

FAMILY HERALD.

THE APPROACHING FESTIVAL OF ALL NATIONS.

The time approaches when the great spectacle, upon which the inward eyes of all nations are at present directed, will be open for display. Some of the long-expected crowd are already coming, and others are preparing their money and their baggage. People are already beginning to ask one another if they think the town is filling. The answer depends very much on the place where the question is put. In Cheapside or on London Bridge it is crammed or cranning; but on Southwark or Waterloo Bridge, where you pay a halfpenny toll, a drunken man may swagger from one side of the road to the other with as much comfort as if the Metropolis were in ruins and deserted of its inhabitants.

Some nervous people are apprehensive, however, that ere long the whole world will be down upon us, and that they will raise the price of bread, butter, potatoes, and everything else, and eat us all up before the harvest be gathered. Already we have heard a lady complaining that servants are not to be had for love or money, and that those that are already had are as saucy as French cooks, and more disposed to give orders than to take them. And one who was lately looking for a house complained, that all the best houses were taken up by speculators, and furnished with borrowed furniture, with nobody in them but a frump of a housekeeper, waiting for Dons and Barons, Bashaws and Mandarins.

Some who have exhausted the common-place apprehensions, by way of being singular have a touch at the sublime, and contemplate a seizure of the Metropolis by the bands of foreigners who are expected to come, like the locusts upon Egypt, by some mysterious conveyances, not yet constructed or even imagined. A million or two of additional inhabitants are, with shrewd calculation and grave physiognomy, given to the Metropolis, which, standing over great caverns and huge pools of water in the bowels of the earth, may be so overloaded with the superincumbent weight, as to sink into Tantalus, or rather into his cup, with a *'tarnal* squash, and disappear for ever. Others anticipate a great revolution, or turning of the political earth, like a cat on its paws when it tries to catch its tail, but cannot; and a Yankee seer, that peeps far into futurity, has good authority for believing, that Lancashire contemplates a separation from England, and the erection of itself and North Wales into a great republic, in federal communion with Carolina and Virginia!

Innumerable and infinitely absurd are the notions, both at home and abroad, of this Great World's Fair of 1851. Let us try if we cannot form an accurate estimate of its real character.

In the first place, then, with respect to numbers, we expect nothing very novel or surprising in the history of the world. Great as it may or will be, it has already been surpassed in the pilgrimages of the middle ages to the Holy Sepulchre, to Rome, Loretto, Compostella, Tours, and even to Canterbury. We shall see no such crowds as these places have seen. The promise of a plenary indulgence and pardon for all sins has brought more people to Rome in one day than the Exhibition of all Nations will ever bring to London. Giovanni Villani, describing a Roman Jubilee, says, that not a single day passed in the course of the year that there were not in Rome, besides its inhabitants, 200,000 pilgrims. And Gulielmo Ventura d'Asti, himself a pilgrim, thus describes the crowd and its consequences. "Leaving Rome on Christmas Eve, I saw an immense multitude which it was impossible to count; the Romans supposed it might amount to 200,000, male and female. I there saw men and women trodden under foot by one another; and I myself incurred the same danger several times. The Pope received from these persons incalculable sums; for there were two priests, night and day, standing beside the altar of St. Peter's, and furnished with rakes, gathering up enormous quantities of money." All the Romans grew rich that year, on the savings and squanderings of the pilgrims; and such was the zeal of these pilgrims, that many of them, men, women, and children, had walked on foot 1,000, or 1200 miles! (A.D. 1300).

We shall have nothing like that in London. We shall have neither the crowds, nor the zeal, nor the pedestrians to admire. The age is too cold and common-place for these, and we have no Pope to draw, though plenty of rakes to gather the money. We are utilitarians, and with all our ingenuity, wealth, and skill, we are incapable of getting up so strong an attraction as even a "Pope's Indulgence!"

We shall see very little difference in the interior of London. Around the Crystal Palace will be a constant crowd, especially in dry weather; and occasionally, in the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, we shall witness groups of singular figures, bearded, moustached, and perhaps even bloused; and here and there a white, sometimes, perhaps, even a green turban, and a red tarboosh; but all the vehicles they have at their disposal would not suffice to bring as many visitors from abroad to London, as daily come to us, on ordinary occasions, from our own provinces. Thirty or forty thousand visitors come daily to town, and we never perceive them, because they daily return. If two thousand foreigners come daily to London, during the ensuing Exhibition, we shall think it a large number; and as, after the first week, as many will go out as daily come in, we shall only have enough to give comfortable employment to our waiters and waitresses. The great mass of visitors will come from the provinces by railway. Now, let any man calculate how many more, than thirty or forty thousand daily, the railways are even capable of bringing in upon us; and, moreover, let him estimate the probable number of days which each visitor, on an average, will remain in the metropolis, and we think he will scarcely fail to come to the conclusion, that the streets of

London, during the ensuing summer, will be little more crowded than they usually are.

Who, after all, will come to the World's Fair? From the three hundred millions of Chinese, how many? Some half-dozen pair of cat's-eyes. From the hundred millions of Hindoos, how many? Some dozen or two of leather-skinned Pagans, at the most. From all Asia, that contains one-half of the human race, is it probable that there will be more than one hundred or two special visitors? The great Republic has already sent off a ship-load. How many is that? Some two or three hundred! As many come from Gravesend or Greenwich daily. Suppose a hundred ship-loads come? We can swallow them all, even if they do not return. How many will Russia send out of her forty or rather sixty millions of serfs? A general, a colonel, and a few subaltern officers, special emissaries of the Emperor, whose servants are all *militaires*; and as many spies to watch their behaviour and report to Count Benckendorff, the chief of police, if still alive, for we are not in the habit of reading the Russian obituaries. Will Africa send any of her niggers? Will the Emperor of Dahomy send any of his amazons, or his slaves, or his hangman and executioner, who is always the prime minister of his empire, as being the head-man? Will Naples contribute a single nun or a benedict, bond or free? The king has already declined to give them passports to come. Will St. Peter's Patrimony risk the orthodoxy of a Roman in the capital of heresy? The Pope and the cardinals mean to follow the King of Naples' example. Will Spain send any but her own exhibitors? Spain is not an industrial country. Her people all hate innovations; and all the trade of the country is in the hands of smugglers, of whom she supports an army of 400,000. Will they come or will they send delegates? They would rather go on a pilgrimage to Compostella. Will Portugal send a ship-load? or will Sweden or Norway send a steamer full? We have travelled now nearly over the whole world, and yet we cannot find as many visitors as would fill the square at Charing Cross.

Where, then, will all our foreign visitors come from?—France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark. These are the principal places, after all. Will they send many? No, they cannot. The German governments are timorous, and will refuse the passports to all but the rich, the influential, and the well-disposed; and these are not very numerous. Besides, these very countries have been all of late so convulsed with revolution and civil war, or apprehensions of both, that the financial means of all classes are much impaired, and they will adopt the economical system of seeing the Exhibition by proxy or delegation, to save their personal expenses. Some thousands will come from the great cities of Paris, Vienna, Lyons, Marseilles, Brussels, Frankfort, Hamburg, &c., but they will be as nothing in London; for the number, supposing it to be even two hundred thousand, will be distributed over six months, and, therefore, scarcely sufficient to ensure good houses for the season to theatrical managers, or to fill the new foreign and unconsecrated chapels of the Bishop of London.*

For our crowds we must depend upon the provinces; yet, snort as they will, the engines and trains cannot pour in upon us a population that will at all incommode us. Crowds there will be in Hyde Park, but the greater proportion of these crowds will be the Cockneys themselves, who, at ten minutes' notice, or to witness a fire, a hanging, or a political demonstration, can make up a host as large as any that all the world besides can invade us withal, without a pope of the west to rival the pope of the dark ages, and make London the focus of a universal pilgrimage.

Having allayed our own apprehensions of a crowd, if not those of our readers, we now proceed to make a few remarks on the Exhibition itself.

It is a utilitarian Exhibition, and, therefore, however useful, it is not in itself essentially an attractive object; but it is made attractive by its magnitude, its multiplicity, its universality, and its mystery. Its chief attraction it owes to those ideal features that are not utilitarian. Those who visit the Crystal Palace, as a school to learn, will be comparatively a small number to those who visit it merely as a sight to be seen. Most people will go to it, as they go to a play, or to see a giant, or a dwarf, or a picture at the Surrey Gardens. It was not the original intention of the Exhibition to gratify this vague and artless curiosity; but this will be the strongest motive to assemble the crowds. The mere utility would not bring so many as would pay for the glass that covers the ceiling. But the real leaders of art and science, like the real governors of a country, are a small number of men. They are the princes of industry; and if these few men, from all countries, are individually enlightened on their respective arts, one great object of the Exhibition is gained. This cannot fail to be the case; and, therefore, this one good result may be said to be guaranteed. Moreover, the mass who go from curiosity may find themselves involuntarily and unexpectedly impressed with new ideas. They must see and learn, if they use their eyes; and they must compare one nation with another, and perceive a speciality of character about each, of which they were not before aware. It will be a little world, in which they will travel on foot, from nation to nation, or stand on the frontiers between two nations, and, with a bird's-eye glance, detect the peculiarities of each. But, at the best, this is only knowledge; and search as you will, in that great Crystal Palace, you will find nothing there but a collection of facts. It is a palace of facts—a fact-totum palace—that is all.

Is that not something? says the matter-of-fact philosopher. Certainly it is; everything is something. But unless you can deduce a great moral from your Palace of Facts; unless it embrace a moral, or a series of morals; unless there be hope in it for the poor man, as well as entertainment for the rich;

* So English-Catholic is the English Church, that its service must not be read in any other language but English in a consecrated church. It may be read in Low Dutch or Feejee in an unconsecrated chapel.

unless the labourer can perceive in it a means of redeeming him from bondage, of shortening his hours of toil, and raising his wages of labour; unless it can open up a prospect to the oppressed and the impoverished—of better days to themselves and their children in the years to come, we can only regard such a Palace of Facts, as we would regard a picture at the Surrey Gardens, or an exhibition of fire-works at Vauxhall or Cremorne in a summer night! If it have no tendency to moral improvement, it is to us, and to all but the prize-gainers, nothing but vanity. Now, it unfortunately happens, that the condition of the people does not keep pace in improvement with Science and Art. Our industrial genius is wonderful, and our riches are the envy of the world; and yet in this huge Metropolis of ours, which the nations are coming to see, there are vast deserts of humanity peopled with slaves, who are stinted in growth through continuous labour and scanty nourishment. In this tri-une Empire of ours, the end of Christendom and its representative, there are millions of people covered with rags, and living on roots in common with pigs. Great as we are in wealth, industry, and skill, we have not been able to conquer the Demon of Poverty, or curtail his power. The poor do actually increase with our wealth, because it is the poor that make it. Where does our wealth come from? Where do our luxuries and our comforts come from? Driven by the great slave-driver, Fell Necessity, how many are drudging above ground, and beneath it, pouring with perspiration, covered with dust, soot, and filth, blackened with smoke, inhaling poisonous atmospheres, daily and hourly incurring the danger of death, and mutilation that is worse than death, enjoying no relaxation but that of scanty sleep, no society but that of their own fellow-drudges, no change but that of work and meals—meals and work, and a whiff of tobacco-smoke, and a draught of beer, in a comfortless beer-shop; and all this continuously, from boyhood to old age, if ever old age be attained, in order that they who live in the upper stories of the Great Tower of Babel may enjoy the comforts and facilities of civilized existence! Beautiful as civilization may be in some of its higher features, it is melancholy to think at what a cost it is purchased.

Now, will the Great Exhibition tend directly or indirectly to remedy any of these evils? Or will it tend to make men more virtuous; the intemperate, temperate; the dishonest, honest; the improvident, provident? No; nothing of the sort is ever expected from it. It is merely a bazaar.

Some go so far as to say that it may contribute to the promotion of international friendship, and the removal of international prejudices. In so far as commerce has a mission to effect such a purpose, we do not deny that the Exhibition may contribute its quota of influence; but commerce can never destroy the great prejudices that separate the nations and tribes of men; it can only present a motive for concealing them. Commerce is essentially a combative principle. The buyer is always an antagonist to the seller; and all sellers are rivals to one another. Commerce has its own peculiar prejudices and antipathies; and deep, and indelible, and heartrending they are; whilst, so far as commerce and trade have yet developed their moral results, they are compatible with an excess of misery, beside a superabundance of wealth.

It is rather as a sign of the times than as a cause of anything morally good or bad that we regard the Exhibition of all nations. It is the expression of an idea of international communion and friendship; and the response which it receives is the utterance of the feelings which the nations experience. Such utterances, on so large a scale, are voices of no common import; they are voices from Heaven, which all men hear, and all men understand; for they speak the language of all nations. And every man will comment upon this voice, and brood over it, and bring forth more or less in himself and his offspring the result which it foreshadows, of an Era of Peace, in which the strife of the sword shall cease, and the less violent strife of genius and industry shall occupy its place.

May a moral and religious power be ere long revealed to turn this new and peaceful direction of human activity to a good account—that the poor may enjoy the benefit of the change—that the vicious may be reclaimed, and society cleansed of the mass of corruption that has been accumulating for ages, and is now sanctioned by the prestige of immemorial usage.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO THE WORLD.

A Voice of happy greeting to the Nations of the World!
A Flag of Peace for every shore, on every sea, unfurl'd!
A Word of brotherhood and love to each who hears the call,—
A Welcome to the World of Men, a Welcome, one and all!
O children of a common stock! O brothers, all around!
In kindness and sympathy receive the joyful sound;
Old England bids you welcome all, and wins you to her shore,
To see how men of every clime may help each other more!
Old England greets you lovingly, as friend should greet a friend,
And only prays that peaceful days may never have an end;
And only hopes, by doing good, the good of all to gain,
And so Goodwill from brethren still, right gladly to attain!
Come on then to this Tournament of Peace and skilful Art,
Come on, fair Europe's chivalry, and play the Bayard's part!
For honour, Austria, spur away! for honour, gentle France!
For honour, Russ, and Swede, and Turk,—come on with levell'd lance!
Come on, again, high-hearted Spain! industrious Holland, come!
Italy, Persia, Greece, and Ind,—fill up the Nations' sum!
And chiefly with us, heart to heart, come on, and tilt for fame,
Columbia,—thou that England art in everything but name!

Not, as long since, for deeds of death,—but deeds to gladden life;
Provoking each for others' good to join the generous strife;
As in those games at Pytho, or in old Nemæa's grove,
Where Græcia's best and worthiest for honour only strove.

Come, wrestle thus in peace with us,—and vie for glory's prize,
Bring out your wares of rarest work, and wealthiest merchandize;
Let every Craft of every clime produce its brilliant best,
The dazzling zone of Venus and Minerva's starry crest!

Let Science add the miracles that human reason works
When tracking out the Mind of God that in all Nature lurks,—
The Wonderful, that HE hath made beneficent to man,
And gives us wit to fathom it, and use it as we can!

Oh, there are secrets choice and strange that men have not found out!
Though up and down the earth we range and forage round about,
The hidden things of Mercy's heart, the Beautiful-Sublime,
That God hath meant to cheer us on adown the stream of Time—

Adown the stream of Time, until we reach that happier shore
Where sin and pain come not again, and grief is grief no more;
For that, O nations! wisely strive to do all good you can,
And, gratefully as unto God, live brotherly with Man!

Albury.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

FAMILY MATTERS.

REMEMBER THIS!—To decline all advice, unless the example of the giver confirm his precepts, would be about as sapient as if a traveller were to refuse to follow the directions of a finger-post, unless it hopped after its own finger.

WHAT IS AN OLD BACHELOR?—An old bachelor is a bass (base) solo—an unfinished piece of creation—the first volume of an interesting work—a watch without a regulator—a voluntary martyr, refusing Heaven's best gift—a fruitless blossom on the tree of life—a ship without a rudder, dashed by the waves of despair on the rocks of desolation—sometimes a gilded peg for aspiring relatives to hang their hopes on.

THE TWO PHASES OF WOMAN.—Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

PROPER TREATMENT FOR YOUNG CANARIES.—No young birds should ever be removed, when carefully nursed by their parents, until they are at least five weeks old; and their food should be changed gradually. They should then be placed in separate cages, and kept in a warm room, where there is a fine, steady song-bird, ready to act the part of "tutor." At this tender age, their little throats will be found full of music! They begin quite *piano*; their early notes being called "recording." Like the mind of a child, they are open to the earliest impressions; and readily copy or imitate whatever they hear. Hence, the great importance of putting them out to a good "preparatory school." Train them up in the way they should go, and you will find that the saying of the "Wise Man" applies even to the feathered race. I am indeed amazed to think, how very ignorant we remain in things that ought now to be universally understood!—W. KIDD.

FILLETS OF MACKAREL, à la Venitienne.—Fillet four or five fine mackarel; trim them neatly, and put them into a sautez pan, or frying pan, first spreading over the bottom two or three ounces of good butter. Lay in the fillets with the skin-side downward, and pour over them four spoonfuls of olive oil. Sautez, or fry them, over a good fire, and when they are done on one side, turn them. Take them up when done, and put into the pan half a glassful of vinegar; the same quantity of good broth; a coffee-spoonful of finely-chopped shallot; the same of parsley, with pepper and salt to season; then reduce this sauce one-third, and melt two ounces of butter in it, without letting it boil. Having dished the fillets in a good form, pour the sauce over, and serve.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BALL-ROOM.—By Mrs. NICHOLAS HENDERSON.

The Gorlitz—A New Dance.

This is a new round dance for two, lately introduced by Veran, in Paris, and subsequently in London. It is a Polish dance, much in vogue before the fall of Poland. It requires great practice to dance it gracefully, the movements being very varied. It is danced in Schottische time, rather slow.

First Part.—The gentleman takes the lady as in the Polka, and commences with the Polka step, with the left foot moving to the left, at the same time turning half round; then slide right foot to the right; bring left foot behind right, in fifth position; glissade with right foot, finishing with left foot in front.—All this occupies two bars.

Spring on right foot, at same time raising left foot in front; let left foot fall