

training she had from her mother is owing, under God, the position the nation at present occupies; and it sympathises with the Queen in her womanly sorrow; but one tone pervades the entire press of England; there is not a word other than that of respect for the dead, and affection for the living. So may it continue to be: may such be the training of future sovereigns of the British nation; so that our children's children may rejoice in being citizens of an empire whose head is a model of purity and virtue to the subjects; and a proof to other governments that order and freedom may happily co-exist among a people whose monarch knows how to govern in obedience to the laws and constitution of the country.

Seldom has the political horizon of Europe been more clouded than at this present moment; men are casting their eyes above and before them, but all is dark and uncertain; save for the unhappy certainty that a storm is at hand—a storm whose violence, whose duration and effects it is impossible to foretell. Every mail brings us rumors of fresh troubles, of increasing discontent on the part of the peoples, and increasing blunders and obstinacy on the part of some of the rulers. Victor Emmanuel has been recognised by England as King of Italy—he has attained that, which a year ago would have seemed a wild dream: still there remains a small spot to mar the unity and completeness of his dominion. Rome is still under the sway of the Pope, guarded, too, by thousands of French bayonets. But the spot has to be removed. Rome has to cease to be politically papal and become Italian, nay, the centre—the brain of Italy; but how? peaceably, or by more bloodshed? The future is unknown; but we fear much. Then, Venetia is still under the iron rule of Austria and her cohorts; and all the movements of that wonderful man, Garibaldi, point to an attempt by him to finish the programme of Louis Napoleon, and set Italy “free from the Alps to the Adriatic.” Will he be successful? And if so, at the expense of how much blood and treasure? How many Magentas and Solferinos will be re-enacted? So also Hungary is rising, quietly, but with the determination of strength; and it will be no marvel if, this time next year, Kossuth is again in the land from which he has been so long exiled, its chosen and rightful ruler. And Poland, thrice slain—dead, to all appearance, for thirty years past—has turned in her grave, and dreams of a resurrection. It is painfully affecting to read the accounts of the massacres at Warsaw: no resistance, no fighting on the part of the Poles, but an assertion most unmistakeable of national existence and hope. Then there are endless rumors of league; and counter leagues among the great powers—of warlike preparations in the second and third-rate kingdoms, as if a conflict was at hand greater than the world has ever seen. The clouds may pass away, the sun of peace may again shine forth; God grant it: but meanwhile our duty is clear; we are to “watch and pray”—pray that these tremendous calamities may not come upon the earth. But if war should unhappily come to pass, then it is ours to throw the weight of our prayers, our sympathies, our influence, whatever we have, in the scale, for freedom, and liberty, and right, and the overthrow of despotism throughout the world.

The third reading of the Church Rate Abolition Bill, in the House of Commons is fixed for 5th June. This may appear to be a great delay after