks) at the end of them, in procession towards the round tower. Three men mount to the top, and receive, one by one, all these poles, which are precipitated on the people beneath. A large hole has been prepared, and a rough block of wood ready, upon which the necks of the victims are laid, and their heads chopped off, the blood from the body being allowed to fall into the hole. After the fowls came the goats, then the bull, and, lastly, the men, who are tumbled down in the same way. All the blood is mixed together in the hole, and remains exposed with the block till night. The bodies of the men are dragged along by the feet, and maltreated on the way, by being beaten with sticks, hands in some cases cut off, and large pieces cut out of their bodies,

which are held up. They are then taken to a deep pit and thrown in. The heads alone are preserved by being boiled, so that the skull may be seen in a state of great perfection. The heads of the human victims killed are first placed in baskets and exposed for a short time. This was carried on for two days. Mr. Wilmot would not witness the slaying of these men on the first day, as he was very close to them, and did not think it right to sanction by his presence such sacrifices. He therefore got up and went into a tent, and when all was over returned to his seat. One of the victims was saved:—

"While sitting in the tent a messenger arrived, saying, 'The King calls you.' I went and stood under the platform where he was. Tens of thousands of people were assembled; not a word, not a whisper was heard. I saw one of the victims ready for slaughter on the platform, held by a narrow strip of white cloth under his arms. His face was expressive of the deepest alarm, and much of its blackness had disappeared; there was a whiteness about it most extraordinary. The King said, 'You have come here as my friend, have witnessed all my customs, and shared goodnaturedly in the distribution of my cowries and cloths; I love you as my friend, and you have shown that an Englishman, like you, can bear patience, and have sympathy with the black man. I now give you your share of the victims, and present you with this man, who from henceforth belongs to you, to do as you like with him, to educate him, take him to England, or anything else you choose.' The poor fellow was then lowered down, and the white band placed in my hands. The expression of joy in his countenance cannot be described: it said, 'The bitterness of death, and such a death, is passed, and I cannot comprehend my position.' Not a sound escaped from his lips, but the eye told what the heart felt, and even the King himself participated in his joy. The chiefs and people cheered me as I passed through them with the late intended victim behind me."

The "customs" were concluded by a day of firing, when all the soldiers, under their different leaders, marched past the King in review order. The King danced with his Amazons, and invited the visitors to join. While the "customs" last the King does not transact any public business.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 16th of January, the King asked the Commodore to review his Life Guardsmen and women, and he then made him Colonel over the whole of them, about one thousand strong each—an honour for which the new Colonel had to pay dearly, according to the custom of the country. Speeches were made by the Captains, who were introduced separately, the whole tenor of which was what they would do at Abbeokuta, and the number of heads that would fall to Mr. Wilmot's share. The following day, Saturday the 17th, the King saw them in private, as before, and gave his answer to the message. He commenced by saying how glad he was that a messenger had been sent who by his patience and forbearance had shown himself a friend to the black man. He then entered into a long history of his country in the time of his ancestors, and stated how anxious his father was to be friends with the English. He said that for many years past (he did not know why) the English seemed to be hostile to him, and endeavoured to make all nations in Africa fight against him. He said that the Slave Trade had been carried on in his country for centuries, and that it was his great means of living and paying his people. He did not send slaves away in his own ships, but "white men" came to him for them, and was there any harm in his selling? We ought to prevent the "white men" from coming to him; if they did not come he would not sell. We had seen what a great deal he had to give away every year to his people who were dependent on

him; and that this could not be done by selling palm oil alone. If people came for palm oil he would sell it to them; but he could not carry on his government upon trade alone. If he gave up the Slave Trade, where was he to get money from? It was not his fault that he sold slaves, but those who made his fathers do it, and hence it became an institution of his country. He said, "I cannot stop it all at once: what will my people do? And besides this, I should be in danger of losing my life." Being asked how much money he would take to give it up, he replied, "No money will induce me to do so; I am not like the Kings of Lagos, Porto Novo and Benin. There are only two Kings in Africa, Ashantee and Dahomey; I am the King of all the blacks. Nothing will recompense me for the Slave Trade." He said there were plenty of blacks to sell, and plenty to remain; and that the price of a slave was 80 dollars, with 4 dollars custom on each. On most occasions he is paid before the slaves are taken away, but sometimes he risks the payment, and then he suffers by the capture of the slave-ship. He said, "I must go to Abbeokuta: we are enemies; they insulted my brother, and I must punish them. Let us alone; Why interfere in black man's wars? We do not want 'white men' to fight against us; let every one go out of Abbeokuta, and see who will win. Let the 'white man' stand by and see which are the brave men!" He spoke strongly of Porto Novo, and said, "If my friends the English had sent to me, I would have broke Porto Novo for them." He promised faithfully to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah, and that his General should have strict orders to that effect. When asked about the Christians at Ishagga, he said, "Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes: it is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man, but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know that I am coming? If they do so, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies. If a musket-ball touches the white man at Abbeokuta, am I to blame if they will not go away when they know I am coming?" Mr. Wilmot reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought "his observations so thoroughly just and honest." The next subject was the "human sacrifices." He said, "You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. These institutions cannot be stopped in the way you propose. By and by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly, not by threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way: by and by, by and by." As to the Embassy, he said he would send a Prince to England, if Mr. Wilmot came again and gave him the Queen's answer to what he had stated. With regard to the schools at Whydah, the King said, "Any of the mulattoes may send their children."

After the interview, which lasted some time, the King made several presents: namely, for the Queen a large umbrella, made of different coloured velvets, with the devices emblematic of their customs; a large carved stool, which no one but kings are allowed to possess; a pipe-stick and bag; a bag made from the leather of the country, with a lion worked upon it; a very handsome country cloth, and a long stick ornamented with silver, which can only be carried by the king; also two girls, one about twelve, the other sixteen, very pretty and intelligent. These last were left by the Commo-

dore at Whydah, in charge of the coloured missionary's wife there, until the wishes of Her Majesty on the subject can be ascertained. The girls were taken at Ishagga, and seemed to be very interesting.

They found the population very scanty. After they had left Whydah, every soldier in the place went on to Abomey to swell the numbers there. There was not a man to be seen on their return, none but women and children. On the whole, there are far more women than men, probably three to one, which may be the reason why the Kings of Dahomey, who are always at war, are obliged to raise and keep up the Amazons, or "women soldiers," to the extent that they do.

The Amazons are everything in this country. The King lives with them and amongst them; they are only to be found in the royal palaces. When they go out to fetch water, which is every day and nearly all day, the one in the front (for all follow in single line) has a bell round her neck much like a sheep-bell in England, which she strikes whenever any person is seen approaching. Immediately the men run away in all directions, and clear the road by which the Amazons are coming. They then wait till all have passed. The reason for this is, that if an accident were to happen to any one of these women, either by her falling down and breaking the water-jar on her head, or if the water-jar fell off her head, the unfortunate man who happened to be near at the time would be immediately seized, and either imprisoned for life or have his head taken off, as it would be supposed that he was the cause of the accident. No wonder, then, that they get out of the way as quickly as possible. The Commodore and his friends were always obliged to follow this custom, but women are not expected to avoid them in this manner. All day long the sound of this bell is heard, and people are seen flying away. The Amazons seemed to enjoy it, and laughed heartily when the men stepped aside to avoid them.

Whatever may be the object in thus keeping up such a large body of "women soldiers," there is no doubt that they are the mainstay of the kingdom. Mr. Wilmot put down the number at 5,000; and besides these there are numerous women to attend upon them as servants. He saw 4,000 under arms at Abomey, and there are more in other parts of the kingdom residing in the royal palaces. He thinks they are far superior to the men in everything—in appearance, in dress, in figure, in activity, in their performances as soldiers, and in bravery. Their numbers are kept up by young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age being attached to each company, who learn their duties from them; they dance with them, sing with them, and live with them, but do not go to war with them until they have arrived at a certain age, and can handle a musket. These women seem to be fully aware of the authority they possess, which is seen in their bold and free manner, as well as by a certain swagger in their walk. Most of them are young, well-looking, and have not that ferocity in their expression of countenance which might be expected from their peculiar vocation.

This Report on Dahomey is one of the most curious bits of reading produced during the London season.

Taste versus Fashionable Colours: a Manual for Ladies, on Colour in Dress. By W. and G. Audsley. (Longman & Co.)

LADIES owe thanks to the Messrs. Audsley, who are already known as the producers of several handy-books on Decorative Art, for having spared them the labour of mastering the theories and illustrations of M. Chevreul

and others who have written on the theme in hand in a general and scientific manner.

When a gentle reader has made up her mind that she is a Fair or a Ruddy Blonde, a Pale or a Florid Brunette, all she has to do with this book is to turn to the sections of advice it contains, and be informed as to what colours are properly applicable to her condition. That a lady should treat herself as a work of Art, and dress with skill is surely desirable. To invoke intelligence to the toilette and give something of science to the labour of those hours, which men believe to be spent before the mirror in endless experiments and the exercise of a mere empiricism, would go far, to one portion of the female sex at least, to induce cultivation of a subject that is really of grave importance. "Taste" is the title given to those glimmerings of science, sometimes instructive, but never deep, which distinguish able milliners from their dull compeers. How they obtain even these lights has been for ages a mystery to artists; let it suffice that they do attain true knowledge of certain rules, of an empirical kind, which generally save these persons from committing egregious blunders, and not unfrequently aid in producing those elegant effects in costume which are recognized by the cultivated eye on the instant, and are, even by the male sex, gratefully enjoyed. The object of the work before us is rather the extension of these empirical rules, by adding to the number of maxims at a lady's command, than to effect that which we think more important and of great service as a branch of education,—i. e., the inculcation of scientific knowledge of the laws of beauty in colour. The deeper-seated laws of form, which determine what is beautiful in line and shape, are beside the view of the subject taken by the Messrs. Audsley; therefore, they are not to be blamed for silence on that subtle branch of Art.

Upon form depend not only the arrangement of masses of drapery about the wearer's person, the height, projection and curve of her bonnet's edge, the balance of her shawl's gatherings about the shoulders, bust and hips, length of the shawl itself, and, under present domination, the relative expanse of crinoline, or even its entire absence,—but the cunning adjustment, or perhaps we should say *choice*, of pattern appropriate to the natural proportions and "shape" of the subject to be arrayed. How many are the blunders, how few the successes of the *modistes* in this matter of form, let every man's memory attest who has seen the results of their ignorance on pretty heads in the shape of hats—the most beautiful as well as the most useful of head-dresses: the round hat where an oval one should be, the high one in a low one's place, or, worst of all, in those ugly constructions that rise high like a cocked-hat above the ear, droop in deep peaks at the back and front, show a flat crown and roll their brims in a badly-designed fold on each side. No creature with a grain of "taste" would have invented the monstrosity in question, which lacks the essential of a cocked-hat in omitting its high-vaulting curve at the apex. Again, as to form; let us say, on the matter of the choice of patterns, that although in stripes are the most admirable dispositions of masses of colour—so we pointed out a few weeks since (*Athen.* No. 1855),—it is not given to every one to wear stripes with success. A knowledge of form alone will decide whether these or other patterns are fittest to given cases.

Upon this knowledge would depend the wearer's adherence to and practice of certain customs long since most earnestly and even pathetically condemned by physicians, ridi-

culed by artists, and abhorred by men. Under this head are the painful attempts of milliners and their victims to destroy the natural shape of the body by ligatures of any kind, whether under the name of corsets, belts, or the often-disowned "stays," which last are now only supposed to be worn in the kitchen. The use of high-heeled boots, no less than the marvellous endurance of pain from tight boots, by whatever names they may be known, attests the popular ignorance of form and contempt of nature when they invariably cause a rolling, feeble gait instead of the light poise of natural motion. The arrangement of the hair—woman's truest ornament, and rightly her peculiar pride—depends no less upon a feeling for, if not a knowledge of, form. How ludicrous are the errors of ignorance or thoughtlessness in this direction! The idle instinct of imitation rules in this matter more strongly than in any other. Women, until quite recently, adopted the method of *coiffure* proper to the Empress Eugénie without the slightest heed of nature's intentions in moulding their faces. The height of the wearer, no less than the size of her head and its shape—as to the angle of the forehead and form of nose and jaw—should determine the *coiffure*.

We commend to the student of the art of dress attention to a subject which Messrs. Audsley leave untouched. This is the *chiaroscuro* of the art; its study aims at a knowledge of the effects of textures upon tints of fabrics, and is of importance in the adaptation of materials to costume. For instance, white is not always white. The white of muslin or tulle is grey compared with that of lawn, as lawn is grey in relation to linen, silk, satin or velvet. The effects of lace also might be treated with significant force, although the use of that fabric, to our minds, should be considered as analogous to that of jewelry, apart from colour. Apart from colour, or in unison with it, the scientific disposition of fabrics, varying in tint as they vary in substance and texture, should be entered on with heed and forethought.

The distinctions of tone, to be cunningly studied in costume, are hardly less important than those indicated as existing in the other sections of the art of dress, above named. To know what part of the dress—taking the wearer as a "composition," in the painter's sense of the phrase—should be emphasized or brought out by local colour, or even the addition of jewelry, is not the true work of the lady's-maid, or the *modiste*, but of the lady herself.

The third part of Messrs. Audsley's book, on 'The Expression of Colour,' is written with a higher aim and in a more complete manner than the sections that precede it. Although a little sentimental in feeling, there is much that is worthy of attention in the author's remarks upon the fit times and places for adoption of certain styles of costume. The art of dress is a noble art, worthy of deeper attention than has been given to it. Why does not the Art Department employ some able lecturer to demonstrate what is right and what is wrong in its modern practice? The subject would fill the benches of the theatre at South Kensington.

Lectures on the History of England. By William Longman. Vol. I. (Lectures I.—V.) *From the Earliest Times to the Death of Edward II.* With Maps and Illustrations. (Longman & Co.)

THE matter contained in this volume has been already partly and favourably known to the public as a series of Lectures, delivered by Mr. Longman to the labouring population of a rural district in the county of Hertford. We can

think of no better service to the labouring classes of our community than to give them that sort of information on the history of their country which a gentleman well acquainted with the subject may do in a series of popular lectures,—and every body must have welcomed the example set by Mr. Longman, in the village of Chorleywood, when he made English history his subject. Mr. William Longman's zeal not only carried him in a right direction, but led him to perform his task in a most satisfactory manner. He has been successful in adapting his style to the capacity of his hearers, to whom it was requisite to tell the main truths of history at no great length and in very plain language. The manner in which English history is here treated is indeed well suited to the purpose of such lectures, and the auditors must have gone away from them improved in mind and enlarged in understanding; but it may, perhaps, be doubted whether such a style is equally well adapted to a handsome volume in 8vo. In writing in this manner for a very imperfectly educated audience, we are apt to forget the precision of language which history requires. Thus in talking of Queen Boadicea, Mr. Longman says:—

"Notwithstanding all their success, the Romans were very far from having conquered the country, and the Britons were not disposed to allow them to remain quiet; they therefore took the field, under the command of Queen Boadicea. A great battle was fought, near where St. Albans now stands; the Britons were defeated, and Queen Boadicea killed herself in despair. But the Britons had other enemies besides the Romans. They were frequently attacked by the inhabitants of Scotland, called Picts and Scots, and to defend themselves from these internal foes, they were glad to avail themselves of the help of the Romans. To protect themselves and the Britons against these enemies, the Romans built two great walls, defended with many forts or castles, &c."

A careless reader might go from the perusal of this passage with the impression that the conquest of Britain by the Romans had been facilitated by the attacks of the Picts and Scots on the native population; whereas the Picts and Scots belong to a much later period of the Roman history. It was not, of course, the author's intention that such a construction should be put upon it, any more than he intends, in the following passage (p. 54), to say that Geoffrey Plantagenet was a King of England, who reigned three hundred years:—

"I must tell you the name of the husband of Matilda, who fought for the crown with Stephen, as he was the founder of a long line of English kings. It was Geoffrey Plantagenet, the ancestor of the Plantagenet race, who sat on the throne of England for three hundred years."

Defects, even of this slight kind, are few, and in no great degree detract from the merit of Mr. Longman's attempt to make the labouring classes of England better acquainted with the history of their country. These two quotations, moreover, are taken from the first, and, as he states himself, the least finished of his Lectures. Five lectures compose the first volume, of which the first takes the whole range of English history previous to the death of King John. Under these circumstances, the subject is necessarily treated with brevity. This lecture, too, embraces the periods on which modern research and discoveries have thrown more new light than on any others, and yet they present innumerable questions which are still obscure, and on which there exists much difference of opinion. Nevertheless, we have here an account sufficiently clear to be understood by the class of hearers to whom the lecture was addressed, of the influence of the Roman dominion in the formation of society in our island, of the character which that society

subsequently assumed, of the effects of the government and acts of the great Alfred, and of the influence of the Danish invasions. The history of the great ecclesiastical revolution of the tenth century, in which men like Dunstan appeared on the stage, and which contributed so much to the course of subsequent events, is passed over in silence—one of the consequences of condensing. The subsequent lectures do not labour under this defect, but offer sufficient summaries of English history for a class of readers considerably above the ordinary level of an agricultural population.

The second lecture forms a sort of intermediate chapter, interrupting the course of historical events, in order to explain the origin and development of the laws and government of England, and the forms and spirit in which they were administered, the knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to enable us to understand history itself; and it is desirable no doubt that this knowledge should be placed within the reach of all classes of society, and no less of the labouring classes than of the others; for, even if it produced no other profit, it would at least leave them more capable of appreciating the advantages they enjoy under the present state of things by comparing with it the condition of their forefathers. In this lecture we think that Mr. Longman has executed his task as well as it could be expected to be done within so limited a space, and that he has placed within the comprehension even of the lowest class of readers a series of important facts with which they have hitherto had hardly any acquaintance. Thus he explains the origin of property in land, the various forms of tenure it went through, and the rise and development of the feudal system. Feudalism never existed in this country with the same force as on the continent of Europe; but it influenced all English life from the arrival of the Normans, in the eleventh century, at least till the beginning of the sixteenth, and its forms, if not its spirit, may still be traced. There are also many of our national institutions older than feudalism, or which have sprung up independently of it, and with the history of which it is desirable that all Englishmen should be made acquainted. Mr. Longman, therefore, did a good service when he conveyed this knowledge, briefly yet plainly and in sufficient detail, first to his audience of Hertfordshire agriculturists, and afterwards to the readers of his book, explaining to them the ancient division of society into classes, and the particular condition of each class, and pointing out to them how a very large portion of their ancestors, the whole class in fact to which they would have belonged, was held in the Middle Ages in the most degrading slavery. It must interest all those to whom these Lectures are addressed to be informed, in a similar popular style, of the origin and history of the laws under which they live, of our national parliament, and of the different courts of justice by which those laws are enforced. It need hardly be remarked, that our legal and constitutional antiquities present many obscure questions, in the solution of which antiquaries themselves disagree; and we are not sure that we should always adopt the view taken by our zealous lecturer. But these are generally matters of secondary interest to ordinary readers, and are here only slightly touched upon, if introduced at all. For instance, we are not inclined fully to indorse his views of the origin of feudalism; but on the more substantial questions of its form and character, and of its influence on mediæval society, there can hardly be a difference of opinion, and that opinion is very well explained by Mr. Longman. We are inclined, too, to think that the pictorial illustrations are

not always well chosen—there is one at least, in the lecture of which we are speaking, in which William the Conqueror and his barons are represented in the armour of the fifteenth century, with large rowel-spurs on their heels, and which we could wish omitted, for it only tends to give confused and erroneous notions where accuracy and truth are always desirable. The rowel-spur was not in use till the fourteenth century.

In the three other lectures in this volume the history of Henry the Third and the first and second Edward is taken, reign by reign, each reign furnishing the subject of a lecture; but we need hardly speak of them further than in general terms. We need no better proof of the difference of treatment of the subject in the first lecture and in those that follow than the fact that, in the former, the reign of King John occupies five pages, while that of Henry the Third, made the subject of an entire lecture, extends through ninety-two pages. From this time English history takes its due development in Mr. Longman's hands, and he has treated it, in regard to itself and to the especial audience to which he addressed himself, with judgment and success. The picture he gives of Henry's weaknesses and tyranny, the great struggle between English independence and the usurpations of foreigners, the baronial war, and the conduct and fate of Simon de Montfort, and the final influence of this war on English society and the English constitution, is fair and truthful, and just such as we could wish to be placed before Englishmen in general. The reigns of Edward the First, justly regarded by Mr. Longman as the greatest of our Plantagenet monarchs, and of his weak and unfortunate son, are equally well handled. We wish that gentlemen in other parts of the country were moved by the same zeal, and enabled by the same knowledge, to instruct in the truths of English history their less highly-educated neighbours.

Recollections and Anecdotes: being a Second Series of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court and the Clubs. By Capt. R. H. Gronow. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The proverb which condemns all sequels and continuations as so much labour wasted will find a new illustration in the Second Series of Capt. Gronow's 'Recollections and Anecdotes.' The 'Reminiscences' were lively enough to amuse an idle hour—a rainy morning at the sea-side, or the interval between the ride and the dressing-bell at a country house. The old Guardsman had fought at Waterloo—had staked his napoleons at Parisian tables—had haunted clubs, hells and *coulisses*—had chatted with eminent men and dined with literary lions; in fact, he had seen the world and had some stories to tell of it. When he had told his little anecdotes he should have put the pen down for ever. The spirit of the wine evaporated when the cork was drawn; and what is now produced from the bottle has the flatness of yesterday's champagne. In the whole 232 pages we have only marked three or four little anecdotes as either new or good; and the reader may judge the quality of the volume by these, its finest specimens:—

"*Captain Curzon.*—Among the many episodes of a battle field, there are none so touching as the last moments of a brave soldier. Capt. Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, was on the staff, and received a mortal wound towards the end of the battle, and lay bleeding to death by the side of his favourite charger, one of whose legs had been shattered by a cannon ball. As Lord March was passing by, Curzon had just strength to call to him, 'Get me help, my dear March, for I fear it is all over with me.' Lord March hastened to look for a surgeon,

and found one belonging to the first battalion of our regiment, who went to the poor fellow's assistance; but, alas! life was extinct before the doctor arrived. The doctor, in relating this event to us afterwards, said, 'I found poor Curzon dead, leaning his head upon the neck of his favourite horse, who seemed to be aware of the death of his master, so quiet did it remain, as if afraid to disturb his last sleep. As I approached, it neighed feebly, and looked at me as if it wanted relief from the pain of its shattered limb, so I told a soldier to shoot it through the head to put it out of its pain. The horse as well as its master were both old acquaintances of mine, and I was quite upset by the sight of them lying dead together.' This tribute of sympathy and feeling was the more remarkable as coming from the doctor, who was one of the hardest and roughest diamonds I ever remember to have known; but on this occasion something moved him, and he had tears in his eyes as he related the incident."

"*The Duke's Razors.*—My friend, George Smythe, the late Lord Strangford, once told me that, staying at Walmer Castle with the Duke of Wellington, the Duke informed him, one morning at breakfast, that he was obliged to go up to London immediately, as all his razors required setting, but he would be back to dinner. Lord Strangford very naturally offered to lend the Duke his razors, which, luckily for the Duke, he did not accept; for Lord S., who was somewhat careless about his personal appearance, shaved with razors something like miniature saws, which made one shudder to look at. Lord S. then offered to take the razors to Dover, but the Duke replied—'The man who always sharpens my razors has sharpened them for many years: I would not trust them with any one else. He lives in Jermyn Street, and there they must go. So you see, Strangford, every man has a weak point, and my weak point is about the sharpening of my razors. Perhaps you are not aware that I shave myself, and brush my own clothes: I regret that I cannot clean my own boots; for men-servants bore me, and the presence of a crowd of idle fellows annoys me more than I can tell you.'"

"*Eugène Sue.*—Eugène Sue was the very reverse of Balzac, both in appearance and manner. Nothing could have been more correct and scrupulously neat than his dress, which was rather dandified, but in good taste, according to the notions of twenty or thirty years ago. He wore always a very broad-brimmed hat, of glossy newness, and remarkably tight, light-coloured trousers: which, by-the-by, were not particularly becoming to a man built in a stout mould; but a Frenchman who cannot diminish the rotundity of his abdomen, generally revenges himself upon his legs, which he circumscribes in the smallest possible compass, giving himself very much the appearance of what we Englishmen are taught to believe to be his national characteristic and prototype—a frog. * * He was remarkable for the beauty of his horses; his cab was one of the best-appointed in Paris; his house in the Rue de la Pépinière (now an asylum) was a perfect 'bonbonnière,' and his dinners were renowned for their excellence. He was supposed (and to my knowledge with considerable reason) to lead a very Sardanapalian life. Strange stories are told of his castle in Sologne, where he was waited on by a number of beautiful women, of all countries, and of all shades of colour."

Grave readers would not thank us for quoting more of this very small talk. Idle gossips may find more of it in Capt. Gronow's book.

A Tour in Tartan-Land. By Cuthbert Bede. (Bentley.)

It is unfortunate for the author, who adopts as his *nom de plume* the names of two historical ecclesiastics, that he started as a funny writer, for his early habit clings to him and mars endeavours that are, doubtless, meant as improvements upon his first appearances in print. A number of small jokes scattered through the present volume lead us to believe that the habit has become chronic; that Mr. Cuthbert Bede must try to be funny at all events,—mistaking, apparently, the reader's smile of pity for

one of sympathy. He remarks, for example, after giving up his intention of lodging at the *George Hotel*, in Glasgow, in favour of the *Queen's*, on the persuasion of a porter, "that the porter's recommendation had proceeded from very satisfactory premises, and had conducted him to premises equally satisfactory". Edinburgh should have a temple to Æolus, because "it is not only the city of the Wynds but of the Winds also"; a stiff sou'-wester blowing in the same city is described as "Boreas"; the Tweed, at Melrose, "murmurs musically on its way," or, as we are informed in a note, "if it does not, it ought to do, for the water at Melrose now belongs to the Messrs. Broadwood of pianoforte renown"; and speaking of the extensive view commanded by the summit of the Eildons (which, by the way, he did not take the trouble to see for himself) Mr. Bede tells us it is plainly stated in *black and white*, that is, in Black's 'Picturesque Tourist' and Mr. Walter White's 'Northumberland and the Border.'

If, from these specimens, the reader should infer the general character of the book, he will come to a safe conclusion. The 'Tour in Tartan-land' occupies more than four hundred pages, descriptive, historical and critical, fortified by quotations from Scott and Tytler, Robert Chambers and Wordsworth, N. P. Willis and Mrs. Stowe; and the Tartan-land thus treated of includes those well-known haunts of tourists, Edinburgh and Roslin, Glasgow and Greenock, Loch Lomond and the Trosachs, and Melrose and Abbotsford. Territory so familiar demands special qualifications on the part of the traveller who undertakes to describe it or to print the impressions it has made on his mind. These qualifications, if possessed, are not exhibited by the author in the present volume, for many of his details are trivial and threadbare.

Then we must protest against being told the same thing two or three times over. "This same carriage will run all the way from King's Cross to Glasgow," exclaims Mr. Bede on starting. "In eleven and a half hours you will have travelled 400 miles," he says, on passing through Edinburgh; and, in the next page, on his arrival at Glasgow, we find, "in the last thirteen hours and a half we have travelled nearly 450 miles, without so much as a change of carriage or the slightest anxiety respecting luggage, for here it all is, in the very same luggage-van that brought it from King's Cross this morning." And was there any need to tell the reader four times in two pages, directly and indirectly, that the rock of Dumbarton is better seen from the railway than from a steamboat on the river?

Six chapters of the book are given to Glasgow, with comments on art and architecture as exemplified by the sculptures and buildings of that busy city. The statement that the Broomie-law Bridge, being wider than London Bridge, is the "widest in the world," was, we should think, written before the present Westminster Bridge was built. Mr. Bede recommends the erection of a statue to a Glasgow worthy named Flakefield, whose claims to notice are thus stated:—

"His proper name was Wilson, but when he and his father and brother settled in Glasgow, towards the close of the seventeenth century, William was commonly called Flakefield (from the place where he had lived, in the parish of East Kilbride), in order to distinguish him from his brother. He joined the Scottish Guards, and went to the continent, where the object that most fascinated him was a German handkerchief, woven in blue and white chequers. He had been brought up as a weaver, and he could appreciate its excellence. He determined to weave one like it—if he could—when the time and opportunity offered. They came in the year 1700, when he had returned to Glasgow,

and changed his sword for a shuttle. He had brought with him his cherished chequered handkerchief, and after overcoming many obstacles, succeeded in making one like it. Soon he had a dozen ready for sale. They were the first of the kind ever woven in Great Britain. They were at once successful; looms rapidly increased; and in a few years, Glasgow had become famous for this new branch of the linen-trade. It proved most lucrative to everyone but its inventor and introducer, who died in poverty, occupying the position of town drummer. Such, briefly, is the history of one of the benefactors of the city. The question is, shall William Flakefield have a statue? Glasgow is liberal of statues to her worthiest sons. Let her remember with honour this too-long forgotten weaver; but when she raises a monument to his memory, let not one of the bas-reliefs that may possibly ornament the pedestal of the statue represent William Flakefield in his decadence as the town drummer."

For squalor, vice and drunkenness, Glasgow appears to maintain its pre-eminence among the cities of the empire. "The filthy hotbed for their rapid development," writes Cuthbert Bede, "is a singular combination of St. Giles's, Rag Fair, Billingsgate, Monmouth Street, and the Seven Dials, with bad additions peculiar to the locality." The pages in which the author describes these localities are among the best in the book.

The western end of Loch Katrine, if deficient in the picturesque, has a compensation in the mechanical, which to some tourists is more than an equivalent:—

"This is the entrance to the tunnel of the Glasgow Waterworks, a tunnel 8 feet in diameter, 2,325 yards in length, and 600 feet below the summit of the mountain under which it passes, and the first of a series of seventy distinct tunnels, having an aggregate of thirteen miles, which assist in conveying the water of Loch Katrine, by an aqueduct thirty-four miles long, to the city of Glasgow. This is one of the most gigantic engineering works of modern times, and surpasses the greatest of the nine famous aqueducts which fed the city of Rome. It has also the special peculiarity of being a tunnel for nearly half its length. To cross the rugged district of thirty-four miles that intervenes between Loch Katrine and Glasgow, difficulties of no ordinary nature had to be overcome. Successive ridges of obdurate rock, separated by deep wild glens and mountain torrents, had to be traversed. The hard schistose groups, the old red sandstone, and the compact clay slate which constitute the geological character of the Highland mountains were bored, blasted, and perforated to form a subterranean passage to the stream which was destined to cool the parched throat of the great city. The very blasting materials cost, on the average, about 2,000*l.* a mile; the expense of the works was something near 800,000*l.*, and the entire expense (with compensation for land, &c.) 1,500,000*l.* Loch Katrine was selected as the fountain head, not only from the well-known purity of its water, but also from its elevation (360 feet above the sea), and from its being fed by a large amount of annual rainfall. The purity of its water is so great that Glasgow is probably supplied with a nearer approach to distilled water than any other city in Great Britain."

There was talk a few years ago of bringing the water of the Lake of Bala to London in a similar way. Will the feat ever be accomplished?

Eleven chapters are devoted to Edinburgh, Roslin and Hawthornden. Mr. Bede tried to discover a Christie Johnstone among the New-haven fishwives, but was unsuccessful. He, however, did not fail to recognize the merits of Edinburgh, and leaves it to be inferred that he agrees with those who regard the northern metropolis as the handsomest city in Europe. Among the gossip on its archaeological features, we notice John Knox's denunciation of the

organ as "a kist fu' of whistles," which we have an impression of having seen before.

The chief defect of the book is its want of local colour. Change the names of the places, and it would do as well for any other country as for Tartan-land. And yet what a series of real Scottish pictures and what touches of Scottish character might an observant tourist have discovered in that region!—a region which comprehends scenery fraught with the highest beauty and the most interesting associations, and with peculiar achievements of industry. We, who have walked all through that country, and across the district of the great lochs to the western sea, and noted the earnest character of the people, their ways of living, and their industrial and moral resources, as well as the land which they cultivate and inhabit, hoped for a revival of our impressions by perusal of Mr. Bede's book, but to our regret, we have been disappointed.

The New Testament for English Readers: containing the Authorized Version, with Marginal Corrections of Readings and Renderings; Marginal References; and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Vol. I. Part I.—The Three First Gospels. (Livingtons.)

THIS work is not meant to be a popular edition of the New Testament. It is adapted to the use of persons who have had some cultivation of mind, such as the majority of the mercantile classes and Christian women in the middle-ranks of life. The notes are chiefly an abridgment and modification of those in the author's edition of the Greek Testament. They are not very numerous, though sometimes lengthened out on obscure passages. The Dean's continued studies in the Greek Testament have familiarized him with the contents of that volume; and nothing else could be expected from his pen than a commentary replete with evidences of good sense, judgment and ability. His general competence for the task might be assumed; and the notes justify the assumption, being pertinent, useful and properly exegetical, well suited to the comprehension of intelligent readers. We have perused many of them with conscious approval. Yet we disagree with the author's opinions in not a few places. The Dean has availed himself of the labours of German scholars, without fear of being tainted with their supposed dangerous notions. Had not De Wette and Meyer written commentaries, the English theologian could not have produced his Testament in its present state. From these "rationalistic" sources, as he would call them, he has drawn very freely, as well as from the more "evangelical" works of Olshausen and Stier.

In turning to the difficult places of the three Gospels to examine the notes upon them we have been disappointed. They are not cleared up to the satisfaction of thinkers, however much they may satisfy readers who never penetrate below the surface. The author has no key to the right interpretation of many phenomena in the Gospels, nor does he appear to follow throughout a primary principle of interpretation, viz., that the words of Scripture have one sense only,—that single sense intended by the sacred writers themselves. Like many others, Dr. Alford puts a variety of senses into the same words of the Old Testament, and violates a fundamental rule which every sound exegete faithfully follows. It is plain also that the commentator is no Hebraist; and therefore quotations from the Old Testament, as well as allusions and references to it in the Gospels, are imperfectly or erroneously apprehended.

In these cases he should follow the great masters of Hebrew criticism, instead of leaning upon his own knowledge, which is superficial and often incorrect.

As long as the author holds to the Greek original of Matthew he will never explain aright many parts of that Gospel. Hence we are not surprised to find the twenty-fourth chapter badly interpreted.

It is painful to observe occasional manifestations of a dogmatical and intolerant spirit unworthy of an ecclesiastical dignitary, but, unhappily, not infrequent in the present day. Thus in a long note on "dæmoniacal possessions," he writes:—

"This remarkable narrative brings before us the whole question of DEMONIACAL POSSESSIONS in the Gospels, which I shall treat here once for all, and refer to this note hereafter. I would then remark in general (I. 1), that the Gospel narratives are distinctly pledged to the historic truth of these occurrences. Either they are true, or the Gospels are false. For they do not stand in the same, or a similar position, with the discrepancies in detail, so frequent between the Evangelists: but they form part of that general groundwork in which all agree. (2.) Nor can it be said that they represent the opinion of the time, and use words in accordance with it. This might have been difficult to answer, but that they not only give such expressions as *possessed with devils, demonized* (Mark v. 16; Luke viii. 36), and other like ones, but relate to us words spoken by the Lord Jesus, in which the personality and presence of the demons is distinctly implied. See especially Luke xi. 17-26. Now either our Lord spoke these words, or He did not. If He did not, then we must at once set aside the concurrent testimony of the Evangelists to a plain matter of fact; in other words, establish a principle which will overthrow equally every fact related in the Gospels."

Dogmatism like this on such a point will strike good critics with amazement. The whole note is laboured. In the same style is the following, though it is hardly so offensive:—

"The whole is undoubtedly an objective historical narrative, recording an actual conflict between our Redeemer and the Power of Evil."

Here is a worse specimen of intolerance thrust into a place with which it has no proper connexion:—

"I say this, because it is always in contempt and setting aside of the O. T. that rationalism has begun. First, its historical truth—then its theocratic dispensation and the types and prophecies connected with it, are swept away; so that Christ came to fulfil nothing, and becomes only a teacher or a martyr: and thus the way is paved for a similar rejection of the N. T.;—beginning with the narratives of the birth and infancy, as theocratic myths—advancing to the denial of His miracles—then attacking the truthfulness of His own sayings which are grounded on the O. T. as a revelation from God—and so finally leaving us nothing in the Scriptures but, as a German writer of this school has expressed it, 'a mythology not so attractive as that of Greece.' That this is the course which unbelief has run in Germany, should be a pregnant warning to the decriers of the O. T. among ourselves. It should be a maxim for every expositor and every student, that Scripture is a whole, and stands or falls together. That this is now beginning to be deeply felt in Germany, we have cheering testimonies in the later editions of their best commentators, and in the valuable work of Stier on the discourses of Our Lord. [Since however these words were first written, we have had lamentable proof in England, that their warnings were not unneeded. The course of unbelief which has issued in the publication of the volume entitled 'Essays and Reviews,' has been in character and progress, exactly that above described: and owing to the injudicious treatment which has multiplied tenfold the circulation of that otherwise contemptible work, its fallacies are now in the hands and mouths of thousands, who, from the low standard of intelligent Scriptural knowledge among us, will never

have the means of answering them. 1862. To this it may now be added, that even a Bishop of the Church of England has come before the world as a champion of that unbelief, in its first phase as described above. We may hope that his work, judging from the blunders already detected in the renderings of Hebrew words on which his arguments are founded, will soon be added to the catalogue of attacks by which the enemies of our holy faith have damaged nothing save their own reputation and influence. 1863.]"

Dr. Alford ought to know that first-rate critics, actuated by as strong love of truth as himself, explain the greater part of the first two chapters of Matthew's Gospel as unhistorical. They may be wrong in doing so; but he has no reason for asserting that they wish to undermine the foundations of Christianity. Perhaps he is not aware that the greatest master of dogmatic theology now living, Richard Rothe, holds the accounts of the infancy of Jesus in Matthew and Luke to be legendary.

The writer avows that he is a believer in what is called "plenary inspiration"; which serves to account for the air with which he takes the New Testament under his protection. He admits discrepancies in the Gospels—real discrepancies,—but believes that they arise from our imperfect acquaintance with all the details, and from the fragmentary character of the Gospels themselves. They would cease to exist had the inspired writers been led to write full accounts of all the sayings and doings of Jesus and his disciples.

With all the commentator's strivings after consistency, he has not observed it in every case. A free idea sometimes escapes from his pen: thus he says, that "the apostles regarded the coming of the Lord as near, and conceived the possibility of their living to behold it." In another place he speaks of "expressions which occur in the earlier of Paul's epistles, and seem to indicate expectation of His almost immediate coming, being gradually modified and replaced by others speaking in a very different strain." Hence the apostles believed and wrote differently at different times; while they "testified that which was true. The Spirit of Truth dwelt in them specially for this purpose." "The men were full of the Holy Ghost, the books are the pouring out of that fullness through the men, the conservation of the treasure in earthen vessels." Yet "the men full of the Holy Ghost" wrote at one time in the belief that they might live to see the second coming of the Lord; at another, expressions of this kind were replaced by others in a very different strain. So says the Dean. "The reader will find in my Commentary no sympathy whatever with the rationalistic school." "If I understand plenary inspiration rightly, I hold it to the utmost." Is it not opposed to these asseverations to affirm, that the apostles believed and wrote differently at different times about the coming of the Lord?

Dean Alford has yet much to learn respecting the criticism and meaning of the New Testament. Hence his tone should be different. It is unbecoming to speak of Meyer and others in the language he employs. Many of the notes in his volume are founded on a very imperfect acquaintance with the results of the highest criticism.

NEW NOVELS.

Respectable Sinners. By Mrs. Brotherton. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

'Respectable Sinners' is very clever; the title is a happy one,—the style is bright and lively,—and the characters, with one exception, are human beings. The exception is the hero, Edward Hartley, who is "two single gentlemen rolled into one"—morally, not personally, for

in person he is tall, straight and handsome, as a hero should be; but the Edward Hartley who begins the story is not and never could have become the Edward Hartley who ends it. A selfish, artful, lazy, unfeeling man, full of vanity and sentimentality, would have required a stronger influence than the mere sight of the fatal consequence of jealousy inspired by him in the heart of a worthy husband, to transform him into a faithful, hardworking friend and a loving husband to his own wife. This is how the mischief and the miracle both come about. Mrs. Ashton, a spoiled but loving little woman, is left a widow at the beginning of the story. Coming home from India with her only child, a little girl, Mrs. Ashton is still a beauty, and had been an heiress, till she chose to run away with her military lover and aggravate her papa, a remorseless Turk of the parental species. Contrary to the general run of experience, the match turned out a happy one: the husband was an excellent man, who set himself to prevent her ever feeling the worldly sacrifice she had made; so she had all the pleasure of feeling herself a magnanimous heroine—the wife of a poor man—without having to feel the pinch of poverty. A brother of her husband, who is the good genius of their lives and of the story, had enabled them to live thus pleasantly. After the death of the husband he continues to be the good genius of the wife. The character of Mr. Ashton is beautiful, and the reader regrets that he appears so seldom in person, though his influence pervades the story. A Mr. Hartley, of Hartley Hall, appears on the scene: he is the respectable sinner *en chef*. He persuades the dear little widow to marry him,—who has reason to repent it once, which is always; but the way in which she manages her destiny is very clever, and does not oppress the reader in the least. She is a sensible woman in the main, and not the least of a victim. But the respectable sinner has a son, who falls in love with the widow's daughter, and it is the relation of their love and married life which forms the staple of the story. We are sorry to say that Edward Hartley is much more natural as the unreclaimed husband, qualified for an appearance before Sir Cresswell, than as the reformed model husband he subsequently becomes, in a fit of remorse at the sight of his own mischief; but our readers must consult the original for themselves.

Some of the accessory characters are excellent. Robert Hartley, the excommunicated half-brother of the respectable sinner, is very touching, though his fate is unnecessarily severe. The silly, vain, unfeeling beauty, Mrs. Drewe, the *pseudo*-"Madonna," is extremely clever; her letter, which forms the crisis of the story, is very like a real epistle. All the crop of subordinate characters have each some sharp, incisive trait of individuality; and although the story is not well put together, and the final machinery by which wrong is made right and the "ancestral hall" comes back to its rightful owner, is a time-honoured expedient which happens nowhere so often as in novels,—still, seeing that it is always crowned with success, and the right individuals always profit by it, a reader would be unreasonable to object; and the novel is, with all the faults to which a critic might object, a readable, entertaining book.

Chesterford, and some of its People. By the Author of 'A Bad Beginning.' (Smith, Elder & Co.)

'Chesterford' begins well: the first volume is as clever and pleasant as a novel need be; but it falls off most provokingly at the beginning of the second volume, and does not rally

again. The interest crumbles away, and the characters along with it: there is not breadth of incident for three volumes. The characters are well sketched and set on their feet; but when it comes to the question of whither they are to go, the author keeps them dawdling about, turning down long passages that seem destined to lead to pleasant places; but they "lead to nothing," and the writer, and the reader, and the characters have to try back to something else. There are two young ladies, rivals: the one preferred by John Parkholme, the hero, has a foolish way of laughing and being amused by the weak jokes of very inferior young men, which, though only "pretty Fanny's way," is a source of torment and misapprehension to her very umbrageous lover. When a child, Parkholme had kept company with a relative, a young curate, who had been jilted by the lady of his love, she having married a rich merchant instead of him. This young curate has so possessed the ear and prejudiced the imagination of his relative of tender age, that he has grown up a confirmed woman-hater, believing that all feminine charms and virtues were so many cruel wiles to lure men to misery. He has consequently very little faith and less insight to help him to find his way through the perplexities of a first love affair. The cousin of his lady-love, a very unprincipled and reprehensible young woman, becomes spontaneously enamoured of Mr. Parkholme, and endeavours to make mischief and to divert the course of true love from its lawful channel, by telling falsehoods, suppressing letters, and finally by a passionate declaration of her own attachment, which Parkholme has strength of mind to resist, but he has not enough to believe in the true affection of Katherine Lyndon. So he compromises matters,—he rejects the cousin, sets Katherine free from her engagement to him, and resolves to go out to India, having previously lost all his property in a way rather awkward and not cleverly managed by the author. At last, however, when he has taken every foolish precaution to make himself and Katherine miserable, one of those accidents which depend on the opening of a door or the ringing of a bell, changes the face of his prospects; poor Katherine is allowed a voice in the decision, and she convinces him how ill he has used her, and how little he deserves her, though she herself believes him perfect and takes all blame to herself; so they come to a final understanding and are married out of the way of further mischief-making. This is the main plot of the story; there are many loose threads of incidental and independent narrative, which might all be separate stories, so little relation do they bear to the chief story. The history of Polly Peacock and the young Farmer Alston promises some interest, but, in spite of the fatal accident that causes his death,—it ends in nothing. The author does not know how to bind a story together. The sketches of individual character are good and spirited, but then the people do not act after they have been created; they talk, but it all leads to nothing,—and we are sorry to say that, with a great deal of cleverness, 'Chesterford' is by no means a satisfactory story.

Victor Hugo, told by a Witness of his Life, &c.
—[Victor Hugo, raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie. Avec Œuvres inédites de Victor Hugo; entre autres, un Drame en Trois Actes, 'Iñez de Castro'.] Vols. I. and II. (Brussels, Lacroix & Co.; London, Barthes & Lowell.)

THE story of such a life as M. Victor Hugo's, told by a Witness, can hardly fail to be a tale which will make Europe sit still to listen. But

there is some insincerity in the invitation. Why should it not have been frankly announced that the book is, to all intents and purposes, an Autobiography? The Witness knows all about M. Hugo's ancestry; and in heaping together all manner of anecdotes of his childhood, says, "This is what Victor remembers"—this impression was made by such a ruin, or such an historical event, or such a book read, or such a tinsel tragedy seen, on the apprehensive mind of a boy marked by Genius for a grand destiny. What is more, those familiar with the writings of the author of 'Notre Dame,' 'Le Rhin,' and 'Lucrèce Borgia' must be satisfied without being unduly speculative, that it is his hand which has wrought up descriptions, given to paragraphs their final sting, and, with true theatrical art, adjusted the red and the white, and the black eyebrows, and the hair stream-

like a meteor on the troubled air,

employed to deck the figure of the hero. These affectations surprise no one. They are part and parcel of the man; they betoken that consciousness which keeps him a cubit below the stature of the mighty ones of Europe—a consciousness, it is true, which has urged many a first-class author at the beginning of his career, but which falls away from most as Life goes on, and shows them other worlds of sin and of suffering and of sympathy than their own. On the other hand, M. Hugo's egotism has grown upon him. He is no longer the man who wrote 'Le Dernier Jour,'—who told so exquisitely the story of Paquette de la Chantefleurie in his 'Notre Dame'; and his pompous self-occupation is to be felt in every line of the book before us.

M. Victor Hugo's father, Joseph Léopold Sigisbert, born in 1774, was one of eight sons, most, if not all, of whom were devoted to military service, and five of whom fell in the wars. Three years after his entry into the army, he was promoted; and some remembrance of his passage through the shade and shine of an eventful period in France is still preserved by the Witness of his third son's life. Louis the Sixteenth was recollected by him as a coarse, hobbling, ill-dressed man, whose silk stockings were kept round his legs by red worsted garters; the Queen—Walpole's and Burke's Marie-Antoinette—as a woman with her hair grizzled by care, ere she passed through the well-known night which has become a point in history; and who, by smiling at the Guards as she passed, showed that her teeth were decaying. Léopold Hugo married the daughter of an armourer of Nantes, and, the Witness tells us, "children did not keep the pair waiting." Two sons having been born, the parents longed for the variety of a daughter; but Victorine failed in making her appearance, as perversely as did *Betsy Trotwood* in the well-known novel. Instead came Victor; but he was so small a baby that the medical man declared he could not live. Such prophecies are as old as births or deaths. The Witness of M. Hugo's life dwells with peculiar complacency on the bad shape and scarcely human look of this third Hugo baby. He remembers for himself, among the first things, a well and a willow-tree in the Rue de Clichy of Paris, his going to school, and his playing in private theatricals with the daughter of his schoolmaster, Mlle. Rose, as the child in 'Geneviève de Brabant.' He was dressed in tights and a sheepskin, with a metal claw; and he remembers too, how, with the same, he picked at the legs of Mlle. Rose.

Let us pass these puerilities—such as befit the babblings of a Genlis, of a George Sand even, but not a Witness of the life of a great man, who drapes himself according to the fashion of a modern Marius, and as such gives

out oracles. The first volume is too largely made up of trifles of this kind, intermixed with more showy historical episodes, such as the other day broke the thread of the tale of 'Les Misérables.' Suffice it to say, that the Hugo family followed their father and the fortunes of the army, went into Spain, and that this picture was seen by the author of 'Ernani' in embryo—on the road:—

Ernani is a village with a single street—a very large and fine one. This street is pebbled with a kind of pointed and glittering stone. When the sun is up, one might fancy one's-self walking on spangles. All the inhabitants are nobles, whence all the houses have arms sculptured on the stones of their pediments. These escutcheons, for the most part of the fifteenth century, are of a fine character, and give a grand air to Ernani. These seigniorial houses are, nevertheless, rustic ones,—and their feudal pediments do not suit ill with their rude wooden balconies. For they wear their coarse carpentry as proudly as they do their armorial bearings—like the Castilian shepherds, in whose hands a crook has the air of a sceptre.

There is no mistaking the paternity of this paragraph,—nor of that a page or two later, which tells how ominously unlucky Victor was in his favourite playmates,—once having had his finger bitten by a dog, once his knee wounded by a schoolfellow. "He has preserved the scars," tells the Witness,—"*for everything disappears, except wounds.*" Much is remembered by him about the commissariat of Spain,—how the Hugo children loathed the wine and oil. This, too, may be commended as the autobiography in which occurs the largest number of stories about omelettes. Then, there is an anecdote about a regiment surprised by Queen Julia, "in the *entr'acte* of its shirts," and another of Victor's "first encounter with the scaffold" at Burgos, where a man was garrotted,—which assign this book to its real parent. On returning to Paris, Madame Hugo's boys went to school. We next have a list "of the stupidities which Victor committed before he was born."—in other words, of his early attempts at authorship. These were "odes, satires, epistles, poems, tragedies, elegies, idyls, imitations of Oasian" (just then the fashion in France), "translations of Virgil, Horace, Lucan, Ausonius, Martial; romances, fables, tales, epigrams, madrigals, logogriphes, acrostics, charades, enigmas, impromptus." He even wrote a comic opera;—also a poem of five hundred lines, entitled 'The Deluge,' of which there were twenty bad ones, thirty-two good, fifteen very good, five passable, and one weak one. Of the other four hundred lines the Witness can give no account. It has been thought worth while to exhume some of these "stupidities," which prove not so promising as

the duck
Which Samuel Johnson trod on.

More worthy, perhaps, is the melo-drama in three acts, and two interludes on that untenable Spanish story, which, nevertheless, has tempted many dramatists, our own Miss Mitford and Leigh Hunt among the number,—the sad fate and ghastly coronation after death of Iñez de Castro. In this may be distinctly traced that passion for frightful effects, and withal that epigrammatic command of language, which made (so to say) an epoch on the day when the "theatre" of M. Hugo was opened, by the impossible 'Cromwell,' with its preface, adopted as a declaration of war betwixt Classicism and Romanticism,—and later, by the contested success of his first violent assault of the French stage, the drama of 'Ernani.'

The world is apprised by the Witness that Victor was an eccentric scholar, who could have distinguished himself in any and in every branch of study, had it pleased him so to do:—

In the year of special mathematics he was remarked for his application by the Professor of the morning class, M. Laran. But one day that Professor, a lean and a tall man, raised himself suddenly in his chair, leaned forward, and thrust out his neck, which could develop itself like an opera-glass. Then he saw that the thing over which Victor was busying himself so conscientiously, yet without absence of mind, which was nailing his eyes to the table, was a volume of the 'Génie du Christianisme,' adroitly hidden away behind a barricade, consisting of his inkstand, his class-books and his cap. The book was confiscated, and the pupil was threatened with being expelled on the next occasion of reading anything short of a mathematical book. So that Victor had no resource save with penknife to cut his name on the table, with date, comment and decoration.

In the second volume we arrive at matters containing something more of substance than the affected triflings we have represented. The young ode-writer began to make some sensation in the Royalist circles of Paris. De Chateaubriand called him "a sublime youth," and attested his admiration for the poet who put into rhyme the Duc de Berri's murder by offering to him some condescending objections. The young author was as keenly alive to the made-up sublimities of the elder one as if he knew nothing about attitudinizing in his own person and poetry:—

De Chateaubriand (says he) affected a military appearance. The man of the pen could not forget the man of the sword. His throat was stiffened by a black stock, which concealed the collar of his shirt:—a black frock-coat, buttoned to the chin, straightened his little, stooping body. What was fine about him was his head, which was in disproportion with his figure, and was noble and grave. The nose was firm and imperious in line, the eye proud, the smile charming—but the smile was a mere flash, and the mouth soon resumed its severe and haughty expression.

The young poet was but indifferently contented with his reception and with the praises, spiced with criticisms, doled out to him. M. Hugo's mother, however, like a true mother, felt that De Chateaubriand was not an acquaintance to be neglected by a young man of letters, and insisted on his repeating his visit to the Rue Saint-Dominique:—

The same servant opened the door. This time M. de Chateaubriand received him in his room. In passing through the *salon* he ran against Madame de Chateaubriand, who, though the hour was early, was going out, in one of those tight bonnets which were then the fashion in the Faubourg St. Germain. Victor, who at his first visit had seen her imperfectly, because she then had her back to the light, and the evening was already falling, now saw a great, lean woman, with a dry face, marked with the small-pox. She did not stop for the sake of the little young man, but condescended to make him a slight bow. When Victor entered, M. de Chateaubriand, in his shirt-sleeves, and with a silk handkerchief tied round his head, was seated at a table, with his back turned to the door. He was busy among his papers, and turned round with cordiality. "Ah! good-day, Monsieur Victor Hugo; I expected you. Sit down. Well, have you been at work since I saw you?"—"Yes; have not you?"—"Have you made many verses?"—"Victor replied that he was always at work a little."—"Quite right in so doing. Verses are literature of a high class. You are on a level higher than mine. The true writer is the poet. I, too, used to make verses, and regret that I have not gone on with them. My verses were worth more than my prose. Do you know, I have written a tragedy. Stop, I must read you a scene. Pilorge, come here, I want you."—An individual, red-haired, red-whiskered, red-faced, appeared.—"Go and find me the manuscript of 'Moïse.'" Pilorge was M. de Chateaubriand's secretary, and had not a sinecure place of it. Without making any account of manuscripts, correspondence alone took up an enormous amount of his time; because, besides the original letters which

he wrote, and which M. de Chateaubriand signed, Pilorge had to make a duplicate for a register, in which the illustrious writer, attentive to posterity, preciously preserved his smallest notes. Pilorge had, also, the duty of classing and numbering all the letters received at the house. The secretary brought in the manuscript called for. The author of 'Réné' then read with pomp and conviction a dialogue and then a chorus imitated from the choruses of 'Athalie' and 'Esther,' which did not prove to his listener that M. de Chateaubriand had reason for preferring his verse to his prose. Victor tried to find it very fine, and arrived at admiring this line of the chorus—

Et souvent la douleur s'apaise par des chants, to which he clung as to a plank which saved him from the wreck. The domestic who had opened the door now brought in an immense tub full of water. M. de Chateaubriand untied his handkerchief, and took off his green morocco slippers. Victor would have taken leave, but the host kept him, and went on coolly to undress himself, to take off his grey trousers, shirt, flannel waistcoat, and got into the tub, where his servant washed and rubbed him. After he was dried and dressed again, he made the toilette of his teeth, which were very fine, and for which he had a dentist's whole apparatus. Freshened up by his evolutions in the tub, he began to converse eagerly, cleaning his teeth the while. * * It was not without a secret joy that Victor learned that M. de Chateaubriand was appointed Ambassador at Berlin. He went to offer his congratulations and to say good-bye.—"How good-bye?" said the Ambassador; "why, you are going with me." Victor's eyes opened wide. "Yes," replied the master; "I have had you attached to the Embassy, without asking your leave, and I shall carry you off." Victor thanked him cordially for his good intention, but replied that he could not leave his mother. "Is your mother the only obstacle?" was M. de Chateaubriand's question, with a smile.—"Well, you are free. But I am sorry the thing cannot be. It would have been honourable to both of us."—Madame de Chateaubriand came into her husband's study. She had never spoken to Victor, and never seemed to know him. He was, therefore, surprised to see her come up to him, smiling. "M. Hugo," said she, "I count on you, and you must help me to do a good deed. I have an infirmary for poor old priests, which costs me more money than I have; but then I have a manufactory of chocolate. I sell it rather dear, but then it is excellent. Would you like a pound?"—"Madame," said Victor, who had on his mind the high and mighty airs of Madame de Chateaubriand, and who felt the necessity of extinguishing her, "I will take three pounds."—Madame de Chateaubriand was extinguished—but Victor had not a sou left.

As we go on we get glimpses revealed to us, no less artfully, of Lamennais, who, for awhile, was M. Hugo's confessor, and of other more heterodox lions and lionesses. M. Soumet introduced him to two declining Dalilahs, Mdles. Duchesnois and Leverd, and the pure youth was shocked to hear how M. Soumet *thee'd* and *thou'd* them; and to see how old they were, and what naked necks and bare backs they displayed at the theatre, where they took the youth and set him between them, and fought for him. He confessed this vast *peccadillo* to Lamennais, and had not a hard penance, therefore, enjoined on him.

The account of his literary struggles into daylight has more pith and value than these coquetries with recollection. His odes had announced him as a poet, Monsieur de Chateaubriand had authenticated them; and, yet more, the lively interest and admiration of the young men of Paris also, who during that period were fermenting not merely with the desire of throwing off the trammels of all schools of Art, but partaking of the generic semi-political, semi-sensual French passion of enjoying an orgie. It may have been already inferred, even by those who have followed our cursory notice so far, that M. Hugo, from

his early days, in his choice of subjects, oscillated between tender domestic affections and an appetite for monstrosities. At all events, his novels, 'Han d'Islande' and 'Bug-Jargal,' would support such an inference. In 'Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,' a nobler and more generous side of the rising author's character is to be seen. His "introduction to the scaffold" rooted in his mind from the first the convictions that Death is a punishment which man has no right to award to man,—that Life is a blessing, so long as a second of it endures,—and that want is a justification of crime. The pity is, that M. Hugo, with all his fine feelings and associations, could not reproduce the rueful, luckless victim of society,—real in the streets, real in the police-offices, real at the gallows' foot, for whom our English novelist, greater in his mastery over the human heart, has pleaded so forcibly. M. Hugo's criminal, in 'Le Dernier Jour,' is what M. Hugo, a man of education, recollection, memories and disappointments, might himself have been. *Fagin*, in 'Oliver Twist,' is much more of the real vagabond, and *Jo*, in 'Bleak House,' much more of the terrible waif and stray, whose appearance is so inconvenient to all established regulators of ranks, classes and usages.

It is curious to remark the small account that the Witness makes of 'Notre Dame de Paris,' as of a five-months' task, got through in fulfilment of an agreement with a publisher, Gosselin; whose wife, who had translated many romances by Sir Walter Scott, on reading the French manuscript, found Quasimodo droll, and Frolo dull, and Esmeralda improper. Here, however, we are told once for all, that 'Le Quiquengrogne,' a feudal romance, which M. Hugo promised as a sequel to 'Notre Dame,' is merely a name; and that of the novel, about which there has been so much speculation and inquiry, not a first line has been put on paper.

Another chapter "shows up" M. de Lamartine's house and housekeeping, as completely as the one which finished off Madame de Chateaubriand, with her tight bonnet and her charitable chocolate. M. de Lamartine received M. Victor Hugo and his wife, in a modern house at Macon, after having described the dwelling in an ode (ode-writers will promise and prophesy), as a heap of ruins and machicolations. Madame de Lamartine, being an English lady, sat down to dinner in full dress, as publicly unveiled as Mdles. Duchesnois and Leverd had been. But the larger portion of the second volume is devoted to the testimony of the Witness regarding the dramas of M. Victor Hugo, showing how the theatrical managers did not want, yet could not dispense with, the same. It tells how Mdle. Mars behaved ill in rehearsal and preparation, but admirably on the stage;—how Madame Dorval (whose portraiture is one of the few good things in Madame George Sand's autobiography) did the reverse;—how excellent were the plays, in themselves; how untowardly they were treated. The story told by the Witness of M. Hugo's determination to fight a success for his 'Ernani' is curious. He assembled his myrmidons, and they dressed for the occasion in fancy costumes, "camped out" in the theatre, with all the necessities of "camping out" here coarsely explained, and they fought to the death—for his play. M. Joanny's notes, those of an old *sociétaire* to the Théâtre Français (which we have been told are one day to be published), may throw more light on the story. At all events, the matter is one full of anecdote, character and comedy.

The dramas of M. Victor Hugo present a strange compound of vile and noble qualities.

The silver lining to every cloud of crime and cruelty is exposed to public gaze. For heroines, Marion de Lorme, Mary Tudor, Lucrezia Borgia, Thibie the courtesan, are not a promising quartet. Our Shakespeare could make a *Jubel*, an *Imogen*, a *Cordelia*, a *Portia*, the pillars of four dramas—central, however slight in seeming; whereas a Hugo must wallow in the abyss to find an evil and luckless woman, and to set her forth as the heroine and the divinity, into the adoration of whom his public was to be constrained by his dramatic power as an advocate. A wretched and perverse ambition does this seem!—justifying Goethe's epithet which called it "a literature of despair." On the other hand, the structure of these dramas by M. Hugo is admirable for skill; and the use of the French language in them is sharp, vigorous, enlarging,—breaking the accepted academical boundaries, without the slightest entrance into the empire of jargon. M. Hugo's manner, as a poet, disqualifies him for any succession to Corneille, Racine, or even Voltaire; but there are words in his prose plays which draw blood, as well as thoughts that breathe. Them, in power of construction, he could meet, and outdo in the meeting, such a rival French dramatist as Scribe; but he had not the same success.

Why should a man so strong as he is talk nonsense so weak as he talks here, in telling over awkward and out-worn tales about his plays? Why express a devouring desire to prove that the world was against him, and that politics did him harm?—(yet M. Victor Hugo must bear to be reminded that he has changed from Ultra-Royalism to Red Republicanism). It is clear that his tragedies never held the public, however high their merit.

There are more volumes to come, written, no doubt, by the Witness,—of which, it may be, we shall speak as they appear.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

An Errand to the South in the Summer of 1862. By the Rev. William Wyndham Malet. (Bentley).—Mr. William Wyndham Malet is a well-meaning but far from wise man. The affectations of his book are harmless, but very laughable, and his statements about life and manners in the Confederate States are pervaded by simplicity and ignorance of the world that are truly astonishing. With an amusing consciousness of his descent from a baron who enjoyed the favour of William the Conqueror, he speaks of the English as "the great Anglo-Saxon-Norman race," and he pays many compliments to the Anglo-Catholic Church, which he hopes will become the model of a new State-Church system in the Southern Confederacy. "The want of system," observes the clerical tourist, "both in the ministry and services of the other 'churches' not requiring a belief in Apostolical succession, was very evident. The order and decency essential to the Anglo-Catholic church would be hailed by many in those villages and farms as a great spiritual comfort, and from the spirit of toleration which exists, no hostility would be raised. The fields are white to the harvest, and there is a noble opening for the ministry of the church." It appears that President Davis and his subordinate agents deemed it politic to encourage this view. When Mr. Malet was in Richmond, Mrs. Davis asked him to breakfast and "consult with her clergyman, Dr. Minnegröde, about organizing some system for divine service in the hospitals." The entertainment passed off much to the visitor's delight, the Presidential Chaplain playing his part with admirable tact. "Dr. Minnegröde, at breakfast," says the author, "spoke strongly and ably in favour of a National Church connected with the Government. The Church in England was too much secularized, and so much State interference was bad. The Church should appoint her own bishops, the State as a 'nursing father,' consenting thereto. The

bishops should not vote in secular parliaments, and livings should not be conferred for political purposes or for money; but these abuses were not essential for the happy union of the 'Church and State,' which was the only way to maintain a religious system in the world." Naturally, Mr. Malet left Dr. Minnegröde on the best possible terms, and said "farewell" to the South in high good humour with her intentions and institutions. Of the enslaved negroes,—or "able descendants of Canaan," as they are euphoniously designated in these mellifluous pages,—the writer has nothing to say but that their lot is truly blessed. Slavery is an embarrassment to wealthy proprietors, but a source of incalculable happiness to the bondmen. "Slavery," observes Mr. Malet, settling the question of Abolition for ever, "is a curse to the white, but a blessing to the black man." The discipline of slaves on the plantations of South Carolina is less severe than the control to which children submit in an English lady's nursery. "Each plantation has its hospital and a good woman nurse, strong and healthy, instructed in medicine and the treatment of wounds. The common punishment on plantations is shutting up for a certain time; but generally it is shortened on expression of contrition: whipping is only resorted to for theft, and then with clothes on." The fun of this statement, made with equal gravity and simplicity, calls to mind the parody of poor Monk Lewis's gentle enactments for the government of his slaves, in which he is represented as deciding that "any slave who committed murder should have his head shaved, and be confined for three days and nights in a dark room." His earnest arguments for immediate recognition of the South by England Mr. Malet concludes with words taken from a Southern officer's lips. "Two brothers," observed the officer to the English traveller, "are fighting in a field; a relation sees them: should he not interfere? should he not, unbiassed, recognize each one's right?" To the first of these questions, it may be replied, in the language of Hudibras, that—

They who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose!

As to the second, it will appear to most readers that England's strict and unbiassed neutrality is a recognition of each belligerent's right to self-government. One piece of literary gossip Mr. Malet heard in the South, which deserves to be repeated as an illustration of what unfriendly tongues say of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her best known book. "Judge Howe," observes the writer, "was there, and a Mr. Hall was at Prospect Place, near White Hill. These gentlemen were friends of the family of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who was left badly off. This lady had travelled in the South, where few Northerners ever go, except it be to settle there; she had written notes about the slaves. Judge Howe concluded, as an abolitionist and universalist, to make out a book, and employed Hall, a clever hand, to write it. He called it 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a fiction on the said notes; it was agreed to bring it out under Mrs. Beecher Stowe's name. Hall was to be paid for the writing, and Judge Howe was to give Mrs. Beecher Stowe part of the profits, which immensely exceeded all their expectations, and proved fortunes to them both."

Sir Aberdour; or, the Sceptic: a Romance. By Walter P. J. Purcell, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Cantos III. and IV. (Pickering).—In the concluding Cantos of this "Romance," the struggle between doubt and belief in the breast of the hero is described, and the triumph of the latter principle recorded. Of the process by which this result was gained we have, however, no very distinct idea, and can only say that the conversion of sceptics must be an easy task if it can be accomplished by such means as are here employed. There is nothing in Mr. Purcell's reasoning that would repay examination, and, were it far more cogent than it is, a narrative poem would still be a very inappropriate form for its development. Poetry is so unfit a vehicle for abstract metaphysics that, even when imagination and logic co-exist, each neutralizes the effect of the other. Of the former quality the present writer has not a gleam. His arguments, though neither new nor profound, might have been readable in a prose essay,—disguised and encumbered

by the trammels of verse, they baffle attention and exhaust patience.

A Description of certain Dry Processes in Photography. By George Kemp, M.D. (Davies).—This pamphlet must be regarded as the record of a research instituted for the purpose of investigating the nature of the molecular changes which "occur in some of the more obscure departments of photography." The changes induced by the solar rays, during an instantaneous exposure of the iodide of silver, producing, indeed, no visible change, but placing that salt in such a condition as to admit of the breaking up of its physical structure, in the dark, by the application of a suitable agent, called a "developer," are the subjects of this inquiry. The question has been carefully examined by Dr. Kemp, and he has been led to adopt certain precautions in relation to dry collodion processes which should be carefully studied by all who deem it important to possess some means for obtaining photographic pictures when travelling, on plates which have been rendered sensitive at home. In a 'Supplementary Notice of Plans useful to the Scientific Traveller and Missionary,' Dr. Kemp attempts to simplify photography to the utmost. The extent to which he proposes to carry this may be judged of by his concluding paragraph:—"From the above remarks, then, it will be seen that the materials required for photographic representations, under the difficult circumstances we have supposed, are few in number, light, and occupy but inconsiderable space. As to the manipulations, any person, with far less handiness than those to whom our observations are applicable, may become an adept after a few days' practice; and, as to apparatus, the objective of the travelling telescope may be used for a lens, and a few pieces of thick paste-board be easily converted into a dark box. Many other hints suggest themselves, but time and space prohibit further details." We have printed the last paragraph in italics to indicate the defect of this treatise. The author commences by saying that he has been "compelled to hurry on the publication"; in the body of the book, "want of time prevents the writer referring" to a work for a quotation relating to an important process, and the concluding paragraph is given above. Surely if the author thought he had any useful matter to communicate, he might have bestowed the necessary time to have written with more care the eighty-four pages in which it is comprehended.

Among miscellaneous publications, we must announce the *Report of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature on some of the Mayer Papyri and the Palimpsest MS. of Uranus, belonging to M. Simonides; with Letters from M.M. Pertz, Ehrenberg and Dindorf* (Murray).—*Vergili Opera*, by John Conington, being Vol. II. of 'Bibliotheca Classica,' edited by George Long (Whittaker).—*Miscellaneous, Historical and Biographical; being a Second Series of Essays, Lectures and Reviews*, by W. S. Gibson (Longman).—Part XIII. of *The Dictionary of Architecture* (Richards).—*Parson and People; or, Incidents in Every-Day Life of a Clergyman*, by the Rev. E. Spooner (Seeley).—Vol. II. of Mr. Burn's *Outlines of Modern Farming* (Virtus Brothers & Co.).—Messrs. Miall & Carrington's *Flora of the West Riding* (Pamplin).—*The Shakespeare Treasury; or, Subject Quotations—Synonymously Indexed*, by W. Hoo (Lockwood).—*Beiträge zur Geo-Physik und Klimatographie*, von A. Mühlry (Williams & Norgate).—*Diplomata Quadragesima ex Archætypis*, edidit Philippus Jaffé (Nutt).—*Flora of Edinburgh: a List of Plants found in the Vicinity of Edinburgh*, by Dr. Balfour, assisted by J. Sadler (Black).—*Natural Phenomena, the Genetic Record, and the Sciences Harmonically Arranged and Compared*, by Alexander M'Donald (Longman).—*A History of the Origin of the Mysteries and Doctrines of Baptism and the Eucharist* (Bennett).—*The Ordinances of Spiritual Worship: their History, Meaning and End, Considered in a Series of Essays from the Writings of the Rev. E. T. M. Phillips*, selected and edited by his Daughter (Longman).—*My Mothers' Meetings; being Familiar Conversations with my Cottage Neighbours*, by Elizabeth Bennett (Bennett).—*Results of Victor Emmanuel's Rule*, by an Eye-Witness (Harrison).—*An Essay on the Improvement of Time, and other*

Literary Remains, by John Foster, with a Preface by John Sheppard, edited by J. E. Ryland (Jackson, Walford & Hodder).—*The Comic Guide to the Royal Academy*, by G. A. and A. W. & Beckett (Routledge).—*The Crystal Palace Penny Guide* (Burt).—Part I. of the cheap edition of the *Works of Professor Wilson—Notes Ambrosiane* (Blackwood).—Vol. I. *Third Series of the Homilist*, conducted by the Rev. Dr. D. Thomas (Kent).—*A Visit to Daisy Nook; or, a Londoner's Glance at Lancashire Life*, by a Member of the Savage Club (Simpkin).—*Congrès International de Bienfaisance de Londres, Session de 1862* (Trübner).—*Mr. Kinglake and the Quarterly*, by an Old Reviewer (Harrison).—*Sorrows and Joys: Tales of Quiet Life*, by W. M. (Freeman).—*Annual of Scientific Discovery*, edited by D. A. Wells (Trübner).—*Essai d'un Dictionnaire des Homonymes Français*, par E. Zlatogorski (Nutt).—*Oratio Procuratoria Ozonii coram Ven. Domo Concoctionis*, à John Riddell (Parker).—and from Mr. Partridge we have *Domestic Addresses and Scraps of Experience*, by G. Mogridge. —*Little Jane; or, the Boat Accident*, by A. Mills. —*Dick and His Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent*, by C. E. B. —and *The Royal Marriage, and the Christian Kingdom, with Brief Reminiscences of the Prince of Wales*, by the Rev. J. H. Wilson.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Barter's Life, Law, and Literature, Essays, 6s. 8vo. 5/ cl.
 Blassard's Moral Inductions and Religious Growth, or, 8vo. 3/ bds.
 Brown's Etymology of the Lib. "Giralduus Cambrensis," Wright, 5/6 cl.
 Bohn's Cheap Series, "Irving's (W.) Life and Letters," V. 5, 2/ bds.
 Bruce's Races of the Old World, or, 8vo. 9/ cl.
 Brough's Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. 47, post 8vo. 6/ cl.
 British Controversialist, Vol. 1, 1863, cr. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Brown's Divine Mystery of Peace, or, 8vo. 3/ cl.
 Browning's (Robert) Tragedies and other Plays, 8/ cl.
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 Chambers's Journal, Vol. 19, roy. 8vo. 4/6 cl.
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 Gillespie's Necessary Existence of God, 4th (Russell) edit. cr. 8vo. 2/
 Grant's Temple of the Holy Ghost, 3mo. 1/6 cl.
 Gregory's Earth's Events and Dawn of the Eternal Day, 4/6 cl.
 Gwynne's Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, 12/
 Hoe's Shakespeare Treasury of Subject Quotations, 8s. 2/ cl.
 Hoop's Manual of Ophthalmoscopic Surgery, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Hook's Last Days of our Lord and Saviour, new ed. 12mo. 2/6 cl.
 James's Richelieu, 8vo. 1/ swd.
 Johnston's The Gospel Roll, or the Facts Unfolded, cr. 8vo. 4/ cl.
 Joly's The Poor Gentlemen of Lyons, ed. by M. Ghas, Pt. 1, 8vo. 7/6
 Kemp's Description of Certain Dry Processes in Photography, 3/
 Lennon's Fifty Years of Benjamin Franklin, 8vo. 2/ cl.
 Moore's Nature-Printed British Ferns, new ed. 2 vols. roy. 8vo. 6/0
 Old New Zealand, Native Customs, &c., by a Fakoha Maori, 5/ cl.
 Opposite Neighbours, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.
 Our Children's Rest, or Comfort for Bereaved Mothers, 18mo. 1/ cl.
 Oxford Ten-Year Book, made up to the end of the year 1862, 5/ cl.
 Parley's Evidences of Christianity, Analysis of, by Croese, 2 ed. 2/6
 Parlor Library, "Russell's Romance of Military Life," 8s. 2/ cl.
 Pellard's First Year of the War in America, post 8vo. 5/ cl.
 Punch, Re-issue, Vol. 29, 4to. 5/ bds; Vol. for 1863, 4to. 10/6 cl.
 Railway Lib. "Matrimonial Maladministration," 8vo. 2/ bds.
 Ranking's Half-Yearly Abstract of Medical Sciences, V. 37, 6/6 cl.
 Reve on the Offices and the Fruit of the Holy Spirit, cr. 8vo. 5/
 Ring of Amasis, The, ed. by Owen Meredith, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/ cl.
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 Vaughan's Lectures on the Revelation of St. John, 3 vols. 15/ cl.
 Vicarities of a Gentlewoman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
 Wordsworth's Poetical Works, illustrated, 6s. 8vo. 3/6 cl. gt.
 Work for All, and other Tales, royal 16mo. 2/6 cl.
 Whibley's Shilling Court Directory & Fashionable Guide, 1863, 1/

SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION.

At length we are in a position to say that something definite and satisfactory is being done with respect to the proposed Shakespeare Celebration, in 1864. The desire to do honour to the Poet had taken possession of so many minds at the same time, and so many projects had been started in the Poet's name—some local, others metropolitan—some individual, others corporate—that a reasonable fear was entertained lest the difficulty of bringing even the more important of these bodies and individuals into a common scheme would be insurmountable. We are glad to hear that this is not likely to be the case. On the contrary, a very good feeling seems to exist on every side. It was no sooner whispered about that the special Shakespeare Committee, of which the Duke of Newcastle is chairman, were disposed to offer their services as mediators between the several bodies, than assurances were sent to them of a desire for conciliation and co-operation. It appeared only necessary for that Committee to call a meeting, consider the

position of affairs, and place itself, by a distinct series of resolutions, at the service of the cause, in order to combine the best elements of all existing bodies into a National Shakespeare Committee.

A Meeting of the Shakespeare Committee was accordingly held at the apartments of the Royal Society of Literature, on Monday last, the 22nd inst. The Duke of Manchester, who, in the absence of the Duke of Newcastle, occupied the chair, proposed the first resolution in the following words:—"That a National Celebration of the Three Hundredth Birthday of Shakespeare should be held on the 23rd of April, 1864, and commemorated by the erection of a Monument in a conspicuous part of London."

This resolution was seconded by W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., and was carried unanimously. The argument in favour of a statue or memorial group to which the Committee has pledged itself, needs very little exposition. In the Committee there was no difference of opinion, and in the country we believe there is very little. The only competing projects which show any vigour of life are the Warwickshire plan of enlarging the Stratford Grammar School and founding Shakespearean scholarships at Oxford; and the project of a Shakespearean fête for the benefit of the Dramatic College. But the design of a memorial statue, to be placed in some appropriate and conspicuous part of London, found no warmer advocates at the Meeting on Monday than Sir Robert Hamilton, the originator of the Warwickshire scheme, and Mr. Benjamin Webster, Master of the Dramatic College. To this first idea of the Committee we believe the whole country has already, by way of anticipation, delivered its assent. What the world requires is a celebration of the three hundredth birthday, and after it a visible witness of that act of national homage, to be set up in the most available public place in London.

The general idea of a celebration and a memorial being adopted, a second resolution was proposed by Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., seconded by Benjamin Webster, Esq. —

"That to be worthy of Shakespeare and of the country, this National Celebration should be conducted under the patronage of Her Majesty, and the presidency of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with the aid of all classes of the Poet's countrymen and admirers, residing in the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, and in foreign countries."

This resolution may be said, in the present stage of the business, to represent ideas rather than facts. But we are glad to see these ideas put forward early and strongly. Of course, we cannot pretend to speak for Her Majesty or for the Prince of Wales; it is, however, no very close secret that the late Prince Consort, among many admirable projects for the good of this nation, had thought of such a celebration as the one now proposed. The plan may therefore reckon on the royal sympathy, and, we should hope, on its formal sanction.

Starting from this strong position, that if anything is done for Shakespeare, it should be done under the guidance of our highest and best, a third resolution, proposed by Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., and seconded by C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., declared:—

"That with a view to combine in a National Shakespeare Committee the representative men of all classes, this Shakespeare Committee, consisting of the following noblemen and gentlemen—The Duke of Newcastle, K.G., the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Carlisle, K.G., Earl Granville, K.G., the Earl of Northampton, the Earl Howe, the Earl Russell, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Londesborough, Lord Vernon, Lord John Manners, Lord Lindsay, the Lord Chief Baron Pollock, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Knight Bruce, General Sabine, President of the Royal Society, the Lord Mayor of London, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P., Sir C. H. Rouse Boughton, Bart., Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart., General Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B., Sir R. Hamilton, Bart., Sir C. Nicholson, Bart., Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P., Q.C., Sir R. G. MacDonnell, C.B., the Right

Hon. S. H. Walpole, M.P., Sir James Prior, T. Bazley, Esq., M.P., B. Bond Cabell, Esq., M.P., W. Ewart, Esq., M.P., R. S. Holford, Esq., M.P., R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P., H. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P., William Tite, Esq., M.P., B. F. Flower, Esq., Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., Herman Merivale, Esq., Daniel Maclise, Esq., R.A., David Roberts, Esq., R.A., E. M. Ward, Esq., R.A., W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet-Laureate, Tom Taylor, Esq., F. W. Gibbs, Esq., James Dugdale, Esq., the Rev. Alexander Dyce, W. C. Macready, Esq., Benjamin Webster, Esq., J. P. Collier, Esq., the Rev. William Harness, Henry Johnson, Esq., John Wilkinson, Esq., Thomas Wright, Esq., F. W. Cozens, Esq., Frederick Haines, Esq., J. O. Halliwell, Esq.—undertake to invite the co-operation of all local and special bodies, and of eminent personages, whether in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, having Shakespearean objects in view."

This third resolution, in point of fact, constituted a National Shakespeare Committee, with power to add to their number, and to seek counsel and strength from every available quarter.

A fourth resolution, proposed by Sir Richard MacDonnell, seconded by Thomas Wright, Esq., ran as follows:—

"That the Governors of Her Majesty's Colonies and Indian Possessions be invited to make known the objects of this Committee within their respective Provinces, and to enlist the sympathy and support of Her Majesty's subjects throughout the British Dependencies in aid of the Erection of the contemplated National Shakespearean Monument."

The National Shakespeare Committee, pledged to conduct the Ter-centenary Celebration in April next year, and to raise a memorial statue of the Poet in some appropriate part of London, is therefore before the world. The nobleness of the work to be done will depend on the amount of support which the Committee shall receive.

THE MYSTERY OF THE NILE.

On Monday evening, at the Royal Geographical Society, on Tuesday evening at the Royal Institution, Capt. Speke told the wonderful tale of his travels and his discoveries. In both places his companion in peril and in glory, Capt. Grant, was present, and we think the living heroes of adventures were more interesting to the brilliant crowds who came to hear their story than all the mysteries of the Blue and the White Niles. On the second evening, the Prince of Wales was present.

The following written paper was read by Capt. Speke:—

"In attempting to describe the extent and character of this great river, compared with its tributaries within the limits of actual inspection by myself, I will first treat of its head, the Victoria Nyanza, from its southern extremity, which I found by astronomical observation, in 1858, to be close on 3° S. of the Equator, and gradually bring it down to its point of *débouchement* in the Mediterranean sea, 31° N. of the Equator, by which it will be seen that the Nile represents, considering it lies almost in one direct line from south to north, a total in round numbers of 2,000 geographical miles in length, and is therefore nearly one-tenth of the circumference of the globe. It must be borne in mind, however, that my observations respecting this great river are not the result of one expedition, but of two; that I have not actually followed its banks from head to foot, but have tracked it down, occasionally touching on it, and even navigating it as occasion offered, for the barbarous nature of the African lakes forbids the traveller doing as he likes; therefore, to give full weight to any inferences I may draw, deduced from what I have only seen in part, I will blend native information with my own experiences, and in doing so shall hope to teach others what I know, and, beyond that, what I believe myself. In the year 1858, when I discovered the Victoria Nyanza, which is the great reservoir of the Nile, I found it a large sheet of sweet water, lying on the main level, or from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea level of the great

interior of Equatorial Africa, looking for all the world like the source of some great river; so much so indeed, that I at once felt certain in my own mind it was the source of the Nile, and noted it accordingly. To add to this impression, the natives, who there only know it by the name of the Nyanza, which equally means lake, pond, and river, described its extension in this confused manner to the northward as being boundless, whilst its breadth really—in fact, its circumference—was enormous; greater, if anything, on the east than on its western side, for the negro informants knew the names of all the countries surrounding the lake, and must, had they understood the value of geographical definitions, have been able to separate the river Nile from the Nyanza, and to reduce their explorations to any common understanding. Other informants, Arab merchants, and their slaves, residents of Zanzibar, who penetrate Africa in quest of ivory, and who had completed the whole circuit of the Nyanza, not individually, but separately, some on one side and some on the other, assured me that the Nyanza was the source of some great river—they knew not what, though they had heard confused accounts from the natives living on the Equator, of the European ivory-merchants who frequented the Nile in vessels at 5° N. latitude, and had further heard, through the same channel, that, with the rising of the Nile, and consequently the violence of its waters, islands were floated down its surface, which really is the case, not composed of earth and stone, but tangled roots of trees, rushes and grass, with even sometimes huts upon them, which, otherwise undisturbed, are torn away by the violence of the stream and carried down, perfect floating islands. Then again, these men described the territory between the Nile and Asua rivers as an island on the one side and the land composing the ancient kingdom of Kittara, according to their acceptance of the word as an island, also being nearly circumscribed by the Kitangulú and Luta Nzigé rivers, in conjunction with the Nyanza and the Nile. No merchants, however, had crossed the first parallel of north latitude: none understood geography. They heard what the natives said, but could not fully comprehend them, and thus it was that a doubt still existed in everybody's mind but my own as to the origin of the Nile, which no one would believe until I went again and traced the river down from head to mouth. Had I been all alone in the first expedition I should have settled the Nile in 1859, by travelling from Unyanymbi to Uganda with an Indian merchant, Musor Mzuri, who was prepared to go there, but my proposal having been negatived by the chief of the expedition, who was sick at the time, and tired of the journey, I returned to England, and, to my inexpressible delight, the very first day after my arrival here, found in Sir Roderick Impy Murchison a warm advocate, and proposed to the Royal Geographical Society to complete what I had before begun, and, as may be imagined, I could not rest satisfied until the world accepted my own views, happily now verified by indisputable means of actual inspection and astronomical observation, that the Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile. Suffice it now to say, after returning to Unyanymbi (the old point), 3° south of the lake, in 1861, I struck upon a new route, which I imagined, from the unsophisticated depositions of the ivory-merchants, would lead me to a creek on the westerly flank of the Nyanza, situated on the southern boundary of Karagwé. Geographical definitions were here, again, found wanting, for, instead of the creek to the great lake appearing, a new lake was found, Lake of Uzige, which formerly appeared to have contained a considerable amount of water, but is now fast drying up. Its head lies in Urundi, and, circling round the south and east flanks of Karagwé, in form a mountain valley, is subsequently drained by the Kitangulú River into the Nyanza, but not in sufficient quantity to make any sensible impression on the perennial contents of the Nyanza basin. It is to the west and south of Karagwé that the lake receives its greatest terrestrial supply of water, through the medium of the Kitangulú River, which, in draining the aforesaid Luero-lo-Uzige, drains off the superfluous waters of many minor

lakes, as the Akenyard in Urundi; the Luckurow, which is the second of a chain with the Akenyard; the Ingerzi and Karagimé; and the little Winandermere, which in Karagwé lies below the capital on its south-eastern corner. None of these lakes are large—mere puddles in comparison to the great Victoria Nyanza; but still the Kitangulú River, after receiving all their contributions, is a noble river, low sunk like a huge canal, about eighty yards across, with the velocity of about four miles an hour, which appears equal to the Nile itself as soon as it issues from the lake by the Ripon Falls. The question naturally suggests itself, What forms these lakes?—whence originate their waters? It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie encircling the northern end and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than 238 days out of the year were more or less wet days. Mashondé, in the upper portion of Uganda, is the first place where, in this second expedition, I obtained a view of the Victoria Lake. * * In a southerly direction the Woganda boatmen go as far as the island of Ukerewé, which I saw on my first journey to Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake; and to the eastward beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake in quest of salt, possibly the Baringo of Dr. Krapf, which he, from information gained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands on it, which reasoning I deduce from the fact that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyanza; yet not belonging to it, when further pressed upon the subject. The Great Nyanza waters were purely fresh and sweet. They (the Arabs), like Dr. Krapf, merely narrated what they heard. As salt islands were visited by the natives in search of that mineral the surrounding waters naturally were considered salt by them, deprived as they were of its connecting links, which included the whole area of ground under consideration within the limits of the drainage system of the Nile. The Arabs, who it is now very clear had heard of everything in connexion with the science of philosophical geography, were enabled to connect what they had gleaned in detached fragments from it. Dr. Krapf further tells us of a river tending from the river Newey by Mount Kenia towards the Nile. If such is the case, it must be a feeder to the Baringo, whose waters pass off by the Asua River into the Nile, for the whole country immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said by the Arabs, who have traversed it for ivory, to be covered with low rolling hills, intersected only by simple streaks and nullahs from this point in Muanza to the side streak, which is situated on the Equator on the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza. Turning now again to Mashondé, and proceeding north along the boundary coast of Nyanza to the valley of Katonga, which, from its position on the lake, is constantly in view, the land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, streaked down by small streams,—the effect of constant rains—grown all over by gigantic grass, except where the numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw in the case of the Uzige lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a network of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, even counting at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, when the old bed was on the present surface of the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is Africa. Crossing over the Equator, altogether the conformation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly showing where in the north slope of Africa one stream, the Mworango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake, flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Uniuro, where its

name is changed to Kari. Far on another stream, the Luajeré, followed its example, and then still further on from the centre of the coast of the Nyanza issued the parent of the Nile flowing over rocks of igneous character twelve feet high, which the natives and also some Arabs designate by the simple name of stones. I have done myself the honour to christen it the Ripon Falls, after his Lordship, who was the President of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot. Now, proceeding down the Nile from the Ripon Falls, the river first bisects the sandstone-continued hills which extend into Usoga above the coast-line of the lake, and rushes along north with mountain-torrent beauty, and then, having passed these hills, of no great extent, it turned through long flats more like a lake than a river, where, in Uniuro, it was increased by the contribution of the Kafu and the Luajeré, and continued in this navigable form to the Karuma Falls in Chopi, where again, the land dropping suddenly to the westward, we saw the river rushing along with boisterous violence; but could not follow it, owing to the war which lay upon the track. It was, indeed, a pity, for not sixty miles from where we stood, by common report, the Little Luta Nzigé, which I had taken so much trouble in tracing down its course from the Lunse Montes with its salt islands in it, joined the Nile. The old river was next met with in the Madi country, due north of the Karuma Falls, where it still bore the unmistakable character of the Nile—long flats, long rapids. The southern half of the Madi was a flat, extending, we believe, to the junction of the Little Luta Nzigé, the northern, a rapid extending down to the navigable Nile—that is to say, the Nile which is navigable its entire length during the period of its flooding; and here the Asua river, of which we have heard, draining from the north-east corner of the Victoria Lake, joins—in a rainy season an important feeder, but when low, fordable. The first great affluent, which, indeed, is the only one worthy of remark on the left of the Nile, is the Bahr el Ghazal. It joins on, with the appearance of a diminutive lake at the sharp elbow of the Nile, without any visible stream of its own, whilst the great river winds round with considerable velocity, carrying, as I have said, the palm with it. The second affluent in order of position, which, with all the others, is on the right of the Nile, is the Gerafee river, swirling with considerable stream and graceful round into the parent Nile. Its magnitude and general appearance is like that of a first-class canal, inferior to the Kitangulú River, although not so much so as to equal in quantity of fluid one-third of the Nile at its point of junction. It is navigable to a great distance south, but where it comes from, nobody knows. It cannot be called a mountain river, as we found similar substances floating on its surface as on the Nile, evidently showing that both the trunk and the branch are subjugated to the same effects of sluggish flats and rapids. The third is the Southern Sobat River, which was full and navigable—in breadth it is greater than the Gerafee River, but less in rapidity, so that we may infer their perennial contents are much the same. Unfortunately, the Northern Sobat was passed without our knowledge, which also being navigable, would make the Upper Sobat, that is to say, the Sobat above the Delta, of far greater magnitude than the Gerafee, unless, indeed, the three streams may be one river still further south, when in its combination the comparison would have to be drawn with the Nile above it, and would very nearly equal it, for the Nile, with these additions, has scarcely doubled its importance, considered as it was seen from above entering the Bahr el Ghazal. The Blue River was long assumed to be the Nile only because its perennial powers were never tested. It appears to be a mountain stream emanating in the country without the rainy zone, but subject to the influence of tropical rains and droughts, at one time full, and empty at another, so shallow as to be fordable. The suspicion, therefore, that it was the Nile must of itself appear absurd, for its waters, during the droughty seasons, would be absorbed long before they reached the sea. But apart from this feature of the amount of

the Blue River, the Nile runs like a sluice in its wonted course, whilst the Blue River, conjoining with the Gerafee and Sobat, describes a graceful sweep. The Alhara, which is the last, is in all respects like the Blue, only small. With one more remark I will conclude. In the height of the dry season in the White River, the Blue is freely navigated, owing to the great accessions of the Gerafee and Sobat Rivers, but below the Blue and Alhara Rivers, to the sea, the sandbanks obstruct further passage. There is one thing that I have left unstated, and that is the fact that on my return the first Englishman I met was Mr. Baker, with whose name you were already acquainted, who came up for the purpose of helping us out of a scrape if we had got into one. Mr. Baker hearing that there was one branch of the river that I had not explored, went on for the purpose of searching for it, and I trust that before another year is out we shall see him back to tell us all about it. Another remarkable fact was that three ladies came up to meet me, but one having been taken ill, Miss Tinney and her mother went up the river to satisfy their desire for geographical knowledge. I endeavoured to persuade them to return, and subsequently wrote them a letter entreating them to give up their journey, with what result remains to be shown. If the remaining branch is not explored by these parties, I shall have to do the work myself."

THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

ACCORDING to Mr. Hunt's Report the brick building in Cromwell Road, used during the Exhibition in 1862 as a gallery for pictures, is a substantial structure. The roof, however, requires to be repaired and the skylights replaced with others of a stronger character glazed with sheet-glass. It is proposed also to lay new wrought floor-boards over those now existing, and to render the whole of the gallery fire-proof by the adoption of Fox and Barrett's principle, which has been found efficient, or by the construction of brick arches on iron girders under the present floor.

The remainder of the buildings are partly permanent and partly temporary in their construction. The iron columns and girders, and the iron trusses of the roofs, will remain permanently with some adjustments and modifications. The timbers of the roofs, as well as the skylights, are, with the exception of the roofs over the nave and transepts, of a temporary character, and it is proposed to remove them, substituting new timbers with a covering of slate or marine metal. The skylights will be entirely new, and the glass in them will be of the quality known as the 21-ounce sheet. The roofs over the nave and transepts will be slated. All the gutters throughout will be lined with lead; and the skylight, frames, ridges and hips, will be covered with lead. The joists and floor-boards of the galleries will be removed, and substantial new floors will be substituted. The whole of the ground floors throughout the entire building will be removed. A layer of concrete twelve inches thick will then be laid over the whole surface, and a new floor constructed, with new materials. The joists will be of the best fir timber; the sleepers will be of oak, on proper brick walls, built on the concrete platform before described, and the floor-boards will be 1½ inch thick, planed, and put together with iron tongues. All the ceilings throughout, except the nave and transept, will be plastered, as will also all the brick walls within the building.

A complete system of drainage was constructed when the buildings were erected. This will, however, require to be repaired, and in parts re-laid.

With regard to the domes, it is proposed to build piers of brickwork upon solid concrete foundation, and to construct brick arches, springing from these piers. The lower portion of the domes will then be filled in with brickwork, covered externally with lead, and the upper portion will be glazed with thick glass. The interior parts of the brickwork, including the piers and arches, will be plastered. It is not proposed to remove the ironwork, but to build it in with the brickwork.

As respects the completion architecturally of the exterior of the building on its three sides, Mr. Hunt proposes that the existing outlines should be

preserved, and such an amount of decoration introduced as may be consistent with the purposes to which the building is to be applied. The material to be employed will be Portland cement. Mr. Hunt thinks it would be an unnecessary expense to face the building with stone, especially as all the surrounding mansions and buildings are of the less expensive material.

These are the more important works contemplated; but there are others of a minor description, which are fully set forth in the first specification and estimate.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

General Sabine made a few observations from the chair at the winding-up Meeting of the Royal Society last week, which merit more attention than they are likely to receive, if we may judge from past experience. Twenty-five papers were read at the Meeting, and of course very imperfectly; of some the titles only were mentioned, and most were dismissed with brief abstracts. As the President remarked, the Society thereby lost the hearing of some very important papers, and the discussions to which they would have given rise; and he pointed out that it would be to the advantage of all concerned, if the Fellows and other authors would send in their papers at the beginning instead of at the end of the session.

The Royal Society have elected two Foreign Members.—Prof. Kummer, of Berlin, for his discoveries in the theory of numbers, and in particular for the conception and development of ideal numbers; and Prof. Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, the well-known naturalist, whose works on the Alternation of Generations, and other zoological and archaeological subjects connected with the history of man, are greatly esteemed by naturalists. The list of fifty Foreign Members is thus once more complete.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin, through the official intervention of the King, have conferred upon Sir Charles Lyell the honour of Chevalier of the Order of Merit in Science and Art. The number of foreign knights of this Order is limited to thirty; and among our countrymen, previously elected, Sir Charles Lyell will find Sir John Herschel, the Astronomer-Royal, Prof. Faraday, Prof. Owen, Sir David Brewster, Sir Henry Rawlinson and General Sabine.

It will be seen from our report of the sale of the Bromley pictures that the nation has acquired several additions to the National Gallery, viz., Gio. Bellini's Saviour on the Mount of Olives, well remembered at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition,—Il Bramantino's Adoration of the Kings,—Palmezzano da Forlì, The Virgin Enthroned (the Dublin National Gallery),—A. Bottraffio, The Virgin and Child,—Pesello Peselli, The Holy Trinity.

At the special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, called to consider the protest of Sir Edward Belcher and his friends against the illegality of the late elections, three hundred members were present; after some debate, a large majority decided that no cause had been shown for taking counsel's opinion as to the breach of rules. The elections, therefore, stand good; except in the case of Dr. Rae, who has voluntarily retired from the Council, in accordance with the laws.

The Rev. Francis Trench suggests, as a means of saving trouble and expense to collectors, the establishment of a Book-exchange Bazaar. Many persons, Mr. Trench thinks, are in possession of books which, for various reasons, they would gladly exchange for others. Such persons do not like to sell their volumes, though they would, he fancies, be willing enough to barter them away for other volumes. He proposes, therefore, to establish a dépôt or bazaar, in a convenient part of London, at which books for exchange might be delivered by the possessors, to be there taken up at a fair price by those who might need them. Mr. Trench proposes to maintain his Exchange by charging a sum on all books received into it; also a percentage on all sales. He says nothing about rent. Mr. Trench is of opinion that the collector and publisher would alike gain by the foundation of his Exchange.

If of books there will be no end, we may say that the same prospect applies to paper. A plant, the *Sida retusa*, which grows in prodigious quantities at Brisbane in East Australia, is found to possess a most valuable fibre which will, after being worked up into textile fabrics, render it peculiarly adapted for paper.

The concluding evening meeting of the present session of the London, Middlesex and Surrey Archaeological Societies will be held on Wednesday next, July 1, at 7, St. Mildred's Court, Poultry, when Charles Baily, Esq., will read a paper 'On the Mode of Roofing Buildings in the Middle Ages, with a view to ascertain the Style of Roof originally placed over the Guildhall of London, and to consider the Proposed Restoration.'

The Second Annual Meeting of the Devon Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature and Art, will be held at Plymouth, on Wednesday, the 29th of July, and the two following days, under the presidency of Mr. Spence Bate. The Mayor of Plymouth, Sir John Bowring, and Sir W. Snow Harris are among the Vice-Presidents. The Rev. W. Harpley, of Plymouth, and Mr. H. S. Ellis, of Exeter, are the Honorary Secretaries.

On Monday next a meeting will be held at Willis's Rooms, under the Presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, "to consider the various questions connected with Domestic Service." This was one of Prince Albert's reforms, and it still remains one of Mr. Leech's subjects. In its serious and in its comic aspects it is alike interesting to us all. We have not heard Lord Shaftesbury's points; but there is one question connected with Domestic Service which very often forces itself on our attention—namely, the extraordinary powers, in connexion with Domestic Service, of the Cat. In the kitchen, in the larder, and even in the study, the Cat develops peculiarities unknown to Buffon. We have a black Tom, which, in connexion with our domestic service, ate two pounds of rump-steak when it was only a kitten of nineteen ounces, and which, in the same connexion, has since then smoked cabanas, broken bottles and lapped up claret, carried off kid gloves to unknown fairy tabbies, and burned or mislaid papers of a confidential kind: in fact, has exhibited all the powers and propensities which might have been ignorantly ascribed to a friendly policeman or a cousin in the Guards. If Lord Shaftesbury could resolve this question of the cat, he would be going a very considerable way towards understanding one of "the questions connected with Domestic Service."

In the library of the late N. C. Mognie, Esq., sold by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, this week, there occurred a copy of the second edition of Coverdale's Bible, 1537. The book, from its imperfect state, was not of much importance, but it contained the left-hand half of the woodcut map belonging to the first edition of the same Bible, which fragment constituted the main value of the "lot," and it sold, after an active competition, for 45l.

A writer, dating from Ballymoney, in Ulster, says, in reference to the discoveries reported by Capt. Sayer in the Gibraltar Cavern:—"Mr. Sayer, amongst other objects there found, enumerates 'an oblong slab of sandstone, with one surface much worn and polished as if by friction,' and he seems to be of opinion that the very perfect pestle which he describes and which was found within a few feet of the sandstone slab was an adjunct of the same, and was probably used for grinding cereals or breaking nuts. I wish to observe that similar oblong slabs of granite or sandstone have been occasionally found in Ireland—in Ulster, at least; that they are generally found in pairs, are called in popular language 'rub-stones,' and that the peasantry assign a very high antiquity to them. Indeed, I believe the best authorities on the subject are agreed that they were anterior to the querns or hand-mills (which are comparatively common, whilst these are rare),—that they were used for grinding cereals,—in short, that they were the very first, as they were undoubtedly the very rudest, inventions for grinding purposes yet discovered. In the Museum here (Ballymoney County,

Antrim) we have two pairs of these rub-stones; in both pairs the under or lying stone is about 22 inches long and 12 broad at the centre, narrowing to about 9 inches at the ends. This stone is convex at the back, and was most probably fixed in the ground at somewhat of an angle, as being the position best adapted for clearing the stones of the ground grain; the face of this stone is a good deal hollowed by use, both ends standing up some inches higher than the centre. The upper or moving stone possesses the peculiarity of having a slight projection or ear on its side, through which there is a hole of about half-an-inch in diameter, the sides of the hole being nicely bevelled,—evidently intended for a string or more probably a withe to pass through, and thus assist the horizontal motion. This stone is quite flat, about 6 inches thick, and not by any means so large as the lyer; it is 16 inches long by 9 broad. I am inclined to think the pestle described had no connexion with the rub-stone; further excavations will probably reveal the mortar. In Ireland, stone pestles and mortars of undoubted antiquity are frequently found. A specimen just now before me has on each of its projecting ears concavities for three fingers to raise it by. In the concluding portion of Mr. Sayer's letter, after a second visit to the cavern, he notices the discovery of another slab of sandstone similar to the first. This doubtless will prove to be its counterpart. It would be very desirable to have an exact description, so as to know how far these Gibraltar rub-stones resemble those found occasionally in Ireland.

"DAVID WILSON."

The monument to Tyndale, on Knibley Knoll, Gloucester, in the parish of his birth, has been commenced, from the designs of Mr. Teulon. It consists of a tower 111 feet high, with a terminal proposed to be a reflector; the whole is to be broken in stages, diminishing from 23 feet square at the base to 14 feet at the summit, where will be a machiolated cornice. Within will be a staircase; at the entrance a recess to contain a Bible chained to a book-rest, in the manner we still see in some ancient churches, that at Bridlington, for instance.

Another volume of Mendelssohn's Letters is announced to appear in August next: it will contain the letters written during the years 1833 to 1847.

'Goethe's Correspondence with the Grand-Duke of Weimar,' so long looked for and so often promised, is at length in the press, and the publication is promised for the beginning of July. The two volumes will contain about 600 letters, and among them a great number that have not only never been published, but the perusal of which has never been permitted beyond the family of the Grand-Duke. They will embrace the letters of the Grand-Duke on the Campaign in the Palatinate, Goethe's letters to his patron from Italy, and will, no doubt, form one of the most interesting of the collections of letters connected with Goethe that have yet been published.

Baedeker, whose Travellers' Handbooks are as common with German travellers as Murray's are with our own countrymen, has just issued an English translation of his useful Guide to Switzerland. He published last year an English Guide to the Rhine, founded upon his German work, the first of his series of Guide-Books, which has reached a twelfth edition.

The Salzburg mountains are about to be furnished with a system of guides, modelled, apparently, on that existing in Switzerland. The guides are to be examined and licensed, are to have a book in which employers may write complaints or recommendations, and are bound to carry twenty pounds of luggage. A list of guides in each place and of the tariffs for each excursion is to be put up in the hotels. This measure has been introduced, we hear, by the Austrian Alpine Club, and we have no doubt it will have an effect in making the Salzburg district more accessible to our own countrymen.

The estimates for the present year include the sum of 45,243*l.*, for maintenance and repair of Royal Palaces, an increase of 11,660*l.* on last year: of this, 19,433*l.* is for Palaces in the occupation of the Queen, of which Windsor alone takes 11,000*l.*; Palaces partly occupied by the Queen, 10,300*l.*; Palaces not so occupied, 15,243*l.*—Public Build-

ings, 117,781*l.*, increase 4,268*l.*—Parks and Pleasure Gardens used by the public.—Battersea, Bushey, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Holyrood, Kensington, Kew Botanic and Pleasure Grounds, Regent's, St. James's, Hyde, Green and Victoria Parks, all, 97,952*l.* These were the sums voted for the whole of the above, after deducting the surplus, about 30,000*l.*, remaining of former grants.—The Houses of Parliament take 46,444*l.*, of which 4,570*l.* is for completion of buildings; 4,229*l.* warming, lighting and ventilating; cost of works connected with—5,490*l.* gas; 2,300*l.* fuel; 1,000*l.* salary of officer in charge of warming and ventilating arrangements; 40,000*l.* New Foreign Office Buildings; 137,773*l.* further estimate for their completion; Public Record Depository, 20,000*l.*; National Gallery, Dublin, Building, 988*l.*; Franklin Monument, 800*l.*, re-vote.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS OPEN.—IN THE DAY, from Eight till Seven o'clock. Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 1*l.*—IN THE EVENING, from Half-past Seven till Half-past Ten. Admission, 6*d.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS (founded in 1881 as the New Society of Painters in Water Colours).—THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1*l.*—Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, opposite Marlborough House. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The Gallery, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE NICOL.

FRENCH GALLERY, 130, Pall Mall.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE, THE ICEBERGS. Painted from Studies made in the Northern Sea in the Summer of 1859.—German Gallery, 108, New Bond Street, W.—Admission, 1*l.*

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—June 18.—Major-General Sabine, President, in the chair.—Prof. Ernst Eduard Kummer and Prof. J. J. Smith Steenstrup were elected Foreign Members.—The following papers were read:—'On the Molecular Mobility of Gases,' by T. Graham, Esq.—'On the Magnetic Disturbance which took place on the 14th of December 1862,' by B. Stewart, Esq.—'Results of the Magnetic Observations at the Kew Observatory from 1857 to 1862 inclusive, Nos. 1 and 2,' by Major-General Sabine.—'On the Electro-muscular Conductibility of Healthy and Paralyzed Muscles,' by H. Lobb, Esq.—'Notes of Researches on the Polyammonias, No. 24, On Isomeric Diamines,' by Dr. Hofmann.—'On the Degree and Weight of a Resultant of a Multipartite System of Equations,' by Prof. Sylvester.—'Contributions towards the History of the Colouring Matters derived from Aniline,' by Dr. Hofmann.—'Further Observations in favour of the View that Nerve Fibres never end in Voluntary Muscles,' by Dr. Beale.—'Explorations in Spitzbergen, undertaken by the Swedish Expedition in 1861, with the View of ascertaining the Practicability of the Measurement of an Arc of Latitude,' by Dr. Torrell.—'Contributions towards the History of the Colouring Matters derived from Coal Tar,' by Dr. Hofmann.—'On the Influence of Temperature on the Electric Conducting Power of Alloys,' by Dr. Matthiessen and C. Vogt, Esq.—'On the Measurement of the Chemical Brightness of various Portions of the Sun's Disc,' by Prof. Roscoe.—'Experiments on the Vibrations occasioned by Railway Trains passing through a Tunnel made at Watford,' by Sir J. South.—'On the Peroxides of the Radicals of the Organic Acids,' by Sir B. C. Brodie.—'Account of Observations of Atmospheric Electricity taken at Windsor, Nova Scotia,' by J. D. Everett, Esq.—'Note on the Minute Structure of the Grey Matter of the Convulsions of the Brain of Man, the Sheep, Cat and Dog,' by Dr. Beale.—'On the Absorption and Radiation of Heat by Gaseous, &c. Liquid Matter, 4th Me-

moir,' by Prof. Tyndall.—'Preliminary Notice of an Examination of *Rubia Munjista*, the East Indian Madder or Munejet of Commerce,' by Dr. Stenhouse.—'On Fermat's Theorem of Polygonal Numbers,' by the Lord Chief Baron.—'An Account of Experiments on the Change of the Elastic Force of a Constant Volume of Atmospheric Air between 32° F. and 212° F., and also on the Temperature of the Melting Point of Mercury,' by B. Stewart, Esq.—'On the Brain of a Bushwoman, and on the Brains of two Idiots of European Descent,' by J. Marshall, Esq.—The Society adjourned over the long vacation.

GEOLOGICAL.—June 17.—Prof. A. C. Ramsay, President, in the chair.—F. G. Finch, Esq. was elected a Fellow.—M. Boucher de Perthes, Dr. M. Hörnes, M. N. von Kocksharow, M. S. Lovén, General della Marmora, F. A. Graf Marschall von Burgholzhausen, M. H. Nyström, Dr. F. A. Quenstedt, Dr. F. Seufft, Prof. E. Suess, Dr. B. F. Shumard, and the Marquis de Vibraye, were elected Foreign Correspondents.—The following communications were read:—'On the Relations of the Cromarty Sandstones containing Reptilian Footprints,' by the Rev. G. Gordon, LL.D., and the Rev. J. M. Joass, with an Introduction by Sir R. I. Murchison, K.C.B.—'On some Tertiary Shells from Jamaica,' by J. C. Moore, Esq., with a Note on the Corals, by P. Martin Duncan, and a Notice of some Foraminifera,' by Prof. T. R. Jones.—'On the Geology and Mineralogy of a part of Borneo,' by M. Cornelius de Groot.—'Description of a new Fossil Thecidium from the Miocene Beds of Malta,' by J. Denis Macdonald, Esq.—'On the Sandstones and Shales of the Oolites of Scarborough, with descriptions of new species of Fossil Plants,' by J. Leckenby, Esq.—'A Monograph of the Ammonites of the Cambridge Greensand,' by H. Seeley, Esq.—'On a new Crustacean from the Glasgow Coal-field,' by J. W. Salter, Esq.—'On the Occurrence of a Bituminous Substance near Mount-Gerald, Scotland,' by Dr. G. Anderson.—'On the Occurrence of Albertite at Mount-Gerald, Scotland,' by A. C. Mackenzie, Esq.—'On the Occurrence of Rocks of Upper Cretaceous Age in Eastern Bengal,' by Dr. T. Oldham.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—June 10.—Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., in the chair.—Mr. Deutsch read a paper 'On a Trilingual Inscription, Latin, Greek and Phœnician,' which has been recently discovered in Sardinia, in which he pointed out its great value as an ancient monument of a people of whom we have few records. It announces the fact that an altar had been dedicated to Ashmam or Æsculapius by one Gleon, a salt-farmer.—Mr. Vaux read a paper in which he traced the knowledge which the ancients possessed of Abyssinia and the head-waters of the Nile, from the time of Æschylus, in the fifth century B.C., to that of the geographer Ptolemy, in the second century A.D.

NUMISMATIC.—Anniversary Meeting.—June 18. W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., President, in the chair.—E. Burns, Esq., W. H. D. Longstaffe, Esq., Mrs. Strickland and G. S. Veitch, Esq. were elected Members.—The Report of the Council and the President's Address were read, and the Meeting proceeded to ballot for officers for the ensuing session of 1863-1864, when the following gentlemen were elected:—President, W. S. W. Vaux, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Berne, Esq. and J. Lee, Esq., LL.D.; Treasurer, G. H. Virtue, Esq.; Secretaries, J. Evans, Esq. and F. W. Madden, Esq.; Foreign Secretary, J. Y. Akerman, Esq.; Librarian, J. Williams, Esq.; Members of the Council, T. J. Arnold, Esq., W. Boyne, Esq., the Earl of Enniskillen, F. W. Fairholt, Esq., W. Freudenthal, Esq., J. G. Grenfell, Esq., Rev. F. K. Harford, Rev. Asheton Pownall, H. W. Rolfe, Esq. and R. Whitbourn, Esq.

STATISTICAL.—June 16.—Col. Sykes, President, in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Fellows:—J. Beddoe, M.D., W. Ewart and J. G. P. Child, Esqs.—Dr. W. A. Gray, Medical Superintendent of Millbank Prison, read a paper 'On

Sufficient and Insufficient Diets, with Special Reference to the Diets of Prisoners."

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—*June 15.*—Prof. Donaldson, President, in the chair.—Mr. Purdie read a paper entitled 'The Stereochromic and other Technical Processes of Painting, considered with Reference to their Employment in Mural Decoration.'

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*May 15.*—Sir Henry Holland, Bart., V.P., in the chair.—'On the Molecule of Water,' by W. Odling, Esq.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Wed. Horticultural, 1.—Great Exhibition.
Fri. Archaeological Institute, 4.
Sat. Horticultural.—Promenade.

FINE ARTS

MR. CHURCH'S 'ICEBERGS.'

Mr. Church's idea in the choice of subjects—that each one shall present an impressive and suggestive incident in nature—is an excellent one. Independent of Art, there is in such subjects as the Falls of Niagara, the Heart of the Andes, and the work before us, enough to interest the student. To appreciate them as works of Art we must separate their mere subjects from their execution, and not endow the artist or his picture with the glories of the theme, but give to him his proper honour alone. American landscape art promises to be a noble one when divested of tendencies to opacity and paintiness which, while they indicate the strength and health of a nascent and original school, prove that its professors have not yet mastered the whole of the mysteries of the colour-box and the brush. At present Transatlantic landscape painting is materialistic; seeking its means of expression in translation of literal facts—poetic and grand in themselves, rather than in their mental associations.

Mr. Church has been happy in choice of a subject for his latest picture: Niagara is hackneyed; the Heart of the Andes drew its interest from a knowledge of Nature not common amongst the people; but the floating crystal islands, the terror and admiration of ages, had never been attempted by even moderately skilled artists,—the theme was, therefore, striking in itself, original and veiled in mysterious grandeur. The sunlight that falls on the surface of the island lights it with a pure, ice-cold glittering that, when we look close, shows myriads of hues, pierces deep into the purer parts of the mass, and seems lost beyond the power of reflexion; elsewhere light has reached the roofs of caves the sea has worn by beating, so that we have it tinging the water in them with a colour that makes the emerald look crude. It is green fire where thus transmitted unabsorbed and unreflected. Light on the berg is thus blue from reflexion of the sky, golden where flashed back to our eyes by the fractured and splintered surfaces, and enriched with every hue by diverse circumstances of position, form and transparency. We look in wonder at this vast rock of ice, seemingly fast anchored in the sea, yet with every moment telling its tale of dissolution by the wreaths of flying mist, by huge, yawning crevices, by the eating sea that lapses fatally at the base, has bared caverns, split long shelves, and made deep scars at every point. A scoop of sheer descent on one side of a mountain tells another secret cause of ruin; so large is it, that a mile-long shadow seems to lie in scarp: yet, vast as it is, the mere expansion of air has rent and slid off the great scale into the sea.

The effect of such a slide is marked where we should least expect it; the whole poise of the berg has thus been altered; the side near to us, becoming tight, has risen and changed the line that the sea beat upon for a lower one, placed obliquely to the first. Twice this has happened, for there are two sea-worn lines at the mountain's base. We look from an ice-plain above the level of the sea into a bay worn in the berg, and made shallower by the successive up-risings or losses of balance above indicated; over this bay the wavelets ripple in tender curves, one behind the other; the shifted

beaches are on the distant side, and reach almost to the removed horn of the bay, upon whose uttermost promontory the water breaks lazily and of a pure but rather ashy green. One side of the bay shows us the vista of a mountain valley; one of the cliffs is bored with the emerald cave, upon the roof of which rests an enormous boulder, torn away from the rocky arctic home of the berg, and thus floated far to south to find an ocean bed, when the whole fabric is wracked. Such ice-borne boulders are said to be the originals of our enormous stones that, grouped by some forgotten people to serve priestly rites, are named Druidic temples or tombs. The stone, deeply tinged with iron, has stained with red and russet streaks the pure snow and ice of its bed.

PICTURE SALE.

THE late Mr. Allnutt's collection of pictures and drawings has been sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson. Here are the names of the most important items and the prices they obtained. First day's sale—Drawings only: G. Barrett, A Lake Scene, Sunset, 105*l.* (Cox),—D. Cox, A Landscape, with peasants and cattle, evening, 71 *gs.* (E. White),—Bonington, A Sea-piece, fishing-boats in a breeze, 70*l.* (Agnew),—G. Barrett, a landscape, with a team of horses, sunset, 70*l.* (Sale),—D. Cox, Windsor Castle, from Virginia Water, 165 *gs.* (Agnew),—The Farm, sheep passing through a gate, under some pine-trees, 53 *gs.* (same),—Sea-piece, a Dutch galliot in a breeze, 50*l.* (Pennell),—Bonington, Scene on the French Coast, with fishing-boats, 103*l.* (Cox),—C. Fielding, Distant View of Bolsover Castle, sunset, 63*l.* (Agnew),—A River Scene, a fisherman, with eel-baskets, in a punt, storm passing off, 110 *gs.* (same),—J. M. W. Turner, A River, crossed by a Bridge, hills on either side, cows in shallow water, evening; stated to be the painter's work on admission as A.R.A. (1799), which can only mean that it was exhibited in that year; and is probably that given in Rodd's list as "Abergavenny Bridge, Monmouthshire—clearing up after a showery day," No. 326 in Royal Academy Catalogue, 385 *gs.* (Lord Ashburton). This work was also at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, under the title of 'Bridge at Abergavenny.'—G. Barrett, A Classical Bay Scene, with ruined temples and other buildings, sunset, 95 *gs.* (Agnew),—D. Cox, Malvern Hills, from near Hereford, effect of passing showers, 145 *gs.* (same),—J. M. W. Turner, Leeds, engraved in the England and Wales, 320 *gs.* (Vokins). The first day's sale brought 3,200*l.* Second day's sale: D. Cox, Fish-Market on the Beach at Hastings, 106 *gs.* (Vokins),—The Tivoli, copy from the famous picture by Turner, by D. Cox; the original and the copy both painted for Mr. Allnutt, 150 *gs.* (N. Wallis),—S. Prout, a Grand Sea-piece, an East-Indian under repair on the sands, other vessels and numerous figures, 215 *gs.* (Pocock),—D. Cox, Windsor Castle from the Thames, cattle on the bank of the river, 245 *gs.* (Agnew),—The Building of Carthage, Æneas and Achates, classical bay scene, with buildings, figures and trees, 260 *gs.* (Moore),—P. De Wint, A River in Devonshire, 125 *gs.* (Webb),—G. F. Robson, View of Durham Castle, Cathedral and City, cows and figures in the foreground, evening, 270 *gs.* (Farrer),—D. Cox, A view over an extensive valley, a stream crossed by a bridge, wooded foreground, upright, 105 *gs.* (Agnew),—P. De Wint, another River Scene, a rainbow spanning the centre, craft near the bank to the right of picture, smooth water, 325 *gs.* (Cox),—G. Barrett, Classical Landscape, valley opening to the sea, Grecian temples on either side, afternoon, 110 *gs.* (Crofts),—D. Cox, A Landscape, extensive valley, sheep feeding near the bank of a river, hilly distance, figures in front, 410 *gs.* (Agnew),—J. M. W. Turner, Distant view of Fonthill Abbey, the lake below, wooded foreground, morning, 260 *gs.* (Webb),—The companion, the same, sheep feeding, stream in front, evening, 100 *gs.* (Cox),—R. R. Reinagle, Neapolitan Fishermen dragging a net on shore in the Bay of Salerno, evening; shown at the International Exhibition, No. 889, 425 *gs.* (Atkins),—G. Barrett, Solitude, No. 852, at the International Exhibition, 420 *gs.* (Cox),—A River Scene, Embarkation of George the

Fourth at Greenwich, 210 *gs.* (same),—G. Barrett, Classical Landscape, sunset, 250 *gs.* (same),—J. M. W. Turner, Tivoli, 1,800 *gs.* (Lord Ashburton), the engraving from the same, by Goodall, copper-plate and 465 impressions, many of them proofs before letters, executed for Mr. Allnutt, 420*l.* (Agnew). The drawing was No. 1,033 at the International Exhibition. It appears to have been exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1818, No. 474, and was at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, No. 309, then the property of W. Wilson, Esq. Second day's sale, 7,920*l.* The third day's sale took place on Saturday last. Mr. F. R. Lee, A Landscape, road across a common, wooden bridge over pool, 120 *gs.* (Cox),—W. Müller, Tivoli, another copy of the famous Turner above named, to compare which with D. Cox's rendering of the original was interesting, 470 *gs.* (same),—Callcott, Open Landscape, sheep grazing on broken ground, man, woman and dog in front, early morning, 310 *gs.* (same),—Constable, A Landscape, mass of trees in centre, meadows in mid-distance, man ploughing in front, showery, 103*l.* (same),—J. Burnet, The Salmon Weir, 155 *gs.* (J. Atkins),—Gainsborough, Woody Landscape, cottages among trees, sportsman talking with peasant, dogs in front, a picture painted in fortunate rivalry with Teniers; as might be expected, it is larger, bolder, in a style more solid, and very warm and rich in effect, 225 *gs.* (same),—Giroux, Ferry-boat in a storm, 125 *gs.* (Cox); the work of an artist not often represented in English sales,—Wilson, Celandon and Amelia, in landscape, figures by Mortimer, engraved by Woollett, 210*l.* (same),—Wilkie, Sheep-washing, engraved, 120 *gs.* (Rought),—J. M. W. Turner, The Pass of the Simplon, 103*l.* (Webb),—Reynolds, Contemplation, Portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, No. 103 at the International Exhibition, 1,000 *gs.* (Lord Normanton),—Holland, Richmond Hill, No. 168 at the International Exhibition, 205 *gs.* (J. Allnutt),—Reynolds, Ino, seated on the ground, squeezing the juice of the grape into the mouth of Bacchus, 265 *gs.* (Mainwaring),—Murillo, The Virgin seated, the Infant Christ standing on her knee, a rosary in his right hand, 780 *gs.* (F. Nieuwenhuys, of Paris),—Rembrandt, A Lady in a black dress edged with fur, and a white ruff, seated in an arm-chair, a double eye-glass in her hand, a Bible, with hand-strings, on her knee, a nearly perfect example of Rembrandt's best period, 640 *gs.* (same),—Giorgione, a Venetian Knight, in a striped dress, with spear and sword, standing in an attitude of meditation before a beautiful woman who reclines at the foot of a tree, two children near her, 465 *gs.* (Colnaghi),—Vandyck, The Virgin in Glory, the Saviour standing on the globe, angels playing the violin, 160 *gs.* (Cockburn). Total of the third day's sale, 8,175*l.*; of the three, 19,295*l.* This sale included several works of great artistic value, which fetched comparatively small prices; among these, several pictures by Stothard, a sketch of Sancho and the Duchesse, by Leslie, two portraits by Maes, two groups of flowers by Moisl, a fine classical landscape by G. Poussin, two pictures by Hogarth,—1. The Interior of a Studio, an artist drawing with white chalk, a lady standing behind him; 2. A View of Charing Cross, wild geese flying over the statue, the humours of a market going on, a fellow with the Cap of Liberty, or red nightcap on a pole, donkeys, pigs, &c.,—a Study, by Reynolds, for the portrait of the Marquis of Granby, &c.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—One of the happiest applications of Gothic architecture, and a complete refutation of the outcry that it could not be revived for modern civic uses, may be found in the beautiful Market Hall, recently erected at Berkhamstead, by Mr. E. B. Lamb. In this work, variety and simplicity of design are cleverly combined with convenient adaptation, and obtained, it would seem, at moderate cost. For 2,000*l.*, the town in question has a market-hall, lecture-room, reading-room and other apartments, in an honest piece of building, without stucco, without pediments or bow-headed windows, sham pilasters or a portico,—useless exteriorly and darkening the rooms within. Its decorative features honestly suggest the chief use of the structure as a

market-house, and comprise carvings of vegetables, fruit, &c., not gods and goddesses, satyrs, tragic masks and what else.

Messrs. Woollams, of Manchester and London, paper-stainers, have shown us a large collection of designs, made by Mr. G. T. Robinson, architect, of Leamington. These, with great pleasure we highly commend; they are generally designed upon the true principles of decorative Art, and do not affect anything like imitation of natural objects. Conventionalized patterns, often displaying great beauty of form and intense variety, characterize the examples sent to us. The examples are of all classes, including the most costly paperings intended for ecclesiastical purposes, such as the backs of altars and walls of vestries. To the former of these applications of a merely manufactured article we object, believing that there is no apology for the use of anything but good Art direct from the artist, or good handicraft. Those for domestic use, in drawing, dining and sleeping rooms, are based mainly on natural foliage, the hawthorn, buttercup, shamrock, passion-flower, ivy, &c. The general principle of many of these works is Gothic in feeling; others are conventional and suited for all kinds of uses. The same manufacturers, we learn, are about to produce a similar series based upon Greek design. With a few exceptions, the colouring of the specimens sent to us is commendable; in many, it is worthy of the highest praise.

Many practitioners of the mechanical art of photography suffer under the hallucination that all they produce is of value to artists; hence we have speculator after speculator publishing photographic "studies," so called, of the most wretched models, male and female, posed in commonplace ways, farcical to artists—who know that what is valuable to themselves in life-model studies is not the things, but the practice of making them—delusive to the public and their producers. The ugliest compositions of cattle, of still-life, and what not, are thrust in artists' faces by patriotic photographers with the zeal of those boys who insist on selling moribund periodicals at half-price. Once for all, the "profession" may take our word, that, unless composed with the most subtle art (art of which photography has, as yet, not the dimmest idea), its "compositions" are abominable to painters. No artist, who is worth the chair he sits in, will, even if he could, paint from such things. As pleasant memoranda of things seen and enjoyed, as suggestions of the unseen substantialities of the earth, but in no way of the idea of the grandest works of Art—for we doubt if any one feels awed by a photograph of the Pyramids—photographs are handy. Details of architecture come out well by the process; but even in this application we must be on our guard against its weaknesses. Art-value does not lie in the production of the minutest details of an object, unless into it is imported, by the genius of the artist, something of human interest. As yet photographers have not succeeded in putting brains and hearts into their cameras; so that, unless they themselves bring those essential items of humanity to bear upon their productions, such works as that before us, published by Brunellière & Fischer, and styled 'Adjutor,' are good for nothing. What amount of intelligent feeling its producers have our readers will guess when we say, that the best plate represents a "study" of dead fish, which, to suit the convenience of the camera, have been nailed against an upright board!

Mr. G. F. Bodley is engaged upon a church in course of erection at Cambridge, for All Souls' parish, near the College, which promises well in the spirit, grace and loftiness of its design. This has a nave, and but one aisle, on the south, divided by a five-arched arcade of octagonal columns and moulded cups; the chancel placed under the tower, and a vestry at the south-east angle. The interior of the nave and aisle will be lighted by geometrically-traceried windows; the tower-arch will be high in spring and elegantly proportioned, in the character of the edifice—that of the fourteenth century.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—LAST MATINÉE OF THE SEASON.—TUESDAY July 7. Pianoforte, Lubock, from Paris; Violinist, Auer (from Pesth); Violoncellist, Fiatti, &c. J. ELLA, Director.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S CONCERT.—WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 1.—The Programme will consist chiefly of a Selection from Mr. Brinley Richards's Compositions and of Works not previously known.—Milles, Parepa, Stabback and Edith Wynne; Mr. Sims Reeves and Lewis Thomas; Messrs. John Thomas, Balist Chatterton, Engel and Payne; Messrs. Benedict, Sullivan, Archer, Pearce and Harjitt.—Mr. Sims Reeves will sing a new Song with Chorus, 'The White Cross of Denmark,' and 'God Bless the Prince of Wales.'—Stalls and Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; at Messrs. Coombs; and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington Street, Russell Square.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

VOCAL MUSIC.

It is impossible to class the songs before us, and not easy to find anything new to say concerning a pile of music in which there is so little novelty. It would seem as if the power of producing such sweet, natural English melodies as Arne, and Shield, and Bishop wrote is a lost secret. In their days our music had a character which is now too sparingly to be met with. Our composers attend to modulation and accompaniment more than did their forefathers, but "where (as the Irish lady said of the *torso*), are the features?" We may have paid too dear for our intercourse with foreign parts if we have lost our individuality. Air (to use the old term) is too much neglected and disdained. With this may be mentioned again another cause of depreciation in the English song, the carelessness of our writers as to the words.

Mr. Henry Smart is a liberal contributor to the collection here to be catalogued. "The pure in heart shall meet again," words by W. Guernsey, and "Priez pour elle," the words by W. H. Bellamy, are for a contralto voice. "The magic of the flower," "Bright be her dreams," "Waiting for the Spring" (contralto again), and "Floating leaves," are to words by Frederick Enoch. "Thinking of thee" and "Sir Brian the bold" (the latter a dramatic ballad) bring us back into Mr. Bellamy's company. "Paguita" is by Augustus Greville, Esq. (The above are published by Cramer, Beale & Wood.) There is a level merit in this collection of songs, rising, if not very far, above common-place, and they are neatly finished; but there is more poetry and genius in the few simple notes written to be sung and varied in Beethoven's 'Choral Fantasia' than in the entire eight songs here before us.—The *Bells*, duett (words by E. Poe), and a *Farewell* (words by Tennyson), by Frederick C. Atkinson (Jewell) have some touches of fancy in them—German, rather than English, fancy, however.—"Come hither, come hither," Moore's voluptuous lyric from 'Lalla Rookh,' with its musically sibilant burthen, "It is this, it is this," has been oftentimes set, possibly never in better spirit than here by M. Schulthes (Lonsdale).—*Craigie Burn*, by Rosetta O'Leary Vinning (Ewer & Co.), hardly merits the honours of print.—"Adieu, Adieu!" by Edgar Musgrave (Chappell & Co.), appears under peculiar circumstances. Its writer, we are instructed, is one of the many in whom loss of sight has quickened the musical sense. A certain timidity, distinct from poverty, may be discerned in this song, which is not without its sad grace, but the rhythm is too monotonous.—Mr. Deacon's "Too Late" (Duncan, Davison & Co.) is an ambitious and impassioned setting of the Laureate's lyric of 'The Foolish Virgins.' Despair and entreaty are in it, but it is too fragmentary;—and the word "feet" should not be set to three notes, the middle one being the most strongly accented of the three.—"When loving ones are parted" is a *Romance* by Herr Kucken, and not one of his best; the English words are by Mr. Linley (Cocks & Co.).

Some Part-songs may now be enumerated. In "Evening now soft rapture brings" (six parts), by Joseph F. Duggan (Foster & King), the attempt is more obvious than the success.—Of "Y Tylwyth Teg" (*The Fairies*), by Mr. John Thomas (Addison & Co.), we have spoken elsewhere: another song and chorus from the same hand (same publishers), "Geolad Y telynor a'r Bardd" (*Land of the Min-*

stral Bard), has a good, bold burthen. Mr. Thomas has also harmonized the *Polish National Hymn*, "Boze cos Polake" (same publishers), to English words by Mr. Darby Griffith. The cause is better than the patriotic tune.—"Sir Knight! Sir Knight," *Sintram's Song*, and "The Wounded Cupid," words by Herrick, are by Miss Macirone (Novello & Co.). We have again to commend this young lady as managing voices with ease, cleverness in construction, and a due regard to the grouping of sounds, without which there is no part-writing.—Miss Macirone has been less well advised in her "Henri de Lagardère" (Chappell & Co.), natural and tempting though the admiration be of M. Fichter's acting, which has prompted her to write it. It is a poor and tormented song, *alla Polacca*.—Mrs. Groom contributes *A Patriotic Song* (Lonsdale & Co.) to the Fund for the Spitalfields weavers. It is not equal to her "Over the sea."

"My heart is sair for somebody," and "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind," by Agnes Zimmermann (Ewer & Co.), go far to justify the reputation gained by this young lady in the Royal Academy.—There is a certain ungraciousness of character in the Shakspeare song, referable, no doubt, to the words, but be it right, be it wrong, we prefer Arne's reading. The mixture of melancholy, melody and freshness in his setting is almost unparagoned, in the library of Shakspeare songs.—"Hail! beautiful blossom, fair exotic flower," by T. Walstein (Jewell), written for the recent royal nuptials, contains four lines the mystical charm of which is irresistible.—

Thy fragrance shall the Briton's heart replete
With balmy perfume growing o'er more sweet.
Each opening leaf a mother's joy shall prove
And drink the dew-drops of a nation's love.

It would beat the science of a Bach to mate the above words worthily with music.—"My Mary with the curling hair," by Charles Ball (Addison & Co.), is worth the life.—Four songs, "The green grass covers all," "Yes, loving hearts," "These things can never die," and "Do not call on me," by Henry Fasse (Williams & Co.), merit no better character.—*The Royal Wedding Serenata*, by W. G. Cusins (Lambourn, Cock & Co.), produced, as was duly mentioned, at Her Majesty's Theatre, will not strengthen the reputation of its composer. It may have been a hasty work, but feature and freshness are wanting to it.—*A Book of Music*, by W. Borrows (Metzler & Co.), containing three part and two single ones,—also, a *Réverie* (for the pianoforte alone),—is an amateur's contribution to the finishing of the tower of St. Stephen's Church, Higham Green.—*Serenade*, written for Birmingham by J. A. Langford, the music by A. J. Sutton (Augener & Co.), has been already mentioned in reference to its words. We cannot wonder that in some of the movements of this rather ambitious *Cantata* (as, for instance, the florid *Polacca*, No. 4) the composer has entirely disregarded the sense, and tried to weave a chain of sounds in themselves lively and attractive. The Introduction is one of the best numbers—perhaps because the form of it recalls the Introduction of Mendelssohn's 'Lauda Sion.' There has been worse wedding-music than that of this *Cantata*.—*A Set of Six Songs*, Op. 5, however, shows Mr. Sutton in a more favourable light. They are above rather than below the average.—So also are "To the Muse," Serenade by Coleridge,—"*The Chimes*," "*The Harp and the Poet*," by Joseph M'Kewan (Cramer & Co.).

Lastly, Messrs. Lonsdale & Co. continue active in the reprint or re-issue of *Handel's Songs*, those from 'L'Allegro' being among the last put forth. The couplets, "Hide me from Day's garish eye," are twenty times over worth the entire assemblage of songs, from which we are well content to part.

CONCERTS.—He who has, by the aid of pen, to keep pace with the music of this London June, is very much in the plight of the visitor to the gathering of part-singers at Cologne in the 'Elijah' year, who, before a three-hours long dinner was well off the table, had to grapple with a two-hours long supper of an amateur society, three hotels distant. "Music mad" is the motto of the month; and one may be well forgiven for looking forward to that

saner period when there shall be only four concerts a day, or thereabouts. Be it remembered, that three series of orchestral concerts (exclusive of choral societies) have been going on,—the merciful indulgence and want of enterprise among their directors alone having absolved us from the necessity of following their course in detail. Our chamber-concert givers have been far livelier and worthier—yet, with regard to their doings, simple enumeration must, of necessity, be largely resorted to, howsoever desirous the recorder be to neglect no worthy thing.—We must be contented with stating that the *Matinée of Signori Piatti and Arditi* took place; also that of *Herr Goldberg*;—that the *Pianoforte Quartett Association* has given a new *Pianoforte Quartett* by Herr Molique, of which we shall hear more, and which it would have been wise in the composer not to have withheld from his own concert (now also over), since there it would have benefited by the able support of his daughter, Mdlle. Anna.—In noticing the concert of Miss Lascelles last week, we should not have passed the singing of Mr. Redfearn, whose tenor voice is not unpleasing.—*Master Willie Pape's Matinée* must not pass without a word. He is a child of real musical genius—already a pianist of considerable accomplishment and most tenacious and comprehensive memory,—one to be much praised and not a little grieved over, seeing that he is presented to the world as a prodigy. How sad we hold such a mistake to be, need not be again told—the sadness in proportion to the promise.—*Mr. Deacon* has given his last *Matinée*, at which he followed the humour of the year in attempting to reconcile our public to Schumann's *Pianoforte Quintett*—a humour only bespeaking dearth in that form of chamber-music. Wherefore are not the works of Ries ransacked, and why should not Dr. Bennett, or Mr. Wallace, or Mr. Sullivan do something in relief of the famine—though that, we trust, will never drive our sufferers to enjoy unwholesome food? Of a new song by Mr. Deacon, 'Too Late,' very finely sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, mention will be found elsewhere.—*M. Halle's Recital* yesterday week was the most interesting one of his series, so far as it has gone. The masterly and fanciful *Sonata* by Schubert, in B flat, one of his later works, belonging to a set of three grand compositions—such as the great German writers were rich enough to give out as a single *opus*—was of itself worth the price of a concert-ticket. How delicious are the melodies of the *allegro*! how bold its transitions!—how well the interest kept up, long as is the movement!—how noble is the *adagio* in F sharp minor, in its nobility next among *adagios* to those of Beethoven!—how simply beautiful the *minuet*!—how quaintly audacious the *finale*! This *Sonata* was our event of the week—being played as only M. Halle can play it. Besides this, he gave Clementi's interesting *Fantasia* in F major, Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica*, with other music; not forgetting three charming trifles by M. Heller, one of which must needs be repeated.—Then there have been concerts by *Herr Blummer*,—and *M. Georges Pfeiffer*, the adopted (as he advertises) "of the *Conservatoire de Paris*," at which himself and M. Lebonc appeared, and where he performed a new *Concerto*, of which report speaks highly. Miss Gabriel's *Cantata*, 'Dreamland,' was repeated,—this time with orchestra.—The above paragraph sketches, we do not say completely, the proceedings of two concert-days in London.

There were some noticeable things at the *Crystal Palace Concert* of Saturday last—of its kind, an excellent one, though less interesting to us than such less showy meetings as are devoted to music rather than to musicians. Herr Habelmann is a German tenor, with an agreeable voice, which would be more agreeable were his vocal skill greater and were his ideas of musical expression more just. His song from 'Martha' will not be tolerated so long as Signor Mario is in the kingdom. M. Lotto is, already, one of the greatest wonder-players on the violin. His tone is not large; but his tune is perfect and his execution is apparently limitless. In expression he is outdone by his contemporary, M. Auer. Meanwhile, the dash and difficulty of his *pizzicati*,—of his scales rapid as lightning, but with every note as

distinct as diamonds on a string,—of his sure and audacious double stops—transport his audiences as rapturously as did the more measured marvels of Herr Joachim's versions of more sterling music. The clever variations by M. Leonard to Haydn's 'God preserve the Emperor,' which M. Lotto played, must be mentioned as a new *solo* of considerable effect and value. The success of this capital executant has led to the wise measure of his having a daily engagement this week at Sydenham; and lovers of violin-wonders must have found the journey thither to hear him well worth taking. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington is in excellent voice, and every month seems to add to the certainty of her execution; but her bird-song from 'Acis and Galatea' might have been read in a less knowing and deliberate fashion. Handel says enough for himself, without the indiscretion of over-emphasis being added to his clearly-marked periods. M. de Vroye (a Belgian, we believe) is a voluble flute-player, with a modest amount of tone. Mdlle. Artôt is finished and warm in M. Gounod's exquisite *Serenade* (which, however, wants the accompaniment not of flute, but of harmonium), and her song and herself narrowly escaped an *encore*. But her tendency to *sforzati* effects, in unconscious imitation of Madame Viardot, must be amended,—as false and second-hand in her case, whereas in that of the original it belongs to resistless natural impulse.

Mr. Benedict's Concert was, as usual, a *cento* of good, bad and indifferent things. In the first category must be placed his own compositions—an *andante* with orchestra, which is, we hope, part of a *Concerto*—being, as it is certainly, one of the most unaffectedly beautiful things we have heard since the year came in, and not marked by any tinge of that dryness which is to be felt in other of its composer's instrumental works.—A very good Italian *scena* by him was very well sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington;—and the great scene of parade, composed for Mdlle. Parepa, was given to perfection by that lady, who has of late gained in every respect as a vocalist, and is now among the best singers in Europe.—A *duettino*, by Mr. Benedict's school-mate, from Weber's unfinished 'Three Pintos,' has in it some lively touches of the author of 'Preciosa'—how incomparable among modern Germans as a melodist! Well might Mendelssohn say, "His tunes do so flatter the ear."—It is obviously impossible to go further in the details of Mr. Benedict's stupendous programme.

The reader must not yet be released till he has been told that *Herr Wilhelm Ganz* has received his friends,—that a concert has been given conjointly by Mdlle. *Elvira Behrens* and that pleasing *Lied*-writer, *Herr Abt*,—till he has been reminded of the pleasing talent of *Mr. George Russell*, one of the many young English gentlemen who now do a credit to music, whose concert was given on Monday. We may, possibly, speak of *Signor Vera's Concert*, his music, and the singing of his sister, Madame Vera-Lorini, on Saturday next.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—'Elisabetta.'—A wild fancy which would make its way the other night, may be forgiven, perhaps, as breaking the monotony of mere report. What would the Shade of England's glorious Virgin Queen—she who loved plays and players, and held the cards against Dons that approached her with Latin addresses— and finished Raleigh's soliloquy with a second line,—and would only be painted "in a garden light" where no shadows could disturb the beauty of her face,—she who discomfited the hosts of the Armada,—who signed away the life of "the Scots Queen,"—and whose glory vanished from earth amid the mournful gloom of heart-ache, remorse and mistrust of those who, perforce, were to wield the sceptre, when her pride was no more,—what (we repeat) would her Shade have felt and thought could it have witnessed Elizabeth's life mirrored to-day in the broken glass of a tawdry Italian playwright—in order that an Italian actress might present her, in her pomp and pride, and coquetry, and wrath, and heroism, and cruelty and weary death—before the eyes of another English Queen's subjects! In truth, the personation is a strange

triumph of genius, as evoking a character of the past out of a few shreds and tatters and doubtful stories and memories. The worse the play, the more wondrous the artist;—and she seemed to us, the other evening, more wondrous than ever,—more imperious, more subtle, more regal in her magnificence, more awful in her solitary decline and death.—Signor Giacometti's drama is school-boy work; Madame Ristori's personation is one of those masterpieces of power which must remain in recollection, after the first amazement and delight and thrill have subsided, so long as life and reason last. It subdued her public more than on any former exhibition of it; and to have seen it again is good for those who are anxious, when weighing and comparing, to keep clear of exaggerating the past at the expense of the present.

On Monday, those who love the gentler graces of romance in the life and sorrows of *Mary Stuart* had their satisfaction. It is impossible to carry further the expression laid out by the dramatist than is done by the actress; and, visibly inspired by the delight of her audience, who seem to relish her performances as they have never till now done, she can never have given more subtlety and power to the encounter between the rival Queens—never have drawn more tears than in the scene of *Mary's* leave-taking of life. The pathos of this last is resistless; the contrast betwixt it and the performance just mentioned marvellous, and beyond the reach of any other actress.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Walter Montgomery appeared at this house, on Saturday, in the character of *Othello*. Some interest attached to his appearance, consequent on his having been engaged by Mr. Fechter, and announced on his bills for the last six months; but owing to the success of 'The Duke's Motto,' no room has yet been found for him on the Lyceum stage. Impatient for a London appearance, Mr. Montgomery made terms with Mr. George Vining for his *début* at this theatre; whereupon Mr. Fechter applied to Chancery to prevent Mr. Montgomery acting, but the Court decided in favour of the latter. Mr. Montgomery has a figure suited for the stage, and a good voice;—he has also disciplined himself in gesture, attitude and utterance, his elocution being particularly correct. We had reason, however, to doubt his physical power, as in the third act his vocal energy became exhausted, and it was with difficulty that the actor continued his declamation. He struggled, indeed, manfully against difficulties, and in the end produced a favourable impression. Much allowance is to be made for Mr. Montgomery's anxiety in regard to the Chancery process, which had only just terminated in his favour, and which had temporarily affected his state of health; and though we cannot at present arrive at a decided decision, we shall watch his progress with interest.

NEW ADELPHI.—The applicability of Prof. Pepper's apparatus for the production of apparitional illusions to the purposes of the stage has at length been perceived by a West-end manager, and on Saturday a dramatic version of Mr. Charles Dickens's 'Haunted Man' was placed on these boards. Mr. Webster has certainly improved both on the Polytechnic and the Hoxton displays, and nothing can be more effectively managed than the ghostly appearances at this theatre. The story is not very well made out in the accompanying drama; but Mr. Toole and Miss Woolgar, as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Tetterby*, have an opportunity for domestic acting of which they avail themselves in a remarkable manner. The irritability produced by narrow circumstances was never better indicated, and was interpreted in a style that implied a peculiar genius for such stage-portraiture in both lady and gentleman. Should the ghosts prove popular, this *Tetterby* scene will add greatly to the reputation of these performers.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A new *Cantata* by Dr. Bennett was announced for the inauguration of the new building at Slough for the British Orphan Asylum, which took place

on Wednesday last. His 'May Queen' is to be performed on Friday next, at a Grand Concert of the "National Association for the Encouragement of Music," conducted by Mr. H. Leslie.

The run of M. Gounod's noble opera at Her Majesty's Theatre has not broken beyond anything of the kind in our English experiences, and might, we are satisfied, go on profitably to the end of the season were the theatre not a subscription theatre, the frequenters of which require change of performances. It is said that Mr. Sims Reeves is studying the part, with a view of replacing Signor Giuglini at the termination of that gentleman's engagement. We hear, too, that the opera is to be tried in the provinces in its English version. It is advertised at Covent Garden Theatre on Tuesday next.

From the *Journal des Débats* we learn that Mlle. Agar has taken revenge on Fortune by making a successful appearance at the Théâtre Français as *Phèdre*. But while we read this, heartily hoping that the news is true, we must not forget that M. Janin, the chronicler, is a strange guide in the case of tragic actresses. Even as he writes to-day about Mlle. Agar, he wrote years ago about Mlle. Maxime, urging her claims as a rival to Rachel, and then tiring of his advocacy and enthusiasm, with a suddenness and total change of note which must have bewildered his poor client, to say the least of it. She passed into immediate and final obscurity.—M. Jules Lecombe has been giving a one-act piece at the same theatre, 'Une Loge d'Opéra.'

MISCELLANEA

Recovery of Waste Places.—Nichol Street, New Nichol Street, Half-Nichol Street, Nichol Row, Turvil Street, comprising within the same area numerous blind courts and alleys, form a densely crowded district in Bethnal Green. Among its inhabitants may be found street vendors of every kind of produce, travellers to fairs, tramps, dog-fanciers, dog-stealers, men and women sharpers, shoplifters and pickpockets. It abounds with the young Arabs of the streets, and its outward moral degradation is at once apparent to any one who passes that way. Here the police are certain to be found, day and night, their presence being required to quell riots and to preserve decency. Sunday is a day much devoted to pet pigeons and to bird-singing clubs: prizes are given to such as excel in nets, and a ready sale follows each award. Time thus employed was formerly devoted to cock-fighting. In this locality, twenty-five years ago, an employer of labour, Mr. Jonathan Duthoit, made an attempt to influence the people for good by the hire of a room for meeting purposes. The first attendance consisted of one person. Persistent efforts were, however, made; other rooms have from time to time been taken and enlarged; numerous friends of progress have devoted themselves to the benefit of the people; and two years ago a favourable site was obtained on which to erect a spacious hall, in which 500 adults and 1,100 children are constantly collected and brought under unsectarian Christian instruction. Illustrated Lectures are delivered; a Loan Library has been established, also a Clothing Club and Penny Bank, and Training Classes for industrial purposes. The people have commenced voluntary offerings as an expression of their acknowledgment of the benefits received:—during the last year, 30*l.* was thus contributed. So far encouraged, the friends of the Institution, under the presidency of the Rev. Henry Allon, of Islington, have determined upon a further effort. A second piece of land has been obtained, at a cost of 625*l.*, and suitable buildings will forthwith be erected for the accommodation of 1,000 children for educational purposes. The New Buildings, with the purchase of land, will cost 2,150*l.*; towards this sum, 900*l.* has been contributed within the last few days.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. J.—F. W. H.—Uno Hoo—G. C. W.—K.—N. D. D.—N. H. H.—A Layman—received.

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