

such kind words to me. I am nothing in my own eyes and feel so deeply the unfitness of my poor nature; but, nevertheless, kind words are very encouraging when they come from sincere lips, and I therefore put yours into the same golden casket where all other kind words are preserved that I have received in life—I mean a pure, bright memory of the soul! I think the book of Mrs. Opie very sweet and interesting. It does its authors—or, in fact its two authoresses—great honour. Dear Mrs. Opie, she had to go through all the same struggles as I—so every one of us had to endure from the moment that the sinfulness of our hearts stands in all its realisedness before us, and the love of Christ forces us to wish for nothing more than acceptance into the gates of heaven! I remember to have seen Mrs. Opie (in her quiet friendly dress) at the house of the Lord Bishop of Norwich; and how right you are, dear sir, when you believe that anything or any person known by that worthy prelate has the more value to me! Yes, Lord (Bishop) Stanley was more than kind to me, and I never shall forget his sweet, benevolent expression. Forgive me for venturing to write such a long letter, although I by no means am mighty in your language; but I hope that the feeling that dictated my words will give pardon for my presumption to write thus. Once more, dear sir, accept my sincere thanks for your two gifts, and may God bless your labours, and give you the power of leading many souls to the clear spring of pure water.—I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

"JENNY GOLDSCHMIDT (born Lind)."

ENGLISH VAGABONDISM IN THE OLDER TIME.—For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was held a crime deserving of death, and the sentence was intended to fit occasions to be executed. The poor man's advantages, which I have estimated at so high a rate, were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. He might not keep his children at home unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or not. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, and being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unreprieved through the reigns of Edward and of Mary, subsisting, therefore, with the deliberate approval of both the great parties between whom the country was divided. Reconsidered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed; and it was, therefore, the expressed conviction of the English nation that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline, if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut with the knife, if the milder treatment of the cart-whip failed to be of profit.—*Froude's History of England.*

A correspondence has taken place between the *Times* and Lieut. Gen. Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War. The *Times*, in its obituary article on Lord Hadding, having stated that the battle of Albuera was gained by a skilful 'manœuvre executed by Hadding,' and this having been contradicted, fell back upon Gen. Sir Wm. Napier as its authority. The historian thus appealed to, writes somewhat testily to say that he 'declines the honor of fighting the battles of Printing-house square,' but was ready to substantiate his account of the affair, if it were disputed by any adequate authority.

CLIMATE NOT THE CAUSE OF COLOR.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion so remarkable in the human race. A very few facts will suffice to show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Dieman's Land, who are among the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland, while the Indo-Chinese nations, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. It is remarked by Humboldt that the American tribes of the Equinoctial Region have no darker skin than the mountaineers of the Temperate Zone. So also the Fuehies of the Magellanic Plains, beyond the 55th degree of South latitude, are absolutely darker than Abipones, Tolas, and other tribes, who are many degrees nearer the equator. Again, the Charruas, who live

south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the *Chiriguano*, under the line, are the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, not to multiply examples, the nations of the Caucasian race which have become inhabitants of the Torrid Zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries, and in Africa for many centuries, exposed to the most active influences of the climate, have never, in a solitary instance, exhibited the transformation from a Caucasian to a negro complexion.—*Types of Mankind.*

Great extensions of the magnetic telegraph are still going on. Professor Morse has succeeded in telegraphing over the united wires of the English and Irish Company, a distance of 2000 miles, at the rate of two hundred and ten signals per minute, thus proving the practicability of an Atlantic communication.

The Governor of York Castle possesses a museum which contains, among other curiosities, the 'body belt' and 'leg irons' of Dick Turpin, weighing together 23 lbs.; the fractured skull of Daniel Clark, the victim of Eugene Aram's violent murder a century since; the razor with which Jonathan Martin struck a light when he fired York Minster, and the bell rope by which he escaped from the window, the identical knife and fork used for extracting the hearts from the quartered bodies of the rebels of 1745, and other memorabilia.

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN ARKANSAS.—We learn from the Memphis papers that there had been great excitement in Arkansas, on the discovery of a plot among the negroes to rise in rebellion on the 15th of this month. Fortunately the plot was discovered in time to prevent one of the most bloody massacres in the whole annals of insurrection. The plot was very extensive, and the negroes who were taken up and made to confess, implicated others twenty miles off. Some of the negroes say the rising was to take place the day of the Presidential election. The men being all from home on that day, the plot was to murder the women and children first, and then attack the unarmed men at the polls. Several white men have been implicated, and notified to leave the country in a given time, or be hung. The letter states that on the Colorado the excitement is intense, and that several negroes have been hung. The plot seems to have been very extensive, reaching as far as Texas.—(Oct. 30.)

ROME, AND THE EAST.—Rome has a vigilant eye on the East. Not only are the pilgrimages this year augmented, and thronged by devotees from all parts of Europe, encouraged everywhere by the local hierarchy—but diplomacy, and management of every kind are called into play to augment the chances of papal progress towards Oriental supremacy. Recently it was Russia, now it is the Turk who is to be, if possible, won to amity. A re-union of cardinals, and consultants of the sacred congregation of ecclesiastical affairs, has been taking place at the palace of the Quirinal, to take into consideration certain overtures made by the Sublime Porte for the establishment of regular official relations between the Ottoman Government and the Holy See. The offers of the Sultan are said to be consequent on the late decree of liberty to Christians; his suspicion being strong that the Christians of his empire will still be prone to look to the Czar as a spiritual protector, unless the Latin Church can be introduced more effectually in Asia, as a counter influence. It is not the first time that the Turk has tried thus to alienate his Christian subjects from Russia. At the commencement of the pontificate of Pius IX, a special envoy was despatched by Abdul Medjid with rich presents and flattering congratulations on the accession of his Holiness to the sacred chair; and at that time the Pope sent M. Ferrieri as his nuncio to Constantinople to return his compliments. At present the cardinals decide that it is more prudent to delay accepting the Sultan's overtures, until the congress of the European Powers at Paris shall have settled the questions likely to be laid before them. In the meantime the interests of Rome are to be carefully promoted at Moscow and St. Petersburg by M. Chigi.—*Litt. Churchman.*

Some weeks ago the captain of an English frigate brought his family ashore to show them the lions of Seville. It appears that the ladies of the party wore hats, but the Sevillians unhappily disapproved of this style of head-dress, and manifested their displeasure by howls and growls. A mob collected, consisting of priests and many persons who, from their attire, might have been supposed to belong to the upper class of society, and the barbarians positively pelted our countrywomen, who were compelled precipitately to retreat across the Plaza Magdalena to the Torrida de Madrid, where they found protection.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.—It is needless here to recount Miss Nightingale's labours; their record is deeply, we should hope indelibly, impressed upon the national heart. Hard rough men, while boasting of their prowess of venting maledictions on opponents,

pause to invoke, with trembling voice, a blessing on the English Matron at Scutari. The latter, speaking of one of her fellow-workers who fell a victim to her toilsome trial, writes, "It has been my endeavour, in the sight of God, to do as she has done." "I will not speak of reward when permitted to do our country's work. It is what we live for." Such language the sublime of womanly gentleness, carries with it an earnest truthfulness of purpose, equally removed from cant as from self-righteousness. There is no egotism, no sectarianism, no sycophancy, no presumption. Words enunciating high, unselfish principles, fall on the mere money-getter like leaves on the wind, he neither knows whence they come, whither they go, nor hardly what they are. They typify ideas which are strangers in Downing street, myths in Cheapside, absurdities on 'Change. The notion of a person living for any earthly being but self; the bare possibility of a five pound note not being the *primum mobile* of life; the supposition of any body, when the moon is not at the full, running into quagmires of self-denial after that *ignis fatuus* (to the world) called duty! The thing is incredible, or, if true, gains the conscientious lunatic admission into Bedlam, in the opinion of every worldly wise-man out of it. Duty, forsooth? What did she get by it? Ay! that's the practical question!

No stars, no swords, no titles; she was invested with no order but that of the good Samaritan; she was not feted, beplastered with adulation, nor invited to talk herself hoarse in her own praise. So far as the absence of the three last are concerned, she was a gainer. Her heart was its own spontaneous arbiter of action and reward; it prompted her to what others practised in official bungling, could not perform; it saved lives when hazarded by madcap hoodlums or 'naive stupidity'; and when she had rendered the sick wants proper receptacles for the suffering soldiers, active, intelligent compassion brought its own return. The presence of the same spirit which carried her through her duty, irradiated the scenes wherein she moved, and the sick and dying caught a ray of comfort from the heaven which she illuminated as their ministering angel. The mercy was, indeed, twice blessed.

Very strangely also Miss Nightingale seems content with the wages of self approval. Imitating the unworldly flower which blows at night, but closes its petals during day, she sheds the lustre of her benevolence in the darkness of her country's perils, but shrinks from the gaudy glare of its triumphant noon. The sympathy of affectionate hearts is the true atmosphere of moral greatness, and this she recognizes; but things closest to the soul are best expressed by silence, and it is not the province of language nor the act of gratitude to break the seal heroism on self imposes. Let, therefore, this life episode of unselfish devotion stand in the nation's annals, a solitary monument of greatness in the midst of wide deserts of strife and folly. Let it mark the spot where woman's patriotism repaired or ameliorated the sufferings caused by misgovernment and incompetency; and when we hail the return of the long absent, or mourn the brave man's fall, let us recall her whose spirit, like the sun, exhilarated thousands yet drew its radiance from itself alone.—*John Bull.*

THE GRAVE OF POLYCARP.—I now took my first walk to the grave of Polycarp and the Genoese fort, accompanied by a friend who had touched at Smyrna, en route from Palestine to England. It was a splendid morning as we wended up the steep hill on which "Ismeer" is built, and leaving the last houses of the town behind us, reached, in about a quarter of an hour, what by tradition has received the name of Polycarp's Tomb. If it is the tomb of Polycarp, it is also the tomb of some Mahometan saint, who, notwithstanding the proximity of the Christian Martyr, seems to sleep undisturbed in the small enclosure, at one end of which stands the usual Turkish headstone—a block of white marble surmounted by a turban; at the other, the fine old solitary cypress, which is seen from far and near.—It is, I believe, admitted that Polycarp suffered martyrdom near this spot, though there are many local traditions regarding the manner of his death, widely differing from the well known ancient and semi historic record. That most generally believed is, that he was torn to pieces by wild beasts; and quite near to this are the evident remains of the amphitheatre, and the vaulted dens in which it is supposed the savage animals were kept. It certainly is not unlikely that about this very spot the martyred body of the saint was buried—at all events, it is venerated as his grave by Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, and Protestants, and many a twig is torn away from the good old cypress as a memento of the 'Tomb of Polycarp.' Strange that it should also be a spot considered sacred by the Turks! A light is kept burning there all night, its faint glimmer marking the martyr's resting place to those