

to this, a pledge might very properly be exacted, to the effect; that in case a general law for triennial Parliaments should not be passed, they will, if elected, resign their seats at the end of three years, and allow their constituents, by a new election, to pronounce upon the merits of their past conduct.

HERALD.—It may be difficult to say which is the best mode of celebrating the triumph of the cause of Parliamentary Reform, but it is not difficult to say which is not the best mode. The manifestation of public joy, through the means of an illumination, has nothing rational or useful in it. That mode of rejoicing is also associated with the desolating success of war, and is the less fit to be used as the medium of expression of the public gratitude for the peaceful and moral victory which has reconquered for the nation its constitutional rights. Often have the people lighted up their dwellings at the command of a government, for achievements which were but the result of a criminal ambition, and which were stained with guilty glory. Often has the full blaze of idle illumination commemorated the events which confirmed the strength of vicious power, and while they throw a false splendour over corruption and misrule, darkened the moral prospects of the people. The victory of reform is very different; it is great in itself, but it opens far more brightening prospects for the future upon the country which it has rescued from a domination that nearly brought it to the verge of ruin. Should such a victory be confounded with the blood-stained achievements of war? Should the triumph of reason and argument be celebrated like the success whose laurels are steeped in gore, and moistened with the tears of the widow and the orphan? Or should the people's jubilee be a thing of glitter and gas, and tar barrels and rockets, that blaze and perish in a night, like the transient display of some court pageant, equally showy and unsubstantial, that dazzles only to be forgotten? Far be the bad taste of imitating such puerile and unmeaning exhibitions from the minds of British Reformers. We were glad to see the other day that the householders of Mansion House street, Cheapside, and the Poultry, petitioned the Common Council to devise some more rational way of celebrating the Reform Bill than by illumination. It was still more gratifying to observe that the mode of celebration proposed to be substituted was not only rational but it was one of utility and benevolence. It was stated by Mr Shoobridge, one of the deputation, that it would be acceptable to every lover of peace to appoint in each ward, a committee of six or twelve to collect a sum of money to build 500 almshouses for the occupation of decayed citizens, instead of wasting the money by an illumination. In Edinburgh a proposition has been made to establish infant schools as a perpetual memorial of reform—a memorial connected with that improvement of the human mind, without which reform would be eventually of little avail. Whatever may be the particular mode of celebration, we say, let it not be noise, glitter, and revelry, on which vast sums of money are to be expended at the present season, but let humanity and benevolence bless the moral triumph of reform.

LONDON GLOBE.

There can be only one opinion in reference to the late brutal outrage upon the person of his Majesty at Ascot-heath races. Happily it is disconnected from all public or political feeling, being the mere act of desperation on the part of a reckless individual, operated upon by imaginary injury, possibly the result of insipient insanity. It is gratifying to learn that this execrable act of malevolence produced that spontaneous sensation upon the spot, which must have been gratifying to a King who has shown so evident a disposition to live in the hearts of his people. We anticipate no small share of amusement from the endeavours that will be made to connect this lamentable incident with Parliamentary Reform.

LONDON MORNING POST.

We will not be put off with the shallow pretence that the criminal who attempted to murder the King at Ascot, was actuated solely by a mistaken sense of personal injury. Has he not lived in England for the last eighteen months? Has he not heard that the prime minister of the king advised the bench of bishops either to obey the orders of the rabble, or to put their houses in order? Has he not known that the most eminent colleagues of this chief of the cabinet have been the friendly, courteous, and patronizing correspondents of illegal societies destitute of any other claim to respect but their presumed power to wield the weapon of brutal violence? Has he not found the most confidential and most favoured of the political allies of the administration appealing to the supremacy of brute force? Has he not read in that journal which obtained information from government offices, and was distinguished by the contributions of the keeper of the king's conscience, admonitions to the rabble of corporate towns, to strike in the faces of unpopular candidates, and more recently an apology by

anticipation for any mob that might undertake the patriotic duty of tearing the Duke of Wellington in pieces? Has he not seen all the authorities in the state crouching before the authority of senseless violence, and contributing their utmost to its ascendancy? Has he not perceived that the most audacious libels against the King and Queen, libels the most disloyal and unmanly, libels tending directly to personal violence, have not only been permitted to pass unrebuked, but have met with positive encouragement from the heads of the state? And is all this training to go for nothing? Are men thus educated by authority for eighteen months to be cool and philosophic in their estimate of their personal claims; and in the event of those claims being disregarded, are they to dismiss that ferocity of temper which, for public purposes, has been cultivated so assiduously!

LONDON TIMES.

The battle of Waterloo was gained by British troops, but by no troops that ever fought, would such a battle have been won, under circumstances so adverse, and against military ability so transcendent as Napoleon's, had any but the Duke of Wellington himself directed the prowess of men, and sustained their over-wrought and sinking frames, during that almost preternatural conflict. To the extraordinary combination of skill, decision, and immovable fortitude, put forth on that day by the British General, the country, and every man existing on its soil, stands indebted, and will in his posterity to all future ages be so, for the difference between an entire destruction of the small force of Englishmen engaged at Waterloo, and their signal and immortal triumph. To the Duke of Wellington we are indebted for the 17 years of peace which, with few, and partial interruptions, hardly, indeed, deserving to be enumerated, this nation has enjoyed from June 1815 to June 1832. To him, as the commander of our armies, it is owing that we have no longer cause to dread disturbance from the insatiable thirst of aggression, upon whatever bears the name of British interest or honor, by which he who fell at Waterloo, was impelled throughout his whole political, nay, to the end of his physical existence. This is a good to which the great bulk of our countrymen cannot be insensible, and for which few, we trust can be ungrateful. Some indeed there are, so void of all generous and manly feeling, of all moral taste and decency of nature, as to celebrate the feast of Waterloo, by base and brutal outrages upon the person of its hero! Is there on human record a fact more disgraceful than this? Would the most stupid savage have overlooked the reverence due to the actor of so mighty an achievement, and made choice of such an anniversary for the perpetration of so vile an insult as the conqueror of Napoleon suffered on Monday at the hands of a banditti of miserable ruffians?—that day, the precise expiation of the 17th year from the day on which 'Waterloo' obtained the most glorious name in history! No political obstinacy or error should provoke reasonable men to such infamous ingratitude—no sophistry can palliate it. The Duke of Wellington may forgive the deed, but no other honest Englishman can.

LONDON MORNING HERALD.

But it is not worth while to enquire into the motives of such men—they were evidently riotous individuals, incapable of judging or feeling correctly, or they would not, on the anniversary of his military fame, and in the hour of national triumph, when his power as a politician was extinguished—they would not at such a time and under such circumstances, have insulted an illustrious warrior, who had served his country in one character, and had forever lost the power of injuring it in another. The generosity for which the English nation is distinguished (and we of course include the humbler classes when we speak of the nation) would have dictated a very different conduct from that which was pursued in this instance. But we must not confound the nation with a set of ruffians who disgrace it. The fellows who hooted the Duke of Wellington may be called Reformers—nay, they may call themselves reformers—but they are the worst enemies of a good cause who commit excesses in its name, and give a handle to its enemies to attack it through its professed advocates. The spirit and principles of reform are violated by all persecutions for opinion, however erroneous. At all events the streets should be free to every one. It is not for party to point out who shall have the privilege of walking or riding abroad: for freedom is our birthright and it is impossible to establish freedom on the foundation of caprice.

LONDON MORNING POST.

Whatever regret may be pretended by the Radical Journals and their patrons, the 'reformers' on the occasion of this most disgraceful attack upon the Duke of Wellington, they cannot disguise the fact that the wretches who assaulted him were merely practically following up and emulating after their own fashion the base attacks made upon the illustrious hero by certain members of the House of Commons, and by their col-

leagues of the press. One fellow, we hear, attempted to throw the Duke off his horse; he of course had been studying the gentle hint of the *Times* newspaper a few days since, that the Duke of Wellington might possibly be torn to pieces by the mob, as De Witt was.

UNITED STATES.

NEW-YORK.

Total new cases, July 28th,	145—deaths, 68
Ditto 29th,	122—deaths, 59
Ditto 30th,	103—deaths, 29
Ditto 31st,	121—deaths, 43
Ditto Aug. 1st,	94—deaths, 41
Ditto 2d,	81—deaths, 34
Ditto 3d,	90—deaths, 24

Deaths in New York during the week ending 28th July, 879—348 men, 293 women, 132 boys, and 100 girls—one year and under 59, 80 to 90; 5. Diseases—cholera malignant 689, cholera morbus 10, consumption 35, convulsions, 13, diarrhoea 3, dropsy in the head 9, scarlet fever 2, flux infantile 18, induration of the brain 5, interperence 7, measles 7, old age 8, still-born 5, unknown 12.—Buried in Potter's Field, 454, in St Patrick's Cathedral, 13; Trinity Church, 44; Hebrew Burying Ground, 688.

For the reasons which we assigned last week we are inclined to believe that even the City Inspector's report does not give a full view of the ravages of the pestilence. Last year, when there were more than 200,000 people in the city, the number of interments in the month of July was only 512. Our population now probably does not exceed 140 or 150,000, and yet, if we allow that the number of deaths from other diseases has been as great as it was last year, we shall still have 2221 victims of the pestilence in July.

In Paris, the cholera destroyed, according to the official statements, about one in 80 of the whole population. In New-York, it has already destroyed one in 100, and only 500 more victims are wanting to make our case as bad as that of Paris.—N. Y. Observer.

Six Physicians of New-York have been carried off, by the cholera, viz.—Drs. Knapp, Ferry, Nelson, Hesten, Arnold, and Vought.

PHILADELPHIA.—On the 27th July the Board of Health reported 2 cases of cholera, and 2 deaths—July 28th, 6 cases, 7 deaths—July 29th, 6 cases, 1 death—July 30th, 15 cases, 7 deaths—July 31st, 19 cases, 9 dead—Aug 1st, 22 cases, 9 dead—2nd, cases 8, died 3.—Deaths in Philadelphia last week, 149.

Four cases of cholera have occurred in one house at Providence (R. I.)—None of the sufferers had any communication with persons from New York or any other place where the malady has prevailed.

COMMUNICATION.

MR PIERCE,

In your last you obliged the public with an extract from a letter dated at Bathurst, the 6th July, giving us an account of 'a feast' of green peas in their prime, enjoyed by the writer at the table of a gentleman, whose horticulture, in return for the feast, is with suitable politeness, highly praised. It cannot but be gratifying to all persons in the three sister counties, particularly to those whose sunny southern situation, confers on them the advantage of rather a greater degree of heat, to find that their brethren in Nova Siberia, have actually raised green peas 'in their prime' by the 5th July, and in a season too so particularly unfavourable to a rapid growth of the fruits of the earth, as this has confessedly been.

You most probably know the *polypus*, sir: or at least you have heard of it. It is a marine animal. Take it from the sea, alive and hopping. Cut it in any way you please: longitudinally or laterally, transversely or diagonally: chop it as if you were going to culinarize it into a delicious hash of minced veal; no matter how you hack it; instead of killing the animal, every piece, parcel, and tit-bit becomes a new polypus, soon assuming the self-same shape, proportions, lineaments, and appearance, as the one from which it was amputated. So was hacked the poor old county of Northumberland, as all will recollect, and notwithstanding the mighty throes she underwent during the operation, and the rippings and the clippings, the divisions and subdivisions, the parts have since sustained, a couple of bounding boys have been produced, so healthy in their growth, so ample in their proportions, and so plumped up with luxurious living, that they nowise resemble babes extracted by cesarian operation, nor indeed would any one at first sight take them for polypi, except like steaks from the mother's rump. But, my horus!—(this is the worst oath I ever take) where am I wandering? I have got to sea, and am out sight of all bounds. I began about a feast of green peas, and I have jumped at one bound into obstetrics!—As Reform has not revolutionized me to so great a degree as to set the ancient, legitimate, and undoubted authority of my wife at open defiance, I shall revert to my original subject, deferring till a more fit opportunity, to treat you with a lecture on a science in such great request, and one on which I am in many respects so well qualified to descant.

I however, entertain, from the milkiness of my nature, great satisfaction, as I observed before, at having