

accorded; not only to political criminals, but to those who are prosecuted for ordinary misdemeanors, provided that, in the eyes of the British Government, they have the merit of being associated with Continental revolutionists. Thus, in a new sense the British flag is the protection of merchandise.

The newspapers reported that Madame Pulsky on the 10th of August at Southampton restored her meeting. Madame Kossuth at Southampton restored her meeting. The jeweller of Vienna certain very costly jewels. The jeweller of Vienna who mounted the clusters and spurs of Count Zichy certifies their value at 3,700 ducats. This shows they were very valuable; does it throw any light on the diamonds Madame Pulsky pretends to have saved, and which, according to her authority, belong to Madame Kossuth?

Here follows the official documents; among them, a receipt of Bolliak's for the jewels and spurs, dated "Lugos, Aug. 8th, 1849;" and two notes from Arthur Magennis, English Charge at Vienna, to Count Edmond Zichy, detailing the flight of Cesar Bolliak under the assumed name above given, to Malta, and thence to Marseilles.

The *Assemblée Nationale* declares that it has full proof "that the wretches who accomplished the assassination of Count Zichy while stained with his blood plundered also his effects."

We, on our part, address the above, not to Kossuth, who does not require information from us, but to the political worthies of our own country at Washington; to the arrival of the cow-driver "Venerable Uhazy," and the common trull of a German woman, whom the "Venerable" palmed off as a heroine by the name of Jagello,—feasted the former, and gullanted the latter about the public places of the Capital. We have never heard that the "Venerable Uhazy" was a thief, an assassin, or a butcher—except of black cattle. He only humbugged our citizens with a story of his being a "Governor," and the German woman he took as his servant being "Jagello" and a "Polish heroine."

This was a lie, but our Americans would rather be humbugged with a lie than not be humbugged at all. There is something worse than a lie for men to be humbugged with: From the facts that we have published respecting Kossuth we leave those political magnates of the land who now hug Kossuth to conclude what it is. We have furnished them the lessons that might enlighten them; it may remain for us to ask them why they have not profited by them.

AN ALARMIST'S VIEW OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

(To the Editor of the Spectator.)

Sir,—You and I have often belonged to a small minority, without discovering afterwards that we were in error. We are in a very small one now, as alarmists with regard to the effects upon England of this late French Revolution. I am not sure but that the extent of my apprehensions places me in a minority of one. At any rate, you do not express a fear as grave as that which disturbs me. I strive in vain to make out how M. Bonaparte's usurpation can fail to produce a French invasion of the shores of England. It is not by a great jump that I have reached this conclusion, but step by step, treading warily, with caution and reluctance. Napoleon the Second is inevitable. His despotic throne will rest on his uncle's system, modified to suit the present circumstances of Europe. To preserve his power even to save his life, he must imitate his uncle as closely as possible. At first, his sole support at home will be the army. When this splendid army shall have restored the French Empire in France, it must undertake to extend French dominion abroad. Its terrible exploit at home must fill it with an ardent desire of foreign conquest. It will be mad to wipe out the stain of the foreign occupations of France in 1814 and 1815, and to revenge Waterloo. The Emperor, besides his interest in flattering and gratifying the army, will have a deep interest in war, as the surest means, perhaps the only means, of exterminating Republican and Socialist ideas; for within a week after declaration of war, or commencement of war without declaration, more especially against England, every Socialist and Republican in France, as well as every other Frenchman, not to mention the women and children, would think of nothing political but that "one victory" which Lord Elmsmere told us is the passionate desire of every Gaul. The half-dozen assassins who always dogged the steps of Louis Philippe, were manageable by the police; but there are now ten thousand would-be regicides in France, whom a war would instantly convert into soldiers and worshippers of the Emperor. According to the first Napoleon's system, "the war maintained the war;" in the present state of French finance, nothing but war and plunder can ever feed the army which is now France. Napoleon the Second is perfectly unscrupulous and sufficiently daring; he will not hesitate to do whatever may seem good for his own interest, without regard to any other consideration. And this new military France will not attack any of the northern powers; by them it will be upheld and cherished, from a natural sympathy with it as the queller of democracy and destroyer of constitutional freedom; whilst, on the other hand, England invites its aggression by her prodigious wealth; by the contrast of her free institutions, by the recollections of Waterloo and St. Helena, and, above all, by her military weakness. We are no longer a martial people, excepting the few of us who are trained to war; and even our soldiers are unfit for war as compared with the first-rate soldiers described by Sir Francis Head, (at any rate a close observer,) who have been made soldiers in Africa. It seems to be admitted that a French army of 50,000 men, once landed in England, would march straight to London, and possess the metropolis, which contains moveable property worth a hundred millions. What is to prevent them from landing? We really know nothing about it. We may believe that British steam would beat French steam whenever they met on the water; but they would not meet in the night-time; we could not insure their meeting at any time; there are fifty places between Harwich and Portsmouth, where steamers might land troops with ease in many states of the weather; and the invaders would pick their own time and place for landing, of which we should be in total ignorance until the mischief was done. I say that the thing is possible, perhaps not difficult. The temptation, therefore, is immense for a desperado such as this second Napoleon, impelled by the strongest personal motives, by a fierce army, and by the most presumptuous of nations, which has an unrivalled genius for sudden attack, and to which the glory of a week's conquest of England, of the occupation of London for twenty-four hours, to say nothing of "beauty and booty," would be ample compensation for the shame of their political slavery. And mark,

too that the Parti Pretre of Europe has been really won by this Napoleon; and that Milesian Ireland would furnish him with capital ground for a feat whereby to divert our attention from landing places nearer to London. Just now there are indications that the first aggression of the new imperial and military France will be upon Belgium, Austria being allowed at the same time to suppress liberty in Piedmont. England is almost bound in honor to defend Piedmont from attack, and is absolutely bound by treaty to maintain the independence of Belgium. But we need not look out for causes of quarrel. Louis Napoleon will belie himself if he give us notice of war. He is skilful at concealing a purpose by dissimulation; and the main condition of success in an attempt to invade England is, that we should be surprised in a state of fancied security. In this state, most assuredly, we are at present. I hear merchants, bankers, lawyers, and politicians, rejoicing at the triumph of military violence in France. Their horror of violence from below blinds them to the consequence of violence from above. They cannot see beyond the present; and of the present they see nothing but the downfall of Socialist Democracy. Is that all? Can the Algerine solihory of France stop there? These problems are not investigated; the present satisfaction is great enough to be all-sufficing. The City, the Inns of Court, the Clubs, and Downing Street, appear to me to be mad: they tell me that I am mad. Well, patience! events are crowding upon us; and I pray, but without hope, that they may continue to leave me in a minority of one.

THE MAN OF THE "WORLD."

(From the London Examiner.)

We would gladly have refrained from noticing the very creditable case of "Birch v. Somerville," tried the other day in the Dublin Courts. But what must have fallen under marked reprobation in the case of a political antagonist, we cannot feel justified in passing over in silence because it touches a political friend. Not inopportune, too, has the case occurred to throw light upon a question which has lately excited some discussion. We may gather from it what the most respectable order of English statesmen are too apt to regard as the uses of the press, and the not unfruitful adjustment of its services and claims.

At the period of the Irish excitements in 1848, a person of the name of Birch had a newspaper called the *World*, with an exceedingly small world of readers. How to make money by this paper was a problem of which he had already tried the solution in various not scrupulous ways; and for another trial, this man of the *World*, this Birch, suddenly bethought himself to offer it to the Irish Government to do broom's duty—dirty work—and lick the dust up from the Castle floors.—He made a proposition to Lord Clarendon; and upon his own simple offer to be dirty, Castle dirt was placed at his disposal, and Lord Clarendon became master of the *World*.

This is our account of the transaction, which Lord Clarendon, however, describes more daintily. He says that he sent for Mr. Birch in consequence of his offers to support the cause of law and order; and though he did not expect much good to result from his labors, he thought he should have failed in his duty if he had not accepted the offices of any person in support of law and order. He adds, that of Mr. Birch's character, newspaper, or antecedents, he knew nothing whatever; except that during the previous year (1847) similar offers to support the cause of law and order had repeatedly reached him from the same quarter. The suspicion did not present itself to Lord Clarendon that the man must have been siding with lawlessness and disorder in 1847 to make his conversion to law and order in 1848 worth a "consideration," and as little does it seem to have occurred to him, unhappily, that from the mouth of such an advocate some faint might be likely to attach to even law and order itself. In short, we must frankly say that the excessive reiteration of these words in every second line of Lord Clarendon's evidence is sheer cant. He wanted a tool, and found one in Mr. Birch. That is the only construction we can place on the compact which was entered into.

Topics and articles are then suggested to the man. He is put in constant communication with the Lord-Lieutenant through his secretary. It is, "If convenient, I would be glad to see you here on Monday." And it is, "I would be happy to see you to-morrow." And it is, "Can you call to-morrow at four?" His Excellency might not have known Mr. Birch before the first interview, but it was not Mr. Birch's fault if he was not known after it. "The first time I saw him," says Lord Clarendon naively, "he asked me for money." Now, there is £100 in a check from Lord Clarendon; and now, it is £250 from Sir W. Somerville in London, after an interview at the Irish office; and now, it is £250 in Dublin; and now, there are a hundred sovereigns on Mr. Meredith's table, which Birch is requested to take up; and altogether money plentifully tumbles in on Birch, who, having in course of time received from the Irish Government £3,700, and being still obedient to Castle hints, not unnaturally comes to think that the rain of gold ought still to endure, and be as heavy as it was at first.

But who paid this money, the price of shame? Lord Clarendon says that he did, and of course we believe him; but we believe also that his words conceal something beneath their surface which remains untold. A plain and distinct story is certainly not before the public. There is no falsehood, but only partial truth. That Sir William Somerville acted as an agent only, was made clear enough; but in many portions of the evidence upon the trial it seems also clear that the money was not paid by Lord Clarendon for his own private satisfaction. It would be desirable to have had more clearly explained sundry occasional allusions about consulting "the chiefs of the Government," used by official subordinates in the money dialogues. Lord Clarendon says that he paid Mr. Birch out of his own pocket every farthing that Birch received. He paid it to him, however, in his official character, as head of the Government; and he referred him to Sir William Somerville as next in office. Nor does this odd arrangement look clearer when we get at the details. Being pressed upon the point, Lord Clarendon admitted that originally the public paid Birch, but that afterwards he repaid the public. "Part of what Mr. Birch received was from money applicable to special services, and part was out of my own private pocket. The part which was from the money applicable to special services was advanced at my request, and on my own responsibility, and was repaid by myself very long ago." How long ago? Was it before, or after, Mr. Birch had commenced his actions

at law? It is a pity that the Lord-Lieutenant was not asked: We should also like to know whether it is a part of the private charges of the Irish Viceroyalty to pay "the only other Irish paper" which (it came out in the course of evidence) receives Government subsidy in Ireland. Also, whether any English journal is in that predicament; and if so, who pays. Respectable journalists have some interest in these questions, and are entitled, we think, to have them answered.

Connected with this part of the subject, we must not overlook another singular fact brought out by the evidence. When Birch first entered into the Castle service, Lord Clarendon told him that he did not think he would do much good, and in the course of examination his Lordship contemptuously repudiated having ever himself read any of the articles for which he paid. "I must admit that I never read his paper at all." That a man should pay to the editor of an obscure paper for writing useless articles in contradiction to his conscience £3,700, and having paid this sum out of his private purse, that he should disdain reading such expensive literature, is certainly a whimsical proceeding. We are quite at a loss to account for it. We can only suppose that when, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he bought at so extravagant a price such little-cared-for commodities, he did not, in the least, foresee that, as Earl of Clarendon, he would afterwards be called upon to pay for them.

But when was it that Mr. Birch stood revealed for what he really was, and the payments were stubbornly withdrawn? Lord Clarendon tells us in his evidence. The mischief over in 1848, "he was not aware that law and order wanted any defence up to 1851." The dirty broom, being worn out, was thrown with a refinement of contempt upon the Castle dirt-heap. The organ of all that was clean, the spokesman of a liberal government—cash and kind words were his for a season. And why not still? Birch has not changed, Birch has continued, up to January last, in his subservient mood. Up to January last Birch has not ceased, in the teeth of old opinions and ways of thinking and writing, to defend law and order. Why should he thus have been demoralised, even for law's sake and order's sake, and then turned out of doors? For, very much against his own consent, it is clear, Birch was turned out upon the world. His profits from the *World* had not gilded his days at any time; for, while he was informing the people at the Castle that under the fertilising shower of their gold his paper and theirs had very much increased its circulation, they appear soon afterwards to have discovered that its purchasers did not amount to much more than a thousand in its most palmy days of Government assistance.

Nor was this all they discovered. It took small trouble to unmask Mr. Birch when the necessity arose. It turned out upon the simplest inquiry that this paper had been one of the lowest class; that not having been able to live honestly; even before 1848, it had taken already to other modes of living; that its sub-editor, during all the time of its subsidised adherence to law and order, had been also the sub-editor of the most furious and extreme of the Young Ireland newspapers; and that its editor, Mr. Birch, had been imprisoned, tried, convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, before he became Lord Clarendon's correspondent, for having attempted to extort money from one of its subscribers under threat of publishing disclosures prejudicial to him. The *World* was, in fact, the *Satirist* of Dublin. All this was duly elicited in the cross-examination at the trial; and if any one was entitled to feel surprise at it, certainly it was not Lord Clarendon. One cannot get dirt without stooping for it. When Mr. Birch was asked, also in the course of cross-examination, whether he ever "wrote" an article which he did not approve in his own conscience, he evaded damning himself by saying that he never "sanctioned" such an article. Why should he have tried this evasion, when the truth better befriended him? Surely it was more mean in a powerful government to buy of a weak man moral lies at the price of nearly £4,000, than for the weak man to accept the subsidy.

ANECDOTES OF O'CONNELL.—He was once examining a witness, whose inebriety at that time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described "half foolish with roguery."

"Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?"

"Yes, your honor, Counselor O'Connell."

"How do you know my name?"

"Ah, sure, every one knows our patriot."

"Well, you are a good humored, honest fellow; now tell me, Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?"

"Why, your honor, I took my share of a pint of spirits."

"Your share of it! Now, by the virtue of your oath was not your share of it—all but the pecker?"

"Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, sir."

The court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon, step by step, came out, that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore, a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won his case for his client.

Here is another instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defence of his client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat, found near the place of the murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James.

"By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?"

"I did."

"Now let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled aloud, the name of James, slowly, thus: J-a-m-e-s. "Now do you mean those words were in it when you found it?"

"I do."

"And this is the same hat?"

"It is."

"Now, my lord," said Mr. O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case, there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat."

The result was an instant acquittal.

The most attentive man to business we ever knew, was he who once wrote on his shop door, "Go to bury my wife; return in half an hour."

LOUIS BLANC ON THE LATE REVOLUTION.—The Socialist writer and leader, Louis Blanc, has addressed a letter to the "Daily News," in which he says:—"To divide Europe into three great empires—a Russian empire extending to Constantinople; and Austrian empire, with the definitive annexation of Italy; a French empire, with the addition of Belgium. From this new holy alliance between three great despotic empires to cause to arise a war to the death against the democratic party, and against the liberal and constitutional party; to extinguish beneath the armies tread what the absolutist powers call the revolutionary flame—that is to say, whatever light the human spirit on the way of progress—and if England resists to crush her."

Such is the plan (who can doubt it longer?)—such is the sacrilegious plan of which the sack of Paris is the commencement, and for the accomplishment of which Louis Bonaparte has delivered France into the hands of French Cossacks. On the reality of this plan, and on the abominable complicity which binds to the fortune of the Emperor Nicholas the ambition of Louis Bonaparte; if may be able very shortly to publish some proofs, which I am now in course of collecting. We can then judge of the important influence which Russian gold exercises in the humiliation and misfortunes of France.

THE COST OF THE KAFFIR WAR.—The Kaffir war, according to computations instituted on the spot, is costing the tax-payers of Great Britain exactly £112,000 a month. Reduced to a smaller denomination, this charge may be expressed as £3,800 per diem, or, in more comprehensive figures, £1,350,000 per year. We are thus expending every day of our lives upon a squabble with savages more than seven times the sum which the government thought fit to accord to the expeditionary journey in search of Sir John Franklin, and half as much again as that for want of which the Nelson column was so long suffered to disfigure our finest square. Our yearly outlay on this agreeable work is about four times the total sum devoted to the purposes of art, science, and public education in the United Kingdom; and the expenditure, in fact, thus entailed will absorb all that a laborious tinker has saved under the lash of its Manchester taskmasters through three long years of effort and contrivance.—Times.

THE ARCTIC SEARCHING EXPEDITIONS.—Advices from California mention the arrival of H.M. ship *Dredalus*, Captain Wellesley, at San Francisco, on the 22d October, from Port Clarence, Behring's Straits, which she left on the 1st of that month. She brought as passengers Lieutenant Cooper and Dr. Simpson, of H.M. ship *Plover*, which vessel had returned to Port Clarence from her summer expedition, having been unable to penetrate further north than seventy-one degrees, being three degrees short of their excursions last year. No vestige of the expedition of Sir John Franklin was discovered, and it was the opinion of these two officers that all further attempts to find traces leading to the discovery of the Arctic voyagers will prove utterly fruitless.

The public will learn with satisfaction that the next searching expedition to the Arctic regions in 1852, will be made as efficient as possible, and that, in addition to the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid* screw-steamers employed in the recent expedition, the *Phoenix*, a much larger screw-steamer, of 260 horse power, is ordered to be fitted and strengthened at Deptford dockyard for service in the Polar seas.

THE ANGLICAN SCHISMATICS AND THEIR BISHOPS IN ROME.—The correspondent of the *Chronicle* states that the so-called "Bishop of Gibraltar" was at Rome, on his way to Malta. His object was to carry on negotiations for the building of an English Protestant church within the walls; but, says the correspondent, "I am sorry to say that differences, which have arisen between the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Church Committee in Rome, seem to oppose further obstacles. The English Church Committee consists of three or four persons, the Right Hon. John Nicholl, M.P., being the most influential person. These gentlemen have repudiated the Bishop's authority, and, consequently, endeavored to place the congregation in a state of separation from Episcopal superintendence. For this they plead the authority of Lord Palmerston and the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose opinions on the legal part of the question are in favor of the views entertained by Mr. Nicholl. The friends of the Bishop, however, state that he has never laid any claim to legal authority, but has placed the whole question of his superintendence on the ground of Scriptural and primitive authority; and that as the committee have repudiated this, he declines officiating in the chapel, or holding any Ecclesiastical intercourse with them. Divine service was celebrated last Sunday in two different places; at the regular chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Woodward, the appointed Clergyman; and in a private dwelling, by the Bishop of Gibraltar—the congregation being thus already in part divided between the two."

RARE NEW ZEALAND BIRD.—The vessel, bringing from New Zealand the kakapos (strigops) and the kiwi (apteryx), arrived during the past week. The strigops, a nocturnal parrot, was accidentally killed during the voyage, but the apteryx has reached England in good health, and is safely lodged in the gardens of the Zoological Society. This bird is the surviving representative of a series, not very long extinct, peculiar to some of the islands of the South Pacific. Each island had its peculiar bird. Being without wings, and thus incapable of flight, the dodo, rolitairo, dinornis, &c., were killed or died out in the limited area which they inhabited, and have left only a few bones, together with some traditional and historical evidence, to tell of their existence. The apteryx is a nocturnal bird, and during the greater part of the day it stands or sits, sleeping, in an attitude of extremely grotesque character. The position of the legs, with reference to the centre of gravity, apparently renders any attitude except an upright one sufficiently inconvenient to require the assistance of the beak as an additional support, and in this use we find reason for the hardened texture of the tip, which is almost constantly in contact with the ground. When excited, the apteryx stands nearly upright, and kicks freely, in biting sharp cuts with the strong claws which arm its feet. In this action it resembles the cassowary. The hairy, open texture of the feathers, the entire absence of wings, and the rounded outline of the back, give the apteryx a mammalian expression, which must strike every one who sees it.—Literary Gazette.