

THE TERRIBLE CYCLONE IN INDIA.

This cyclone was unequalled within the experience of persons who resided in India for forty years. It burst over Calcutta on the 5th of October, and desolated a tract of country one hundred and twenty-five miles long. Out of more than two hundred vessels in the Hooghly river, only eight or nine escaped serious damage, and many lives were lost.

It appears that during the whole night of Tuesday, October 4, the weather at Calcutta was marked by a succession of squalls and heavy rain from the north-northeast, and it maintained the same character till about half-past 10 on Wednesday morning, gradually increasing in violence. The wind then veered to the east, and began to blow more steadily and with increasing fury. The weaker trees were uprooted or broken short, but for the first hour or so no greater damage was done. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a noise like that of distant thunder, gave warning as it gradually increased that something worse was coming. In about two minutes from this time the true cyclone was upon the town. Wherever there were trees they were either uprooted and fell, carrying with them in many cases walls, railings and buildings, or their branches were snapped off like reeds and hurled away with the wind. Carriages and pulkees were upset, and strewn the roads, mingled with the debris of roofs, verandahs, gates and fallen trees; currogated iron roofings were torn, doubled up, and blown away like sheets of paper.

By two o'clock the eastern and southern suburbs of the city, and those parts of it to the westward which from their proximity to the *maidan* and the river were the most exposed, were more or less a wreck. Excepting coconut and other palms, scarcely a tree was anywhere to be found standing. The beautiful avenues in Fort William were entirely destroyed; the Eden gardens turned into a wilderness. In Tank Square the trees and shrubs were blown away, and in many parts the iron railings torn up and overthrown. In Garden Reach the roads were blocked up and rendered impassable from the trees that fell across them. The splendid avenues of *usoth* trees in the compound of the school opposite St. James' Church, some of which must have been four or five feet in circumference, was entirely destroyed, the trees being snapped off above the level of the wall which protected them, but which is now no longer standing.

DISASTERS TO SHIPPING—LOSS OF LIFE.

With few exceptions the shipping were driven from their moorings and cast ashore or jammed together on the opposite side of the river, while several were sunk in mid-channel, and others stranded by the storm wave high up on the Calcutta shore. Several ships are ashore in Garden Reach, and one sunk a little below the Garden House. The old Hindostan, which was used as a hulk and floating church, sank. It appears that, having broken adrift, she fouled the Nemesis, doing her damage, and finally rolling over and over went down opposite the King of Oude's house. The ships that have foundered are the Lady Franklin, Govindpore, Azemia, Anne Royden, Loo Choo, Vespasian, Ville de St. Denis, Merrie England, the tug steamers Hercules, Fire Queen, Banshee, Satellite, Linnet and Hindustan. The Moulmein, which was generally supposed to have been lost, is adrift. Great loss of life, it is to be feared, has attended these foundering. Many European sailors were to be seen during the gale floating down the river on pieces of wreck, and we have heard the number lost estimated as high as two hundred.

The scene presented by the shipping (says the Calcutta *Englishman* of the 10th) is indescribable. There must be at least one hundred ships ashore, all huddled together in tangled masses in inextricable confusion. Yards and masts are hanging about in every conceivable form of wreck, and the scene is one of the utmost desolation and ruin. The loss of boats of every description is also enormous, probably nine out of ten were capsized and sunk by the storm-wave which followed the change of the wind from east to south, and many of the remainder have been cast up on shore. The utmost difficulty is from this cause experienced in communicating with the shipping.

YES ELSEWHERE.

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later than Calcutta. It appears to have travelled in a northwesterly direction.

At Barrackpore the park was stripped of its finest trees, the barracks are unroofed, and all the bungalows were injured. The mass of vegetation on the ground is to be dreaded, especially as heavy falls of rain have since taken place. The loss of life has been awful, and whole villages have been swept away.

The Eastward Soonderbun grants have been entirely destroyed. It is feared that the people at the grants on the Saugor Island have all been swept away.

The whole of the river bank, from Atcheepore to Kedgerree, was strewn with the dead bodies of cattle in great numbers, and a great number of the coolies who perished on board the Aliee were still lying between her decks on the 9th.

It is reported that the large village of Oolooberia has been so entirely swept away that the spot on which it stood can be no longer recognized. Thirty lives were lost in Kidderpore and seven in Cooly Bazaar.

THE LINE OF THE CYCLONE.

It is worthy of remark, that though the cyclone took six hours to travel from Kedgerree to Calcutta, its arrival at Calcutta and Burdwan was as far as can be judged from the information received simultaneous, or very nearly so. It is evident from this that a line from Kedgerree to Calcutta was coincident, or nearly coincident, with the line or progress of the storm, while a line between Calcutta and Burdwan was at right angles, or nearly at right angles to it, and the cyclone was travelling in a northeasterly direction. This is confirmed by the account received from Kooshtia. From the direction of the wind at Sooree it appears that that place must have been traversed by the extreme northwest edge of the cyclone.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE NEW CAPITAL OF ITALY.

THE ELEVATION OF FLORENCE AND THE DOWNFALL OF TURIN.

The Turin correspondent of the London *Times* shows, in a letter from which we make the following extract, that nothing short of Rome as the capital will satisfy the Italians:

The reason why Rome is deemed by many the only possible permanent capital of Italy is not so much to be sought in the advantages of its site, in the stateliness of its aspect, or the glory of its traditions, as in the fact that owing to all these causes it is the only city to which all the other towns of Italy are said to be willing to bow in obedience. 'Choose Rome as a capital,' men say, 'and there is an end forever of all municipal pretensions. But place the seat of government at Milan, Florence, or anywhere else, and you will have to contend with endless local jealousies, you will revive old susceptibilities, you will hear the alarm bell rung from all the belfries of Italy. Naples will be as unwilling to accept the law from Milan or Florence as she now is to bow to the dictates of Turin.' Whether Florence be chosen for a provisional or a permanent purpose, that city becomes the object of municipal ill-will. Milan, Naples and the other towns were furious, at first, when they heard of the Turin people rising in rebellion against the obnoxious clause in the Paris Convention. There was a perfect paper crusade against Piedmontese selfishness and arrogance, and men wondered why the Subalpines were not as ready to bring a sacrifice to their country's cause as any of their Italian brethren would have been under the same circumstances. But, as soon as Turin was quelled, and the programme of the new Ministry gave earnest of the readiness of the Piedmontese to resign themselves to their fate, the tone of all the provincial press was instantly changed; people now begin to ask in Naples why, if there is to be any change of capital, whether provisional or permanent, the chosen city should not rather be Naples than Florence, as the former town is so very much larger and statelier, and as its accommodation for municipal offices and Parliamentary houses is so much larger. People at Milan do not bring forward such claims, truly, but they throw out hints as to 'the expediency of removing Parliament from the influence of the angry Turin mob,' and of holding at least this next session in some of the vast Milan palaces. The narrow selfishness of the worst kind of municipalism, which was hitherto dormant, is rising all around with alarming rapidity. It is not to be wondered at, nor are

the Italians so greatly to be blamed about it. They were all willing enough that things should continue as they were; but now a fiend of discord has been set astir, which it will take no little wisdom to lay. Since it is no longer Rome to which all rivals must give way, there is no reason why every city should not stand on what it considers its rights and interests."

Another correspondent, unwilling to wholly forget the old love for the new, speaks a word for Turin; and is very correct in his appreciation of this really noble city:

"Now that poor Turin is 'down,' everybody is picking up stones to throw at her. The English press, particularly, has been discharging the vials of its wrath at the condemned city, describing it as if it were a mere shapeless agglomeration of mud cabins and rotten cowsheds, instead of being as it is, the finest city in all Italy. I use these words advisedly. As a city, scientifically laid out, provided with superb streets and squares, with magnificent theatres, with splendid coffee-houses and tasteful shops, as a place replete with all the appliances of modern civilization, Turin has no rival within the limits of the Peninsula. As a collection of historical monuments, as a repository of works of art, it is perhaps the last. But, however delightful may be the daily contemplation of the glorious productions of human genius which meet the eye at every step in the immortal city of Giotto and of Brunelleschi, there are things in which Florence stands at least a century behind our much maligned Turin. Her streets are narrow, crooked, and often filthy; her picturesque river stinks during a certain period of the year; her shops are mean and scantily stocked, and her air is, by the Florentines themselves, described as in the highest degree unwholesome, planing down by slow degrees the voluptuous curves of beauty to the sterile uniformity of a deal board, and deranging the liver and the digestion of the stronger sex. And be this said without the slightest desire to depreciate Florence, and much less Tuscany, one of the most characteristic of Italian provinces, blessed with the living treasure of the most beautiful language in the world, and with a gentle and gifted population.

"But it is no less true that if Italy is to gain anything by the removal of her government to the banks of the Arno, Florence and Tuscany will also be gainers by the bargain. Many old fusty anomalies must be swept away before this part of the country can be rendered worthy of its high, if only temporary, destiny. Tuscany has abolished the penalty of death, but she has never introduced trial by jury into her judicial system; she prohibits a game of billiards on Sunday, yet keeps her theatre and her taverns open, and she still sends little boys to prison for a month and upwards for the enormous crime of throwing a stone—if the stone should by accident strike one of the little 'tabernacles' which the Italians are, or used to be, fond of erecting at the corners of streets and at country cross-roads.

HOW LAWYERS WORK UP A CASE.

The modern Admirable Crichtons are the lawyers. Law is the least of their accomplishments. In fact, they would seem to practice law as a shop-keeper I knew in Limerick kept a cloth-shop, "only for the convenience of small change." It is over science, art, and literature—the fine arts, the drama, patent inventions, casualties at sea, and death by mysterious agency—that they roam, as a wild bee floats over a garden.

Take a case of fouling in the channel, where the Mary Jane of Swansea, being on the starboard tack, was run into by the Dashing Hero of Cardiff, lost her bowsprit, was damaged in her bulwarks, and so severely injured below the waterline that she narrowly escaped foundering off the Nore, and indeed only gained Margate to go down in four fathoms water; Spinks was for the Mary Jane; Adams represented—I was going to say commanded—the Dashing Hero.

Spinks opened beautifully with an account, statistically given, of where the Mary Jane was built, and the admiration that accompanied her on the morning she descended into what newspapers call "her native element." He then grew warmer; he described the joy of Swansea, and the delight of her owners. She was a model craft, "swanlike and graceful, and chartered by the house of Rigs & Rags with coal for the works at Millwall." Once at sea—"the blue, the open sea"—he became Fennimore Cooper, and told how she furrowed the

white waves, cleaving her proud way through the crested water, her gallant crew sons of that land "whose home," by some incongruity, "is on the deep," and at the main the flag that for a thousand years, etc. In the Pool, however, came disaster, and Captain Spinks had now to be professional. Poetry had done its work, and navigation had to be called in. "We were, my lord, on our starboard tack; the wind was east-east and by south—a fresh breeze and threatening to be fresher. We were under a reefed topsail and trysail, with a storm jib and our mainsail doubly reefed. Your lordship will perceive from this that we had taken every possible precaution, even to the battening down our fore-hatch."

"What of the main?" interrupted Adams, "Tell the Court, I beg, how was the main hatchway?"

"Brother Adams, I desire I may not be interrupted. I appeal to his lordship, is the course now adopted by my learned friend usual, regular or professional? I deny that it is either. I go farther, and declare it to be unseamanlike."

The rebuke was heavy, and Adams went below.

But why should I go on? the report is in the *Times*, and under the head of "Admiralty Court—Collision—Scuttles, owner, vs. Scales and Others," you may read how the gallant Adams handled the Dashing Hero, showing by every rule of the Trinity House that if he had not run into the lubberly collier—it was an unfeeling expression—he would have been "unworthy of his certificate—unworthy of the confidence of his owners." "My lord, my learned friend has told you of the wind, but he has omitted to tell you of the tide."

"A half ebb," from Spinks, looking at his brief.

"Yes, my lord, a half ebb; and what is a half ebb in a Pool, with the wind strong from the southward?"

"East-east and by south," broke in Spinks.

"Away with these flimsy subtleties, brother Spinks. No man ever walked a deck with more credit than yourself; but these crafty devices are not seaman-ship. When we saw, my lord, that the Mary Jane was determined to hold on her course, reckless as it was—when by repeated signals—"

"What were your signals?"

"What were our signals? Does my gallant brother require at this time of day to be told what is meant by loosening off the foresail of a schooner on the port tack, with her helm hard up?"

The scene grew warm—almost a battle; and when a grand peroration closed Adams' speech about the naval supremacy of Britain, and the rights of Englishmen to do at sea what nobody has ever dared to attempt on land, the genius of the place responded to the appeal, and three lusty cheers shook the court-house. Now, when one remembers that either of these intrepid mariners would have been sea-sick in a ferry-boat, it must be owned that the exhibition was creditable. It was thoroughly histrionic, too; they imparted to the whole discussion a certain bold and dashing character, an air of reckless attack and daring rejoinder, that savored of a naval action; and when Adams, in his last appeal to the jury, "hitched" his small-clothes, there ran a murmur of approval through the court, in testimony of one who had thoroughly invested himself with his client's interests.—[*Cornelius O'Dowd*, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

IRRIGATION ON A LARGE SCALE.—The Edinburgh Review, in giving an account of the great improvements which the British are making in India, notices the system of works for irrigation. These works, it is said, are vast in extent and benefit. The Ganges canal, one of the principal, has no less than 833½ miles of main channel, with 1,852 miles of distributing water courses, besides many hundred miles of minor channels. It irrigates an area of 1,471,500 acres, and its beneficent waters will protect from the risk of famine a tract of country containing a population of 6,500,000 souls. It is estimated that in the famine of 1860-1, 339,243,840 pounds of grain were grown by the irrigations which it afforded. Other canals are from 100 to 500 miles in length, and render fertile vast tracks of land that would otherwise remain almost barren wastes. In the Presidency of Madras nearly all the great rivers have been intersected by weirs, which retain for irrigation the flood of fructifying waters that would else flow out to the sea. The increased production is reckoned by millions of pounds in value. These works were constructed at a great outlay, and are justly regarded as triumphs of engineering skill and wise statesmanship.—[*Co. Gent*.]