

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

It is officially announced that Queen Victoria will visit Louis Napoleon at Cherbourg, on the 4th of August.

The accounts of the crops are favorable—but Bread Stuffs are firm.

There are rumors of another plot having been discovered. The parties implicated in it are Italians.

The Journal des Debats makes the following remarks on the announced visit of Queen Victoria to Cherbourg:—

"The news of the approaching visit of the Queen of England to Cherbourg has circulated for some days past in Paris; it is now confirmed, and we need not say that in our opinion it is a most favorable piece of intelligence, since it will completely dissipate the mistrust created for some time past by the language of certain journals. This unreasonable mistrust had unhappily crossed our frontiers, and it was by no means rare to hear our neighbors speak of a rupture with France as a deplorable event, near at hand. More than one enlightened Englishman, from continually observing the insinuations thrown out by certain journals that France supports impatiently the English alliance, and that it requires all the firmness of Government to maintain that alliance, had ended by believing this statement without understanding it. Certainly, if the honor or the interests of France were seriously menaced, she would be as ready to defend them against England as against any other Power, while the recollection of the past terrible struggles of the two countries would doubtless inspire France with extraordinary energy. But an immense difference exists between this very natural and legitimate sentiment and the insane desire of a rupture without a cause, or this blind and unjust hatred which certain journals are often pleased to attribute to the French nation. Their language is an insult to the nation. We admit that there exist among us individuals who believe that their birth or aristocratic pretensions command to feel the disasters of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt more actively than the remainder of the nation, and to exhibit a great desire to avenge them; we also possess zealous Catholics who consider a war with Protestant England as the first of duties. But the nation, which must be consulted on a point of such importance, does not in the least share these eccentric opinions, and it would require better reasons in order to be convinced that a rupture with England would be otherwise than a fault and a calamity."

The Gazette de France has the following reflections on the same subject:—

"Should this visit take place, it will excite a deep sensation in France and Europe, for the presence of Queen Victoria on our territory, after the dissensions produced by the disloyal conduct of our ally, would have an immense significance. It would be considered as the pledge of a new alliance, founded either on an oblivion of the past, or on a desertion by England of a policy hostile to the development of our commerce and political influence."

The Nord of Brussels having in a letter from Paris accused the Abbe Deguerry, the Cure of the Madeleine, of having had three Englishmen turned out of the church while quietly witnessing a funeral service, the Univers publishes a letter from the Abbe, in which he says:—"Three Englishmen were seated, not in a proper manner, but with their elbows on the top of their chairs to the right of the catafalque. When we had passed near them in proceeding to receive the body at the door of the church, they never rose, but kept in the same strange position. I hoped on our return, seeing us come in procession before the body of the deceased, they would at least have taken a better position, even if they did not stand up, which they were called upon to do out of respect to the body and the mourners who followed it. They, however, did not move, but remained seated, with their arms thrown carelessly over the backs of their chairs. I then considered it my duty to oblige them, not to leave the church, but to place themselves at a greater distance from the ceremony. I did not order them to be turned out of the church, but to be placed beyond the chapel, opposite to which the body was about to be placed."

A correspondent of the Daily News writes from Rome as follows, under date June 26:—"The peace of the Eternal City has been disturbed for some days by sanguinary conflicts between French and Roman soldiery, and the feud has assumed a more threatening aspect from an apparent disposition on the part of the populace to take a share in the fray, which are renewed in different quarters of the city, with an auxiliary brickbat or two in aid of the national troops.—On Saturday last a Roman artilleryman was mortally wounded by the French, and some other fatal consequences on both sides are said to have arisen from this hostile state of affairs. Courts martial are held by the French authorities; and if the offending parties can be caught and identified, condemnation to the hulks usually follows the row in a few days. The Colosseum was the aptly selected locality for these gladiatorial performances on Thursday last, which day, being the festival of St. John, afforded a good number of unoccupied umpires and spectators of the fight. The wooded gardens on the Cælian Hill were skirmished through with varied success, hard blows being given and taken on both sides, and the missile style of warfare was much resorted to on account of the penalty of death awaiting the first military rioter who draws his sword, the French general being determined, if possible, to put a stop to so dangerous a kind of amusement. The French warriors were fortunate enough to get reinforcements in the course of the engagement, and the Romans, in consequence, were considerably outnumbered, so that they were put to flight and pursued by their enraged adversaries along the Via Sacra and the Roman Forum, up to the steep ascent to the Capitol, which ancient stronghold afforded no protection to the retreating forces, and the chase was continued until the narrow lanes on the other side received the fugitives in detail and puzzled

the pursuers. Several wounded French brought up the rear en route for the hospital last night before the rattle called the soldiers to their barracks. Hostile hands were biting their thumbs at each other on the Bridge at St. Angelo. the Piazza Sora and that neighborhood, where expectant crows were collected in hopes of witnessing a battle; but with the exception of a skirmish in the Via dei Caronari, the presence of the numerous officers and the strong patrols prevented any serious conflict. As the most tremendous consequences might result from this feud if allowed to continue, General de Goyon has put forth a very energetic ordre de jour, in which, after alluding to his duties as Commander-in-Chief, he insists upon eight companies of each regiment, French or indigenous, being detained in barracks ready to act in case of need, and to furnish the necessary patrols, each of which is to be headed by an officer. All military rioters are to be tried by court-martial immediately, and civilians taking any part in a contest between soldiers are to be arrested and taken to the prisons of Monte Citorio; but if the Roman authorities refuse to take cognizance of the matter, the General gives directions for such prisoners to be conveyed to the Castle of St. Angelo.—The regiment of Roman infantry now in garrison here, the 1st of the line, has lately arrived from Bologna, and does not entertain very friendly feelings towards the French, who on their part are accused of having very irritating manners to the native troops.

The Piedmontese Gazette states that on the 24th instant, about seven in the evening, the galley-slaves in the bagnio of Genoa broke out into open revolt. The military, being called in, were obliged to use their fire arms; several of the convicts were killed, and others wounded.—One of the turnkeys was also injured, but it is not stated whether by the convicts, or by the military. Order was eventually restored.

The Union says that letters from Italy announce fresh acts of clemency. Pope Pius IX has thrown open the doors of their country to two men who played a prominent part in the scenes of 1848 and 1849: one is the advocate Sturbinetti, ex-president of the soi-disant Roman Constituent; and the other the advocate Galeotti, Minister of Justice under the Republic. Several commutations of punishment have also been made and amongst others the twenty-five years' imprisonment to which the architect Stramazzi had been condemned for conspiracy, has been changed into exile. The King of Naples, on his side, has granted a pardon to the Duke della Verdura, who was excepted from the last amnesty and to M L Scalla, who was the Commissioner in London of the insurrectional Government of Sicily.

RUSSIA.

We have now received more accurate accounts of the outbreak of the peasantry in Esthonia, the importance of which can hardly be overrated, particularly on account of the neighbourhood of that province to St. Petersburg.—It is to be observed that serfdom proper was put an end to in Esthonia, and in the rest of the Baltic provinces of Russia, more than forty years ago, under Alexander I. The present measure of emancipation does not effect the Esthonian peasants at all. But this seems only to have excited them the more, and what they now claim is free possession of the land which they at present hold on hereditary tenure from the nobility. The rising is general all along the coast, and has compelled the nobility to seek refuge in the Reval. The engagement mentioned yesterday took place between part of the garrison of Reval and a body of peasants, about 1,000 strong, who are moving to and fro and encouraging the others to revolt. They as yet have no other arms than sticks and clubs, pitch-forks and sharpened poles, but they are so excited that they were not afraid at all of the soldiery, whose numbers, it is true, were but small. The soldiers were soon overpowered by the larger numbers of the peasants, and left altogether fifteen men, four officers among them, killed; while of the peasantry about forty men were killed. The chief seat of the insurrectionary movement seems to be very near Reval itself, but even at Dorpat, which is situated in the northern part of Livonia, and which is likewise peopled by the Esthonian race, symptoms of an approaching outbreak have been.

The Russian journals for some time past have published almost daily articles on England, on her policy, and her influence in the world. One of them, the Russian Gazette, in its number of the 22nd ult., has an article which maintains that England, by entering into an alliance with Austria and Turkey, has lost her prestige in the eyes of nations, and is preparing her own ruin. After referring to the encouragement given by England to 'nationalities' on various occasions, and asserting that, in spite of her professed liberalism, she is actuated solely by mean selfishness, it says:—

Her alliance with Austria crowns all that she has done. Is it not, in fact, edifying to see liberal England dragged at the tail of Austria and Turkey, and descend to the rank of a mere instrument. She places herself on the side of Austria against Italy, and in the question of the Danubian Principalities, makes herself a Turk against the Christian population. She thus, for the love of Austria and Turkey, risks her future prospects, her consideration in the world, and her power: and uniting herself with ruins, she turns aside from all that is full of life! Great perspicacity is not needed to see that this change of policy will be fatal to England, for a nation cannot with impunity place herself in opposition to all the living strength of Europe. If general peace be maintained, England will only, it is true, stake her ancient renown; but if, contrary to all expectation, a conflict should arise, if a general insurrection of the Christians of Turkey should arise for that power the question of life or death, if Italy should rise anew, against Austria, and if France, seeing the present instability of the existing state of things, imposes on herself the task of establishing the equilibrium of Europe on more solid bases, what part could England pay, especially as she cannot yet see how the revolt in India will end? There are events

traced out in advance; but if prudence does not counsel that they should be hastened on, they must not be opposed when they are brought on by the force of circumstances. And, beside, who can oppose the justice, force, and conviction of governments, and the unanimous sympathy of nations, of the populations?

INDIA.

Sir Colin Campbell was still at Futteghur. The Calpee rebels were advancing on Gwalior, and a British column was marching in pursuit. Scindia is reported to have been beaten by the rebels.

The rebels are again becoming troublesome in Central India, and are re-occupying many posts from which they had been driven. GENERAL ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.—CALCUTTA, MAY 21.—The rebellion is chronic, and Sir Colin has now before him the prospect of a series of wild-goose chases which, as was long since prognosticated, an enemy skilled to perfection in the art of flight will infallibly lead him. It is becoming painfully apparent that neither temporary defeat nor impatient pursuit will subdue an enemy whose forte is guerrilla warfare, and that defensive tactics until a more fitting season should, if our army is to be again in the field in the cold weather, be at once adopted. The North-West Provinces above Benares are literally overrun by banditti, horse and foot. From the walls of Allahabad may be seen daily, on the opposite side of the river, bodies of rebels, green-coated and green-turbaned, marching past as if in bravado, with cavalry and guns fully equipped. The murder of Major Waterfield, on the high road to Agra, is a foretaste of what may be expected. This officer had been appointed to command at Allypore, and set out to join his appointment, accompanied by Capt. Fanshawe, of the Invalids. About six miles from Ferozabad the travellers were aroused from their slumbers by the cries of their coachman, who had been wounded. They found themselves surrounded by mounted rebels, and fired at from all quarters.—A sword cut and two balls in the head killed Major Waterfield, though not before he laid several of his assailants low with his revolver. Captain Fanshawe, sword in hand, now leaped amongst the rebels, and succeeded, aided by the darkness of the night, in effecting his escape into some jungle. The rebels burnt Major Waterfield's body in the carriage in which he had been travelling.

From the present aspect of affairs, it would almost appear that we are doomed to play a serious game at battledore and shuttlecock between Rohilcand and Oude with the rebel forces. There is very earnest uneasiness felt respecting Lucknow; the rebels are gathering in such forces around it that it seems fated to undergo a second siege. The garrison are suffering not only from the heavy duties to which they are necessarily subjected, but are also suffering severely from sickness. There are twelve hundred in hospital, and this out of a force but little over three thousand. The hot weather is severely trying not only the columns in the field, but the troops in all our garrisons. The Sepoys are now wearing out our strength without perceptibly reducing their own. Be assured that the numbers reported to have been killed in action, or taken and banged, have been greatly exaggerated. Not unfrequently where numbers have been stated it must have been impossible to have made the necessary calculation, and many of the statements respecting these "slaughters" have emanated from individuals engaged in the struggle, but who could have only had a very limited view of the results. Some of these reports, if carefully examined, are found to carry with them internal evidence of exaggeration, often without any intention to deceive.

Private letters from Arrah, dated the 18th instant, tend to show that the force collected by the late rebel zemindar Koor Singh has by no means been so completely dispersed as some accounts have represented it to be. On the contrary, it is said that General Luggard, who is now nearly in the same spot where Captain Le Grand and the men of her Majesty's 35th Regiment met with their reverse, is quite unable to gain any decided advantage over the rebels, although he has a force with him little short, including all arms, of two thousand men, with the Sasseram column nearly a thousand strong, and the force at Arrah itself consisting of half that number, to act as supports. The jungle within which the rebels have established themselves is so extensive and so dense, and the people of the country are so thoroughly unfriendly to us, that it is impossible to get at the rebels at all. In the jungle they move easily and are always on the alert, and if our force comes up with them, they suddenly appear in such numbers that our troops are surrounded and have to cut their way out again.

Both Sir Colin Campbell and General Mansfield here have knocked up their Aides-de-Camp completely. Sir D. Baird is ill of a fever. Captain Alison is just recovering from smallpox, and both of them shared my hasty flight from the doolies at Bareilly, and rode away almost equally destitute of covering from the charge of the Sowars. Murray has gone to the hills, quite done up and exhausted, and only Hope Johnstone still struggles on, with a wet towel round his head, writing memos amidst an army of "punke-wallahs." From all sides we hear of casualties caused by the heat. Sir Edward Luggard writes that his men have suffered severely in Ross's attack on the enemy at Koonoh; eight men fell dead in the ranks, and upwards of 20 officers and men had to be carried from the field through the heat of the sun, and 19 of our casualties at Bareilly, ten of which were fatal, were caused in the same way. In fact, every march henceforth after 10 o'clock in the morning must be attended with loss of life, and under such circumstances the prolongation of operations in the field becomes a very serious question for the Commander-in-Chief, who is exceedingly anxious to get the men under cover before the rains commence, as soon as it can be done consistently with the public service. If you could look into head-quarters camp between 12 and 4 o'clock, and visit the various tents, you would see Sir Colin perhaps busied with maps and papers; General Mansfield equally occupied; the indefatigable Adjutant-General Major Norman struggling with a mound of returns; Colonel Pakenham, with a mild expression of endurance, contending with red tape and General Orders; the Quarter-master General M'Pherson sharply interrogating his emissaries and spies; and Captain Goldsworthy incessantly arranging his commissary returns. But a peep into most of the other tents would discover many of the Head-quarters Staff peering on their charpoys, in the nearest possible approach to Adamite costume, and gasping for breath like carp on the banks of a moat. It may readily be imagined if officers, each of whom has a tent to himself, with "kuskus tatties" and punkahs, and similar appliances, to reduce the temperature, suffer so much from heat, what the men endure, packed 10 or 12 in a tent, or in some regiments 18 and 20, without such resources, and without change of light clothing, and how heavily picket duty, outlying and inlying, presses upon them. But as yet the army is singularly healthy. The fever which prevails is of a light type, and most of our casualties are caused by the direct action of the sun; but this cannot last, and we must expect great mortality if the troops are much longer exposed at this season of the year.

By the last return of our effective strength the British army in India presented a total of 48,571 officers and men; of whom 44,514 were effective, and 4,057, or less than 10 per cent., were sick. Our artillery numbered 355 pieces effective; and you will be surprised to hear that the grand total of native troops mustered no less than 121,906 non-commissioned officers and men, being in the proportion of about three to one of the European troops; but there is a still more striking item in the strength of our force, under the head of disarmed native troops of all ranks; there is a return of 20,227 men; these

men are receiving pay, and, more than that, they are paralyzing the action of a certain number of British soldiers; for instance, there are upwards of 3,000 Sepoys of the 2nd, 19th, 32nd, 34th, and 43rd regiments; Native Infantry at Barrackpore, who require the attention of Her Majesty's 19th Regiment and of a detachment of sailors. There are others at Calcutta under similar surveillance; the 63d Native Infantry and the 11th Irregular Cavalry are watched by part of the 35th at Beharapore; at Benares the disarmed Sepoys of the 17th, 25th, 37th, and 50th Native Infantry require the care of Her Majesty's 97th. At Jullundur, 1,056 disarmed Sepoys of the 6th Light Cavalry, the 33rd, 36th, and 61st Native Infantry, are watched by Her Majesty's 52d, a Punjab regiment, and a troop of Horse Artillery; and 2,140 of the 16th Cavalry, 26th, and 49th Native Infantry, require the presence of Her Majesty's 7th Fusiliers, and strong detachments of artillery, &c., at Lahore. At Mooltan there are 1,504 of the 63d and 69th Native Infantry in the same case; and at Umritsar 1,707 of the 35th and 53rd Native Infantry are under the wing of a light field battery, a Punjab regiment, and a part of Her Majesty's 24th Regiment. The 30th Native Infantry, 705 strong, encumber Dera Ismail Khan; 779 of the 53d Native Infantry are stationed, with part of Her Majesty's 34th and Her Majesty's 87th Regiments, and a battery, at Rawul Pindiee; the 6th Light Cavalry and the 64th Native Infantry, numbering 1,327 men, are protected, poor fellows! by 1,660 of Her Majesty's 81st and of the 8th Punjab Infantry, at Noosherah; and 1,577 of the 24th and 27th Native Infantry are stationed, in presence of an overwhelming force of Europeans and Punjabees, at Peshawur. Without reckoning the troops employed in the various field forces and movable columns, there are no less than 107 military posts and stations in the Presidency of Bengal among which English regiments are stationed. Some notion may be formed from this statement of the mode in which an English army is absorbed in India, and of the cause which diminishes the active force in the field to numbers so insignificant when compared with the troops sent out from England. I fear it is only the truth, that if we had 30,000 additional English soldiers landed in India by the last week in September, we should have ample employment for every man of them.—Times Special correspondent.

EFFECTS OF "SUN-STROKE."—Upwards of 30 rank and file of the 79th fell out in marching to and through the city. The 60th Rifles, accustomed to the heat of Indian warfare, were deprived of the services of upwards of 40 men from sun-stroke. It was pitiable, I am told, to see the poor fellows lying in their doolies, gasping their last. The veins of the arms were opened, and leeches applied to the temples, but notwithstanding every care the greater number of the cases were fatal almost immediately, and even among the cases of those who recovered there are few who are fit for active service again, except after a long interval of rest. Among the former were the Bugle-Sergeant-Major of the Rifles, a fine old soldier, whose loss is much regretted. What is the exact reason of this terrible visitation? Is it apoplexy or not? Before I left England a military surgeon of some experience in India told me that he had opened the heads of seven or eight men who had died from sunstroke; that he had invariably found the vessels empty, besides being contracted and flaccid, and all the appearances indicative of the reverse of congestion. The external aspect of those cases I have seen would lead me to a conclusion different from that of my smart professional friend.—Men so seized become purple in the face, the breathing is stertorous, and the eyes are fixed and staring. The surgeons, indeed, here call the attack solar apoplexy. The head of an artillery horse which fell dead at its picket ropes was opened by the surgeons, and the veins were found to be gorged with clotted blood. Whatever the exact nature of the attack may be, it is evident that the best preventive must be found in protecting the head and body from the sun, and I own I am distressed when I see the 60th Rifles dressed in dark green tunics, which absorb the heat almost as much as if they were made of black cloth, and their cloth forage caps poorly covered with a few folds of dark cotton. What shall we say of the 79th Highlanders, who still wear that picturesque and extraordinary head-dress, with the addition of a flap of gray cloth over the ears? If it were white perhaps it would afford some protection against the sun, but, as it is, this mass of black feathers is surely not the head-dress that would be chosen by any one, except a foolish fanatic savage, for the plains of India. The most decisive argument against it, however, is afforded by the objection of the men, who say they would much rather be without the bonnet. Can the most learned antiquaries ascertain the period when the trade in ostrich plumes between Africa and the Highlands was so brisk as to afford material for this national military head-dress? I regret to say, indeed, that in some points our soldiers here are not so well provided for as they might be. At home you will be surprised, and perhaps disgusted, to hear that many of the men of the Highland regiments are without stockings to their feet, and that their shoes are worn through and through, nor can they get any others.

You can readily imagine what it must be to march over these burning plains equipped in such a fashion. But there is another consideration still more important,—the Enfield ammunition of some regiments is so bad, so infamously made, that it almost destroys the utility of the weapon. When will the authorities have the courage to hang a fraudulent contractor? Imagine the men of the 79th being obliged to hammer down their cartridges by striking the head of the ramrod against a stone in the wall, and even when loaded after this fashion, the weapon is rendered useless by the rim of the bullet sticking in the breach. It is but right to say that this ammunition appears to have been made up in India, and that it does not bear the Enfield mark. It seems, indeed, do what we will and pay what we will, that a hopeless blight hangs over some of our arrangements.—The men of the 35th at Arrah were left without food on the day they attacked the enemy from the previous evening, and they were marched out under an Indian sun with their thick cloth coats and leathern stocks—in fact, they were prepared expressly as an offering to *couy de soleil*. Some officers use their brains and save their men's lives.

The Times' correspondent gives the following account of a narrow escape of Sir C. Campbell in the engagement with the Moolvie near Shahjehanpore:—"They opened their guns from several points, and caused some casualties among Tom's artillery.—One of their shots very nearly deprived us of our Commander-in-Chief. Sir Colin is a very cool and cautious leader; he is chary of the lives of his men almost to a fault; but, amid the noise of the captains and the shouting, he is careless to a fault of his own life. I would not wish to do so gallant and so brave a soldier an injustice, but it is felt by those about him that on the day of battle the Commander-in-Chief does not sufficiently appreciate the value of his own existence. At Bareilly he was almost among a crowd of fanatics who swept through the ranks of the 42nd. A sabre cut might have destroyed forever the delicate web of combinations the key of which is in his possession alone. To-day a round shot passed so close to him and the chief of the staff, striking the earth at their feet, that those of the staff who were near thought an escape scarcely possible."

WHERE ARE THE CHIEFS OF THE INDIAN REVOLT?—Amid all the surprises, captures, and successful attacks made by our troops the Nana Sahib still manages to preserve his liberty. A lac of rupees has been set upon his head, yet native cupidity has remained unassailable. He has now, we are told, managed to escape the "flying columns" of Oude, and it is said, is on his way to the Deccan. Should such be the case, he might manage to do a good deal of mischief; and we can only hope that the Poonah people will be upon their guard. Two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, two companies of the 18th Royal Irish, and one company of Natives, are to leave the Deccan capital for Jaulna in a few days. The cause

of this movement has not transpired. It is a small force, and, without artillery, can effect but little good in the way of fighting. The authorities may, however, know where game is to be found, and intend to lay their hands upon it quietly. It is just possible that Jaulna is not the destination of this flying detachment at all, as we cannot perceive what such a small force can be required for in that direction. The name of the field officer who is to command this little brigade has not transpired, and we understand a good deal of mystery is attached to the whole affair. It would not at all surprise us to hear that Government had received intelligence of the flight of the Nana Sahib, and that this column was about to be despatched to intercept him on the frontier. We have always been of opinion that he would ultimately shape his flight in the direction of the Maharratta capital. It was the home of the family which he by adoption represents, his friends and relations are numerous in the place, and if he could only once hoist his flag from the palace of the Peishwa, even were it not allowed to flutter in the breeze for an hour, its moral effect would be tremendous. Greater vigilance is required at the present time in Poonah, than during any previous period of the crisis. The emissaries of the Nana Sahib are to be found in every Deccan village. Maharratta is filled with them; and their representations are as specious as they are false. The Sawant brothers are not the most dangerous malcontents in the southern Maharratta country. It is the chiefs who ought to be watched; and the travelling Brahmins of Poonah and Sartara. At the latter place the snake is scotchd, not killed; and although the decision and vigilance of Rose have managed to keep down disaffection with a strong hand, yet the dying embers might still be blown into a flame. Our perils are not past.—Bombay Telegraph and Courier.

CHINA.

The allied fleet were at anchor off the mouth of the Peils on the 20th of April.

A French transport, with 999 marines had arrived. It was expected that in a few days, the first blow in the North would be struck, by the capture of the forts at the mouth.

THE MONEY-LENDER.

(By Douglas Jerrold.)

We have painted one Money-Lender—not the mere sordid muckworm of a century ago, but the man enter of the present day. There are, however, many varieties. There is the fashionable Money-Lender, who wriggles himself into parties; calls a broken lord or two his friend; gets himself enrolled at a small club, and dubs himself a gentleman. He has a great taste for the fine arts, visits the opera, and thinks Bellini a most magnificent fellow. Two or three popular authors are, if you will believe him, his most intimate acquaintances; and the leading actor, whoever he may be, dines with him once a week. He is, moreover, a liberal in his opinion; at least, he was, until Reform became vulgar, and a mild Whiggism was voted the genteel thing. He is a man, in his own word, of the very best society: for he is, every season, one of the seven hundred who feed at the Honorable Mr. Rougepot's, the oriental dowager's. It is at his club, and at such parties, that he makes friends, and enlarges his connections; it is there that he spins his web, and catches the "glided flies" of fortune.

The legal Money-Lender is a harpy of the longest claws; he has no more heart than a drum; no more blood than a cricket. He is, notwithstanding, a most respectable solicitor; as chary of his reputation as a housewife of a favourite piece of cracked china; and resents the slightest insinuation of his infamy with even alarming vigour. Now and then he is, poor man, grossly libelled by the press; whereupon, he becomes one of a society for the better protection of morals. Though steeped from head to sole in rascality—though a moral Ethiop, under the benign protection of the law of libel, he is the purest of the pure; yet one of the fairest of the sons of men. It is ten to one that he has married prosperously—has caught a rich and inexperienced client—perhaps one of three orphan sisters; and is, thereby, the friend and legal adviser of the unprotected. As such, he absorbs the whole of their substance, emmeshes them in the nets of his craft, and—the process is rapid—they are beggars. That the children of affluence should have nothing to remind them of their past condition—that nothing tangible should remain to them to awaken recollections of happier days, the money-lending lawyer has been known to remove from them every painful memento, even though it were a harp or a piano. He is, nevertheless, a most respectable man; has very handsome chambers, keeps a score of clerks, and lends money from eighty to cent per cent. His face we draw from the life—would be inexpressive as a stale muffin were it not for the two cat-like eyes, and thin, cruel lips, that redeem it from utter blankness. He moves stealthily as an ogre; as though haunted by the memory of a thousand acts that have written him down in the private memoranda of Lucifer. He, the Attorney Money-Lender, is admirably fitted to display the wisdom and philanthropy of the English laws. Had he lived in Spain, he would have made an excellent companion of the Inquisition; would, with demoniacal complacency have applied the thumbscrew, the burning pincers, and the molten lead. Born in England, bred an attorney, and adding to his professional cares the anxieties of Money-Lender, he is yet enabled to satisfy his natural and acquired lust of evil, and he therefore gets up costs. He has never stood at the bar of a police office, and yet his hands are dyed with the blood of broken hearts. Under cover of the law, armed with its curious weapons, he lives a life of rapine, hoards wealth, passes for a most respectable man—for he never had a bill protested, and owes no man a shilling—and, when he dies, a tombstone will record his apocryphal virtues for the example of a future generation. Yet is not the wretched Money-Lender all to blame; his iniquity, base as it is, is assisted by bad laws. The wisdom of the legislature has made poverty punishable; and, putting the scourge, iniquitous costs, into the hands of the attorney, he wields the knout for his own especial benefit, to the torture, and sometimes death of the suffering.—"Death!" exclaims the reader; "what exaggeration! It is possible that so respectable a man as—" Quite possible; worse, quite true. Our hero, soft-spoken as a maid, and sleek-looking as a beaver, has dabbled in blood, but only in the way of the law.—The bow-string is unknown in free and happy England; but, be sure of it, innocent reader, red tape has its daily victims.

Then, there is the benevolent Money-Lender. The animal that, whilst he devours his man, drops crocodile tears; and, in the act to pounce upon his victim—to feed at his very throat—looks blandly in his face and cries, "What can I do?" There is the humorous Money-Lender. The frank, jovial, companionable, fellow, who asks sixty-seventy—a hundred per cent. with a horse-laugh, and thinks the hardest usury the finest joke. The bacchanal Money-Lender is a common animal. He lends half in gold, and half in poison: so many pounds sterling, and so much bad vinegar, that, having been kept near port, must, as he conceives, have a vinous flavour. There is the military Money Lender. He is a captain, whose name and rank have never appeared in "The Army List." Nevertheless, he is a man of most refined honour, and robs with the highest sense of a gentleman. He has a country-house somewhere; but generally his letters directed to a tavern, where it will sometimes unfortunately happen he has either just been, or just coming, or where he will not return for many days, as circumstances may direct. He is very often the jockey, the mere hunter for the greater *carriosa*; and, as an "agent" is not called upon to blush for another party, he will look in your face, and ask your permission to eat you