

exchanged.—Accounts from *Montevideo* state, that the Oriental government having sent a commissioner to the mouth of the river La Plata, to ascertain the most suitable place for the establishment of a lighthouse for the benefit of vessels coming from sea, he had returned, having designated the island of Lobos as the point best adapted for the object.—We learn from *Brazil* that the yellow fever had occurred with much virulence in the neighborhood of Para. A French war-steamer had arrived at Para from the French colony of Cayenne, in search of provisions, the inhabitants of that settlement being in a starving condition.—In *New Granada* the progress of the Flores expedition was still the current theme. General Flores had left Payta with the remnant of his forces, neither disheartened nor discouraged, it is said, by those who conversed with him. Nothing is yet known of his future movements.—The Council of State of the Peruvian Government has authorized the President to levy an army of 10,000 men, and equip an efficient navy of not less than six war steamers, and the same number of sailing vessels, to be employed, not in waging war against any other friendly power, but in protecting the Peruvian flag, and the commercial interests of the country, from any indignity or encroachment which may be offered to them.

MEXICO.

This unfortunate country is still wrapped in confusion. Indian depredations upon the borders, and troubles at home and abroad, give the Government ample employment. The Mexican papers publish at length the decree of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Señor Ramirez, giving the condition on which proposals to open inter-oceanic communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec will be received by the Mexican Government. The decree is dated the 29th July. The Mexican papers make no comment on it.—The official organ in the city of Mexico, the *Constitucional*, declares that the rumor is totally false, that the Government had opened negotiations with the American Minister, the object of which was to release the United States, on payment of \$6,000,000, from the obligations entailed on them by the eleventh article of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, to protect the Mexican frontiers from Indian invasion.—Several riots have recently occurred at the mine of Mineral del Monte, where nearly a thousand miners from that and the adjoining mines had committed excessive disorders, and even threatened to burn the houses and machinery belonging to the Company. Some troops had left the city of Mexico to quell the disturbance. No cause is assigned for the outbreak.

—The excitement in Matamoras regarding Cardenas's usurpation continues. The National Guards have declared in favor of Prieto, and encamped on the American side of the Rio Grande. General Avalos has issued a proclamation, which seems to be in favor of Cardenas. The principal cities of Tamaulipas are opposed to Cardenas.—The insurgent Rebolloado was completely powerless. He was sequestered in the mountains, but had addressed a letter to the Government, offering to surrender, provided safety was guaranteed to himself and companions. The Legislature had refused to entertain any proposition short of an unconditional surrender. An armed force had been sent in pursuit of him.—The difficulties at Guadalupe were still unsettled. Commissioners had been sent with instructions not to recognize either of the claimants to the governorship, but to install Mr. Ignacio Herrera in that office. Nothing had been accomplished at last accounts.—Great discontent prevailed in Oajaca. The Legislature of that State had called upon the Government

to convoke Congress, in order that the finances may be arranged, the Tehuantepec question settled, and provision made for the defense of the frontier.—The Indians continue their depredations. Having ravaged Durango, they have now passed into Zacatecas, where they have committed a thousand atrocities. In Coahuila and Nuevo Leon, they attacked villages, murdered many of the inhabitants, and carried off women and children.

CUBA.

Great excitement continues to exist in Havana. Numerous arrests are made daily among all classes of the population, on the most trivial excuses, or without explanation. All American papers are sedulously excluded from the island, with a single exception, and a rigid surveillance is exercised over all correspondence to or from the United States. Confiscation of property is a common occurrence.—During a late voyage of the United States steamship *Crescent City* from New York to New Orleans, she touched at Havana, but the Captain-General had become incensed at paragraphs in New York papers relative to Cuban affairs, which were charged to have been furnished by Mr. William Smith, Purser of that vessel. A notice was accordingly sent to Lieutenant Porter that the Purser should not attempt to land at Havana. Lieutenant P. replied that he knew of nothing which would render Mr. Smith's presence on shore necessary; but that if he had duties which called him into the city, he should leave to the authorities the responsibility of preventing his landing. The Purser did not go ashore, and the *Crescent City* proceeded to New Orleans. On her return, letters were sent on board the vessel, as also on board the *Black Warrior*, warning the officers that Mr. Smith could not land. Police officers were also sent on board the *Crescent City*, evidently to watch Mr. Smith's movements, and prevent his landing. Lieutenant Porter at once informed these parties that if they were on board to arrest any one who was answerable to Spanish authority, or to prevent the embarkation of any person or persons belonging to Havana, the ship was open to them; but if they were there to watch the ship's officers, it could not be permitted, and they must go on shore. They accordingly left. Anticipating further trouble he addressed a letter to the Cuban authorities, warning them against offering any indignity to the American flag;—he was suffered to depart unmolested. Upon her return trip, however, the *Crescent City* was not permitted to touch at Havana, or to have any communication with the shore.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Great Duke of Wellington is no more. The last intelligence from England brings tidings of his decease at Walmer Castle, on Tuesday, September 14, at the ripe age of 83. ARTHUR WELLESLEY, afterward the conqueror of NAPOLEON, was born at Dungan Castle, County of Meath, Ireland, on the 1st of May, 1769. Receiving his early education at Eton, he proceeded to the Military College of Angiers in France, then directed by PIQUEROL. On the 7th of March, 1787, then in his eighteenth year, he made his entrance upon the military career which subsequent events have made so honorable and brilliant. Promotion followed promotion rapidly, until, in May, 1796, Wellesley received the commission of Colonel of the 33d, and departed for Sinné, in India, where his successive triumphs in upholding the authority of the British, under the Governor-Generalship of his brother, the Marquis WELLESLEY, placed his name high in the roll of the military heroes of the time. Knighthood and a General's commission were fol-

lowed by the hearty congratulations which awaited him on his return to England in the summer of 1805. On April 9, 1806, Sir Arthur was married to Catharine, third daughter of the second Earl of Longford, and in April, 1807, he accepted the Irish Secretaryship. In taking office, Sir Arthur had stipulated that his Ministerial duties should not interfere with his professional; and, accordingly, in the summer of 1807, he was once more employed on active service, and arrived at Corunna, in Spain, on the 20th July, 1808, whence he left for the Tagus, and was there joined by Gen. Spencer, their united forces amounting to 20,000 men. The war in the Peninsula is historical. The battle of Talavera, and the passage of the Douro, procured for Sir Arthur the title of Baron Douro and Viscount Wellington, with a vote of thanks from Parliament, and a pension of £2000 a year. The winter of 1809-10 was spent in forming plans for the defense of Portugal against an overwhelming force. Lord Wellington discerned a mode in which the object could be attained, and he planned the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras. In 1811, Wellington received the thanks of the Crown and Parliament, for having driven the French out of Portugal. In the same year, the terrible battles of Fuentes d'Onor and Albuera were fought, where Wellington was victorious. On the 12th August following (1813), the British general made his triumphal entry into Madrid, and was immediately appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of the same month, he was created Marquis of Wellington, by the Prince Regent.

On the 29th of June, 1814, the Duke took his seat in the House of Lords, for the first time. On May 10, the Prince Regent had sent to the House a message, recommending them to grant the Duke such an annuity as might support the high dignity of the title conferred, and prove a lasting memorial of the nation's gratitude and munificence. On the 12th, the Speaker moved that the sum of £10,000 be annually paid out of the consolidated fund, for the use of the Duke of Wellington, to be at any time commuted for the sum of £300,000, to be laid out in the purchase of an estate. At the suggestion of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Canning, the proposed sum was unanimously increased to £100,000, making in all half a million sterling. Suitable pensions were also bestowed on the Duke's newly-ennobled lieutenants. * On July 1, he personally thanked the Commons for their bounty. On the 30th, the Peace of Paris was concluded.

Wellington was at Vienna when the return of Napoleon from Elba called him to Belgium to take the command of the Anglo-Batavian army. After the drawn battle of Quatre-Bras, on June 16, between the Anglo-Batavian and a part of the French army, under Ney, Wellington, learning the defeat of Blücher, at Ligny, retreated on Brussels, and, on the evening of the 17th, took a position in front of the village of Mont St. Jean. Paris capitulated to Wellington and Blücher on July 3, 1815. The English Field-Marshal was appointed to command the allied army of observation; and, on the final evacuation of France, November 1, 1818, he returned to England. Another £200,000 was granted by Parliament in 1815. The remainder of his career belongs to civil history. On his return to England, he entered Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1826 he went to St. Petersburg, on a special embassy. In 1827, the Duke was busily engaged in Parliament, the principal subject which occupied his attention being the granting of aid to the King of Portugal against Spanish aggressions,

to assist in opposing which a force of 5000 men was sent over. He was also appointed, with Sir Robert Peel, and other leading members of Parliament, one of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs. The Duke of York dying on January 5, the Duke of Wellington was appointed, on the 24th, his successor as Commander-in-chief, and Colonel of the First Grenadier Guards. On March 10, he was installed in the office of High Constable of the Tower, with a salary of £1000 per annum. At the same time, he was appointed *custos rotulorum* of the Tower Hamlets, with a much greater salary. Lord Liverpool having died on February 17, the King, on April 10, nominated Mr. Canning as his successor. Upon this, the Duke of Wellington and six others of the principal members of the old Cabinet retired. He resigned the command of the army on the 30th. Lord Goderich soon resigned office, and the Duke of Wellington was instructed to frame a Cabinet. The passing of the Reform Bill may be said to have formed the termination of his active political life, although his name is more or less heard in every political crisis. The Queen has signified her wish that the remains of the Duke should be interred, with appropriate ceremonies at the public expense, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Nelson. The details of the arrangement are submitted to Parliament, which will probably meet on the 11th of November.

The decease of the Duke has left vacant a large number of places of public trust and importance. Britain never tired of voting rewards to her greatest commander of modern days, and lavished upon him power and income in proportion. Lord Hardinge succeeds to the command of the army; Prince Albert is Colonel of the Grenadier Guards; Prince George of Cambridge of the Fusilier Guards. The Earl of Derby is made Warden of the Cinque Ports.

The Twenty-second Annual Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was held at Belfast, from the 1st to the 8th of September. The proceedings of the body were, as usual, highly interesting and important. The presiding officer of the year was Col. SABINE, whose inaugural address gave a comprehensive and lucid view of the progress of scientific research since the previous meeting of the Association, and pointed out the best modes for obtaining future successes. The address alluded particularly to the remarkable discovery by Professor STOKES of the change which, under certain circumstances, is effected in the refrangibility of light. These researches took their origin from an unexplained phenomenon, discovered by HERSCHELL, in 1845, who found that a solution of quinine viewed by transmitted light, appeared quite colorless, but if viewed by reflected light, exhibited a vivid blue color, which was proved by him to result from the action of the strata which the light first penetrates on entering the solution; and the dispersion of light producing it he termed, "Epipolized dispersion," from the circumstance that it takes place near the surface by which the light enters. In speculating upon the possible nature of "epipolized light," Professor STOKES was led to conclude, that it could only be light which had been deprived of certain invisible rays, which, in the process of dispersion, had changed their refrangibility, and had thereby become visible.—In the departments of mathematics, chemistry, geology, zoology, geography and ethnology, statistics, and mechanical science, the results of recent investigation were communicated.

The attention of the English press is still occupied, to some extent, in discussions of the Fishery Questions and the Lobos difficulties. It is announced that

the Peruvian Government has dispatched two ships of war to the scene of the troubles, and will station a permanent military force at the islands. No vessels but those under contract with the Government, will be allowed to anchor, under penalty of confiscation.—A British Government Commission has reported in favor of a new trans-Atlantic packet-station in Ireland.—A Spanish war-steamer, for the defense of Cuba, has been launched in the Thames.

THE CONTINENT.

The Continental advices are pacific. LOUIS NAPOLEON has made his promised tour through the South and West of France, and the character of his reception was quite *enthusiastic*. The most important political demonstration of his tour took place at Lyons on the 22d of September, where the President made an address upon the inauguration of an equestrian statue of Napoleon. After referring to the devotion of Lyons to the cause of the Emperor while living, and to his memory since his death, the President said that in his public career he should have but one object—that of reconstituting in France a peace, founded on conciliation of persons, on the inflexibility of the principles of authority, morality, and affection for the laboring and suffering classes, and of national dignity. With regard to the future, he said it was still difficult for him to know under what name he could render the greatest services: "If the humble title of President could facilitate the mission confided to me," he added, "and before which I did not recede, I should not from personal interest desire to exchange that title for the title of Emperor." This declaration is justly regarded as of great significance, in regard to his intentions for the future.—In Paris, a petition to the Senate is circulating among the poorer classes, purporting to be the memorial of fathers of families, and laborers, for the re-establishment of the Empire in the person and family of Bonaparte.—During the past year, the trade of France with the United States has been: imports, 110,000,000 francs; exports, 145,000,000 francs.—The "Constitutionnel" has an article on the present state of the French steam navy, in which it assumes the possibility of a successful invasion of England.—As a matter of curiosity, it is worthy of note, that the Paris "Patrie," and "Presse," in announcing the death of the Duke of Wellington, indulge in remarks deprecatory of the deceased. The "Debats" gives his biography, without comment. The "Constitutionnel" praises him. The "Pays" takes a middle course; and the "Union," "Assemblée," "National," and other journals, merely announce his death.

In GERMANY, the aspect of political affairs is better. No schemes appear to attract remarkable degrees of attention, and it may be presumed that the country is in no immediate danger of violent explosions.—On the 31st August, Prussia presented a declaration on the Zollverein question, on which Hanover, Brunswick, Oldenburg, and the Thorngau States have given in their adhesion. The declaration must be conditional with the negotiation of a commercial treaty with Austria. Prussia being willing, as soon as the Zollverein shall have been requested to open negotiations with Austria, from which, however, a Customs Union is to be expressly excluded. A reconstruction of the Zollverein for a term under twelve years, will be rejected.—The cholera was pursuing its march westward, through Europe, and prevails in several parts of Prussia. The accounts of the spread of the disease are more and more unfavorable.—The *New Gazette of the Oder* mentions, that during the Emperor of Austria's recent journey

in Hungary, he promised the most liberal rewards to any one who should find the crown of St. STEPHEN, which disappeared in the revolution. His Majesty has promised a million of florins to three magnates, who are suspected of being in correspondence with Kossuth, if they should succeed in discovering the crown. The clergy have called on their flocks to give all the information in their power on the subject.

In HOLLAND, the session of the States General was opened on the 20th by the king, whose speech contained an allusion to the proposed expedition of the United States to Japan. He said that having been invited by a powerful friendly State, and following the precedent of 1844, he had promised his good offices in favor of an attempt to obtain a modification of the exclusive system hitherto maintained by the Japanese empire.

In SPAIN, a postal convention has been concluded with Austria.

In PORTUGAL, the government has made several reductions in the customs-tariff.

In ITALY, a special envoy of the British Government has arrived at Rome, to convey to the Papal power the assurances of the friendly feelings of England. The communication was very cordially received.—A conspiracy had been discovered in Sicily. The conspirators were in communication with HUGGERS SILTINO, chief of the ex-Government, now a refugee at Malta. The centre of operations was at Castro Giovani, and the conspirators had succeeded in tampering with some of the troops.—Mount Etna became suddenly convulsed on the night of the 26th August, and a magnificent eruption took place, which has not been surpassed by any within the past forty years. It was feared several villages would be destroyed by the streams of lava.

From RUSSIA, we learn by accounts from St. Petersburg that the Russian College of Ischlokagem had burned three Circassian villages to ashes as a chastisement.

From GREECE, interesting advices have been received. A letter from Malta, of the 17th of August, says: "The American Minister has arrived at Athens, and the *Cumberland* frigate, with the broad pennant of Commodore Stringham, arrived in our port yesterday."—We have meagre accounts of the manner in which the affair of Rev. Mr. King was settled. Mr. MARSH, having examined the official papers relative to the matter, found that Mr. King had been tried by the laws of Greece, which he was bound to respect, and that the ambassador appeared satisfied that he had not been unjustly dealt with. From the withdrawal of the fleet from the Piræus, it is believed that this account of the affair is correct.

From TURKEY and EGYPT, later intelligence has reached us. The text of the Imperial firman settling the difficulties with Egypt has just been published, under date "last days of the lunar month of the Ramazan, 1268" (July, 1852). This important document extends to Egypt the provisions of the "tanzimat" (charter) guaranteeing the security of life, property, and honor to all subjects of the empire, of whatever class or religion; charges ABBAS PASHA with its administration, and commits to him, for seven years, the power of life and death in criminal cases where the heirs of the victim demand the execution of a capital sentence, but all other cases to be reported to the Sultan; and, further, abolishes the death penalty for political offenses.—Hon. C. A. MURRAY, the British Consul General in Egypt, has resigned his post, and is on the eve of leaving that country for America.

Editor's Table.

VICTIMS OF PROGRESS—Martyrs of an ever-advancing, never-finished civilization,—they die that steamboats may be better built, that railroads may be better laid, that the speed of traveling, by land and sea, may be accelerated in a ratio which never becomes constant, and toward a maximum which is never to be attained. Thoughts like these force themselves upon us, whenever the ear is pained, and the heart sickened by the thick-coming reports of such startling accidents as have lately taken place on our most-thronged and inviting thoroughfares. They are, in fact, the only consolation presented by the most modern philosophy, and, may we not say it, by some of the most modern forms of what calls itself religion. Those who suffer are martyrs to the Spirit of the Age. There may, indeed, have been individual crime, or a selfish recklessness of human life, presenting, in some of its aspects, a more revolting moral spectacle than vindictive malice itself, but these are only partial incidents of the ever-moving drama. They are only the smaller wheels of the great machinery. When they break, or get out of order, it may be thought necessary to pour upon them some of the essential oil of popular indignation; but this indignation is itself only another law of our nature, a part of the same apparatus of progress, tending to the same result with every other part, and valuable only in its relations to them. It must, therefore, soon subside, in view of what is inevitable, and then every thing goes on as before. For what, after all, are a few score lives, or a few hundred, or even a few thousand lives to the great cause of human advance! What is the individual, or any number of individuals, to the improvement of the race? and what is any amount of present or passing pain, to the triumph of ideas?

Again—these sufferers by fire, and flood, and steam, furnish the occasion of advancing our knowledge of the physical laws—and there is much consolation surely in this. From such appalling events we learn that fire will burn us, or that the force of gravitation will crush us, if we unscientifically expose ourselves to its influence. At the cheap price of a hundred lives, we purchase the most useful knowledge that the elasticity, or expansive power of steam may exceed the cohesion of ill-wrought iron, or that the collision of hard bodies can not take place without a risk of most serious damage. And men will deliver lectures, and even write books on these precious discoveries. They will lament over the darkness of past ages, in this respect, and tell us how all the miseries of mankind have come from the neglect of the “physical laws,” and mistaken notions about Providence, and idle fancies respecting a moral government regarded as any thing else than a system of natural consequences. Study the “physical laws”—obey the “physical laws.” This is the grand lesson which 6000 years have been slowly teaching our suffering race. This is emphatically the revelation—this is reason—this is morality—this is religion. This is the chief end of man, to glorify nature, and enjoy her forever. “Christianity,” says one of the seers of the age, “is but scientific development.” And yet, if we would give heed to it, no experience is more common, or more certain, than that this new Gospel ever reveals its perils faster than it can apply its remedies, ever creates wants with more rapidity than it can satisfy them—and thus, instead of dimin-

ishing, must inevitably add to the unrest of our fallen humanity.

Could we, indeed, regard the present age as a transition period to some higher and permanent development, such a thought would abate much from the gloom with which we can not help contemplating the mighty sacrifice it seems to demand. But the view which makes science and nature the ultimate of human destiny, and finds relief in a physical fatalism from the ideas of moral decrees and a moral providence, can furnish no such relieving prospect to its interminable landscape. It is all transition—movement evermore. Steam brings us no nearer the consummation than oars and sails. Newspapers, and railroads, and magnetic telegraphs hold out no better prospect of a resting-place, than the discovery of the alphabet, or the first invention of the art of printing.

But this train of thought may be charged, perhaps, with undervaluing the highest glory of our age. Be there conceded, then, all the good the most sanguine advocate of human progress has ever ventured to predict; still, it may be well, in a moral sense—it may even be conducive to that progress in its best physical aspect—to keep ever before our minds the many evils which would seem to be almost inseparable from it. We are called upon to do this for the sake of justice and humanity themselves, that we may not rashly charge upon the mere proximate agents the blame justly attaching to the age, and to the movements that are constantly growing out of its impatient restlessness. If we will have progress, democracy, “manifest destiny,” individualism, private judgment, undiscouraged freedom of thought, unrestricted freedom of trade, unlimited liberty of speech and action, the most rapid facilities of conveyance, and the instantaneous transmission of intelligence—without regard to end, or character, or motive,—if we must have all these—then must we pay their prices, and take them with all the mischiefs that follow in their train. Then, too, must he be regarded as the best friend of a true and rational progress, who most faithfully points out these attending evils, and teaches us in a spirit of justice and magnanimity, to assign them to their legitimate causes.

The steamboat captains who traverse the Atlantic in nine days, are complimented in the public prints, by highly gratified passengers; they are treated to public dinners, they are rewarded by flattering votes of thanks, and rich presents of golden pitchers. Their zealous emulation of the spirit of the age is recompensed by more substantial tokens still, from the treasuries of two most powerful and rival nations. Now, if a nine days' race across the Atlantic, attended, of course, by nine-fold peril, is only a proud manifestation of national superiority, why should not a nine hours' race on the Hudson call forth a proportionate applause? In fact, it is so, whenever success crowns the effort. Before the fatal destruction of the Henry Clay, the newspapers of our city had repeatedly chronicled the shortness of its trips, and thereby commended the exertions of its owners to compete, as far as “physical laws” would permit, with the more rapid speed of the railroad on the bank. Private competition may have been the *proximate* cause in this as in other cases, but justice demands the admission that the main spring of all lay farther back

—in a desire to go beyond others in gratifying the well-known public expectation. It was only on the passage before the terrific disaster, that a flattering vote of thanks had been presented to the “gentlemanly and attentive captain” who is now under an indictment for manslaughter; and had that ill-fated trip been successfully accomplished in seven or eight hours, the event would doubtless have been announced in the morning papers with every expression of satisfaction at a result evincing so laudable a “public spirit,” and so generous a desire to promote the public convenience. Perhaps, too, some of the very passengers whose voices were loudest in the indignation meeting, might have displayed their oratory in advocating a resolution of thanks, or a recommendation of the boat and its most “worthy commander” to all travelers who would prize the union of elegance and comfort with the maximum of velocity and the minimum of time.

We have no desire to excuse or even to palliate the individual criminality; but we feel compelled to protest strongly against the injustice that would hold the immediate agents as alone accountable. They are but the representatives of the public feeling, which is ever stimulated and stimulating to demand a higher and still higher rate of speed, at whatever risk it may be attained. The inevitable result is a competition, which is *lauded instead of being blamed*, until a succession of terrible events arouses the public indignation, to vent itself upon the proximate instead of the remote, yet real causes.

Two hundred victims in less than a month! Terrible indeed is the lesson; but what rational prospect is there of effectual prevention? The immediate offenders have been indicted: the initiatory steps have been taken to procure the enactment of laws, with severer penalties and greater securities for their faithful execution. But have not similar means been tried again and again, and ever with the same want of success? The case of the *Swallow* is almost forgotten; yet how vehement at the time the popular wrath! Two or three years elapsed before the trial took place, and the whole affair slumbered among events that had ceased to interest or excite. We well remember being drawn by curiosity to the court-room in which the prosecution was conducted. A languid trial, in the presence of a few dozen spectators, and devoid of all public interest, was followed by an acquittal, barely chronicled in the smallest type of the *ensuing morning papers*. And this was the finale of an event which had called forth as mighty torrents of indignation as the late burning of the *Clay*, or the sinking of the *Atlantic*, or the explosion of the *Reindeer*—to say nothing of those frequent catastrophes on our western waters, which have made danger the rule and safety the exception. New subjects of interest had, in the mean time, taken possession of the public mind. New singing men and singing women had arrived from abroad. New political contests had absorbed every thought. New inventions for greater speed had drawn away the popular attention from disasters occasioned by the mismanagement of the old.

But what is gained, it may be said, by showing that the fault is in the age? If special legislation fails, how are we to reach that insensible thing, the universal conscience? Something, however, is gained, at least to the cause of truth, by getting at the real sources of the evil. We shall, at all events, learn the injustice of visiting upon a few what is really the guilt of the many. It is something to see clearly that there are moral causes lying back of the physical, and that unless they are removed, all this babble about the

physical laws will only quicken the naturalizing tendencies from which the mischief mainly flows. It may lead us to reflect that in such removal each man has some degree of personal responsibility. It may revive the thought of a moral Providence having regard to special ends, although carried on through the agency of general laws. It may teach us—and no lesson could be more profitable if thoroughly learned—that events like these we have been contemplating are really benevolent admonitions, intended to arouse us from that false state in which the purest moral and religious ideas are in danger of being buried in a secularity of thought and feeling inseparable from the doctrine of a scientific in distinction from a moral progress.

We have no respect for that owlish conservatism which would deem it the highest wisdom to be ever railing against the physical improvements of the age. It is, indeed, a most pleasant and desirable thing to be carried smoothly and safely 150 miles in four hours. No rational man will call in question the value of an invention by which intelligence may be transmitted thousands of miles in a few minutes. And yet it requires no profound wisdom to see that if, through such improvements, the natural is made to triumph over the moral, and an all-pervading secularity becomes the predominant characteristic of our civilization—if science usurps the homage which is only due to religion, and what is called business leaves no place for the more spiritual emotions—if, in short, by such influences the world of sense, “the things seen and temporal,” are every where thrusting into the background the contemplation of “the things unscen and eternal,” then may it indeed become a grave question whether such a physical advance is, on the whole, a true progress of our humanity,—a progress tending *upward*, instead of horizontally and interminably *onward*. But in such a state of things, there is ever danger of a downward direction. The secular feeling, or secular interest, alone can not sustain the highest science. History has more than once shown that an extreme civilization may be only the forerunner of an Epicurean animality, that turns out in the end, the deadliest foe, not only of what is most spiritual in human nature, but also of that very secular refinement from which it derived its birth. With all rational gratitude, then, for the improvements of the age, we may still, in view of such a possible result, entertain the question whether, after all, the old stage-coach, and the three months’ voyage to Europe, and the weekly gazette, with its news a month old, have been profitably exchanged for the railroad car, the ocean steamer, and the magnetic telegraph.

The only true relief from such a view is in the supposition in which we have already indulged. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that we are in a transition state, and that when the excitement shall have subsided, and invention fulfilled for a time its mission, and machinery, instead of depressing labor, shall have turned it into new and better channels, then may come again for the world a breathing time, a Sabbath of serious thought, of spiritual contemplation—a period in which it may be found that science and civilization have aided our secular prosperity without the moral risk, and thus actually lifted us to a position whence there is afforded a higher and wider range for taking the horoscope of our spiritual destiny. While every devout soul should pray for such a consummation, the best security for its fulfillment must be found in a watchful fear of that opposite result which history and a Bible-taught knowledge of human nature give us so much reason to apprehend.

No one can deny that the present is an age of intense excitement, and no thinking man can avoid the conclusion that such a state of things must have in it the seeds of most alarming evils. Life must be impaired, physically as well as morally, when we crowd into days what formerly occupied weeks and months. We are evidently living at an amazingly rapid rate. Such intensity of action is utterly inconsistent with that calmness and depth of thought which is essential to the proper development of the soul; and hence with all our boast of independence and free inquiry, there is actually, among the masses, far less of what may be truly called thinking than in ages of greatly inferior pretension. We fancy we are performing this necessary work, when nothing can be more true than that it is constantly and mainly done for us through certain conventional machinery. The great difference between us and former ages is, that while they acknowledged their dependence on leading minds, the present masses are duped into the mischievous belief that it is their own thoughts they are thinking, and that the paragraphist and the lecturer are but giving back a reflection from their own souls.

Another consequence of these physical improvements is the complete amalgamation they are every where producing in society. We are not only living immensely fast, but living all together. City and country are becoming one. Those peculiar traits which once characterized rural life are rapidly vanishing away. Local habits, local associations, are disappearing before those influences which the railroad and the telegraph are bringing to bear upon all our country towns. The seclusion which once formed the charm, and guarded the virtue of many a country village, is beginning in all directions to be broken up. The news-boy, the Sunday newspaper, the railroad novel, the mountebank lecturers, are every where. City influences—the worst city influences—are pouring into every nook and corner of the land; and we are fast becoming, as far as moral and social effects are concerned, one immense town, with all its vices, and follies, and wild excitements, vibrating from one extremity of our country to the other. The foreign world, too, is daily and almost hourly brought to our doors. Far out in the ocean the signal is given; the electric fires are sent in all directions, and minutes hardly elapse before the thrilling accounts of revolution, and despotic cruelty, and social anarchy, and turbulent elections, are agitating the most remote departments, and turning all minds from those home thoughts and home feelings, which constitute the truest nurture of our scanty human virtues.

On the other hand, the attractions from the country to the city are becoming immensely and unnaturally multiplied. Young men are drawn in crowds from their farms and rural employments to avocations directly or indirectly connected with the business of the metropolis. In this way rusticity may be departing, but along with it are also disappearing that sober thought and that sound judgment, which belong most naturally to a state of partial seclusion, and which, however homely in appearance, are of far more value than the metropolitan *smartness*, or general information for which they are so often despised.

A life such as once was realized in some of our country towns, seems to be that which Heaven and Nature intended for the best moral as well as physical health of man. The seclusion of the family for the most part, occasional intercourse with other inhabitants of the same retired neighborhood, such as is furnished by the social visit, the weekly assemblies

for religious worship, the sympathetic gatherings called out on occasions of joy and sorrow, the wedding, the funeral so touching in all the soul-mellowing associations of its rural solemnity, the rare recurring festive holiday, the meetings for the transaction of the common local business of a small civic community; these, together with now and then a brief gaze upon the busy world beyond, would seem to form the genial circumstances in which the good in our nature might be most favorably developed, and its inveterate evils most effectually cured.

But no one need be told that the very reverse of this is every where becoming true. Retirement, solitude, domesticity, form the exception; public intercourse either by direct contiguity, or through some diffusing channels, is becoming the common and almost uninterrupted rule of life. The consequences are beginning rapidly to develop themselves. Experience has painfully taught that the feeling of personal responsibility generally diminishes in proportion to gathered numbers, especially under the power of common excitements, and that nowhere is it less than in a crowded and agitated mass. Now all this effect may be produced, and is produced, without the close actual contact which has heretofore been associated with the town. Under influences now at command, the whole community may be converted into a vast mob. Whenever great numbers of men, although locally severed, are made the subjects of common and simultaneous excitements, there must be the same sinking of the private conscience, as well as of the private consciousness, into the irresponsible public feeling. In proportion as each man becomes, or fancies himself, a representative of this public *sentiment*, he refuses, and with some justice too, we think, to bear alone that blame which he may well feel attaches to the community as well as to himself. He was only faithfully, and, like a good public servant, keeping up the steam to the point demanded by the public temperature. He was only the agent, he might say, the index, the medium of an irresistible, all-controlling, all-pervading power.

But the moral deterioration although the main, is not the only aspect of the evil. This diminished sense of accountability is beginning to manifest itself most decidedly in its bearing upon the secular interest. It tends to depreciate, not only our humanity—or that prime article the *genus homo*—but also all the products of the main branches of mechanical operation—thus becoming a leading cause of those deplorable events we are so much inclined to charge upon the mere proximate agents. Skill in invention is in higher demand than security or soundness of workmanship. The man who discovers some new method of applying steam, or invents some new fashion of a steam-boiler, stands higher with us than the faithful mechanic, who labors most conscientiously in the humble department of making strong and secure what has been already invented. The new machine, too, has not time to be thus perfected before it is cast away for some more recent product of inventive genius, to be tested with the same, or, perhaps, a still greater amount of peril. Thus fidelity of execution is undervalued. A diminished sense of accountability, inferior workmanship, and frauds of every kind, and in every department of labor, are the inevitable consequences—producing, more than any other cause, the diminution of wages, and outweighing, by the mischiefs they occasion, all the supposed benefits arising from the continued progress of invention. One of our late steamboat disasters furnishes a melancholy illustration of the truth to which we would here call the public mind. In the

case referred to it is quite clear that the captain, pilot, engineer, and crew are to be absolved from all blame. We must go back many stages,—away beyond the builders of the boat, and even the contracting fabricators of its machinery. The fatal defect is to be traced to the man who hammered the iron. All that was required of him was strength of arm, and fidelity of execution—and these he did not feel himself called upon by any strict personal responsibility to bestow. He knew not the destination of the product on which he was laboring. He only knew, that in some way he wrought for the public; but what did that public care for him? He felt that it prized far more the skill of the inventor than the fidelity of his eye or hand; and why should he take great pains with that for which he received the scantiest praise, and the lowest wages to which capital and poverty could depress him?

Now the great thing we need for our security is a higher morality in this matter. It is one of the especial wants of the age; and, unless supplied, there is danger that all other physical progress will be in vain. There is a leak in the hold, which will surely bring the vessel down, with all its pride of sails and machinery. Under some of the old, and now obsolete institutions of society—such as those systems of regulated trades and apprenticeships, that appear to us so inconsistent with what is called “the liberty of the citizen”—there grew up a feeling which, if not morality, was near of kin to it, and the next best substitute for it. It was the habit of the trade, the *esprit de corps*, the conventional feeling which demanded excellence of workmanship in every department, as a good, and right, and honorable thing in itself, independent of any particular destination of the article thus produced. It led each workman, whether high or low, to regard himself as intrusted with the honor of the whole class. In the course of progress this has been, in a great measure, lost. Laws regulative of trades, and requiring a rigid oversight of all workmanship, would now be regarded as interfering with that individual “liberty of the citizen,” which a modern legislator of some renown has not hesitated to declare to be “more sacred than life, and to involve a principle beyond any claims on the score of humanity.”

Whatever, then, may be the termination of our transition period, it is obvious, that right here is required that higher moral principle, without which every other apparent improvement is only fraught with the greater peril. It is simply this, that every man who does any thing, should feel the obligation of conscience to do it in the best possible manner, irrespective of any destined uses, whether known or unknown;—in other words, to do good work for the sake of good workmanship, as a good and right thing in itself, and demanded by conscience on the ground of its own intrinsic excellence. It should be regarded as a sin to do bad work, as an offense against the Great Builder of the heavens and the earth, and that, too, even though we might be assured that no one would ever suffer loss or injury from our neglect. Every man who makes a shoe, or a shoe-string, should feel the same moral obligation to do it well, whether he makes it for the trade, as it is called, or for the most exacting customer; we mean, of course, good and strong in respect to work and materials,—the degree of elegance or beauty being determined by expected price or other considerations. Every journeyman who lays a brick wall, and even he who mixes the mortar, should regard himself as under a responsibility the same in kind, if not in degree, with that of the architect who builds a cathedral. And

thus, too, the man who hammers the iron, should do it in the light and power of conscience, and so apply his strength and skill to every blow as if he entertained the reasonable apprehension that its rupture (as in the late lamentable event) might occasion the painful death of more than thirty human beings. We can not express our thought better, than in the beautiful language, and still more beautiful ethics of the wise son of Sirach—“So is it with every carpenter and workman that laboreth night and day; so is it with the potter as he turneth about the wheel with his feet, and maketh all his work by number; so is it with the smith as he considereth the iron work, while the vapor of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace: the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and his eyes look still upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly.”

Any system of legislation, any ethical reform that would bring about such a fidelity in workmanship as an accompaniment of progressive skill in invention, would furnish the grand security for a rational progress—a progress that would not be ever in danger of destroying itself by the vehemence and rashness of its own movement.

Under the power of such a reform, and such a morality, labor would be both enhanced in price and elevated in dignity. It would do more than all social arrangements, which do not embrace the principle, to relieve the present deep depression of the laboring classes. Conscientiousness in every work is the true equalizing principle, the true ground of all fraternity that deserves the name. It is the real leveler, or rather the elevator which brings all departments of industry, however marked by external differences, to the same moral rank. The man who, with a conscience in his work, faithfully converts vile rags into good paper, is a higher being than he who prints or writes a book without it. It would impart, too, to the humblest workmen a political importance to which they would never attain by listening to the demagogue, or reading the Sunday newspaper. It would give them a proud station in the body politic, and make true, in the most honorable and republican sense, what our ancient preacher seems to have expressed in its more aristocratic or conservative aspect—“By these is the system of the world maintained; they make firm the building of the age; and without them a city could not be inhabited.”

Editor's Easy Chair.

SINCE our last look at the *Causerie* of the town, the whole atmosphere has changed. Not only have the gazes of summer given place to the ripeness of the autumn costume, and the green leaves dropped their spring dress for the crimson and the gold which mature under a harvest moon, but the streets and houses have changed. The solitary broker, or merchant, who has halved his summer between his desk, and the riotous house-maids of a deserted mansion, has welcomed again his wife; and the exiled coachman has come back; and the parlors are divested of their linen spectre-like coverings; and the sidewalks are thronged; and familiar faces are greeting us from carriage windows; and the old gossip of matches and broken engagements—of concerts and plays—of popular preachers and autumn hats—of private parlors and Alexander's gloves, has come like a deluge upon our plodding loneliness.

But, besides that the old *regime* of talk and show is coming in, we have to note certain changes in the color of the talk. And first, there is no promise of Opera. In view of this, we commiserate deeply those numerous and worthy persons to whom the Opera has not only been a most nutritious provocative of conversation, but has also furnished a capital vehicle for riding up into clear *lorgnette* view of the pink of fashionable society. It is painful to think what Mrs. Blank, and the Misses So-and-so will do, now that the Opera is abandoned! The concerts are here, however, for the relief of those who had a real relish for music; and it would be not a little curious to investigate the causes which have produced this change in town tactics, and which, while smothering the Opera, has given us a deluge of songstresses, pianists, fiddlers, infant prodigies, *et id omne genus*.

We shrewdly suspect that the "taking" singers have found out the weak points of our people; and having gained full assurance that a large body of money-spenders must be fashionably "tapped" periodically—and that it is a better speculation to "tap" them through the well-directed efforts of one voice, than by the labored execution of a troupe, they have taken the matter in their own hands—have abjured the immoralities of the stage, and are educating us to the extravagance of concerts. In brief, our singers make more money in Metropolitan Hall than at the Opera House; and as singers and musicians guide our tastes, we yield, and are content.

Again, we are not sure, but the advent of two such rival stars as Alboni and Sontag at nearly the same time, is a happy idea; it forms a nucleus for amiable antagonism; it revives a kind of fashionable Guelph and Ghibelline contest—like that about Soto and Pougand; it quickens musical criticism; it relieves the dead level of salon conversation; it chimes with the political divisions of the hour; and it fills the pockets of the *artistes*, and the mouths of the admirers.

As for the great singers, we hardly dare to talk of them in print, as men talk with each other; the critics (Heaven save them!) have introduced such an extraordinary strain of mingled Italian and nonsense—of magniloquence and fervor, that a homespun English story about their voices, or their manner, will seem like an old-fashioned joint of butcher's meat, beside the curries, and the *ragouts*, which they serve at our new hotels.

Madame Alboni is a stout lady (the critics would say—"slightly *embonpoint*") with a reservoir of melody somewhere in her lungs that gurgles and gushes out, like the mystic gales out of *Æolian caverns*. Musical utterance, in the shape of song, seems more native to her, than to any singer it has been our fortune to hear; not that her excess of spirituality craves the angelic mode of speech; but she seems rather a kind of orphan Naiad (or Bacchante), whose life lies—like the nightingale—in melodious trills, that break forth spontaneously, and with easiest effort warp every healthful respiration into harmony. Italian warmth and languor is in her face, and the same is in her voice; and she has won such praises from those who judge with more science than ourselves, as she may be proud to carry to her home with her, and to cherish as highly, as her abundant guerdon of gold.

As for the Countess Rossi, people—democratic people—were curious to see how he who had borne herself so gayly and successfully in the noble circles of our most noble cousin-Germans, would wear her titles upon a plebeian stage; and we will venture

that one half of the eager hearers of her songs, have been quite as eager in the scanning of her manner and dress, as in the scanning of her Italian strophes.

There is something quite new, and not uninteresting, in the fact, that a member (however humble) of that great feudal brotherhood, which has so long gripped and wrung the entrails of central Europe for its sustenance, should now come singing songs to our healthful young democracy—for money! We mean no shadow of reproach, no shadow of disrespect. The Muses forbid! We only note the curious fact, as an indication that social disease is yonder, beyond the seas; and that princely luxury is decrepit, and must come hitherward for sustenance.

Madame Sontag is a gentlewoman, not in station only, but in manner; and, they say also, that she is a gentlewoman in character. We use the word as covering all that is best in womanhood, and as meaning more than—Countess. Her song is artful and rich; not so exuberant and pulse-full as that of Alboni, but fuller perhaps of that pliancy and redundancy of expression, which a fine taste and careful study will graft upon a voice naturally unimpassioned.

Little Paul Jullien—a wonder-working boy upon the violin—has carried off, from even the Countess, a great many of our autumn bouquets; and it would be curious to anticipate the probable phases of a life which has caught public attention so early, and in so dangerously charming way as his. A violin, at the best, seems an insecure thing to promote manliness; but when, as in this case, it makes a man of a boy, all the manliness it can give is already won.

We have ventured upon these topics only because, at the date of our writing, they are at the top of that accumulation of subject-matter which the winter talks will remove.

NEXT, we must spend a word upon the hotels of the town. Where is this all to end? Are we to have no privacy? Will all our homesteads be built up three stories more, and the basements metamorphosed into reading-rooms; and some French landlord sandwich us at dinner with a German Jew, and a German baron in a wig? Are we running stark mad? Is there no hope of quietude left? Must our bridal chambers be described in the newspapers, and must all our wants in this life be answered by the tick of a "Jackson's patent Annunciator?"

The fever is really growing serious. Our own wife (our bachelor friends must not be jealous) is instant for a private parlor in the third floor of the St. Denis, or the Metropolitan, or the Clarendon, or the Union, or the Manhattan, or the Grammercy, or the ——— knows what!

On inquiry, we find it will cost us—for room, thirty dollars a week; for board (three persons), fifteen more; for fires, lights, and servants' fees, some ten more; and, as it would never do to have such a parlor without wines, and concert tickets, and a hack, we may put down the total at eighty dollars a week. Eighty multiplied by fifty-two, makes four thousand one hundred and sixty dollars, which sum (if we were not already married) would make a dividend, of which we *alone* would be the divisor, and our little green purse the quotient, until the end of our days!

Seriously, matters are getting severe. This California influx, and this concert furor, and this hotel mania, will drive us penniless to our graves! We would recommend in all sincerity to the benevolently disposed, the establishment of a society for the promotion of small rents, and general domestic economy. We are convinced that it would promote marriages, happiness, and quiet rest.