New-York Tribune.

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EUROPE.

ITALY.

THE PROPOSED EUROPEAN CONFERENCE OBJECTED TO BY THE POPE.

BY ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The Conference proposed by the Emperor Napoleon, for the settlement of the Roman question, seems to be attended with difficulties. His Holiness, the Pope, objects to any conference whatever, in his behalf, and the several Powers which have been invited to participate are divided on the question of the necessity for a conference. It is asserted that Spain is the only nation that supports the temporal power of the Pope in any event.

TURKEY.

HOSTILITIES RESUMED IN CANDIA.

PARIS, Nov. 16.—Late dispatches from Athens state that, since the failure of the Turco-Cretan Mission, hostilities have been resumed in Candia.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE FENIAN TRIALS IN MANCHESTER AND IN DUBLIN.

MANCHESTER, Nov. 16—Evening.—It is thought that the sentence of most of the Fenians who were recently convicted in this city by the Special Commission will be commuted to hard labor for a term of years, or to banishment. Allen, however, whose offense was worst and presented the fewest claims for mercy, will probably, for sake of example, suffer the extreme penalty of the law at the time specified in the original sentence, namely: November 23. In Dublin the Fenian trials are progressing. The jury, in the case of Costello, last evening brought in a verdict of guilty. On the opening of the Court this morning, Messrs. Warren and Halpin were sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment, and Costello was sentenced for 12 years.

DUBLIN, Nov. 17.—The Fenian prisoners, Halpin, Warren, and Costello, when brought up before the Special Commission yesterday for the last time to receive their sentences, were asked by the Court if they had anything to say why the penalty of the law should not be imposed in their cases. They replied by making strong speeches, in which they reiterated their protests against the jurisdiction of the Commission, denied the legality of their trial without a mixed jury, and claimed that as citizens of the United States they were entitled to the protection of the American Government.

FENIANS TO BE EXECUTED.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—*The London Observer* says there is no hope of reprieve or commutation for Gould and Larkin, and they will be executed with Allen on the 23d inst., according to the terms of their sentences.

THE SALE OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

LONDON, Nov. 16.—It is now said that the United States Government is to pay $11,500,000 for the Danish West India Islands, St. Thomas, St. Johns, and Santa Cruz, subject to a claim of France on the last named, and $7,500,000 for St. Thomas and St. Johns.

THE SUBMERSION OF TORTOLA DOUBTFUL.

Nov. 17.—The British Government has received from the West Indies no official advices of the submersion of the Island of Tortola, as reported here by a Cable dispatch from New-York.

FRANCE.

BRILLIANT METEORIC SHOWER.

PARIS, Nov. 16.—The meteoric shower on the night of the 13th and morning of the 14th was very brilliant. Many thousands were visible not only in this city but throughout France. The usual records were made by the professors at the various observatories.

ADOPTION OF AMERICAN LIFE-SAVING TACKLE.

Brown & Levels's life-saving tackle, an American invention for instantaneously lowering and detaching small boats from the side of a vessel when under full headway, has been adopted by the French Navy, after trial by the French fleet at Toulon.

THE FRENCH TROOPS IN ITALY—A NEW GOVERNOR FOR ALGERIA.

Nov. 17.—The troops of the French Expeditionary Corps in Italy are making preparations to go into Winter quarters at Civita Vecchia. Gen. Daumas has been appointed to succeed Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, as Governor-General of Algeria and Commander-in-Chief of the Seventh Army Corps.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

GLASGOW, Nov. 16—Noon.—The Anchor Line steamship Columbia, Capt. Carnaghan, which left New-York Nov. 2, arrived at this port late last evening.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

LONDON, Nov. 16—Noon.—Consols for money, 94 9-16; United States Five-Twenty bonds, 70 9-16; Illinois Central Railway shares, 85½; Erie Railway shares, 47¼.

Afternoon.—Consols for money, 94 9-16. American securities are very quiet, and the following are the closing quotations: United States Five-Twenty bonds, 70 10-16; Illinois Central Railway shares, 85½; Erie Railway shares, 48.

Evening.—American securities are firmer and in better demand, though prices are quotably unaltered.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 16—Noon.—United States Five-Twenties for the issue of 1862, 75½.

Afternoon.—United States Five-Twenties for the issue of 1862, 75½.

Evening.—United States 5-20 bonds closed at 75½ for the old issue.

Nov. 17.—United States bonds are quoted to-day at 75½ for the issue of 1862.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 16—Noon.—Cotton easier and declined 1-16d.; the estimated sales to-day are 8,000 bales; Middling Uplands, 8 7-16d.; Middling Orleans, 8 11-16d. Breadstuffs steady. Corn, 48/6 ₱ quarter for Mixed Western. Wheat, 17/ for White California, and 13/10 for No. 1 Red Milwaukee ₱ cental. Barley, 5/4 ₱ 60 ℔ for American. Oats, 3/11 ₱ 45 ℔ for American. Peas, 50/ ₱ 504 ℔ for Canadian. Beef, 115/ ₱ 304 ℔ for Winter-Cured Extra Prime Mess. Pork, 72/ ₱ 200 ℔ for Eastern Prime Mess. Lard, 52/3 ₱ cwt. for fine American. Cheese, 53/ ₱ cwt. for the highest range of fine. Bacon, 51/ ₱ cwt. for Cumberland Cut. Rosin, 8/3 ₱ cwt. for common Wilmington, and 12/ for fine Pale. No. 12 Dutch Standard Sugar, 26/6. Tallow, 44/ ₱ cwt. for American. Petroleum, 2/ ₱ gallon for Spirits, and 1/5 for Refined. Cloverseed, 39/ ₱ cwt. for No. 1 American Red.

Afternoon.—The Cotton and Breadstuffs markets are without change. Lard has declined to 52/, Bacon to 50/, and Cheese to 52/, and Tallow has advanced to 44/3. All other articles are without change.

LONDON, Nov. 16—Noon—Linseed Cakes, £11 5/ ₱ tun for this Oblong; Calcutta Linseed, £8/6 ₱ imperial quarter; Linseed Oil, £40 10/ ₱ tun; Whale Oil, £39 ₱ 252 gallons; Sperm Oil, £114 ₱ tun.

Afternoon—The price of all other articles in our markets are the same as reported in our noon dispatch.

ANTWERP, Nov. 16.—Petroleum—45 francs for Standard White.

Evening—The Petroleum market is dull, and prices have declined to 44½ francs.

BY STEAMSHIP.

The steamship Bremen, from Southampton Nov. 5, arrived here yesterday.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE FAREWELL DINNER TO CHARLES DICKENS

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, NOV. 4.

The dinner given to Charles Dickens on Saturday evening, on the occasion of his departure for America, is a high historical event. Nothing like it has ever before occurred in London. Dainty dishes have indeed been often served and eaten in the old Freemason's Tavern, before now, but those who have gathered around them have been almost always the members of a guild, a class, a profession, a fragment of this great world; but the company that assembled to honor Dickens represented humanity. It was a "federation of the world" in miniature edition. The poor artist, the poor actor, from their respective attics who had saved from scanty earnings the guinea needful for this treat, sat side by side with the Chief-Justice of England, the peer of the realm. The humble citizens of the Republic of Letters—"rightly so named since we have not a Sovereign among us," as one of them once said—were sandwiched between paunchy bankers and merchants who had never forgotten the delineator of the "Cheerible Brothers;" these were for once on an equality. When the "exceedingly miscellaneous assembly" (as an aristocrat is said to have remarked when he entered heaven), gathered in the reception room on Saturday evening, the one question was "Who's who?" A noble Lord who had no doubt made up his mind to strange bed-fellows, shook hands warmly on entering with the white-cravatted usher at the door, supposing him to be the proper receiver of the company. My lord is a little deaf, and so, when the usher asked, "What name shall I announce?" the nobleman grasps his hand and exclaims, "Ah—indeed. I am very glad indeed, Sir, to make your acquaintance—very!" Presently there came in a very large, fat man, whose great object, it soon became plain, was to see all the notables as they came in—an Ajax not known to fame, who asked only to see. Unconsciously, this big brother had got such a prominent position near the door that all who entered thought he was the one selected to play the part of host, and so every guest sprung at him and wrung his hand. Not Pogram—not Dickens himself—was subjected to such a hand-shaking as this amazed fellow, who, after many fruitless efforts to explain that he was nobody at all, rushed from the room in dismay. At last the head waiter appeared at the door and exclaimed: "Gentlemen numbered for Table Hay, please move this way." We of Table A, supposing ourselves to be meant, followed, and soon there was a goodly company of five hundred (thousands of tickets could have been sold had the room been sufficient) seated and ready to receive the great guests of the occasion. At length the doors were thrown open, and the well-known faces of Bulwer and Dickens appeared at it. They were arm-in-arm. A cry rang through the room, handkerchiefs waved on the floor and in the galleries, where was a large company of ladies in full dress, and the band struck up a grand march. As Dickens passed up the aisle, his cheeks were on fire, his eyes flamed. He glanced around the room, on whose walls all around were written in great golden letters the names of his works. Ahead the saw the English flag knit with the Stars and Stripes, and above them the word "Pickwick." There was a curious look on the face of Lord Lytton, and it seemed to me to say, "How gladly would I give my title and my estates to have this enthusiasm surging up to me from the Anglo-Saxon heart." Behind the two walked a strange procession—strange because of its incomparable mixture which I have already mentioned: the Lord Chief-Justice, small and pale; the Lord Mayor, with the air of being a king (limited); Lord Houghton, ever smiling, as the world has smiled on him; Sir Charles Russell; then a company of Academicians—Baron Marschetti, Maclise, Herbert, Poole, Frith, Millais, Creswick, Elmore, Ward, C. Landseer, Goodall, Faed, Sir Francis Grant, Sir E. Landseer, Sir Emerson Annent, Sir B. Phillips; next Prof. Owen with his eagle-eyes, Sir William Ferguson, Sir Thomas Watson, Sir C. Wentworth Dilke—the Captain-General of the Queen's Forces—and several other noted divines; Mr. Layard, M. P., with Mr. Otway, M. P.; the Hindoo Mansckie Cursetjee, with his fez on. There was a burst of applause when the venerable octogenarian worker, Charles Knight, came up. Mr. Dickens's sons were also greeted—Charles and Sydney, the latter in his military dress. Nearly all of the younger literary men were present—men they are whose eminence must generally be measured by this severe standard which competition has missed in England. Suppose such men as Edmund Yates, Sala, and Hepworth Dixon, had been born in Chicago, or Cincinnati, what great men they would have been! Here they are in second and third ranks, because Carlysle and Tennyson are in the first; just as all chess players are second-rate so long as Morphy and Staunton live. Some of those present hower, will climb on, and be on the top rung of the ladder when they die—that small man with his purely intellectual (allicit homely) face, G. H. Lewis, and the the elastic, ever-young, nobleman, Matthew Arnold. There are men here who call up long trains of memory—Horace Mayhew, who wrote for the first number of *Punch*, and nearly all subsequent ones; Blanchard Jerrold and Tom Hood, who reap gold where their fathers planted dry crusts; Dr. Charles Mackay, who pawned the good time coming for the gold of Printing-House-square; Tom Taylor, Mark Lemon, Walter Thornbury, Andrew Halliday, who make Bohemianism respectable; Westland Marston, who used to come to Bronson Alcott's Conversations at Alcott House, Ham Common, with big hopes of a renovated race, who has, however, these many years tried to realize his visions in the mimic life of the stage. Here, too, are Mr. Edward Dicey, who has concluded his friendly works on America by marrying a Boston lady; Henry Reeve, editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, a pleasant Philistine; Buckstone, Fechter, Webster, Howard Paul, and many other dramatists; Sergeant Ballantine, Sergeant Parry, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Ralph Benson, Mr. Montagu Williams, Mr. John Murray, Mr. George Smith, Mr. F. Chapman, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Chows, Mr. Virtue, Mr. Galpin, Mr. Mudie, Mr. Lethbridge, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. German Reed, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, Dr. Priestly, Sir Henry Thompson, Mr. Coulson, Dr. Forbes Winslow, Dr. Hood, Dr. Hodgson, Dr. Sheppard, Dr. O'Connor, Col. Hamley, R. A., Capt. Brackenbury, Sir Henry Anderson, Commander Pim, Sir W. Fraser, the Hon. Spencer Lyttleton, Mr. Benjamin Lumley, the Chevalier Wykoff, Mr. Dilke, Alderman Cotton, Mr. H. A. Glass, Mr. Marsh Nelson, Mr. Beattie, Mr. J. Berkeley Thompson, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Alfred Elwes, and Mr. H. R. Forster.

The Americans mustered also in some force. Morgan the banker had a seat under the words "Martin Chuzzlewit," and I observed Mr. G. W. Smalley of THE TRIBUNE, C. C. Coffin ("Carleton") of *The Boston Journal*, Mr. M. D. Conway, Mr. Russell Sturgis, and others.

Nor is the gallery without its attractions—chiefly on account of the presence there of Miss Dickens—who strikingly resembles her father—attended by Miss Hogarth, the sister of Mrs. Dickens (*that was*). There were not, however, many literary ladies present; and I don't wonder that they staid away, if only to protest against the barbarism which can thrust them off into a gallery to look down for an hour on the unattractive sight of 500 bipeds feeding.

At last the beast is fed, the man is ready for his entertainment. The select chorus sings Dr. John Smith's grace:

"Deum laudate, propter beneficia sua.
Dominum in excelsis laudate. Amen."

Lord Lytton, the Chairman, rises. He is excessively dressed up, and cannot suppress his vanity; over 60, Bulwer doesn't look 50; but he is "made up"—his hair, and beard, and eyebrows are too dark not to excite suspicion; voices are the real tests of age, and when he spoke it was the voice of a past generation. Disraeli himself has not such a Jewish face as Bulwer, whose nose is almost a caricature of the Aquiline. There is unmistakable power in every line of his face, however; his body is a phantasm in which his tailor may believe. His speaking is ingeniously bad. It is the ideal of the style of a hard-shell Baptist preacher far away in Old Virginia. A hard, convulsive word or two—a long drawl—terminated by a jerk, at which the forehead is thrown down until the audience sees the back of the head—this is the history of one of Bulwer's rasping, unpleasant sentences. He throws his hand (with faultless cuffs) straight out; clasps the fingers tightly to the palm; then draws it in under his arm, as a man would pulling in a gudgeon—and that is his gesture. He should appear only in print. To those who could shut their eyes (as I did), and listen to what he said, his speeches on Saturday were very good indeed. He is the first man whom, in a long experience of London divines, I have heard put a single remark worth making into the inevitable toast to the Queen; for it certainly was worth noting, as he said, that the reign of Victoria had, above all others, seen literary men raised to political power—"a sign of the civilization that ever seeks to draw closer the legitimate union of knowledge and power." His speech in proposing the toast of the evening was certainly a perfect thing of its kind. I do not venture to abridge it. He said:

I now approach the toast which is special to the occasion that has brought together a meeting so numerous and so singularly distinguished. You have already pledged the customary honors to our beloved Sovereign—due not only to her personal virtues, but to that principle of constitutional monarchy in which the communities of Europe recognize the happiest mode of uniting liberty with order, and giving to the aspirations for the future a definite starting point in the experience and the habits of the past. You are now invited to do honor to a different kind of royalty, which is seldom peaceably acknowledged until he who wields and adorns it has ceased to exist in the body, and is no longer conscious of the empire which his thoughts bequeath to his name. Happy is the man who makes clear his title deeds to the royalty of genius, while he yet lives to enjoy the gratitude and reverence of those he has subjected to his sway. [Cheers.] Though it is by conquest that he achieves his throne, he at least is a conqueror whom the conquered bless; and the more despotically he enthralls the dearer he becomes to the hearts of men. [Cheers.] Seldom, I say, has that kind of royalty been quietly conceded to any man of genius until his tomb becomes his throne; and yet there is not one that is now present who thinks it strange that it is granted without a murmur to the guest we receive to-night. [Cheers]. It was said by a Roman poet that Nature, designing to distinguish the human race from inferior animals by that faculty of social progress which makes each combine with each for the aid and advance of all, gave to men *mollissima corda*—hearts the most accessible to sympathy with their fellow kind; hence tears, and, permit me to add, laughter become the special and the noblest attribute of humanity. [Cheers]. Thus it is humanity itself which obeys an irresistible instinct when it renders homage to one who refines it by tears that never enfeeble, and gladdens it by a laughter that never degrades. [Cheers]. We are about to trust our honored countryman to the hospitality of those kindred shores in which his writings are as much household words as they are in the homes of England. And if I may presume to speak as a politician I should say that no time for his visit could be more happily chosen; for our American kinsfolk have conceived, rightfully or wrongfully, that they have some recent cause of complaint against ourselves; and out of all England we could not have selected an envoy, speaking not in behalf of our Government but of our people, more calculated to allay irritation and propitiate good will. [Cheers.] In the matter of good will there is a distinction between us English and Americans which may for a time operate to our disadvantage; for we English insist upon claiming all Americans as belonging to our race, and springing from the same ancestry as ourselves, and hence the idea of any actual hostility between them and us shocks our sense of relationship. And yet in reality a large and a very active proportion of the American people derive their origin from other races beside that of the Anglo-Saxon. Germans and Dutch and Celtic forefathers combine to form the giant family of the United States. But there is one agency for ever at work to cement all these varieties of origin, and to compel the American people, as a whole, to be as proud as we are of their affinity with the English race. [Cheers.] What is that agency? Is it not that of one language in common between the two nations? [Cheers.] It is in the one mother tongue that their poets must sing, their philosophers must reason, and their orators must argue for truth or contend for power. Does not history show us that it is always through one language in common that differences of origin are welded together? I see before me a gentleman distinguished for the manner in which he has brought together all that is most modern in sentiment with all that is most scholastic in thought and language—permit me to say Mr. Matthew Arnold. [Cheers.] I appeal to him, I appeal to you all. Am I right when I say that that is the cause cementing together all difference of origin, that is the cause why Etruscans and Oscans, and Sabines and Romans became one family, as Latins once, as Italians now? Before the influence of a language in common, have not all ancestral differences in England between Briton and Saxon, and Dane and Norman, melted away? [Hear, hear.] And by the same omnipotent agency will not all differences of origin equally melt away in the nurseries of American mothers extracting the earliest lessons for their children from our own English Bible, and in the schools of preceptors, who must resort to the same models of language whenever they bid their pupils rival the prose of Macaulay and Prescott, or emulate the verse of Tennyson and Longfellow? [Cheers.] Now it seems to me that nothing can more quicken the sense of that relationship which a language in common creates than the presence and the voice of a writer equally honored and beloved in the Old World and the New. [Cheers.] I cannot but think that wherever our American kinsfolk welcome that presence or hang spellbound on that voice, they will irresistibly feel how much there is of fellowship and unison between the hearts of America and England. [Cheers.] So that when our countryman quits their shores he will leave behind him many a new friend to that old fatherland which greets them through him so cordially in the accents of the mother tongue. [Cheers.] And in those accents what a sense of priceless obligation, personally to him, but through him to the land he represents, must steal over his American listeners! How many hours in which pain and sickness have changed into cheerfulness and mirth beneath the wand of his enchantment. [Cheers.] How many a hardy combatant, beaten down in the battle of life—and nowhere on this earth is the battle of life sharper than in the Commonwealth of America—has taken hope, and courage, and force from the manly lessons of this unobtrusive teacher. [Cheers.] No wonder the rising generation of those who have learned to feel and to think in our language should eagerly desire to see face to face the man to whose genius, from their very childhood, they have turned for warmth and light as instinctively as young plants turn to the sun. But I must not forget that it is not I whom you have come to hear; and all that I could say, had I to vindicate the fame of our guest from disparagement or cavil, would seem but tedious commonplace when addressed to those who know that his career has passed beyond the ordeal of contemporaneous criticism, and has found in the applause of foreign nations a foretaste of the judgment of posterity. [Cheers.] I feel, indeed, as if I had already too long delayed your natural impatience for the toast I now propose: "A prosperous voyage, health and long life to our illustrious guest and countryman, Charles Dickens."

A score of times was this speech interrupted by ringing cheers; but when Dickens arose he had to stand long while the shouts and thunders stormed upon him. Men leaped upon chairs, tossed up napkins, waved not only glasses, but decanters and half-emptied champagne bottles, over their heads—not without baptizing sundry persons under them—and then there was a pressing up the aisles from the lower tables until Dickens was girt about by a solid wall of his friends. Twice his throat faltered as he began; the glow of his face came before the words, and all felt that it was a sacred moment with him. His speech, fine as it was, could not equal the impression of that first look. He said:

No thanks that I can offer you can express my sense of my reception by this great assemblage, nor can in the least suggest to you how deep the glowing words of my friend the Chairman, and your acceptance of them, have sunk into my heart. But both combined have so greatly shaken the composure which I am used to command before an audience, that I hope you may observe in me some traces of an eloquence more expressive than the richest words. [Cheers.] To say that I am fervently grateful to you is to say nothing; to say that I can never forget this beautiful sight is to say nothing; to say that it brings upon me a rush of emotion not only in the present, but in the thought of its remembrance in the future by those who are dearest to me, is to say nothing; but to feel all this for the moment, even almost to pain, is very much indeed. [Cheers.] Mercutio says of the wound in his breast, dealt him by the hand of a foe, that: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." I may say of the wound in my breast, newly dealt to me by the hands of my friends, that it is deeper than the soundless sea, and wider than the whole Catholic Church. [Cheers and laugh.] I may safely add that it has for the moment almost stricken me dumb. I should be more than human, and I assure you I am very human indeed [cheers]; if I could look around upon this brilliant representative company and not feel greatly thrilled and stirred by the presence of so many brother artists, not only in literature, but also in the sister arts, especially painting, among whose professors, living and unhappily dead, are many of my oldest and best friends. [Cheers.] I hope that I may, without presumption, regard this thronging of my brothers around me as a testimony on their part that they believe that the cause of art generally has been safe in my keeping [cheers], and that it has never been falsely dealt with by me. [Cheers.] Your resounding cheers just now would have been but so many cruel reproaches to me if I could not here declare that, from the earliest days of my career down to this proud night, I have always tried to be true to my calling [cheers]—never unduly to assert it, on the one hand, and never, on any pretense or consideration, to permit it to be patronized in my person, has been the steady endeavor of my life [cheers]; and I have occasionally been vain enough to hope that I may leave its social position in England better than I found it. [Cheers.] Similarly, and equally I hope without presumption, I trust that I may take this general representation of the public here, through so many orders, pursuits, and degrees, as a token that the public believe that, with a host of imperfections and shortcomings on my head, I have as a writer, in my soul and conscience, tried to be as true to them as they have ever been true to me. [Cheers.] And here, in reference to the inner circle of the arts and the outer circle of the public, I feel it a duty to-night to offer two remarks. I have in my duty at odd times heard a great deal about literary sets, and cliques, and coteries, and barriers; about keeping this man up, and keeping that man down; about sworn disciples, and sworn unbelievers; and mutual admiration societies, and I know not what other dragons in the upward path. I began to tread it when I was very young, without influence, without money, without companion, introducer, or adviser, and I am bound to put in evidence in this place that I never sighted on these dragons yet. [Cheers.] So have I heard in my day, at divers other odd times, much generally to the effect that the English people have little or no love of art for its own sake, and that they do not greatly care to acknowledge or do honor to the artist. My own experience has uniformly been exactly the reverse. [Cheers.] I can say that of my countrymen, though I cannot say that of my country [A laugh]. And now, passing to the immediate occasion of your doing me this great honor, the story of my going again to America is very easily and briefly told. Since I was there before a vast and entirely new generation has arisen in the United States. Since I was there before most of the best known of my books have been written and published; the new generation and the books have come together and have kept together, until at length numbers of those who have so widely and constantly read me, naturally desiring a little variety in the relationship between us, have expressed a strong wish that I should read myself [Cheers]. This wish, at first conveyed to me through public channels and business channels, has gradually become enforced by an immense accumulation of letters from individuals and associations of individuals, all expressing in the same hearty, homely, cordial, unaffected way, a kind of personal interest in me—I had almost said a kind of personal affection for me [cheers] which I am sure you would agree with me it would be dull insensibility on my part not to prize. Little by little this pressure has become so great that, although, as Charles Lamb says, my household gods strike a terribly deep root, I have torn them from their places, and this day week, at this hour, shall be upon the sea. You will readily conceive that I am inspired beside by a natural desire to see for myself the astonishing change and progress of a quarter of a century over there, to grasp the hands of many faithful friends whom I left there, to see the faces of the multitude of new friends upon whom I have never looked, and last, not least, to use my best endeavor to lay down a third cable [cheers] of intercommunication and alliance between the Old World and the New. [Loud cheers]. Twelve years ago, when Heaven knows I little thought I should ever be bound upon the voyage which now lays before me, I wrote in that form of my writings which obtains by far the most extensive circulation, these words of the American nation: "I know full well, whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, that they are a kind, large-hearted, generous, and great people." [Hear]. In that faith I am going to see them again; in that faith I shall, please God, return from them in the Spring; in that same faith to live and to die. I told you in the beginning that I could not thank you enough, and Heaven knows I have most thoroughly kept my word. [A laugh]. If I may quote one other short sentence from myself, let it imply all that I have left unsaid, and yet most deeply feel. Let it, putting a girdle round the earth, comprehend both sides of the Atlantic at once in this moment, and say, as Tiny Tim observes, "God bless us every one."

The scene at various passages of this address was indescribable. I do not allude so much to the wild bursts of applause which attended it as to the profounder sensations produced by the allusions contained in it—allusions that may be more fully understood here than in America. When, for example, he spoke with much feeling of his never having permitted his calling, on any pretense or consideration, to be patronized in his person, it was appreciated by those who knew that not only had aristocrats who sought him in success whom they had snubbed in earlier days been snubbed in their turn, but that when a still higher personage than any aristocrat, desired to have Mr. Dickens act in a theatrical part in an exalted drawing-room, he had returned the simple answer: "Mr. Dickens declines to appear as an artist in any place where he could not appear as a man."

This was singular among London public dinners for the absence of burdensome forms, and the presence of genial humor. A notable proof of this was given in the speech with which Tom Taylor responded to the toast to the Volunteers. The usual way is for that toast to be gravely responded to, with pompous talk, ending with "England expects every man," etc.; but now the military men present—Capt. Houston Stewart, R. N., among others—were compelled to hear Tom Taylor confess that he feared if the volunteer force had existed in the days of Pickwick it would not have been altogether painted in the after-dinner colors. For himself, he gravely admitted, if he had figured under the pencil of their guest he feared he could claim no place except alongside of the unfortunate Mr. Winkle in the famous sporting scene, where he was compelled to sit down under the stern but well-merited rebuke of Mr. Pickwick as an imposter. For five years he had most undeservedly worn the uniform of the Civil Service Volunteers: he had now, by his own act, been most deservedly reduced to the ranks, and reversing the usual order of military procedure, had held, as a full private, a court-martial upon himself as captain, and he was compelled to pronounce that he had thoroughly deserved dismissal from the volunteer service; all of which, with the inimitable style of the speaker, provoked a great deal of laughter. There was, indeed, an interval of dullness, in which Sir E. Landseer and Sir F. Grant showed that the arts do not always keep company with the same individual, the general feeling concerning them, only half audible, being, I think, that expressed by an old fellow near me, who, having violently applauded one of them, turned to his neighbor and said, "Cap'l speech, cap'l. Wasn't serry when he got through." Anthony Trollope also made what seemed to me a foolish speech, in which he denounced something Carlyle had said about the near relationship of fiction to lying. If he (Mr. Trollope) had only reflected how little likely the man who said once he had rather have written certain ten pages of "Wilhelm Meister" than all the books of his time was to denounce fiction indiscriminately, he might have saved the patience of many of his hearers. We had, however, a very amusing speech from the patriarch of the Haymarket, Buckstone, who responded for the ladies. He never said anything more comical on the stage. He began with a witty allusion to Ben Jonson's saying of Shakespeare ("exhausted worlds and then imagined new"), and said, "Mr. Dickens had exhausted the Old World and was going to the New. I really don't know," he continued, "why I have been selected to return thanks for the ladies, because I am not particularly, that I am aware of, a lady's man. [Much laughter.] I must acknowledge, though, that there are some ladies of my acquaintance with whom I have passed many happy nights—[cries of "Oh, oh," and roars of laughter]—in fact, I mean to say, many happy evenings. [Much laughter.] I feel inclined to mention their names, though perhaps hardly etiquette to do so. But I am sure you will be charmed to know I mean Mrs. Gamp—[great laughter]—Betsy Prig—[Laughter]—Mrs. Nickleby, not forgetting Mrs. Harris—[laughter]—and I am inclined to add our "dear little mother." [Cheers.] I am sure when I mention the names of those ladies, with whom I have passed many happy hours, I am quite right in returning thanks not only in their behalf, but in behalf also of the ladies who have graced the banquet this evening with their presence. But I must not forget that our great obtect this evening is to bid Mr. Charles Dickens "good-bye." I have traveled through every State in the Union, and in every city of the States, and from my experience of the character of "Our American Cousin," and also from my knowledge of the impulsive nature of the Americans, I shall leave him safely in their hands. [Loud laughter.] Don't imagine, from my humble tribute to their character, that I am going there again. [Much laughter.]

The Lord Chief Justice made a good speech, in which he described Dickens as the Garrick of Literature. His speech proposed the health of Lord Lytton, and he spoke with much feeling of the time when he and Bulwer were starting out in life together. He related how Bulwer confided to him that he was writing a poem on Sculpture for a prize, and how he, Lord Cockburn, was the first to announce to him that he had gained it. This speech was well delivered and striking. It more than ever brought before some of us the vast series of literary revolutions that yawned between Lord Lytton, the novelist of courts and conventions—the last of his school—and the novelist of that new era which has brought art from the palace to the cottage, the cabin, the life of the lowly. How the titled and the obscure—the rich and the poor—gaze about the man who has clothed the byways, the haunts, the beggars of the great city with romance. No man walks through London streets with the same eyes since he wrote. The age of chivalry has passed; a new one begins. When the dinner was over Mr. Dickens returned to the ante-room, where multitudes gathered about him to bid him farewell. I saw a noble Lord shake his hand at the door as he was departing; and I saw, too, when he had got outside the door, an old woman of the people grasp his hand, and, stooping, she kissed it.

THE FENIAN TRIALS.

The second batch of men against whom a bill was found for the murder of Sergeant Brett at Manchester, were placed on trial on the 2d of November, before Justices Blackburn and Mellor. They were six in number, and their names are Martin, Nugent, Coffey, Brannen, Featherstone, and Bacon. Mr. Digby Seymour defended the first three, and Mr. Sergeant O'Brien the remainder.

The Attorney-General, who again prosecuted, went over the same ground as that traversed in the cases of Allen and others urging that the crime was murder against all engaged, for the design to rescue at any cost was a common design.

The same witnesses were called to identify the prisoners as in the first trial, and the evidence not being concluded at nightfall, and it being Saturday, the Jury were locked up until the morning of Monday, the 4th. The trial was resumed on the 4th, and during the day a startling incident occurred, showing the untrustworthiness of the evidence of identification. A witness swore to William Martin, one of the prisoners, as having been present at the rescue; *John* Martin was afterward called, and the witness then owned that it was *him*, and not William.

At the trial of Col. Warren in Dublin, Corydon, the informer, swore that he knew that Warren belonged to the Fenian organization in 1862, in which year he was discharged from the Federal service. Warren had been Fenian State Center for Massachusetts, and a member of the Stephens party. Prior to the American war he was connected with *The Irish Messenger*, and in 1865 he was a reporter for *The New-York Daily News*.

The Nation says that the refusal of the Court to recognize the naturalization of Warren and grant him a mixed jury, raises a momentous question. "The question at stake," it asserts, "vitally affects 13,000,000 of the Irish race in America. It affects the existence of the United States as a great power. It strikes at the whole foundation of that rast political fabric—the American Republic. That question is, whether the American Republic can carry out the principle upon which it is founded—the adoption as citizens, in the fullest sense of the term, of all who, complying with specified regulations, abjure on oath all other temporal allegiances, and swear devotion to the Commonwealth adopting them."

The Irishman closes a long article, in which it observes that by the law of Great Britain the American adopted citizen is divested of his rights, despoiled of his privileges, and condemned to be deprived of all such concessions as are accorded of right to other aliens to guarantee them a fair trial, by declaring that the "two countries, America and England, are how face to face on a grave question." How, it adds, will the former treat it?

Rumor prevailed in Dublin, on the 4th, that Col. Kelly was secretly in that city, and that the police was on his scent, but they were most probably only rumors.

DEBUT OF MISS KELLOGG AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATER.

The audience which assembled at Her Majesty's Theater on the 29th of November to welcome Miss Kellogg is pronounced by the press to have been unprecedented for the time of year, both in quality and quantity. The house was crowded from pit to dome, and among the audience were the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. "Faust" was the opera selected, instead of "Linda di Chamouni," as first announced.

The Daily News, after admitting that the part of Margherita was the most difficult that could be chosen for a debutante, especially as it is associated with the names of all the great artists of recent times, goes on to say: "With the recollection of such great singers as Carvalho (the original representative in Paris), Titiens, Lucca, Patti, Artot, and Nilsson, it is no slight praise to say that the performance of Mille. Kellogg may compare with any of these antecedents. The lady appears to have every requisite to command here that popularity and success which for four or five years she has enjoyed in her own country. She is young, her face is full of intelligence and expression, her figure of middle stature, graceful, whether in repose or action, and her gestures and by-play were invariably appropriate and unembarrassed, even under the inevitable anxiety of a first appearance. Her voice commanding a compass of two octaves, is brilliant in its upper range without being weak in its lower tones—the quality resonant and sufficiently powerful even for the large space of Her Majesty's Theater, while it possesses that rare sympathetic tone without which the most faultless execition and brilliant style must fail to realize the true object of musical expression. To these natural and personal advantages Mille. Kellogg adds that of finished training in the best school of vocal execution, her performance throughout having evinced the thorough preparation of the the studentship in all those executive details so essential to the formation of a great singer, and so frequently neglected, or hurriedly passed through by aspirants for such a position.

The Morning Post, after stating that November is not the season for nigitingales, says: "Nevertheless, Mille. Clara Kellogg has chosen to show us, at this usually distant period of the year, how beautifully and brilliantly she can sing, and the effect of Mille. Kellogg's singing on Saturday evening, when she came for the first time before an English public, was such as must have given herself and her numerou friends unmixed satisfaction."

The debutante enjoys a great reputation in a country which has sent us some of our very best singers; the country which may be said to have produced Adelina Patti, and which was te first to appreciate the voice and talent of the late Madat Bosio. Of Mlle. Kellogg's career in the United State we know nothing, except that it has been brilliantly successft. That she has an equally successful career before her ere, if she chooses to remain in England, is quite certain.

The Morning Herald and *Standard* organs of the Government, and the fashionable world have for their musical critic a gentleman who stands very high in the musical-literary world, and his opinions are looked for with greater eagerness than that of *The Times* critic, as a trustworthy prophesy of success or failure. This is what he says:

"Mlle. Kellogg selected th part of Margherita in M. Gounod's *Faust* for her debt. We doubt if any other part in the Italian repertory could have fostered so many and such conflicting associations. Mlle. Kellogg had to confront the recollections of Mlle. Adelina Patti, Mlle. Pauline Lucca, Madame Miola-Carvalho, Mlle. Christin Nilsson, and last, not least, Mle. Titiens. Despite the memories of all these eminent artists, Mlle. Kellogg's success was triumphant—more triumphant, it may be, from the memories. Her voice is a high soprano of the most brilliant and sympathetic quality, as fresh as a lark's, and invariably in tune—a real voice, indeed, which makes its way to the heart and challenges admiration even before any display of art be evidenced. In the middle and lower register Mlle. Kellogg's voice falls somewhat in resonance and power, so that, as those who know *Faust* must be aware, some parts of the music of Margherita are hardly within her range. In the greater portion of the music, however, all the brilliancy and penetrative force of the real soprano voice are necessitated, so that the scenes in the cathedral and prison afford the artist her best opportunities in the opera. In these certainly Mlle. Kellogg displayed extraordinary powers, both as actress and singer, and created an immense impression. Mlle. Kellogg is not only a splendid and brilliant singer, but a consummate actress as well. She evidently thinks for herself, and her acting is to be praised no less for its natural ease and unstudied grace than for its originality. One might think that nothing new could be effected for Margherita, but Mlle. Kellogg shows how easy it is to represent Nature under a new guise, when Nature only is consulted. In fine, the new singer has everything in her favor to insure a great success and to raise her into high favor. She possesses a voice of rare quality—silver-bright, liquid, emotional to a degree, and sympathetic; she sings with art, feeling, judgment, and supreme taste; as an actress she would make her fortune in the drama; and her appearance is highly prepossessing. Her success has been commensurate with all that was anticipated of her, notwithstanding which we have no doubt she will be heard and seen to greater advantage than on Saturday night, when she was evidently constrained by nervousness, induced by the great and critical audience before which she made her first bow. Mlle. Kellogg appears to-morrow night as *Violetta* in 'La Traviata,' a character in which her trans-Atlantic friends pronounce her to be incomparable."

All the critics agree that Miss Kellogg made a great success, greater even than was made by Adeline Patti in her first appearance, and the applause was heartier and warmer.

Miss Kellogg was to make her second appearance on the 5th of November in "La Traviata."

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT AND THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

The Alexandria correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in a letter dated Oct. 26, says:

"To-day I can