

The Politician.

BRITISH PRESS.

From Lloyds London Newspaper.

RUSHLIGHTS!

three were struck down; but the others hurried on, and the safety of Albert himself required the cross-bowmen to cease, when hand to hand he was compelled to oppose the passage of the enemy. Each blow of his battle-axe could still be beheld from the land; and as one after another of his foes went down before that strong and ready arm, loud and gratulating shouts rang from his friends upon the shore. Still others pressed on, catching a view of Marguerite herself, as in uncontrollable anxiety, for him she loved, she gazed forth from the turret door, and a hundred eager eyes were bent upon her, certain that if she could be taken, a promise of pardon, or a death of vengeance at least, would be obtained; but only one could approach at a time, and Albert was forming for himself a rampart of dead and dying. At that moment, however, Burchard, who stood behind pointed to the castle court below, where a number of old planks lay rotting in the sun. A dozen of his men sprang down, caught up the materials which he shewed them, planted them against the wall beyond the turret, and soon raised up a sort of tottering scaffold behind the place where Marguerite's gallant defender stood. He himself eager in the strife before him, saw not what had happened; but she had marked the fatal advantage their enemy had gained, and gilding like a ghost from out the turret, she approached close to his side, exclaiming, "They are coming!—they are coming from the other side!—and we are lost!"

Albert turned his head, and comprehended in a moment. But one hope was left. Dashing to the earth the next opponent who was climbing over the dead bodies between them, he struck a second blow at the one beyond, which made him recoil upon his fellows. Then casting his battle-axe and shield away, he caught the light form of Marguerite in his arms, sprang upon the parapet, and exclaiming, "Now God befriend us!" plunged into the deep sea, while, at the very same moment, the heads of the fresh assailants appeared upon the wall beyond. A cry of terror and amazement rang from the shore; and the King of France himself with two old knights beside him, rode on till the waters touched their horses feet. Albert and Marguerite were lost to sight in a moment; but the next instant they appeared again; and, long accustomed to sport with the same wave that now curled gently round him as an old loved friend, bearing the shoulders of Marguerite on his left arm, with his right he struck out boldly towards the shore. On—on he bore her! and like a lamb in the bosom of a shepherd, she lay without a struggle, conquering strong terror by stronger resolution. On—on he bore her! Glad shouts hailed him as he neared the shore; and with love and valor lending strength, he came nearer and more near. At length his feet touched the ground, and throwing both arms round her neck, he bore her safe, and rescued, till he trod the soft dry sand. Then kneeling before the monarch, he set his fair burden softly on the ground—but still he held her hand. "Hold! nobles—hold!" cried the King of France, springing from his horse. "Before any one greets him, I will give him the greeting he well has won. Advance the standard over us! Albert of Boulogne, I dub the knight! Be ever as to day gallant, brave and true. This is the recompense we give. Fair lady of Flanders, we think you owe him a recompense likewise; and we believe that, according to our wise coast laws, that which a fisherman brings up from the sea is his own by right. Is it not so my Lord of Boulogne?" and he turned to a tall old man beside him. "You of all men, should know best; as for ten years you here enacted the Fisherman of Scarphout."

The nobles laughed loud, and with tears of joy the old Count of Boulogne, for it was no other, embraced his noble son, while at the same time the Lord of Wavrin advanced, and pressed Marguerite's hand in that of her deliverer saying "Her father, sire, by will, as you will find, gave the disposal of her hand to me, and I am but doing my duty to him on bestowing it on one who merits it so well. At the same time it is a comfort to my heart to give my noble lord, the Count of Boulogne some atonement for having done him wrong in years long gone, and for having even by mistake, brought on him your displeasure and a ten years exile. He has forgiven me, but I have not forgiven myself; and as an offering of repentance, all my own lands and territories, at my death, I give, in addition to the dowry of Marguerite of Flanders."

We will not pause upon the death of Burchard, Prevot of St. Danatien. It was as he merited, upon a scaffold. Explanations, too, are tedious, and the old history tells no more than we have here told, leaving the imagination of its readers to fill up all the minor particulars in the life of the Fisherman of Scarphout.

An avaricious man is like a sandy desert that sucks in all the rain, but yields no fruitful herbs to the inhabitants.

"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for the consumption?" Not at all; it is what it lives on." The doctor was wise as well as witty.

CUVIER.—It was a remark of this celebrated savant, "that mankind is composed of hammers and anvils and that it was much better to be a hammer than an anvil."

If we are to have an illumination for the peace, we trust that, until the conditions of peace be fully known, the illumination will be of rushlights. Let us throw away gas; let there be no wild expenditure of oil or tallow; let us keep our heads in our tar-barrels, and content ourselves for time with the very smallest outlay of Russian fat. "All Paris was a blaze of light," write correspondents from the French capital; writing of Sunday last. And this was to be expected. The imperial fiat had only to be uttered—"Let there be an illumination, and there was an illumination." In England, however, we trim our lights with a difference. Our house being our castle, we defy the power of military or police to summon us into a blaze; or even by the force of their commands, to compel the appearance of a single mutton-dip from the cupboard to be set up in token of delight and thanksgiving. No: we turn on the jet of gas, or set up the slimmest taper of our own free will and consent; whatever burns over our doors or in our windows burns a free-offering of the living spirits of the householder, John Tomkins, within; our lights are not "as lights that burn in sepulchres," all cold and corrupt around them. The smallest rushlight drowsily twinkling from the garret lodger. If he illuminates at the cost of one halfpenny, the halfpenny is his free subscription. If not, he buttons his pocket and defies alike the soldier and the policeman.

For the past week London, it is said—especially in the City—has been about to burst into a blaze: nevertheless, as yet there has been no access of light. A few flags have hung, with a heavy desponding air, over a few shop-fronts; church bells have wrung merry peals; but there an end. Even Lord Palmerston's speech on Monday failed to kindle the metropolis into a blaze; and, we take it, for this reason: the country has no faith in the enduring advantages of a peace so dearly bought with blood and treasure. "I may say, at least," said his lordship, "that my conviction is, that the treaty of peace will be deemed satisfactory by this country, and by Europe." At this, the house cheered: but—London did not illuminate. "Sir," continued the Prime Minister, "it will be found that the objects for which the war was undertaken have been fully accomplished." Nevertheless, it is plain that London still remains unbelieving; and in its unbelief no more susceptible of illumination than a city of icebergs. "It will be found"—we still listen to Lord Palmerston—"that by the stipulations of that treaty the integrity and independence of Turkey will be secured as far as human arrangements can effect that purpose." At such assurances, it might have been expected that gas would have jetted forth, that transparencies of rare and touching device would have glowed upon the sight, that bonfires would have blazed, and haply in two or three districts known for public enthusiasm, a bullock or so would have turned upon the parochial spit for parochial distribution. Nevertheless at the time we write, not one candle has been lighted; not a cracker exploded; not one ounce of roast beef been awarded in thanksgiving of the peace.—For all the self-complacency of Lord Palmerston, the people, unlike dry sticks, will not be agitated into a light. They have no hopes of the peace; and, kept dark as to its conditions, they keep their windows dark as themselves.

In Paris, Count Walewski banquets the contracting powers, and drinks to peace—a peace that must be enduring, because consented to with "no humiliation to Russia." Now this is a truth that, however palatable to France is most bitter to the throat of England. If Russia is not humiliated, England is gulled. Assuredly, the compulsory acceptance of the five points involves humiliation to a country reduced in territory, driven from her old frontier, and with her strongholds destroyed by cannon or by treaty. Thus according to Lord Palmerston and Count Walewski, we have obtained all we sought by the war—namely, the crippling of Russia—and, nevertheless, Russia is not humiliated. Perhaps Russia looks all the prouder upon crutches.

At the same time, Russia makes it known by manifesto to her faithful, holy people that the "object of the war is attained by the guarantees given for the amelioration of the condition of the Christians in the East." we never questioned the bravery of Russia to the field, but the courage of Russia in sophistication, or hardy lying, passes all her feats of arms. Her tongue is longer and even bolder than her sword. Further the manifesto states that "to prevent the risk of future conflict of jurisdiction, a new line of demarcation of the frontier of Bessarabia has been consented to." Of course the czar consents to no diminution of territory, lest, according to his early wish, avenging heaven should with palsy blast the right hand that signed such a treaty.

We are to wait at least three weeks before we shall know, in all its dimensions, the peace which the ability of our negotiators has procur-

ed for us. "They have not only"—avouches Lord Palmerston—"maintained the honour, dignity, and interests of the country, but have won the respect, esteem, and goodwill of all."

Well we can only hope the best; in the meantime, it is plain that, with an apprehension of the worst, London is in no hurry to illuminate. Any way, let there be no light beyond a rushlight: that will do for an instalment. A rushlight is safest, for candles with cotton wicks, set up in ugly draughts, are apt to have "thieves" in them; and the big thief in the small candle would but too annoyingly illustrate what Russia had robbed us of in the war, and how very little lustre, thanks to the hurry of France remains to us at the peace.

Should London illuminate, there can be no doubt that certain government offices, to say nothing of distinguished private houses, will display tasteful and instructive transparencies. A picture of the Napier dinner at the Reform Club might blaze before the admiralty; whilst a representation of the new light breaking in upon the "cold shadow" might decorate the Horse-guards. The private dwelling of Lords Lucan and Cardigan might exhibit pictorial representations of their care of horseflesh with an episode dedicated to their own lofty chivalry as officers and gentlemen.

From the London Weekly Times.

EUROPE AT PEACE.

Although we must wait two or three weeks for the ratification and promulgation of the treaty of peace concluded at Paris, we are not altogether without means for forming an estimate of its scope and tendency, of what it has accomplished, and what it has left undone. In this country we are not satisfied that we have obtained all that we had a right to expect from a great war. We know that there has been a diplomatic settlement of international quarrels, but no great principle has been vindicated or established. Turkey has been protected, and she is secured, for many years to come, from Russian invasion. The navigation of the Danube has been emancipated from Russian control, and the Black Sea has been thrown open to the commerce of the world. The military prestige of Russia has been materially weakened, if not destroyed, and the empire whose armies were a terror to Europe and Asia has come out of a two years' conflict crippled, impoverished, well-nigh exhausted, and thoroughly humbled. While we contemplate the defeat of our gigantic and boastful antagonist, we have the satisfaction of knowing that, although we have suffered from the rust which gathered in our military system during a long peace, we are now much better prepared to prosecute it with vigour and effect than we were to begin it. The two great nations of Western Europe, forgetting old jealousies, and burying the animosities of centuries, have been united in a firm alliance, cemented by common sacrifices and made illustrious by a common glory. They have fought side by side in a good cause, and they have associated with their freedom and that gallant little kingdom which offers a nucleus and a hope for Italian independence. Much has been gained for the present, and prepared for the future; but, great as the results of the war undoubtedly are, we shall be too sanguine if we expect a permanent peace from the Treaty of Paris. We have achieved, perhaps we have gone beyond the original object of the war, but we have fallen short of the large views that were developed in its progress. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire has been maintained, but we can scarcely say that the Eastern question is settled while the affairs of Turkey, including the rights of the Christian population, are left in a state of chaos, and while the Danubian Principalities, coveted by Austria on the one side and Russia on the other, are allowed to remain a prey to foreign occupation and intestine dissensions. Poland is still enchained, Hungary sees the hour of her release indefinitely postponed, and the fairest portion of the Italian Peninsula groans under the brutal tyranny of Austria. All the questions between the sovereigns of Europe and their subjects remain open, and the silent struggle absolutism and liberty, is about to pass into a new phase. The war excited expectations which the peace will disappoint. When the forces of the West were arrayed in European independence against the great military autocracy of the North, it was hoped that the contest would grow into a war of principles.

Oppressed nations moved uneasily in their fetters, and looked anxiously for the signal to arise and take part in the conflict of Liberty against Cossackism. Imperialism in France, and Class Government in England dreaded the spirit they had invoked. The Sovereigns of Central Europe, great and small, trembled at the signs of popular upheaving which already menaced the stability of their thrones. Hence the fervid longings for peace hence the supplications laid by Germany at the footstool of the Czar, hence the eagerness to patch up a compromise, and the rejoicings of the absolute rulers of Europe at a truce by which they hope to delay the comprehensive settlement which sooner or later, must come between them and their subjects. It is significant that in the countries where opinion is free, and constitutional liberty exists, the news of the peace has

been received with dubious silence, or open dissatisfaction. In England there has been no rejoicing, and in Sardinia the termination of the war has caused grief and discouragement. The Scandinavian Kingdoms, and especially Sweden and Norway regard with gloomy apprehension a peace which leaves Russian supremacy intact in the Baltic. There is a calm, but it is deceptive and presages a storm. We know not from what part of the horizon it may burst forth but there are signs, only too certain, that it will roll from end to end of Europe, leaving, let us hope, a purer atmosphere, and a clearer day after it has passed.

The information we have received from the best sources at our command leads us to believe that in effect, the four Austrian proposals are, with little modification, embodied in the treaty of peace. There are omissions not unimportant; for no provision has been made for the future Government of the Principalities, which is to be arranged by a commission; and the decrees of the Sultan, granting immunities to his Christian subjects are not embodied in or annexed to the treaty, but by a separate article the contracting powers place the rights of the Christians under a collective guarantee, and the Sultan enters into an engagement not to disavow his acts. It will be remembered that a fifth article was added at the desire of the Western Powers, by which they reserved to themselves the right of producing ulterior conditions in the interest of Europe. No large use has been made of this article, and some of the demands put forward by the Allies were withdrawn on meeting with resistance from the Russian Plenipotentiaries. We understand the military arsenal at Nicolaieff, with the naval establishments in, or upon the shores of the Black Sea, and in, or upon the shores of the Sea of Azoff, are to be abandoned by the Russians; and Sebastopol is not to be rebuilt. These are necessary consequences of the stipulation for the effectual neutralization of the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoff, and cannot be regarded as additional conditions. Consular agents will be admitted into all the Russian parts, on both seas, with a view to the establishment of a constant surveillance, and the Russian forts upon the Eastern coasts of the Black Sea are to be destroyed, and never reconstructed. We are also assured that the Russian Government has bound itself not to erect any fortifications on the Aland Isles, and that the prohibition extends to fortified barracks, and entrenched posts. The Allies demanded the demolition of the line of forts extending to the south of the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but the demand was resisted on the grounds that the forts were required for the security of the frontier, and that no European interest called for their destruction. The Allies gave way on this point, as also on a demand made by Turkey for an indemnity for the expenses of the war, and for damages sustained through repeated invasions of the Principalities by Russia. If excessive moderation be a merit, under the circumstances, it may be claimed by the Western Powers.

It may be instructive to glance at the manner in which the history of the war is written in Russia. We find it in an Imperial Manifesto issued at St. Petersburg immediately after the signing of the treaty. The Czar asserts that Russia did not commence the war. The sole object of the late Emperor Nicholas was to protect the rights of his co-religionists in the East, and to put an end to the persecutions to which they were subjected. He never expected that his just complaints would have resulted in the scourge of war; but the Governments which had formed a coalition against him increased their armaments during the negotiations by which he had hoped to preserve peace, and the war had to take its course. During that period of severe trial the army and people proved themselves worthy of the high mission to which Holy Russia is called. "Along the whole extent of your empire," says the Czar, "from the shores of the Pacific Ocean to the shores of the Baltic and Black Sea, one single idea, one single impulse, animated all, and made them spare neither life nor fortune in the defence of their country, Labourers, leaving the plough and their fields, eagerly took up arms for our holy cause, rivaling in courage and self-denial our veteran soldiers. New and striking deeds of renown have marked this last struggle with powerful adversaries." He claims for Russia the glory of having driven back the enemy from the coasts of Siberia and of the White Sea, as well as from the ramparts of Sweaborg, while the heroic defence of the south side of Sebastopol "will be handed down as a record to the remotest posterity;" and in Asia the successes of two campaigns have been crowned by the surrender of Kars, "with its numerous garrison, forming the whole of the army of Anatolia."

Concurrently with these events a fact was preparing conformable to the wishes of his father, to his own, and to those of all Russia, and which "realise the objects of the war."—The privileges of all the Christians in the East are guaranteed, and the Czar "may now with a quiet conscience restore to his dear country the inestimable blessings of peace." The concessions made in the Black Sea are described as precautionary measures destined to prevent a