

and its rain, that noxious exhalations from the earth, and deleterious miasmata, before confined to the neighbourhood of their origin by opposed or light currents of air, in the day, or attracted by the land (the more lofty the more attractive) in the night, are removed, and, consequently, the indelible distressing feelings occasioned by a foul atmosphere are superseded by those comparatively pleasurable and enlivening sensations which have been already noticed.—*Boyle on the Western Coast of Africa.*

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH JOURNALS.

MORNING HERALD.

We doubt that the labours of the Committee upon the silk trade will lead to any beneficial result, constituted as that Committee, for the greater part, is of the avowed advocates of that system miscalled 'free trade,' which has brought our manufactures to the verge of ruin, and filled the once flourishing hives of British industry with starving artisans.

Let it not be supposed we object to the Principle of free trade, if the circumstances of the country allowed trade to become really free, and other nations reciprocated the advantages of a liberal system of commercial intercourse; but what we object to, and have long objected to, is the removal of legislative protection from our manufactures; while the productive industry of the country is so laden with the burdens of accumulated taxation, that to talk of its 'free competition' with the industry of lightly-taxed countries, is an insulting mockery. Under such circumstances 'freedom of trade' is an absurd fiction—it is not only not a fact, but it is an impossibility. If our Statesmen would have trade free, they should have begun by knocking off the fetters of taxation. If they were not able to do that they should not have meddled with that legislative protection which was necessary to counteract the artificial evils of our fiscal system, which cripples British industry and presses its energies to the earth.

Other countries take advantage of the weakness of our spurious liberality—a liberality that exercises only the 'tender mercies of the cruel' toward our own manufacturers and artisans, while all its profitable sympathy is reserved for those foreign manufacturers who, while they sit down to the feast of our folly, imitate not our imprudence. So far are other nations from emulating our self-destroying generosity, that they seem disposed to draw the cord of commercial restriction tighter than before, and some of them have actually done so. What incentive do our free-traders find in the American, the French, or the Russian tariffs, to induce them to persevere in that career of destructive 'liberality' which meets no reciprocal return, from nations that have long been jealous of our commercial superiority, and take every advantage of the folly and weakness of our rulers to establish the prosperity of their trade on the ruin of our own?

But what can be expected while such a 'Statesman' as Mr. Poulett Thomson directs the councils of the Board of Trade? Pragmatic, self-sufficient, and of the most superficial attainment in political science, he is not the man to be instructed by failure, and to derive wisdom from experience. Incapable of following the late Mr. Huskisson in any thing but his errors, he wields figures against facts, and, when pressed by practical demonstration, catches up those bundles of official documents, with which, if he convinces nobody, he mystifies every thing, and, by a contrivance which may be resembled to the instinctive ingenuity of the ink fish, eludes pursuit. This gentleman is the pupil of Mr. Macculloch, who was the disciple of Mr. Ricardo, who was at the head of the bullion philosophers who 'scientifically' befuddled Sir Robert Peel into the famous currency Bill of 1819, Mr. Ricardo then stating that the change in the standard of the currency would only be to the amount of six per cent.—experience has shown it to be upwards of 40, or about seven times the amount calculated by the great oracle of the political economists. After such mischievous blundering on the great question of the currency, who can wonder at the fatal errors into which the Government and Legislature have fallen by surrendering their understandings to the political empiries of the free-trade system?

Yet it appears, notwithstanding the bitter experience which the country has had of the mischiefs of a system which has afflicted our manufacturers and ship owners with unexampled distress, the ruinous folly is likely to be persevered in until it consummates its work. Why else is it that the names of those who took an interest in the sufferings of the silk-manufacturers, and presented petitions on their behalf, have been omitted from the list of the Committee, with the exception of the Chairman, and one or two more, to make room for Mr. Morrison, Sir Henry Parnell, and others of the school of Mr. Poulett Thomson? Why are not such men as Mr. Denison, the Member of Nottinghamshire, and Mr. Robinson, on the Committee? Why did it require a remonstrance in the House to have Alderman Waitman's name added? Can the silk-weavers have confidence that a Committee so constituted will do justice to their cause?—MARCH 13.

LONDON ATLAS.

SIGHT SEEING.—Give an Englishman a sight, and you give him meat, drink, and clothing. He is more than happy, more than contented, he is in raptures. He will keep awake the night before, thinking about it, and he will not be able to sleep the night after for dreaming about it. What is there in this lower world that can for a moment come in competition with a sight? Money!—Push. What is the use of money but to buy front seats withal? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten guineas are cheerfully given for a seat to see the show. Manners?—Never is the maxim of quiesce pro sese more heartily developed than it is at a sight. Who that goes to see a show cares one iota for any one save his own dear self and his two pretty looking eyes, unless peradventure it may be some green simpleton in the first week of his courtship. 'The devil take the hindmost,' is not a whit more manifest among a set of scampering scrubs, who run roaring away from their enemy's bayonets, than it is among a crowd of sight-seers. Rushing, pushing, squeezing, driving, tearing, kicking, scrambling, elbowing, swearing, grumbling, and ten thousand other equally agreeable developments of the intensity of curiosity's hunger, are the manners of a gaping multitude. Comfort?—Who would not rather sit up all night on a pinnacle

as high as the Andes, as bleak as the summit of the Jung Frau, on a seat as soft as the edge of a hand-saw, and as safe as a crazy steam boiler, rather than not see a sight? Who cares for broad cloth or shoe-leather, ribs, hats, toes, watches, and pocket-handkerchiefs, when he goes to see a sight? What cares he for air, fresh or foul? It is nothing for him to be stewed down in a decoction of humanity, and to inhale for six, seven, eight, nine, or ten hours, the villainous gas of garlic, gin, and tobacco, to sit or stand jammed in amidst an impenetrable mass of rib-poking, toe-treading, heel-kicking, shin-scraping varlets, every one of whom is wishing his neighbour in any company save the present. Many a one who on ordinary occasions would think foul scorn of an ill-cooked unfashionable dish, would, to see a sight, undergo the pangs of hunger, or suffer the martyrdom of a tough beef sandwich into which it is difficult to set the teeth, and from which it is impossible to extricate them in much less than four and twenty hours. Business?—What handicraftsman can resist the fascinations of a show? For if the blacksmith leaves his iron to cool on the anvil, the pedagogue leaves the idle urchin unwhipped; tape-measurers spring with elastic bound across the counter, and instead of cutting drapery, cut the shop; tailors take measures to cabbage a glimpse of the passing procession; the barber makes short work with his brief; apothecaries are insensible to the fascinations of the gallipot, and heedless of the quails of their pill-craving customers. No business can go on, for all the world is gone off to see the show. Now, in the name of wonder, what can dramatic critics mean by the decay of dramatic taste, and croaking their dry throats about spectacle usurping the place of passion and poetry? What is passion and poetry to a fine sight? Is there a single passage in Shakespeare equal to a Lord Mayor's coach? Have not the managers of the dramatic exhibitions hit the right nail on the head, and neatly adapted themselves to the public taste? Have they not caught—

—the managers living, as they rise,

and whatmore or better could they do? By the craft of spectacles, the managers of the Roman empire kept that people somewhat in order; and what a pity it is that, instead of agitating the question of reform, the proprietors of boroughs had not hit upon the plan of entertaining the public with spectacles!—Gator and Old Sarum were an abomination in the eyes of the people, because there was nothing to see, and the people looked suspiciously on them because they were invisible. If there could have been a raree show, and a gun, drum, trumpet, and blunderbuss fuss at the choosing or nominating of members for those empty shells of decayed kernels, they might still have possessed the imposing right by virtue of an imposing sight. When the Duke of Wellington declared against reform, his blunder was not so much in substance as in mode; his Grace ought not to have said that he saw no need of reform; he should rather have said 'Let us have a public illumination;' or 'Let us go in state with harp, sackbut, and psaltery, and eat mutton chops with the Lord Mayor, and let God and MAGOG be lighted up with variegated lamps.' When the late Mr. Ellison was manager of Drury-lane Theatre, and critics were crying out for theatrical reform, he did not come forward and say, 'You shall have no reform;' but he gave them a grand spectacle of the coronation of George IV. and the theatre was filled forthwith, and the bowels of the playgoers no longer yearned after Shakspeare, or felt any longer for legitimate comedy, for they all enjoyed the sight, and thought no more of NORVAL or of Grampian hills. The policy of spectacles is great, especially if they be imposing; for if a spectacle be not imposing, it is good for nothing, it is a mere cheat. When a spectacle is skilfully got up, it fills an immense space to the public eye, and absorbs the public attention; and the public, with reverence be it spoken, is very much like what William Hazlitt used to call a man with one idea. It may be too proud to be led by the noise, but it has no objection to be led by the eye.

MORNING HERALD.

We have reason to think that the Opposition in the House of Lords will not be so formidable as some of our contemporaries have anticipated. It is generally expected that the second reading will be carried—but whether by an arrangement with the different parties, or by the power of the Ministers, does not as yet distinctly appear.—The Committee is said to be the scene of action. It is there that the Anti-reformers will put forth their greatest power. Lord Grey, it is said, will wait for that opportunity to ascertain the force of his opponents, before he determines to avail himself of that exercise of the prerogative which it must be his wish, if possible, to avoid. Amongst other reports which were current in the political circles yesterday, was one more favourable to the prospects of reform than its advocates have for some time indulged. It was said that Ministers calculated on an addition of 20 to the Peerage as all that would be necessary, even if they should be obliged to resort to new creations. If this be indeed the fact, many converts must have declared themselves for whose adhesion the public have not been prepared. We give the rumour, without vouching for its authenticity—though the justice of the cause would seem to warrant a calculation to that effect. One thing however, seems to be agreed on all hands, and that is, that the Bill is destined to experience a more respectful consideration than the one which was so peremptorily dismissed before.—MARCH 26.

MORNING HERALD.

Ministers are looking anxiously at the dismissed receipts of the Revenue; it is expected that in the quarter ending the 5th April, there will be a considerable deficiency as compared with the produce of that ending 5th April, 1831. We still continue to experience the effects produced on our commerce during last year by the unsettled state of the political horizon, and from the ravages and hindrances of the cholera.

If any one wishes to ascertain this, let him visit our commercial docks; he will learn that at no period during the last 15 years has so little business been doing there as at present. Yet this is the spring time of commercial adventure, as it is of the year. Let him visit the seats of our iron manufactories—the low price of iron, the languid demand for every article of which it forms the principal part, will strike the most superficial observer. If he pursues his way to those towns where

other manufactories are located, we fear he will make the same distressing discovery.

Is it not time that the cause of this universal depression should be ascertained? The agricultural interests are necessarily dependent on the prosperity of the trading members of the community. Should not our rulers volunteer to undertake this task—manfully to make a clear exposee in Parliament, where, and where only, they can derive all the advantages that can be obtained from the collision of conflicting opinions, and from the collective wisdom of the Senate?

The people, the suffering many, are quiet and resigned at present, contending themselves with preferring urgent entreaties for inquiry. Does not humanity prompt, and policy prescribe, a compliance, an assurance, that every possible means should be employed to relieve their distresses? Would not a committee of the whole House to inquire into the state of the nation, be advisable? One has been granted in circumstances less urgent than the present.—MARCH 14.

LONDON AGE.

THE CHOLERA.—The Cholera, that word of fear, has been for the last week frightening the cockneys out of their senses. For ourselves, we do not pretend to know more of medicine than nine-tenths of the physicians now prating about town, but we cannot help feeling an impression that there is a considerable quantity of humbug about the business. Nothing can be more slovenly than the manner in which the reports are drawn up—nothing more vague and senseless than the description given of the several cases. Of course every precaution should be taken against pestilence of any kind; but there is no plague more infectious than the pestilence of doctors out of employment. A poor fellow, with the letters M. D. tacked to his tail, has a keen nose for a plague, or any thing else which may fill his pockets. He is like death in Paradise Lost—

“Scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril-lids into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from afar.”

A Cholera Morbus in London would be completely a Godsend to some hundreds of poor physicians anxious to promote the cause of humanity. No wonder, therefore, that we shall have plenty of argumentation to prove that it is coming upon us thick and irresistible as the plagues of Egypt. Then, of course, as people are not to work for nothing, in steps the whole army of parochial authorities—churchwardens, overseers, vestry clerks, and the rest—who, as the funds are to be raised off the parish, know by long practice that there is something to be made out of the job. It is a bad cook, they say, who does not know how to lick his fingers. These gentry, we may depend upon it, will be on the qui vive to spread the belief that the disease is so alarming, that nothing short of their having the fingering of all the money in the parish can for a moment impede its progress. Then there comes behind, the worshipful company of the gentlemen of the press—the worthy penny-a-liners—whose ingenious pens are at this present moment sharpening for the concoction of innumerable paragraphs, relating to "facts interesting as respects the cholera." All this, we say, is to be held in consideration; and if we take the cholera itself with a spoonful of mustard, we must take all reports concerning it with a handful of salt. The reports have already done infinite mischief to the commercial affairs of the city. The mercantile men, looking out for a panic, are hoarding up their money as fast as they can; and the shipowners and export merchants are looking with dolorous eyes on the immediate prospect of a quarantine. We leave it to the Times—the free-trade Times—the no paper-money Times—to describe the present situation of affairs in this city. "The great ports of Europe, now inevitably to be closed against the London trade, as they receive no goods from us, will of course send us no money. For such a state of things, from the commerce, probably not one merchant in ten is able to make adequate provision; and to the most wealthy it must be productive of some, if not very considerable inconvenience! They begin, therefore, early to collect all their available resources within their reach, becoming borrowers perhaps to a certain extent, and suspending at all events the accommodation they have been used to afford to their own friends and connexions. We have become unhappily, so familiar in London with these (if not absolute panics), alterations from one cause or other in the value of money, that every man of property is instantly prepared here to act for his own security, though in so doing he frequently causes the evil to others against which he seeks to protect himself." Very well! who is the chief cause of the panics; the Times need not go far to look for them. There he sits, in the Grey cabinet, as Colonial Secretary, and is known to the people in general by the name and designation of GOOSE GODERICH. Again, says the Times—"All reasonable people see, in the consequence which it must have upon foreign countries, the last blow given to the com-