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THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN LONDON.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

The labour of London life is not only carried on by day and all hours of the day, but by night and all hours of the night:—

"Nocturno versantur manu, versantur diurno."

Let us glance, superficially and cursorily, at the industry of a London twenty-four hours. Towards midnight, and by the time you have attained the luxurious oblivion of your first sleep, your breakfast—nay, your dinner and supper, of the coming day, are prepared; two or three hours before, thousands of your fellow-creatures have been snatching hours from rest, to cart and pack the vegetables which will form a portion of your principal meal; and, if you are wakeful, the ponderous rumbling of waggon wheels over the rocky pavement, apprise you of this transit to the vast emporium of Covent Garden—than which, no garden of ancient or of modern times boasts earlier or riper fruits, or sooner rifles the budding treasures of the spring. From the north, droves of sheep, oxen and swine, directed by the steady herdsman and the sagacious dog, thread the suburban neighbourhoods on their way to Smithfield, where, long before dawn, they are safely penned, awaiting the purchase of the salesmen of Leadenhall and Newgate markets.

The river, in the dead hour of night, is alive with boats conveying every variety of the finny tribes to Billingsgate; now are the early breakfast houses reaping their harvest, the bustling host, in his shirt sleeves, conveying refreshment to his numerous customers; here the shut sot, and belated debauchee, are compelled to resort in conversation with the unfortunate and degraded of the other sex, to await the re-opening of their customary haunts of dissipation; now the footstep of the police-man, as he tramps slowly over his beat, awakes the slumbering echoes; every house is shrouded in repose, and the city seems a city of the dead. All, soon again, is noise, bustle, and confusion; the carts of thousands of fishmongers, green-grocers, and victuallers, rattle along the streets, taking up their stands in orderly array in the immediate vicinity of the respective markets; loud is the noise of bargaining, chaffering, and contention. In a little while, however, they have completed their cargo for the day, and drive off; the waggons disappear, the markets are swept clean, and no trace remains, save in the books of the salesman, of the vast business that has been done, as it were, in a moment.

Five o'clock gives some little signs of life in the vicinity of the hotels and coach-offices; a two-horse stage, or railway "bus," rumbles off to catch the early trains; the street retailers of fish, vegetables and fruit may be encountered, bearing on their heads their respective stocks in trade, to that quarter of the town where their customers reside; the nocturnal vendors of "saloon" are busy dispensing their penny cups at the corners; and the gilded ball of St. Paul's, lit up like a beacon by the earliest rays of the sun, while all below is yet shrouded in night, indicates approaching day.

Six o'clock announces the beginning of the working day, by the ringing of the bells of various manufactories. Now is the street crowded with the fustian-coated artisan, his basket of tools in his hand; and the stalwart Irish labourer, his short black pipe scenting the morning air with odours far different from those of Araby the blest; the newspaper offices, busy during the night, now "let off" their gass—the sub-editors and compositors go home to bed, leaving the pressmen to complete the labour of the night. Now even the smoky city looks bright and clear, its silvery stream joining, as it were, in the general repose; the morning air is soft and balmy, and the caged throstle lark and linnet, captives though they be, carol sweet and melancholy lays.

There is an interregnum until eight; the shopkeeper then begins his day, the porter taking down the shutters, the boy sweeping out the shop, and the slipshod 'prentice lounging about the door; the principal comes in from his country-box about nine; the assistants have then breakfasted and dressed; and at ten the real business of the day begins.

At ten, too, the stream of life begins to set in city-ways; the rich merchant from Hampstead and Camberwell dashes along in his well-appointed curricle; the cashier, managing director, and principal accountant, reaches his place of business comfortably seated in his gig; clerks of all denominations foot it from Hackney, Islington, and Peckham Rye; the "busses" are filled with a motley crew of all descriptions, from Paddington, Piccadilly, Elephant and Castle, and Mile-end.

From eleven till two the tide of population sets in strongly city-ways; then, when the greater part of the business in that quarter has been transacted, the West End tradesmen begin to open their eyes and look about them; although in Regent-street business is not at its maximum until four or five o'clock, and soon after the city is almost deserted. About two, all over London there is a lull; important business that brooks no delay, must then be transacted—the vital business of dinner; for an hour little or nothing is done, and no sound man of business expects to do anything: the governor is at dinner, the cashier is at dinner, the book-keeper is at dinner, the senior and junior clerks are at dinner; and behold! perched on a stool, in a dark corner, the office-keeper is also taking a lesson in the "philosophy of living." Dinner over, business recommences with the energy of giants refreshed; the streets, lanes, and passages are blocked up with vehicles and men, pressing forward as if life and death depended on their making way; now would a foreigner, at the top of Ludgate-hill, imagine that the living mass about him was hastening to some national fête, or important ceremony, instead of going about the ordinary business of every day. About six o'clock the great business of the city is totally at an end; the tide is then a tide of ebb, setting out through all the avenues of the town to the westward

and to the suburbs, and the "busses" that came laden to the city, and went empty away, now go out full and return empty. Now eating begins in the West End, and drinking in city taverns; now the coffee-houses fill, and crowds gather round the doors of the theatres, patiently awaiting for an hour or more the opening of the doors: Hyde Park is now (if it be in the fashionable season) in its glory; the eye is dazzled with the blaze of opulence, beauty, and fashion, for at this hour is the world of wealth and fashion more prominently abroad. Nine o'clock and the shops begin to close, save those of the cigar-dealers and gin-spinners, whose business is now only about to begin: the streets swarm with young men about town, and loose characters of all descriptions issue from their hiding-places, prowling about in search of prey; now the shell-fish shops set forth their crustaceous treasures in battle-array, fancifully disposing their pawns and lobsters in concentric rows; the supper-houses display their niceties in their windows, assailing the pocket through the appetite of the eye.

About midnight the continuous roll of carriages indicates the breaking up of the theatrical auditories, while the streets are crowded with respectable persons hastening to their houses; one o'clock all is shut up, save the watering houses opposite the hackney coach and cab stands, the subterranean singing-rooms, the *à la mode* beef houses, lobster taverns, and ham-shops; at two the day may be said to end, and the nocturnal industry with which we commenced our diary begins over again.

Such is the routine, varied materially according to the season of the year, of a day of London life; such days accumulated, number years, and in a few such years—we are gone, and are seen no more!

LETTER FROM THE REV. RICHARD HODGSON, EVENING LECTURER OF ST. PETER'S, CORNHILL, AND CLASSICAL MASTER IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, TO THE REV. JAMES DIXON, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

King's College, London, July, 1841.

REVEREND SIR,—I have taken the liberty of enclosing to you, in your official capacity, as President of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, a copy of my pamphlet, entitled, "Wesleyan Methodism considered in relation to the Church." I can assure you that I have no other object in view than to exhibit to both parties what I conceive to be their real position, and their true interests; and I do indulge a hope, by no means unreasonable, that both parties, if they devote themselves with zeal and simplicity to the study of this question, will make an effectual progress towards attaining that "unity of the spirit" which is the "bond of perfection." Every year of zealous co-operation and mutual assistance, (even in our present limited spheres of action,) will serve to imbue us more deeply with that spiritual unity which must precede every mere formal union; and I trust that, in this period of transition, "we may walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, till we all come in the unity of the faith into the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

I have thought it unseemly that we who agree in all the essential doctrines of Christianity, "one Spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism," holding the same symbols of Christian faith, and the same precepts of Christian practice, should still fight "the battle of the Lord" under different banners. I do consider this state of alienation as unfavourable to the progress of Christianity, as an obstruction to the fulfilment of the Christian's prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Surely it cannot be but that to love God is compatible with "love to our brethren;" or, rather, may not the one be considered as the measure of the other? Having considered the subject carefully, I have proposed no compromise which I do not believe at the same time to be mutually honorable. We are called upon not to sacrifice truth, but preconceived opinion; not to effect a victory over the impossibilities of circumstance, but over the infirmities of our judgment and passions. And is not this a fitting sacrifice to be offered up upon the altar of our Lord?

I have already submitted my considerations on the subject to several Dignitaries of the Church of England. I have on all occasions met with the greatest condescension; and I have heard, with great pleasure, the expression of their sympathy and regard towards the Wesleyan Methodists. I have no doubt that this expression of good feeling will be reciprocated by the followers of John Wesley; and upon this bond of mutual good feeling I am content to rest the success of my cause. "Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

Praying, my beloved brethren assembled, that "Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God; and that the Lord may make you to increase and abound in love toward all men, even as we do towards you: Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end, Amen."

Believe me to remain, Rev. Sir,
Your faithful friend and servant,
RICHARD HODGSON, Evening Lecturer, &c.

TO THE REV. RICHARD HODGSON, EVENING LECTURER OF ST. PETER'S, CORNHILL, AND CLASSICAL MASTER IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Manchester, August 12th, 1841.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your most friendly and Christian letter, accompanied with a copy of the truly catholic pamphlet entitled "Wesleyan Methodism considered in relation to

the Church." Your letter has been read to the Wesleyan Ministers now assembled in their Annual Conference, and has called forth an expression of affectionate regard towards yourself, which we feel to be at once our duty and delight to communicate to you.

The prayer which our Lord offered up in the immediate prospect of his "cross and passion," cannot fail to administer perpetual consolation and hope to all who seek the peace and prosperity of God's Church on the earth: "Neither pray I for these alone; but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." We cannot doubt that this prayer will at length be answered in all its fulness and extent of meaning.

It is surely the imperative duty of all who name the name of Christ to labour that they may "be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment;" that they may "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and that they may thus promote the triumphs of truth and mercy in this fallen world.

"Spiritual unity," as we are with yourself deeply sensible, "must precede every mere formal union." We cordially respond to this sentiment; and we unfeignedly desire to cultivate such spiritual unity with "all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Many difficulties may arise to prevent the attainment of that particular object which you generously contemplate. We are not unapprised of these difficulties; and we fear, that we must regard them as at present of a very formidable character; but we would not willingly allow them to abate or restrain that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Permit us, Rev. and Dear Sir, to hail you as a friend and brother in our common Lord, and to give utterance to the unaffected desire of our hearts, that the spirit of unity and love, which the God of all charity has been pleased to impart to you, and to many other members of the venerable Establishment of the country, may spread yet more and more, in all Christian communities, until needless divisions and separations shall pass entirely away, and all shall, in that way which the Lord may see to be the best, become one in Christ Jesus.

May you personally and largely experience, that "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace!" And may you be an honored instrument in the advancement of "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord," through many years of useful and happy ministerial service!

We are, Rev. and dear Sir, your affectionate brethren in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

Signed, in behalf of the Conference,
JAMES DIXON, President.

MADAME LAFFRAGE.—The trial of Madame Laffrage, (whose former trial on a charge of poisoning her husband, excited so much interest,) at Tulle, for the robbery of Madame Léotaud's diamonds, has been the prevailing topic of the French press. The immediate facts out of which the charge against Madame Laffrage arose were these. On the 9th June, 1839, during a visit of Madame Laffrage, then Mademoiselle Marie Capelle, at the house of the Marquis de Nicolai, the father of Madame Léotaud, there arose a conversation *à-propos* to a friend's marriage, concerning diamonds. Madame Léotaud produced hers, and left them on the table in an *écritoire* when she went out; on returning they were safe; and she locked them up securely in the *écritoire*: they were once more produced on the following day. Seven days after, diamonds being again the subject of conversation, Madame Léotaud re-produced her *écritoire*; Mademoiselle Capelle left the room, and on the *écritoire* being opened the diamonds were gone. M. Léotaud applied straightway to the Police of Paris: on mentioning Marie Capelle as the niece of a Madame Garat, they reminded him that several robberies had occurred at Madame Garat's. M. Léotaud hereupon desisted in his inquiries; but on the examinations made by the Police after the murder of M. Laffrage, the diamonds were discovered in that gentleman's house, in a box belonging to his wife. To the questions then put, Madame Laffrage answered, that they were given her by a gentleman whom she did not know; but the defence she now offers is different. She and Madame Léotaud, when the latter was still Mademoiselle Nicolai, became acquainted with M. Clavet, the son of a schoolmaster, whom they met at church and in the street; letters passed between them, but at length M. Clavet went to Africa: Mademoiselle Nicolai, after marriage, wishing to burn her letters and purchase silence of Clavet, employed Madame Laffrage to dispose of the jewels in order to give him the money. Madame Léotaud admits, that so much of this story is true as relates to some trifling acquaintanceship between the girls and M. Clavet, and his having received two notes which were their joint production; but she explains that the affair was only a girlish joke. In order to establish her defence, Madame Laffrage claimed to have the trial deferred for twenty weeks, that M. Clavet might be brought home from Guadalaxara, in Central Africa, and his evidence taken. The accusers declared that M. Clavet left France before the time at which the disappearance of the diamonds took place; that the imputation respecting them is therefore calumnious; and that the presence of Clavet is needless. It was decided that the trial should proceed at least till the accusing evidence should show the presence of Clavet to be necessary. Upon this, Madame Laffrage said she would make no defence; and she was subsequently allowed to withdraw from Court. Judgment by default was afterwards allowed to go against her upon her refusing to plead. On Saturday, the Court pronounced Marie Capelle, widow Laffrage, guilty: but as the punishment for her offence was imprisonment for life, that sentence is merged in the similar sentence which she is undergoing for the murder of her husband. She was, however, ordered to restore the diamonds, and to pay the costs of the action; for which the Léotaud fami-

ly, as civil prosecutors, are responsible to the Government. It was expected that Madame Laffrage would appeal against the sentence.

CHINESE SKILL.—In the art of engraving the Chinese excel, the rapidity with which they carve their intricate and complicated characters is really surprising, and not to be imitated by European artists, in the same style of execution, and at the same low prices. A London engraver was surprised when he learned, that what would cost sixty or eighty shillings in England, might be accomplished by a Chinese workman for half a crown. In seal engravings they are not behind our countrymen, and in ivory and ebony, tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, their carving surpasses that of most other artists. The celebrated Chinese balls, one in the other, to the amount of seven or nine, all exquisitely carved, have puzzled many of our English friends, who have been at a loss to know, whether they were cut out of a solid piece or cunningly introduced by some imperceptible opening, one within the other. There can be no doubt, however, of their having been originally but one piece and cut underneath from the various apertures, which the balls contain, until one after another is dislodged and turned, and then carved like the first. The ivory work-boxes and fans commonly sold in Canton, exhibiting the various figures standing out in very bold relief, may be considered as fair specimens of Chinese skill. In the useful arts, the Chinese are by no means deficient; and in what contributes to the necessaries, comforts, and even elegancies of life, show themselves to be as great adepts as their neighbours. The manufacture of silk has been long ago established among them; and thousands of years ago, when the inhabitants of England were going about with naked bodies, the very plebeians of China were clothed in silk; while the nobility vied with each other in the exhibition of gold and embroidery, not much inferior to what they now display. In the fabled days of the Yellow Emperor, at the commencement of the Chinese monarchy, "the empress taught her subjects to rear the silk-worm, and to unwind the cocoons, in order to make dresses; so that the people were exempted from cold and chilblains." When Confucius arose, the Chinese had long been in the habit of cultivating the silk worm, and the general rule then was, for "every family that possessed five acres of ground, to plant the circumference with mulberry-trees, in order that all above a certain age might be clothed in silk. Down to the present age, the Chinese are still celebrated for the abundance, variety and beauty of their silk fabrics, equalling in the richness of their colors and the beauty of their embroidery any thing that can be manufactured in France or England, while the crapes of China still surpass the produce of this western world. But they are not only skilled in making, they are also attached to the wearing of gay apparel; the Chinese are confessedly a well clothed nation, and except where poverty prevents, the people are seen attired in silks and crapes, as commonly as we appear in cloth and leather. Their fashions differ indeed from ours, but the dress of a Chinese gentleman or lady is as elegant, in its way, as the external appearance of a modern belle or beau in Europe.—*Medhurst.*

STATE OF PUBLIC MORALS IN ALGERIA.—It is painful to say it, and yet it is but too true, that if the Jews in Algiers are morally worse than the Mussulmen, the Christians are even worse than the Jews.....The Duke of Curaman, on returning from Algiers on board a steam-boat in which I happened to be, said, "Algiers gave me the impression of the inmates of a bagnio at liberty." This observation was so appropriate, that it struck all who listened to him, inasmuch that I have often heard it repeated. For my part, I have seen men, who, until they came there, had led in Europe a tolerably regular course of life, no doubt to avoid the censure of public opinion, but who gave themselves up, on the coast of Africa, to every species of misconduct, under the conviction that they were not seen by their former acquaintance, and that those with whom they now dwell were not a whit better than themselves. To acquire in a shameful manner a fortune in Algeria, to be spent honorably on their return to Europe, is the plan they have traced out. Usury and illegitimate marriage are looked upon as of no consequence, and persons guilty of both are commonly met with, to the surprise of no one, in what is termed good society.....You may well understand from all this what little chance of success there can be in this city for the ministers of Jesus Christ to enlighten the Mussulmen. Everywhere else the life of the isolated missionary pleads in behalf of his doctrine; here, on the contrary, the lives the Christians lead are enough to cause their faith to be despised. I once heard a Mussulman express much astonishment on witnessing an honorable act performed by a Frenchman, and he kept repeating aloud, "He is an honest man, and yet a Christian!"—*French Correspondent of the Record.*

A HARD CASE.—A few days ago a somewhat whimsical circumstance occurred on the bank of the Clyde at the public Green. A gentleman went into the river to bathe, and, at the same time, a person, who had very much the appearance of not being washed for this season at least, was plunging about in the water. In a short time the latter moved suddenly to the bank, and, arraying himself in the gentleman's clothes, walked off at a rapid rate across the Green, without casting even one lingering look at the bundle of rags he had left behind him, and which, for want of better, had a short time before served him as clothing. By and by the gentleman, who had had a most delectable bath, left the water, and hurried to his garments; but his astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of the gay and comfortable clothing of which he had denuded himself, he found a dirty tattered suit, scarcely worth sixpence—a jacket miserably out at the elbows, and a pair of trousers so ragged, that it would almost have required a chart to get into them. He was fain to put on the wretched suit which the kindness of the thief had left for his use, and hastened into town with as much speed as might be, most completely disguised from any friends he might chance to meet by the novelty of his costume.—*Glasgow Argus.*