

FAMILY HERALD.

FOREIGN EXILES IN ENGLAND.

England is a city of refuge for all discomfited politicians; Kings, Prime Ministers, Provisional Governors, Prefects of Police, Socialists, and Mountaineers, all come to England when things go hard with them at home. Here they rest, and here they intrigue; and here they write books and publish periodicals, and carry on their respective movements with the pen, when their swords are broken or taken from them, rusted or pawned.

At present we have exiles from all European nations,—French, German, Italian, Austrian, Hungarian, Portuguese, Spanish, and Polish; and here they have all their respective coteries—legitimist, monarchical, salic, and democratical. Here, they cherish their respective hopes and cheer one another as best they can; and endeavour to convince their countrymen and us that God is on their side, and that truth, justice, and *they* must assuredly conquer at last.

Each thinks the other wrong! How strange it would be if they were all right!

The democratic exiles have formed a committee in London, which they call the Central European Democratical Committee of all Nations, at the head of which we find the names of Ledru Rollin for France, Joseph Mazzini for Italy, Arnold Ruge for Germany, and Albert Darasz for Poland. This committee and its constituency have started a periodical in London, for the purpose of disseminating the principles of the gospel of republicanism and socialism. It is called the *Proscrit*, and appears once a month, with a series of articles having the names of their respective writers appended. The writers are all men of distinction and talent, men who have taken an active part in the democratical and insurrectionary movements of their respective countries. The articles, therefore, may be said to contain the very cream of continental republican philosophy. Joseph Mazzini is a host in himself; as a writer his talent is very great. He has the art of expressing his own ideas in a terse, vivid, and captivating style. His pen is eloquent, and his mind is well-trained—historically, logically, poetically, and rhetorically—for giving the best possible effect to the philosophy which he represents. Ledru Rollin is evidently a man of talent, notwithstanding all his Gallican absurdities, his French patriotism, and self-blinding hatred of England. The rest of the party, of whom we know less, but whose articles in the *Proscrit* all seem to be draughts from the same well of philosophy, and distinguished by the same peculiarity of logical idealism which characterises all the political philosophy of the Continent, are men who, if they do not represent the great Democratical Party as thinkers, have at least advanced themselves to distinction as actors, and aimed at the honours, if not the emoluments, of Tribunes of the People.

Each of these national representatives, perhaps, regards his own country as containing the Gordian knot of the great social problem. Mazzini says, "In Italy, then, is the knot of the European question; to Italy the solemn work of emancipation belongs. And Italy will accomplish the work which civilisation has committed to her. Then the nations will hasten to range themselves round another principle. Then the south of Europe will be placed in equilibrium with the north. Italy resuscitated will enter the European family. Oh, how solemn her awakening will be! She will then have awakened three times since Rome, in falling, arrested the march of ancient, and became the cradle of modern, civilisation. The first time, there arose from Italy a voice which substituted spiritual European liberty for the triumph of material force. The second time, she spread throughout the world the civilisation of arts and letters. The third time, she will blot out, with her powerful finger, the creed of the Middle Ages, and substitute social unity for the old spiritual unity. It is from Rome, then, that must come, for the third time, the word of modern unity; for it is from Rome alone that the absolute destruction of the old unity can proceed."

Ledru Rollin, as is natural for a Frenchman, looks merely to France, which, he says, is a full century in advance of every other nation in civilisation. Consequently, a hundred years hence, our Ledru Rollins will be exiles in Paris, publishing a *Proscrit* for the English, to stir up the baffled insurgents of the British Isles. Is that what he means? or does he mean that France, when resuscitated under the Rollin *regime*, will take England under her protection, and make her one of her maids of honour in the republican palace of the world, and cause her to leap one hundred years in advance in the course of one revolution of the sun? We know not. But we think it strange that the land which is so far in advance of other nations should ostracise the very best of her sons, and give the sceptre of her power into the hands of men who restore and support the mediæval supremacy of Rome, withhold from the people and the press the Anglo-Saxon privilege of free discussion, imprison and fine the publisher of the *Proscrit* for its very first number, and travel back blindfold to the old-fashioned principle of brute force and military ascendancy.

There must be some mistake here. It is very natural for a Frenchman to look upon France as the mother of civilisation, and to regard her ascendancy and her preceptorship as complete. But patriotism, like hatred, is a blinding principle; and as Ledru Rollin, himself, has well remarked, in one of his articles in the *Proscrit*, it has a tendency to narrow the sphere of a man's thoughts and aspirations in behalf of humanity. For this very reason he congratulates himself and his democratical brethren on the fact, that that very proscription which was intended to crush and destroy them, will, ultimately, tend to strengthen their cause, by enlarging their sympathies *in exile*, and

converting the patriotic movements of isolated nations into one great universal movement of nations combined.

Each nation, in this case, therefore, must have its peculiar mission. Surely France cannot teach everything or do everything. She is merely part of a whole. Frenchmen are too apt to regard her as the whole itself. Every Frenchman that so regards her is in a delusion, and every revolution that he makes under the influence of this delusion will prove a failure.

Has England no mission as well as France? Is she alone an outcast from the plan of Providence? What makes all these men come over to England to conduct their schemes of universal restoration? Why should the democratical committee of all nations find greater security on English soil than on any other soil? Is there no meaning in this? Both Rollin and Mazzini are in the habit of looking abstractly at facts as the representatives of living principles of providential agency. What is the meaning of this fact? Is it not that in England, and in England alone, can be found that universality which is indispensable to settle the great controversies of the world?

Mazzini says the knot is in Rome, because the Pope is there. But that is only part of the knot. The downfall of the Pope would not settle the question. The Pope was put down in England long ago, and yet it seems that England is a hundred years behind France! But the Pope, being a religious idea, can only be put down by another religious idea, and where is the religious idea that Mazzini would substitute? Mazzini respects the religious feeling, and never fails to reveal it in his writings. He says, "Without religion political science can produce nothing but despotism or anarchy." But where is his substitute for Popery? "God in the people!" That's all; and what is that? God in a hundred heads, and that is a hundred gods. Popery is God in one, at least it fain would be so.

It is an old question, as old as the world—this *one* and *many*. It is the great controversy of human society: our religion and our politics all come out of it. The Jews represent the *one* in religion, the Gentiles represent the *many*. Jews worshipped *one* God, Gentiles *many* gods. Even the Christian Trinity is a Gentile idea, and the Roman saints and images are all Gentile ideas, and Mazzini himself is a representative of Gentilism. He swears by the *many*. Rome always belonged to the *many*. Rome is the converse of Jerusalem. Jerusalem expected to conquer the world by means of her *one* Messiah. Rome expected to conquer the world by means of her *many* consuls, generals, and citizens—the *populus Romanus*. The *one* is monarchal, the other is republican. Rome has borrowed the idea of a *one* from Jerusalem, but she cannot complete it. Her Pope is a borrowed idea; but he is a series in succession, and his system of Gentile polytheism is incompatible with the Jewish unity. He himself is a tool in the hands of the *many*. He is not the *one*. It is a failure. Mazzini acknowledges its failure, but he would make it succeed by getting rid of the *false one*, and working with the *many* alone. He cannot. The *many* cannot work alone. Gentilism is an inconclusive system. The *one* cannot work alone. Judaism is an inconclusive system. These two ideas, the *one* and the *many*, are inseparable. They are the great male and female principles of all government.

Mazzini understands this reasoning, we doubt not. He is a thinker and can work with abstractions. Let him trace these two ideas from their beginning in the history of Western civilisation, and he will see at once the inevitable combination that will solve the European question.

Without an absolute *one*, who is the true representative of all, the *many* are immovable, except to destruction, or what is equivalent to destruction, the continuance of the present system of social confusion. This *one* principle may be said to contain the soul of Judaism, and to this one point it has faithfully adhered from its origin in one man. It is the oldest philosophy extant; and what moral philosophy, or French logic, will ever throw a doubt upon its perfect conclusiveness? The Jew, however, has profaned the idea, by making it patriotic, or national. It can only become sacred by its unlimited universality or impartiality.

The *one* is a religious idea, for religion means unity. The *many* is not. The *one* refers to divine agency, and tends to order; the *many* to human agency, and tends to disorder. Hence the tendency of all republicans to discard the religious idea; and the deeper they involve themselves in democratical systems the less religious they become. The *one* is always more or less religious. The *one* monarch attaches himself to the priesthood of his country. Like Henry the Great of France, perhaps he changes his religion to that of the majority. The *one* President does precisely the same; he finds it indispensable for the security of his position. Perhaps he fails. It matters not. Every man on a throne is impelled by the necessity of employing the religious element, in some mode or other, to secure his position. It attaches itself always to the *one* in office. Even a father finds it useful in the government of his children; and a mother never fails to increase her own influence by its mysterious means. On the contrary, the *many* as invariably discard the religious idea. If they did not, they would find a *one* at the head of them invested with a sacred authority; and that is the very authority which the *many* dislike. But it is only because they cannot find a *one* to represent them. Not being able to find this *one*, they wish to clothe themselves with authority and sanctity. The wish to make themselves alone the "*Jos Dei*." If they set up a *one* as the head of a republic, he must be a tool devoid of all sanctity or divine right; for their system is, a circumference governing the centre, not a centre the circumference.

Here, then, is the great problem. The *one* and the *many*. The democrats would solve it by getting rid of the *one*; the monarchists, by subduing and silencing the *many*. They are both wrong, in so far as they deny each other's principle. The two principles are eternal and indestructible. They will destroy all who oppose them, until they be reconciled. Their reconciliation is the marriage union of Judaism and Gentilism, and forms the great crisis of

this world. Crisis means judgment, and that judgment means decision. The day of the Great Settlement, then, is the Day of Decision, when the restoration of the world begins, and its ruins are gradually restored, and its waste places begin to be peopled, or re-peopled, with inhabitants.

It is the most important of all questions, but quite insoluble by such means as the school of continental republicans are adopting. Instead of coming to England to teach, they must learn. We are far in advance of them. Our atmosphere of ecclesiastical and political life is more universal in England than in any other country. We have all the elements of human society here in preparation for the great Day of Decision, and no other country has all these elements but England. Guizot, the French historian, in his work on civilisation, has enumerated these elements of society. According to him, they are, the Church, the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, and the Democracy. Nowhere can these be found except in this country. The Church may be in Rome, but where is the monarchy and democracy? where are the sects that constitute the religious democracy? These are indispensable to the completeness of the representation. Where are they in France? where is even the Church in France? Her Church is in Rome. Where is the monarchy in France? where is the aristocracy? Here in England are all the knots preserved and ready for solution. They have cut, and hacked, and burned, and torn them in other countries, but they are not solved, and they cannot be solved where they are not found in preservation. Here, then, in England, and not in France, not in Rome, not in Germany, must the great Gordian knot of human civilisation be untied, and the problem solved for the era that is coming. This fact is as evident as sunshine itself; and if Mazzini cannot see it, after looking at it, his eyes are much worse than we are disposed to give them credit for being.

But the solution of this knot is an intellectual solution. It is a revolution of ideas, not of guns, and pikes, and flagstones. Dogs and donkeys will know nothing about it. Barricade revolutions are brute revolutions—the revolutions of the irreligious and undisciplined many, without the religious and regulating one. They make dogs bark and monkeys run. They will all fail. Every steel and lead revolution will fail. It is the work of a brute power. It cannot enlighten the mind, or regulate the morals or manners. It cannot proclaim a law for the conscience, nor enforce its obedience when it is proclaimed. It wants authority, and that authority comes from the one. The French are beginning once more to think of this, and to set up a one; but they cannot find a solvent of the question, for France is not the country. Civilisation, as we have often shown, travels north-westward, with a new and distinct mission for each nation, as she advances. England is the terminus and the turning point; and here, in preparation for the great solution, are all the elements collected for the final controversy. Here also the exiles flock, like pilot balloons, from all nations; for to England Destiny points with her finger.

REPOSE.

How sweet is Repose! when a day of hard toil
Has exhausted our strength and our spirits oppress'd,
When we cannot disguise,
The fatigue of our eyes,
And slumber invitingly welcomes to rest.

How sweet is Repose! when the heart is at ease,
And the spirits are free and unfettered by care;
When we smile in our dream
At some bright sunny gleam,
Yet when waking we wish that our lot were more fair.

How sweet is Repose! o'er the invalid's couch,
When the sufferer's wearied by fever or pain,
How its slumbers relieve—
They're the sick man's reprieve—
He wakes with new life and to hope once again.

LAETA.

FAMILY MATTERS.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home!

WASTE OF MONEY.—No mistakes are more sincerely mourned over in after life than a foolish waste of money in youth. The thing is altogether a matter of habit, and he who does not set his habits right in this particular, will lament it all his days. But the young man, because his real wants are few, imagines they always will be. Because he has to provide for himself alone, he has no idea that others are to be dependent upon him. He has health, youth, energy, and strength, and he forgets that they will not always last.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness by seeking to know in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have "scenes." I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes (unless the affection of both be very sincere) lasting. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a

strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitter repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow to the irritated feelings of your husband.—*The English Matron.*

GREEN GRAPE PUDDING.—Boil one pint of milk and pour it, whilst boiling hot, on four ounces of bread crumbs; when nearly cold, beat four ounces of butter to a cream in a smooth pan or basin, with four ounces of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, adding by degrees the yolks of four eggs, until the whole is beaten quite light; then add the bread crumbs and milk, with the grated rind of a lemon. After these are well mixed, beat the whites of the four eggs to a snow in a very clean basin, and stir in lightly, but perfectly, with the mixture. Butter a mould or basin very well, and place a few of the grapes, picked from their stalks, on the top, over these pour some of the mixture, and then a layer of grapes, until the mould is full, observing that a layer of mixture should be added last. Cover the mould with a piece of buttered paper, and steam the pudding, or tie it in a cloth, and boil it about one hour. When done, turn it out of the mould on a dish, and serve with sweet sauce, or wine sauce.

The pudding is much improved by stoning the grapes, which may be done with a large needle.

Another way, more economical, is to make a paste with finely-chopped suet, or butter, and flour, in the same way as for a beef-steak or fruit pudding. The paste, when rolled out, is put over the inside of a buttered basin; it is then filled with the fruit, picked from the stalks, and some sugar. A cover of paste is put on, the pudding tied in a cloth, and boiled for an hour, or an hour and a half, according to the size. When done, a hole should be cut in the top of the pudding, and a small piece of butter, with some more sugar, put in, before being served.

Green grapes also make a nice pie, in the same way as gooseberries.—G. R.

ON MARRIAGE.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light,
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty ringlets there.
Those that are out, butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in, butt to go out again!

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

(From BERGER'S Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.)

CHAPEAUX, &c.—*Paille de riz* is equally in favour for *capotes* and *chapeaux*. Several *chapeaux* are trimmed with ribbons only. The style of trimming called the *naud genre* is very much admired. Many *chapeaux* have the crown formed entirely of rice-straw, and the brim composed of alternate bands of straw and *tulle bouillonné*. A new description of fancy straw, called *paille de Lausanne*, has just appeared, and is likely to be very fashionable; it has the appearance of embroidery in straw. There is no material change in the garnitures of *chapeaux*, with the exception of those decorated with the *naud genre*. Lace, crape, *crepe lisse*, and *tulle*, retain all their vogue for *chapeaux* and *capotes* in half-dress, especially for visits, concerts, &c.

PARDESSUS, &c.—*Pardessus* of a light kind are still in request. Some *demi saison pardessus* have already appeared. We have seen, also, several taffeta *pardessus* very little wadded; the majority are of dark hues.

ROBES.—*Peignoirs* continue their vogue, both for early morning *deshabille* and home *négligée*, up to the hour of dinner. Those of muslin are, for the most part, beautifully embroidered. The *redingote* form is also a good deal adopted in home-dress. Flounces are still nearly the only garnitures adopted for robes. The sleeves called *Louis Quatorze* are beginning to supplant those of the pagoda form; these latter are made to turn the elbow, and are cut out at the bend of the arm; the others are progressive, very wide at the bottom, tight at the upper part; they are not sloped, and are generally ornamented at the ends with several rows of trimming, disposed all round in hollow plaits; the under-sleeves are made in the same manner. The materials for robes are of the lightest possible kind. Fancy silks and bareges are beautifully printed. The patterns of bareges are usually large, with the exception of the *guirlandes-colonnettes*, and some that are strewed with single flowers, or tufts of small flowers. *Organdy canezous* are much in favour in half-dress; the most novel are those with treble-pagoda sleeves. The under-dress, for white transparent materials, is always of white taffeta. There is no change in fashionable colours.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM.—*A Persian Fable.*—A gourd wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayst thou be?" asked the new comer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years, and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short lived as thou wilt be."