FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the City of Washington and the Fulton.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF PALMERSTON.

The screw-steamship City of Washington, from Liverpool at 10 o'clock a. m. on Wednesday, April 8, arrived at this port yesterday forenoon.

The America arrived at Liverpool at 8½ p. m. on Monday, the 6th.

The Africa for New-York and the screw-steamship Khersonese for St. John, Newfoundland, sailed from Liverpool afternoon of Saturday, the 4th.

The United States Mail steamer Fulton, Captain Wotton, also arrived yesterday evening, having left Southampton on the 8th inst.

The steamers Leopold I. and Hermann, from New-York on the 21st ult., arrived off Cowes on the night of the 3d, the former a few hours in advance of the latter.

The accouchement of Queen Victoria was daily expected to take place.

The elections are now almost over, and they have resulted in a decided gain to the Government, although from the number of new men who have gained seats, it is impossible to estimate correctly the probable majority. The counties have already returned 119 Liberals (of all shades) against 143 conservatives.

The estimate of *The London Globe* is, to the present time, 365 Government, 249 Opposition.

General Ashburnham is appointed to the command of the military force to be sent to China.

A fearful tragedy was perpetrated on the 6th at Liverpool. A butcher named Gibbons, who had been in a desponding state of mind for some time owing to failure in business, cut the throats of his wife and two of his children, wounding a third on the cheek bone. The eldest child (4 years old) was quite dead, and the mother and the youngest child were not expected to recover.

At the Gloucester assizes on the 4th inst. a verdict of £500 damages was given against Cardinal Wiseman, at the suit of a French priest named Abbé Roux, lately in a cure at Chelsea, for breach of a contract, upon which the plaintiff alleged that the defendant had received a document signed by the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, niece to the Emperor of France, which the Cardinal had either lost or disposed of in some other way. The document was an acknowledgement on the part of the lady that she owed Roux 25,000 francs, which she desired her children would pay as a "sacred debt."

The amount of gold on its way to England from Australia (the greater portion of which could not be far distant) was estimated at £2,000,000, and silver £500,000.

The Paris Conference on the affairs of Neufchâtel has held another meeting. Two or three points are said to be settled, namely, the amnesties; the participation on the part of the whole confederation in the expenses of the occupation; also the preservation to the Prince of Prussia of the title of Prince of Neufchâtel. Other points are yet distant from settlement, and there will be no further meeting for some days. It is, indeed, reported that the Conference is adjourned *sine die*, in consequence of impracticable demands by Prussia; but our information on the subject is quite meagre.

The diplomatic rupture between Austria and Sardinia is now complete. As Austria will consider it beneath her dignity to recede, and Sardinia will not make the first advances, the rupture will doubtless continue some time.

A telegraphic dispatch from Constantinople, of the 1st inst., announces that the English fleet left there on the previous day, making for Malta.

Accounts from Athens of the 28th ult., state that the Senate had passed a vote favorable to the Ministry.

It was considered in India, according to the last accounts from China, that the closing of the five Chinese ports against European commerce was imminent.

It is denied in well informed quarters, that the question of the Danish Duchies has been submitted to the exclusive judgment of the Germanic Diet, or that the English and French Governments have as yet returned a definite answer to the King of Denmark's request for their good offices. Both Governments have, however, expressed their friendly sentiments toward the King. It is thought the Conference now in session at Paris will take up the question of the Duchies as soon as the affairs of Neufchatel and the Danubian Provinces are disposed of.

Prussia has ratified the treaty with Denmark relative to the Sound Dues. Ratifications were exchanged at Copenhagen prior to the 1st inst.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has "for the present" declined to conclude with the Papal Chair a concordat like the Austrian.

The Emperor of Russia is said to have definitively given up his intended journey to Western Europe.

An order in council had been issued, prohibiting the importation into England of cattle, or of horns, hoofs, hides, or skins, from those territories of Russia, Prussia or Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which lie on the Gulf of Finland, or between the Gulf and the city of Lubeck. This precaution has been taken to prevent the introduction into England of the infectious disease which is destroying the cattle of the Baltic provinces.

The number of persons returned to Sevastopol is described as wonderful. The theater is reopened. No hopes seem at present to be entertained that the town will ever recover its former importance, unless the Government make it again a naval and military depot, and of this there is no inkling at present.

In Eupatoria, also, the inhabitants are beginning to return to their homes and settle down again.

The accumulations of sand and shingle, at the various ports in the Black Sea, is said to form a subject of anxious solicitude to the marine department. At Nicolaieff, now the most valuable of all the ports, this process is proceeding most rapidly.

At last advices the Persian army was firmly posted at Shiraz, and General Buhler was fortifying Arabistan. The southern provinces were tranquil.

Reforms are progressing in Turkey. In two cases Christian witnesses have given evidence against Turks in Bosnia, and in both the Mussulmans were found guilty. The passport or card-of-identity system has been introduced into Bosnia.

The King of Siam has published the following edict:

"We, sovereign of the country of Siam, the states of Laos, of Cambodia, of Malacca, and of Djouksey-lon, wishing that the treaties we have concluded with the powerful nations of Europe, France, England, and Russia, may be executed in all their terms, communicate these conventions to the knowledge of the Governors of our provinces, officers of our customs, and all our subjects: We wish that the members of these various nations may travel freely through our States, trade therein, and practice their religion, conforming at the same time to our laws, and respecting the acts of our authority.

PHRA-BARD-SOMDETEH-PHRA-PARAMENDI-MAHA-MONGK.
I-PHRA-CHOM-KLAN-CHAUYU-HUA.

For the King and the execution of his will,
RAMKI-MAHISVVAR, Minister of the Royal Edicts.

Done in our Palace at Bangkok, the 7th of the 12th moon.

Appended to this document is the Customs Tariff, with the name of each article and the amount of duty to be paid on its importation or exportation.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

There was an active demand for Money on the London Stock Exchange on the 7th inst., at 6@6¼ ⅌ cent. The Bank had raised the rate of interest for loans on stock to 7 ⅌ cent, which had caused a general decline in prices. The English funds had further declined ¾ ⅌ cent, in consequence of the tightness of the money market. Consols were 92¼@92¾ for money, and 93@93¼ for account. Railway Shares were heavy; the leading lines down about 10s. Foreign market also heavy, under the influence of Consols. All the other markets participated with Consols, and were drooping.

The Liverpool Cotton market remained quiet, but firm, the advices per the America not having changed previous quotations; sales of the three days (Saturday the 4th, Monday the 6th, and Tuesday the 7th) were 18,000 bales, including 1,500 on speculation, and 1,500 for export. In Manchester, also, business remains quiet, but steady, with prices of Goods and Yarns unchanged. Quotations for Cotton are repeated, namely: Fair Orleans, 8¼d.; Middling Orleans, 7 13-16d.; Fair Mobile, 8d.; Middling Mobiles, 7¾d.; Fair Uplands, 7¾d.; Middling, 7 9-16d.

Breadstuffs were again dull, quotations being for red Wheat, 7s@8s/; white Wheat, 8s@9s ⅌ 70 ℔. Western Canal Flour, 27s@28/ ⅌ bbl.; Baltimore and Philadelphia, 28/; extra Ohio, 29/@29/6/. Mixed Corn, 30/; prime Yellow, 31/; white Corn, 32/@33/6.

Beef steady. Pork in limited demand, and unchanged in value. Bacon—a considerable quantity offered at auction. The demand was moderate, with steady prices. Lard dull, about 71/. Tallow declined 3/@4/.

Ashes quiet, and unchanged. Common Rosin in fair demand at 5/ ⅌ cwt. Nothing doing in Spirits of Turpentine. Bark in fair demand at 12/ for Baltimore, and 12/6@13/ ⅌ cwt.

Money continued in active demand, and the applications for discount at the Bank of England are believed to be numerous, and of a character to indicate that there is no general expectation of an early return to easier rates. Consols had receded, and closed, for money and account, at 92¼@92¾.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.—*The London Times* of the 7th reports closing prices as follows:

Illinois 6 ⅌ cent, 1875	86 @ 88 x. c.
Illinois 7 ⅌ cent, 1875	89 @ 91
Illinois Freeland, 1959	108 @ 110
Illinois ⅌100 shares, ⅌50 paid	28 @ 32 pm.
Michigan Central 8 ⅌ cent Con., 1060	89 @ 91
Michigan Central 8 ⅌ cent, 1869	91 @ 93
Michigan Central, 1869 (Sterling)	102 @104
Michigan Central ⅌100 shares	37 @ 39
Mich. S & N. In. S'k'g Fund 7 ⅌ cent, 1885	70 @ 72
Michigan Southern and N. Ind. ⅌100 shares	70 @ 72
New-York Central 6 ⅌ cent (S'k'g F'd), 1883 (with business done at 84½@¾.)	82 @ 84
New-York Central 7 ⅌ cent Conv., 1864	93 @ 95
New-York Central ⅌100 shares (with business at 84.)	83 @ 85
New-York and Erie 3d mtg. 7 ⅌ cent, 1883	84 @ 86
New-York and Erie (Sinking F'd) 7 ⅌ ct., '75	83 @ 85
New-York and Erie Bonds, 7 ⅌ ct. Conv., '62	79 @ 81
Ohio and Penn. 7 ⅌ ct. Income Bds., Con. '72	69 @ 71
Penn. Central Bonds, 1st mtg. Con. 6 ⅌ cent	88 @ 90
Penn. Central Bonds, 2d mtg. Ster. 6 ⅌ cent	91 @ 93 x. c.
Canada 6 ⅌ cent Stock, Jan. and July—business done at	112¾@112¾

GREAT BRITAIN.

RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LONDON, April 7, 1857.

The electoral lists are being closed. Their clearest sum is Palmerston's triumph, a great change in the *personnel* of the House, involving about one-fourth of its old members, and its unprecedented loss in intellectual character. The computations, however, of the English papers as to the numerical force of the Ministerial majority, their bickerings and squabbles about these computations, and still more, their classifications under exploded rubrics of the newly-returned members, are silly work altogether. While *The Morning Post*, for instance, glories in a Ministerial majority of 80 votes, the Disraeli *Press* estimates the loss of its own men at four in the boroughs and about 20 in the counties. According to *The London Times*, the exclusion of the Peelites and the Manchester men and professional Protectionists has restored Parliament to its *status quo ante*, and delivered it back to its legitimate owners, the antediluvian parties of Whigs and Tories. It would fain persuade the world that "the British people have gone back to what "they were some thirty years ago." The Disraeli *Press* is not very far from indorsing *The Times's* opinion. This optimist creed, with which the oligarchy may try to comfort themselves, is, however, no more absurd than that of the sham Radicals, such as *The Examiner*. "A Reform Parliament," says it, "answers to Lord Palmerston's appeal." He has asked for a lot of lackeys, and the enlightened country, that is to say, a small minority of privileged electors, returns his compliment by sending him a band of tribunes of the people! While roaring "Palmerston forever!" they are only playing a trick on the wily Viscount! If the new Parliament initiate a great movement, it will be certainly no fault of its own, and Great Britain, like Sinbad the Sailor, will find it more difficult to throw off the old man than to saddle him on her shoulders.

In comparing the new House to its predecessors, it seems opportune to begin with the old parliamentary sections that have completely vanished during the electoral struggle—the Peelite fraction and the Manchester School.

In contradistinction to Whigs, Tories and the Manchester School, the Peelite fraction did not represent a class or fractions of a class. They were a mere Parliamentary clique, which, without the walls of both Houses, might number friends, but could never muster an army. Relics of a bygone administration; estranged from the Tories by the Corn-Law treason of their late chief; loth to dissolve in the Whig ranks from the memory of old feuds, and the conviction, cherished by themselves and accepted to a certain degree by the public, that the administrative talent of the country centered in them; prevented by their aristocratic connections from mixing into one mass with the Manchester School, sure of influencing Parliamentary debates from the rhetorical ability of some of their members,—this prententious nucleus of self-styled statesmen fluctuated uncertain, impossible of classification, and representing under the form of a peculiar Parliamentary party the decomposition of all Parliamentary parties effected by Peel's free-trade legislation. This principle of dissolution to which they owed their origin, they worked out by helping to overthrow the Derby Ministry, and by giving their nominal chief to the combination of parties known as the Coalition Cabinet or the Cabinet of all the talents. On the visible precipitation of the Parliamentary dissolving process, on their band devolved the honor of hoisting the colors under which the mutual suicide of the old parties was to be consummated. While thus securing to themselves for a moment a supreme position, they were simultaneously destroying the only reason for their existence as a separate body. The joint stock power of the combined parties ended necessarily in their common impotence and their joint prostration before one man. The Peelites held the ladder on which Palmerston mounted.

Having already, in 1852, lost half of their forces on the electoral battle-field, the elections of 1857 have swept away their whole rank and file. The two Phillimores, Lord Hervey, Sir G. Clark, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord W. Powlett, A. Gordon, Sutton, Harcourt, Lushington, Smythe, Sir T. W. Hogg of East Indian memory, Roundell Palmer, and lastly, Mr. Cardwell, are all gone. The last-named gentleman had, on Palmerston's accession to the Premiership, had the Chancellorship of the Exchequer offered to him, which he declined, however, on the advice of Gladstone, Graham & Co. Yet, in the dying session of the now buried House of Commons, hoping to take the wind out of Gladstone's sails, he seceded from his friends and voted on the Budget division with Palmerston. Finally, during the Canton debates, being apprehensive lest the tide should turn, he again shifted sides, returned to the Peelite circle, and countersigned Mr. Cobden's motion of censure. This gentleman is thus a true pattern of the curious association, distinctive of the Peelite clique, of moral nicety with unscrupulous place-hunting. The whole Peelite rank and file being now gone to the wall, there remain only its three generals, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham and Mr. Herbert, three units unable to form a trinity, opposite as they are to one another by origin and predilections; Sir James Graham having started into public life from Radicalism, Mr. Gladstone from high Toryism, and Mr. Herbert as a nondescript.

One revelation made by Mr. Herbert on the hustings to his South Wilts constituents is characteristic of the manner in which Palmerston *did* the Peelites. Nothing had made them so unpopular as the conduct of the Russian war, and especially the sparing of Odess, which was accounted for by Mr. Herbert being the nephew of Prince Woronzoff. Foremost in spreading the envenomed calumny were Palmerston's myrmidons, such as *The Morning Post*, *The Sun*, and *The Morning Advertiser*. Now, Mr. Herbert told his electors that he had actually signed an order to attack Odessa, and that on his secession from office Lord Palmerston issued the order to spare the place. This ranks on one line with Lord John Russell's revelation on the City of London hustings. He notoriously broke down in consequence of his Vienna Embassy. During the election turmoil, the beery *Morning Advertiser*, the licensed victualers' own paper and Palmerston's mob-organ—he has organs of all sorts and for all tastes, from the fashionable saloon to the tap-room—almost drowned its hoary voice in the cry of Russell's great Vienna treason. Provoked by these impudent tactics, Russell found at last the courage to tell the world that Lord Clarendon had refused him the permission to publish the instructions drawn up by Palmerston himself, written in his own handwriting, and dictating that very Vienna policy for which he (Russell) had once lost his popularity. A Greek philosopher said that his compatriots, the poets, had invented worse stories about the Hellenic gods than any man would dare tell of his deadliest enemy. Modern France and England exalt as their gods Bonapartes and Palmerstons, who want no poets to blacken them.

From what has been said, it is evident that the few Peelite generals who have outlived their army will reappear in Parliament no longer in their corporate, but in their individual capacity only. As an individual, Mr. Gladstone, now cleared from the obstructions of a coterie, roused by passion, and undoubtedly the greatest orator in the new Commons, may play a more conspicuous part than ever before. During their protracted Parliamentary duel, Gladstone and Disraeli, as occurs sometimes in ardent encounters, have from time to time dropped each his own weapons to seize those of his adversary. To a certain degree Gladstone has laid hold on Disraeli's polemical pungency, while Disraeli has caught Gladstone's pompous unction—Disraeli being hardly the winner in this exchange.

In taking leave of the Peelites, we may still point out the satire of history which, dating the birth of that fraction from the decomposition by the Anti-Corn-Law League of the old Parliamentary parties, registers its death simultaneously with the Parliamentary extinction of the Manchester School.

CONDITION OF FACTORY LABORKRS.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

LONDON, April 7, 1857.

The reports of the Inspectors of Factories, which have been recently issued for the half year ending 31st October, 1856, form a valuable contribution to the social anatomy of the United Kingdom. They will not a little help to explain the reactionary attitude taken by the mill-lords during the present general election.

During the Session of 1856, a Factory Act was smuggled through Parliament by which the "radical" mill-lords first altered the law in regard to the fencing of mill-gearing and machinery, and secondly introduced the principle of arbitration in the disputes between masters and men. The one law purported to provide for the better protection of the limbs and lives of the factory laborers; the other to place that protection under cheap courts of equity. In fact, the latter law intended to cheat the factory-laborer out of law, and the former to cheat him out of his limbs. I quote from the joint report of the Inspectors:

"Under the new statute, persons whose *ordinary occupation* brings them near to mill gearing, and who are consequently well acquainted with the dangers to which their employment exposes them, and with the necessity of caution, are protected by the law; while protection has been *withdrawn* from those who may be obliged, in the execution of special orders, to suspend their ordinary occupation and to place themselves in positions of danger, of the existence of which they are not conscious, and from which, by reason of their ignorance, they are unable to protect themselves, but who, on that very account, would appear to require the special protection of the Legislature."

The arbitration clause, in its turn, prescribes that the arbitrators shall be chosen from persons "skilled "in the construction of the kind of machinery" by which bodily harm is inflicted. In one word, engineers and machine-makers are entrusted with the monopoly of arbitration. "It appears to us," say the Inspectors, "that engineers and machine-"makers ought to be considered *as disqualified* to "act as factory arbitrators, by reason of their con-"nection in trade with the factory occupiers, who "are their customers."

Under such provisions, it is not to be wondered at that the number of accidents arising from machinery, such as death, amputations of hands, arms, legs or feet, fracture of limbs and bones, of head and face, lacerations, contusions, &c., amount, during the six months ending on the 31st October, 1856, to the appalling number of 1,919. Twenty cases of death, inflicted by machinery, are registered in the industrial bulletin for half a year—about ten times the number lost by the British Navy during its glorious Canton massacre. Since the mill-lords, so far from endeavoring to protect the lives and limbs of their laborers, are thus only bent on escaping payment for arms and legs lost in their service, and shifting the cost of the wear and tear of their animated machines from their own shoulders, it need not surprise us that, according to the official reports, "overworking, in violation of the factory act, is on the *increase*." Overworking in the terms of that act, means employing young persons for a longer time per day than is legally allowed. This is done in various ways: By beginning work before six in the morning, by not stopping it at six in the evening, and by abridging the terms the law has fixed for the meals of the workpeople. There are three periods of the day when the steam-engine starts, viz., when the work begins in the morning, and when it is resumed after the two meals of breakfast and dinner; and there are three periods when it stops, viz., at the beginning of each meal-time and when the work ceases in the evening. Thus there are six opportunities when five minutes may be stolen, or half an hour each day. Five minutes a day's increased work, multiplied by weeks, is equal to two and one-half days of produce in the year; but the fraudulent overworking goes far beyond that amount. I quote Mr. Leonard Florner, the Factory Inspector for Lancashire:

"The profit to be gained by such illegal overworking appears to be a greater temptation than the manufacturers can resist. They calculate upon the chance of not being found out; and when they see the small amount of penalty and costs which those who have been convicted have had to pay, they find that if they should be detected there will still be a considerable balance of gain."

Beside the trifling fines imposed by the factory act, the mill-owners took good care to have it so framed, that the greatest facilities are afforded for passing by its enactments, and as the inspectors unanimously declare, "almost insuperable difficul-"ties prevent them from putting an effective stop to "the illegal working." They also concur in stigmatizing the willful commission of fraud by persons of large property; the mean contrivances to which they have recourse in order to elude detection; and the base intrigues they set on foot against the inspectors and sub-inspectors entrusted with the protection of the factory slave. In bringing forward a charge of over-working, the inspectors, sub-inspectors, or their constables, must be prepared to swear that the men have been employed at illegal hours. Now, suppose they appear after 6 o'clock in the evening. The manufacturing machinery is immediately stopped, and although the people could be there for no other purpose than attending upon it, the charge cannot be sustained, by reason of the wording of the act. The workmen are then sent out of the mill in great haste, often more doors than one facilitating their rapid dispersion. In some instances the gas was extinguished, when the sub-Inspectors entered the room, leaving them suddenly in darkness among complicated machinery. In those places which have acquired a notoriety for over-working, there is an organized plan for giving notice at the mills of the approach of an inspector, servants at railway stations and at inns being employed for this purpose.

These vampyres, fattening on the life-blood of the young working generation of their own country, are they not the fit companions of the British opium smugglers, and the natural supporters of the "truly British Ministers?"

The reports of the factory inspectors prove beyond doubt that the infamies of the British factory system are growing with its growth; that the laws enacted for checking the cruel greediness of the mill lords are a sham and a delusion, being so worded as to baffle their own ostensible end and to disarm the men intrusted with their execution; that the antagonism between the mill lords and the operatives is rapidly approaching the point of actual social war; that the number of children under 13 years, absorbed by that system, is increasing in some branches, and that of females in all; that, although the same number of hands are employed in proportion to the horse-power as at former periods, there are fewer hands employed in proportion to the machinery; that the steam engine is enabled to drive a greater weight of machinery than ten years before by economy of force; that an increased quantity of work is now turned off by increase of speed of the machinery and other contrivances; and that the mill lords are rapidly filling their pockets.

The interesting statistical facts illustrated in the Reports may properly claim further notice. Thus much will be understood at once, that the industrial slaveholders of Lancashire are in want of a foreign policy able to distract attention from home questions.

FROM ROME.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ROME, March 24, 1857.

Rome's bill of fare offers invariably her home-made nature, ruins, churches, galleries and studios, beside her made-dishes of shops, gossip, scandal, fashion and vanity, which many prefer; in all a profuse banquet for the wise and the foolish, from which none need go empty away; and also food for sense and for soul, differing only in the partaking and digesting.

To *sans cœur* and fine linen people, a ride on the Appian Way, a sight of the Forum and Coliseum, St. Peter's and the Vatican, a yawn at Gibson's, Crawford's and Page's; some mosaics, pearls and scarfs; something gossippy and garrulous about the ministers, spiritual and temporal, and, by way of balancing their charities, some speculations on Crawford's state, his eulogy, epitaph and convalescence; then a Roman Punch of A.'s divorce, B.'s litigation, C.'s engagement—whether it is generally known or not, and whether she knows his intrigues; then a cigarette in the Villa Borghese, or on the Pinchio, and finally a salute at a Cardinal's reception, is the faring sumptuously every day, and the veritable feast of reason and flow of soul, undreamed of in their arch epicurean fancies. Once in a while, in a transcendental fit of wisdom, for instance in a fine day, when, as Emerson says, "the cattle have great and tranquil thoughts," scenting the trail of a vagrant *flaneur*, in hopes of rare and dainty game, or of finding some piquant weed for condiment or flavor, they follow by-paths into by-corners, aside from prescribed sights and guide-book routes, and praise and hug themselves in coming, all of a sudden, on a pot of cream in a cellar, or some savory herbs in a garret, or a wild duck on a shelf, all which, taking care not to heat or soil themselves, they pack into their pic-nic sacks, lauding extremely the brilliancy of their eccentricities, and wondering if ever any one won so wittingly value from their travels; entirely unsuspecting that the old Leather-Stocking hunter, who has left these small stores behind, is far ahead, by his sagacity and patience filling his pouch with the daintiest birds, and bearing the heavier game on his back, which nourish him as loves in the heart, and truth in the head, and in their way make him too fare sumptuously every day; finding his tent pitched under any shady tree, or a home in every vine-tapestried ruin, where he may muse on all the canopy covers, in Rome and without, with no aim but to hunt God's truth and to live on God's goods, content always with the simple fare of wisdom and love which these fashionable pursuers of his trail pervert in cooking with their condiments of curiosity, vanity and worldly wisdom, till their final dish is, like a French fricassee or an Italian masjonnaise, made to tickle the taste more than to nourish the strength. Leather Stocking is chary of his commerce with Fine Linen and the Grundyists in general; but occasionally, with a simple and truth-loving heart, he indulges an amicable mood, and spreads out before him, in some favorite haunt, his dainty repast, and waits till the shadows grow long in telling his tales of town and country. Sometimes, with a friend or two, in a short cut across the Campagna, we have caught a familiar nod as he hurried by, or seen his fresh footsteps up some valley, opening a vista to the mountains, or found a bouquet of first wall-flowers left at the Coliseum; or seen him stretched in the sun with a group of models, or playing the castanets to the Sartorello dancing girls, but before we arrive he is off as quick as his shadow, lost in an unexpected subterranean of the Palace of the Cæsars, or next seen emerging from an unmasked columbarium in a garden of chicory, telling the gardener of the arabesques beneath, and also about some Ghiotto frescoes in a walled-off corridor in the church across the field. Anon at the Vatican, in citizen's dress, he is looking at a pure Greek bit, too mutilated for Red Book rhapsodies, but just whole enough to hold a heart or pulse; and the next we hear of him he has found something of promise in an unknown artist's studio, or is extolling something Ruskin never saw or wrote about, and all the Royal Academicians are ignorant or blind to; regaling himself continually with tit-bits neither fashionable nor conventional, doing the socratic with the rich as boldly as with the poor, husking down all people and things to their kernel, giving the husks to the swine, sowing the good seed on good ground, and leaving the bad to rot or come to tares. Again we find him rating the Apollo, the Torso Belvidere and the Dying Gladiator at their full value, and rendering honor to whom honor is due, in the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, but reserving his superlatives for things better still, having a place for everything, and everything in its place, with an order astonishing and incomprehensible to those who would pile all, pell-mell, on the top shelf. Though not a lion hunter, Leather-Stocking makes the old lions cower as effectually as Gerard's sure shots; and before him Prince, the Lion of of Lehore, is tame as a kid, and the lionesses, Mrs. Jamison, Mrs. Guckill and Mrs. Stowe, are as playful as maidens, and all the big bugs and little bugs take rank and make file in their order of merit, and buzz off safe as buzzards, leaving in great relief Margaret Fuller's observation on the natural history of lions, that, when seen close to, their pranks are much like those of other animals. Whether Leather Stocking can be called, popularly speaking, a friend or an enemy, I cannot say; on some he leaves a shame-shadow, on others a glow of delight; to some he is the skeleton of their house, to others as their household god, just as their affections take him. But the most we know of this rare old wonder is from hearsay, or from occasional short encounters on his trails, or from hints gathered fresh from where he has just gone, or from rehearsals of his propensities by some fellow-companion, as at our visit to F. the other day, who never tires of his eulogy.

F. is one of Leather Stocking's cronies—more of a maniaist and less universal than he, but yet akin in loves; and so always friends that look each other in the eye. F. came a pensioner to Rome from Piedmont at the age of fifteen, and since then for forty years he has traced his designs, smoked his cigar and taken his coffee at the same little table at the Grecco, and inhabited the same high, sunless rooms in the Piazza San Pietro, looking out on the grim, vine-deviced walls connecting St. Angelo and the Vatican, spite of damp, dark and solitude, covering his cherished nest-eggs, and hatching out hints which the world steals, nurtures and is proud of, while his own brooding patience is more content and happier in the hatching than in the rearing of its offspring.

For some time I had felt I ought to pay a visit to my kind old master, not that I owed him one because he ever comes to see me—for when he is off his nest he is always at the Grecco—but because when I go to see him he greets me cordially, and looks happy that I have not forgotten him or lost interest in what he is and does; and thinking he and his appurtenances might be among the rarest of Rome's by-way sights, I proposed to the two Misses Fine Linen to accompany me to his rooms. At 11 we enter the sun-sparkling Piazza—the fountains and light stones all aglow; St. Peter's and the Vatican erect against the bright sky; the red-hot uniforms and caps and bayonets tipped with flame, making a spectacle unrivaled in brilliancy. While we are blinking our eyes in admiration, the carriage stops before the deep shadow of the Great Porte Cochere of the Palace, whose dark back rooms F. occupies. The entrance is fortress-like, becoming its neighborhood to the Fort and the Vatican; a shrine, with a picture and a cross and a flicker of olive oil, stands in the dim passage. The ladies stop in the court, admiring the fountain, while I run up to the first story and around the Loggia to F.'s door, where I flutter in my mind how to conciliate the old artist and obtain the grace I have come to beg for. I know he dislikes visits from others than artists or pupils, and ladies, particularly, he has a dread of. But, summoning all my amiable pleas, I jerk the wire bell-pull and pound the heavy knocker, and by and by F. shuffles out, opens the door, takes out his pipe and salutes me; and before he has time to bid me come in, I ask permission that the ladies below may accompany me. "Are they artists?" asks he. "No—yes"—I reply; "one is an authoress." "Do they draw or paint or work in sculpture?" "No," I am forced to answer. He looks dubious and hesitating, hating to refuse me, but bored with the thought of meeting any branch of the Fine Linen family; but I plead the universality of art, and quibble the authoress into an artist. His scruples stagger into confused excuses. "They will find him in dishabille; his rooms in disorder; ladies are so delicate and difficult," but promising to be blind to all but his art and his knowledge, I finally bring them, and we turn about in what would be a chaos, without a knowledge of his subtle laws of order. Here is laurel and ivy gathered thirty years ago at Tivoli; here cedar cones from Mount Lebanon, stuck in the curls of Adrian's bust; here a colossal hand, big as four of ours, cast from nature; here, on the cut off head of the Psyche, a dead coiled snake; and round and round the Apollo, Fighting Gladiator and the Niobe, eagles' beaks, wild boars' tusks, a dried goat's head, water and air fowl wings, pepper pods, bulbous roots and withered fruits; a museum of nature's bits, as hints in Art's compositions, and short hand characters in suggestion of the images which art makes of God's things. Books and casts cover the shelves, chairs and tables; paintings, drawings and engravings cover the walls; hands, heads, small, round, relievo babies, Venuses, Herculeses, dangle in plaster from their familiar nails. Photographs, bones and marbles join in the interesting confusion. An English and an Italian pupil sit in one corner at their drawing.

In the inner sanctum lie the cigar nibs of unswept years. There is no sun, no stove or fireplace, though ice lies often beneath the windows, and a little hand-pot of coals is F.'s warmest companion, begging pardon of the cigar which she rivals. We walk softly among the casts of statues, not to disturb the dust quivering on their planes and upper surfaces. One after another, sketch and picture, from Ghiotto to Guido, are placed before us; original drawings of Raphael and Michael Angelo stand glazed about us. On one table are clay-modeled candidates for his statues; and in its great drawer stump sketches, or full-shaded drawings, as candidates for his pictures—their numbers increasing from year to year, waiting to go into canvas or marble, while their master is composing, contemplating still, and never completing; waiting now, more particularly, that his eyes may grow clearer, or his hand steadier, in the warmer weather, that he may put some into etchings and lithographs for the benefit of the more executive body of his profession, who, like birds of prey, live more on the lives of others than by their own honest huntings. Fifty Holy Families, pure as Raphaels, with generations of Adams and Eves and Venuses and sacred and mythological subjects, abound in his treasury, beside the volumes of lost studies and sketches, stolen and appropriated to their fame by more famous names. There are his etchings of 150 pictures from the best composers, his drawings of the Parthenon marbles, his studies from the antique, his comparative anatomy, his proportions of the human figure drawn and demonstrated, then his old books and manuscripts, and himself the gem of the old curiosity shop, with short-cropped erect gray hair, his great bowed glasses slid down on his nose, his collar thrown open on his shoulders, in a capuchin-colored frock, and slippers sans heels and sans toes, alone like a bear in a hollow trunk feeding on himself, aloof from the world, dead to its charms, alive to its follies, despising most modern sculpture, adoring the Greeks in the Parthenon and the Romans in Trojan's and Titus's arches, respecting Flaxman and Thorwalsden as much as they deserve, worshiping even at the shrine of the best in painting, bowing to Titian in Venice and Raphael in Rome, respecting others as they approach the excellence of drawing in the one and the perfection of generalization in the other, a monomaniac in the knowledge of the antique and sculpture and the art of lines in pictures, but intractable to color and chiaroscuro, and most of all eccentric among the artists in being free from envy, jealousy and evil speaking—the infesting harpies of the ignobler ones of the profession.

After coffee in the café, we go to the Vatican. It is like a levee on public days; everybody goes and meets his friends. All the halls are open, small fees saved, and one's vanity gratified in being seen at the shrine of Art when the Grundys pass through. Compliments mingle in the devotions, inanities are heard, the best things overlooked, or applauded from the guide books, half the things cut off from view by the crowd, and the rest turned to the expense of spirit and weariness of the flesh; and if blasphemy be a calling of good evil, and evil good, I do not know where the unpardonable sin is so unblushingly committed as here on Mondays.

But as extremes will sometimes meet, and loneliness seize one in a crowd, so Leather Stocking touched me on the shoulder, and whispered to me not to betray him and he would show me something, and then led me to the spirit of the suffering Amazons, and after to the Minerva, in the "*nuovo braccio*," and showed me her, all new again, as if I had never seen her. She stood in profoundest meditation, breathing inwardly and movelessly as when the soul sinks deepest, still as a statue, transfixed with thought, her head inclined forward, her eyes looking down, so fixed and abstracted that you might have spoken thrice and she remained deaf. She is the Goddess of Wisdom, with all the truths of the universe on her mind, and needs must think, and as her artist knew his business, he made her the best *thinker* in all marble, and our Miss Cushman, being akin to the Wisdom family, has sent a cast of this Minerva to the Boston Athenæum.

MARINE AFFAIRS.

THE SHIP MINERVA ASHORE.

SAFETY OF PASSENGERS AND CREW.

The vessel reported by the steamship Roanoke, ashore north of Barnegat, proves to be the Bremen ship Minerva, Capt. Wieting, from Rotterdam. She lies broadside on the beach at Cranberry Inlet, twelve miles north of Barnegat Inlet. Capt. Brown, an agent of the Underwriters, came up on Tuesday morning and reports that she went ashore at 1 o'clock on Monday morning, during a severe storm from the north-east.

The weather was so thick at the time that nothing could be seen of the beach before the ship got into the breakers. The Minerva had four passengers only on board, who, with her crew, safely landed on the beach in the ship's boats at about 10 o'clock on the same morning. No hopes are entertained of saving the vessel, as she rolls heavily with every sea, and every time she casts off shore the waves dash upon her decks with crushing violence.

Indeed, it is more than probable that her decks have been stove already. When last heard from she had six feet of water in her hold. She is a screw ship of 832 tuns, ranking A 1, having been built in Bremen, where she is owned, in 1853. This was her first voyage to this port, where she was consigned to Charles Luling. Her cargo, consisting of gin, brandy, grapes, &c., may be saved in a damaged condition.

THE LAST OF THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

We learn from Messrs. Johnson & Higgens, the wreckers, that the packet-ship New-Hampshire, which drove ashore a fortnight ago, on Jones's Beach, Long Island, went to pieces during the storm on Monday.

Up to Sunday noon everything worked all right, the ship was pumped out, and 48 hours of good weather would have enabled the wreckers to get her afloat and bring her to the city. But the weather began to change, and the sea rose to a dangerous hight, compelling the men to leave her.

So confident were they, however, that it would clear off, that they left the valuable steam-pumps of the Underwriters on board. The storm, instead of subsiding, increased in fury, and on Monday morning the sea broke along the beach with tremendous force, wave succeeding wave in such rapid and furious succession that the fate of the old ship was inevitable.

For about ten minutes she withstood the shock of the wildest breakers, the foam curling to her tops, apparently unhurt; but at length she began to tremble, then her foremast split and shivered into atoms, as though struck by lightning; next her main and mizzen masts worked uneasily to and fro, and finally, as though by magic, she crumbled into pieces in an instant, and of all her timbers that came on shore, not one could be found exceeding a dozen feet in length, so complete was her destruction.

A letter from Freeport, L. I., says:

"The old ship New-Hampshire, which came ashore some time since on Jones's Beach, was by the violence of the recent storm broken to pieces on the morning of the 20th April. She has entirely gone to pieces, or at least that portion of the hull above water has. Fragments of the hull have been picked up in our bay, and are now being brought up by fish boats to the landing. No article of her cargo has, up to this evening, been seen or driven ashore. There is a probability that a portion of her cargo may be obtained, when the present heavy sea subsides, by fishing it from under the water."

LATEST FROM THE WRECKS.

The ship Minerva, reported ashore at Barnegat, is consigned to Charles Luling.

The schooner reported at the same place is an old case.

The ship New-Hampshire, ashore at Jones's Beach, went to pieces at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, together with two steam-pumps belonging to the underwriters.

PASSENGER ARRIVALS.

Thus far this month there have arrived at this port from Europe 13,523 passengers, as follows:

From Liverpool	7,726	Havre	1,024
Bremen	1,320	Antwerp	379
Hamburg	883	Glasgow	145
London	374		

THE QUARANTINE.

The negotiations for the purchase of fifty acres of Mr. Wolfe's farm on Prince's Bay, adjoining Seguine's Point, near the Lighthouse, and not far from Ward's Point, for a Quarantine site, are nearly completed. The question of the sale at a price under $25,000 will probably be determined in a few days. Should this site be obtained, the Commissioners will proceed at once to put up temporary buildings for Quarantine purposes; but will make their plans for the ultimate occupation of the ground as a permanent Quarantine, if no more suitable place can hereafter be had. The water is quite shallow on the shore, but a little way out is from eighteen to twenty feet deep. A large delegation of Staten Island oystermen visited Albany a few days ago, and urged upon Governor King and the Controller the impropriety of locating