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Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Selections.

SPEECH OF MR. WEBSTER,
ON THE COMPROMISE BILL,

In the United States Senate, July 17th, 1850.

Mr. President, it was my purpose, on Tuesday of last week, to have followed the honorable member from South Carolina, (Mr. Butler,) who was addressing the Senate on the subject of California, with what I then had and now have to say on the subject of this bill. But before the honorable member had concluded his own remarks, it was announced here that the late Chief Magistrate of the United States was so dangerously ill that the Senate was adjourned from day to day in hourly expectation and the solemn event of the decease of the late Chief Magistrate was announced the next morning.

Sir, there are various reflections which cannot but present themselves to the minds of men, growing out of that occurrence. The Chief Magistrate of a great republic died suddenly. Recently elected to the office by the spontaneous voice of the people, possessing in a high degree their confidence and regard, ere yet he had had an opportunity to develope the principles of his civil administration, he fell by the stroke of death. And yet, sir, mixed with the sad thoughts that this event suggested, and the melancholy feelings which spread over the whole country, the real lovers and admirers of our constitution and Government, in the midst of their grief and affliction for this loss, found something gratifying to their reflections. The executive head of a great nation had fallen suddenly. No disturbance ensue; no shock was felt in a great and free republic. Credit, public and private, was in no way disturbed. Danger to the community or to individuals was nowhere felt. The National Legislature was not prorogued; nor was there any further delay in the exercise of the ordinary functions of every branch of the Government; than such as was necessary for the indulgence—the proper indulgence—of the grief which afflicted Government and People.

Sir, for his country General Taylor did not live long enough. But there were circumstances attending his death that were so fortunate, that for his own fame and character, and for the gratification of all to whom he was most dear, he may be said to have died fortunately.

"That life is good which answers life's great end."

Bred a soldier, accomplished in his profession, he had achieved all that was to be expected from him in that character. Placed at the head of the Government, as he was, he felt, I think, the voice of his people, he died in the midst of domestic affection and domestic peace. He died in the full possession of the gratitude of his country, and of all who love the honesty of duty performed. He died in the midst of the counsels of his country. His country, through us, its organs, have betrayed no fear, no want of confidence, in the hands opposing, such as the republic posts on the most distinguished of her sons. He has run the race destined for him by Providence. He sleeps with his fathers and with his country men.

"Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade!"

Mr. President, I proceed to say now a few words of the subject of this bill. I do not, I say, purpose to have said last Tuesday. And I begin by reminding that the longer we stay in the midst of this agitation—the longer it continues—the more it will be disturbed—the greater is the intensity of that anxiety which possesses my breast. I wish, sir, to harmonize opinions as far as I can. I wish to consummate some measure of conciliation. I wish to consummate some proposition or other that will bring opinions together and give the country repose.

It is not my purpose to-day to compare or contrast measures which have been proposed. A measure was proposed by President Polk, in his message of 1848. It was substantially repeated in the message of the late President in 1849. And then there is before us this proposition of the committee of thirteen. I do not regard these as opposite, opposing, or (to use the language of the day) as antagonistical propositions to all. To a certain extent, they all agree. Beyond what was proposed, either by Mr. Polk or the late President of the United States, this report of the committee and the bill now before us propose to go a step further. These suggestions, and especially that of the late President of the United States, were to admit California, and for the present to stop there.

The bill before the Senate proposes to admit California, and also to make proper provision—a provision proper or not, as the Senate may judge—for the Territories of New Mexico and Utah. And I confess, sir, that my judgment from the first has been that it was indispensable that Congress should make some provision for these Territories. But I have been careless whether the things necessary to be done were done in one bill or in separate bills, except that, as a matter of expediency, it has been my opinion from the beginning that it would have been better to have proceeded massive by measure. That was a matter of judgment upon which I differed from the case. I was in this committee of thirteen. Circumstances called me to my own home. It seemed to be the general opinion of the committee at that time, I thought, that it would be better to admit California, and then take up the other measures. Upon further consideration the committee came to, I, I doubt not, in the exercise of their best judgment and discretion, thought it would be better to unite the three objects which are in this bill.

Well, whether single or united together, every one of these objects meets my approbation, and is in my judgment a desirable object. In the first place, I think it is a desirable thing that California, and that she take up the other measures. I do not conceal from myself, or wish to conceal from others, that California is before us with some degree of irregularity in her proceedings. She has not been through the previous process of a Territorial existence. She has formed this constitution without our consent. But I look upon it that California, from the extraordinary circumstances which have attended her birth and progress to the present moment, entitles herself, from the necessity of the case, and without violating any ordinary rule. Who expected to see such a great community spring up there in such an incredibly short space of time? Who expected to see more than a hundred thousand people congregated in so much employment, with so much commerce, and activity and enterprise, and drawing to themselves the attention of the whole world, within the period of a few months? Her constitution has been framed upon republican models, conformably to the Constitution of the United States. And under these circumstances, still admitting that her application is premature and irregular, yet there has been nothing done which an admission now will not cure. She will be lawfully in the Union, if we admit her into the Union. Therefore, I have no hesitation on that ground.

Then, with regard to the Territories, I have been and am of opinion that we should not separate at the end of this session of Congress without making suitable provision for their government. It is not safe to let things stand as they are. Sir, it has been thought that there might be such a thing as admitting California, and stopping there. Well, it is not impossible, in the nature of things, that such a course of policy should be adopted, if it could meet with proper concurrence. But then I have always supposed, sir, that if we were now acting on California as a separate measure, and should, in the prosecution of that measure, admit California into the Union, the question arises, what then? I have never supposed that the questions respecting the Territories would be put at rest, even for the present, by such a proceeding. I have supposed that the work to be done would be to take up the subject of the Territories, and the necessity of governments in the Territories, and that California would be found, when she in some manner terminated by Congress; and that it should be the subject still which would occupy Congress, and occupy us here, for the various subjects of legislation, until it is disposed of. I am not authorized to say so, for I do not know the opinions of the other members of this Committee on Territories. Here sits near me the honorable member from Illinois, (Mr. Douglas,) at the head of that Committee; I do not know the opinion of this, whether I am right or not, that if we should this day admit California alone, he would to-morrow feel it his duty to bring in bills for the government of the Territories, or to make some disposition of them.

Mr. Douglas.—Does the Senator wish me to say?

Mr. Webster.—Certainly. I should like to know. Mr. Douglas.—I believe, if California should be admitted by herself, I should certainly feel it my duty, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, to move to take up the Territorial bills in order to put them through, and also the Texas boundary question, and to settle them in detail if they are not settled in the aggregate; and I can say that I, for one, would expect and determination of a majority of that committee.

Mr. Webster.—Then, sir, it is as I supposed; we shall not get rid of the subject, even for the present, by admitting California. Now, sir, it is not wise to conceal from ourselves our condition. We admit California, my honorable friend from Illinois will then bring in bills for Territorial Governments for New Mexico and Utah. We must open our eyes to the state of opinion in the two Houses respectively, and endeavor to estimate what will be the effect of such a bill. If it be a bill containing the principle of exclusion we knew it could not pass formerly; we feel, I think, that it will meet the principle of exclusion we know what difficulties it would encounter elsewhere; so that we very little advance ourselves by the most unhappy circumstances of the condition in which we are by asking up California and acting upon it alone. I am, therefore, at this moment—decidedly in favor of passing the bill in the form in which it is. But, sir, it is to be the pleasure of the Senate to vote upon the motion that it is proposed to make to the Territorial bill, for laying this whole measure on the table, and thereby to dispose of this bill. I can only, for one say, that if this measure is defeated by that proceeding, I shall not feel myself not only inclined but bound to consider any other measure that may be proposed, because the case is pressing; the circumstances are urgent, and we must do something in this country, have we had any foreign question, if I may so say, any exterior question that has disturbed the tranquillity of the country for seven months like this, and yet come to no result? When have we had a subject before us that has paralyzed all the energies of government—paralyzed in fact all the regular proceedings of the two Houses of Congress, and has left us at the end of seven months in the same condition with respect to ordinary appropriation bills? When have we ever had before, in the history of this Government, such an occurrence as this? Sir, I have no apprehension that we are a Territorial Government for New Mexico and Utah without restriction.

I feel authorized to assume, from the circumstances before me, that the great power of the gentlemen of the South to decide whether these Territorial governments, without restriction, or provided in this bill, shall be organized, is, I fear, not to be found against restrictions, for reasons which I have already given to the Senate, and may repeat; but it now lies with Southern gentlemen, by their votes, whether they will, that providing for Territorial governments without restriction, shall pass or not; and they will decide that question, doubtless, by referred to what will happen if they do not do it. Now, sir, I am prepared to say that if this measure does not pass, I am ready to go for any measure that can pass and will pass. I shall never consent to leave the session of Congress until some provision be made for New Mexico. Utah is less important. Let her repose herself on her laurels, and on the laurels of her more powerful neighbor Texas, I shall never consent to the adjournment of Congress till proper provision be made for evading collisions and settling the question of the highest importance between that Territory and that State. No, sir, I have the strongest objection to a premature creation of States. I have stated that objection, in the Senate two years ago. The bringing in of small States, and with a very small number of people, with an equal representation in the Senate of the representation of the largest States in the Union, deranges and disturbs the proper balance between the Senate and the House of Representatives in Congress. It makes the Senate a kind of oligarchy. There may be six or eight or ten small States, in the South west, having as many Senators in Congress as they have representatives. This objection is founded upon incongruity which such a case produces in the constitutional relation of the Senate and the House, and disfigures the symmetry of the Government, and in this respect it does not make the slightest possible difference, in my estimation, whether they are free States or slave States. I am not disposed to make a territory that is immature, and not fit to come into the Union on account of the weight of representation in the Senate. I am a free State does not weigh with me a hair. But my objection has been and is, as I have stated, or attempted to admit, that the admission of such States with a small amount of population deranges the system—it makes the Senate what it was never intended by the constitution to be, but, nevertheless, we, not favor the admission of California, although she presents herself before us after some irregularities in her course of proceeding, from a great reluctance, in my judgment, than the admission of New Mexico as a State now at once, or than the provision that she shall be admitted in a certain time hereafter, I should that objection, in the Senate two years ago. The bringing in of small States, and with a very small number of people, with an equal representation in the Senate to

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1850.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

[*Phonographic Report by Dr. Stone.*]

COCHITUATE HALL, Tuesday Eve'g, May 28.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

My friend, Mr. White, has made so very good an address to us, this afternoon, that I feel very unwilling to allude to it at all, but in commendation. There are but one or two points in it which I think need review, and not a very severe review is demanded of them. I was glad to hear that his voice. I hope it is but the beginning of good things.

I wish to speak of the conversion of State street. My excellent friend White thought it would be worth more than the conversion of the church and clergy. I should perhaps differ from him somewhat. State street is a power that, perhaps, our course and mode of proceeding is scarcely adapted to reach; and I believe that our friend White has hitherto labored somewhat unsuccessfully in relation to that unfortunate and rebellious portion of our parish. [Laughter.] Now, if he can, by say means, devise some plan by which to accomplish this object, I am sure there will nobody rejoice more over the repentance of what seems to me at least one of the most incorrigible, if not the chief of sinners

I could not help thinking of the fable we used to read in our school books, when the cat was making such have among the poor rats, and they could devise no way in which to avenge themselves upon their common foe, to escape her power. At last one young and eloquent rat proposed that the cat be belled, and then they would always have notice of her approach, and could take refuge. The proposal met with hearty approval, excepting in one quarter. There was an old rat, who saw one difficulty and if the orator could get, who saw one difficulty and if the orator could rat, who saw one difficulty and if the orator could rat, who saw one difficulty and if the orator could rat

is but justice, however, to the saints hereabouts to say, that they seem heartily ashamed of their champion. They were not more swift to disavow their responsibility for the interposition of Captain Rynders than they are to disclaim all sympathy with the coarse brutalities of Signa. In the one case as in the other, if they love the deed, they at least have the grace to despise and repudiate the tool.

I had no idea when I began at this theme that it would be extended to this length. But the subject opened up more richly than I had expected. Though the quietness season of the year, I have still had plenty of materials on hand. But they must wait. I would merely say that your suggestion last week in regard to the Eulogy on President Taylor, "that if the authorities want Justice down him they had better invite Mr. Quincy's brother Edmund to deliver an," has been duly appreciated in these parts. Indeed, I will inform you, in the strictest confidence, that it is rumored in the best informed circles that the gentleman has, in the handsomest manner, offered to write the eulogy for his brother, if the orator will only agree to deliver it without addition or diminution. The result of the negotiation has not yet transpired.—D. Y.

Foreign Correspondence.

From Our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, July 12, 1850.

MY DEAR GAY:—Since I wrote to you last, these countries have sustained a heavy loss in the death of Sir Robert Peel. It is not necessary to enter into any discussion on which the expression of regret was so general; nor do I know of any British Statesman who deserved to be so regretted. Although he was not one who sought for vulgar popularity, nor had he any element in the character of his mind that was fitted for it, yet, by the greatness of his personal and party sacrifices to the public good, by the value of his political schiremeds, and the evidently reformatory tendency of his mind, to a degree of solid respect and confidence that, as far as I know, have never been equalled in the experience of any other politician in England. Indeed, I have heard from the feelings of the people are by no means imperial, where great estrangements from English hopes and fears, sympathies and interests prevails, Sir Robert Peel is much regretted. He effected much, and it was very generally hoped that, either by his exertions to power, or by the weight and influence of his character as an Independent member of Parliament, he would be the means of achieving many further valuable reforms. His personal character was very high, and he is still to have been generally regarded in the circles of fashion and circle. When the old Duke of Wellington bore testimony to the truthfulness and integrity of his departed friend, his voice was interrupted by tears—and such a testimony from such a man, accompanied by such proofs of an honest feeling from the "Iron Duke," was the high tribute to the memory of the departed Statesman. Sir Robert was a munificent, generous, and discriminating patron of men of genius, and his praise is, I believe, very deservedly in all their mouths. I do not know whether Miss Martineau's noble work "History of the Thirty Years Peace" has found its way to your side of the Atlantic. It is an admirable and intensely interesting work, distinguished by vigor, impartiality, and a deep sympathy for popular rights, and warm aspirations for the elevation of the people, and the advancement of every good cause. The work is dedicated to "My country right or wrong." The terms in which she speaks of the iniquitous Chinese war and the unpardonable invasion of Afghanistan by the English, are such as must delight the hearts and raise the hopes of all who wish well to their kind. I refer to this place book in this place because Miss Martineau's admiration of Sir Robert Peel's character is so very high, and is so eloquently expressed in its pages. If you can get access to the book, it is worth your while to refer to it for some further light as to his character and conduct, and the estimation in which he was held by one of the most high-minded and most vigorous writers of our day.

It was a curious indication of the importance of mere position in these countries, that when the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Clarance, a self-indulgent old gormand whom nobody cares a rush for, died a few days after Sir Robert Peel, the newspapers went pretty generally into morning—for one day only—though no such tribute of respect was paid to the great statesman whose sudden and disastrous death was filling everybody's mind with solemn reflection.

In my last letter I made some mention of Kay's comparison of the Social and Educational condition of the nations of Western Europe as contrasted with that of the People of England—and I think I remarked how much I had been impressed by its revelation of the terrible and increasing degradation of a very large portion of the laboring classes of England. If the statements of this book be correct, and I see no reason to doubt their correctness, they show that in consequence of the laws of entail and primogeniture, the land is becoming continually monopolized into the possession of a smaller number of owners. That it is hopeless for a poor man to get even a small farm, or to have any chance of rising in the world, or of clothing, feeding, and educating his family, in any occupation connected with the land. That the vast gulf which separates the very rich landholder from the very poor peasant leaves any hearty sympathy or feeling between them impossible. That very many among the higher classes are hostile to any plan for effectually enlightening, civilizing, and elevating the poor, on the plea that it would make them discontented with their position and lots in life. That, but for education, it would be how judicious or complete, could hardly be morally efficacious so long as the children are steeped to the lips in poverty, and compelled to herd together in fetid rooms or crowded cottages, with less regard than animals for decencies, health, and comfort. That these wretched residences are the result of the hostility of the aristocracy to the erection of proper dwellings, lest the poor should be induced to marry, and the increase of population prove irksome or burdensome to their wealthier neighbors. That the depths of poverty, degradation, and consequent crime into which the people are plunged as a necessary consequence of the laws which elevate a mere handful of people to a degree of wealth and luxury elsewhere unexampled, is such as to demand the most solemn consideration on the part of those who feel well to their country and their kind. I have often before now spoken to you of Joseph Barker of Wortley, near Leeds—and you have seen his paper called the *People*, which is filled with the most fiery and vehement denunciations of the aristocracy, as the plundering and oppressors of the poor—and as the deliberate and deliberate agents of most of the wretchedness, degradation and poverty they suffer. Barker has been blamed for his attacks on the aristocracy much as Garrison has been for his denunciations of slaveholders; but, like Garrison, he has earnest, he has not been discouraged by the desertion of friends or the reproaches of enemies from saying all that he has on his mind. I have been a reader of his paper from the time of its first appearance, and have been frequently startled and staggered by his vehemence. I knowing the wrongs of the people, and has suffered with them, while I have never been oppressed by either wealth or poverty, I have always been willing to keep my mind open to what he has to say; for I have never known his superior in energy, natural ability, clearness of expression, truthfulness in his sentiments, and force of character. In estimating such a man, we should not be shocked by trifles; nor should we look for the suavity and polish of a courtier in one who was obliged to go barefooted in his childhood, and sometimes to beg his bread to keep himself from starvation. Kay's book is the work of a scholar, a gentleman, and a distinguished pupil of Cambridge University. He is no leveller—no democrat. He argues, on conservative grounds, for the necessity of a change of the laws of England, similar to those which changed the peasantry of Prussia and other parts of Germany from serfs and villeins, improvident, ignorant, ragged, stupid, and even barbarous, into a race of owners of the soil, highly educated, well dressed, well fed, polished, provident, courteous, and attached to all the useful institutions of their country. Having read Mr. Kay's work, I wonder no longer at the indignation of Joseph Barker. A state of things such as cannot exist and oppresses the English poor is the inevitable result of the laws which have made and maintain the luxurious and powerful English aristocracy. You cannot give such power and such wealth to the few without grinding the faces of the poor, and keeping them down in poverty and misery may not do, liberately wish to have the poor as they are; but, so long as they hold to the laws which keep them in their present position, there is no chance for the laboring classes of the English people. Those who are born in poverty and ruffles in their months fill the jails, the poor houses, and the pauper graves; while the lucky fellows who come into the world with silver spoons between their gums float on the top of the tide, own the land, make the laws, engross the knowledge, and dance through the world lapped in luxury that shames the indulgence and magnificence of all the ancient and all former ages. I may be mistaken in my estimate of the great importance and value of this book of Mr. Kay; but I do not think I am. The evidence which it accumulates and concentrates are, in my opinion, a sufficient list to make it a work of great value. Its declamation is of little value; but this book gives a clear explanation of the evils of our social position, and of the extraordinary prosperity and rapid development of the free States of America. No wonder that Barker's indignance and sympathy are concentrated on the aristocratic spirit, or that he should be a warm advocate of republics, and should exert all his powers of persuasion to magnify republicanism, and depreciate royalty and aristocracy. I think his admiration for the United States, and his warm partiality for them, has made him more sanguine in expecting what he thinks he should be; and yet I know of no man, with the single exception of George Thompson, in these three Kingdoms, who has done more for the Anti-Slavery cause, who has talked more or written more, or who has a juster appreciation of the real position of the American Abolitionists.

Talking of this, "position," my heart burned within me as I read that portion of Wendell Phillips's speech at the late New England Convention in which he described with such feeling and eloquence the extent to which the prejudices of your people are accustomed to yield, or by the weight and influence of his character as an Independent member of Parliament, he would be the means of achieving many further valuable reforms. His personal character was very high, and he is still to have been generally regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as Small Pox of the most virulent kind. He is still held in the estimation in which he was held by one of the most high-minded and most vigorous writers of our day.

Yours, ever truly,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

General Intelligence.

The Tribune gives the following account of the loss of the brig "Elizabeth," in which the marquee said marchioness of Ossoli perished with her passengers:

THE WRECK OF THE ELIZABETH.

From a conversation with Mrs. Hasty, widow of the Captain of the ill-fated Elizabeth, we gather the following particulars of her voyage and its melancholy termination:

We have already stated that Capt. Hasty was prostrated, eight days after leaving Leghorn, by a disease which was regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as Small Pox of the most virulent kind. He died, and was buried in the ancient Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep. After a short detention in quarantine, the Elizabeth resumed her voyage. The brig was a fine vessel, long baffled by adverse winds. Two days from Gibraltar, the terrible disease which had proved fatal to the Captain attacked the child of the Ossoli, a beautiful boy of two years, and for many days his recovery was regarded as hopeless. Only a few days after the child died for five days, his head deprived of all shape, and his whole person covered with pustules; yet, through the unremitting attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a few scars and red spots remained on his face and body. A few scars and red spots remained on his face and body. Meanwhile, the mother was fast sinking, to the great joy of his mother, who felt solicitous that his rare beauty should not be marred by her meeting with those she loved, and especially her mother.

At length, after a month of slow progress, the wind shifted, and the Elizabeth sailed southward for several days, sweeping them rapidly on their course, until, on Thursday evening last, they knew that they were near end of their voyage. Their trunks were brought up and repacked, in anticipation of a speedy arrival in port. Meantime, the breeze gradually veered to a gale, which blew about about 9 o'clock on that evening. But their ship was new and strong and returned to meet it. They were running west, and supposed themselves about sixty miles further south than they actually were. By their reckoning they would be off the harbor of New York next morning. About 2 1-2 o'clock, Mrs. Hasty, the mate in command, took soundings, and reported twenty fathoms. The attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a

Miscellany.

THE SERF OF POBEREZE.

THE materials for the following tale were furnished to the writer while travelling last year in the south of Poland, in which the events it narrates took place. It is intended to convey a notion of some of the phases of Polish, or rather Russian serfdom, for, as it is displayed by one of the characters in a succeeding page, it is Russian), and of the catastrophes it has occasioned, not only in Catherine's time, but occasionally at the present. The Polish nobles—themselves in slavery—earnestly desire the emancipation of their serfs, which Russian domination forbids.

The small town of Poberezé belongs to the Prince of Poberezé, and is surrounded by numerous springs in the district of Podolia, in Poland. It consists of a mass of miserable cabins, with a Catholic church and two Greek churches in the midst, the latter distinguished by their gilded towers. On one side of the market-place stands the only inn, and on the opposite side are several shops, from whose doors and windows look out several dirtily dressed Jews. At a little distance, on a hill covered with vines and fruit-trees, stands the Palace, which does not, perhaps, exactly merit such an appellation, but who would dare to call otherwise the dwelling of the lord of the domain?

On the morning when our tale opens, there had issued from this palace the common enough command to the superintendent of the estate, to furnish the master with a couple of serfs, for the use of them in the stables, and a young girl, to be employed in the wardrobe. Accordingly, a number of the best looking young peasants of Ukgorod assembled in the broad avenue leading to the palace. Some were accompanied by their sorrowful and weeping parents; in all of whose hearts, however, was the faint and whispered hope, "Perhaps it will not be my child they will choose!"

Being brought into the court-yard of the palace, the Count Roszynski, with the several members of his family, had come out to pass in review his growing subjects. He was a small and insignificant-looking man, about fifty years of age, with deep-set eyes and overhanging brows. His wife, who was nearly of the same age, was immensely stout, with a large face and a little disagreeable mouth, which made herself ridiculous in endeavoring to imitate the manners and bearing of the aristocracy, into whose sphere her and her husband were determined to force themselves, in spite of the humbleness of their origin. The father of the "Right Honorable" Count Roszynski was a cabinet-maker, having been a great favorite with his master, amassed sufficient money to enable his son, who inherited it, to purchase the extensive estate of Olgogrod, and with it the sole proprietorship of 1,000 human souls. Over them he had complete control; and, when maddened by oppression, if they dared resent, woe unto them! They could be thrust into a loathsome dungeon, and chained by one hand from the light of day for years, until their very existence was forgotten by all except the jailer who brought daily their pitcher of water and morsel of dry bread.

Some of the old peasants say that Sava, father of the young peasant girl, who stood near the wife of the old woman, as the head of her companions in the court-yard, is immured in one of these subterranean jails. Sava was always about the Count, who, if was said, had brought him from some distant land, with his little motherless child. Sava placed her under the care of an old man and woman, who had the charge of the house in a forest near the palace, where he came occasionally to visit her. But once, six long months passed, and he did not come! Anna Anielka wept, in vain, for her little child—"Where is my father?" No father appeared. At last it was said that Sava had been sent to a long distance with a large sum of money, and had been killed by robbers. In the ninth year of one's life the most poignant grief is quickly chased, and after six months Anielka ceased to grieve. The old people were very kind to her, and loved her as if she were their own child. That Anielka might be chosen to serve in the palace never entered their head, for who would be so barbarous as to take the child away from an old woman of seventy and her aged husband?

To-day was the first time in her life that she had been so far from home. Anielka looked eagerly on all she saw—particularly on a young lady about her own age, beautifully dressed, and a youth of eighteen, who had apparently just returned from a ride on horseback, as he held a whip in his hand, while walking up and down examining the boys who were placed in a row before him. He chose two amongst them, and the boys were led away to the stables.

"And I choose this young girl," said Constantia Roszynski, indicating Anielka. "she is the prettiest, I mean all. I do not like ugly faces about me."

When Constantia returned to the drawing-room, she gave orders for Anielka to be taken to her apartments, and placed under the tuition of Mademoiselle Dufour, a French maid, recently arrived from the first milliner's shop in Odessa. Poor girl! when they separated her from her adopted mother, and began leading her towards the palace, she rushed, with a shriek of agony, from them, and grasped her old protectress tightly in her arms! They were torn violently asunder, and the Count Roszynski quietly asked, "Is it her daughter, or her grandaughter?"

"Neither, my lord—only an adopted child."

"But who will lead the old woman home, as she is blind?"

"I will, my lord," replied one of his servants, bowing to the ground; "I will let her walk by the side of my horse, and when she is in her cabin she will have her old husband—they must take care of each other."

So saying, he moved away with the rest of the peasants and domestics. But the poor old woman had to be dragged away by force, and, in the midst of her shrieks and tears, she had fallen to the ground, almost without life.

And Anielka! They did not allow her to weep long. She had now to sit all day in the corner of a room to sew. She was expected to do everything well from the first; and if she did not, she was kept without food or cruelly punished. Morning and evening she had to help Mdlle. Dufour to dress and undress her mistress. Constantia, although she looked with hauteur on everybody beneath her, was expected to be slavishly obeyed, was tolerably kind to the poor orphan. Her true torment began, when, on leaving her young lady in her room, she had to assist Mdlle. Dufour. Notwithstanding that she tried sincerely to do her best, she was never able to satisfy her, or to draw from her aught but harsh reproaches.

Thus two months passed.

One day Mdlle Dufour went very early to confession, and Anielka was seized with an eager longing to gaze once more in peace and freedom on the beautiful blue sky and green trees, as she used to do when the first rays of the morning sun streamed in at the window or the little forest cabin. She ran into the garden. Enchanted by the sight of so many beautiful flowers, she wandered about, admiring the smooth and winding walks, till she entered the forest. She who had been so long away from her beloved trees, felt almost as happy as a bird among them. Here she gazes boldly around. She sees no one! She is alone! A little farther on she meets with a rivulet which flows through the forest. She then remembers that she has not yet prayed. She kneels down, and, with hands clasped and eyes upturned, she begins to sing in a sweet voice the Hymn to the Virgin.

As she went on, she sang louder and with increased fervor. Her breast heaved with emotion, her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy! When at the hymn was finished, she lowered her head, tears began to fall over her cheeks, until at last she sobbed aloud. She might have remained long in this condition, had not some one come behind her, saying, "Do not cry, my poor girl; it is better to sing than to weep." The intruder raised her head, wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and kissed her on the forehead.

It was the Count's son, Leon!

"You must not cry," he continued; "he calm, and when the flippery (pedlars) come, buy yourself a pretty handkerchief." The tears began to trouble and walked away. Anielka, after concealing the coin in her corset, ran quickly back to the palace.

Fortunately, Mdlle. Dufour had not yet returned, and Anielka assed herself in her apartment unseen. She often took out the rouble to gaze fondly upon it, and set to work to make a little purse, which, having fastened to a ribbon, she hung round her neck. She did not dream of spending it, for it would have deeply grieved her to part with the gift of the only person in the whole house who had looked kindly on her.

From this time Anielka remained always in her young mistress' room; she was better dressed, and Mdlle. Dufour ceased to persecute her. To what did she owe this sudden change? Perhaps to a remonstrance from Leon. Constantia ordered Anielka to be taught music, and on her going to the drawing-room, she was left in her apartments alone. Being thus more kindly treated, Anielka lost her degree of humility; and when her young mistress, whilst occupied over some embroidery, would tell her to sing, she did so boldly and with a steady voice.

Leon's favor soon ceased to be unknown, and unoccupied, began teaching Anielka to read in Polish and Mdlle. Dufour thought thought it politic to follow the example of her mistress, and began to teach her French.

Meanwhile, a new kind of torment commenced. Having easily learnt the two languages, Anielka acquired a passion for reading. Books had for her the charm of the forbidden fruit, for she could only read by stealth at night, or when her mistress was asleep. Leon, in the midst of perpetual gaiety and dissipation, in the midst of perpetual kindness thereto shown her, for a time, began to relax. Leon had set off on a tour, accompanied by his gay and a beautiful friend as young, as gay, and as thoughtless as himself.

So passed the two years of Leon's absence. When he returned, Anielka was seventeen, and had become a tall, graceful girl, whom he would not seen but during this time, would have recognized her. Of this number was Leon. In the midst of perpetual gaiety and dissipation, he had thought of her, and have remembered a poor peasant girl; but in Anielka's memory he had remained as a superior being, as her benefactor, as the only one who had spoken to her kindly, as the only one who cared, forlorn! When in some French romance she met with a young man of twenty, of a noble character and handsome appearance, she used to think of the image of Leon. The recollection of the kiss he had given her ever brought a burning blush to her cheek, and made her sigh deeply.

One day Leon came to his sister's room. Anielka was there, seated in a corner at work. Leon himself had considerably changed from a boy he had parted from in anger. I suppose Anielka, he said, "you have been told what a good boy I am, and with what docility I shall submit myself to the management of Mademoiselle Dufour, though I have provided, for me?" and he began whistling, and danced some steps of the Mazurka

"Perhaps you will be refused," said Constantia sarcastically.

"Refused! Oh, no. The old Prince has already given his consent, and as for his daughter, she is sufficiently in love with me to have some romantic notions, and anything he more irresistible?" and he glanced in the glass and twirled them round his fingers; then continuing in a graver tone, he said, "I tell the truth, Constantia, when I say that I reciprocate. My intended is not at all to my taste. She is nearly thirty, and so thin that whenever I look at her, I am reminded of one of Gustave Doré's shemmed sketches. But, thanks to her Parisian dress-maker, she makes up a tolerably good figure, and looks well in a drawing-room. Her father is rich, and I believe for a wife with an imposing appearance, and I don't care about love. I find it's not fashionable, and only exists in the exalted imagination of poets."

"Surely people are to love with one another sometimes," said the sister.

"Sometimes," repeated Anielka, insudibly. The Count glanced hastily and affected her, and she knew not why. Her heart beat quickly, and her face was flushed, and made her look more lovely than ever.

"Perhaps, Of course we prefer a pretty woman," Leon added sharply. "But, my dear sister, what a charming ladies' maid you have!" He approached the corner where Anielka was, bowed in a French manner, and kissed her. Anielka, although a serf, was displeased, and returned it with a glance full of dignity. But when her eyes rested on his, the indignation fled, for the young man had been gradually and silently growing in her young and inexperienced heart, predominated over pride and prejudice, and had been lulled by pleasant recall herself to Leon's memory, and half unconsciously raised her hand to the little purse which hung round her neck. She took from it the rouble he had given her.

"See!" shouted Leon, "what a droll girl! how proud she is of her riches! Why, girl, you are a capitalist! Do you know the value of what you have?"

"I hope she came by it honestly," said the old Countess, who at this moment entered.

At this insinuation against her, the indignation kept Anielka, for a time, silent. She replaced the money quickly in its purse, with the bitter thought that, if the Count remembered it had been stolen, he would stamped upon her memory, and been utterly forgotten by Leon. To clear herself, she at last stammered out, seeing they all looked for an explanation, "Do you not remember, M. Leon, that you gave me this coin two years ago in the garden?"

"How odd!" exclaimed Leon, laughing, "do you expect to be recognized after two years absence? Have I have given money? But I suppose you are right, or you would not have treasured up the unfortunate rouble so long. Well, Anielka, I hope you would not be a miser, child; money is made to be spent."

"Pray, put an end to these jokes," said Constantia, impatiently. "Leon, I wish you to go to the room of my intended, and ask her if she is ready for the ride."

"Sing something for me, pretty damsel," said Leon, "and I will give you another rouble, a new and shining one."

"Sing something, my dear," said Constantia imperiously.

At this command Anielka could no longer stifle her grief; she covered her face with her hands, and began violently sobbing.

"Why do you cry?" asked her mistress impatiently; "I cannot bear it; I desire you to do as you are told."

It might have been from the constant habit of slavish obedience, or a strong feeling of pride, but Anielka instantly ceased weeping. There was a momentary silence, during which Anielka prayed for peace, for deliverance from the acute emotions which had been aroused within her. Her earnestness gave a solemnity to her voice, as she sang a hymn, which affected her listeners. They were silent for some moments after its conclusion. Leon walked hastily and down the room, his arms folded on his breast. Was it agitated with pity for the accomplished young slave? or by any other tender emotion? What followed will show.

"My dear Constantia," he said, suddenly stopping before his sister and kissing her hand, "will you do me a favor?"

Constantia, looked enquiringly in her brother's face without speaking.

"Give me this girl."

"Impossible!"

"I am quite in earnest," continued Leon, "I wish to offer her to my future wife. In the Prince her father's private chapel they are much in want of a sub-sacristan."

"I shall not give her to you, 'said Constantia.

"Not as a free girl, but in exchange. I will give, instead, a young peasant girl, whom I have bought. The women in St. Petersburg and in Paris raved about her. I said I was inexorable; I half-refused to sell her to my mother."

"No, no," replied Constantia; "I shall he lonely without this girl. I am so used to her."

"Nonsense," said Leon, "I will present you with two girls, the dozen; but a black page, with teeth whiter than ivory, and purer than pearls; a perfect original in his way; you never saw anything so fantastical. You will kill half the province with envy. A negro servant is the most fashionable thing going, and yours will be the first imported into the province."

This argument was irresistible. "Well," replied Constantia, "when do you think of taking her?"

"Immediately; to-day at five o'clock," said Leon; "and he wave out from the door. The Count Leon was the result of his cogitation—of Anielka's Hymn to the Virgin. Constantia ordered Anielka to prepare herself for a long journey, which was thus spoken as if she had exchanged away a lap-dog, or parted with a parrot.

She was stunned in silence. Her heart was full. She went into the garden that she might relieve herself by weeping unseen. With one hand supporting her burning head, and the other pressed tightly against her heart, with the tear ever ready to overflow, she mechanically till she found herself by the side of the river. She felt quickly for her purse, intending to throw the rouble into the stream, but as quickly thrust it back again, for she could not bear to part with the treasure. She felt as if without it she would be still more an outcast. Weeping bitterly, she leaned against the tree which had once before witnessed her tears.

By degrees the stormy passion within her gave place to calm reflection. This day she was to go away; she was to dwell beneath another roof, to serve another mistress. Humiliation! always humiliation! But at least it would be some change in her life. As she thought of this, she returned hastily to the palace, that she might not, on the last day of her bondage, incur the displeasure of Mdlle. Dufour.

Scarcely was Anielka attired in her prettiest dress, when Constantia came to her with a little box, which she had taken from her young-colored ribbons, and decked her in them herself, that the serf might do her credit in the new family. And when she had finished, bending to kiss her, Constantia, with marvellous condescension, kissed her on her forehead. Even Leon cast an admiring glance upon her. His servant soon after came to conduct her to the carriage, and, drawing her where to seat herself they rolled off quickly towards Radapol.

For the first time in her life Anielka rode in a carriage. Her hand turned quite giddy. she could not look at the trees and fields as they flew past her; but by degress she became more accustomed to the rapid motion, and, endeavoring to be gay, she performed the rest of the journey in a tolerably happy state of mind. At last they arrived in the magnificent avenue leading to the Palace of Radapol, the dwelling of a once rich and powerful Polish family, now partly in ruin. It was evident, even to Anielka, that the marriage was one for money on the one side, and for rank on the other.

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Anielka found that, in Radapol, she was treated with a kind of respectful consideration, which, although she had dares to submit to the caprices of her new mistress, and she found less time to read. But to console herself, she gave all her attention to singing, and, as she was constantly praised, she felt her naturally great capacity. under the guidance of the Italian, began to develope itself steadily. Before the end of the month, she performed, on one occasion Anielka sung an aria in so impassioned and masterly a style, that the enraptured Justiniani embraced her, and, in his transport, shouted the room, and, not finding words enough to praise her, exclaimed several times, "Prima Donna! Prima Donna!"

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Anielka was most anxious to know something of her adopted parents. Once, after the old prince had left her singing, he asked her with great kindness about her home. She replied, that she was an orphan, and had been taken by force from those who had so kindly supplied the place of parents. He appeared surprised at her, and, inquired if her mother was a poor peasant, that he said. "You are a good child, Anielka, and to-morrow I will send you to visit them." Anielka was seized with confusion.

Anielka, overpowered with gratitude, threw herself at the feet of the prince. She dreamed all night of the happiness she had in store for her, and the joy of the poor, forsaken, old people; and when the next morning she set off, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. Arrived they approached the cabin, she was so much altered, that they did not know the door covered with flowers. She leaped from the carriage, that she might be nearer these trees and flowers, every one of which was her playmate. The weather was beautiful. She breathed with avidity the pure air which, in imagination, brought to her the fragrance of her native place. Arrived at her foster-father was, doubtless, occupied with his bees; but his wife

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The old man raised his head, gazed upon her with a ghastly smile, and took off his cap.

"Anielka, my good old mother, where is she?" Anielka asked.

"She is dead!" answered the old man, and, falling back, he began laughing idiotically. Anielka, with a shriek, sprang to her feet, her frame, her pale and wrinkled cheeks, in which scarcely a sign of life could be perceived; it seemed to her that the old man was laughing at her, and she rushed out to turn him, who went to the carriage for the presents When she returned, she took his hand. It was cold. The poor old man was dead! Anielka fainted not he

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So passed three years New and varied impressions failed, however, to blot out the old ones. Anielka arrived at great perfection in her profession, and even became the prima donna, who was losing her voice from weakness of the chest. This sad discovery changed the cheerful temper of the poor girl. She ceased to sing in public; for she could not endure the excite pity, where she had formerly commanded admiration.

She determined to retire. "You," she said to Anielka, "must succeed to your claim to the first place in the vocal art. You will maintain it. You surpass me. Often, on hearing you sing, I have felt jealous. I shall be happy, then, in being jealous." Anielka blushed and kissed her hand on Teresina's shoulder and kissed her.

"Yes," continued Teresina, regardless of everything but the delight future she was shaping for her friend. We will go to Vienna—there you will be understood and appreciated. You shall hear the Italian Opera, and I will be by your side—unknown, no longer sought, worshipped—but will glory in your triumphs. They will be a repetition of my own; for I have lived in your soul. Will they not be the reality of my work?

Though Anielka's ambition was fired, her heart was softened, and she replied tenderly:—

Five months had scarcely elapsed, when a *furore* was created in Vienna by the first appearance, at the Italian Opera, of the Signora Giovanna. Her talents were of the first order, but the means of even extravagant expenditure. Her haughty treatment of male admirers only attracted new ones; but in female circles she was much spoken of. Many times the time when the poor orphan of Poberezé was cared for by nobody. This remembrance made her receive the flatteries of her admirers with a proud smile; the fine speeches fell coldly on her ear, their elaquent looks made no impression on her heart: *that*, no change could alter. no temptation

In the height of unexpected success a new misfortune overwhelmed her. Since their arrival at Vienna, Teresina's health rapidly declined, and it was found that a change of climate alone could she expired, leaving all her wealth, which was considerable, to her friend.

Left more Anielka was alone in the world. Despite all the honors and blandishments of her position the old feeling of desolateness came upon her. The new shock destroyed her health. She was unable to sing, and was ordered to Spa. To sing was a painful effort; she grew indifferent to what passed around her. Her greatest consolation was in succouring the poor and friendless. Her charities were most conspicuous to all young orphan girls without fortune. She had never ceased to love her native land, and seldom appeared in public without a rose, the flower of her country men. If ever she sang it was in Polish.

A year had elapsed since the death of the Signora. Anielka was at Spa, with a rich Prince of Volkynia at that time in Vienna. solicited her presence at a party. It was impossible to refuse the Count and his lady. Anielka was to dance the Count and his lady. She went. When in their saloons, filled with all the fashion and aristocracy in Vienna, the name of Giovanna was announced a general murmur was heard. Anielka was pale and languid, and proceeded between the two rows made for her by the admiring assembly, to the seat of honor beside the Prince and his lady.

Shortly after the Count Selka led her to the piano. She sat down before it, and thinking what she should sing, glanced round upon the assembly. She felt a sudden pang of pride, that the admiration which beamed from the faces around her was the work of her own merit, for she had neglected the gift of her sister—the gift which had made her the pride of her country. With a blushing cheek, and eyes sparkling with an honest pride, she struck the piano with a firm hand, and from her inspiration, the Hymn of Poberezé poured forth a touching Polish melody, with a voice pure, sonorous, and plaintive. Tears were in many eyes, and the Prince and his lady sobbed aloud.

The song was finished, but the wondering silence was unbroken. Giovanna leaned exhausted on the arm of the chair, and cast down her eyes. Suddenly a young man, a stranger, rushed from who gazed fixedly at her, as if he still listened to echoes which had not yet died within him. The master of the house, with a stamp of impatience, ran to Anielka towards Giovanna. "Let me present to you Signor Leon," he said, "a countryman, the Count Leon Roszynski."

The lady trembled; she silently bowed, fixed her eyes on the ground, and dared not raise them.—Pleasing indisposition, which was fully justified by her pallid blushes and her trembling form.

When on the following day Giovanna's servant announced the Counts Selka and Roszynska, a peculiar smile passed over her lips. Her pulses beat quickly, she received the latter with the cold and formal politeness of a stranger. Controlling the feelings of her heart, she schooled her countenance to assume an indifference. It was manifest from Leon's manner, thus without the remotest recognition, an indefinite interest had suddenly been possessed him. The Counts had called to know if Giovanna had recovered from her indisposition. Leon begged to be permitted to call again.

"Where was your wife! why did he never mention her? Giovanna continually asked herself these questions when they had departed.

A few days after, the Count Leon arrived sad and thoughtful. He prevailed on Giovanna to sing one of her Polish melodies; which she told him had been taught her, as a child, by her mother. Roszynski, unable to restrain the expression of his intense admiration he had long felt, frantically seized her hand, and exclaimed, "I love you!"

She trembled, but, as the tears, remained silent for a few minutes, and then said slowly, distinctly, and ironically, "But I do not love you, Count Roszynski."

Leon rose from his seat. He pressed his hands to his brow, and was silent. Giovanna remained calm and strangely cold. "I am a penalty from Heaven," continued Leon, as if speaking to herself, "I stand on the threshold of her new home, she sees in me her ruin! but the man instead of thanking her, returned her bounty with a savage laugh, at the same time scowling at her with a countenance of hatred beneath his thick and shaggy brows. The strangeness of this circumstance sensibly affected Anielka, and blotted her from memory the joy and re-assured her. In the arms of her beloved husband, she had got all but the happiness of being the idol of his affections.

Fatigue and excitement made the night most welcome. All was dark and silent around the palace, and some hours of the night had passed, when suddenly Anielka burst from her sleep; the cries of building at once. The palace was encompassed in fire it raged furiously. The flames mounted higher and higher; the windows cracked with a fearful sound, and the smoke penetrated into the most remote apartments.

A single figure of a man was seen stealing over the smoky, and, in the burning-sheet on the solitary waste; his cautious steps were lost in the frozen snow as it crisped beneath his tread. It was the beggar who had accosted Anielka. On arising from the ground, he turned to the terrified palace—"No more unfortunate wretches will now be doomed to pass their lives in your dungeons," he exclaimed. "What was Leon? Reminding my master of the lowness of his birth. Reminding my master from my only child—my darling little Anielka perish all!"

Suddenly a young and beautiful creature rushes wildly to one of the principal windows: she makes a violent effort to escape. At the moment her lovely form, clothed in white, shines in terrible relief against the background of blazing curtains and walls of the, and the smoky stalks back into the blazing element. Behind her is destruction, yawning and devouring to aid her,—he perishes also; neither are seen again!

This appalling tragedy horrified even the perpetrator of the crime. He rushed from the place, as he heard the crash of the falling walls, he closed his ears with his hands, and darted on faster and faster.

The next day some peasants discovered the body of a man frozen to death, lying on a heap of snow, with a dagger in his bosom. Preliminary. Prudence, mindful of his long, of his cruel imprisonment and sufferings, spared him the anguish of knowing that the ministers of the palace he had destroyed, and who perished in the flames, was his own beloved daughter—the serf of Poberezé!—*Household Words.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

BULLETIN OF GENERAL LOPEZ.

OUR Sonamban correspondent informs us that the subjoined bulletin is posted up in the coffee-room of the City Hotel, to which GENERAL LOPEZ, after being distributed to the enslaved and benighted Cuba found we was a Cuban Cuban, and more so. We estimate we've learnt 'em what it is to slip fancies of generous republicans. Oh, yes! we've read 'em a lesson of heroic revolt at Cagayan, in the Cuban expedition from New York. Its date is Posterity will never obliterate.

"Our little band of heroes arrived at Cagayan, in the trench in one bend and the bagge of Lanzon. Their fraternal oversoors was met by the Cuban Cuban, and, in the midst of the congratulations. They paid hook the enemy now. It was shot, for shot, slash for slash, dig for digger for digger. Lanzon, in the midst of the fray, was swed up the whole troop, and left nothin o gest on 'em but a little grease-spot.

"Our little band, with fraternity within six the Governor's, where showers of balls from tops rained, hailed, and sawy upon us. Our army continued to advance, and Cuban cosms in for a sprinkle of the pepper, and a spot on it stuck in Cozzoro, Cuba.

"Our little band, with a fin, the Governor sa knocked under, and histed the white flag. Our prisoners, fifty in all, locked up in the barracks, and then went and let the cosmos go scot.

"The enemy havin cleared off, leavin us the city, we calculated we had licked 'em clean, when the evenin come they again rix. The horse was the enemy, and the infantry, and, we had done with them, we had whitled 'em a dozen. Twelve of our fearless warriors be their magnanimous and heroic deeds of gl

"LIEUTENANT JONES, of Alabama, had d through his side, but the bullet cleared Captain, of Miss., have his took from us HAWKINS, Kentucky, was wounded serious in the knee joint—Ed. Union.

"Nothin would have made us pause in our victory, but overwhelmin numbers. The cause of liberty, the cause of Christ, and, in fact, not bein the rogues we took 'em for. Notwithstanding the sympathy we expected, we indignantly s

"Well, we have done our duty, and, I reckon, we had I guess that arter ages will locate this ba alongside of GENERAL MEADE's, and call it the Cuban Gettysburg.

"Head Quarters, City Hotel, Savannah.

(Signed)

EXCLUSION OF WEAPONS OF WAR FROM THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.—The friends of peace national brotherhood seem disposed to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the Exhibition to promote, directly and indirectly, the purpose of "the good time coming," when

"The sword shall cease to trouble the sward,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord."

The Liverpool Peace Society has presented to the Commissioners of the Exhibition "a very sincere vote of thanks," for his admirable speech Mansion House, which they characterise as "a monument of wisdom, of Christian principle and the objects of peace societies." At a meeting of the London Peace Society, a resolution was adopted, "that the exclusion of weapons of war would be specially appropriate "in a temple expressly dedicated to the dead, the peaceful arts of industry, the spirit of peace, and the bayonet, bombshells, cannons, and knives would hold a mere companionship, in the presence of the Prince Consort, of very selectest influence.'" And the writer proceege (with what show of reason we leave to people of more practical sense) the prohibition of which is the peace, and amity, and unity, of