

The following is the concluding portion of Lord Lyndhurst's speech in the House of Lords on the 19th June on the war question. It is not very flattering to *Old Nic*.

Now, my lords, there is another important point for our consideration. We may say we are not to be sacrificed, we must receive an effectual guarantee; without such a guarantee we cannot be safe, we cannot be certain that the integrity of Turkey will be held sacred; but when that guarantee has been obtained we need be under no apprehensions of the consequences. But I ask you, my lords, what that guarantee is to be? (Hear, hear.) We can have the guarantee of the Four Powers and that of Russia, but what will be the consequences and the effect of such a guarantee? The guarantee of the Four Powers, as long as they are united and hold together, as long as no disputes take place between them upon other important points, will be valid; but the moment this state of things comes to a termination, the moment a quarrel takes place between them with regard to other matters and other interests, this guarantee will be perfectly useless. What assurance can you have that a Power of this character will not infringe any engagements however positive, into which she may enter?

For my own part, I look upon an engagement with Russia on a subject of this kind as perfectly useless. It would not be worth the paper on which it might be written. (Cheers.) Look at her whole conduct, and then if any person can be credulous enough to trust in any statement of Russia, or in any engagement into which she may enter contrary to her own interests, all I can say is, that I admire the extent of his faith. ("Hear," and laughter.) Let me recall to your lordships' recollection what took place at St. Petersburg with respect to Sir H. Seymour, our intelligent, active, and able ambassador at that Court. Sir H. Seymour heard that Russian troops were being collected on the Turkish frontier; he was satisfied with his authority, and he mentioned the circumstance to Count Nesselrode. The Count contradicted the statement; he said to Sir H. Seymour—"Do not believe what you hear; believe only what you see (a laugh); all that is taking place is only a change in the position of our armies, which is usual at this season of the year; I assure you you are mistaken."

Sir H. Seymour, however, was too able a diplomatist to be thrown off his guard, and he wrote to the noble Earl opposite a despatch in which he declared the impossibility of reconciling all he heard from various quarters with Nesselrode's assurances. Is this the system, and are these the persons, on whose assurances we are to depend? (Cheers.) I remember hearing an eloquent speech from a noble lord on the crossbenches as to the necessity of placing confidence in a person with whom we might be negotiating; but the speech, though eloquent, was not convincing. As far as relates to the transactions of private life, confidence may properly be founded upon character; but when great interests are depending, and when we employ agents to protect those interests, give me leave to say that caution, jealousy, and foresight are the qualities which should characterize our negotiations.

I am of the same mind as Charles Fox was when he said he preferred the old Parliamentary word "jealousy" to the modern one "confidence." (Cheers and laughter.) When the interest of millions are at stake—when the liberties of mankind are at issue—away with confidence. (Cheers.) Confidence generally ends in credulity. (Loud cheers.) This is true of statesmen as of individuals. (Hear, hear.) My lords, the history of Russia, from the establishment of the empire down to the present moment is a history of fraud, duplicity, trickery, artifice, and violence. The present Emperor has proclaimed himself the protector of the Greek church in Turkey, just as the Empress Catherine declared herself protector of the Greek church in Poland. By means of that protecorate she fomented dissensions and stirred up political strife in the country: She then marched into Poland under the pretence of allying tumults, and stripped the kingdom of some of its fairest provinces. We know the ultimate result: it is too familiar to require more particular reference.

Look at another instance of Russian policy of more recent occurrence. Russia agreed to a treaty with Turkey by which she recognized the independence of the Crimea. Nevertheless she stirred up insurrection in that country, under the old pretence of protecting one party against another, and when the opportunity offered she sent Suwaroff, one of her most barbarous generals, into the Crimea, who murdered the inhabitants and despoiled them of their territory, while a line of Russian ships invested the coast and cut off all communication with Constantinople. At the very moment when this was being done Russia was not only at peace with Turkey, but was actually negotiating a treaty of commerce with her. (Loud cries of "Hear.") The Russian Government is marked by all the characteristics of Asiatic barbarism. St. Petersburg is merely a second Tobolsk.

When Napoleon was going to Egypt he took possession of Malta and another small rock in the Mediterranean, which caused Pitt to say that there was nothing too vast for the aim of his ambition, nothing too small for the grasp of his rapacity. The remark is as applicable to Russia as it was to Napoleon. Russia has doubled her European territories within the last fifty years, and yet she is bent on possessing herself of Khiva. The loss of two armies does not deter her from prosecuting this purpose, although the place cannot be of the slightest value to her except as affording her the means of annoying us in respect to our Eastern possessions. In this way does Russia go on for ever.—Take the most recent instance. While Nicholas was pretending to act the part of protector of Turkey,

and trying to cajole the Sultan with professions of friendship and esteem, he was at the same time planning the partition of his empire. (Hear, hear.) This is the Emperor with whom you are now dealing and on whose statements and representations we are to rely! (Cheers.)

When Prince Menschikoff was despatched to Constantinople, Count Nesselrode assured our Government that his mission was connected with nothing but the dispute between the Greek and Latin churches; but after he had been a short time in Turkey the Prince opened negotiations with the Turkish Government—which he threatened with vengeance if it should venture to oppose his views having for their object the placing of Nicholas in a position in which he would share the government of the country with the Sultan. Your lordships, too, may recollect hearing at that time that Prince Menschikoff had sent a military officer to Athens. It has now turned out that that statement was correct, and there is little reason to doubt that the Greek insurrection was the result of the mission.—These circumstances should put us on our guard against placing the slightest reliance on any engagements into which Russia may enter. We must have guarantees for the fulfilment of her undertakings. I do not mean personal guarantees—they are worthless. Russia has coined a new phrase of which we may avail ourselves—"material guarantees." (Cheers and laughter.)

Russia must give us what she calls material guarantees; and if we would hold in pledge or mortgage something valuable which she would not like to lose, we may hope to bind her to her word; but as for moral guarantees—as for a pledge of good faith and honor—such things, coming from Russia, are to my mind of no value whatever. (Hear, hear.) But then, my noble friend opposite may say,—What course would you pursue?—What is your policy? My reply is, that that would depend a good deal on the events of the war.—["Hear, hear," from the ministerial benches.]—This, however, I unhesitatingly declare, that in no event; except that of extreme necessity, ought we to make peace without previously destroying the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and laying prostrate the fortifications by which it is defended.—[Great cheering.]

If we leave Russia that fleet and those defences, we leave her in a position in which she will be sure to coerce Turkey, because in that case Turkey must—to use the words I have already quoted—be submissive to her will. (Hear, hear.) I know not what course Austria intends to pursue, but I think I may venture to state that, in this matter, she has far more at stake than either England or France. (Hear, hear.) Should Russia hold permanent possession of the principalities, the whole Southern frontier, and indeed, the independence of Austria, would be threatened. If this monstrous—I know not what to call it—this levithian Power, which stretches forth its arms so many thousand miles from West to East, and presses on the Northern and Eastern frontiers of Austria, should also succeed in establishing itself on her Southern frontier, Austria must be crushed. (Hear, hear.)

What course Russia will take if she should succeed in obtaining possession of the provinces of Turkey in Europe it is not for me to predict. That she will not stand still—that she will not remain stationary, is certain. She knows—to use the emphatic language of the Emperor—that surrounding nations contemplate her colossal power with awe, and know that her vast armies only await the signal for pouring like a deluge over the states and kingdoms of the world. My lords I feel strongly on this subject, and I believe that if this barbarous nation—this enemy of all progress except that which tends to strengthen and consolidate its own power—which punishes education as a crime—should once succeed in establishing itself in the heart of Europe, it would be the greatest calamity that could befall the human race. (Sustained cheering.)

DAMAGES AND REPAIRS.—"Hallo, Sharp," said Pop, meeting him the other day in the street, 'you hobble, my boy, what's the matter with you?'

'Oh, I had my feet crushed, through the carelessness of a conductor, the other day, between railroad cars—that's all.'

'And don't you mean to sue for damages?'

'Damages? no, no—I have had damages enough from them already; hadn't I better sue for repairs?'

Walter Scott does not appear to have been the boy at school which some have stated. Once a boy in the same class was asked by the 'dominie' what part of speech the word *with* was.

'A noun,' sir, said the boy.

'You young blockhead,' cried the pedagogue, 'what example can you give of such a thing?'

'I can tell you, sir,' interrupted Scott; 'you know there is a verse in the Bible, which says, 'they bound Sampson with withs.'

DIDN'T FOLLOW IT.—"I am so glad to find you are better," said John Hunter, the famous surgeon, to the equally famous actor Foote, one morning; 'you followed my prescription, of course?'

'Indeed I did not, Doctor, replied Sam, 'for I should have broken my neck.'

'Broken your neck! exclaimed Hunter in amazement.

'Yes,' said Foote, 'for I threw your prescription out of the three story window.'

Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he won't believe even the reports of a cannon.

BOARDING HOUSE COLLOQUY.—Boarder, What large chickens these are.'

Landlady—'Yes chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't get chickens, as large as these.'

Boarder—(Quite innocently)—'No, I suppose not—they must have grown some in that time!'

The landlady looked as though she had been misunderstood.

YANKEES NEVER LOSE A TRADE.—A gentleman was once negotiating with a New Hampshire horse dealer for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by ten dollars. Next morning, however, making up his mind to split the difference, he posted off to the stable, where the first person he met was the groom.

'Master up, Joe?' he enquired.

'No, master is dead,' said Joe, 'but he left word for you to have the mare.'

'Mother, did you hear Sissy swear?' 'No, my dear—what did she say?' 'Why, she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church on Easter Sunday.'

Some genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for travelling 'bien-by,' you can go anywhere for nothing, and return for half price.

Love.

What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,

Thy heart must teach alone—

Two souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one.

Nothing like a heart to touch the heart.

REMEMBER THIS!—In all cases where persons are struck down with lightning, cold water should be applied to the body for hours; and if after three or four hours' drenching, animation is not restored, add salt in the water and continue the drenching.

An inveterate dram drinker, being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, 'Well, that's comfort at all events, for its very difficult to get any in this world.'

ANECDOTE.—The following is literally true. A Methodist deacon arose in meeting to 'tell his experience,' and said, 'the devil is a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour; blessed be his holy name!'

A Piscatorial Simile.—A German Almanac remarks that a young girl is a fishing rod; the eyes are the hook, the sweet smile is the bait, the lover is the gudgeon, and marriage is the butter in which he is fried.

A man was promenading with his son one day, when the little fellow cried out, 'Oh, Pa! there goes an editor!' 'Hush, son!' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet!'

When a man stops his newspaper on account of pecuniary forebodings, we consider him about as gone a case as if he should conclude to stop his daily bread for fear he should come to poverty and die.

A thrashing machine for fighting the "inimy" has just been published in Michigan. The inventor says it will wollop a regiment of Spaniards in 1 hour and 8 minutes. It is to be used in the invasion of Cuba.

The other day an old lady rushed frantically into the garden in search of her daughter, upon being told that the young lady had gone there with a 'rake.'

The Grant county (Wis.) Herald, recommends men of property in that county to die pretty soon, as they have an honest judge of probate to administer their estates—a thing not to be expected a gain immediately.

An English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict: 'Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man.'

Perkins wishes to know why some of our first females wear lamp mats instead of bonnets on their heads in the street? Referred to committee on milliners.

The man who courted an investigation, says it is not half as good as an affectionate girl. We expect not.

Fence posts, steeped in a solution of blue vitriol—one pound of vitriol to forty pounds of water—will last forever and be pretty good after that.

"In short ladies and gentlemen," said an over-powered orator. "I only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart. (Vulgar boy in the gallery) "Won't a pane in your stomach do this time?"

We were amused with a remark we heard in the street last night. "Hilloo, Bill!" said a fellow to one of his tipsy companions, who was standing against a lamp post, "is that your post?" "Not exactly," said the tipsy one, "but I have a lean upon it."

A quaint writer says, "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away,—afraid to sail, for fear that the boat should upset—afraid to walk, for fear that the dew might fall—but I never saw one afraid to get married."

'There is no little enemy.' A man either hates you with his whole heart, or he don't hate you at all. This hating a little is a good deal like blowing up a powder mill a little. It's a fact that can't be done.

As many writers have taken the trouble to define what a wife ought to be, we may as well add our idea on the subject to the general fund. A wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and nicely dressed.

Master Dusenberry was so conscientious last week that he wanted to know whether it was not wicked to wear everyday clothes on Sunday.—Theologians will please examine this 'case of conscience,' and report.

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. 'Because,' he said, 'we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one.'

A man who was imprisoned for bigamy, (marrying two wives,) complained that he had been severely dealt with for an offence 'which carries its own punishment along with it.'

"I would advise you to put your head into a dye-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy girl. "I would advise you to put yours into an oven, it's rather soft," said Nancy.

Ladies, who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular northeaster.

The report that the Pacific is to be enlarged for purpose of accomodating the growing commerce of California is, we learn, without any foundation whatever.

The man who undertook to convince himself that he was wrong, gave it up as a hopeless job.—He said it was the hardest subject he ever got hold of.

"How d'ye do, little Miss, is your mother at home?" With an immediate response she replied, "pretty well sir—mother is up stairs catching fleas—won't you come in?"

The following good toast was drank at the late Railroad celebration at Cadiz:

Woman: The rib taken from man to form ribs for all creation.

If exercise promotes health, those who collect old bills for editors should be among the longest lived people on earth.

A man by the name of *Wood* lately fell into the water—a Mr. *Stone* swam to save him; but, before he could reach him, he (*Wood*) sank to raise no more.

Deacon Squibb has recovered from his late attack on cold mutton. He says he thinks he shall be able to establish a case of *Baa d usage*.

If you wish to keep a penknife, buy one of those which sell for 'a shilling a gross.' Anything better than it, is sure to be borrowed and kept.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

A paradox.—A disbanded hat is still in existence.

The Golden Rule.—One made of the real California ore.

The evil that was "floored" is now walked upon.

The man who took a thing by mistake, sent it back by express.

The lady whose 'peace of mind' was broken intends to have it repaired.

A MORAL OFFICE.—A correspondent says the Pants got on Tick are breeches of trust.

Several pieces of the meeting that was "broken up," have been found.