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THE BURDELL MURDER CASE.

Abstract of the Evidence taken before the Coroner.

Farrell's Evidence, continued.

Witness saw the head, shoulders, and part of the left hand of the man. The cry of murder was loud enough to be heard up at the corner of the block. Witness is a ladies' shoemaker.

Q. When did you first make this intelligence known?—these facts known?—A. The first time I knew of the murder was a week after it had been committed.

Q. How did you learn it?—A. I learned it first from reading the papers. I saw there that a murder had been committed in Bond street; it did not strike me that it was here, but after thinking a few moments I thought it might be so—that this house might have some connection with it; this was on Tuesday or Wednesday of last week; on Thursday I got thinking about it so much that I concluded to come and see whether the house where I was sitting was No. 18 or No. 81, for when the door was opened by the man I looked up, and as I rose from the stoop there was a sort of glimmering light thrown on the numbers, and I was certain that it was either No. 18 or No. 81. I came again on Thursday night last, and when I arrived at No. 18 I was certain that that was not the house at which I had sat down, from the distance at which it is from the Bowery, and I came up here and recognized the house directly as soon as I came to the stoop; I saw then, directly, that this was the house where I had sat down; the house I sat down at after I left here, on the Friday of the murder. I do not recollect, as I remained there but a very short time.

A Juror.—Where did you first relate this story?—A. I cannot tell the time exactly; I mentioned it about Tuesday or Wednesday of last week; I mentioned it to a man who keeps the porter-house, Thomas Farrell, No. 81, Market street; I said at the time, "I see there is an excitement about the murder that has been committed in Bond street; I think," said I, "I am not sure that I know the place, and I will take a walk that way;" I came, and it struck me after that walk that this must be the place.

Q. Was this in the night or day time?—A. It was in the day time.

Q. What time?—A. I cannot say.

Q. Was it in the morning?—A. I cannot say.

Q. Where was it?—A. I cannot say.

A Juror.—Was you sober?—A. I was; I had been in the house off and on all day.

Witness says that he mentioned the circumstance to two persons only, viz., Thomas Farrell and James O'Reilly, up to the night before giving his evidence. (He was examined 10th February.) He did not mention the circumstance to his family on his return home nor next morning.

The witness went into a room where Mr. Eckel was with several other persons. Eckel "appeared nervous and frightened"—"he appeared surprised at so many visitors presenting themselves."

Farrell soon picked out the frightened man. "A space was cleared, and the witness, bending almost to his knees, attentively regarded Eckel." Of course Eckel's alarm was increased by this; he trembled and became pale. Farrell told the audience that Eckel was the man who came to the door in his shirt sleeves. Eckel's

portrait had been published, and moreover, all eyes were directed to him when Farrell went to identify him, and he alone was in the dark about the object of the visit.

Witness, after this identification, was further examined:

Q. Did the man you saw that night make an impression on you so as to enable you to identify him?—A. He did make an impression on me; his manner and face would make me remember him twenty years from now; the circumstances under which I saw him made a deep impression on my mind that I would not easily forget.

Witness said he had frequently drank thirty glasses of assorted liquors without being half as drunk as other men that drank fifteen.

(The witness was not asked to explain the discrepancies in his evidence respecting the time when he came to look at the house; nor was he asked why he kept the story a secret after he had visited the house on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday night, whichever it was. If we are to believe him, he did not tell anybody but Thomas Farrell and O'Reilly—not even his own wife about it—until the day before he gave his evidence, i. e., not until Monday, February 9th. Is such a story credible?)

Evidence of Miss Isabella Benford.

Miss Isabella Benford.—A lady and gentleman came into her store on Friday 30th January to buy a sword cane. The lady looked at one and said it would not suit. The lady looked somewhat different from Mrs. Cunningham, but something like her. She went to see Eckel and Snodgrass, but could not identify either of them as the gentleman.

Evidence of J. M. Perkins.

J. M. Perkins lives at 32 Bond street.

Q. Have you any recollection, Mr. Perkins, of any occurrence on Friday night which so attracted your attention as to lead you to remember it?—A. Yes, sir; I will tell it as plain as I can. I went to bed very early, I suppose about nine, perhaps a little before; I could not get asleep, laid awake a little while, and finally got into a drowse; the time I cannot tell, but it must be about midnight; I was startled by a loud noise; it startled me so I got up and sat up in bed; I did not know what to make of it till I listened a moment and heard it again; it was in the middle of the street, sir; I should think; I could hear footsteps in the snow; it was a choking gurgling, struggling noise—as distressing a noise as ever I heard; I laid down again, perhaps I lay half an hour, and tried to get asleep, but could not, as it affected me so; I got up and went to the window and looked out, perhaps I looked five minutes; I saw nothing whatever.

Q. Did you mean to say it was in the street, or that you thought so?—A. I think it was in the street.

Coroner.—I was informed that he heard the cry of murder.

Witness.—No, I did not hear anything, except this struggling cry.

Judge Capron.—Well, from your going to the window, and seeing nothing, what is your judgment now in relation to its being in the street?—A. My judgment is, that it was certainly in the street, but from the street it went over to the sidewalk.

Q. Was it dark?—A. It was light enough, so I could see as well as if it had been day.

Judge Capron.—This is hardly worth noticing.

Coroner.—Very well, then, I'll expunge it.

EVIDENCE TAKEN FEBRUARY 11.

Evidence of George Douglass.

George Douglass is an acquaintance of Mr. Eckel. Witness is asked what Eckel used to say about the Cunningham family, and answers that Eckel only said that it was a very quiet, plain family. Eckel went to live at Mrs. Cunningham's about three months ago.

Evidence of Dr. George F. Woodward.

Dr. George F. Woodward had examined the body with other physicians. Witness read a description of the wounds.

"They might have been made by one instrument."

Q. Do I understand you to be of opinion from your examination of that body and those wounds, that there is nothing indicating that he was choked at the time of this conflict?—A. There is nothing indicating it; at the same time he might have been held.

Q. I mean held about the neck?—A. There is nothing indicating

that as I am aware of; Dr. Knight can speak more particularly as to that.

Q. Supposing there had been a ligature put about his neck; supposing that some strong arm had compressed it for a time, until he was dead, if you please, or nearly so, would marks remain on his neck after his death and continue so?—A. I think if a ligature had been put round his neck it would have caused some marks.

Q. If strongly compressed with fingers?—A. I could not say as to that with certainty.

Q. You cannot say whether there was strength enough in the fingers to leave an impression?—A. I cannot say; it depends upon the amount of pressure.

Q. Was there pressure enough to prevent any hallooing, or giving an alarm?—A. There might have been enough to do that; it is impossible to say whether it would leave any marks.

Evidence of Mr. De Witt Baldwin.

Mr. De Witt Baldwin.—Witness came out of the house 16 Bond street, at a quarter or half-past eleven o'clock, on the night of the murder, and observed a smell as of the burning of woollen stuff, or something of that kind. The atmosphere was heavy and muggy. Witness going towards Broadway, passed Dr. Burdell's house. The wind was "in an easterly direction; blowing from the Bowery."

The Herald of February 12, has a statement that its reporter was told, by Mr. Strangman, that Farrell might have been sitting on the steps without his, Strangman's, seeing him.

The same paper of February 13, states that its Reporter went to Mr. Ross, and reports the following conversation.

Reporter.—Mr. Ross, have you seen Farrell's evidence in the papers yet?

Mr. Ross.—Yes; I saw it yesterday.

Reporter.—Well, what do you think of it?

Mr. Ross.—It's not true.

Reporter.—You are certain he was not sitting on the stoop as you passed.

Mr. Ross.—I am certain he was not.

EVIDENCE TAKEN FEBRUARY 12.

Evidence of Dr. William Knight.

Dr. William Knight concurred with Dr. Woodward. Upon examining the stomach of the deceased, witness concluded that he had dined an hour and a half, or two hours previous to his death.

Evidence of Dr. Stephen Main.

Mr. Capron.—We wish a little explanation from you in reference to the blood found on the front door by the policeman. What time did you come into this house on that Saturday morning?—A. About half-past eight or a quarter before nine o'clock.

Q. When did you discover the blood on the front door?—A. It was after I had gone for a policeman, and had turned back expecting the arrival of the Coroner; we looked for traces of blood wherever we could find them; we found spots of blood upon the hall wall, and followed them to the front door, where we also found a spot of blood.

Q. You entered the house before the policeman?—A. I did.

Q. Could that policeman have put the blood on the door himself?—A. No, he could not; I was there before the policeman, and so he could not have put it there, accidentally or otherwise; I might as well say here, that the policeman had not been up stairs to the body when we discovered the blood on the front door.

Q. You are sure he had not seen the body previous to finding the spot of blood?—A. I am; even if he had it would not make any difference whatever, for when I saw the body and turned it over on the floor, the blood on the clothing of the deceased was so dry that it did not stain my hands in the least.

Q. How high was the spot of blood on the front door from the back?—A. About ten inches from the upper lock.

Q. How many feet above the floor?—A. From four feet to four feet six inches.

Q. Have you examined the door since that time?—A. Yes.

Q. Do you know whether that spot of blood is on it now?—A. It was taken off last Sunday by one of the medical gentlemen in attendance here; the spots of blood on the hall wall remain as I found them.

Mr. Murvine's register of marriages was put in evidence. Dr. Burdell's age is stated as 44, Mrs. Cunningham's 35; the residence 31 Bond street; the witness's names Augusta Cunningham, and Margaret the servant of Mr. Murvine.

Evidence of Dr. Doremus.

Dr. Doremus read a report on the microscopical chemical analysis of the blood on the walls, carpets, clothes, &c.

The report shows that neither the dagger nor the knife could have been used by the murderer; also that the stains on the towel, nightgown, marked shirt, blue and white dress, sheet, and also the spots on the matting in the closet where the above mentioned stained clothes were found could not have been the blood of the deceased. The same remark applies to the stains on the outside door-knob of the unoccupied room on the same floor, and on the stair-rod from the flights leading from the second story to the attic.

They examined a blue silk dress which was stained, also stains on a small book found in the parlor, also on a newspaper, (the Herald of January 31,) also the stains on the butcher's knife brought from Mr. Eckel's place in Stanton street, with the same result. They examined the garments of Mr. Eckel and the ladies, including boots and shoes, but no blood stains were found.

Sundry half burned scraps of paper, and a small piece of coarse cloth, from the grate of the unoccupied room, were inspected with care, but no spots of blood were discovered. The siftings of the ashes from the cellar, comprising parts of pamphlets, letters, bits of paper, fragments of carpet, rags, &c., were examined, but furnished nothing requiring further investigation.

Spots were found on the outside of the door of the room where the body of the deceased was discovered—one near the knob and another on the strip between the panels; also a dense streak on the outside of the casing of said door, on the left hand going out, commencing nearly two feet above the floor, also spots on the first and second panels of the painted wall; on descending the short flight of stairs, another spot on the second panel from the window below the platform; also a smear on the same and on the third panel, about four feet above the steps. Again, a stain on the inside edge of the inner hall door; another on the outer margin of the front door, and a corresponding spot upon the moulding opposite to the edge of the door; another spot on the wall near the base of the fast "style" behind the back parlor door; a large spot on the oil-cloth about two feet from the end of the banisters of the basement stairs, on the left side; descending said stairs, about two feet above the fifth step from the last, a streak, as though wiped upwards; and lastly, a streak two inches long on the frame of the door of said stairs, near the hinges, about three feet from the bottom. These were each examined chemically, and found to be blood stains. Each were also repeatedly inspected with the microscope, and discovered to contain blood discs without epithelial scales.

CONCLUSIONS.

From the chemical analyses, and from the microscopical examinations, we infer that the stains on the dagger were of iron rust. The blood stains on the towel, nightgown, marked shirt, blue and white dress, sheet, also on the matting of the attic closet, where these articles were found, on the door-knob of the unoccupied room in the attic, and on the stair-rod leading from the second story to the attic, all contain the nucleated epithelial scales, many of them in abundance, from which we infer that all the above specimens were menstrual blood. The marks on the blue silk dress and on the small book from the parlor, were not blood. The blood stains upon the newspaper found around the books in Eckel's secretary and on the butcher knife from Stanton street, by repeated comparisons with those on the clothing of deceased, render it probable that they were not stains of his blood. The stains on the door of the room where the deceased was found, on the walls leading down stairs, on the front doors, also on the wall near the back parlor door, on the oil-cloth at the head of the basement stairs, and on the door at the foot of the same, were probably pure blood.

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D.,

Professor of Chemistry in the New York Medical College,

JOSEPH W. S. GORTLEY, M.D.,

Lecturer on Microscopic Anatomy,

T. CHILDS, M.D.,

Professor of Anatomy in the New York Medical College.

WM. H. VAN BUREN, M.D.,

Professor of Anatomy of the University of New York.

Evidence of Dr. James R. Wood.

Dr. James R. Wood was examined as to the wounds, the order in which they were given, &c. He stated, amongst other things, that there were slight marks which would induce him to think that there had been violence committed about the throat. He thought the deceased had struggled a good deal, because upon examining his boots the blood was all around them. Witness inclined to the opinion that the deceased was sitting in his chair when he was first struck. He was of opinion that one person could have inflicted the wounds. He thought it probable that something like a sword cut was used, but would not be willing to say that that was the case, for he had heard a great many speculations by surgeons as to those wounds.

(Doctors Van Buren, Childs and Uhl considered Dr. Wood's theory a reasonable one.)

Evidence of Dr. J. P. Garrison.

Dr. J. P. Garrison examined the dagger produced, and considered that it would make similar wounds to those found in the body.

EVIDENCE TAKEN FEBRUARY 13.

Mr. Snodgrass—re-examined.

Is asked whether he had recently bought a dagger or dirk, and answers, No.

Evidence of Mrs. Alcott.

Mrs. Margaret Alcott—re-examined.

Q. About two weeks ago did a young man, whom you have since recognized as Snodgrass, call at your store in Broadway to purchase a dagger?—A. I saw that young man about two or three days before the doctor was killed, and sold him a dirk knife with a four cornered blade.

Q. This was the Wednesday or Thursday before the murder, and it was two or three days before that?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did he not try one of them, and object to it because it was not strong enough?—A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did he not eventually select an old one, for which he paid eight dollars?—A. He paid eight dollars for one; yes, sir.

Evidence of John Gilmartin.

John Gilmartin.—Hannah the cook did his washing. Witness knew Dr. Burdell and the Doctor knew him.

Witness came to the house on the Sunday morning after the murder, and found a crowd.

If Mrs. Cunningham wanted witness to go any where she used to send Hannah for him—he did not go through the upper part of the house much.

After some unimportant questions and answers, Mr. Capron said:

I am quite satisfied from the examination of this man that you might continue it all day to no purpose. If you (to Coroner) think there is anything he knows you can proceed.

Coroner.—Were you out of the city since the murder?—A. Yes, sir, I was; I went to see a man at Farmingdale, and I tried to get back that day, but could not; that was last week.

Q. Have you been at Newark?—A. Not lately; not since the murder; I was at Morristown, and tried to get back the same day, but could not.

Evidence of Mrs. Smith.

Witness is employed at Mrs. Alviset's. Did not remember the young man who bought the dagger. Recollected the sale—it was between four and six o'clock. It was the week previous to the murder, about Wednesday. "We have sold during the last three weeks upwards of two dozen, I suppose."

Witness thought the young man looked like Snodgrass, but would not undertake to identify him.

(If she had seen the printed portrait of Snodgrass, she would be likely, on seeing that young man, to recollect something about his face, and then to confound him with the person who bought the dagger.)

The Coroner read the following despatch:

MARYLAND PENITENTIARY,
BALTIMORE, February 14, 1857.

Edward D. Conery, 106 Henry street.—We have John D. Nevins, alias Cadwallader Evans, in custody, and expect to hold him for three and a half years yet. He says he knows Doctor Burdell, and claims to have cowhided him once.

BABILLIA MARRIOTT, Clerk to the Warden.

Coroner.—That, gentlemen, settles the question of Mr. Evans.

(Perhaps so—the despatch was a long while coming—there was plenty of time to get further particulars.)

Evidence of Mrs. Adeline Louisa Burdell.

Mrs. Burdell, wife of the deceased's brother, thinks she saw the deceased last on the Wednesday evening previous to his death; did not know where he was after five o'clock on Friday preceding his death.

Q. Do you know whether your husband has any knowledge?—A. He has not.

Q. Who over in Brooklyn was he in the habit of going to visit, or any acquaintance with anybody there whose house he used to frequent?—A. I don't know of any one except a Mrs. Williams, a cousin of his.

Witness had heard that the Doctor would have been up at her house on the Friday evening, but that he wanted to retire early: "He was coming up on Saturday evening to go out with us." Had heard that the relations between Doctor Burdell and Mrs. Cunningham were not friendly. For the last year had not heard the Doctor speak of her at all.

The Coroner asked whether there was anybody in the crowd who knew anything concerning Doctor Burdell or his family relations with the Cunningham's. There being no response, he charged the Jury.

THE CORONER'S CHARGE TO THE JURY.

The Coroner observed that the press had intimated "that the Inquest would prove abortive owing to his incompetency to conduct the investigation." He admitted that he had thought it right to proceed on the assumption that the theory adopted in the first instance was the true one, for there had been no evidence in the contrary direction.

"I had parties engaged, night and day, searching for evidence where and with whom Dr. Burdell was during the whole of the Friday evening of the murder, and also to ascertain if any person was seen to enter the house during any period of that evening, who might have been concealed therein when the Doctor entered, or who entered after him. The inquiries on this head were fruitless; and in the absence of any evidence supporting any contrary theory, I did think it right to follow out the theory with which I first became impressed, and was determined to pursue it until it was established by evidence, or shown to be erroneous."

He stated his opinion to be that the murder was committed before eleven o'clock. As to the marriage he thought that Dr. Burdell would not have allowed his wife to sleep in a room adjoining Mr. Eckel's, and that

Mrs. Cunningham would not have talked as she did to her lawyer Mr. Thayer, if she had been married. Assuming that Mrs. Cunningham had married Eckel, he personating Dr. Burdell, a strong motive is shown in both of them for putting Dr. Burdell out of the way. He dwelt upon the evidence of Farrell as being "of vast importance," and stated his conviction that Farrell "was the witness of the truth;" "of his veracity I had no doubt."

(This is pretty strong considering that Mr. Marvine had, after seeing Eckel, stated positively that he was not the man married to Mrs. Cunningham. And Farrell's evidence is not only preposterous on its very face, but is also incompatible with the testimony of seven persons who had been examined.)

He suggested that it was not within the range of probability that the cry of murder did not reach the ears of those in the room above.

(This opinion is in opposition to the evidence of Dr. Roberts.)

If Snodgrass heard the cry and had reason to know that a murder was being perpetrated, he would be answerable as an accessory. (The jury adopted this idea.)

The Coroner concluded that no person from without had committed the murder, that Farrell's evidence accounted for the blood on the hall-door, and that Eckel had destroyed the garments he wore "spotted and besmeared and in all probability saturated and baptised as by immersion in the blood of his victim."

(The Coroner did not condescend to go into particulars, did not endeavor to account for the traces of blood to the basement front-door, nor to account for the entire absence of traces of blood anywhere except between the Doctor's room and the two exits to the street. This charge is, in fact, a mass of nonsense.)

After the conclusion of the charge the Coroner said:

I wish to announce to you, gentlemen—particularly of the press—that the gentleman has arrived here who will testify to the jury that he saw the witness "Farrell" sitting on the steps on the night of the murder.

Captain Dilks.—His name is "D. C. Walter, 91 Horatio street."

The witness was conducted up stairs to the jury, and sworn and examined by them; but no reporters were admitted.

Judge Capron some time afterwards came to the reporters' table and said:—"The witness says that he saw the man sit on the door stoop, doing something with his shoe in his hand, and he thought it singular; he did not say which direction he was coming in; he saw the door open and the man at the door in his shirt-sleeves."

(But according to this statement it is to be presumed that Mr. Walter did not hear the cry of murder. It is quite likely that Farrell was sitting on a door step in Bond street that night, and that he was ordered off by a man in his shirt sleeves. But the rest of the story is related too late, is told with too many contradictions, and is opposed moreover to an overwhelming mass of evidence, direct and circumstantial.)

After the jury had retired, Dr. Woodward examined a dagger like the one said to have been sold to Snodgrass, being the one remaining in the shop unsold—he was of opinion that such a weapon might have been used by the murderer.

(This amounts to nothing, for similar evidence had been given about the butcher knife, and the small knife used for cutting corrus.)

The jury found a verdict against Mr. Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham as the murderers, and against Snodgrass as an accessory, and the verdict asserts that the daughters of Mrs. Cunningham "have some knowledge of the facts connected with the said murder, which they have concealed from the jury."

The Indictment.

The Grand Jury did not find a bill against Snodgrass, nor against the Miss Cunninghams, but found a true bill against Mr. Eckel and Mrs. Burdell, calling her E. A. Cunningham.

Opinion of Doctor Francis that the Assassin was one who had been educated as a Physician.

[From the New York Herald.]

Dr. John W. Francis was examined before the Grand Jury on Wednesday, and his testimony went to show that the first stab inflicted on the body of Dr. Burdell must have been given by a person thoroughly conversant with the anatomy of the human frame, and who knew where to strike to inflict the most injury. He thought it must have been the work of a man educated as a physician, or at least of one whose knowledge of the vital parts was quite an acquirement. This is somewhat in conflict with the generally received impression that the murder was committed by a female.

Among the witnesses before the Jury was a private watchman, who testified that he shook hands with Dr. Burdell at half-past ten o'clock on the night of the murder, at the corner of Broadway and Bond street.

[From the New York Herald, February 5.]

SCENE AROUND THE COFFIN.

Mrs. Cunningham on her knees by the side of the Corpse.

When Mrs. Cunningham was informed yesterday that the body of the murdered man was to be interred, she made an earnest request to the Coroner to be permitted to pay the tribute of her love to the mortal remains of the man whose she asserts to be her husband, ere the coffin was consigned to its dark chamber. The request could not be well refused, and at half-past eleven A. M. she was escorted to the room of death by Captain Dilks, followed by her family.

Having descended the staircase halfway, she burst into a fit of tears; sobbing heavily, she at length entered the dread apartment. The Captain could not support the scene which he knew must ensue, and therefore remained outside, but the lady and her family were accompanied by officers Smith, Davis and Williams, and from one of those gentlemen we have obtained the following particulars:

Mrs. Cunningham entered the room first, and walked straight to the coffin. Standing motionless by it for a few seconds, she remarked, "That's not his shirt, he never wore one like it." Then the full tide of agony and despair seemed to roll over her—the two daughters and little boys were sobbing bitterly—the mother sank upon her knees, and throwing herself upon the open coffin, she exclaimed, "Oh! I wish to God you could speak, and tell who done it."

The officer described the scene to us as being exceedingly affecting. On one side was the younger daughter, Helen, supporting her mother, and beseeching her, "Dear mother, don't cry so." Augusta, the eldest of the family, held her on the other side, whilst the two little boys nestled together near the group, sending up a doleful cry of sorrow, the mother mingling her sighs with "Oh, dear Doctor!" and such like exclamations.

Finally, the time came for the corpse to be removed, and the tearful group ascended to their own apartments. Mrs. Cunningham was so affected by the appalling sight, that medical assistance had to be called in. She was put to bed, and Dr. Uhr waited upon her.

We are happy to hear that her symptoms are not likely to prove serious.

Doctor Lewis Burdell, the Lunatic Brother of the Murdered Man, found to be at large and in the City.

The Herald report of the funeral contains the following:

There were many persons of the dental profession present, and quite a number of the relatives of the deceased; among them was Lewis Burdell and his wife. This is the Lewis Burdell who was stated to be in the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. That statement is incorrect. Lewis has never been placed in a Lunatic Asylum, but is kindly taken care of by his wife. The cause of his lunacy is stated, by those who know him well, to have been an accident at sea, which brought on paralysis, and from that lunacy.

REMARKS.

A great variety of reports have been circulated most of which were quickly found to be false. One of the most striking of these was that

Dr. Parmy, a dentist, residing in No. 80 Bond street, went out on the evening of the Burdell murder, and on smelling something like wood burning returned to see if it was anything in his house; that his dog would not follow him, but obstinately persisted in sniffing and smelling at the door of No. 81 Bond street, from whence he had to take him by force and in his arms; that he (Dr. Parmy) saw in Mrs. Cunningham's room a light, strange and peculiar from its fluttering and flickering character, now being brilliant, as if something were thrown on to burn, and then dark or nearly dark, as if the fire had been extinguished.

The following are the facts of the case:

In the early part of the evening, before ten o'clock, Dr. Parmy went out to take a walk. On reaching the street he smelled something like wooden clothes burning. He re-entered his house, examined the carpets in the basement, but finding nothing on fire went out and took his walk.

Extracts from "A Sketch of the Life and Character of Dr. Harvey Burdell."

[From the New York Herald, February 4.]

Harvey Burdell, after being in his brother's office a short time, opened an office for himself in the house of his brother, and the next door to his office. They kept their offices there a number of years, doing a fair business. Harvey living all of or most of the time with his brother. Harvey Burdell was a man of strong feelings and passions, he frequently quarrelled with his brother; was very particular in his transactions, and economical in his dress and habits. With these traits strongly marked, he began to manifest a very suspicious and jealous character. At last he had a quarrel with his brother, during which they had a severe fight, John alleging that Harvey was too intimate with his wife. On account of this quarrel, Harvey Burdell moved his office to the corner of Duane street and Broadway. Previous to this there was a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. John Burdell, the latter applying to the proper authorities for a divorce.

Harvey took an active part in this quarrel in favor of Mrs. John Burdell, and against his brother. He used all his efforts to favor the divorce, obtaining counsel for Mrs. Burdell, and perhaps, supplying her with money. Mrs. Burdell succeeded in obtaining a partial divorce from her husband; they were separated, alimony was given to her, but she was not permitted to marry again. While Harvey Burdell was pursuing this course in relation to Mrs. John Burdell, he succeeded in getting his brother to make over all his property to him by a mortgage, at the same time returning no equivalent for it, and representing to his brother John that property would be safe in Harvey's hands; that thereby Mrs. Burdell, who had a suit against him and another party who had an attachment against him would be prevented from getting his (John's) property. After remaining a few months at the corner of Duane street and

Broadway, Harvey moved up to 862 Broadway, on the corner of Franklin street. John having been divorced from his wife made up with Harvey, and moved up and joined him in business at 862 Broadway.

This arrangement is represented to have been made by Harvey for the purpose of getting John's trade at his office. However this may be, it is certain that they had not been long together before they quarrelled; even before that Harvey would not allow John to put his sign up upon the office in which they were both associated in doing business, so John put up his "shingle" on a carriage shed which stood right by the side of the office. John Burdell then attempted to get from Harvey the mortgage of his (John's) property which he had made over to him for safe-keeping, but Harvey refused to give it up, or to give any equivalent or return for it.

This occasioned another quarrel between them. Harvey succeeded in getting some of his things away from his brother John, and also receiving means from his brother William, went up to Union place, at the corner of Fourteenth street and Union square, and opened an office there, which he occupied, doing a good business, until his death in 1856. During his last illness, and just before his death, Harvey Burdell got out an attachment against him, by means of the mortgages which he held, and with it and a sheriff went into John's room, and took possession of everything he had, even the furniture of his death chamber, to the very feather bed from under his brother, leaving him to die on a sofa. Harvey Burdell frequently told of this deed among his acquaintances. The night before John died Harvey wrote a very peculiar will, which John signed; this will made Harvey the sole executor of his brother's estate, and specified that the property was to go to pay for debts. After his brother's death, Harvey wrote to Mrs. John Burdell, then at the South, informing her of her husband's decease, and requesting her to come to New York. She did so, but has never received a cent of money from the estate of her deceased husband.

William Burdell, who is living in Cleveland, Ohio, held a mortgage of John's property, in consideration of the money advanced by the former to the latter, to enable the latter to open an office in Union place; so when William Burdell heard that Harvey had taken possession of John's property, he commenced a suit against him. The two were in law about John's property till two years since. When Dr. Harvey Burdell had been seven years at 862 Broadway, he purchased and moved into the house No. 81 Bond street; he located himself there in May, 1855. The testimony of the dentists who had connection with him, and persons who knew Harvey Burdell, is, that he was a mercenary, selfish man, with strong passions; he was easily excited, but was not a man who would be likely to attack another; he would cool down if a person spoke sharply with him. He quarrelled with every body with whom he came in contact; he quarrelled with his partners, he quarrelled with all his relatives, and had law suits with most of them. He has been a very licentious man, and had a great many difficulties in consequence of it; his name is found on the books at the Tombs, in the law courts, and he has been known to the head of the police for many years. While living in Chambers street he was sued by a disreputable woman for nonpayment of money alleged to be due to her.

The Newspaper Reporters visit the Prisoners.

A reporter for the Herald visited the prisoners in the Tombs on February 13th, and writes:

Mr. Eckel's appearance, when our reporter was first introduced, was quite prepossessing. His bearing was easy and gentlemanly, his tone of voice was quite pleasing, his blue eyes had a peculiarly mild and amiable expression, and his manner generally was that of an affable gentleman. Being informed of the character of the visit, he evinced no hesitancy in conversing, and spoke freely of the circumstances in which he was placed.

He expressed the firmest conviction that his position was but temporary, and that as soon as an investigation could be made before a more august legal tribunal he would be free. With regard to public opinion, he acquiesced in the view that the feeling which had arisen against him was the result of a feverish state of the public mind, which called for some victim as a solution of the apparent insoluble mystery.

He did not speak very strongly about the Coroner's course of conduct, but expressed his willingness to leave that to the decision of the public. He says that he was perfectly willing to answer any questions that might be put to him by the Coroner, but by advice of his counsel he declined on the second examination. He believes that he could have answered satisfactorily any questions which might be put to him, but thought that the Coroner seemed very anxious that he (Eckel) should "cut his own throat." So far as regards the testimony of Farrell, he almost smiles when he speaks of it. As to the recognition, it would not have been difficult for any innocent man to appear excited when placed in his position, especially if of a nervous temperament like himself. He suggested, though by no means with vehemence, that the Coroner's whole course had been to try and fix the murder upon himself and Mrs. Cunningham, failing to try and account for the whereabouts of Dr. Burdell, certainly, between the hours of five and eleven.

Though not particularly communicative, Mr. Eckel's demeanor throughout the interview was quite calm and free. He very confidently reiterated his conviction that no proof of consequence had yet been offered against him. He was perfectly satisfied with the gentlemanly treatment of the officers of the prison, and upon parting bade our reporter to call again.

Appearance of Mrs. Cunningham.

Our reporter found Mrs. Cunningham engaged in conversation with her daughter Helen, who is confined in an ordinary cell, though apart from the other prisoners. Upon the first introduction she received our reporter with considerable hostility, and much in the manner in which a well bred lady would repulse an intruder. Gradually, however, as she became interested in conversation, she lost her reserve, and spoke with much freedom, feeling and fluency.

Reporter.—There are many persons in the community who think that you have been persecuted in this matter.

NEW YORK CITY.

[From the New York Herald, March 7.]

New York Imbedded in Filth. Horrible Condition of the Streets.

We know of no time when the streets of New York were in a worse condition than they are at present, and when the heads of those departments whose particular duty it is to attend to them were so negligent, or so utterly indifferent in regard to their business. With the exception of a very few thoroughfares, all the streets are one mass of reeking, disgusting filth, which in some places is piled to such a height as to render them almost impassable by vehicles. Only those who live in those localities can have a true idea of their condition, and they form at least nine-tenths of our population. The dirt, like an epidemic, prevails all over—in the principal thoroughfares, in the bye-streets, the alley-ways, the lanes, in a word, from the most northern limits of the city down to the Battery, and from the East to the North river. No attempt has been made by the Street Commissioner or the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps to have them cleaned, nor has any report been made by either of those officers to the Common Council in regard to the subject. In the absence of official information, the following details, collected by our reporter during a tour of the city, will be read with peculiar interest by our tax-paying population.

Any street, which is within a few feet of our office, is literally choked up with filth, which in some places rises to the height of one or two feet above the sidewalks. Engine Company No. 38, and Hose Company No. 20, made an onslaught on the mountains of ice, snow, ashes and garbage which rises in front of their houses, and which has proved a great obstruction in the way of their engines and hose-carts; but their labors have proved useless, as there are no carts to remove the accumulated dirt. In fact their experience is the experience of nearly all the firemen in the city, and the only wonder is that that body have not long since presented a petition to the Common Council on the matter. Stepping from Ann into Fulton street, you find that thoroughfare as much in need of the labor of the scavenger; but it may be regarded as cleanliness itself compared with Centre street. Here the dirt hills rise to the height of three or four feet; and as no ash-carts have visited this neighborhood for several weeks past, and will not probably for some weeks to come, the prospect of the poor residents is most deplorable. The ash-carts which have been placed opposite to the tenement houses in this and the adjacent streets, have been filled and emptied three without number, until the people, becoming completely discouraged, have filled them up for the last time, and then, when they could hold no more, have thrown the dirt down beside them, the consequence of which is, that in some instances the houses are completely imbedded in filth of every description, while and a few disappeared long ago beneath the dirt mountains. The Five Points and all the streets leading to that locality present the same appearance, and the odor which arises from the decaying vegetable matter and other putrid substances is intolerable in any other except a denizen of that neighborhood, and must be exceedingly injurious to the health of the people living in it. To add to the nuisance, the gutters and drains are filled up, and the sewers are out of order, so that it is impossible for the people to do anything towards the removal of the liquid portion of the filth. At Mont, Mulberry, Elizabeth, and other streets running parallel with the Bowery, the same story may be told. But the east side of the city, which is included within a few paces up to the Bowery as high as the northernmost limit of the city, and down as far as the end of Broad street, takes the lead, and is justly entitled to pre-eminence. Cherry street, Water street, Front street, South street, and all the bye streets, lanes and alleys, are overflowing with garbage, ash and dirt of the most offensive character, all of which, blended together, make a compound, the smell and sight of which produces the most sickening sensation and nausea.

The west side of the city is hardly less offensive and disgusting. Greenwich and Washington streets, through out their entire length, are filled with the accumulated filth of weeks, and although in some parts the residents have endeavored to remove it, their labor has been expended in vain, for the simple reason that the scavenger seldom or never visits them. The description which we have given of the lower part of the city applies, through

in a somewhat modified manner, to the upper districts. In many of the streets the pavements have not been seen since the great snow storm, and your eyes are greeted on every side with miniature mountains of dirt in all its variety.

The Commissioner of Streets and Lamps is of course conversant with all these particulars, but he says, in his defense, that the Comptroller refuses to pay his bills, and that he is utterly powerless in consequence. Mr. Flagg, it appears, has notified him that he will not disburse any money for this purpose unless the work is performed by contract, and not even then until an appropriation has been made for the purpose. Meanwhile, between Comptroller Flagg and Commissioner Billing, the condition of the city is becoming worse every day, and business of all kinds is suffering therefrom.

[From the New York Herald, March 9.]

Still Another Mysterious Disappearance.

The number of persons who are missing is becoming alarmingly large. It is almost incredible that every month, for some time past, a man should suddenly disappear from out of this populous city, and notwithstanding the efforts of the police, the hope of reward and the strenuous exertions of friends, he is never heard of more. A case of disappearance has recently come to our notice that deserves especial mention. The case referred to is that of Mr. Charles E. King, who, at the time of his disappearance, was acting in the capacity of bookkeeper for Messrs. Pettibone & Platt, 225 Pearl street. It was Mr. King's intention, when he left the counting-room on the morning of November 1st, to visit his relatives and friends in Waterford, and return on the following Wednesday; but he never arrived, nor has any clue to his whereabouts or his fate since been obtained, notwithstanding the most diligent efforts have been instituted. Mr. King wore a gold watch, and properly had eighty or ninety dollars with him on the morning of his disappearance. He also took with him from his room a black oilcloth sack, containing a few articles of under clothing. As he never reached home, and as his accounts are all square, it is feared that he has been robbed and murdered—although his familiarity with city life was such as to render it improbable that he could have been deceived into any sort of this way place for that purpose. Mr. King, some ten or twelve years ago, was intimately connected with the Cincinnati Lottery, and more recently with the Albany Steam Navigation. He was of sound mind, temperate habits, and respectable appearance. His most characteristic features were black eyes of peculiarly sparkling lustre, large eyebrows, and large Roman nose. He had one light finger, and he wore heavy whiskers and mustache. He was about thirty years of age.

Boarding-Houses in New York.

A Merchant Choked by a Lethargic Widow. Twenty Dollars for Thirty Pounds Impounded.

[From the New York Tribune, February 21.]

A few evenings ago a remarkable episode extraordinary came off at one of the so-called fashionable boarding-houses with which our metropolis is well supplied, and although great attempt has been made to keep the matter a secret, still, as will appear by the sequel, it has leaked out and got "long the gutter."

The boarding-house in question is in one of the leading thoroughfares, and is occupied by fifty or sixty persons—merchants, rich shop wives and children, several charitable widows, and a goodly number of clerks. At these households we hold supreme reign throughout the household, while the other women (boarders) have been the order of the day while better houses in the daily influx of the something from the circulation of scandalous reports by various parties, and the gossiping qualities of the ladies (their inhumanity except, by the way.) These little difficulties have generally been settled, when, for a time, all would go on.

"Marry us a marriage suit."

Within a few weeks past, however, a charming "Lethargic widow" has been the theme of every tongue, and the object of general attention on the part of the gentlemen in the house, and the criticism of some of the other ladies. She was the center of attraction, and whether at home or promiscuously looked out her attention. The name of her admirer was "Lathum." Though she was the favorite of all, yet all could not be favorites with her, and the slight, that some of the gay Lathums received, remained, as runs the story, that they had in the

meanness of their hearts they circulated, not only in the house but in other quarters, reports derogatory of the lady's character.

These reports for the most part were told to other women, with the modest request that they would not for the world ever mention them. Promises such as these were exacted; but alas for that unfortunate falling of woman, they were broken, and the reports were communicated with addenda, to the charming person herself. The principal party engaged in the getting up and circulation of these scandalous reports, was, it is said, a merchant, a man occupying a fair business position and respectably connected. The lady paid no attention to the reports until one of a more violent nature than the rest was circulated, when she made up her mind to cowhide the individual, and communicated her intention to some of the other boarders whom she counted as her friends. She had set the day and time, at the dinner-table.

The day arrived, but for some reason the dinner was later than usual, an occurrence that caused a more general assemblage of the family. The bell at length sounded, and owing to the lateness of the hour great haste was made by all to the dinner-table. About fifty persons were already seated, and among them the merchant—unsuspecting merchant. In a few moments the injured woman entered. She approached the merchant and demanded before the company a retraction of the scandalous reports he had circulated, and an apology.

Refusing to retract or apologize, she drew from the folds of her dress a strong cowhide, which she applied with a will to his head and shoulders. So severe were the blows that his face was completely marked lengthwise and crosswise with red lines. Some of the ladies screamed and were sorely agitated, and many of the gentlemen remonstrated, but the lady paid no attention, but still dealt her blows vigorously upon the head of the offending merchant. At length one of the gentlemen interfered, wrested the cowhide from her hand. The victim was removed to his room, where he was confined several days in consequence of the mutilation of his physiognomy.

In consequence of the many intrigues and amours among nearly all of the boarders in the house, each and every one seemed appointed a member of the silent committee, and a general feeling prevailed to keep up the matter. In this little affair pretty much all of the fashionable in the establishment were mixed up in some way or other, and the implication of one would lead to implicate all.

It appears that the merchant had been secretly informed of the gay widow's intention, and suggested a police officer into the house, with the chivalrous idea of having her arrested and placed in duress etc. At the outset of this affair the officer was called into the room, but could the conclusion that resigned supreme in the dining-hall, he knew not what to do, and as yet quietly retired, leaving the parties to settle the matter in their pleasure. Then the matter stands at present, but whether or not it will give the records of our Police Courts in the City of New York we cannot say, as the victim has not yet indicated his intentions.

The moral of all this is that the growing light of American in New York is bringing many of them under one roof, in hotels and boarding-houses, should exercise a social philosophy, the fruit of which should be a strict guardianship over the newly member, and a severe observance of one's own affairs without trenching on the rights and immunities of others. The necessities of the hotel system of Paris and other large European capitals, by which for centuries many families have together all their lives under a common roof, have created a theory and practice of good taste and generous sentiment on this head, that may be, and must be imitated in this country if boarding-houses and hotels that are to be kept free from such scandalous and unwholesome outbreaks. In this little drama that we have described there may be total misapprehension on the part of the supposed injured party. The refusal of the gentlemen attacked to apologize may have sprung from a sentiment of conscious innocence, and, as Virgil says, "Rage may burn in heavenly flames," (and Virgil ought to know, for he was a very clever man,) the heroine of the fray may possibly live to learn that she was mistaken, and that the only remedy left for a gentleman, in case of a threatened attack from a lady, is to arm himself with the protection of the law—for how can he strike back?

that the room in which the murder was committed communicated with deceased's bed-room in the front part of the house, one of the windows of which was open about ten inches.

It is further demonstrated that the murderer went to the two exits to the street, the basement front door, and the hall front door, for the blood is traced to each of those doors, and to no other part of the house. His finger-marks are on the wall, showing that he groped his way down in the dark—his coat tail being bloody, caused some smears on the walls, and there was blood upon the outside of the front door. (See page 261, Doctor Roberts' evidence.) Powerful microscopes were used, so that if the murderer had gone to any other part of the house he must have been traced.

There is, moreover, a piece of testimony which shows clearly that the murder was committed by a man who was seen to enter the house just before the cry of murder was heard. A gentleman named Ross, saw this man enter, and when he, Ross, had gone "one and a-half houses or two further on he heard a cry of murder—just short in that way, and nothing more." The man thus seen to enter could not have been the Doctor, for Doctor Main says, (see page 246.) "His overshoes were taken off and laid down by the fire-place; his shawl, which I saw him wear the night before, also laid there; his cap was lying upon his shawl folded up, and laying near the fire-place." The man whom Ross saw enter the house could not have had time enough to go up stairs, light the gas, take off his shawl and overshoes, put the latter by the fire-place, and fold up his shawl.

If Mr. Ross' evidence be true—and there is no reason to doubt it—the man whom he saw enter the house rushed up to the Doctor's room and stabbed him at once. That the assassin did not wait to shut the door, is pretty evident, for blood was found spattered outside the door. (Evidence of Doctor Main, page 246.) It is most likely that the Doctor was sitting in his chair before the table when the assassin entered, and that the Doctor, after being stabbed, rushed to the door.

According to the medical testimony, the assassin appears to have been one who understood the human system well enough to know where to aim the blows that were first given. There were fifteen wounds, most of which were probably given as the murdered man lay on the floor and after he had been stabbed to the heart. This fact, as well as the amazing audacity of the deed, would seem to indicate that the assassin was a lunatic.

The Coroner does not seem to have taken any pains to ascertain who was the man who was seen to enter the house the moment before the cry of murder was heard. It was evidently some one who had a key to the front door. There was a burglar-proof lock on that door and some of the keys were missing. Here there were most important clues to the murderer—the man to be sought for was one who had possessed himself of a key—one who understood the structure of the human frame—one who might have revenge to gratify, or who would be benefitted by the Doctor's death—a daring reckless man—one almost, if not quite a madman.

We may now inquire why did not a police magistrate take this case in hand? why was it left to the Coroner? We fear the answer must be that the police magistrates are not what they ought to be, and that, in a word, a complete revolution is required in the police system before we shall have anything like an efficient administration of justice in this city.

There is, in reality, no ground of suspicion against the wife of the deceased, who, notwithstanding the vile rumors that have been circulated against her, is proved to have brought up her family in respectability. She was basely treated by the Doctor after they were engaged to be married, and he then tried to escape from the obligation on his part, but was compelled to fulfil it. At times they may have disagreed a little, but these quarrels were never serious

ones, and were soon made up. (See evidence of Mrs. Denison, page 247, and of Doctor Blaisdell, page 247.) A little-tattling servant told Burdell that Snodgrass had said that his skull ought to be knocked in, (see evidence of Mary Donahue, page 245, of Doctor Blaisdell, page 247, and of Snodgrass, page 245,) and this led him to make some remarks to Doctor Blaisdell, which have doubtless been exaggerated. The proof is clear that, after what Doctor Blaisdell calls the quarrel and fight which took place on the Saturday prior to the murder, Doctor Burdell and his wife were on good terms with each other. (Mrs. Denison's evidence, page 246.) It is but reasonable to assume that as these facts leaked out on a one-sided inquiry, much more in favor of Mrs. Burdell would appear, if both sides of the question were fully and fairly examined.

The evidence showing that nobody living in the house was the murderer, is overwhelming. The direct evidence, the circumstantial evidence, and all reason and probability, concur in reducing this to a positive certainty.

The New York "Times" on the Average Brutality of the English.

The New York *Times*, in commenting upon the murder of a woman named Miller, by her husband, an Englishman, last week, says:

"We know that if the favorite charge made by French novelists against the English citizen, that he habitually disposes of the wife of his bosom in exchange for a shilling and a glass of ale, be grossly ridiculous, the more serious charge which the records of his own Courts make against the average British subject, of vile and brutal violence practiced upon beings whom he is bound by every law of manhood and every instinct of humanity to cherish and protect, is but too well substantiated; and we are willing to suppose that the man Miller had acquired, in England, such notions of the impunity attached to the name of husband as quite unfitted him to apprehend the consequences of his conduct when indulged in America. But we do most devoutly trust that such an example may be made of this coarse and cowardly scoundrel as shall effectually deter all his fellows, (if fellows indeed he have,) from venturing upon any imitation of his manners and customs. Every woman of the meanest estate lives, or should live, in America under the protection of the collective chivalry, gallantry, and manliness of the State. An outrage committed upon the poorest and the least regarded of the sex converts her for the moment into a representative of the womanhood which we all love and cherish, and it would be better for the moral culture, the peace and the character of our city that the midnight perpetrators of twenty such murders as that of Dr. Burdell should elude for years, through their own astuteness and ingenuity, the justice of their country, than that one such foul iniquity as the murder of Mrs. Miller should go unpunished through the apathy of the public."

Wife-beating is very common in New York, but as the magistrates have no power to punish the offenders, "the records" of the courts only mention such cases as are sent for trial by jury. In England if a man beats his wife justice is meted out to him within twenty-four hours by a magistrate, and the case is reported in the newspapers. If we had the same excellent system of administering justice here, instead of a practical denial of justice in cases of wrongs sustained by the poorer classes, "the records" of the courts would show at least two cases of wife-beating for every one in London, having due regard to the difference in the size of the two cities.

It is by no means an uncommon thing in this city for a man to beat, or even kill his wife; but as the offender is generally an American, or a foreigner other than an Englishman, we do not find the New York *Times* devoting leading articles to those cases.

If Miller had been an Irishman, the New York *Times* would probably have had no editorial remarks on the case. Certainly it would not have dared to attack the Irish national character, for our cotemporary constantly evinces a lively appreciation of the numbers and political energy of the Irish

population of this city. In fact, our cotemporary is actually afraid to say anything against the Irish, but is ever ready to indulge in ignorant and malicious attacks upon England and the English.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN ATTORNEY," Hamilton, Canada West.—By Statute of this State (New York.)

A Working Man's Opinion of his own Class, and the Evils it Labors under. Requests a Remedy to be pointed out.

To the Editor of the European:

Sir: The writer is a working man, and has been a constant reader of most of the daily and weekly papers of note, both in England and America, but never found a vacuum in journalism more desirably filled up than the place now occupied by the *EUROPEAN*. Like other Europeans, the writer has sought the truth as regards the condition of the working classes in Europe, the United States and Canada, through good and evil report, but never found an approximation thereof until this paper appeared. The writer hopes that the truth may continue to go forth to his class in the spirit you have begun, until its fruits shall cover the earth, "as the waters cover the face of the mighty deep."

These remarks are introductory to a few queries, which many of the writer's class would be pleased to have answered. Every newspaper, every Fourth of July oration, declares that "Our ancestors overcame foreign tyrants, and obtained for us the right of choosing our governors." But what of it? The working man is told this is a "Republic;" but this fact does not diminish the price of bread, or lower the rents of houses. Neither does it raise the wages standard. The mere republican form of government secures neither prosperity nor freedom for my class. I have a political right; granted; but really I am a social slave. The golden curse is around me—the land is annually being gathered into larger masses—colossal fortunes are formed and forming—an aristocracy is germinating, a money and office aristocracy; the pomp of equipage and furniture is spreading; gay liveries are dotted equally with the laborer's rags in the thoroughfares; the tramp of the mercenary is heard in our streets; military glory is poisoning common sense; and our authors, who ought to be the high priests of freedom and justice, between man and man, are only befouling and contaminating the country's intellect.

The working men see this state of things, but do not know how to help themselves. They see that although they construct beautiful houses, rivalling palaces in magnificence, they can hardly pay for badly situated hovels. They see that the magnificent furniture of the country is their work, but the most simple, poor and rude household furniture is the best they can afford. They know that the glittering stores and magazines are filled and fitted up by them, but they also know that scarcely any part thereof returns to decently dress them even to appear in church. They see that everything produced by labor is their work, but they also see that in this country which is called the "laborer's paradise," those who produce nothing dispose of their products to their own exclusive advantage—that those who do least have most time and money to spend on their own and children's education, health and pleasures.

The working men of America begin to see all this, but they see no effectual remedy; and in their behalf, the writer requests you will give them such advice as will shadow forth a change for the better.

Yours, &c., LABORER.

Ill-Treatment of American Sailors.

To the Editor of the European:

Sir: The *EUROPEAN* of Saturday last quotes an article or two from the Liverpool papers in relation to the brutal treatment which seamen receive from the officers of American vessels. The writer of this, being well informed on this subject, is desirous of recording his opinion as to the causes of the undeniable brutality alleged by your Liverpool cotemporaries. It is well known to all that the captains of our packet ships have no voice in the selection of their crews. Equally well known and scandalous is the utter disregard of ship-owners in relation to the character or treatment of the men who work their ships. The simple truth is, that

"Poor Jack" is a double prey to the sailor boarding-house keeper and the shipping master. He (Poor Jack) rarely goes to sea with a "shot in his locker," and is consequently, when he arrives in port, obliged to rely on the sailor boarding-house keeper for such food and shelter as his likely appearance and sea-worthy qualities may obtain. Nor is this all. He enters into a contract with his host by which the latter is to receive his advance money, i.e., the pay for the voyage. This is followed by the signing the articles of the ship he is to go on board, where he is conveyed under the surveillance of bullies, as penniless as when he came into port. As the most desperate class of seafaring men make up the crews of our packet ships, it is not to be wondered at that scenes of brutality are of frequent occurrence. I shall now proceed to point out what I deem worthy of reprobation in this matter, and endeavor to divide the damning responsibility and disgrace fairly among the guilty parties.

The owners expect from the masters a cheap and a quick voyage. This is the test of merit, and the rule by which promotion is secured. It of course requires severe labor to accomplish this object, and the condition is complied with, sink or swim, men overboard or in irons in the fore-castle. The American owners also have rendered null and void the apprenticeship law, (which has worked so much good in the English service,) and solely on the ground that the apprentices were a charge to the vessels when in port, the crews being discharged. Lastly, owners do not interest themselves in ameliorating the wretched condition of the crews, nor do they seem to care what disasters may befall the ship or the officers who have her in command. A voyage or two across the Atlantic in American packet ships will dispel all the hallucinations about "merchant princes," and the poetry of the seas. I have no hesitation in saying that there cannot be more atrocious treatment of human beings, black or white, anywhere on the face of the globe where the least spark of Christian benevolence exists—where a mere outline of human rights is acknowledged.

Mention is made of Mr. Hawthorne's official conduct in Liverpool. The writer of this had to lay before that gentleman a tale of horror—of butchery and suicide at sea. The Consul listened and deplored the brief narrative, and mentioned his knowledge of their frequent occurrence, and regretted the want of law to abate the evil. It is but an act of justice to many sailing masters to exonerate them from most of the charges brought against them; and whilst doing so mention must be made of the habitual brutality of the inferior officers.

But as this subject is under special consideration, no more mention of it will be made at present, further than to say that many of the "merchant princes" of the city of New York exhibit a callousness of heart in relation to the captains and the crews of their ships (packet ships) unparalleled in any other branch of human industry, permit me to close by saying that a humane captain of one of our line of packets told me a few days since that no captain, at the peril of his life or of the detention of his ship in port, could interfere between the sailor boarding-house keepers and the shipping masters for the purpose of bettering the service; and the owners, he said, did not care a d—n, so long as the ship made a good voyage, how she made it.

T. W. W.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

FROM OUR VIENNA CORRESPONDENT.

Position of the Press on the Continent of Europe. Union of the Danubian Principalities. France and Russia. The Prussian Diet restricting the Tarnow Power of the Prussian Government. Exclusion of Revolutionists of 1848 from the Diet of Hanover.

VIENNA, February 10, 1857.

To the Editor of the European:

The condition of the press on the continent of Europe is very peculiar. With laws nominally securing the "liberty of the press," the despots have, by means of official warnings and repeated confiscations of single numbers, or temporary suspensions of the issue of the papers, managed to convert almost the entire newspaper press into organs for the propagation of their own views and interests. This is a notorious fact, however great may be the pains some editors take to convince their readers of the contrary, even by publishing now and then a harmless article which might be interpreted as an independent opinion. This method of condemning the public writers to forced labor, or of gagging them

at pleasure, is carried to such perfection, and executed so completely, that every close observer conversant with the system can from day to day find out whether or not an order has been issued for the playing of a certain tune, for in the first case every newspaper you may take into your hand will touch the appointed key, and harp upon the particular string with a zeal worthy of a well-drilled *valet de chambre*, and if no hint has been given what to write about, the editors agree with equal unanimity to fill their columns with dull matter. One of the principal rules laid down for the conduct of the unfortunate animal called "editor" is to look hopefully into the future. The parties in Europe at present are not distinguishing themselves by the names of Democrats and Aristocrats—they are divided according to the view they take of the future. The Conservatives, who wish quiet at any price, believe, or rather pretend to believe, (and thereby betray their nervousness,) that the chariot-wheel of time will smoothly glide along upon a stratum of rose leaves, and they put on a dreadful frown if they meet any one who dares—not to commit an act of opposition against the established order of things, there is no such rash individual, but who dares—to intimate the possibility of a difficulty arising somewhere at some future time. This is the measure of free discussion allowed, and of course applied with even greater exactness to newspapers. The continental press is in duty bound not to believe in the possibility of serious disagreements between the great powers, and must hush up anything which might rouse the attention of the sleeping lion, the people. As an example, I send you an article of the Austrian *Gazette*, the tendency of which is to reduce the importance of the *Moniteur's* declaration in favor of the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, the writer being evidently of opinion that the article referred to was calculated to create misgivings in regard to the pacific development of events, and therefore might raise the hopes of the Democrats, which would go far to reorganize them as a party, and even as a power.

I need hardly mention that the whole Austrian press, now more than ever, opposes the idea of a union of the Danubian Principalities, yet always keeping temperate, so as to prevent the chance of the people getting excited, because it is not well that man should get into a passion, for none knows what then might be the consequences. I doubt not you are aware that Baron Hübnér, immediately after having read that passage in the *Moniteur*, repaired to Count Walewski to ask for explanations, and it is said expressed his opinion that the Cabinet of Vienna would probably come to the resolution not to withdraw the troops from Bukarest and Jassy until the future organization of those provinces had been agreed upon.

We have now a fair insight into the plans of the French and Russian alliance, (unless we are not to expect a backing out of Napoleon as sudden as his stand upon this question,) and the most peaceful view which can be taken of the situation is, that it was agreed upon between France and Russia to humiliate Austria, by first causing her to prolong the military occupation beyond the stipulations of the Paris protocol of the 6th of January, and then to force her to evacuate Wallachia, which corresponds perfectly with the character of the present French ruler, who delights in *coups de theatre* and cheap success. One reason why it is probable that Napoleon will perform a great *coup* on the stage of Europe is the condition of France, which makes international difficulties necessary, for in no other way can the attention of the French people be so surely occupied while Napoleon is destroying the last vestige of the elective franchise. It is more than probable that either some scheme will be adopted in France to secure another vote numbering 7,000,000, (after Napoleon's fashion,) "to some society," or that a plan will be resolved upon to keep the people away from the polls altogether, as a firmly established Government like the Second Empire may well take away from the people even the form of voting, and so settle the question once for all.

The general Diet of Prussia has lately raised the wrath of the ministry by asserting the right to control the accounts of the Government, and denying the necessity of levying higher taxes. When it is remembered how this Diet has been *packed* by successive dissolutions until the Democrats, from sheer disgust, abstained from voting, it must be a bitter pill for the King to see his absolute power of the money-bag of his subjects de-

nied even by those who defend his divine right, and want every abomination of former centuries to be re-introduced. The ministers are threatening a new dissolution of the Second Chamber if their propositions are not agreed to; and though thus far they have not succeeded in their manoeuvre, I doubt very little that they will get the substance of what they desire if they modify the form, so as to afford the Deputies a fair chance to back out.

In Hanover the Government is occupied with the task of purifying the Diet of obnoxious individuals, by refusing admittance to any person who was prominent in the struggles of 1848, whereby the opposition is deprived of its principal men.

The Refugees in London.

[From the London Times, February 17.]

On Monday last the burial of the late M. Stanislas Worell, a Polish exile, long resident in this country, and well known in literary and political circles, took place at Highgate Cemetery, a great number of refugees following the hearse from the residence in procession, and assembling round the grave. An address was delivered in the presence of 400 or 500 persons by M. Ledru Rollin, his auditors including M. Mazzini and various eminent refugees from Italy, Germany, Poland and France. M. Rollin, in the course of his address, said, "The life of Stanislas Worell was indeed so simple, so prudent, so modest, so utterly devoid of all ostentation—in a word, so truly republican—that I, who have known him twenty years, only yesterday knew the full measure of his devotedness, the whole extent of his sacrifices. While so many in these times dishonor themselves for riches and for rank—when gold is God and avarice virtue—when society, in its delirious whirl, makes one think of the chapter which Machiavel entitled, 'Of those who have made themselves princes by their crimes,'—it sufficed that Worell should be born to show us one of the earth's truly great men. Of an ancient and noble lineage, the possessor of immense wealth, several times a millionaire, allied to princely families, he cast honors, rank and fortune, into the abyss wherein lies buried his beloved Poland. A ruler of the old world, he made himself, without pretence, a simple citizen of a new world. There is yet more: he, so tender, so good, so loving, broke, in the holy interest of his cause, the tenderest ties; comrades and children having been, by reason of their rank, protected by the hangman of his country and loaded with favors, he repudiated them, as polluted by the foul contact. He broke asunder the bonds of kindred to enter unrestrained the great family of mankind. Honored be this antique virtue! [Cries of *Honneur à lui!*] This agony of soul and body he endured for seventeen years without flinching, without once falsifying his resolve. A sign, a word, would have sufficed to repossess him of all; he scorned to yield. Seventeen years! Glorious struggle! His pilgrimage was measured literally, day by day, hour by hour, by suffering; always calm, always serene, always self-possessed, he never ceased to smile at adversity, as others smile at good fortune. Poland, mankind, you have lost in Worell one of your noblest children! Thrice be he honored!"

Effects of Imperialism in France.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes from Paris, February 20.

Society in France is in a state which even surpasses the Regency and the Directory. Those corrupt classes, which style themselves the *élite* of the community, are carried by the whirlwind of pleasure and dissipation, and exclaim with Louis XV.: "After us the deluge." Nothing is held sacred, nothing is free from the universal prostitution. Religion and justice, art and literature, manly pride and womanly modesty, bow alike before the golden calf. Every one is living as if such a thing as the next day could never arrive.

BRITISH AFFAIRS.

[From the London Morning Post, February 20.]

The Unemployed and the Parish of St. Pancras.

For some days past large numbers of the unemployed mechanics and laborers of this metropolis have been holding monster meetings in Agar-town Fields, for the "purpose of testing at once the abominable workhouse system, and also to call the attention of ratepayers to the necessity of joining the workmen in their efforts

tifying proofs of the disastrous consequence of the means to which our merchants and shipmasters have of late years resorted to supply themselves with crews. Terrible stories are on record of the operation of the antiquated and now disused system of supplying the British Navy with men by impressment; but the worst stories of that sort fail to come up to the outrageous cases stated in this report. Even the worst practices of crimping and kidnapping, said to be employed to get cargoes for Coolie ships, do not go beyond what would seem to have lately become the established usage for the manning of American vessels.

It seems to have become the established custom to buy crews of a set of unscrupulous persons known as shipping-masters, to whom, instead of to the party shipped, the month's advance wages—covering the entire wages for an ordinary voyage across the Atlantic—is paid, and from whom the men are received, often in a state of intoxication, and always without previous inquiry as to the means by which the shipping-masters have obtained them, their understanding of the service into which they are to enter, or their ability to perform it. Received thus on board, very often without any proper outfit of clothing, it is often attempted, by atrocious cruelties, to drive them to the performance of duties for which they have no knowledge or qualification. Having arrived at the port of destination in Europe, they are there turned adrift, without money or clothing, sick and worn out, and often showing, by horrible wounds, the cruel treatment which they have experienced on the voyage. There is a law, if we mistake not, which forbids American vessels to discharge their seamen abroad, and which requires the masters, on the return of the vessels, to account on oath for all the men borne on the original shipping papers; but this law, it seems, is evaded with just as little scruple and just as little hesitation at custom-house perjury, as the law requiring our ships to be manned with two-thirds American seamen. We can well understand why so many of our great shipowners are such zealous sticklers for Southern slavery, since the way in which their ships are manned and worked embraces so many of the very worst features of the slave-trading and slave-driving system.

NICARAGUA.

The Nicaragua Filibusters. Alleged Participation of the President and his Private Secretary in Central American Land Speculations.

The case of the United States *vs.* Fabens and Bolton, before George W. Morell, United States Commissioner, has for some weeks past, occupied the columns of the daily press in this city. It is a charge against the defendants for having hired men to go to Nicaragua to serve as soldiers under Walker. Whilst this charge has been pending hundreds of emigrants have left this port to reinforce Walker's forces, and although they may not have been hired to go, doubtless they have been aided and assisted by parties in this country.

In the progress of the case against Fabens there have been some curious developments. On the 27th ult. Fabens proposed to make a speech to the Commissioner, and upon objection being taken to that course he handed to the reporter of the *Herald* a statement of what he had intended to say, which is published in that paper. This document quotes from Mr. Meagher's speech in defence of the accused the following passage:

Send us to trial, and the letter we offered to produce before your Honor, but which was denied admission in evidence by the District Attorney will be read in open Court. Send us to trial, and we shall produce letters from Mr. Joseph L. White, demonstrative of the interest of the White House in the Mosquito grant—demonstrative of the fact that the bombardment of Greytown took place at the instance of Mr. White, and was determined on with the view to strike terror into all adverse claimants to the Mosquito grant. Send us to trial, and we shall submit to the jury a deed of transfer, assigning a vast interest in the lands included in that grant to A. O. P. Nicholson, of the Washington Union, Fletcher Webster and Sidney Webster—to which deed Fermin Ferrer, Colonel Kinney and Joseph W. Fabens are the immediate parties. The deed is drawn up by Fancher

and Eager, attorneys of this city. In a word, send us to trial, and we shall convince the Commonwealth that we have been prosecuted, thrown into prison, and for weeks have been vexatiously, and to our grievous detriment, detained from our proper business, not that we have been engaged in any illegal proceedings, nor that we have transgressed the laws of the United States, or been wanting in our duty to nations with whom these States are at peace, but that we have devoted an active attention to Nicaragua instead of the Mosquito grant, in which President Pierce, his private secretary, and the editor of his official gazette are deeply interested.

Mr. Fabens goes on to say that the District Attorney had denied the truth of these statements, but he, Mr. Fabens, would prove them. After quoting a letter from Mr. Marey to Joseph L. White, and two letters from the last-named gentleman to himself (Fabens) he says:

Greytown being destroyed, (alas! that in my ignorance of the motives of the principals in this affair, I ever permitted myself to be convinced that it was a righteous act,) and the way thus opened as Mr. White expresses it for a new government, the Mosquito land speculators set about preparing for the occupation of a territory whose chief town they had made a heap of blackened ashes. Upon the arrival of Colonel Kinney at Washington, in August, 1854, he, at the suggestion of President Pierce, turns his attention to that quarter, and is selected by the Central American Land Company as their leader in the work of colonizing that territory. He is to be the Romulus of our new southern empire. Kinney, a man of great resources—of a noble, high-souled, confiding disposition—believes what General Pierce, his old companion-in-arms in the Mexican war, tells him of the beauty and rich fertility of this famed southern land; and, in the simplicity of his aspiring views, snuffs no treachery in the future. With him are associated Mr. Sidney Webster, Judge Nicholson, (of the Washington Union,) and other gentlemen of high standing. But, in the progress of events, Kinney quarrels with White (natural enough that an honorable man should,) and the Transit Company throws him overboard. He next quarrels with Cushing, (natural enough again, that a man of honor and veracity should,) and the President and Cabinet begin to grow chilly. The Union has less glowing records of the progress of the Kinney expedition. On the fifth of March following—I am now coming to the point, if it please your Honor—I returned to the United States from Nicaragua, and proceeded at once to Washington. Kinney was still there. On the very night of my arrival at the dread hour of ten, P.M., Mr. Sidney Webster and Mr. A. O. P. Nicholson visited me at my room at Willard's. Then and there they proposed to me to become interested with Colonel Kinney in the colonization of Central America, assuring me of the co-operation of the President in the matter. I showed them a power of attorney which I had from Don Fermin Ferrer, relative to the formation of companies for the working of mines in Chontales, or the selling of the same, &c. Upon this basis we agreed to operate.

Mr. Fabens adds, that one quarter interest in this business was transferred by deed dated twentieth April, 1855, to A. O. Nicholson, Fletcher Webster and Sidney Webster.

It is in acknowledgment of this document, I say, that Mr. Sidney Webster for himself, and whoever is represented by Sidney Webster in the document, that the letter—the letter, may it please your Honor, which the District Attorney has asserted had no existence—was written. Before reading, I will observe to your Honor that Judge Nicholson received, at about the same time, a similar document, which he still has in his possession, as I presume. Here is the letter:

LETTER FROM SIDNEY WEBSTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24, 1855.

My dear Fabens: I have received the document, and with my associate here am grateful to you and your partner, and entirely satisfied. The Judge is here and will be for a week, within which time we hope to see you at Willard's. Don't try to figure in the newspapers.

J. W. FABENS, Esq.

SIDNEY WEBSTER.

This letter, your Honor will observe, is franked, "Free, Frank Pierce." We are prepared to prove both the signatures of Sidney Webster and Frank Pierce.

The District Attorney (who has first denied the existence of any such papers) says that Webster afterwards

returned "the document" for which he here expresses his gratitude and entire satisfaction. So, indeed, he did, after his associate, the President of the United States, had, at the instigation of Caleb Cushing, arrested his old comrade Kinney, who was nearly ready to sail from New York, in the steamship United States, on his colonizing expedition, and blockading his steamship with the whole naval force of the United States then in these waters. At that time I could not believe that General Pierce—notwithstanding that of my own knowledge, he had taken an active interest in getting up the Kinney expedition—was peculiarly interested with Colonel Kinney. I have since learned that he was equally interested with Sidney Webster in the last as well as in the first Kinney expedition. Kinney, as is well known, after reaching Central America, returned to his first love, the Mosquito purchase, in which neither Don Fermin Ferrer or myself have a dollar's interest, but in which Pierce, Sidney Webster and Nicholson, hold their original shares.

Here, may it please your Honor, is the gist of the whole matter—to use a tropical metaphor, the milk of the cocoa-nut.

British Colored Seamen, how Treated in Virginia.

The British Consul and the Authorities of Virginia.

BRITISH CONSULATE, }

RICHMOND, Thursday, February 19, 1857. }

Dear Sir: As no one knows better than yourself, from our personal intimacy, how little I am disposed to attack in any way the institutions of this State, I beg to address a few words to you in regard to a paragraph published in a Norfolk paper, for the editors of which I have much personal esteem, but which, by the heading of the article I allude to, and some slight errors of statement, seems to imply that I have, once at least, assailed "State Sovereignty."

So is headed the paragraph in the Norfolk *Argus*.

Nothing could be further from my thoughts, and I humbly believe from my acts. The simple facts of the case are as follows, and not exactly as reported in the *Argus*:

A British ship, called the *Billow*, arrived at Norfolk. Two of the crew (negroes) went on shore in the full day, not, as the *Argus* states, without leave, but with the captain's full leave and permission. They were apprehended almost instantly by a constable. The Mayor sentenced them to stripes, because the permission was not in writing. The captain testified before the Mayor that he had given the men permission; that when leaving Baltimore for Norfolk he had made diligent inquiry there as to how he was to conduct himself in regard to his negro crew in Virginia, and was informed the men could come ashore during the day, but if on shore at night must have a written pass. I being called upon to mediate, urged that the captain and men, being British subjects, could not be supposed to know intimately the laws of Virginia; that the want of knowledge proceeded from no neglect on the part of the captain, as he had taken the only means in his power of ascertaining the law; that, therefore, there could be no contempt for, or intention to, violate the laws of the State. His Honor the Mayor, however, was extreme in his construction of the old maxim, that ignorance is no excuse. I endeavored to make him see a difference between a violation of general laws, and those enacted by various countries from peculiarities in their position—mere local laws, in short, and that in cases where it was shown that no intention had existed to violate any law, but that every intention existed to respect even local laws, mercy might well temper the *extrema lex*, and that the comity of nations required such a course.

His Honor was somewhat moved by the argument, and decided that, if the captain chose to charge the men with being deserters, and to pay the fees for their apprehension, amounting to fifteen dollars, the men might go without whipping. The captain knowing the men to be good, honest fellows, who did not deserve whipping, elected to follow the suggestion. But I, as soon as the case was settled, protested as British Consul against a proceeding which, in one part or another, seemed to me, in my poor judgment, contrary to the comity of nations, contrary to the laws of the State of Virginia, and contrary to common sense.

No breach of the law was intended; no neglect could be shown in regard to inquiring what the law was; no right, it seemed to me, existed in the Mayor to suggest to the captain to charge the men as deserters, when he

I will not pick up the injurious words used in the said article against the exiles and the republicans generally. Those who know them better than the author of that masterpiece, praise and respect them, and for my own account, at least, I do not rely on the consideration of those to whom I am entirely a stranger.

Now, sir, permit me to come to an end with this letter by giving you a counsel, or, if you like it better, by addressing you a prayer.

When a banquet, or whatever meeting of European republicans shall take place, beg your reporter not to conclude from the particular to the general mass in his report. If some *energumene* or possessed, emit incendiary words, do not make the entire meeting responsible for them. You should believe that such a man only excites around him disgust and pity. Do not forget, also, that the despots of the Old World are supporting in this country various agents, whose only duty is to discredit the political exiles. We are sometimes the victims of those rascals, but we console ourselves in thinking that the principles of eternal justice and eternal truth, which we defend, are beyond their reach.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

VICTOR BARON.

New York, March 2, 1857.

The Rat Poisoning Affair in Washington. The President Poisoned. Death of One of the Victims.

The editor of the *Cleveland Plaindealer* writing from Washington, on the 1st inst., says:

The great wholesale poisoning case excites much interest here. The National, the largest hotel in the city, being overrun with rats, the proprietors undertook a general slaughter by poisoning them with strychnine. They took the poison and then took to the nearest water which was in the cistern tanks and wells about the house, where they tumbled in, and died of course. The water being concealed and raised by pumps did not expose the condition of things till by its daily use some hundred or more of the boarders were suddenly taken sick; doctors were called, and a health officer sent for, who were not long in discerning the cause. On removing the covering to the big cistern, it presented the most sickening sight ever seen. It was literally packed with the dead bodies of poisoned rats.

Mr. Lenox, from our State, was a guest at the house at the time, was taken sick, started for home and died on the way. No other deaths have been heard of, but many of the boarders are still very sick. Mr. Buchanan was also stopping at the house and has not yet fully recovered from its effects. The tanks have since been thoroughly cleansed.

"Going Back to Savage Life."

[From the New York Times, March 9.]

Not alone in New York, but in every populous city of the land, we are—in spite of our wealth, of our commerce, of our enterprise, of our industry—so barbaric that we live in as mortal fear of our neighbor, as did the shivering Puritans when they first pitched their camp on the Indian wilderness of Plymouth. Like them, we sleep upon our arms expecting to be startled by the awful warwhoop of the savages. They took their loaded muskets as they went to their corn fields. We take our loaded revolvers as we go to our counting-rooms. Their meeting-house resounded with the clank of firearms, stacked by the worshippers, ready for service at a moment's notice. Our opera-house resounds with the explosion of protective pistols, falling from the careless pockets of society. Then every man carried defensive weapons from necessity. The danger was apparent, and the firelock or sword was always at hand to meet it. Now, also, men who walk the streets of our large cities carry defensive weapons; but they are concealed, that the bandit may surprise his neighbor whom he regards as his foe. It is a sword-cane, which he runs through a stranger at the St. Nicholas Hotel; or a pistol, with which he angrily shoots down his disputant at the Pension Office; or a bully-club, with which he savagely mauls the head of a fellow Senator in the Capitol; or the garroting lasso, with which he silently throttles his victim—sending him where he can tell no tales!

Whatever may be thought of this picture hereafter, this is a fact which it is not well to ignore—that nearly every other man we meet, whether on the pavement, in the hotel, on the steamboat, in the rail-car, from

New York to New Orleans is armed! Concealed about his person is a loaded pistol, or a dirk, or a bludgeon, or a sword-cane; and hardly a day passes but one of these weapons destroys, or threatens to destroy, a human life, either intentionally or accidentally.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GERMAN PRESS.

American and Russian Co-operation in Persia. Probable Coalition between Russia and the United States. Necessity for Destroying British Rule in India.

[From the Baltimore Wecker.]

The Baltimore *Patriot* of last Saturday expresses its great surprise at the recent new creation at Washington of a Minister to Persia, a country which imports from the United States goods to the amount only of \$30,000; a country which has scarcely any sea-ports or markets, and which exports nothing but a little cotton, grain, sulphur, wax and gull-nuts. And the *Patriot* asks doubtfully, what Senator Mason of Virginia must have meant when he recently remarked that *there are reasons for the Americo-Persian Treaty of Commerce which cannot well be mentioned openly in the Senate.*

If the *Patriot* is really ignorant of the meaning of these remarks we will enlighten it: *Herat*, the key to the British East India possessions, is situated near the Persian frontier, and *Washington*, which, since the recent expulsion of the British Minister, (through the Russian *Chargé, Stöckel*), has become more than ever the centre of Russian intrigues, is not far from here (Baltimore.)

When a few years ago Russia stretched forth its hand to Constantinople, the key of Eastern Europe, she received a rap on the knuckles which made her draw her hand back again, and Russia wants to use now the favorable opportunity of taking possession of the above-mentioned Asiatic main key, in order to break down in Asia the power of that State (England) which alone is able and willing to thwart the Russian plans of universal dominion. But to accomplish that purpose, allies are necessary for Russia, not only in Paris and Berlin, but also in Washington and in Teheran.

The Post of American Minister in Teheran has been created by the exertions of the Russian Ambassador in Washington.

The new Minister will not be able to do much for the increase of commerce between Persia and the United States; but in seconding Russian intrigues at the Persian Court, he will render essential services of another description. Our gracious lords, the slaveholders, have long ago determined to use a favorable opportunity for participating in a coalition against England, and their (the slaveholder's) will is done in heaven as on earth. The fact that the English, in a recently proposed treaty with the United States, stipulated as a condition of their cession of Ruatan, that slavery should never be allowed there, was an insult which Mr. Dallas ought not to have allowed, and the treaty has therefore been rejected. But when the English begin to build railroads to their Indian cotton countries—the fatherland of this precious plant—those countries may become really dangerous to the dominion of our own cotton lords, and therefore they say, War with England! and Hurrah for Russia! Mr. Mason may deem it prudent not to divulge this ill-disguised secret, but the English will—without his saying it—know what they have to expect of the American ambassadorship in Teheran.

The "European," the "Pioneer," and Mr. Buchanan.

[From the Baltimore Wecker, Baltimore, Maryland.]

The *EUROPEAN*, a northern journal, which most ably defends *European* ideas of freedom against the vulgar cowardly sophistries, brutalities, and self-conceited notions of the Yankees, as well as of the Cotton lords, has recently asserted that in England the Executive is entirely dependent upon the House of Commons, and that "in so far" the system of government in England is more republican than that of the United States, where the President and his ministers are not under the control of the House of Representatives.

The *Pioneer*, edited by Mr. Heinzen, who on all other occasions is no friend of the United States, protects them now, for he says:

"The United States have, in spite of slavery, been held as the best Republic; therefore, a state which is more Republican (England) must be not only the best, but the very best Republic."

To this the *EUROPEAN* replies in the following manner:

"The editor of the *Pioneer* either overlooks the fact, or is unconscious of it, that Switzerland is a better Republic than the United States, for the constitution of the former country provides that the President and the whole Executive Council shall be elected by the Legislative bodies, which are chosen by the people; and slavery can have no existence there. Switzerland is exempt from the sway of a slave oligarchy like that of the United States, and is not subject to the abuse of the *one-man-power* which the *Pioneer* has very properly denounced in the United States.

"We cannot recognise in the government of the United States anything more than an oligarchy of slave-owners, with a President for their servant. Under the Federal Constitution, the numbers, wealth and intelligence of the North are of no importance—the powers of the government are wielded by the Senate, and that is under the control of the slaveocracy. This, so far from being 'the best Republic,' is one of the very worst Republics that ever existed. The President, although now very little more than a clerk of the Senate, will, after a large standing army has been formed, have power enough to establish a military despotism on the ruins of this so-called Republic."

This view does not agree with that part of Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural Address which represents the Constitution of the United States as a model of perfection, and in this respect expresses an opinion in which all Americans coincide, for they mistake the advantages derived from the natural resources of the country, from the large emigration and from their own activity, and ascribe them almost exclusively to their form of Government.

But we would impress on the minds of all, these words of the *EUROPEAN*, as deserving great consideration, and as a fitting commentary upon that part of Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural Address which says that a Republic, in which love of money has suppressed all public virtue, can have an existence in *form only*. Republican virtue having fled, it requires but little trouble to annihilate even the outward form of Republicanism. For instance, a large standing army could easily accomplish that under the command of an enterprising President. An extension of territory necessitates, according to all experience, the increase of the army, and with that the means for the destruction of the republic.

REMARKS.

The *Wecker* is a German journal established in a *slave State*, and it deserves great credit for thus courageously proclaiming opinions so much in advance of those of its American Republican cotemporaries.

Prisons in California. The Ticket-of-Leave System in California.

[Translated from the California Democrat.]

The San Francisco *Journal* says:

"Every prisoner can buy from the Prison Director (of the county jail) as much freedom as he desires, and the State-prison has been thus converted into a house of accommodation, in which the prisoners reside occasionally, whilst spending their leisure in hunting or dwelling on farms, or in visits to San Francisco, or in other amusements. The *Sacramento Age* published some time ago a list of escaped prisoners, most of whom had escaped at a time when they were not in the prison at all. One run away whilst on a schooner in San Francisco, others from Estill's Ranch—the Kentucky farm—others from other farms. The murderer, Rodman Backus, is said to spend most of his time in hunting and pleasure excursions. For a certain sum of money every convict may acquire the opportunity of escape. Such a model administration of prisons has never existed anywhere in the world. But sometimes it leads to misunderstandings. When a prisoner has bought the permission to reside in San Francisco, the police there catch him occasionally, and deliver him to the director of the prison as an escaped convict. The director then swears at the bad watchmen, and threatens to dismiss them. But, a few days after the occurrence, the convict lives again comfortably in San Francisco. In this manner we have before our doors a lurking place for from four hundred to five hundred of the most dangerous criminals, who are set at liberty at any time they please; who, whilst it is alleged that they are in jail, commit new crimes, which of course admit of no legal proof, for they are assumed to be in prison, and therefore incapable of

perpetrating any offences outside of it. In this manner our establishments for the punishment of crime become a new curse to society."

A German Opinion on the British Nation.

[From the Kölnische Zeitung, Cologne, Prussia.]

Figures are decisive! Those bawlers who, during the past years, have made so much noise about the egotism and the shopkeepers' policy of the British nation, will derive an especial advantage by perusing the British financial budget for the years 1857-58. They will find from this that this hard-hearted, blood-sucking, land-swallowing nation has paid more than half a milliard of Prussian *Thalers* for the Oriental war, and that this colossal sum of money will all be paid off in the year 1877. Such immense power of taxation is certainly an evidence of national greatness. This enormous sacrifice of property alone—even without considering the great sacrifice of human lives—may well produce and justify in a nation the desire for visible success, and for palpable advantages. But what could England have gained by this Oriental war? It could not, like imperial France, desire to gain glory. Still less could it hope to conquer any part of the Levant, as it undertook the war in partnership with the French, whose appetite for conquering is notorious. England's position as the great maritime power was less jeopardized by the aggression of Russia than that of the smaller maritime nations. England's commercial interests lead it more over the road to Trebisonde, than to the Euphrates and Lower Asia.

And in spite of all this, more than half a milliard has been sacrificed to protect the right to put the endangered existence of Turkey under the international law of Europe, and to exclude Russia from the Delta of the Danube! Really such a nation has some claims to insist upon the strict fulfilment of the treaty of peace, a peace, too, which is weakened by the coquetting of France with Russia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONGRESSIONAL MANNERS.—On Saturday morning a gentleman and his wife took seats together in the Northern cars at Washington, but the gentleman was obliged to leave for a moment to look after his baggage. On his return, he found the Hon. Albert Rust of Arkansas sitting in his seat, to whom he explained that it was his seat, and that it was his wife who occupied the place beside him. Mr. Rust refused to leave. The gentleman persisted urgently in claiming the seat, when the Hon. Member rose, and drew his bowie-knife. A fight seemed inevitable, but the general feeling manifested itself so strongly against Rust that he put up his hands, and retired. The lady was so frightened that she was obliged to leave the car. Rust left the car, and went West. — *Tribune*, March 9.

PREVALENCE OF DUELLING.—In June, 1855, Mr. J. B. Breckenridge and Mr. F. Levenworth got into a quarrel at the Shakespeare Club in this city, and settled their differences only by a duel at Niagara Falls. Mr. Breckenridge received a ball in the calf of the leg, but the wound was trifling. His opponent fared worse. Breckenridge's bullet passing through one thigh, breaking the bone, and imbedding itself deeply in the other. Mr. Levenworth has since recovered. Mr. Breckenridge went to New Orleans and became connected editorially with the *Courier*. On Saturday he fought a duel with Mr. Nixon, editor of the *Cronicle*, when he received precisely the same kind of a wound that he inflicted on Levenworth, being, at the second fire, shot in both thighs. — *Tribune*, March 9.

EMANCIPATIONISM IN MISSOURI.—The *Missouri Free Democrat* does not attach quite so much importance to the recent discussion of slavery in the Missouri Legislature as some other journals have done. It says: "We notice that many of the Eastern Republican papers sneer very loudly over the incidental discussion of the emancipation question in the Missouri Legislature. We have carefully read the debate, as published in the *St. Louis Democrat*, and we have yet to learn that a single member of the Legislature, outside of St. Louis has avowed himself an emancipationist. If our Republican friends have nothing to rejoice over, they are remarkably thankful for small favors. Outside of St.

Louis there is not a press in the State that would dare to favor emancipation, and the reason why there is an emancipation party in St. Louis is owing to the fact that a large number of Germans reside there."

THE CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY.—We admit that the majority of the men who made and who confirmed the Constitution religiously believed that slavery would die of an antrophy as soon as the Slave-trade ceased; and they worded their instrument of Government in such a way that it might not appear on the face of it that slavery ever existed. But, nevertheless, they worded it so that the force of those clauses of the fundamental law should last for ever, if slavery should survive the fatal day their hopes had assigned it. — *Anti-Slavery Standard*.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE speaking of the late decision of the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, says: "Any slaveholder, under this new decision, may plant slavery in Minnesota or Nebraska to-morrow, in ostentatious defiance of their own people. Such, reduced to practice, is squatter sovereignty."

THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA have delivered an elaborate opinion affirming the right of Universalists to testify in Court, which had been denied.

BOSTON FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The *Boston Medical World* states that there are not far from twenty female physicians in that city, several of whom are in excellent business. They confine themselves generally to midwifery and the diseases of their own sex. Their success in the former branch tends to establish them firmly in families. The number will probably be gradually on the increase since they are beginning to be employed in the neighboring cities of Charlestown, Cambridge, Roxbury and adjacent towns much more than formerly.

GREAT FLOCK OF CORMORANTS.—There are at least fifty applicants now here (Washington) for every office in the gift of the President. The New York *Herald*, notwithstanding their oysters and champagne, will fall in their political objects entirely. — *New York Herald*, March 8.

AMERICAN SOCIETY IN 1857.—The streets of New York are trod indeed at night, but by such only as are required of necessity to go abroad, and in Boston women fear to ask the way home lest they be answered as Ellen Desmond. Is there to be no stop to this panic and its cause? Is our country to be ruled by crime, and our laws to be trampled under foot. — *Boston Courier*, March 5.

HOW IRISH NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK ARE SUSTAINED.—*The Wages of Party.*—The *Irish American*, *Pilot*, *Citizen* and *Irish News* have had several columns of advertising lately from the present administration. Each paper received some \$200 or \$300 a week, at least, for this job. This is the comment we predicted on 'the independence in politics' of these publications. Yet we do not think they have been overpaid for the dirty work they did. Mr. Buchanan, we hope, will remember them after the 4th of March. — *American Celt*.

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