



## THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Home Secretary (private and confidential.)

A word in your ear, Mr. Walpole. There is treason, hydra-headed treason, hatching. Now, we are not joking. Were we inclined to droll, we would not cast our jokes before certain Home Secretaries. Hush! This way. In a corner, if you please.

Do you ever see the *Morning Herald*? We thought so. Somehow you look as if you did. Still, we have brought a copy. Here it is. A leader on the treasonous atrocities contemplated by the traitorous projectors of the Crystal Palace in Penge Park! We will read you—when we can get a good mouthful of breath—a few of the lines: the dreadful lines. You see, the Palace is to be open on Sundays, after one o'clock. In that fact the *Herald* sees revolution, anarchy, and perhaps—a future republic, with John Cromwell Bright in Buckingham Palace! Listen—

“Go to mass on the Sabbath morning,” is the Church of Rome’s command,—“then go to the park, the ball, or the theatre.” That is the Sabbath of Paris, of Munich, of Vienna, and we are sorry to say, of Berlin also. And, as one natural result, a single month, in 1848, saw the Sovereigns of Paris, of Vienna, of Munich, and of Berlin, fugitives before their rebellious subjects. The people of England remained untouched by this sudden madness;—they were loyal to their Queen because they feared their God!”

You will perceive, Right Honourable Sir, that had the Palace existed in Penge Park, in 1848, the British Throne would have gone to bits like a smashed decanter. The Queen has only continued to reign because there has been no People’s Palace!

We see, sir, you are moved, but let us go on: “The Crystal Palace will be the main engine for introducing the continental Sabbath among us. The people may go to church, it will be said, and then they may go down to Sydenham and enjoy a walk in the Crystal Palace, and what harm can that do? \* \* \* Just all the harm in the world. Open and naked profaneness would shock most persons, but this mixture of religion and dissipation, will ruin myriads!”

Myriads, Right Honourable Sir, myriads! And then the drunkenness that will abound will be dreadful. No: not open and naked drunkenness;

because no intoxicating liquors will be sold; but there, there the danger. The materials for intoxication will be upon the premises. Drunkenness will be made easy to the senses; and in this manner:—There will be no gin, certainly; but there will be the juniper-tree, fatally suggestive to the Sabbath mind of “Cream of the Valley,” and “Old Tom.” Rum, as rum, is not to be thought of; but—and we wonder, Right Honourable Sir, that the analytical, the logical intellect of the *Herald* has missed it—but, if there be not rum in the glass, there will be the sugar-cane growing; there will be rum in its purely vegetable condition. And can it be thought that “Fine Old Jamaica” will not be extracted—mentally extracted—by the Sunday visitor? Again, we shall, no doubt, have the tobacco-plant in every variety. Of course, the Sunday visitor will—in idea we mean—inevitably put that in his imaginary pipe and smoke it!

Therefore, Right Honourable Sir, to imitate the logic of the pious *Morning Herald*, (not one type of that luminous print is, of course, lifted until after Sunday midnight!)—therefore, with juniper-trees, with sugar-canes, and with tobacco growing in the Palace—and that Palace thrown open after one o’clock on Sundays—therefore, nothing will be seen, nothing smelt, but men, women, aye, and even children—(think of that, Right Honourable Sir, the rising generation!)—reeling about drunk with gin and rum, and those not drunk, stupefied—brutally stupefied—with the fumes of tobacco!

We know that the gin is only in the tree; the rum in cane; the tobacco green and unplucked: nevertheless, the influence, the suggestiveness of their presence will, in the prophetic words of the *Herald*, “ruin myriads.” Yes, Right Honourable Sir, myriads.

We have done our duty, a difficult and a painful one, Mr. Walpole. We have been compelled to make you listen to the *Morning Herald*. But for all that, you will bear us no malice.

We see you are in a hurry—leave us. Things of import—determination strong—crowd and darkness in that official face!

You will immediately arrest Fox and Henderson, and Fuller, and Paxton, upon a charge of constructive treason—i. e., building the revolutionary fabric—and thereupon send them to the Tower.

As you please: but we think the Tower too good for them. Try Newgate.