

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Nov. 2.]

THE ATLANTIC CABLE DESTINED TO RE-ESTABLISH ENGLISH SUPREMACY OVER THE WHOLE UNITED STATES.

The Atlantic telegraph cable is certainly to be tried again. It appears that the indefatigable Mr. Cyrus Field has just come over from England to New York, bringing a specimen of the new cable manufactured by Messrs. Glass, Elliott & Co., and Yankees are largely taking stock. In other words, that stupid and blinded people are actually subscribing money to forge a chain for its own limbs. As before, the location selected for the cable places both ends of it on British ground, and therefore absolutely under British control. It signifies little what may be the constitution and bylaws of the company as to keeping it entirely "neutral" and equally accessible to the two nations. All that kind of arrangements is good only for peace times; let war break out between England and the Yankees, and the Atlantic cable will be about as neutral as the Royal artillery and the Channel fleet and the Horse Guards.

The British statesmen are looking forward to the recovery of the American colonies, and preparing to avail themselves of the exhaustion and anarchy which must succeed the present war, to attain that cherished purpose, is simply a matter of fact. Highly absurd, perhaps, this design and expectation must appear in the eyes of the concealed Yankee nation; but that nation is doomed to have its eyes opened upon that and some other subjects before many years go by. No political maxim is now more firmly fixed in the mind of Europe than that all American republics, both on the Northern and Southern continents, are destined to pass through the same stages of faction, war, anarchy, weakness, utter weariness of popular government and final absorption back into the original European monarchies which planted them. Spain has already taken hold of St. Domingo, and naturally thought that Mexico also was fairly due to her, when it should rise; but a stronger Power has come in before her's. England is looking on at the present war between the two fragments of the United States with patient hope, believing that she sees in the Federal part of the disunited mass those very symptoms which, duly fostered and skillfully treated, are sure to ripen into that condition of bloody anarchy at which republics, utterly ruined and bankrupt, deprived of law and bathed in blood, held out their hands to any strong Power which will do them the favor to come in and take charge of their affairs. Hence the highly virtuous and conscientious British neutrality, and the warm words of cheer and encouragement bestowed by turns upon each belligerent. Hence the persistent policy of non-recognition, while enthusiastic English writers assure the Confederates that they can never be conquered, and that reunion is impossible; and others no less warmly bound on the Federals to a vigorous prosecution of the war, and tell them that they have all the civilized world with them as champions of "human freedom."

We say that such is the settled theory and calm, steady purpose of—not the English masses, for they know nothing—but of such statesmen as Lord Palmerston. The revolt against King George the Third, though apparently successful for a time, is to be crushed by his granddaughter, or by her successor; for there is no hurry. British policy is in no such haste as Mr. Seward, and can let its bills run longer. In the meantime a telegraphic wire across the Atlantic—one end of it under the control of the War Department in London, the other of the Commander-in-Chief at Halifax—will be a good preparation for the final winding up of the plot, and a word of command whispered at the Horse Guards will then reach American shores about three hours earlier on the same day. The moment this cable is laid both ends of it will be guarded by impregnable fortresses, mounted with the longest range guns. England will then have cast her fetters over the hands of the Yankee nation, and can snap the lock.

If nothing were concerned in all this but the fate of the said Yankee nation, we should care but little. We might even look on with complacency, while our stupid and troublesome neighbors to the North were weaving for themselves the web of their fate. For ourselves, we hoped to be secured by the nature of our institutions against that acute malady of the American republics, which makes them rot at the heart and fall before they are ripe. We hope, with God's blessing, to hold fast our liberties and our laws; to pay our debts and preserve order within our borders, so as not to afford to kings and queens those excuses and opportunities which the Palmerstons and Napoleons count upon so confidently. Yet it cannot be without some degree of concern that we shall see the British Power re-establish itself on the north bank of the Potomac. Who are to be our next door neighbors is a matter of some moment to us, and we confess we should prefer the Yankees to the English in that situation; they would be a less danger to us, simply because they are less strong and less wise. Give us ignorant and semi-barbarous enemies to deal with, if we must have enemies; and on the north bank of the Potomac, for ages to come, we can look for nothing else but enemies. Therefore we strongly incline to hope that this time again the Atlantic cable will break and fail. Better for us that the Yankee nation should run the whole course of its raging fever, and end in the natural way, than that England should come in, as Louis Napoleon

is doing for Mexico, to "establish a permanent and responsible government," under European guarantees.

In the meantime it ought to be agreeable to us, to reflect that between us and Newfoundland lies the whole mass of the Yankee nation.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer, Nov. 6.] WHY IS THE SOUTH NOT RECOGNIZED BY THE EUROPEAN POWERS.

The first light as we believe, that will break through the enveloping clouds of this tremendous revolution will dawn where the sun emerges—across the Atlantic.

It will come in the shape of a combined movement by foreign nations in favor of our recognition as an independent Power. Not the most remote star of hope, we think, glimmers above the horizon of our hemisphere to flash a solitary ray of light across the murky expanse. The situation of the two combatants, and the overwhelming issue at stake between them, forbids that there should be any. The issue is nothing less than one of national life and death, in which defeat involves to one party bankruptcy and ruin more overwhelming than ever overtook a nation, and to the other a debasing enslavement more intolerable than the most abject servitude endured. In such a dilemma how can the combatants ever settle a peace. It is with a settled conviction of the impracticability of any other adjustment that we say, look to the East, for light. Our soldiers have done and are still doing all that can be done on the field. Victory after victory crowns our arms. But where is the hope of conquering a peace from a nation which, the moment it grants it upon our terms seals its own ruin and destruction? We do not mean by this view of the case to disparage the heroism of our troops and the skill of our generals. Far from it. It is to their noble achievements we shall have to point as evidence of our ability to maintain our independence when we ask from foreign powers to recognize us as worthy the precious boon.

The idea we would convey is simply that valor and arms have done and are doing their part in this tremendous hour, and wise statesmanship and diplomacy must come to their rescue and support. It is evident the counsels of the camp have transcended in ability, up to this time, the counsels of the Cabinet. The wily Prime Minister of the Lincoln government appreciates, we fear, better than our chief counsellors do, the telling influence of diplomatic strategy in this war.

What is in the way of our recognition by foreign Powers? Does any one know? Our best hope for deliverance from this apparently interminable conflict is as we believe, in that direction, and makes this a vital, most absorbing question. We repeat, why are we not recognized by the leading Powers of Europe? If our representatives abroad do not know, they have been sent on their mission to but little purpose. If they do know, of course the secret has been communicated to the Sanhedrim at Richmond, and we would respectfully ask of them to out with it to the people. Is the institution of slavery the great stumbling block to our independence? This is an enormous question, we admit, to deal with, but not beyond the cope of broad and far-sighted statesmanship. At least, it would not damage our cause or compromise our dignity to know what are the views and notions of the trans-atlantic world as to the most reasonable and practicable plan of settling the issue, if issue it is, between us.

The issue between the North and the South is one to be settled only by the arbitrament of arms; let us try and settle that between the South and Europe on the forensic arena. The settlement of the latter, we believe, will make the former a foregone conclusion.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, Nov. 4.]

BETTER FAR SLAVERY TO THE ENGLISH OR FRENCH—GENERAL MAGRUDER'S VIEWS.

At a flag presentation at Alexandria, La., General Magruder spoke in very decided tones. He is thus reported:—

There have been demagogues who have harangued you about this being the rich man's war and the poor man's fight. The man who says so is a scoundrel! I use the term understandingly and in its broadest signification. He is a scoundrel, and your worst enemy. You are fighting for yourselves, to preserve yourselves from slavery the most hateful to be conceived. The object of the Yankees is to enslave this people and place the white man beneath the negro in the social scale. Better far would be a slavery to the English, for they are noble and brave; better slavery to the French, for they are gallant and chivalrous; aye, even better to our own negroes, for they at least know what labor is, and would have some compassion as taskmasters. Soldiers, regard the man that talks to you about the rich and poor men as your bitterest enemy. When next such a man comes among you hang him to the highest tree you can find, and I will stand by you.

THE LAST POMPEIIAN DISCOVERIES.

M. Marc Monnier supplies the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with a highly interesting account of the last great discovery made at Pompeii, during the excavations undertaken by the Cavalier Fiorelli—the corpses of the unfortunate Pompeians whom the lava stream surprised in their flight, and whose forms and features are preserved in the attitude in which death overtook them. The bodies, or rather the lava mould which covers them, are now

to be seen at the Museum, and striking photographs of them have been transmitted to Paris; they give, however, by no means so effective a description as the account of M. Marc Monnier.

He says: "One day, in a little street, under a heap of stones and rubbish, a vacant place was discovered, at the bottom of which appeared something looking like bones. M. Fiorelli was summoned in haste, and he conceived a luminous idea. He poured in some liquid plaster, and the same operation was performed at other points where bones had been likewise discovered; and as soon as the plaster was hardened, the mould was lifted with the greatest precaution, and on the hardened ashes and lava being removed four corpses appeared. They are now at the Museum, and no more striking sight is it possible to behold. They are not statues, but human bodies moulded by Vesuvius, and preserved from decay by that envelope of lava which reproduces the clothes, the flesh, nay almost the appearance of life. The bones protrude here and there where the molten liquid did not completely cover the limbs. Nowhere does anything like this exist. The Egyptian mummies are naked, black, hideous. They appear to have nothing in common with humanity; they are dressed out by the Egyptian undertaker for their eternal repose—the exhumed Pompeians are human beings in the act of dying. One of the bodies is that of a woman, near whom were found 91 silver coins, two silver vases, some keys, and a few jewels. She was flying, carrying her most valuable commodities with her, when she fell in the little narrow street. She may be seen lying on her left side. Her head-dress, the tissue of her clothes, and two silver rings on her finger, can be easily detected. One of the hands is broken, and the cellular structure of the bones exposed to view; the left arm is raised; and writhing, the delicate hand convulsively shut; the nails appear to have entered the flesh. The whole body appears swollen and contracted; the legs alone—the rounded and delicate outline of which had not suffered—are stretched out. You can feel that she struggled long in fearful pain. Her attitude is that of agony, not death. Behind her a woman and a young girl had fallen. The former, the mother possibly, was of humble extraction, to judge from the size of her ears. On her finger is a single iron ring. Her left leg, raised and bent, denotes that she also struggled and suffered. Near her reclines a young girl—almost a child. The tissue of her dress is seen with wondrous distinctness—the sleeves coming down to the wrist, and the embroidery of her shoes. She had, through fear probably, lifted her dress over her head. She fell with her face to the ground. One of her hands is half open, as though she had used it to keep her veil over her face. The bones of her fingers protrude through the lava. She appears to have died easily. The fourth body is that of a man—a Colossus—he is stretched on his back, as though he meant to meet his fate bravely; his arms and legs show no sign of struggling; his clothes are very distinctly marked: the *bracces* (trousers) close fitting; laced sandals, the soles studded with thick nails; on one finger an iron ring; a few teeth are broken; his eyes and hair are obliterated, but his thick mustache is clearly apparent, and it is impossible not to be struck with the martial and resolute appearance of his features. After the women convulsively clinging to life, we see here the man calmly meeting his fate in the midst of the great convulsion—impavidum ferient ruinae.

"Nothing yet discovered at Pompeii offers us anything to be compared with this palpitating drama. It is violent death with its extreme tortures, its convulsions and agonies, brought clearly before us, and, as it were, taken in the act, after the lapse of eighteen centuries."

CLIMATE AND RACES.

In the recently published volume of the Transactions of the British Ethnological Society the question, "How far Man is Cosmopolitan," is discussed by several writers, but more particularly by Mr. Hunt. While the animals most useful to man have spread all over the habitable world, ethnologists are forced to confess that the different varieties or races of mankind are by no means capable of the same diffusion. The power of acclimatization is limited in man. Captain Hall's Esquimaux suffered intolerably from a New York summer, and could not endure permanent transplanting to this temperate region; and whoever has had the ill luck to double the Cape of Good Hope with a crew of Hindoo or Lascar sailors knows, to his sorrow, that the first touch of cool weather turns these brave and nimble fellows into as very cowards as a pack of helpless curs. Let the Esquimaux and the Hindoos change places, and neither would long survive the transportation.

Nor are the Europeans climate-proof. Capt. Kane was of opinion that he could have lived with the natives in the Arctic regions; but it is well known that Europeans and Americans are subject to dysentery in the hot climate of India; and the number of European children raised in British India is so small that the oldest English regiment in that country, the Bombay "Foughs," notwithstanding that marriages with British women are encouraged, have never been able, from the time of Charles II. to this day, to raise boys enough to supply drummers and fifers for the regiment. Mr. Hunt mentions the testimony of Sir Ranald Martin, that a third generation of unmixed Europeans is nowhere to be found in

Bengal; from which fact it would appear that if the constant recruiting of adults from Great Britain were to cease, the English dominance in India would quickly come to an end.

The Jews, the gypsies and the Chinese are those among mankind who have shown themselves possessed of the greatest power of acclimatization, and Mr. Hunt ascribes this to their being what he calls "pure races." All pure races support the influence of change better than mixed races, he says; and he cites among other interesting examples the fact that the statistics of disease and death among the Jews and other colonists in Algeria show that the former are less injuriously influenced by the climate than any other strangers. It is curious that the Spaniards and Italians suffered less in the great Russian expedition of Napoleon, than any other contingents of his multifarious army.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master fact by fact and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

OF WOMEN.—I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times have I seen weak men show real public virtue because they had by their sides women who supported them not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the domestic influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, commonplace, place-hunting, self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable, and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absent.—[De Tocqueville.]

SOUTHERN "GREEK FIRE."—The *Mobile Register* and *Advertiser* asserts that Col. John Travis has discovered, if not the ancient, at least its counterpart and equal, the modern "Greek fire." Its component parts are kept secret; but Col. Travis tenders the use of his invention to the Confederate States. The *Register* gives the following account or the test of this fire: "On Thursday evening last, near the bay road, in the suburbs of this city, in the presence of several scientific professors, ordnance and artillery officers, Colonel Miller, commanding this volunteer and conscript bureau, other officers of the navy, a score of ladies, and at least one representative of the press, Captain Travis made two distinct experiments of his fire or composition, using on each occasion less than half a pint of the preparation, a fluid. Both were eminently successful, eliciting universal commendation. Instantaneously, when exposed to the air, the fluids become a blaze of fire, with heat intense, resembling that of a liquid metal in the melting process. A pile of green wood, into which it was thrown, ignited immediately like a tinder. Without delay, within ten seconds, a number of buckets full of water were thrown upon the flames, a dense volume of smoke ascended, the hissing and singing sound of the quenched fire was heard, but lo, the burning fluid licked up the water, destroying its oxygen, a fluid seemingly added to the flame, and the wood cracked and hemmed, and the flames rose again defiantly, unquenchable. On the occasion of these experiments 'Travis' 'Greek Fire' burned for something over a quarter of an hour in full vigor and force. Its heat is intense, and flies at once into the body of the substance it touches."

THE LATE ACTION IN JAPAN.—Detailed accounts had been received of the English bombardment of Kanagawa, Japan. Seven vessels were engaged, including two frigates. The British lost thirteen killed and fifty wounded. The Japanese ammunition was of a superior quality. The forts mounted ninety-three guns and mortars. The ships were 450 yards from the forts, and it was wonderful that they were not all sunk. The Prince Satsuma had bought United States guns and ammunition, including four 150-pounders and some 13 inch shell guns. Without a land force Admiral Kuper could do nothing further, and as Satsuma evinced no desire to negotiate the fleet left for Yokohama to refit. The object of the expedition was as far from being gained as ever, and, if the Japanese remained obstinate, a large army would be necessary to obtain satisfaction.—[Telegram from Farther Point, Nov. 12.]

—Gentlemen: "My good woman, how much is that goose?" Market woman—"Well, you may have two at seven shillin'." Gentlemen—"But I only want one." Market woman—"Can't help it; ain't a goin' to sell one without the other. Them ere geese, to my certain knowledge, hev been together for more'n fifteen years, and I ain't a goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."