

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon has not yet succeeded in forming a "Government of Action;" the hitch appears to be the renewal of his term of office. M. Odillon Barrot and the Moderate party seem determined to sustain the present Constitution, leaving the revision to a future Assembly. The Electoral Law of the 31st of May is the question of the moment. The Republicans insist that that measure must be repealed before the question of the revision of the Constitution can be even mooted, and M. Odillon Barrot and a large section of the Legitimists and Bonapartists admit that the law ought to be modified.

The Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* states that the Government are a good deal pre-occupied at present, in consequence of the number of Russian agents who have been sent into France to study the state of the country and the feelings of the people. The principal object of the Russian Government in sending these emissaries, is, if possible, "to accustom the people of France to the idea that it is the duty of Russia to interfere both in the affairs of Germany and France, if the peace of either country should be disturbed by demagogues." The Count de Rzewnski, Lieut.-General in the Russian service, and Aid-de-camp of the Emperor, as well as a relation of Count Orloff, has gone with the same object to Madrid, and also with the view of proposing to the Spanish Government a coalition of all the European (Continental) Governments, in the event of revolutionary ideas appearing likely to make further progress. Count Rzewnski has already been received by the Queen of Spain.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

There is no intelligence of any kind from Dresden. All proceedings are suspended. The *Sachsen Zeitung* says that "in the best-informed circles the opinion prevails that the attempt to effect a re-organisation or modification of the Constitution of the Bund by the Conferences has failed through the fickle course of Prussia, and that it will be necessary to discuss the same question with the organisation of the old Bund itself." This journal it may be added, is under what is called Austrian influence.

The "Free Congregation" have lately assembled at Konigsberg, Prussia, to discuss the terms of a circular issued against them by the Church Consistory of the province. It denies them all civil rights, declares they are not Christians, that their marriages are void, and their children illegitimate. The speakers protesting in rather strong terms against these declarations, the police agent, who hangs like a destiny over every public assembly for whatever purpose, dissolved the meeting. The circular is directed to the Clergy of the province. The correspondent of the *Times* remarks that the state of the civil law, with regard to seceders from the recognised religious congregations is lamentably deficient; "the vague declaration of religious freedom in the Constitution has not altered in the least the ancient system of religious tests, and exclusion from civil rights of those who do not submit to them."

ROME.

The *Union* publishes the following letter from Rome, 28th ult.:

"A strange event took place last evening at St. Praxide. The Pope had ordered a mission to be opened for the inhabitants of the Quartier des Monts. The preacher, a Franciscan father, was in the pulpit holding forth to attentive listeners, when a loud explosion threw the whole congregation into the greatest alarm. A bomb burst in one of the side aisles of the church, but providentially without injuring any one. In the rush to the doors several persons were thrown down, and received severe contusions. The preacher did not quit his pulpit, but in a loud voice exhorted the audience to remain quiet, and after the confusion of the first alarm had subsided, he resumed and finished his sermon. Nothing has been discovered relative to the persons concerned in this matter."

OVERLAND MAIL.—INDIA.

Advices have been received in anticipation of the Overland Mail. The Governor-General was hourly expected at Peshawar to effect some arrangements for the security of the frontier passes. He has ordered all officers on the staff of the Bengal army, who failed to pass on or before the 1st of February the prescribed examination in Hindostanee, to return to regimental duty forthwith.—Lord Dalhousie had given up his intention of paying a return visit to Ghoolab Singh in Cashmere. The sale of Runjeet Singh's crown jewels, which commenced on the 25th of February, had attracted to Lahore a vast number of jewel merchants, and agents of native Princes from Hindostan, Persia, and the adjoining countries.

EARTHQUAKE AT RHODES.—A succession of earthquakes have been felt at Macri, a town of Natolia, in Asiatic Turkey, as at Samsoun, a seaport in the Black Sea, within the same province, and at the island of Rhodes, situated at the entrance of the Gulf of Macri, attended at the first-mentioned place with great destruction of human life and property.—The whole of the houses, dwellings, and stores, lately erected in Macri, have been levelled to the ground, fissures have been formed in the streets, from which bituminous vapours exude continually, almost suffocating the inhabitants; many springs have suddenly dried up, whilst, in arid localities, new ones have gushed out, changing the whole features of the surface. The town of Levisy, which contained 1,500 houses, has not one left standing, and no less than 600 human beings are supposed to be under the ruins.

LONDON LABOR AND THE LONDON POOR.

BY HENRY MAYHEW.

OF THE NUMBER OF COSTERMONGERS AND OTHER STREET-FOLK.

The number of costermongers—that is to say, of those street-sellers attending the London "green" and "fish markets,"—appears to be, from the best data at my command, now 30,000 men, women and children. The census of 1841 gives only 2,045 "hawkers, hucksters, and pedlers," in the metropolis, and no costermongers or street-sellers, or street-performers at all. This number is absurdly small, and its absurdity is accounted for by the fact that not one in twenty of the costermongers, or of the people with whom they lodged, troubled themselves to fill up the census returns—the majority of them being unable to read and write, and others distrustful of the purpose for which the returns were wanted.

The costermongering class extends itself yearly; and it is computed that for the last five years it has increased considerably faster than the general metropolitan population. This increase is derived partly from all the children of costermongers following the father's trade, but chiefly from working men, such as the servants of greengrocers or of innkeepers, when out of employ, "taking to a coster's barrow" for a livelihood; and the same being done by mechanics and laborers out of work. At the time of the famine in Ireland, it is calculated, that the number of Irish obtaining a living in the London streets must have been at least doubled.

When the religious, moral, and intellectual degradation of the great majority of these fifty thousand people is impressed upon us, it becomes positively appalling to contemplate the vast amount of vice, ignorance, and want, existing in these days in the very heart of our land. The public have but to read the following plain unvarnished account of the habits, amusements, dealings, education, politics, and religion of the London costermongers in the nineteenth century, and then to say whether they think it safe—even if it be thought fit—to allow men, women, and children to continue in such a state.

OF THE UNEDUCATED STATE OF THE COSTERMONGERS.

I have stated elsewhere, that only about one in ten of the regular costermongers is able to read. The want of education among both men and women is deplorable, and I tested it in several instances. The following statement, however, from one of the body, is no more to be taken as representing the ignorance of the class generally, than are the clear and discriminating accounts I received from intelligent costermongers to be taken as representing the intelligence of the body.

The man with whom I conversed, and from whom I received the following statements, seemed about thirty. He was certainly not ill-looking, but with a heavy cast of countenance, his light blue eyes having little expression. His statements, or opinions, I need hardly explain, were given both spontaneously in the course of conversation, and in answer to my questions. I give them almost verbatim, omitting oaths and slang:—

"Well, times is bad, sir," he said, "but it's a deadish time. I don't do so well at present as in middlish times, I think. When I served the Prince of Naples, not far from here (I presume that he alluded to the Prince of Capua), I did better, and times was better. That was five years ago, but I can't say to a year or two. He was a good customer, and was very fond of peaches. I used to sell them to him, at 12s. the plasket, when they was new. The plasket held a dozen, and cost me 6s. at Covent-garden—more sometimes; but I didn't charge him more when they did. His footman was a black man, and a ignorant man quite, and his housekeeper was a Englishwoman. He was the Prince of Naples, was my customer; but I don't know what he was like, for I never saw him. I've heard that he was the brother of the King of Naples. I can't say where Naples is, but if you was to ask at Euston-square, they'll tell you the fare there and the time to go it in. It may be in France for any thing I know may Naples, or in Ireland. Why don't you ask at the square? I went to Croydon once by rail, and slept all the way without stirring, and so you may to Naples for any thing I know. I never heard of the Pope being a neighbor of the King of Naples. Do you mean living next door to him? But I don't know nothing of the King of Naples, only the prince. I don't know what the Pope is. Is he any trade? It's nothing to me, when he's no customer of mine. I have nothing to say about nobody that ain't no customers. My crabs is caught in the sea, in course. I gets them at Billingsgate. I never saw the sea, but it's salt-water, I know. I can't say whereabouts it lays. I believe it's in the hands of the Billingsgate salesmen—all of it? I've heard of shipwrecks at sea, caused by drowning, in course. I never heard that the Prince of Naples was ever at sea. I like to talk about him, he was such a customer when he lived near here." (Here he repeated his account of the supply of peaches to his Royal Highness.) "I never was in France, no, sir, never. I don't know the way. Do you think I could do better there? I never was in the Republic there. What's it like? Bonaparte? O, yes, I've heard of him. He was at Waterloo. I didn't know he'd been alive now and in France, as you ask me about him. I don't think you're larking, sir. Did I hear of the French taking possession of Naples, and Bonaparte making his brother-in-law king? Well, I didn't, but it may be true, because I served the Prince of Naples, what was the brother of the king. I never heard whether the Prince was the king's older brother or his younger. I wish he may turn out his older if there's property coming to him, as the oldest has the first turn; at least, so I've heard—first come, first served. I've worked the

streets and the courts at all times. I've worked them by moonlight, but you couldn't see the moonlight where it was busy. I can't say how far the moon's off us. It's nothing to me, but I've seen it a good bit higher than St. Paul's. I don't know nothing about the sun. Why do you ask? It must be nearer than the moon for it's warmer,—and if they're both fire, that shows it. It's like the tap-room grate and that bit of a gas-light; to compare the two is. What was St. Paul's that the moon was above? A church, sir; so I've heard. I never was in a church. O, yes, I've heard of God; he made heaven and earth; I never heard of his making the sea; that's another thing, and you can best learn about that at Billingsgate. (He seemed to think that he sea was an appurtenance of Billingsgate.) Jesus Christ? Yes. I've heard of him. Our Redeemer? Well, I only wish I could redeem my Sunday tugs from my uncle's."

Another costermonger, in answer to inquiries, said: "I s'pose you think us 'riginal coves that you ask. We're not like Methusalem, or some such swell's name (I presume that Malthus was meant) as wanted to murder children afore they were born, as I once heard lectured about—we're nothing like that."

Another, on being questioned, and on being told that the information was wanted for the press, replied: "The press? I'll have nothing to say to it. We are oppressed enough already."

That a class numbering 30,000 should be permitted to remain in a state of almost brutish ignorance, is a national disgrace. If the London costers belong especially to the "dangerous classes," the danger of such a body is assuredly an evil of our own creation; for the gratitude of the poor creatures to any one who seeks to give them the least knowledge is almost pathetic.

OF THE EDUCATION OF THE "COSTER-LADS."

Among the costers the term education is (as I have already intimated) merely understood as meaning a complete knowledge of the art of "buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest." There are few lads whose training extends beyond this. The father is the tutor, who takes the boy to the different markets, instructs him in the art of buying, and when the youth is perfect on this point, the parent's duty is supposed to have been performed. Nearly all these boys are remarkable for their precocious sharpness. To use the words of one of the class, "these young ones are as sharp as terriers, and learns every dodge of business in less than half no time. There's one I knows about three feet high, that's up to the business as clever as a man of thirty. Though he's only twelve years old he'll chaff down a peeler so uncommon severe, that the only way to stop him is to take him in charge!"

It is idle to imagine that these lads, possessed of a mental acuteness almost wonderful, will not educate themselves in vice, if we neglect to train them to virtue. At their youthful age, the power of acquiring knowledge is the strongest, and some kind of education is continually going on. If they are not taught by others, they will form their own characters—developing habits of dissipation, and educating all the grossest passions of their natures, and learning to indulge in the gratification of every appetite without the least restraint.

As soon as a boy is old enough to shout well and loudly, his father takes him into the streets. Some of these youths are not above seven years of age, and it is calculated that not more than one in a hundred has ever been to a school of any kind. The boy walks with the barrow, or guides the donkey, shouting by turns with the father, who, when the goods are sold, will, as a reward, let him ride home on the tray. The lad attends all markets with his father, who teaches him his business and shows him his tricks of trade; "for," said a coster, "a governor in our line leaves the knowledge of all his dodges to his son, just as the rich coves do their tin."

When the work is over, the father will perhaps take the boy to a public-house with him, and give him part of his beer. Sometimes a child of four or five is taken to the tap-room, especially if he be pretty and the father proud of him. "I have seen," said a coster to me, "a baby of five years old reeling drunk in a tap-room. His governor did it for the lark of the thing, to see him chuck himself about—sillyfied like."

The love of gambling soon seizes upon the coster-boy. Youths of about twelve or so will, as soon as they can get away from work, go to a public-house and play cribbage for pints of beer, or for a pint a corner. They generally continue playing till about midnight, and rarely—except on a Sunday—keep it up all night.

It ordinarily happens that when a lad is about thirteen, he quarrels with his father, and gets turned away from home. Then he is forced to start for himself. He knows where he can borrow stock-money and get his barrow, for he is as well acquainted with the markets as the oldest hand at the business, and children may often be seen in the streets under-selling their parents. "How's it possible," said a woman, "for people to live when there's their own son at the end of the court a-calling his goods as cheap again as we can afford to sell ourn?"

If the boy is lucky in trade, his next want is to get a girl to keep home for him. I was assured, that it is not at all uncommon for a lad of fifteen to be living with a girl of the same age, as man and wife. It creates no disgust among his class, but seems rather to give him a position among such people. Their courtship does not take long when once the mate has been fixed upon. The girl is invited to "raffles," and treated to "two-penny hops," and half-pints of beer. Perhaps a silk neck handkerchief—a "King's man"—is given as a present; though some of the lads will, when the arrangement has been made, take the gift back again and wear it themselves. The

boys are very jealous, and if once made angry behave with great brutality to the offending girl. A young fellow of about sixteen told me, as he seemed to grow angry at the very thought, "If I seed my gal a talking to another chap, I'd fetch her sich a punch of the nose as should plaguy quick stop the whole business." Another lad informed me, with a knowing look, "that the gals—it was a rum thing now he come to think on it—axully liked a feller for walloping them. As long as the bruises hurted, she was always thinking on the cove as gived 'em her." After a time; if the girl continues faithful, the young coster may marry her; but this is rarely the case, and many live with their girls until they have grown to be men, or perhaps they may quarrel the very first year, and have a fight and part.

THE METAL FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

When we gaze in admiration at some great work of plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see realised first started into life, than to any difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such unity throughout; material, form, and dimensions are so adapted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughness or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. There stands the achieved fact in all its perfect completeness; there is nothing to remind us of its progress toward that state, for the aids and appliances thereto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realised creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze, have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attended on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these form the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength, and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses to fury, and then subjugates to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace heaps of brass—canon upon canon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonised with its own efforts; but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters, are scorched, and if the ordeal last much longer, all will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above it a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides!

Let it be thought this picture is too highly colored, or that it owes any thing to the imagination for its interest, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October, 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Bavaria, it was Schwantaler whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might still be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty cwt. were added to the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought; nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back alighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now, not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to smelt; huge pieces of canon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was being goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it was pressed upon the breasts of all.