

THE EXAMINER.

No. 1659.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1839.

PRICE 6^d.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unblinded truth; let him proclaim war with mankind *à la mode le pays de Pole*—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law: if he tells their virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless; and this is the course I take myself.—D. FOX.

THE PRIVILEGE QUESTION.

The timid bearing of the House of Commons on Chief Justice Denman's attack on its privileges in the case of Stockdale *versus* Hansard, has had the effect which was foreseen and foretold at the time by Mr Serjeant Wyld, Dr Lushington, Mr Warburton, and Mr O'Connell.

Mr Stockdale has brought another action of libel for the continued publication of the Prison Report, in which a book published by him is represented as an obscene work; and judgment having gone by default, and Mr Justice Littledale having refused the Sheriff's application to stay proceedings, the jury in the Sheriff's Court have assessed the damages at 600*l*. The modest plaintiff had claimed 50,000*l*., and declared that he would be satisfied with no less. In his address to the jury, which is quite a curiosity in its way, the publisher of the infamous *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson* said—

"That this plaintiff had offended so many by his honesty and by his uncompromising determination to do good and to do justice, that through him the charter of London might be overthrown, and there might no longer be that *imperium in imperio* which the City of London now constituted. Having obtained two verdicts, he did make great complaint that, 'like an eagle in a dove-cote,' as *Coriolanus* said, he was obliged again to stand forward to oppose the omnipotent Commons of England. The Commons, however, had no more power than he had—they do not know their privileges as well as he did—they threatened, but they delayed till their Committee had made a certain report, and then they resolved in committee, and the House of Commons of England afterwards resolved, that they 'had, have, and will exercise' this fearful power of taking away a man's property which might not be covered—of taking away a man's liberty, which was considered beyond price—of taking away a man's life, which, as far as he (Mr Stockdale) went, he did not value at a snap of the finger—and of taking away that, which he did infinitely more value, his character. He would stand in the future pages of history as high as any man living, and he was even prepared to lay down his life on the block if it were necessary—one of his name knew no fear, corporal or mental."

He boasted that his name, with the names of the jurors, would be enrolled in history, together let us add, with the name of Harriet Wilson, whose *Memoirs*, he declared, "presented a better argument on morality than many sermons." He adverted to the heavy damages which Wilkes had obtained (laid at 20,000*l*. and assessed at 7,000*l*.), "although avowedly there was not a more profligate man in morals and religion," and the precedent so stated is certainly not without point.

Looking at this case apart from the important question of Parliamentary privilege, and merely as an example of the state of the libel law, it is a disgrace to the country. Here is a man rewarded for having published a book of the nature of Robertson's work. The 600*l*. damages is really nothing more than a premium for the bad character of that publication. It may be remarked, that the jury knew nothing of the nature of the book, as the action had been undefended, and as the plaintiff had the prudence not to produce it in support of his pretence that it was a scientific work; but the jury might fairly have inferred the moral character of the book from Mr Stockdale's estimate of *Harriet Wilson's Memoirs*, as "a better moral argument than many sermons." For any damage to Mr Stockdale's reputation the jury might as well have assessed the damages at 50,000*l*. as at 600*l*. The law obliged them to give some damages, but good sense would have fixed them at the lowest coin for the man whose reputation is the notorious one of having published the *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson*. When a man claims compensation for an injury to his character, surely reason requires some reference to the state of his character, and Mr Stockdale had him-

self forced on the consideration of the jury his conduct in publishing the *Harriet Wilson Memoirs*, by boasting the morality of that outrage against decency.

In bringing his action during the recess Mr Stockdale seems to have acted upon the hint of Sir Robert Inglis (who was one of the four who voted against the privilege of the House), who suggested, in the last debate on the question, that the authority of the House would expire with the Session, and parties would then have the field open to them in Courts of Law, and would be enabled by the Judges to defy and trample on the authority of the House; upon which Mr O'Connell proposed the resource of adjourning instead of proroguing Parliament, in order to keep the power of the House in force.

The probability is that the Sheriff will be able to delay the execution of the judgment till the meeting of Parliament, when it will be for the House of Commons to make an example of those who have violated its essential privileges, despised its resolutions, and defied its authority. The becoming course has been excellently marked out by Sir Robert Peel in his speech of August 1st:

"He had been from the first of opinion that the most proper mode for the House to have proceeded in was to interpose its authority at once on the first symptom of the contempt; but, as a different course had been adopted in the earlier stages of the case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard, he had not thought it advisable to interfere, after once having submitted, as it were, to the authority of the Court; but now, having once gone before the Court of Queen's Bench, but without success, he did not think that any one would say that in the present case they would be proceeding with undue arrogance, or without due and sufficient cause, if they gave a distinct notice that whoever attempted now to dispute this privilege, should be punished as for a high contempt. He thought that in so doing they would have the public with them; and even if they had not, they would have this satisfaction in their own mind—that they had done their duty, and not been traitors to the great charge which was reposed in their hands. (Cheers from all parts of the House.)"

The privilege in question is not, like the privilege of banking or freedom from arrest, of personal advantage to members; the privilege in question is a privilege of which the public have the benefit, and members are only interested in it inasmuch as it is necessary to the comprehension of their legislative proceedings. The publication of evidence for the use of members is not disputed; it is the publication of evidence for the information of the public which is in question. We employ the word information here in a double sense, for information conveyed and information received. The process for testing evidence is by publicity. Erroneous statements, which might deceive members, cannot escape detection and refutation when published. They come under the eyes of hundreds of men informed about the particular matter, and interested in the truth, and such persons take care to possess some members of the facts, or to guard against the false impression by the means of the press. So much for publicity as the process for testing evidence; but, further, for the public satisfaction with measures of legislation it is indispensable. What great change, like that in the Poor Laws, could have been effected without a view of the abuses which called for it; and, according to the legal definition of libel, there never was a publication so full of libel as the Poor Law Reports. Any newspaper which had originally published a hundredth part of the charges against the magistracy contained in those reports would have been ruined by prosecutions.

All the great privileges of the House of Commons should be cherished and defended by the people as their own deputed privileges. In giving the suffrage the elector clothes his representative with the powers in question, which the Judges appointed by the Crown would wrest from him. The Judges ever have been, and ever will be, the enemies of the powers of the popular branch of the Legislature, and for the people to rejoice in their triumph over the Commons is the same thing as exulting in a victory over themselves.

It is true that the Commons have not vindicated their privileges with becoming spirit and firmness, but that is no reason that the people should acquiesce in the destruction of the privileges in which they are interested. If these privileges are now in timid and faint hands, the public should not be the less anxious to preserve them for more worthy trustees and for better times. It were strange, foul, and unnatural indeed, on the part of the people, to exult in the wasting and dilapidation of their own constitutional estate, whose fences and bulwarks have been established by the great fathers of English liberty.

THE "GLOBE" AND THE TORIES.

The *Globe* has taken the leaders of the Tory party under its care, and argues that they are not to be blamed for the outrages of their followers. It says—

"We believe there is not a single lay leader of the Tory party (there is no answering for clergymen when they meddle in politics) who would endure for a moment the imputation of prompting the late conduct of their followers. They do not disclaim them; for politicians seldom disclaim those who espouse their cause. But we acquit the chiefs of the party of the slightest direct share in their sayings or doings."

Jonathan Wild would not endure for a moment the imputation of prompting Bagshot's highway robbery. He had not the slightest "direct share" in the action.

But why have not the Tory chiefs disowned the incendiary language of their partisans? Oh, quoth the *Globe*, politicians seldom disclaim those who espouse their cause. But almost in the next breath the *Globe*, having forgotten its apology for the Tory chiefs, proceeds to ask—

"What is the meaning of charging on the Liberal party and a Liberal Government those extremes of language and sentiment which have always been discouraged amongst them—while the very men who denounce those violences excuse or exult in the perpetration of at least equal excesses in the cause of Conservatism!"

So then the heads of the Liberal party have found a way of discouraging violent language, though such a proceeding was not, in the judgment of the *Globe*, fairly to be required of the Tories, because politicians seldom disclaim those who espouse their cause.

The *Globe* is not satisfied with acquitting the Tory leaders of any blame for the violence of their partisans, it must also endeavour to show that the latter are not so black as they are painted.

"The Tories-militant (we distinguish them from the quiet Conservative body) have latterly been comparing with the tools of democracy. They have been seeking to undermine and blow up a Liberal Government with aid from the populace. We include under the name of the populace unreasonable masses of all descriptions. They have been trying to run down that Conservative democracy, which their Irish organs have told them was at all times disposable. We will not say they have deserved the doom of treason, and are worse than the Chartists; for we hate exaggeration, and leave it to parties who want it. But we say that they have coquetted with the Chartists, and desperadoes of all kinds, and have affected (for it has but been a pitiful affectation) to fraternise with them just so far as might damage the Government. They have also done what, not long back, we predicted they would do, so soon as the prospect of Court favour appeared lost in a hopeless distance. They have assumed a republican insolence of language towards their Sovereign and her Court. It may be true that this has been equalled in former times by the fiercer adherents of Liberalism. As we have said, we will exaggerate nothing—and therefore we will grant our opponents whatever they like to ask, in the shape of Radical precedent for their proceedings."

The last reasoning is exquisite in its way—the *Globe* will exaggerate nothing—and therefore it will grant our opponents whatever they like to ask in the shape of Radical precedent for their proceedings. In distincter words, the *Globe* will exaggerate nothing, and therefore it will grant our opponents whatever exaggeration they like to advance—it will exaggerate nothing, and therefore it will concede as much untruth of the Radicals as their enemies please. In proof of its temperance the *Globe* is quite ready to throw the Radicals out of window. It is such a lover of sober truth that it cares not what the Tories say of Radicals, and signalizes its moderation by giving them *carte blanche* for any evil precedents on the part of the Radicals.

But, to the main point—the argument that the instigators of popular violence are not so culpable as the poor creatures who have been stimulated and encouraged to the commission of crime. Our notion is the old-fashioned one, that the receiver is worse than the thief, and in the Tories we see the ready receivers of any advantages over the party in power that the Chartists could steal for them. We look upon the prompters of violence as worse than the prompted, and the Conservatives who preach rebellions as morally more criminal than the poor ignorant creatures who rush into it.

We quote an example from the *Morning Chronicle*—

"Do our worthy contemporaries, who would gladly attribute the mad violence of the Welsh Chartists to the countenance afforded them by the present Government, recollect the following speech of the Rev. Mr Gregg, delivered at an aggregate meeting of Protestants last year in Dublin, when the Lord Mayor presided, and several Peers and Members of the House of Commons assisted by their acclamations and speeches almost as violent?"

"Did they remember the Covenanters of Scotland? When they saw their country about to be put under the surveillance of a system which they did not approve, they

combined, and declared that they would not submit to it. There was a time for such a course of conduct upon the part of the Christian as that was. Christ did once say to his people, "He that hath not a sword let him sell his coat and buy one." There was a moment when resistance would become a virtue; and let him say that the principle of putting themselves in a position, he would not say of resistance to the "powers that be," but in an attitude of denunciation of laws that were idolatrous, and tending in that way to the elevation and ascendancy of a system that was damnable and destructive, was justifiable; and that the time might come to turn out by thousands, like the Covenanters, and say, "It shall not be." (Cheers.) Mark him, when thousands of Protestants, such as he then saw before him, would say, "We will abandon the position of peace and submission—we will take the field with Bibles in our hands, and make the air resound with hallelujahs to our God." (Great cheering.) When aggregated thousands spoke such a language, woe to the men that would set at nought such a determination. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He would say from that place to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in the pride of power, that they should not be trifled with, and that if their principles were to be trampled upon, their bodies should first be trodden in the dust. (Cheers.)

"Do our worthy contemporaries recollect that the speech of the Man of God was published in a pamphlet by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin out of the public funds of the city, and circulated among Tory Members of Parliament, as the case of the Corporations of Ireland? Do they recollect how they themselves abused, and have not yet forgiven Lord Elliot, because—although a Tory—he could not bring his spirit to approve or admire those truculent sentiments of the Reverend Mr Gregg? Do they recollect that the identical text of Scripture used by the orator on that occasion, to 'justify the sacred right of turning out by thousands,' was, some time after its dissemination in the pamphlet among the Bradshaws and Thomases, found transferred to the cards of certain Chartists, who were apprehended at Clerkenwell last May, and expounded precisely as the Dublin prophet had expounded it, viz.—'Our rights—peaceably if we can—forcibly if we must. He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one?'"

But the *Globe* has found a soft word for what we should describe as Tory incendiaryism,—it is "coquetry;" and Mr Gregg is not to be condemned as the prompter of treason, but we are merely to shake our heads and cry, fie upon him for a little piquant coquetry.

The truth seems to be, that the coquetry is not with the Tories, but with the *Globe*, which appears to be busy in the undertaking of catching old birds with chaff. Here is the drift;—having asked whether the language of Mr Gregg is Conservatism (and it had before designated similar language as coquetry only) the *Globe* adds—

"Then we venture to prophesy that Conservatism will soon again lose all whom it gained from us—whom alarm of Radicalism drove into the opposite camp."

Who are these prizes—who are these precious lost sheep to be won back to the fold? Lord Stanley? Sir James Graham? Sir Francis Burdett? Sir Ralph Howard? Before these black sheep can be brought back the Radicalism which scared them away must be renounced and cast off, and for half a dozen of these wanderers reclaimed a couple of hundred good Reformers must be lost; but nevertheless, in the judgment of the *Globe*, and of the folks whose opinions agree with those of the *Globe*, a deserter or waverer is more prized than a legion of steady and consistent politicians.

Until the recovery of the half-dozen or dozen stray sheep be quite certain, it would, however, be more prudent in the *Globe* to suppress its insolence about Radicalism and the Radicals.

THE SERVICES OF THE NEWPORT FUNCTIONARIES.

The *Times* has put forth some very angry remarks on Lord Normanby's letter to the Mayor of Newport, acknowledging his and the other magistrates' services, and those of the officers and soldiers in command of the party. We will concede so much as this to the *Times*, that in any but this aristocratic country some mark of honour would instantly have been conferred on persons who discharged a most important public duty with such high courage and discretion. In the cold shade of the aristocracy the real services to society are those which remain comparatively unhonoured and unrewarded.

Lieutenant Gray's account of the affair is one of the plainest and best pieces of evidence we ever remember to have met with:—

"Basil Gray, lieutenant in the 45th regiment of Foot, sworn. I received orders on Monday morning last, at a little after eight o'clock, from Major Stack, to proceed to the Westgate Hotel, and put myself under the orders of the mayor. I repaid there immediately with thirty men, and formed in front of the building. The mayor then desired me to enter the court-yard, the gate of which was closed after me. The mayor then took me to the building on the right of the hotel, and asked me if that was fit for my service; it was a room on the right flank. I said it would, and I immediately proceeded to clear it of the furniture and other articles. This took some time, as the room was filled with smoke, and not habitable. It had been full of constables all night. I then marched my men in. The mayor gave me instructions to conceal my men as much as possible, to avoid irritating the mob, which was then approaching. To effect this, I closed the under shutters of the room: there were three projecting bow-windows. I had only time to give my men a few instructions, when I heard cheering, and the mayor told me the mob was approaching. They formed in front of the house, and I could see a few of the spear-heads. They immediately let fly a volley of small arms. This demolished the windows of the room we were in. I immediately gave the word to load. I did not do this before, as I was in

hopes matters would not turn out so seriously. While my men were loading, about one-third of a minute, the crowd effected an entrance into the passage, which communicated with a door from our room. As soon as we had loaded, I stepped forward to unlatch one of the window shutters, and the mayor handsomely opened another. This unmasked us, and a quantity of small arms were discharged at us, by which the mayor was twice wounded, and my sergeant by my side (Daly) wounded in the head. I saw him covered with blood immediately after. I heard them both say that they were hit. The mayor said to me only in a whisper which could not be heard by my men. He went and sat down. The sergeant only spoke to me. My men soon got to work, and enfiladed the streets from the bow windows, and the passage from the door way in our room. This continued for about ten minutes, when I saw our shots had become thin for want of objects. The Chartists' shots were not repeated after our soldiers commenced firing. I then went into the passage with a few men, to see how things were looking. I saw there was no more attack, and I returned to the room and ordered the men to cease firing from the bow windows. I then made every preparation to strengthen my position in case of a second attack. While so employed, I entered a side-room leading from the passage, and found the two prisoners in the corner. I ordered them to follow me, and gave them over to my men as prisoners. I saw nothing in their hands; but on examining their persons I found a quantity of ball ammunition on Benfield. When I saw them I was removing a dead body from the passage in case of a second attack. They had evidently gone into the room to avoid the fire of my men, and could not get out again. My men searched them, and just after their pockets were emptied I saw them eating some bread and cheese given them by my men. I collected nine dead bodies. I dare say the mayor gave me orders to fire; but I do not recollect. When I was fired upon I did not want any instructions to return it. The mayor was by my side.

The conduct of the mayor in whispering to the lieutenant that he was wounded, and then quietly seating himself, is an admirable trait of composed and thoughtful courage; the sergeant also acted in the same way, and only spoke loud enough for his officer to hear him.

The *Times* comments very unfairly on Lord Normanby's mention of the assailants as "armed men from the mining districts." It is to be remembered that the prisoners are untried, and that to have designated them as rebels would have been a prejudgment of the question about to be put to legal issue.

CLERICAL EXAMPLE.

A few days ago a meeting was held at Derby for the purpose of forming a local Board of Education in aid of the Lichfield Diocesan Board. The chairman, Sir George Crowe, in opening the business of the meeting in a speech of great propriety of sentiment, deprecated the introduction of politics. He pleaded, however, in vain for the forbearances which he had well shown to be conducive to the success of the object in view. A clergyman was present, whose passions could not be kept under the restraints of decorum, and whose foul calumnies could not be suppressed. The Rev. Reginald Chandos Pole closed his speech as follows:—

"In conclusion Mr Pole said, that had not the Chairman suggested the propriety of avoiding political discussion, he might have been inclined to have passed some censure on the nature of some measures regarding education which had lately taken place; but although he should have confined himself strictly to the truth, he might have been accused of severity against a SENSUAL, DEVILISH, AND INFIDEL GOVERNMENT, with which this country was now cursed and afflicted."

And the man who uses this language presents himself as an apostle of education. What foul lessons would he teach in the very act of pretending to promote general instruction. What an example of hatred, malice, evil speaking, lying and slandering, is presented in the brutal imputation we have quoted, proceeding from a preacher of charity. Is there an ignorant ruffian, in his ale-house cups, who could fling out his abuse more savagely and coarsely? The very scavenger, with a tongue more foul than his labour, would only, perhaps, have put unmeaning oaths in place of the Reverend orator's words meaning false and wicked calumny. And this Rev. Reginald Pole is one of the men who claim an exclusive fitness for education, setting forth, as he does, in the malice and foulness of his own speech, the fruit of the education which he has himself received and would communicate.

The outrage passed without rebuke, the Reverend speaker not even having been called to order, and the Hon. and Rev. F. Grey (a son of Earl Grey), who spoke almost immediately afterwards, was not moved to express any dissatisfaction at the calumny.

THE CHINA TRADE.

Nearly all the facts connected with the recent interruption of our commercial intercourse with China are now before the public, and we are in a position, therefore, to offer some observations on the subject, which is unquestionably of much national importance, as may be easily shown by a few details. The great staple articles of the trade are tea and opium. Some 50 years ago our whole consumption of tea was 15,000,000lbs., and the legal consumption about one-third of that amount; the revenue being little more than half a million sterling. In the last years of the close trade the consumption became about 30,000,000lbs., and the re-

venue about 3,500,000l. Since the opening of the free trade in 1834 the consumption has risen to near 40,000,000lbs., and the revenue has risen to about 4,000,000l., while there has been, what never existed before, an exportation nearly equal to our whole legal import and consumption 50 years back. At the same time the British consumer has received his 40,000,000lbs. of tea for about a million sterling less than he before paid for his 30,000,000lbs. Complaints had been made, but utterly without foundation, that the exports of British manufactures, and the employment of British shipping, have not, since the opening of the trade, kept pace with public expectation, and the opium trade has been blamed for this supposed result. The real facts are these; in 1833 the number of ships in the trade was 30, and the real value of the British manufactures exported was about 800,000l. In 1836 the shipping amounted to 80, and the value of the manufactures to upwards of 1,300,000l., an increase of about 60 per cent. The British merchants and manufacturers, therefore, have not sufficient ground to grumble at the results of the opening of the free trade. But, in truth, the China trade had been in a great measure opened for some years before 1834, by the abandoning by the East India Company of the trade from China in all commodities but tea, and by its winking at the export of woollens, of cottons, and metals. In fact, the export of all the cottons, iron, lead, zinc, and, in a great measure, of copper, was in the hands of the free traders already, and before the legal overthrow of the monopoly in 1834. One other example may be given of the beneficial results of the opening of the Indian and China trades. Before these events, under the wing of the Company's monopoly, the Americans enjoyed nearly the whole carrying trade between the Indies and Europe. In a single year they have exported from China alone to the value of 3,000,000l., while, by last year's Treasury returns, we perceive that their imports into the States, from both these countries together, little exceed one-third of this amount. The difference, and much more than the difference, gives employment to British capital and shipping. But the interests of merchants and manufacturers residing within the British kingdom are, it should be recollected, not the only British interests concerned. The trade of our Indian empire with China is greater than that of the United Kingdom itself. The exports in this branch of commerce consist of a prodigious variety of the raw produce of India, but especially of cotton wool and opium. Suffice it to say, that the influx of British capital to India, which followed the opening of the trade in 1814, raised the quantity and value of the Indian opium exported to China from 2,500 chests, and half a million sterling, to above 30,000 chests and 4,000,000l. This trade in opium is the source of our present embarrassment. The Chinese Government complains that we are poisoning their 370 millions of people with it, and, what they appear to attach fully as much importance to, that through its means we are draining their country of the precious metals. Before the year 1796 the importation of opium into China had been as free and legal as that of any other commodity. In that year an imperial edict prohibited its importation, and over and over again this prohibition has been repeated. In the forty-three years which have since elapsed, however, the opium trade has increased from a few hundred chests to more than thirty thousand, embracing a British capital of 4,000,000l. a year, and yielding a million and a half sterling of the provincial revenue of India, or about one-tenth part of its whole amount. No British merchant concerned in the trade fancied it, in all this long time, illegal, except in mere name. Our traders knew that it was contraband just in the same way that it was contraband of the laws of China to export gold and silver, and for that matter, unwrought iron, copper, and zinc. They imported opium clandestinely just as they exported gold, silver, and zinc clandestinely; and the Government officers systematically winked at both. They took their regular fees on the one just as they did on the other, and all went on smoothly enough. The Superintendent, Captain Elliot, affirms, in his late manifesto, what every man in the least acquainted with the China trade will corroborate, "that the traffic in opium has been chiefly encouraged and protected by the highest officers in the empire, and that no portion of the foreign trade in China has paid its fees to the officers with so much punctuality as this of opium." Well, the Chinese Government, its political apprehensions increasing with the increase of the trade, and neglecting the counsel of its own more rational officers, viz., to declare a trade which would not be stopped, legitimate, by imposing a duty on it, determines by fraud and violence to attempt to stop it, and the following is its course of proceeding. It sends down a Commissioner from Peking, who imprisons the Queen's representative and every British merchant in Canton, including three or four whom the Chinese Government itself freely admits were never concerned in the trade, but on the contrary hostile to it. By duress and starvation it bullies the captives into sending written orders to deliver up

British property, not on the soil of China, but on board of British merchant ships 100 miles off, and carrying on the commerce under the legal sanction of its own Government, nay, that very Government itself being the chief vender to the merchant of the commodity seized. Now there are parties in this country who, under the cloak of religion and morality, justify this conduct on the part of the Chinese Government. The use of the drug which Mr Wilberforce with impunity every day of his life swallowed, until he was past 80, in larger quantities than 999 out of 1000 Chinese, they declare to be poisonous and immoral, and the suppression of the trade in it to justify any means. The seizure and imprisonment of the representative of a foreign sovereign, and of the merchants of a foreign nation, is admitted by the parties in question, is indeed contrary to the law of nations. But then, they insist that the Chinese have never recognized our law of nations. The answer to this is obvious enough. The law of nations, as applicable to this case, is not a mere conventional matter established in the intercourse of European nations. It is founded on the common principles of reason, justice, and good faith, that the representative and merchants of a foreign nation should not be seized, imprisoned, tortured and robbed on bare suspicion, and without a tittle of evidence that would satisfy even a Chinese court of justice. The Chinese, we contend therefore, must be made to practise the law of nations in this case, and be punished for their breach of it, because it is a violation of natural justice and infraction of good faith, which has nothing to do with the latitude and longitude of the locality in which the act is perpetrated. They are not a host of savages who violate the law of nations at the risk of extermination, but a nation making high pretensions to civilization, and in reality far more advanced than the Turks and Persians who are amenable to European international law. The history of their own intercourse with foreign nations shows that, when it suits their convenience, they can understand and practise the law of nations just as well as the people of Europe. In the course of three centuries, hardly a case can be adduced of their having violated them, even as European nations interpret them, in so far as foreign merchants are concerned; and the persons of English, Russian, Dutch, Siamese, and Tonquinese Ambassadors have been held as sacred in China as in Europe, down to the present example of their gross violation. Other reasoners will have it, that because we ourselves severely punish breaches of our own fiscal laws, in conformity to municipal and national law, the Chinese may set all law at defiance in their punishments, because their Government wants the energy and virtue to punish in conformity even with its own laws. This is only extravagant and absurd. When we wink at the smuggling of brandy for forty-three years, and when the highest officers of the Government, from the First Lord of our Treasury to the Lords Lieutenant of Counties, take regular fees on every cask of smuggled brandy, and are moreover the greatest consumers of the smuggled article, and when on a sudden freak we turn about and place under arrest, denying them fire, water, and bread until they come to any terms we think proper to dictate to them, the French Ambassador and his suite, with every French merchant, suspected or innocent, that we can lay our hands on, then, and not till then, will the two cases admit of fair comparison. Certain it is that one-tenth part of the outrage which we have suffered from the Chinese would produce a declaration of war against any European, American, or even other Asiatic nation. The smuggling of opium into China, it ought not to be forgotten, is not the only contraband trade that has received the indirect sanction and protection of the British Government, or at least at which it has quietly and complacently shut its eyes. At this moment half our merchandise is smuggled into Spain, in open defiance of the Spanish laws. But setting this example altogether aside, who forgets that for whole centuries our entire trade with the Spanish colonies of America (no small affair either) was nothing but contraband—downright smuggling, in defiance of laws and edicts, and *guarda costas*. The Spanish Government, in this case, was just as anxious to put down smuggling as the Chinese is now; but, arbitrary as it was, it certainly never ventured to arrest the English Ambassador at Madrid, or the British merchants of Cadiz. Nations like the Spaniards and Chinese, who enact arbitrary and foolish custom laws that, from their very nature, cannot be carried into execution, must take the consequences of their being violated. As might easily be foretold, the smuggling of opium into China is, by the latest accounts, going on with considerable activity, in defiance of confiscation, dungeons, banishment, and strangulation. In a few years it will again, without any interference on our part, amount to thirty or forty thousand chests a year, and all that will have been gained by the arbitrary act of the Chinese Government will be the destruction of three millions of British capital, and the temporary loss of the Indian revenue.

THE PRELATE'S PROGRESS.

In earlier life, within his parish sphere,
A stickler stout for all "the Church" held dear,
'Twas his, in horror of the Pope, to feel
Exclusive charity, relentless zeal.
So started P*****s on a trading line,
Becoming soon a dignified "divine;"
Yet could not Durham's fat and easy stall
Content the craving priest who grasp'd at all.
"Relieve the Catholics" was now the cry—
The day of dark Intolerance seem'd gone by—
Yet few his reverend rivals who inclin'd—
Conscience was stern—to change their rigid mind.
Peel watch'd for converts—sleeves of swelling lawn
Alone reveal'd the light about to dawn—
The gulping prebend took the tempter's bait,
And sanctified the cause he curs'd of late.
Next came the Whigs with banners of Reform;
Loud 'gan our Bishop 'gainst all change to storm.
The Pope once more excited his disdain,
And fiery P*****s flar'd himself again,
The foremost he of all a forward crew
Fierce sounds of "Church in danger" to renew,
A faction's worn-out watchword to revive,
To keep intolerance and strife alive.
Still stand the Whigs in power—the Tories still
Sighing for places all so long to fill.
Must he at E***** for this remain?
Is there no hope a loftier prize to gain?
No dazzling star beyond that *see* to guide
The man's ambition or the prelate's stride?
Forbid it—oh! forbid it—heaven and earth!
Down with the thought which gives one scruple birth!
P*****s advance! your destiny complete!
Bow to the Treasury dust at Russell's feet!
Once more the homage of a convert pay,
While conscience sleeps and principle gives way!
Once more your character for wit redeem!
And realize a Bishop's dearest dream!

CONTINENTAL POLITICS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FRANCE.

The reports of change or modification in the French Ministry have died away, each member of the Cabinet being of the opinion that he fills his place admirably, although all admit that the Cabinet taken together is defective in weight, efficiency, and talent. None is more persuaded of his capacity as a statesman than Marshal Soult, and he deems himself called to do great things. The Marshal entered upon office with great diffidence in his powers, and a sincere and avowed admiration of England and her alliance. By degrees his mind has been converted to sentiments precisely the reverse, to self-confidence and, at the same time, an hostility to England, which breaks out even in the ordinary parlance of the French Prime Minister. This may lead to very serious consequences. Already, indeed, it has rendered the diplomatic relations between the two countries anything but friendly. This is greatly to be regretted at a moment when commissaries for the negotiation of a commercial treaty were already appointed on both sides, and when the best results were to be hoped from the principle which the French professed as about to guide them in the conferences. The French, however, having appointed three Commissaries—one a State Councillor, and two others representing the Ministries of Finance and Commerce,—the English Government must, it is believed, appoint a third, which may prove a source of delay.

The Ministry has made one or two converts of late, and of men considered marvellously puritanic and unpurchaseable. One of these is M. Leyraud, who, after accepting office, has made such noise and lamentations and excuses for his weakness that the wits say, "He is, like Jephtha, lamenting the loss of his innocence." *Apropos* of witticisms, one directed against the Ministry is repeated of a well-known personage. Messrs Passy and Dufaure set up for rigidly honest, and are at the same time very rustic and unlicked gentlemen in their manners. Hence it was observed, that "Count Molé's elegant and seductive manners exposed himself and his administration to the charge of being corrupt, whilst the present men claimed to be honest merely on the strength of their being ill-bred."

The promotions to the Chamber of Peers have been a fertile subject of discussion with the press, and the Ministry have been much blamed, and yet their conduct seems fair enough. They selected peers from all parties equally, if indeed Frenchmen, when they reach a certain age, can be said to belong to any party. Except Lafayette and one or two others, there are few examples abroad of political passions surviving the grand climacteric. This perhaps is the cause why the French Chamber of Peers is and has ever been so complete a failure as a political or legislative body. All who write and speak of the French Peers admit that, as a body, they are below contempt or public opinion, and all seek out or recommend a *nostrum* for restoring a community important to them. Some would have them hereditary; others elective. Some would take away their legislative functions, and leave them the judi-

cial; others recommend the contrary. But all, including Baron Pasquier, the venerable President of the Chamber, admit the necessity of some change.

The *Moniteur* contains very detailed accounts of an expedition, commanded by the Duke of Orleans, which marched from Constantine, by Setif, direct to Algiers, going through those mountain passes called the *Iron Gates*, and by the ancient fortress of Hamza. The scientific results of this expedition would be more interesting than the military, were we indulged with them, since the exploits were limited to interchanging a few shots with the Arabs.

SPAIN.

It seems pretty certain that the war in Arragon is not to be brought to a close this year, and that all hopes of putting down Cabrera must be deferred till summer. It has been by distracting Cabrera's attention, and forcing him to divide his troops by attacking him on a variety of points, that Espartero has succeeded in penetrating with impunity into the midst of his strongholds. But though the Christino General be master of the road and the plain, every hill summit has its fort and Carlist garrison, and the reduction of each would be a work of time. Espartero has evidently abandoned the idea of besieging any of them, for he has sent back his heavy artillery to Alcaniz. This, which proves to the Carlists that they are to have a respite till summer, has of course emboldened them. It now remains for Espartero to fall back and take up such positions as may blockade and confine the enemy, leaving them to consume their provisions till spring, when further resistance will be idle.

Explanations are still wanting respecting the revolution which has taken place amongst the Catalonian Carlists. These have seized and dismissed their Governor, the Count d'Espagne; and their immediate liberation of the prisoner would show them inclined to come to terms with the Queen's authorities. This would be a severe blow to Cabrera, cutting off his communication with his friends in France.

At Madrid there is a kind of *interregnum*, parties facing each other with voice of menace and gesture of hostility, both fearing to strike a blow. The champion of the *Moderados* for the moment is the Minister of Grace and Justice, Arrazola, who is playing the part of Pio Pita Pizarro a year or two back, promising to join any who will join him. It is always the Finance Minister in Spain who clings firmest and longest to office, he being the great giver of contracts; one day's longer hold of office is to him of paramount importance. The Court and the French party threaten the Cortes with dissolution. The Cortes reply, "You cannot now dissolve till the Budget be voted, for we have declared the levy of tolls illegal." The Court hesitates, and the Queen has determined to abide by the advice of Espartero. That being the case, another mixed Ministry may be expected, Espartero's principle being to govern with a foot on either party.

THE LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Book of Beauty. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. Longman and Co.

The Keepsake. Edited by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Longman and Co.

We place these books in company, for no better reason than *Falstaff* was able to assign for the companionship of *Poins* and the *Prince*. "Their legs are both of a bigness." They contain very nearly the same number of pages, and are served up with about an equal number of plates. Here the likeness ends. Here *Poins* takes leave of the *Prince*, or, to speak in more intelligible phrase, the *Keepsake* parts company with the *Book of Beauty*. We will not so take leave of either. We have something to say of the *Prince* of annuals which it is agreeable to be able to say, and we shall preface it with something concerning its imitative associate, which, though far from agreeable, we think ourselves called on not to omit, by our respect for literature.

When the *Keepsake* was born, its sponsors promised that it should become—what its old, honest, English name indicated—a miscellany of pleasant natural thoughts. And the promise was tolerably kept for a year or two. But, alas, for that modest and becoming *Keepsake*! It soon lost its ancient manners; it soon dwindled from its healthy stature; it soon became no record of simple thoughts, or indeed of thoughts at all; but grew inflated, sophisticated, a catalogue of mere lords' and ladies' names, its pages without a single claim to intellect, title-pages merely. The original *Keepsake*, in short, was pushed from its pedestal, and a counterfeit set up in its room. It may still call itself the *Petit-maitre*, or the *Prétendant*, or the *Coquette*, or *La Mar-malade*, or assume any other exotic title that will suit its purpose; but it is no longer the English *Keepsake*.

The distinction, in short, which this annual has now for some years coveted, has been, not so

much to exhibit nobler thoughts, or loftier inspiration than its fellows, as to put forth a list of noble and lofty names. The matter has been abandoned to give place to the mode. There is scarcely a contributor who has not his or her title. We have (besides a prince!) lords and ladies in profusion, whilst "honourables" are as common as blackberries. At the same time we would not be misunderstood in this tone of objection. So long as the aristocracy demand only their fair proportion of foolscap, in the name of fairness let them have it. Provided they have learnt their letters, they have established a sort of right to be represented in the now universal parliament of letters. And indeed we are glad to see young gentlemen and ladies whose humours formerly took a less amiable turn, put aside their rank and fortune for a time and announce themselves competitors in the race of fame with their un-titled brethren. But they should observe moderation in this natural ambition. Much dry bread requires some little sack. Here they fill peremptorily the whole volume with themselves. Here is an entire book made up and moulded out of the brains of the aristocracy alone, and a perfect house of incurables it is.

The plan of the *Keepsake* is impertinent as well as stupid. This is why we object to it so strongly. Instead of the contributors indicating the superiority of their grade by showing themselves on the same level with the downright, real, vulgar people of letters, they here simply oppose themselves to each other, and wage an unprofitable war. We need hardly add of the specimen before us that it is, on the whole, about as vain and vapid as it is full of pretension. The proprietor of the poet's corner in a provincial paper would shut out half the contributors from his holy ground. The small exceptions to our censure consist of agreeable trifles by Mrs Norton, Lady Blessington, Mr Milnes, and Mrs Price Blackwood. The editor, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, is not only the collector of the literary fragments which appear at the poor banquet, but is also herself a formidable contributor. Without wishing to say anything unpleasant of a lady, we may be allowed to suggest to her that the following little piece of information was scarcely necessary to be communicated, in the year 1839, to the smoking public. She is speaking of the Turkish pipes, in a paper entitled "Khosrew Pacha's Banquet." "The 'mouth-pieces are of the finest amber. These are pressed gently to the lips, so as to exclude the air, and thus the grateful odour, almost worshipped in the East, is inhaled!" (P. 245.) The same page contains a specimen of the true modern heroic. Who would recognise the old Turk shuffling along in his slippers in the following rose-coloured sketch?

"The Seraskier's costume and figure were singular and striking; the former was certainly a strange contrast to the ancient, beautiful, and magnificent dress of the Turks; it was not, however, by any means Europeanized, at least in our eyes it assuredly appeared not to be so: it consisted of a dark blue blouse, very similar in form to the frocks worn by carters in England, and fullish trousers, with slippers, the everlasting fez of course upon his head. Khosrew Pacha's figure is certainly neither symmetrical nor imposing in itself: he is of very short stature, and is considerably bent with age, yet altogether there is something exceedingly venerable and impressive in his aspect. However chary nature may be of her outward marks of favour, how true it is that where the stamp of glorious God-like intellect is discerned, we at once own the influence of its mystic presence, the spell-like sway of its sublimity, and confess the human form divine!—Yes! even though the exterior be deficient in every other attribute of grace, in every other character of beauty or grandeur."

Now the *Keepsake* mode is not Lady Blessington's mode. She thinks it worth her while to cater for a world outside Grosvenor square or Saint James's. The *Book of Beauty*, for all its grandeur of look, its gorgeous binding, its noble names, and its aristocratic faces, is yet a fair specimen of the mixed literary world. On this score we hold it entitled to the highest praise. Here a lord is shouldered by a commoner, and the sketch of a wealthy peeress is placed beside that of the untitled author whose wit alone is of the true Corinthian. In this volume the claimants under the hereditary peerage, and those of nature's nobility, creditably mingle together; breaking lances, as it were, at an annual tournament, either for the sake of the Lady of the *Book of Beauty*, or else of some one or other of her maids of honour, whose effigies are at the same time duly and very prettily presented to the admiration of their tasteful public. Lady Blessington herself is the link—or rather the garland—which connects the two classes together, being at once a lady of title, and an authoress of many agreeable volumes. It is well that persons of rank and intellect should thus be brought together on equal terms, and that no undue pretensions should be foolishly set up or more foolishly recognised. And such are the very safe and solid claims to respect, to be urged for the *Book of Beauty*. A book of the kind, so conducted, may not inaptly remind us of the only things in the old French Dynasty that are worth regret—the Hotels of the D'Holbachs or Du Défands—the common meeting places of our Sternes and Humes, our Walpoles and Chesterfields.

Mr D'Israeli's opening sketch of the Valley of Thebes pleased us much, and we cannot help quot-

ing the notice of that very learned Theban with which it closes—the amiable and excellent author of the *Antiquities of Egypt*, who has himself contributed to Lady Blessington's volume.

"It was in the early part of the year of the invasion of Syria by the Egyptians, some eight years gone, that I first visited Thebes. My barque was stowed against the bank of the river, near the Memnonion; the last beam of the sun, before it sunk behind the Libyan hills, quivered on the columns of Luxoor; the Nubian crew, after their long and laborious voyage, were dispersed on shore; and I was myself reposing in the shade, almost unattended, when a Turk, well mounted, and followed by his pipe-bearer, and the retinue that accompanies an Oriental of condition, descended from the hills which contain the tombs of the queens, and approached the boat. I was surprised, on advancing to welcome him, to be hailed in my native tongue; and pleased, at such a moment and in such a place, to find a countryman. While we smoked the pipe of salutation, he told me that he had lived at Thebes for nearly ten years, studying the antiquities, the history, and the manners of its ancient inhabitants. I availed myself of his invitation to his residence, and accompanying him, I found that I was a visitor in a tomb, and yet by no means a gloomy dwelling-place. A platform, carved in the mountain, was surrounded by a mud wall and tower, to protect it from hostile Arabs. A couple of gazelles played in this front court, while we, reposing on a divan, arranged round the first chamber of the tomb, were favoured with a most commanding view of the valley outspread beneath. There were several inner chambers, separated from each other by hangings of scarlet cloth. Many apartments in Albany I have seen not half as pleasant and convenient. I found a library, and instruments of art and science; a companion full of knowledge, profound in Oriental manners, and thoroughly master of the subject which naturally then most interested me. Our repast was strictly Eastern, but the unusual convenience of forks was not wanting, and my host told me that they were the very ones that he had used at Exeter College. I shall never forget that first day at Thebes, and this my first interview with one then unknown to fame, but whom the world has since recognised—the learned, the ingenious, and amiable Mr Wilkinson."

How excellent are these lines, and full of a quiet, simple pathos.

"THE WIFE TO THE WOOER. (For Music.)

BY SIR E. LYTTON BULWER, BART.

Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure
The love you press so blindly,
For once your reasons I'll endure,
And answer follies kindly:
I'll grant that you, more fair and gay
Than Luke to some may be;
But hight itself, when he's away,
Is never gay to me!
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

Its words your summer-love may wreath
In florid smiles and gladness,
His lips, more often, only breathe
The trouble and the sadness.
But ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy one grief of his to soothe
Than all your bliss to share.
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
He grieve, 'tis bliss to whare!

You say that he can meet or leave
Unmoved—content without me;
Nor reck's what snares Neglect may weave—
Too heedless ev'n to doubt me.
Ah! jealous cares are poor respect!
He knows my heart, my guide;
And what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide!
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
I'll think he does confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,
And sometimes speak severely;
Your eyes, you vow, could ne'er rebuke—
Your whispers breathe austerely.
How know you of the coming cares
His anxious eyes foresee?
Perhaps the shade his temper wears
Is thought for mine and me!
Then go—then go; for, whether or no
His frown has smiles for me!

But Luke, you hint, to others gives
The love that he denies me;
And hard, you say, in youth to live,
Without one heart to prize me!
Well if the parent rose be shed,
The buds are on the stem;
My babes!—his love can ne'er be dead,
Its soul has fled to them.
Then go—then go!—His rival? No:
His rival lives in them!"

Mr Milnes, too, will be recognised in his best style by some delightful verses with which he has enriched the volume. They are entitled "Love and Nature," and one brief section will express the spirit at once of their design and execution.

"There is a beechen tree,
To whose thick crown, a boy, I clomb,
And made me there a birdlike home,
To sing or ponder free.

There is a jasmine bower,
Whence you did see me trembling tear
One spray, to mingle with thine hair,
And loved me from that hour.

Nature has odours none
Like those to me: let some of each,
O, jasmine flowers and leaves of beech,
Adorn our house alone."

A very beautiful Love Song by Barry Cornwall must close our poetical extracts.

"Laugh not, nor weep; but let thine eyes
Grow soft and dim (so love should be);
And be thy breathing tender, quick,
And tremulous, whilst I gaze on thee,

And let thy words be few, or none;
But murmurs, such as soothe the air
In summer, when the day is done,
Be heard, sweet heart, when I am there.

And I—oh! I, in those soft times,
When all around is still and sweet,
Will love thee more a thousand times,
Than if the world was at thy feet!"

Walter Savage Landor's massive prose does not appear to disadvantage beside this very lovely, delicate, and earnest poetry. An imaginary conversation between Milton and Galileo is worthy of this great writer. How dramatic the opening.

"MILTON. O friend! let me pass.
DOMINICAN. Whither? To whom?
MILTON. Into the prison; to Galileo Galilei.
DOMINICAN. Prison! We have no prison.
MILTON. No prison here! What sayest thou?
DOMINICAN. Son! For heretical pravity indeed, and some other less atrocious crimes, we have a seclusion, a confinement, a penitentiary, a locality, for softening the obdurate, and furnishing them copiously with reflection and recollection; but prison we have none.
MILTON. Open!
DOMINICAN (to himself). What sweetness! what authority! what a form! what an attitude! what a voice!
MILTON. Open! delay me no longer.
DOMINICAN. In whose name?
MILTON. In the name of humanity and of God.
DOMINICAN. My sight staggers: the walls shake: he must be . . . Do angels ever come hither?
MILTON. Be reverent, and stand apart."

A "starry converse" then begins, and the horrors of the prison of Galileo are subdued by the picture of his sublime patience in enduring them. The hope of Milton that some term may soon be placed to such an imprisonment is quietly answered.

"GALILEO. It may be, or not, as God wills; it is for life.
MILTON. For life!

GALILEO. Even so. I regret that I cannot go forth; and my depression is far below regret when I think that, if ever I should be able to make a discovery, the world is never to derive the benefit. I love the fields, and the country air, and the sunny sky, and the starry; and I could keep my temper when, in the midst of my calculations, the girls brought me flowers from lonely places, and asked me their names, and puzzled me. But now I fear lest a compulsory solitude should have rendered me a little morose; and yet methinks I could bear again a stalk to be thrown in my face, as a deceiver, for calling the blossom that had been on it Andromeda: and could pardon as easily as ever a slap on the shoulder for my Ursa Major. Pleasant Arcetri!

MILTON. I often walked along its quiet lanes, somewhat full of the white eglandine in the narrower parts of them. They are so long and pliant, a little wind is enough to blow them in the face, and they scratch as much as their betters.

GALILEO. Pleasant Arcetri!
MILTON. The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

GALILEO. I sighed not at any thought of friendship. How do I know that any friend is left me? I was thinking that, in those unfrequented lanes, the birds that were frightened could fly away. Pleasant Arcetri! Well: we (I mean those who are not blind) can see the stars from all places; we may know that there are other worlds, and we may hope that there are happier. So then you often walked to that village?

MILTON. Oftener to Fiesole.
GALILEO. You liked Fiesole better?
MILTON. Must I confess it? For a walk, I did.
GALILEO. So did I, so did I. What friends we are already! I made some observations from Fiesole.

MILTON. I shall remember it on my return, and shall revisit the scenery with fresh delight. Alas! is this a promise I can keep, when I must think of you here?

GALILEO. My good, compassionate young man, I am concerned that my apartment allows you so little space to walk about.

MILTON. Could ever I have been guilty of such disrespect! O sir, far remote, far beyond all others, is that sentiment from my heart! It swelled, and put every sinew of every limb into motion, at your indignity. No, no! Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity!—on this hand, which Science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open.

GALILEO. Ah my too friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity.

MILTON. At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom—mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men, the annual and the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those, on the contrary, who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest, those are surely the spirits of God, both when upon earth and when with Him. What do I see, in letting fall the sleeve? The scars and lacerations on your arms show me that you have fought for your country.

GALILEO. I cannot claim that honour. Do not look at them. My guardian may understand that.

MILTON. Great God! they are the marks of the torture!
GALILEO. My guardian may understand that likewise. Let us converse about something else.

MILTON. Italy! Italy! Italy! drive thy poets into exile, into prison, into madness! spare, spare thy one philosopher! What track can the mind pursue, in her elevations or her plains or her recesses, without the dogging and prowling of the priesthood?"

Afterwards they speak of great men in their respective countries.

"GALILEO. You will allow me to express my admiration of what (if I understand anything) I understand. No nation has produced any man, except Aristoteles, comparable to either of the Bacon's. The elder was the more wonderful, the later in season was the riper and the greater. Neither of them told all he knew, or half he thought; and each was alike prodigal in giving, and prudent in withholding. The learning and genius of Francis led him onward to many things which his nobility and stateliness disallowed. How

was he like the leisurely and rich agriculturist, who goeth out a-field after dinner, well knowing where lie the nests and covies; and in such idle hour throweth his hat partly over them, and they clutter and run and rise and escape from him without his heed, to make a louder whirr thereafter, and a longer flight elsewhere.

MILTON. I believe I have discovered no few inaccuracies in his reasoning, voluntary or involuntary. But I apprehend he committed them designedly, and that he wanted in wisdom but the highest—the wisdom of honesty. It is comfortable to escape from him, and return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinised as the presumptuous rival of the happy Ferrarase. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave; and what was the reward? Did cities contend for his residence within them? Did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? Did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? Did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? Did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken-hearted.

GALILEO. My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

MILTON. I may be in time to come.

GALILEO. What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too, but you will not be broken-hearted.

This order of writing suggests its own highest praise. Landor rivals himself in it, the only competitor he needs to dread at any time.

We have reserved as our last extract, for we must close this notice in spite of many temptations to prolong it, a portion of a very charming little Irish sketch by Lady Blessington. It is called 'The Dream,' and relates the fanciful experiences of an Irish peasant's young wife, whom the "good people" visit opportunely whilst her sleep is troubled with thoughts of a very troublesome husband. Thus she begins the relation to a friend. Its opening touches of a pastoral simplicity have a very pleasing effect.

"'Twas a fine summer evening, Peggy, as ever shone out of the heavens. The bees were flitting about from flower to flower, and saying, with their playants voices, 'What a sweet life we lead!' The birds were singing such music, that those who have once listened to it with the ears of their hearts want no better. And the red sun was going to bed, behind purple curtains, fringed with gold, richer than any king's, when I sat at the open window—that same window, Peggy, that you now see. The sweet smell of the flowers came to me; the brown cuckoo hopped over the field, and repeated his cry as clear as could be; the cows lowed in the distance, and every bird and baste—ay, and the little tiny crathurs, that are smaller than the birds, might be heard too—all was so still and calm. Oh! in such summer nights one may hear the voice of God, if one keeps one's mind quiet, and looks up to Heaven! But my mind—God forgive me!—wasn't quiet, for I was vexed and angry. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'here I am, this beautiful night, and Andy promised he would come home before the sun had gone to bed; and there, he has drawn his purple curtains, and put out his blessed light, and yet the man of the house does not come to me! Sure, 'tis to the Dun Cow he's gone, to drink with them limbs of the devil; and this is the way that a poor woman is kept, like a mhoodaun, watching the long hours, while he's spending the thrife he's air'd!' With that, up gets the anger in my breast, and the heart of me began to bate, and my cheeks got as hot as a lime-kiln. 'I'll go after him,' says I, 'to the Dun Cow, and give him a bit of my mind—that I will!' But then I began to remember that Biddy Phelan used to go after Mick, her husband, until he got so used to it, that he would say he couldn't go till Biddy came for him; and I said to myself, 'It shall never be said that I, a decent girl, wint after my husband to a shibeen shop.' But, thin, 'twould sarve him right, and maybe taich him better,' whispered the Evil Spirit in my ears, 'if you were to spake to him afore the wild boys he's drinking with; and I up, and threw the tail of my gound over my shoulders, and crossed the treshold. 'If he should speak crossly to you, Kathleen, before all them chaps, wouldn't it be a terrible downfal to ye?' said a little voice in my heart, no louder than the humming of a bee. 'Faith, 'tis yerself that's right enough,' said I; and I let down the tail of my gound, and began to cry like a child. Well, I cried till I fell fast asleep; for, though people say that sleep seldom comes to the eyes that have been shedding tears, I have always found the contrary; and I remember the last thought I had afore I slept was, 'What a haste my husband was to lave me alone, while he was spending his airings at the Dun Cow!'"

The dream follows. Her husband and the dun cow are still its prominent figures. So angry is she at length that she wishes him dead, and with the wish he seems to live no more. The after agony of a sudden remorse has half crushed her in her innocent slumber when the hearty kiss of her living good man thrills against her waking cheek. She resolves after this to forgive him his little lapses for the great comfort he is to her, and in the inculcation of that wise as well as tender precept of "to bear and forbear" lies the moral lesson of Kathleen's dream.

There are many graceful and interesting portraits in the volume, but the favourite of all will be the Countess Zavadousky. This, we believe, is that Russian lady by whom even all our English beauties were out-dazzled at the coronation.

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St Albans. By Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson. Two volumes. Colburn.

Heaven preserve us from our friends! is the exclamation prompted by these volumes. Heaven preserve us from our biographers, is no doubt the frequent wish in another world, of all who have been famous in this.

Whatever was necessary, or useful, or of any interest, to be known in the story of the most noble

Harriot, Duchess of St Albans, was known long ago. This book, though not devoid of amusement here and there, adds nothing to our stock of desirable information respecting that odd story. Nor does the mysterious preface give any better reason for its appearance, though it is satisfactory to learn that if the fair writer's "ideas of the Duchess's moral conduct had not been far more favourable towards her than those generally entertained," she would not have undertaken the task. We suspect at the same time that if the ordinary motives of biographers are wanting in the case, motives much more sufficient and satisfactory have not been wanting.

"A main object in commencing these Memoirs is to give a just impression of her natural qualities rather than a regular narrative of her life." In other words the public, who are not at all interested about Duchess Harriot's natural qualities, but might possibly have been much amused by the fairly told narrative of her life, are coolly told at the outset that it is not for their tastes the book is written. They may at least rejoice at being saved from so bad a compliment. And yet the poor public! It is really too bad that the nasty and fulsome flattery which reeked through the halls of the living Duchess, should now be vented over the grave of the Duchess dead, in the face of people who never enjoyed her money, who were never drilled to laugh at her jokes, and whose habit it is to walk, and not to crawl.

Religion, Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson informs us, "was the most remarkable and striking quality of her mind." Gratifying intelligence. It has been generally supposed that, when at the age of thirty-five, she married Mr Coutts aged eighty-six for his money; and that, when at the age of fifty, she married the Duke of St Albans aged about twenty-one for his title;—all this is now discovered to be a gross mistake. *She must have married her brace of husbands solely for their religious feelings.* "As no friendship," Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson philosophically observes, "can be permanent which is not based on a similitude of religious feelings between the parties, it is a valuable fact, that all her favourite friends, and both her husbands, were known to be remarkable for their devotional feelings." It is a great comfort to know this. And we have other things to add, on the same excellent authority.

The mind of this rich and exemplary Duchess was "at all times fully prepared for dissolution," and "the calm of her last hours" was "a pattern how a Christian should await the inevitable summons." We think after this that the projected rails for the monument, and the contemplated closing of the bridges, and the proposed increase of taxation on cord and poison, may all be very safely abandoned. Only see how a Duchess dies! Circulate the "pattern" far and wide, and surely the poor will no longer be wickedly disposed as heretofore to the sorry self-indulgence of suicide.

"Her daily exercises of solitary devotion and meditation were long and never omitted." An anecdote of profound beauty and solemnity will illustrate this.

"The first occasion on which she was to take her place as a peeress in the gallery of the House of Lords (at the opening of the houses of parliament) was an event to which she attached rather a nervous importance, and great care was taken about all the arrangements. Just as her toilette was completed, the carriage was announced, and she hastened down stairs, fearful of losing any part of the ceremony she wished to witness. On reaching the carriage, however, a sudden change in her aspect was observed by the persons assisting her; and instantly withdrawing from the step, she dismissed the carriage, re-entered the house, and announced her intention of relinquishing her attendance at the House of Lords on that occasion! Her friends remonstrated against this caprice, but she was inaccessible to any argument; and, retiring to her own room, she dismissed her attendants, and passed the remainder of the morning alone. The cause of this apparent whim was, that in the excitement and hurry of preparation, her customary devotions had been omitted, nor once recollected until she had passed the threshold. Struck with the negligence committed, and always swayed by the strong impulse of the moment, she resolved to sacrifice the intended gratification of her vanity as an atonement for the omission it had caused."

"Her CHARITY is too well known to require comment." "Her WIT is so generally known that it is almost needless to name it." "A strong principle of TRUTH pervaded the Duchess's conduct." "In CHEERFULNESS under almost every circumstance she was truly enviable." "Her RELIGIOUS IDEAS were in strict accordance with the purest Christianity." "In the best of SOCIAL QUALITIES it was scarcely possible to excel the Duchess." "Miss Mellon had that MAGIC GIFT, a sweet, clear, elegant tone of voice, which imparted grace and interest to all she uttered."

And is there no other "MAGIC GIFT" that may have carried Grace and Interest in its train? Let Timon speak, as when in the woods near Athens I found the GIFT OF GOLD, yellow, precious, glittering gold!

—"Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair; Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant. Ha, you Gods! why this? what this, you gods? why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

Pluck stout mens' pillows from below their heads!

This yellow slave Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd; Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves, And give them title, knee, and approbation, With senators on the bench! This is it, That makes the wappen'd widow wed again! She, whom the 'spital-house, and ulcers sores Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices To the April day again."

Aye Timon, that was it, and you should have lived in the nineteenth century, and written the Memoirs of the Most Noble Harriot, Duchess of St Albans.

But does Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson admit no fault? None. Any misfortune then? Yes—a misfortune. "The Duchess had the misfortune of possessing one of the most hasty and violent tempers which can be conceived; and of course the excitement of anger led her to consider the most trifling word or deed as highly offensive, and requiring her utmost resentment. . . but not an instance exists in which, without authority, her anger ever intentionally stated what was not truth." Considerate Duchess. More considerate biographer. But again. Another little "misfortune" seems now and then to have checked even the charitable impulse of this paragon of a woman. "She felt that her nature did not require prompting in order to confer benefits; therefore no course was so likely to impede her favourable intentions as any application from the party requiring aid." It is very odd, but we confess that we should have suspected in all this the presence of a mere and most pampered will, were it not for Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson's very sedate asseverations to the contrary.

And having said thus much, let us add that suspicions of this kind are not likely to be weakened by a passage in the Duchess's last testament. It is that which refers to the strangely limited conditions on which is made altogether to depend the very limited bequest with which, out of an enormous fortune, a merry little modern actress has endowed that very Dukedom, which was, out of no fortune at all, entirely founded by a still merrier little actress of old.

"Provided always, and I do hereby declare my will to be, that if the said duke do and shall permit or suffer his uncle, Lord Amelius Beauclerk, or any of his family, or either of his the duke's brothers, Lord Frederick or Lord Charles Beauclerk, or either of their families, to reside with him, or in either of the houses hereinbefore given to him the said duke for his life as aforesaid, or in any other house belonging to him the said duke for the time being, for the space of one week, either at one time or at several distinct times, in any one year, then and in such case the said annuity or yearly sum of ten thousand pounds shall thenceforth cease and determine, as if the said duke were actually dead, and then and in such case also the gift and bequest hereby made to the said duke for his life of the said estate at or near Holly Lodge aforesaid, and the said messuage and premises in Piccadilly aforesaid, and the rooms at the banking-house aforesaid, and the plate and other articles given to him for his life as aforesaid, shall cease and determine as if he were actually dead."

A very pretty, charitable, death-bed notion, this must truly have been, and, as Mrs Cornwell-Baron Wilson would phrase it, in "strict accordance with the purest Christianity"—whose first instruction is forgiveness! There is not a little originality in these ideas of Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson. And so, surrounded by paltry evidences of a still freshly-boiling spleen, our most noble Harriot gradually subsided into the "calm of her last hours," and became a pattern of "how a Christian should await the inevitable summons!" Elevating reflection.

We meant, when we began this notice, to have recalled some few things not unworthy of remembrance in the character and story of this singular woman, for any trace of which we have looked in vain in the biography. But the book has driven us into a different track, and we cannot now find it in our hearts to bestow more tediousness on the reader. We have said that the volumes are not devoid of unamusing passages here and there. With one or two of these we may courteously bid the book farewell, on its inevitable passage to very speedy oblivion.

This is a note worth taking.

"It is curious that, in an hotel-barn, while almost a child, and poor in the extreme, she first tried a woman's character, in *Phoebe*: and that, in twenty-six years afterwards, she retired from Drury lane stage, as *Audrey* in the same piece, to become the richest woman in England."

The selection of the part for her last appearance was yet unintentional. It was a sudden whim of "old Tom Coutts" that, having played *Audrey* in a somewhat too flaunting dress, his "blessed Harriot" should play no more. This was several years before the marriage.

"Mr Coutts, whose great delight was to attend the theatre, fancied himself to be sufficiently well to be present at the performance; and he arrived soon after the play had commenced. Miss Mellon was considered the handsomest *Audrey* on the stage, the French peasant costume suiting her style. On this evening her dress was extremely fanciful and pretty, being a peculiarly shaped black velvet hat, a yellow jacket laced with black velvet, and a gold cross and heart on her throat; while the striped, full, and rather short petticoat revealed very neat feet and ankles, in little buckled shoes, and yellow silk stockings with black clocks.

"She was greeted with much applause, as being a favourite of the audience, and one who had not lately been much before them; so that, when the early scenes were over, she

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

DRURY LANE.

went to speak to Mr Coutts, flushed with success, and hoping for his compliment also.

"She was, however, disappointed in finding his kind countenance wearing a serious expression, as, taking her hand, he said that he could not allow her to appear thus again.

"In dismay she inquired what was his meaning, and he explained that he could not bear to see her 'made up' for the stage, and in such an absurd costume. He therefore hoped this would be her last appearance.

"His requests were so few, and she always had attended to them with such deference for his better judgment, that the matter of her retirement was settled from that moment: all originating perhaps in the 'smart little yellow stockings with black cloaks.' She returned to the stage for her final scene, and at its close having whispered to the astonished Touchstone, that, 'she should never again be his Audrey,' she stepped rather in advance of the other performers, curtsied profoundly several times to the applauding audience, not as Audrey, but as Miss Mellon, and such was the sole intimation and leave-taking of her last appearance."

The best account we ever saw of Miss Mellon in her stage days, is given in the volumes on the authority of "a great favourite of the present day, who about that time first came out at Drury Lane." This is very good and graphic.

"Miss Farren was then, despite the small-pox, the reigning toast; she was an elegant woman. Mrs Jordan was in her bloom; she was a fascinating one. Mrs Goodall was delightful; and Miss De Camp set half the young fellows mad; nay, Mrs Bland was voted a charmer by many; the coarse signora had admirers; to say nothing of the majestic Siddons, to whom none dared express admiration; the Cleopatra looking Mrs Powell, and that most graceful and lovely of all syrens, Mrs Crouch. These ladies had each a style, you could classify them as divinities; but Miss Mellon was merely a country girl, blooming in complexion, with a very tall, fine figure, raven locks, ivory teeth, a cheek like a peach, and coral lips. All she put you in mind of was, a country road and a pillion!"

Another passage from the same contribution is also well worth quoting.

"The only thing more that I can recall is, her asking leave to be at the wings on the night of the production of *Vortigern*. Kemble was very particular in keeping them clear; but on this occasion, and in her case, he relaxed somewhat of his severity. Everybody was on the *qui vive* to see this assumed Shakspearean play; and though Kemble had stamped it as a 'Fudge,' a vast number of us were of a different opinion, merely for the purpose of opposing the stage manager. When the uproar began, the sensation behind the scenes was immense. Young Ireland, who was a dashing fellow, and who had attained great favour with the little people from his affability, had quite a party on his side. The play proceeded, and the riot was at its height; and this brings me to Miss Mellon. She turned as pale as death, trembled like an aspen leaf, and I really expected was about to faint. As she was by no means one of the fainting order, I set this down to her tenderness for the young author (or finder), but I was mistaken. She had never witnessed the condemnation of a play before; and she told me afterwards, that she expected, from the noise, that they would leap on the stage, demolish the scenery, &c., and perhaps (as they did a little time before in Ireland) act violently towards the performers. Her fears were not unnatural; for, some forty years ago, when a theatrical riot did occur, it was an appalling scene."

An anecdote of the Duchess at Abbotsford recounts the happiest thing (and it has merit) that her Grace is supposed to have said.

"In showing her over the house, after desiring her to observe that his bed-room communicated by a private staircase with a little study, he added, 'Thus, you see, when they all think I have retired to bed, I can escape to my study, write for two or three hours, and nobody the wiser.'

"That is impossible, Sir Walter," replied her grace."

The last extract we shall take relates to one of Mr Coutts's kinswomen, who seems to have been well qualified as infinitely more than a match for all the Duchesses that ever wore ermine.

"Sir John Cochrane, being engaged in Argyle's rebellion against James the Second, was taken prisoner after a desperate resistance, and condemned to be hanged.

"His daughter having noticed that the death-warrant was expected from London, attired herself in men's clothes, and twice attacked and robbed the mails (between Bedford and Berwick) which conveyed the death-warrants; thus delaying the execution, giving time to Sir John Cochrane's father, the Earl of Dundonald, to make interest with Father Peter (a Jesuit), King James's confessor, who for the sum of five thousand pounds agreed to intercede with his royal master in favour of Sir John Cochrane, and to procure his pardon, which was effected. Her great-granddaughter, Miss Stuart, of Allan Bank, married the late Mr Thomas Coutts's father, and they had four sons, Peter, John, James, and Thomas."

We may remark in conclusion that notwithstanding multitudinous efforts to throw alternate light and a grand kind of mystery around the Duchess's father and mother, Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson is fain to leave the matter as she finds it. And so we end our notice with the first words of Mrs C. B. W.'s narrative. "The early history of the parents of the late Harriot, Duchess of St Albans, must be now totally lost in the great interval of time."

MADNESS ON MONARCHY.—It is a singular fact, that there are now confined in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity in London and the neighbourhood, no less than sixty men and women who consider themselves the legitimate but unacknowledged sovereigns of the country! One female patient insists upon asserting that she is the real Victoria, and that she was confined in a madhouse, in order to prevent her from ascending the throne of her forefathers. This patient most pertinaciously affirms that she was sent to the asylum by Lord Melbourne, in order to make way for a lady with whom he was in love, and who now occupies the throne. It is most laughable [is it, indeed?] to witness the pomposity with which this poor mad creature struts about the ward, exclaiming, "Fall back! clear the way for your illustrious Queen Victoria."—*Physic and Physicians.*

Pedro asks Cinderella in the opera—"Only one secret I want to know, and that is, when I shall be better off?" Mr Hammond was the *Pedro*—Miss Delcy, the new singer, was *Cinderella*—and the audience took on themselves to answer the question with a hearty shout of congratulation. Mr Hammond felt no doubt that he was better off already.

And he had good reason. If we do not greatly mistake the most promising signs of success we have witnessed in a theatre for many years, Miss Delcy, as she is called, has turned the fortunes of Drury Lane. We are very glad of it. We think Mr Hammond for many reasons entitled to support; we have a great admiration for the theatre he manages; and it is impossible for any one to look at the new singer for a moment, without feeling a lively interest in so simple, so engaging, so youthful, and so clever a person. We never saw an English *Cinderella* that pleased us more, or one that made upon the instant so many friends. She seemed to walk at once out of her chimney corner to the familiar fireside of every person in the theatre.

Miss Delcy is remarkably youthful in appearance, with a pretty face, very graceful manners, and the most rare merit of an artless and modest self-possession. She did nothing throughout the opera in which her own heart did not seem engaged and interested, if we except that which we thought the least successful of her musical efforts, the *Finale*. We did not see her till the second night, and therefore avail ourselves of the account of her first appearance given by the *Morning Chronicle*.

"Her appearance was attended with triumphant success, yet not more triumphant than well-merited. She is, in her appearance, a fine young woman; above the middle stature, elegantly formed, and graceful, with an ease of deportment gained by some experience, as we are informed, on the provincial boards—an excellent preparation for appearing in the metropolis. In her acting there was a great deal of simplicity and nature. As a singer her attainments are of a high order. It is owing, we should believe, to her youth, that her voice has not yet attained that mellowness and equality, in all parts of the scale, of which it seems to be capable. Its compass appears to be *mezzo soprano*, somewhat deficient in tone and fulness in its lowest notes, but, in the middle and upper part of the scale, rich, brilliant, and beautiful. Her method is admirable, and bespeaks the most skilful tuition. Her notes are formed with the utmost purity of tone, and prolonged, swelled, and diminished, with that smoothness and delicacy—that "linked sweetness" which is the glory of the Italian school—a school of which Miss Lacy is evidently a disciple. She sings, too, very finely in tune, except occasionally in her shake, that stumbling-block to the best singers. She sings with great intelligence and expression; and frequently, by some delicate and unexpected trait of feeling in the delivery of a single phrase, reminded us of Malibran and Pauline Garcia in the same part. The concluding bravura ('Non più mesta' in the original) did not please us so much, we confess, as the more unpretending performances which preceded it. Singers consider this as the *cheval de bataille* of the opera, and lay hold of it as an opportunity of making a great display of execution. But Miss Lacy carried this too far; for she literally buried the melody under a load of flourishes which hardly left a vestige of its original form; and some of them—particularly the passage of immense leaps, extending to a couple of octaves—were much more surprising than beautiful. Miss Lacy received a great deal of applause; her best efforts were encored; and, at the end of the piece, the delight and admiration of the audience were most emphatically expressed."

In this for the most part our experience of the second night would dispose us to agree most thoroughly, nor do we regret to see her faults pointed out as strongly as her beauties. She can well afford it, and we would venture to predict, will be the first to profit by it. The masterpiece both of her acting and singing, seemed to us to be the finale to the first act.

The opera was very beautifully produced, with many exquisite scenes; altogether creditably performed; and on the result, and the better prospect it opens before him, Mr Hammond may sincerely congratulate himself and his young and powerful ally.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—The *Droit* states that Huber, who was condemned to transportation for conspiracy against the life of Louis Philippe, but has been kept in confinement at Mont St Michel, has been subjected there to the system of solitary confinement. In a short time he suffered so much from this treatment that he declared he would starve himself to death if they did not place him again with his companion, named Annat. Huber kept his word, and remained three whole days without tasting a morsel of his food. On the fourth day he was in a dying state, but still persevered. Overcome by this desperate resolution, the director has restored him to his comrade, and he has since recovered. The other political prisoners who have been subjected to the same punishment have exclaimed against it as insupportable.

THREE THOUSAND TO ONE.—The *Moniteur* of Monday publishes the annexed telegraphic despatch:—"The

Phare, having on board the Duke of Orleans and his suite, arrived this evening at ten o'clock. The Prince is in good health, and disembarked immediately to enter the Lazaretto."—As his Royal Highness, according to the above despatch, *se porte très bien*, it is of little consequence to report upon the sanitary state of the unfortunate French troops in Africa, whose sufferings have been unparalleled. The *Courrier Français* pledges itself that on the last accounts three thousand soldiers were without beds, in the last stage of sickness, and consumed by vermin; and yet all that the telegraph communicates is, that his Royal Highness is very well. Marshal Vaele's report of the Seif expedition is looked for with anxiety.

BERLIN, Nov. 3.—Our ambassador at the Court of Vienna has just transmitted to the King a declaration addressed to the Austrian Cabinet by the English Ambassador resident in that city, of which the following is an extract:—"I declare, in the name of my Government, that it is determined to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and of the dynasty actually reigning; and that, in consequence of this declaration, it will not take any advantage to itself from the actual state of things, nor acquire any additional territory or exclusive interest. It expects, with the fullest confidence, that the same line of conduct will be adopted by the other Powers, its friends and allies, who have already given so many proofs of their wisdom and disinterestedness, and in particular on the part of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, to whom is due the initiative of such a question."

LATEST FROM AMERICA.—By the arrival of the packet-ship *Quebec*, at Portsmouth, we have received New York papers of the 22d ult. On the 16th the *Pique* frigate, carrying Mr Poulett Thomson, the new Governor-General of Canada, arrived at Quebec, and on the 19th Sir John Colborne sailed for England. Another great fire had taken place in Mobile.

WEST INDIES.—We have accounts from Barbadoes to the 18th Sept., Trinidad the 20th, and Jamaica the 3d Oct. The new Governor of Jamaica, Sir Chas. Metcalfe, arrived safe at Port Royal on the 22d Sept.; and the late Governor, Sir Lionel Smith, took his departure on the 1st Oct. Sir C. Metcalfe had summoned the Assembly to meet for the despatch of business on the 22d Oct. Affairs seem to be gradually mending, as the planters and labourers were coming to a better understanding regarding rents and wages. They were about to establish Joint Stock Agricultural Associations, for the purpose of securing a steady supply of vegetables, and food to the different towns, at moderate rates. It is hinted that the Assembly would not be disposed to make provision for the stipendiary magistrates in future, and it was hoped they would be dispensed with. At Tobago the exports of this year's crop will exceed those of last year above 500 hhd. of sugar, with a proportion of rum and molasses; the value of exports this year will exceed that of last year by 25,000*l.* A decided improvement in the working of labourers is manifested at Tobago.

Letters from the Mauritius of the 11th of July state, with the greatest confidence, that there existed no doubt of the approaching crop being entirely secured within the usual period. The labourers were perfectly tranquil—some few remained idle, and were likely to continue so; but it is pleasant to be able to state that the Indians laboured more industriously than they had done previously to the emancipation of the apprentices. Some extensive transfers of this class of labourers had taken place just before the date of these arrivals, affording several important sugar estates sufficient hands to meet all their wants. These supplies were obtained from establishments in Port Louis.

THE CHARTIST RIOTS AT NEWPORT.

Newport is now described as beginning to assume the appearance of order and healthy tranquillity. It is confidently expected that the well-judged arrangements under the direction of Colonel Considine and Major Cook, with the concurrence of the magistrates, seconded by the untiring perseverance of Mr Blewitt and the whole bench of magistrates, will have the effect of bringing the whole of the offenders to justice; but every succeeding examination has tended to confirm the impression that a very extensive conspiracy existed, and of course it will be a work of some time to trace it through all its ramifications. Every new batch of evidence adduced still further exposes the extent and nature of the conspiracy.

The following is a summary of the results of all the examinations that have hitherto taken place:—

John Frost, Charles Waters, John Partridge, James Aust, Thomas Davies, Richard Benfield, John Rees, William Jones, John Lovell, Solomon Brittan, and George George, committed for high treason and sedition.—James Morris and John Barratt, committed for a month.—John James, committed for 14 days.—Edward Frost, held to bail in 400*l.*—Thomas Gibson, committed for 14 days.—Daniel Williams, John Rogers, and Thomas Edwards, discharged.—Job Harris, Ebenezer Williams, William Griffiths, and Charles Groves, admitted to bail.—John George, Arthur Parker, Joseph Walter, John Slugg, William Chambers, Henry Jones, John Hodges, Thomas James, James Cantillo, Henry Charles, Thomas Aurelius, Absolom Crook, Thomas Crook, William Purnell, John Thomas, and William Morgan, discharged.

We shall now proceed to give such extracts from the various evidence adduced against these men, as may be likely to interest the reader or place him in possession of really valuable information respecting those deplorable disturbances. We have elsewhere given the examination of Lieutenant Gray, a piece of evidence which for its good old English mode of expression, its simplicity, and graphic truth, might have been given in to the magistrates by old Daniel Defoe himself.

The most important part of the evidence elicited relates to a tampering with the military, which seems to have gone on to some extent, and the consequent desertion of two of the 45th. The evidence upon this point was important, as, if they had succeeded, there is no knowing what dangerous consequences might have ensued. This explains the Chartist observations in their speeches, "that the soldiers were with them," and "that they were their brothers, and would not fire upon them." It is evident from the testimony of one of the men who deserted, but whose feelings of compunction caused him to return again to his regiment, that a deep laid plan was formed for contaminating the soldiery, which has happily failed to be, to any great extent, successful. Another soldier, with whom the persuasion was less successful, gave evidence to the same effect. They were both called on the examination of William Morgan and another man named Victory (who has been remanded), and we shall give the evidence of both:—

Edward Dalton sworn.—I am a private in the 45th regiment of Foot. I have been so 12 months. I know the prisoner Victory. I remember the 10th of October last, the second day we came to town. I remember on that day being opposite the King's Head, between five and six o'clock in the evening. I met a man in the street. He addressed himself to me, and welcomed three of us, who were together at that time, to town. It was the prisoner Victory. He appeared as if he had been drinking. There was not much conversation. He took us across the street to a public-house, and called for four glasses of rum, one for himself and one for each of us three soldiers. We each drank the glass of rum and water. He then ordered more, and another four glasses were brought in. We conversed together; the prisoner commenced the conversation. The conversation was about the charter. *He asked us to hold out in the manly cause as they were holding out, and by that means we should obtain half-a-crown a-day.* He asked us, if things came to a point, whether we should fire on them or not, and I said we should do our duty as soldiers. He asked me, if the Chartists turned out, whether we should fire on them, and I said we should do our duty. The prisoner ordered the rum and water, and paid for it. We stayed in the house about ten minutes. We came as far as the door together, and there we parted with him, and we returned to our barracks. I have never seen him since until now.

John Clarke sworn.—I am a private in the 45th Foot. I have been so 14 months. I have been stationed in Newport since the early part of October. On the 10th I was in High street, walking towards the bridge, and opposite the King's Head I met the prisoner Victory. He spoke first to me, and two of my comrades, Edward Dalton and William Chambers; he asked us to go and have a glass. He welcomed us to the town, and he took us over the way, and when we were drinking he told us if we were soldiers we ought to stand out and have 2s. 6d. a-day. He asked us, if the Chartists were to turn out, if we would fire upon them, and we told him the duty of a soldier was to do all he could to disperse the mob. He asked us to come down to his house when we were at liberty. He said the landlady would tell us where it was. We then parted, and we met again on Saturday, the 12th, by the canal. He then asked us to go and have a pint of beer. A comrade of mine was with me, Robert Barr. Barr is now a prisoner confined for desertion. Barr was with me and heard the conversation. He took us to the door of a public-house, and said he would be in with us in a few minutes. The public-house was called the Wheel. We went in, Barr and I. We had two pints of beer. The prisoner did not come in; he left us at the door. Nothing passed between me and the landlord. The prisoner told me his name was Morgan, or some such name. When we were coming out we met the prisoner again at the door. *I and my comrade had made it up to desert, and when we met the prisoner at the door I told him that we had made up our minds to desert.* Before we went to the Wheel public-house we went to the same spirit-shop we had been at before. I asked the woman at the spirit-shop if she could direct us to the house where the man lived whom we had met there two nights before. She gave us directions, and going the way she directed, we met the prisoner, as I have said. We told him we were going to desert, and asked him if he could find us any clothes. He said it was a very serious matter, and he did not think he could find us any clothes, as he had a good many children to support, or something to that effect. He then left us, but soon afterwards came back, having told us he would be with us again in a few minutes. When he returned he brought with him an old paper cap, and said that *was all he could give us.* After that we left him. We were determined not to go in, and so we journeyed on the road, and in about a mile we met two men, who appeared to be farmers. They asked us what we did there, and we told them that we had deserted, and wanted clothes. They took us about four miles to an old barn, and there they brought us some old clothes, and we changed our clothes. We left the barn in the morning, and went on through Pontypool to Blaenavon, and we left our military clothes behind us in a hedgebottom. We there inquired for work. The farmers took us into a public-house before we went into the barn. I do not know that I should know the public-house, for it was very dark, and we were tipsy. We could not get work at Blaenavon. My comrade fell sick there. I left him there, and I came back to Newport. I was only away two nights. I came back because I was afraid of the consequences. I have seen the prisoner Victory since, on the morning of the riot. He was near the Westgate. It was after the riot. We had no particular conversation. I came down with Lieutenant Gray's party the morning of the riot. I then saw a man very like the prisoner, and he smiled at me. I will not swear it was him. I have been at the prisoner Morgan's house since. Saw his wife. He keeps the Wheel beer-house. Morgan's wife spoke to me about Barr, but I don't recollect what it was. It was either how Barr was, or whether he had told anything yet; but I can't say which. It was last Monday fortnight. She

either asked me how Barr was, or had he said anything? I answered her, No.

Mr COLLES, at the conclusion of the witness's testimony, addressed him as follows:—I much fear, young man, that you have of late been leading a profligate life. You belong to a regiment which maintains as high a character as any regiment in England, for the 45th regiment stands among the first regiments in the kingdom for gallantry and good conduct; and if the 45th regiment is one of the first in England, I am sure it is out of it, for a British soldier ranks before any soldier in the world. You, therefore, take care of your character and your honour, for the honour of a private soldier should be as dear to him as that of the highest officer in the service. You have had a fortunate escape. Having deserted, you have returned to your duty, and again wear that clothing. You have again done your duty, and let me hope that you will continue to do your duty and regain your character and the confidence of your officers.

From the examination of Ebenezer Williams, a beer-shop keeper, we give an account by one of the witnesses of the Chartist meetings that were very frequent in the Welsh beer-houses before the riots. "I attended a meeting at the prisoner's just after Vincent was committed. I have lost the card. I can't say that Waters's name was on it as secretary. I don't know who was the treasurer. I swear I do not know who was the treasurer, although I belonged to the club. I only knew the secretary. It was to him I paid my money. I was not in the room more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour on Tuesday week. I was not there the whole of the meeting. The meetings usually commenced at 7 or half-past 7 o'clock; they generally lasted until between 9 and 10 o'clock. I never knew them last till 11 o'clock. They read newspapers there. *Some read out, and the others listened.* Young Frost came in after me. *They read the Northern Star and the Vindicator.* I never saw any other papers there. I never attended any meeting at the Royal Oak. *There is a young man's Chartist association.* It is held at the prisoner's. I don't know how many belonged to it. I have been once present at their meetings. *There were about eight or nine boys present on that occasion.* I saw Henry Frost there. He was reading the paper. I understood that he was treasurer of the Young Men's Society of Chartists. I did not see any money paid to him on any occasion. I saw Henry Frost on the Sunday before the riot. At the meeting of the boys I did not see any cards given. There was a pen and ink there, but I did not see it used. When I saw Henry Frost on the Sunday, all that passed was, he asked me how I was, and I asked him how he was. I only stood about a minute. He showed me a card after the first night I went to the room. He asked me how I liked the look of the card, and I said, "Very well." I can't say I should recollect the card. I read it. Henry Frost's name was on it. (Card shown him.) This was the card—

"Newport, Monmouthshire.

"Youth's Democratic Association.

"Union is strength, knowledge is power.

"Entered June 14, 1839. No. 1.

"Henry Frost. "JOHN BALL, Secretary."

The meeting was held on the Tuesday before the riot. Williams's servant, who had been with him a fortnight, gave the following account:—He keeps a beer-house in Newport. It is called the Prince of Wales. There is a large room attached to the house. It is a new room. It has been used for holding Chartist meetings. It is commonly called the Chartists' room. I have known the Chartists meet there, on Friday week. A great many attended that meeting. The room was full around the sides, and 'round the table. I should think there were about 100 people there. I did not go into the room, only part of the way up stairs. I went high enough to see that there were many persons in the room. The entrance is from the street. There is another from the back kitchen. The meeting began between six and seven o'clock. It lasted about an hour and a half. While the meeting was being held, I heard a great deal of cheering in the room—several times, about every ten minutes. I went on the ladder for the purpose of listening to what was said in the room, but I did not hear anything distinctly, because my master called me back to attend to the tap-room. I saw many persons going up into the room.

In the course of the examination of Charles Groves, a lad of eighteen and secretary to the Boys' Chartist Society, the following curious facts were elicited. A printer of the name of Oliver deposed—I am a printer and stationer. I know the prisoner. He worked for me as a printer's apprentice last summer. I saw a large body of men come into the town on Monday last. The principal part were armed with all sorts of weapons. I saw them form up. My house is about 100 yards from this house. I knew of a body called Chartists in this town. I have several times had conversations with the prisoner on the subject of the Chartists. When he worked for me, he sometimes left his work earlier in the evening than I wished him to do. This was after Vincent was taken; I believe in the summer time, in the very long days; I offered to pay the prisoner any sum to continue to work longer in the evenings, as I wanted to get the work forward. The prisoner said he would go to attend the Chartist meetings. He said so more than two or three times. I said I wondered at such a lad as him wanting to interfere with the Chartists, for he could know but very little about it; and as to grievances, he could have none. He said he attended their meetings, and would attend them. He said they were determined to have the Charter, and if they could not get it one way they would have it another. The witness, in correction of a previous part of his evidence, said, I should have stated that when I made the prisoner an offer of any sum to remain longer at his work, he said, "No, not if you would give me 5l." I told him more than once that I thought he had seen enough of the Chartists when Vincent was here, to satisfy any reasonable man what their aim was; and I went so far as to say it was the destruction of property, and I feared bloodshed. His answer was, "I hope it will be got without that."

The extent and nature of the combination and plans of these very silly conspirators may be judged by some evidence given by Morgan James, a Chartist, on the examination of Thomas Aurelius. I know the prisoner. On Saturday last I lived at Pillgweilly. Some time ago I enrolled myself a Chartist at Newport. Attended a public meeting at Blackwood on Whitsun Monday. I know John Frost, and Jones, the watchmaker, of Pont-y-Pool. I know them well. Those two persons were present at the meeting at the Fleur-de-Lis colliery, about 16 miles from Newport. They both addressed the people there on the subject of the Charter. I saw them afterwards at another public meeting at Duke's Town, above Sirhowy. They urged the people to persevere till they got the Charter. They spoke of moral force and physical force. I heard them say, "Have it in a quiet way if we can; but if not, we will have it." They told the meeting there *were men enough in Duke's Town to take the Charter by force, and physical force.* There were many persons in Duke's Town; thousands, they said, were coming, some from Tredegar, some from Sirhowy, some from Duke's Town, some from Pont-y-Pool, Elber Vale, Blackard, Merthyr, and many other places. The men had gone from their work at the furnaces on that day. I heard Frost and Jones say the men were to lend their hands when they were called upon. The men replied, "We will, we will," and made motions with their hands. I cannot say exactly what Frost and Jones said, but I heard some of them say the men had a right to carry arms. I heard them say every man had a right to have arms. Frost and Jones were both there when that was said. I was at home about five o'clock on Saturday evening. In consequence of something I heard I left my home and my work on last Saturday night, about twelve o'clock. After I got to Pillgweilly I went on to Newport. I saw Jenkins Morgan and a cowman. I know Jenkins Morgan to have been a Chartist. He asked me, "How do the Chartists get on about you?" I said they were more quiet than they had been. He said he wondered at that. I then asked him if there was anything going forward. He said there was, but he refused to tell me what. *He told me that things were very uneasy on the hills; and I said, for God's sake, do tell me how it is with them.* He said it was no use for me to go upon the hills again, as there would be no work done there. I saw Jenkins Morgan again the next day. It was about 11 o'clock at night. He came to my house. I was not in bed. He said he was captain of a gang of ten men. He told me I was his man. *He then said Frost was on the hills, and he was coming down that night with thousands of men, to attack the soldiers.* They were coming down to Newport at two o'clock. *Before daylight, he said, the Charter would be the law of the land.* He told me I should be in danger if I did not join; but if I did I should be in no danger, because Frost's men would attack the soldiers. On that I went with them to the outskirts of this town, with several other men. He told me there was powder at Crossfield's warehouse. I did not find any powder, nor any of my party. *He said that the whole of the kingdom would rise at the same hour.* He said the Charter would be the law of the land. There was a secret word by which the Chartists were to know each other that night. If a Chartist met another on that night he was to say "Beans." The reply of the Chartists was to be "Well." If a person did not answer to the catch-word we knew he was not a Chartist. *If the Chartists took this place there was to be a signal given to the Chartists outside the town. The signal was to be by sending squibs or rockets up into the air.* I did not hear the firing on Monday morning last. I was at the Court-y-bella Weighing Machine that morning. About ten o'clock I saw Frost; he had about 60 to 100 men with him, and was coming from the town. He appeared to come from the Salutation, going up the hill. That is the direct road from this house to the Weighing Machine. It is about a mile from this house to the Weighing Machine by the Salutation from this house. I heard the men say they were going to take the whole kingdom, and to make the Charter the law of the land. I heard Jenkins Morgan say those words—he said it out aloud so that everybody could hear him. I have also heard it from others. I considered that to be their object.

Another miner named Watkins, who was seized and forced into the crowd of Chartists who entered Newport on the Monday morning, but subsequently escaped from them, swore as follows on the examination of Solomon Britten:—

"They would not let me go back again, though I wished to go. The prisoner prevented me. He said, 'bring him along.' He said, 'take care of him.' I had neither hat nor jacket on. All the people were standing still. The prisoner said, 'Go along;' and we then proceeded from the Clarence Hotel to Pont-y-noyle. I then saw a man going towards Pont-y-pool. The mob said, 'Here is another,' and they said, 'Take him.' He was taken. Before we came to the turnpike on the road, we met a boy about sixteen or seventeen. They said, 'Here is another.' The boy showed the prisoner a card. The prisoner said, 'Pooh!' and pushed the boy along with them. There were men set over the boy to guard him. I was watched by one with a gun. We then came towards Newport. The prisoner said in going along the road, 'Some one has run away.' He on that commanded the mob to halt or stop, and they did so. He then directed some of the mob to go in pursuit, and the man was brought back. There were about 500 men there about that time. Many of them were armed with guns—about fifty. About 200 armed with pikes. Many had short knives which they carried in their pockets. After the person was brought back, the prisoner directed the mob to proceed. The prisoner carried a spear in his pocket within a pocket, with a wooden handle. The prisoner was dressed then as he is now. [The prisoner had on a rough bear-skin coat.] The prisoner was the man who directed the proceedings all the way. When he said 'halt,' they did so; and heard the prisoner say at different times 'Go on, or we shall be too late,' or something like it. I heard the prisoner say they were going to Newport. I heard him say something about taking Newport. I heard the others say they were going to Newport to take it. They said it in the prisoner's hearing. All the orders given by the prisoner were immediately obeyed by the mob. After proceeding a little further we met a cart and two horses. The prisoner ordered them to

stop, which they did. He said he should have one of the men, and leave the other to take care of the horses. He said he would leave it to the two men to say which should go. He said he was determined to have one of them. One man was young, and the other old; and the young man said, 'As long as one of us must go, I'll go.' The young man then went on and left the old one behind. I heard the young man ask where they were going. They said, 'We'll tell you by-and-by.' I heard a conversation after that between the prisoner and his party. They said it was their intention to take Newport. They said they should turn back to Pont-y-pool, after they had taken Newport. They said they should go there, pull down the station-house, and release the prisoners. They said they should then go to the Squire's—meaning the Lord Lieutenant of the county. The next day they said they would go to Monmouth, and that they would take down the gaol and relieve Vincent and the other prisoners. They said it was agreed to have started from Pont-y-pool at one o'clock. They said they had not started before because it was such a wet night. That was said in the presence of the prisoner. I heard them say, in the presence of the prisoner, it was intended to be at Newport at three o'clock that morning. I heard something said about Jones, the watchmaker. I know Jones. I saw a person at Cross-cylog, who, I think, was Jones. The prisoner had a conversation with him. That person was armed with pistols. The mob asked that person to come out, and after a while he did come out. They said Jones had brought them to a pretty pass, having induced them to go so far and then deserted them. I do not know what was meant by that. The mob did not then proceed so willingly as before."

This Jones, the watchmaker, appears to have been one of the most desperate of the leaders, and made a vigorous resistance on his arrest. He was recognized in a public-house by the landlady. He attempted to make his escape, but was pursued into the woods of Crwm-lyn. Finding escape hopeless, he drew a pistol and threatened to shoot any one who approached. His pursuers were, however, determined, and he at length surrendered, saying he knew his fate, and was prepared for it. He was afterwards fully committed. Another of the more desperate leaders, Zephaniah Williams, for whom 200*l.* reward is offered, has not yet been taken. John Llewellyn, to whose capture 100*l.* had been attached, is secured. David Jones and John Rees are yet at large—the leaders known by the names of "David the Tinker" and "Jack the Fifer." Frost's uncle, Edward Frost, has been held to bail for suspicious circumstances elicited during his examination. Frost's son, Henry Frost, a lad of fourteen, and for whose defence various legal assistance is secured, will be the next prisoner examined. For the present we close our extracts from the evidence with the following statement by Mr Brough, a brewer and wine merchant of Pont-y-pool, who was seized by the Chartists on the Sunday night before the riots:—

"At about half-past nine o'clock on Sunday night last I went from Newport to Pont-y-pool with Thomas Watkins, a carrier. I left my gig at Cross-cylog. I left, and we proceeded on foot towards Pont-y-pool. When we were about half way between that place and the New Inn, we met a body of armed men, who ordered us to stop. Some of them had pikes, some guns, some pistols, swords, and mandrills. The night was very dark and wet; but from the sound of their voices and the tramp of their feet, I should say there were about forty or fifty men. They ordered us to stand, and demanded our names. We did so, and said who we were. Amongst the voices I think I heard that of Shell, one of the men now lying dead in the stable, who was a carpenter of Pont-y-pool. He appeared to be giving orders to the party. I remonstrated against being deprived of my liberty. He told me to hold my tongue, and I should be taken care of. I then approached him for protection. He then gave orders to four or five armed men to come and take the 'prisoners,' and immediately two men with pikes came before us, and two behind us, and a man by my side with a pistol, which he told me was loaded, and we were marched towards Newport. The first halt we made was near the Marshes Gate, at the entrance into Newport. I requested permission to cross the hedge, which I understood was given. I leaped the hedge and got into a ditch up to the middle in water. While I was in the ditch three guns were levelled at my head. I thrust one from me and requested them not to fire, as I would return again. They threatened me with instant death if I did not. We then proceeded to a stable guarded as before, into which we were ordered, and a guard of pikemen placed over us. One man who was unarmed appeared more friendly to me than the rest, and I applied to him to remove me to the toll-house at the turnpike, as I was so wet and cold. I was brought to the gatehouse and placed in the bed-room on the ground floor. The house was open and full of men. I requested the toll-keeper to lend me a pair of stockings. Permission was then granted me to go up stairs to change my stockings. About that time I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock. One of the men went up stairs and stood over me with a drawn sword while I changed my stockings. I was then ordered down again, and remained about three quarters of an hour. We were then again ordered up stairs. I lay down on a box in the room, and fell asleep. I slept about half an hour, when we were again brought down and ordered to march, having been first warned that if we attempted to escape we should have our brains blown out. We crossed the road opposite the turnpike, crossed the canal, and then went up a lane guarded as before. We halted several times; but I should suppose we were an hour and a half marching. My feet were so swollen I could not get my shoe over the heel. I did not know where we were till we came to Cefn. We went into a beer house there, and one of the men brought us some pipes and tobacco, and allowed us to come to the fire to warm and dry ourselves. This was about an hour before we got free from them, which was at half-past six o'clock. I should think there were 150 persons at the Cefn; the rooms were as full as they could hold. We then marched on towards Risca. Day was just breaking. In going along I heard Frost's name mentioned. I appealed to the man to whom I had before appealed. I asked him to find Frost for me. He said he would try. I said I was an old acquaintance and friend of Mr Frost's, and I thought if I could see him, I should get released. We marched to the place where the turnpike road crosses the tram road, where there is a beer house. The whole of the party stopped at this beer house. I asked permission to go in. I ordered some beer, and offered it to them. This must have been past six o'clock. I heard Frost say, 'Mr Brough,' or 'Here is Mr Brough?' I said, 'Here I am.' I got up immediately, and he approached me. I complained to him. He said he had brought me there, or how I came

there. I said I was glad to see him there, and requested him to get us released. I referred him to the parties who took me into custody for the cause of my being there. He said I was an old friend and a good fellow, and he would endeavour to discharge me. He said he hated and detested my politics, though he respected me personally. He said I was dismissed, or discharged; I don't know which word he used. I immediately left them. I do not know any of the men that were with me. They kept their faces away from me when they passed. I think Frost had on a rough great coat and a black hat, but I did not notice it particularly. While I was with them I heard frequent conversations about their success; that they would have liberty or death. I heard nothing definite as to any particular object, or where they were going. I don't think that they knew themselves, for they frequently went backwards and forwards, as though they expected information. There was a lighted candle in the toll-house while I was changing my stockings. I identified the man who stood over me with a drawn sword. I never saw him before; but I am sure I should know him again. I heard frequently ordinary names mentioned, such as Morgan and Jones; but none that struck me. I heard nothing said while Frost was there. I had a conversation with one of the men on the road and in the public house about Chartism, and very well he argued. He first told me he understood I was an anti-Chartist. I said I was. He called me by my name. I think they all knew me. He asked me in what I differed from them—was it on universal suffrage? I said that was one of the grand points on which I differed with them. I said I thought it was impossible and impracticable. He said they were not seeking it; but that every man twenty-one years of age, and of sound mind and untainted with crime, should enjoy the same rights as a nobleman. I was led to believe, from what I heard and saw, that they took these means to obtain what they sought. That was the impression on my mind. They were continually using the words 'Liberty or death.' While we were halting on one occasion, I heard one man say—'I fear we shall not get to Newport to-night.' This was between the lane and the Cefn. We had several marches and counter-marches, but eventually went towards Risca. The first thing I heard about Frost was an inquiry for 'Frost's men.' This was after we left the toll-house. It was constantly understood and said that we were going to meet a main body, but I am quite certain that nothing was said when Frost was present about going to Newport. I understood, from my being dismissed after seeing Frost, that he was in authority. There was no shouting when Frost appeared. There was much shouting outside when new bodies arrived. When we arrived there was much shouting. I have scarcely any doubt that Frost was the leader of these men. When he came into the room they made way for him. When I was discharged I had thirteen miles to walk. I did not know the country very well, but I made the best of my way to the point I knew best—the tumulus on the end of the verge of the hills—Tym Barlwin. I was so exhausted that I spread my Mackintosh on the furze bushes and laid down. I was frequently obliged to do so before I got home, I was so dreadfully fatigued. With the exception of the intervals which I have mentioned, I was in durance from half-past ten on Sunday night till half-past six on Monday morning."

All that we need add to this abstract of the more important matters given in evidence, relate to detached points of interest connected with the riots.

Lord Normanby has addressed the following letter to the Mayor of Newport, conveying her Majesty's approval of his zeal and promptitude, and also of the Magistrates acting with him during the recent insurrection there:—

"Whitehall, Nov. 9, 1839. Sir,—The Queen has been pleased to command me to express her Majesty's high approval of your conduct, and of the conduct of the magistrates acting with you, on the occasion of the outrage recently committed in the town of Newport. To the resolution and courage of the magistrates, and of the small military force which supported them in withstanding the unexpected and daring attack of numerous bodies of armed men from the mining districts, her Majesty ascribes in great measure the preservation of the lives and property of the inhabitants. Her Majesty is deeply concerned that any one of her faithful and loyal subjects should have suffered personal injury in the discharge of his public duty, and in defence of the peace of the town against lawless aggression. And while her Majesty cannot but regret that any loss of life should occur, it is a satisfaction to her Majesty to know that this loss, which under the circumstances was unavoidable, has been confined to those who were foremost in making the attack; and that the loss was not greater or more indiscriminate, her Majesty attributes to the judgment evinced by the magistrates, and by the officer in command of the troops, and to the exemplary forbearance, steadiness, and good conduct of the soldiers.

(Signed) "NORMANBY."

A special commission, consisting of Sir N. Tindal, Sir James Park, and Sir J. Williams, is to be sent down to Newport for the trial of the parties concerned in the late outbreak. The magnitude and character of the proceedings at Newport call for such a measure. In all cases prompt justice is desirable; but promptitude is peculiarly demanded when the peace of society has been threatened by a wide-spread combination to throw the country into confusion, and when it is of importance to demonstrate the efficacy of the law by the speedy punishment which overtakes those who dare to resist it. We since learn from Newport itself, that Mr Phillipps, Under Secretary of State, has communicated with Mr Thomas Jones Phillipps, clerk to the magistrates, acknowledging the receipt of the depositions in the cases already committed, and requesting the future depositions may be forwarded to him, with a view to the speedy trial of the offenders.

The Magistrates have, we are happy to say, memorialized the Secretary of State for the Home Department and the Commander of the Forces, praying them to represent to her Majesty the great services of Captain Stack, Lieutenant Gray, Ensign Stack, and Sergeant Daly, of the 45th, who was badly wounded, who commanded the gallant little band of soldiers during the attack, and that her Majesty may be pleased to show them some signal mark of her Majesty's favour and appreciation of such gallant conduct. We may add to this an extract from the letter of the Mayor of Newport, in answer to a largely signed requisition, entreating him to suffer himself to be put in nomination for a new election to the mayoralty:—

"I trust that I shall not be thought wanting either in grateful feeling, or in a proper sense of the duty which every man owes to his country, in an emergency like the present, when I respectfully decline to serve the office of mayor of this borough for another year. Although, by the merciful interposition of a bountiful Providence, I have been preserved from serious injury, I am told that quiet is necessary to my early recovery from the wound I have received. I should at the same time feel it extremely difficult to oppose any personal consideration to the strongly expressed wish of my townsmen and neighbours, if my duties as magistrate ceased with the termination of my office as mayor; but as by the provisions of the act for regulating municipal corporations, the mayor of every borough is continued in office as a magistrate for twelve months after the expiration of his mayoralty, I shall be enabled to afford the gentleman who may be elected by the Council to succeed me as mayor, the same assistance which I have been enabled to render my brother magistrate during the year now ending; and I beg you will convey to the gentlemen who have signed the address the assurance, that during the ensuing year I shall endeavour to afford the same protection to persons and property within this borough which it has been my anxious desire to give them during the past year."

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr Homfray, who employs 5,000 men in the Tredegar Iron-works:—

"Bodwelty house, Nov. 12.—Sir,—I received a letter from Mr Phillipps, the late mayor, asking me to inform the reporter of the Times newspaper the average rate of wages which the men earn in this district, and I send it to you, begging that you will give him the information:—Miners and colliers, 22*s.* to 24*s.* per week; Furnacemen, 35*s.* per week; Padlars and heaters, 35*s.* per week; Rollers, 50*s.* to 60*s.* per week; Fitters-up, smiths, and pattern makers, 25*s.* per week; Carpenters, 21*s.* per week; Moulders, 24*s.* per week; Masons, 20*s.* per week; Labourers, of which there are very few employed, 2*s.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* per day. Our men are at work, that is, those who are here; but a great many are missing."

The letter was addressed to the clerk of the magistrates, and was directed to be read publicly.

Newport is now full of soldiers, horse, foot, and artillery. Several detachments of troops have been dispatched from Newport to Merthyr, Pont-y-pool, and other places in the hills, in order to give confidence in those districts to the civil authorities, and to enable them to apprehend more of the rioters, who are still supposed to be secreted in the neighbourhood. There is but too much reason, in fact, to fear that in all those districts the people are in a very uneasy state; indeed, so much so, that in many places they are afraid to apprehend the rioters without the presence of the military.—The *Limerick Chronicle* observes of the 45th regiment:—"It is very remarkable that the 45th should have been twice in fierce conflict with the disturbers of their country's peace since the regiment came from India, and within the last year and a half—first at Blean-wood, Canterbury, where a party of the 45th defeated the desperate fanatic Courtenay, otherwise Thom, and his followers; but Lieut. Bennett lost his life in the encounter by a pistol shot from their leader, who fell himself immediately after by a gunshot from a soldier of the 45th. On the second occasion, Lieutenant Gray and a party of the same regiment repulsed a more formidable body of rioters at Newport, and with luckier effect, keeping in mind the fate of Lieutenant Bennett. Lieutenant Gray, who conducted the gallant defence of the magistrates and the inhabitants, is a native of our neighbourhood."—We should add that the inquest on the killed has been deferred till the close of the examinations of the prisoners.

With respect to the appointment of Mr Frost as a magistrate for Newport, on which so much stress has been laid, how, we ask, is it possible, with the utmost care to prevent improper persons from occasionally finding their way into the commission? Neither the Lord Chancellor nor the Home Secretary can know personally all the individuals appointed to the magistracy. They are necessarily dependent on those on whose representations they act. Names have in all times been struck out of the commission, both on account of misconduct and proved unfitness; and the complaint against Lord Eldon was, that many who richly deserved to be disgraced were spared by him. The Town Council of Newport recommended Mr Frost as a fit person to be placed in the commission of the peace for that borough. Complaints having been made against the recommendation, Lord John Russell deemed it necessary, before complying with the wish of the Town Council, to institute an inquiry into the fitness of Mr Frost for the appointment. He referred the complaints to the Lord Lieutenant of the county, as the authority to whom it more peculiarly belonged to instruct him whether there was any ground for the objections to Mr Frost. The Lord Lieutenant recommended compliance with the wish of the Town Council. After the dismissal of Mr Frost Lord John Russell received a petition numerously signed from the inhabitants of Newport in his favour. Though the result has proved the appointment a bad one, yet if Lord John Russell had refused to make it, after the wish of the inhabitants had been so decidedly expressed, and that wish had been backed by the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant, he would have laid himself open to censure.—*Chronicle*.

THE PROVED ABUSES OF THE TORIES.—The world can now understand what they consider as abuses, and are prepared to reform. They would destroy Catholic eligibility to office, as a proved abuse. They would reverse the repeal of the Corporation Act, as a proved abuse. They would reform the cheapened postage, as a proved abuse. They would annihilate every remaining vestige of freedom in election, as a proved abuse. They would supersede the encouragement of education, as a proved abuse. They would abolish all that is uncorrupt in municipal institutions, as a proved abuse. And they would dethrone Queen Victoria, as a proved abuse, to make way for a reformed Orange Protestant succession in the person of King Ernest. It is difficult to imagine what their own abuses would be, considering that such are the reforms they contemplate.—*Morning Chronicle*.

THE NEW POSTAGE.

[Our readers will see by the Treasury Minute, which we insert below, that a decided step towards the establishment of the penny postage is to be taken on the 5th of December next. From that day forward all letters are to be charged by weight; a single postage for half an ounce; two postages for an ounce, four for two ounces, six for three ounces, and so on, and the maximum single rate between all places within the United Kingdom will be 4d. This charge, however, is only temporary, the minute clearly promising the universal penny rate, as soon as the preliminary arrangements are completed, that is, as we are informed, as soon as the stamps are prepared. In the meantime, before any great increase of letters takes place, the Post-office will have effected the transition from the present mode of charge to that by weight. Half an ounce will carry an ordinary sheet of letter paper and a cover, or a small enclosure. Indeed, if rather thin paper be used, the half ounce will carry two sheets; so that the postage of even a double letter from one end of the kingdom to another will be but fourpence, even during the transition state. The scale of weight now adopted is, we understand, to be permanent; and in it consists the chief part of the present reduction as respects foreign letters. The postage on colonial and ship letters is reduced—at least as respects certain classes of these letters. The extra penny and twopenny rates on General Post letters, with some other vexatious charges, are to cease; and any letter not exceeding half an ounce will, if pre-paid, be taken by what is now the London twopenny and threepenny post for one penny. The public will, we are assured, wait patiently for the remaining instalment of this great measure. "The necessary preparations," says the *Chronicle*, "are, we know, in rapid progress; and there is no doubt that the intentions of the Legislature will be carried out with zeal and intelligence."]

TREASURY MINUTE, DATED THE 12TH NOV., 1839.

My lords read the act, 2d and 3d Vict., cap. 52, for the further regulation of the duties on postage until the 5th Oct., 1840. Since the prorogation of Parliament, my lords have turned their unremitting attention to the measures necessary for carrying into effect the intention of the Legislature. The powers with which this Board are invested by the act were recommended to Parliament, not only for the purpose of enabling my lords to adopt such mode of payment as might, on consideration, appear the most advisable, but also to enable my lords to carry into practical effect this great alteration in the manner which might be least liable to derange the regularity and the dispatch of the correspondence of the country, as now executed by the Post-office. My lords have always been aware that the contemporaneous adoption of the charging letters by weight, and the reduction of postage to a uniform rate of one penny, would be attended with much practical difficulty. The time occupied now at the large offices and at the forward offices in charging and sorting the letters has been reduced, for the public convenience, to as narrow limits as possible. To alter the mode of charge from that to which the officers of the Post-office have been long accustomed, must of itself, for a time, be accompanied with some inconvenience, and my lords apprehend it would be imprudent to increase that difficulty by adding at the same moment so large a number of letters as must naturally arise from the immediate reduction of the penny rate. My lords fear that, for a time at least, great irregularities would prevail, and much public inconvenience result. However satisfactory, therefore, and however desirable in many points of view it might be to carry into execution contemporaneously the complete plan, their lordships, upon a full consideration, have come to the conclusion that by adopting some intermediate measure, and bringing into operation the mode of charging the letters by weight, previous to the entire reduction of the rate of postage, their lordships will not only avoid the risk to which the other course is liable, but materially facilitate the introduction of the remaining parts of the plan. With these opinions their lordships have, in communication with the authorities of the Post-office, turned their attention to the framing such regulations as may introduce, with as little delay as possible, the charge by weight. Their lordships propose to accompany this arrangement with such reduction of postage as will be a material relief to the public, and not interfere with the proper discharge of the duties of the officers of the Post-office as at present arranged. By the regulations which, in conjunction with the Post-office, have been matured, and which this Board propose to sanction, my lords apprehend material advantages will be secured. A considerable relief will be given to the public as regards the charge of letters. One of the great departmental difficulties in introducing the penny rate will be removed, and such information be obtained as will enable my lords to adopt with more security, and consequently at an earlier period, the remaining part of the system. In giving their sanction to the proposed arrangement, my lords consider it as a temporary measure only, and as a step to the introduction of the uniform penny charge; and their lordships will continue their anxious efforts to give effect to the whole of the intentions of the Legislature with as little delay as is consistent with the due consideration of the public convenience. Their lordships are pleased to direct that all letters posted on or after the 5th December next shall be subject to the following regulations:—

General Post letters shall be charged by weight, as follows:—

1. Letters not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce, one postage.
- Do. 1 ounce, two postages.
- Do. 2 ounces, four postages.
- Do. 3 ounces, six postages.

and so on, adding two postages for every ounce up to 16 ounces, beyond which no packet subject to postage shall be received.—2. All single postage rates between places within the United Kingdom, which now exceed 4d., shall be reduced to that sum; inferior rates to remain undisturbed, but the letters to be charged by weight. Additional charges to which general post letters are now liable; if posted or delivered beyond the limits of the general post free delivery, as also the additional halfpenny on Scotch

letters, and the additional penny for passing the Menai and Conway bridges, to cease.—3. All letters and packets exceeding the weight of one ounce to be pre-paid and delivered in at the window—if not so pre-paid and delivered, to be charged double postage.

Foreign letters and packet letters will be charged according to the preceding scale of weights.—Letters to and from the British West Indies to be charged 1s. per single rate; the same charge to attach to letters from and to Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Isles conveyed by packet, and not transmitted through France.—My lords reserve for future consideration the whole question of the rates on foreign letters, as their lordships consider that it will be a proper subject for communication with foreign Powers, in the hope that such foreign Powers may be induced to make a corresponding reduction in their charges on letters to and from this country.

All ship letters between parts of the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, to be charged by weight and according to the rates chargeable on inland letters. Other ship letters to be charged by weight, according to the foregoing scale, the single sea postage remaining as at present, and the inland rate being regulated as for inland letters.

London District Post, including 2d. and 3d. delivery:—
1. All letters not exceeding $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., provided the postage be pre-paid, to be charged one penny.—2. The two-penny charge on general post letters delivered in the London district to cease.—3. No further alteration to be made in the charges leviable in the London district post. My lords have no intention, by the present arrangement, to make any alteration with respect to newspapers, franked letters, or parliamentary papers, which will still continue to enjoy the same privileges, and be subject to the same charges, as at present.

Transmit copy of this minute officially to the Postmaster-General, and desire his lordship will give the necessary instructions to his officers to carry the directions of my lords into effect.—Desire also that he will direct the solicitor of the Post-office to prepare a draft of a warrant in conformity with the provisions of the postage acts.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

Yesterday week, after the customary ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor, a splendid banquet was held at Guildhall. "The health of her Majesty" was received with "loud cheers." The Lord Mayor then proposed "The Health of the Queen Dowager," which was received with "prolonged and enthusiastic cheering." The other customary toasts followed, when the LORD MAYOR rose to propose the health of her Majesty's Ministers, of whom Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, the Marquis of Normanby, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had done him and the Sheriffs the high honour of accepting their invitation to dine at the Guildhall. (Great confusion, composed of applause, waving of handkerchiefs, and partial dissent.) Her Majesty had been pleased to raise them to the high situations in which they were placed, and he trusted that all their measures would be found to promote the best interests of the city of London and the empire, and to merit the confidence of the country. He concluded by proposing "The healths of Lord Melbourne and her Majesty's Ministers." (Loud cheers, mingled with disapprobation.)—Lord MELBOURNE and the three other Cabinet Ministers present then rose to acknowledge the toast, and their appearance was hailed with a tumult of applause which lasted for several minutes, and which was greatly prolonged by an attempt made by some individuals to put down the noble lord by groaning.—After several ineffectual attempts on the part of Lord Melbourne to obtain a hearing, the LORD MAYOR interfered, and said a few words, the purport of which did not reach us, but which produced a temporary lull.—Lord MELBOURNE then said, that if the gentlemen would be only silent for one moment, he would in a few words perform the duty which he had to execute on behalf of himself and his colleagues, by thanking the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs for the honour they had done them in drinking their healths. (Immense conflict between the applauders and the groaners.) The hall in which they were assembled was very badly adapted for political discussion, for even when the necessary silence existed, a voice could not pass to any distance in it. The occasion was also badly adapted for political discussion, for it was intended for matters of a very different character,—hospitality and the free and liberal interchange of sentiments. (Great uproar, waving of handkerchiefs, applause, and some paltry groans.)—The LORD MAYOR rose to request that the discontented would allow the noble lord to proceed. He little thought that it would be necessary for him to rise and declare that the chief magistrate and the sheriffs were not treated as they expected. (Cheers.)—Lord MELBOURNE again addressed the company amidst Tory hisses. The Lord Mayor had, he said, alluded to the energies which were in the navy and army ready to be called into play should any difficulties occur. He felt that the present administration had similar energies at command, and would exercise them should any emergency arise. Peace had its dangers and difficulties as well as war had its dangers; but whatsoever dangers or difficulties might arise, he felt assured that the Crown and the Government might rely upon the spirit and general good feeling of the country, and more especially on the enthusiasm, steadiness, and tranquillity of the city of London. (Loud cheering, which continued for several minutes.) Other toasts were given.—The Lord Mayor left the chair, and the whole assembly broke up before 12.

The *Morning Chronicle* has published two letters on the subject of this disgraceful scene. In the one, the indecent exhibition is attributed to resentment on the part of the Corporation at the attempt to reform them. The other letter is from a member of the Corporation, who distinctly affirms that only one member of the Corporation disgraced himself by a violation of decency, and that the whole of the offenders amounted only to about twenty-five at one end, and fifteen at the other.

PERSONAL NEWS.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AT NEWCASTLE.—The *Newcastle Chronicle* of yesterday week contains an account of the honours paid to the Duke of Sussex at Newcastle, on the Thursday preceding. His Royal Highness received several addresses and attended several meetings—among them, the anniversary meeting of the North of England Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. In answering Mr Hutt and Mr Hawes, the mover and seconder of a vote of thanks to him, his Royal Highness dwelt on the importance of encouraging whatever tended to diffuse taste throughout the middle and lower orders of society. He said:—

"He approved of the resolution which admitted the lower orders to the exhibitions of the society; it would improve their taste, and teach them to have respect for works of art; it would instruct them that eyes ought to be used as eyes, and fingers as fingers, and that touching was what they were not permitted to do. Formerly it was unsafe to allow the lower classes to view works of art, so great was their propensity to disfigure them; but by making them thus familiar with them, they would not only get a taste for them, but they would themselves become guardians of works of art. Such a privilege would also have a tendency to draw them from certain places of resort, from spirit-houses and ale-houses, where little good was to be got, and where they could merely gratify an illicit passion; but, by an attendance upon this institute, the better feelings of their nature would be awakened; they would be exalted in the march of life; they would command the respect of others, and that would teach them to respect themselves."

The great and besetting sin of English society is exclusiveness, and we fear we cannot say that it is on the decrease. To obtain the affection and regard of others, kindness and regard must be manifested for them. We wish those who possess influence would more generally follow the example of his Royal Highness. It was afterwards stated by the Earl of Durham, the chairman, that

"He felt a pride, seventeen years ago, in showing a prince of the House of Brunswick the industry of this important district; but how much more did he now feel when he could bid his Royal Highness look around him, and almost defy him to identify the place as the same which he then visited. (Great applause.) When he saw the commerce on their river—when he saw their architecture, which struck every eye—when he saw the sight which they had witnessed that day, when all ranks, and, he would fain hope, all parties (applause), of both sexes met to welcome and encourage him—when he saw all this, was not he (the noble chairman) entitled to congratulate himself on being the instrument of introducing him. (Great applause.) He had been sent to various quarters of the world; yet, at either extremity of the world, his thoughts had never been absent from his native country, and he had never failed to do everything in his power to benefit it. (Great applause.) He had visited Germany, Italy, Russia, and America, and he had seen the finest collections of art thrown open to the public. We beat them in our mechanical skill; we beat them in the production of the material (he did not mean the raw material), but we were inferior to them in the higher branches of design; and why? because we had not sufficient institutions to elicit that talent which lay dormant in the working classes. Let not the higher orders suppose they had all the talent; there was in the lower ranks as much talent as existed in theirs; but they had not the means of bringing it out. To remedy this they ought all to engage in the one great object—the advancement and glory of the human species." (Applause.)

After the Royal Duke left Newcastle, he went to Sunderland, where he laid the foundation stone of a new literary institution called the Athenæum, and afterwards was present at a great masonic dinner in that ancient borough. We quote a passage from the Royal Duke's speech at this dinner. The Earl of Durham (who presided) had alluded to the recent Tory libel against the Queen.

"Your noble chairman has most properly stated his own feeling, in which, with one consent, you expressed your hearty concurrence respecting the illustrious personage who now presides over the destinies of the kingdom. (Loud cheers.) As his lordship said, she has a double claim upon your loyalty and affection. (Great cheering.) I need not tell you that the wife, the sister, the daughter of every mason ought to be guarded and defended by every individual throughout the body. (Cheers.) Her Majesty is the daughter of a mason (enthusiastic cheering)—and a great and a good mason he was. (Renewed cheering.) It is this brother's daughter whom you are called upon to stand by and protect (enthusiastic cheering); and sure I am that no true brother of the craft will flinch from so sacred a duty (loud and long continued cheering); and after all is said and done, who is it upon whom these attacks are made? A young and virtuous—I was going to say, but God forbid I should do so, an unprotected female. (Here the cheering was absolutely deafening.) But as long as there exists a proper feeling in the breast of every honest, upright mason, as long as there remains any portion of the feeling which ought to glow in the bosom of every manly, independent Briton, the sovereign lady of these realms will be defended and guarded against any attack that may be made upon her. (Here the enthusiasm of the assembly could no longer brook control; one spontaneous cheer burst from every corner of the room, the company sprung upon their feet, and for many minutes continued, by unbroken applause, to express their concurrence in the sentiment of the illustrious speaker. When at length silence was restored, his Royal Highness proceeded.) You have kindly responded to the opinion I ventured to express, and I thank you for it."

TORY LIBELLERS OF THE QUEEN.—There are three distinct modes of action in which the Tories instigate popular violence for the sake of furthering party purposes. There is the direct excitement of resistance to the Poor-law. There is next their own, and exclusively Tory threatening, of insurrection against a Sovereign whose virtues they pervert into the foulest crimes, whom they are infamous enough to describe as the committer of perjury and the patroness of vice; and there is, thirdly, the war-whoop, which they aid and echo, of the firebrand theologians, the missionaries of hatred and confusion. A notable instance of the unscrupulousness of this last mode of Tory operation occurred at Manchester last week. That well known champion of Orange religion, the Rev. T. D. Gregg, of Dublin, held forth on the 5th of November to an assemblage called the Protestant Operative Association. To this Association did the Rev. T. D. Gregg expound his notion of Christianizing Ireland, his first step being to

unchristianize the Queen. Determined not to be outdone by a fellow labourer in the good cause, as Mr Bradshaw had threatened the security of her throne, Mr Gregg denounces the salvation of her soul. He might have remembered that this Antichristian Queen (as he depicts her) is yet the head of the Church, whose bread he eats, whose wine he drinks, whose cash he pockets, and whose dignities he hopes to win and to wear when the faction has attained his object.—“For instance, were the Queen a true Christian (they knew what he meant—not a Christian in name only), had she a Christian Minister, a Christian Cabinet, a Christian Court, we should see missionaries sent out to all parts of Ireland, at the nation's cost, to preach Protestantism—not standing up, as they now did, in tubs, in the corners of fairs, and sometimes getting pelted with mud, but backed by all the power and authority of Government, with the military to keep order if necessary, and a park of artillery to fire the signal for the commencement of divine service. (Applause.) A royal proclamation under the hand and seal of Queen Victoria herself should be issued, recommending all Roman Catholics to attend.”—Nor was this the worst of the incendiary's appeal to his ignorant and excitable audience. We give another specimen!—“He might be charged with using strong language, but he could not do otherwise when he contemplated the degrading influence of idolatrous, abominable, hell-born Popery (great applause) on the masses of his fellow-countrymen. No crime was so deeply and frequently denounced in Scripture as idolatry; and he declared his belief, that if the idol priest of the Romish chapel in Manchester were every Sunday to slay a young child and offer it up on his altar, that would not be a greater crime than he committed in offering up prayers and adoration to dumb idols, the work of men's hands” (Cheers.)—Under other circumstances such diabolical nonsense might simply be regarded as qualifying the speaker for a lunatic asylum. The case is different when we view his blasphemous ferocity as a Tory mode of getting up the steam to make way for Downing street, and worse still when we find it enthusiastically received!!!

WHO REPORTED MR BRADSHAW'S SPEECH.—The *Kentish Times* admits that we were entitled to attribute to Mr Bradshaw his speech as reported in the *Kentish Gazette*, as he “had not disclaimed it.” “Why he has forborne to do so,” says the *Kentish Times*, “it is not for us to inquire. It is probable, however, we may feel ourselves called upon, in our next, to conjecture the reason.” It requires no conjurer to assign the reason, for it is known that Mr Bradshaw reported his speech himself. Surely a man may be allowed to know best himself what his own sentiments are.—*Morning Chronicle*.

— Her Majesty the Queen has, through Sir Henry Wheatley, forwarded the sum of 100 guineas to the West Cornwall Diocesan Church-building Association.

— At the North Staffordshire Conservative meeting on Tuesday Mr D. W. Russell pledged himself to come forward for that division of the county at any future election, and contest the seat on the Conservative interest.—*Derby Mercury*.

— Madlle Rachel is sufficiently recovered to afford the hope that she will re-appear at the Theatre Français in the course of December. M. Delavigne's new tragedy will be produced before her re-appearance. Madame Sand's comedy will not be played as announced.

— We understand that Lord Brougham has become a subscriber to the Cumberland Tee-total Society. We have not heard that his Lordship has signed the tee-total pledge.—*Carlisle Journal*.

— “The King of the Belgians,” says a German paper, “derives much benefit from the use of the waters of Weisbaden. His Majesty intends to remain in that town till the 16th or 18th of this month. If we are well informed, the physicians agree that the cause of the King's indisposition is a diseased state of the liver.”

— Sir R. Rolfe (late Solicitor-General) has taken his seat as one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. This appointment causes a vacancy in the representation of Falmouth, also a vacancy in the Recordership of Bury.

— Mr Baron Maule is removed to the Common Pleas, as the successor of the late Mr Justice Vaughan.

— Ibrahim Pacha has given at Marasch a *jête*, which has lasted eight days, on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter of the Muphti of that town.—*Journal de Smyrne*.

— Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, returned to Copenhagen on the 7th instant, as we learn by a letter from that city, after an excursion into the interior of Denmark. He was expected to embark on the 17th in the Havre packet on its way from St Petersburg, to pay a short visit to Paris, and thence to return to Rome.

— The *Cambridge Press* says there is no truth whatever in the rumour that the Marquis of Tavistock intends to contest the county of Cambridge at the next election.

— Mr Labouchere, President of the Board of Trade, has appointed Mr S. Laing his private secretary.—*Ministerial paper*.

— The Earl of Lucan is not a candidate for the representative peerage.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

— It is stated in certain literary circles, that Lord Brougham has been engaged for some time in composing a new drama, the publication of which is anticipated with considerable curiosity. It is to be entitled *Life in Paris, or the Schoolmaster Abroad*, and is to be dedicated to his friend Mr Alfred Montgomery. We have not heard whether it be adapted for the stage, or is intended only for private perusal.—*Globe*.

— The *Quotidienne* states that Prince George of Hanover has just published a work in German, entitled *Reflections on the Effects and Properties of Music*.

— The monument to the memory of the late Dr Doyle is completed, and will be immediately forwarded to Ireland, to be placed in its intended site, in the immediate scene of the great virtues and talents of the deceased prelate, in Carlow, as soon as the committee can collect sufficient funds to pay the artist, Mr Hogan, the last instalment of his contract.

— Robert Dale Owen, son of Mr Robert Owen, the socialist, is spoken of as the probable candidate for governor of Indiana, at the next election.—*American paper*.

— We believe we are correct in stating that the General Commanding-in-Chief has submitted for the Queen's approval, that the Colonelcy of the 3d Light Dragoons, which has become vacant by the recent death of Lieutenant-General Lord George T. Beresford, G.C.H., be given to Lieutenant-General Lord Charles S. Manners, K.C.B. (at present Colonel of the 11th Light Dragoons), and that Lieutenant-General Philip Philpot be appointed Colonel of the latter regiment.—*Standard*.

— We understand that the Duke of Wellington has appointed Colonel Gurwood deputy-lieutenant of the Tower, as successor to the late Major-General Sir Francis Doyle.—*Chronicle*.

— The Marquis of Waterford, in addition to his already princely fortune, obtains 5000*l.* per annum by the demise of his uncle, the late Lord George Beresford.

— Prince George of Cambridge landed at the Custom-house on Thursday afternoon, attended by Colonel Cornwall, from the *Giraffe* steam-packet, from Rotterdam.

— Princes Ernest and Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha arrived in town on Thursday morning from Windsor Castle. One of the Royal carriages was in readiness at the station of the Great Western Railway, and their Serene Highnesses and suite immediately took their departure for Dover. The absence of Prince Albert from the British Court will, it is understood, be temporary.

— The Hon. Daniel Webster, of the United States Senate, family and suite, as also Samuel Appleton, Esq., and lady, with a select party, return to New York in the packet-ship *Mediator*, from Portsmouth, on the 20th instant, and not in the *Liverpool* steam-ship, as published in most of the daily journals.

— Bochsa and Mrs Bishop have given a concert at Copenhagen.

— On Monday Mr D. W. Harvey, M.P., having received a confirmation of his appointment from her Majesty's Ministers, was sworn into office as a Commissioner of the City of London Police. Mr Harvey has therefore entered upon the onerous duties of the office, and virtually vacated his seat for the borough of Southwark, although the vacancy cannot be declared until the meeting of Parliament.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REPEAL OF THE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION ACT.—At a meeting of the Protestant Association, held at Norwich on Thursday week, a Mr Ecclestone announced that twelve counties of England were already united in demanding a repeal of the Catholic Emancipation Act, and that the Earl of Winchelsea was to introduce a Bill into Parliament, the next Session, to repeal it. We have no doubt that the statement is correct, and that the noble Earl, who has shown himself throughout to be equally consistent, ignorant, and bigoted, will bring forward his motion, as Mr Ecclestone averred, with the utmost zeal, and the extent of his small ability. Neither have we any doubt that the twelve counties will be joined by twelve more, for bigotry, hatred, and strife are in the ascendant, and the violent Tories, as well as the violent Chartists, are working to bring about disorder and commotion. What part Sir Robert Peel may now take on this question it is impossible for us to say; but he must either march at the head of his troops to provoke and consummate that rebellion he passed the Catholic Emancipation Act to avoid, or he must retire from the command, and acknowledge his unwillingness to gratify the determination of his followers to effect the public ruin. The Catholics in every part of the empire will necessarily be put on their guard by this announcement, and take instant measures to repel the threatened encroachment on their liberty. They will be joined and aided by all the Liberals.—[The determination of Sir Robert Peel's followers to procure the repeal of the Catholic Emancipation Act, announced at Norwich as above, was amply confirmed by what fell from the Rev. Mr Gregg, the very apostle of the Tory cause at Manchester, on the 5th inst].

REPRESENTATION OF EDINBURGH.—We have reason to believe, on good authority, that the electors of Edinburgh will be shortly called upon, not only to re-elect their representative, Mr Macaulay, but to look out for a colleague to that gentleman, as it is now confidently stated, in quarters likely to be informed on such matters, that our other representative, the learned and able Attorney-General, will almost immediately go to the Irish Bench with a peerage.—*Caledonian Mercury of Monday*.

THE POLES.—We understand that the anniversary of the Polish Revolution will be commemorated as in former years, by a public meeting, on the 29th of this month. We hail with pleasure the periodical recurrence of these meetings, where the expression of hopes, renewed energies, and untiring efforts on the part of the refugees, is always responded to by the manifestation of noble feelings, unabated sympathy, and the assurance of generous support on that of the British people. It is said that many distinguished persons have promised to General Dwernicki and the Polish Committee to attend on that occasion.—*Sun*.

PRIVILEGES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—In our late edition of last week we gave an account of the proceedings in the Stockdale and Hansard case, up to the application in the Bail Court. The result of the application there, after two days' argument, was Mr Justice Littledale's refusal to interfere, and the assessment of damages took place accordingly on Tuesday in the Sheriff's Court. Mr Stockdale appeared in person, and made a very lengthy address, in which he assumed the character of the most moral of men, and thus explained his reason for asking such heavy damages:—“He had laid the damages done to his character at 50,000*l.*, and had no doubt he should receive every shilling of that amount at the hands of a British jury. The question of damages did not rest with the defendants to the action, but with the representatives in Parliament of twenty-six millions of the people. The members of the House of Commons were the real defendants, and whatever sum the jury awarded him, it was them who

would have to pay it.” When Mr Stockdale had concluded, Mr Burchell, the under-sheriff, commenced summing up by reading the declaration. The plaintiff stated that the Sheriff of Middlesex was in jeopardy. He could assure them that the Sheriff was in no such position. The only hesitation there was in executing the present writ of inquiry was owing to the apprehension of interfering with a higher power. He had great experience in courts of justice, and he always saw that the people looked to the judges for the construction of the laws. These judges were selected for being eminent for their learning and virtue, and he was sure that nothing could intimidate them from the exercise of their duty, as he was certain that every Englishman would as fearlessly struggle to maintain the laws; they would give the plaintiff what damages they thought fit. The jury retired for one hour and forty minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 600*l.*

— By the last New York packet we learn that the utmost excitement prevailed in Upper Canada. A public meeting of the inhabitants of the home district, to be held at Finch's Tavern on the 15th October, had been advertised; but Finch, having declared that his premises should not be open to the meeting, the scene was changed to Davis's Temperance House, Younger street, about a half mile south of Finch's. According to the *Toronto Mirror* of the 18th, the civil authorities, headed by Sheriff Jarvis, are said to have most unjustifiably interfered, and the result was the loss of two lives, while several persons were beat, stabbed, and maltreated. The Tories are accused of having been the cause of this outrage, and even Sir George Arthur is not spared. A short time will serve to place us in possession of the real state of things. It is quite obvious that the province is in a state of the greatest fermentation.

— Several accidents have happened by the firework celebrations of Guy Faux Day, and the master of Eton (Dr Hawtrej) has expelled several boys who persisted in letting off squibs on the occasion contrary to very express orders.

— It appears that the expenses incurred by the Corporation of London in opposing the London and Blackwall Railway Company's Bill, in the last Session of Parliament, for an extension of that line, amounted to 2,460*l.*—*Railway Magazine*.

— We understand that a petition is in course of signature among the legal profession of this city, having for its object the employment of the three existing ex-Chancellors, now receiving 5000*l.* per annum each, in assisting to bring up the arrears of business in the Court of Chancery.—*Exeter Gazette*.

— All her Majesty's Ministers are expected in town on Monday next, to attend the Cabinet Council on important and urgent business.—*Globe*.

— A decrease of 94,000*l.* in the revenue has occurred by the abstinence of the teetotallers, owing to the Rev. Mr Mathew's influence.—*Belfast Chronicle*.

THE POST OFFICE LETTER WEIGHTS will be ready for sale next week. N.B. Copyrights Registered pursuant to 2d Vic. c. 17. Postage Depot, 13 Pallmall East.

POSTSCRIPT.

LONDON, Saturday Morning, Nov. 16, 1839.

This morning's *Post* publishes by an extraordinary express, *viâ* Marseilles, advices from Bombay, dated the 7th of October, bringing interesting and important intelligence from India and China. We regret to state that the Chinese dispute still assumes a very bad aspect. The trade has not been resumed, and our merchant ships were accumulating in Hong Kong Bay, where they were compelled to wait till some arrangement was come to. It is most extraordinary that there should not be a ship-of-war in the Chinese waters; and the merchant vessels, if they were attacked by the Chinese, would have to defend themselves in the best manner they could, which, however, with truly national spirit they had resolved to do, and were formed into line ready for action. To add, however, to the serious aspect of affairs, some English sailors had committed an unprovoked assault upon a Chinese at Hong Kong, and although two thousand dollars had been paid to hush the matter up, it was feared that the Imperial Chinese Commissioner would take some aggressive steps. The Americans have been more fortunate than our traders, as, by humiliating concessions, they had been allowed to trade. The deepest anxiety was felt to know what our Government intended to do, and despatches by the September mail from London were expected at Madras by Admiral Sir F. Maitland, who was to proceed with some vessels from Trincomalee to Madras, to wait for instructions. In respect to the Indian news, no immediate rupture with the Burmese was expected; and as the war in Afghanistan was considered at an end, the Bengal army was expected to return to Hindostan in October, and the Bombay division was already on its march to Candahar, leaving, however, some Bengal troops at Cabool, under the command of Brigadier Sale, to consolidate Shah Shooja's power. The forces of the latter garrison Ghuznee, taken by British valour. The dates from Cabool are to September 7. Dost Mahomed Khan had escaped all pursuit, owing, it is said (and it is a bad omen of the spirit of the country) to the treachery of the guides. Shah Shooja was showering honours and bestowing orders on his British allies. Lord Auckland, Sir John Keane, Sir Willoughby Cotton, Mr M'Naughten, &c., figure in the Order of the Dooranee Empire, established in three classes, whilst a die of the medal for the capture of Ghuznee has been cast. Sir Alexander Burnes has been appointed Resident at Candahar, but was to remain for the present in Cabool. Sir John Keane, it was generally believed, had resigned the command of the Army

of the Indus. The reasons are not stated. He was to proceed to Lahore, and from thence to Simla, to have an interview with Lord Auckland. The Governor-General, it seems, contemplates a return to England next February twelvemonth. We have also accounts from Herat, where Major Todd had arrived, and was making out plans to repair the works of the place, which were a mass of ruins. Justice Stoddart, of Ceylon, had died, and Mr Stuart Mackenzie, the Governor, it was expected, would be compelled to go to the Cape of Good Hope to re-establish his health. The 15th Hussars had arrived in Bombay, but its future destination had not been fixed.

By this morning's account from Newport, further details are given of the attempt to gain over the soldiers. We have in all these a confirmation of the opinion expressed by several officers in command of troops in the manufacturing districts, that soldiers cannot safely be entrusted with the preservation of order throughout the country. Small detachments are exposed to the danger of being tampered with. We are happy to add, however, that the rumours which were so rife some days ago of further outbreaks having taken place at Merthyr have not been confirmed; and since the visit of Colonel Considine to that district, and the consequent arrangements with regard to the troops, matters have assumed a more favourable appearance. At Bristol another of the leaders has been apprehended. His name is Morgan Jenkins. The case of Victory, referred to elsewhere, has been brought to a close by the prisoner being committed to take his trial for the offence. The case of Henry Frost has also been heard. He is only fourteen or fifteen years old, and on account of his extreme youth, and his being the son of the principal actor in the late riots, his examination excited greater interest than any since that of Frost himself on the first day. From the lad's appearance and manner it was quite obvious that he had acted throughout under the direction and control of his father. It is, therefore, satisfactory to find the evidence against him was not of so strong a character as to induce the magistrates to commit him. His appearance in the court excited a considerable sensation. His youthful and innocent appearance and manner prepossessed the by-standers in his favour, and every one in the court appeared gratified by the result of the examination. We think it only necessary to give the close of the proceedings. The Chairman is reported to have thus addressed the prisoner in a very feeling manner:—"Prisoner, the magistrates have given your case a most serious consideration, and it is with feelings of the most sincere pleasure that I state they do not feel themselves obliged to commit a little boy for the serious charge of high treason. There is no doubt that you were out the whole of that night, and that you have fallen lately into very bad habits; let, however, the escape you have now had be a warning to you, and let me most earnestly implore you to give up the habits which I fear you have fallen into, and return to your home. The magistrates feel great pleasure in discharging you."—From the other evidence reported this morning we need only give a passage from that of Robert Barr, a soldier referred to elsewhere:—"I am a private in her Majesty's 45th Regiment of Foot. I belong to Captain Stack's company, now stationed here. I remember the evening of the twelfth of last month. I remember going down the main street towards the bridge. We went out and crossed over a road and saw Clarke (another private) talking to a man. I believe him to be the same man that I saw in the street before we went into the beer-house. They were talking about Chartists and something that had taken place the night before. The man said, 'Could not a mob of one thousand people beat off the soldiers from the tops of the houses with bricks?' Clarke said, 'That if the soldiers were called upon they would do their duty.' He asked if the soldiers would fire on the Chartists, if a row took place in the town. Clarke said, 'That they would do their duty, which would be to fire on them.' Clarke then said, 'Good night, friend, I shall see you again to-morrow.' I am not sure that the person I saw at the beer-house was the person I had before seen. It was dark, and I could not distinguish him; his voice was similar to the one I had heard before.—By the Rev. J. Coles: Clarke and me deserted straight along the road directly after he said, 'Good night, friend,' to the man."

We find the following satisfactory evidence of Bishop Philpott's accuracy, and love of truth, in a passage of a letter addressed by Mr Jelinger C. Symons to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*:—"At the close of the extracts from 'the Bishop of Exeter's Charge,' published in this evening's *Standard*, I perceive the following passage:—"I shall be forgiven if as an Englishman I express my own gratification in confronting this statement by Lord Lansdowne of the inferiority of my poorer countrymen in secular instruction, with the following testimony to their general superiority over all other European nations in their religious instruction. I quote from the Appendix to Foreign Report, from J. C. Symons, Esq., p. 172, a gentleman selected by the government for his commission on account of his very extensive experience and knowledge of the state of our people." His lordship then quotes a passage to the effect that wages have increased abroad, and have been attended by less sobriety; that 'in England a sense of religion is a restraint and a reason to tens of thousands; but this is not the case on the Continent, where a principle of economy is the only motive for sobriety.' So far from this opinion being the result of my own experience, it forms part of a communication from a Mr Withers, a manufacturer near Charleroi, attached, indeed, to my report, but with a distinct statement that I annexed it without in any degree vouching for the accuracy of the facts detailed by this gentleman, who is personally unknown to me." And yet, with this disclaimer before his eyes, does the Bishop of Exeter quote another man's opinion as mine!"

The *Toronto Mirror*, brought by the last New York packet, publishes a series of resolutions unanimously

adopted at a meeting of the township of Toronto, on the 28th of September, convened by public notice, which was attended by several members of the provincial Parliament, and many of the most respectable millers and influential farmers in the township. In these resolutions, many accusations are brought forward against the "family compact," and Sir John Colborne. We observe that a very strong opinion is pronounced in favour of responsible Government, and grateful thanks are expressed to Lord Durham for his able report on the state of this province, and his deep attention to the British North American colonies.

The arrival of her Majesty's frigate *Imogene* at Portsmouth, from the Pacific, puts the Bank of England in possession of specie to the amount of two millions of dollars in gold and silver. Several less considerable sums have lately come to hand by different vessels, and the exportation of gold from our shores having ceased, the position of the institution has become comparatively easy. Independently of the recent influx from the westward, the actual amount in the coffers of the Bank had already so far increased as to prove that the demand for the Continent was exhausted. The returns which will be laid before the public in the course of a day or two will place the average of the item "bullion" at less, but we have every reason to believe that the actual sum held by the corporation, including the accession of the last few days, to which we have alluded, is not much short of three millions and a quarter. The exchanges are maintained at the improved rates, and we think a general amelioration in the prospects of commerce may be looked for at no very distant period.—*Morning Post City Correspondent.*

We find the following announcement in this morning's *Post*:—"We regret to announce the death of Mr Sims, Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, which took place yesterday. No further particulars have reached us than that this much-respected gentleman, in a fit of temporary insanity, put a period to his own existence by shooting himself through the head."

The *Morning Chronicle* seems to attach too much importance to the hissing greese of Guildhall. We learn from a communication in this morning's paper, that among the select few who managed to disturb all the rest of the company, Alderman Farebrother (who is one of her Majesty's tradesmen) figured most conspicuously.

Saturday Night.

LATEST NEWS FROM AMERICA.

STATE OF THE NEW YORK MONEY MARKET UP TO THE 24TH OF OCTOBER.

(From the List of Christmas, Livingston, and Prime.)

BANKS.	Offered.	Asked.
United States Bank	78½	79
Bank of Commerce	90	93½
N. O. Commercial	70	73
Vicksburg of Mississippi	32	32½
Bank of Kentucky	66½	67½
Illinois State Bank	50	55
Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.	52½	53
Morris Canal Co.	22	23
Farmers' Loan and Trust Co.	74	77
Ohio Life and Trust Co.	71	72
North American Trust and Banking Co.	45½	46½
Illinois 6s.	52½	60
N. York City 5s.	84	84½
Exchange on London	9	9½
Exchange on Paris		5

The reception of the new Governor-General of the Canadas by the inhabitants of Quebec appears to have been more enthusiastic than was expected. His first proclamation is altogether a very sensible document. We quote it:—"The Queen having been graciously pleased to appoint me to be Governor-General of British North America, I have this day assumed the administration of that office. In the execution of this high trust it will be my desire no less than my duty to promote, to the utmost of my power, the welfare of all classes of her Majesty's subjects, to reconcile existing differences, to apply a remedy to proved grievances, to extend and protect the trade, and enlarge the resources of the colonies entrusted to my charge; above all, to promote whatever may bind them to the mother country by increased ties of affection and interest, will be my first and most anxious endeavour. In the pursuit of these objects I shall ever be ready to listen to the representations of all, whilst I shall unhesitatingly exercise the powers confided to me to repress disorder, to uphold the law, and maintain tranquillity. The suspension of the Constitution in Lower Canada places in the hands of the Executive Government powers of an extraordinary nature, the necessity for which is deeply to be deplored, and which can be justified only by the circumstances of the province. One principal object of my mission will be to determine in what manner, at what time, this state of things may be brought to a close, and the full benefits of British institutions be restored to her Majesty's Lower Canadian subjects. In Upper Canada the loyalty and courage of the inhabitants have preserved the Constitution, and maintained the powers of the law through difficulties of the most trying nature. Their exertions during the last two years have been viewed by her Majesty with the highest satisfaction, and have commanded the applause and admiration of all classes in the mother country. It would appear, however, that in that province causes of embarrassment are not wanting; her trade is said to be cramped, her finances deranged, and the development of her resources impeded. To devise measures by which these evils may be removed in a manner satisfactory to the inhabitants will be one of the objects to engage my earliest attention, and I shall rely upon the pa-

triotism of the people and the wisdom of the Legislature to aid me in the effort. Animated by the most anxious desire to promote the welfare of these important provinces, to uphold the rights of the Crown, by whose confidence I have been honoured, and to advance the true interests of the people to whom I am sent, I confidently call on all those to whom the prosperity of British North America is dear, to unite with me in the work which I have undertaken, and, laying aside all minor considerations, afford me that assistance and co-operation which can alone enable me to bring my task to a successful issue."

LAW.

INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT, Oct. 13.

William McArthur Reynolds (the author of *Pickwick Abroad*, *Modern Life in France*, and other works) was opposed for Mr Hamer, an attorney. The amount of debts as stated in the schedule was 4,156*l.*; of which he had received no consideration for 2,000*l.*, and he had no assets. He was before discharged in 1837, when his debts amounted to 4,352*l.*, and had been a bankrupt in France in 1836, when considerable property was handed over to the syndics for the benefit of the creditors.—The insolvent stated that when he became of age a few years ago, he was left by his father, Capt. John Reynolds, a sum of between 8,000*l.* and 10,000*l.* He was also entitled to a share in a small quantity of land in Kent. He was the author of several works, having, however, no copyright, as he sold his productions to different persons. His works were all novels and fictions, and perhaps would not last for more than 28 years. (Laughter.)—Mr Nicholls here observed it would be as well if some assignee were appointed, in order to see if anything further could be made of these works of the insolvent.—Mr Commissioner Bowen: Then you will have to find an assignee who will live for 28 years. (Laughter.)—The Insolvent: I only stated that because Mr Murray, in his evidence before the House of Commons, stated his (the insolvent's) works were likely to live 14 years. (A laugh.) I have not inserted anything in my schedule as to my being the author of *Pickwick Abroad*, or *Grace Darling*.—Mr Nicholls was proceeding to address the court, when Mr Commissioner Bowen said there was no case for a remand against the insolvent, and he was declared to be entitled to his discharge forthwith.

POLICE.

BOW STREET.

CHARGE OF SEDUCING A LADY'S HUSBAND.—Mrs Margaret Ford, a young woman of lady-like manners and appearance, who seemed to labour under the effects of illness, was brought before Mr Jardine, on a warrant, charging her with having assaulted Mrs Amelia Beaumont, one of the chorus-singers at Drury Lane Theatre, who was accompanied by a mustachioed gentleman, bearing the name of Captain McDonnell.—The complainant stated that she had suffered a series of annoyances from Mrs Ford, who had frequently used the most horrid threats towards her, and had done all she could not only to defame her character in public, but even to deprive her of the situation which she held at Drury Lane Theatre. On the night of Monday last she was leaving Drury Lane Theatre, after her professional duties were concluded, when, just as she was seated in her carriage, which was waiting for her at the stage-door, the defendant rushed forward, flew into the vehicle, and endeavoured to pull her out, calling her at the same time the most infamous names, and threatening to murder her; and had it not been for her coachman and a strange gentleman, the defendant would no doubt have proceeded to personal violence.—Mrs Ford denied that she had threatened the complainant, but admitted she had called her an infamous woman, because she had seduced her husband, with whom she was now living, instead of supporting his wife and children.—Mrs Beaumont here burst into tears, and said, "I assure your worship it is quite false—indeed, indeed, it is."—Mrs Ford: I never used any threat, and as to personal violence, God help me! I am too weak in mind and body to think of that. My sole object in going to the theatre was to see if my husband had accompanied her, and with that view I looked into the carriage, thinking that he might be in it, and all I said was, "You had woman, where is my husband, the father of my children?"—Mr Jardine: Have you any witness to call?—Mrs Ford: No, Sir, I have not.—Mr Jardine said he saw quite enough of the case to point out the course he should pursue, which was to call upon Mrs Ford to find sureties to keep the peace; for, even assuming every word of her statement to be true, and that Mrs Beaumont had been the means of seducing her husband from her, still she had no right to go to the theatre and molest and annoy her in the manner described. She must, therefore, find bail, herself in the sum of 10*l.* and two sureties in the sum of 5*l.* each, to keep the peace towards Mrs Beaumont.—Mrs Ford: She has robbed me of everything; she has robbed me of my husband, and the father of my children; but I will do all in my power to expose her, and get her turned off from Drury Lane.—Mrs Ford was then removed from the Court, and Mrs Beaumont retired also, accompanied by her friend (the gallant captain), who subsequently intimated his wish to confer with the reporters, and induce them by means of a bribe to suppress the case.—It was stated that the same parties appeared at Hatton garden office under similar circumstances some time ago.

UNION HALL.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY BY A SERVANT.—Ann Griffiths, lady's maid in the service of Mr Dawson, of Champion hill, Camberwell, was charged with robbing her employers to a considerable amount. It appeared that the prisoner had been for three years in the service of the complainant, and that latterly on several occasions both money and other property had been missing from the house. As there was no doubt the robbery was committed by some of the servants, the complainant, for the purpose of discovering the thief, marked thirty sovereigns at the beginning of last week, fourteen of which he gave to Mrs Dawson, and the remainder he kept himself. On Thursday morning Mrs Dawson left her purse, containing some of the marked sovereigns, on the sofa in her bed-room, and when she returned she found that one of them had been taken. A policeman was then sent for, and all the female servants were searched for the purpose of ascertaining who had taken the money, and when it came to the prisoner's turn she betrayed a good deal of uneasiness, and was anxious to conceal a white pocket handkerchief which she held previously in her hand, when the handkerchief was taken from her a marked sovereign, which Mrs Dawson had no doubt was the one taken out of her purse, was found wrapped up in one of the corners of it. The prisoner was immediately taken into custody, and, when her trunks subsequently were examined, waistcoats, trousers,

seven men who were waiting at the bottom of the shaft, to be relieved by the sufferers, were so horror-stricken by the ghastly spectacle as to lose their speech.

DRUNKENNESS AND DEATH.—On Tuesday a jury assembled at St Bartholomew's Hospital, to inquire relative to the death of Mrs Mary Anne Surridge, aged 53.

DEATH ON THE RAILWAY.—Last Saturday morning a man employed on the London and Birmingham railway, as "plater," whose business is to turn the "points," in order to enable the trains to cross from one line to another, was killed near the Berkhamstead station.

AWFUL INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.—On Sunday morning an instance of the uncertainty of human life occurred in the chapel of Dr Pye Smith at Homerton.

EXECUTION OF PEYTEL FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE.—The execution of this murderer, whose case has excited the deepest interest in France, took place on Monday week at Bourg.

COMMERCE.

The report which we noticed on Saturday, respecting an increase in the rate of interest on Exchequer Bills, has gained support from the continued sales of Consols and Reduced.

course of business. It will also be noticed, on reference to the list of exports of the precious metals for the week ending Thursday last, that it does not contain a single ounce of gold, and that the small shipments of silver coin are for British colonies.

OPIMUM TRADE TO CHINA.—The following answer has been sent by the Treasury to the claimants for indemnification for losses sustained in consequence of the delivery of opium to the Chinese Government.

Table with columns: BRITISH, Price, FOREIGN, Price. Lists various items like Consols, Do. Account, and Foreign currencies like Belgian, Brazil, Dutch.

Table with columns: SHARE LIST, Div., Paid, Price. Lists various railway and company shares like Grand Junction Canal, Manchester & Liverpool Railway.

CORN MARKETS.—(From Messrs Gillies and Son's Circular.) CORN EXCHANGE, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11.—We had heavy rain all yesterday; to-day is fine and bright, with S.W. wind.

but is certainly flagging a little to-day; it seems probable, however, that the shipments from France will soon be prohibited, and so much of our crop has been spoiled by the bad season, that we expect really fine samples will maintain their value.

Table with columns: Per qr., Oats, Irish Feed, etc. Lists various types of wheat, oats, and feed with their prices.

CORN EXCHANGE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15.—We have mild weather, wind S.E., but so damp that the samples are all deteriorated by it.

Table with columns: IMPORTATIONS, Wheat, Barley, Oats, Matt, Flour. Shows weekly import data for different grain types.

Table with columns: GAZETTE AVERAGES, Wheat, Barley, Oats, Rye, Beans, Peas. Shows average prices for different crops.

Table with columns: SMITHFIELD MARKETS, FRIDAY, Prices Per Stone, At Market. Lists prices for various types of meat like Beef, Mutton, Lamb.

The average price of Brown or Muscovado Sugar, computed from the returns made in the week ending Nov. 12, is 38s. 1 1/2d. per cwt.

COAL MARKET, WEDNESDAY. Price of Coals per ton at the close of the market:—Chester, 20s 3d—Holywell Main, 22s—Original Windsor Pontop, 20s.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES. Tuesday, November 12. PARTNERSHIPS DISSOLVED. W. Crosby, son, and W. Crosby, jun. King street, Southwark, painters.—W. N. Morrison and J. W. Denning, Upper York street, Bryanston square, silversmiths.

