

—dropping rockets in honest people's dwellings—killing women and children in the street and all for what numskulls call glory. I'm sure of it, Prince Joinville felt ashamed of the work, and so did all the worthy fellows employed in it—and that's why they didn't put any heart into the matter—but banged away by fits and starts, and then hauled out of the bay, whilst the Moors were still cock-a-whoop. For myself, I know if I were a Prince and sent to do such work, I should feel myself very little better than a housebreaker—a Jack Sheppard with a cocked hat; and then for the glory of the thing—I'm blessed if I should rest of nights—I should dream of nothing but of the police and Newgate. Joinville has gone off down the coast, they say, to get some more houses. If I hear anything worth sending of his doings you shall have it. In the mean time believe me, truly, your "own correspondent."

THE BOY JONES.

The British Press:

From the Morning Post.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

Up to the present hour the professions of amity on the part of the French administration have been as unreserved as the forbearance on the part of our ministers. But there are powers above them, which may soon be beyond their means to control, if the most energetic and explicit views be not adopted. In France there is the vain glory, the restlessness, and the sanguinary spirit of a part of the nation who are the worthy scions of those who, after butchering a million of their own countrymen, involved all Europe in warfare, bloodshed, and devastation. They are led by the most cunning, reckless, the ablest and deepest intriguers of France, and for once Louis Philippe has played their game in the pursuit of popularity.

As to England, it is necessary that the rulers of France should know the reigning feeling and contemplate its consequences. The duplicity and violence displayed at Otaheite, and at the present moment on the coast of Africa, by the representatives of French power, have crowned the efforts of their press, which, for the last fourteen years, has incessantly employed every means of irritation. An universal indignation exists throughout this country, which daily increases its intensity. Most Englishmen believe, that whilst the hour of definitive rupture can only be retarded, the present time is the most opportune for striking the blow. Let us consider what is the position of Europe as regards this question.

As to the Continent, the fortresses and the whole of the left bank of the Rhine are bristling with the artillery and bayonets of those who owe France deep and still insufficiently repaid retribution for former aggressions. Hardly will France have begun a war than Austria will assemble an army on the Alps to protect her subjects from those false doctrines which France, like Mahomet of old, has always inculcated with hands steeped in blood. Across the Pyrenees dire experience has taught the Spanish ineffaceable distrust of French "sympathizers," and confidence in those who delivered them from the fiercest military thralldom and foreign tyranny. To this add that we will have for our firm ally the Sovereign who wields with most absolute will the greatest and the most mobile empires—Russia will be our second in the contest.

Thus, then, our war with France will be reduced to a naval warfare on our part. On the seas we have always been supreme; now we are still more to be feared, for steam is the greatest power. The steamers which convey the citizens of London to the towns on the coast each armed with a brace of cannon and a supply of Congreve rockets, would suffice alone to defend our coast, and devastate the opposite side of the channel. Our great naval armaments would sweep the distant seas of the French armed and commercial navies; and, entering the Mediterranean with Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands to recruit their power, cut off 400,000 French soldiers from the supplies and assistance of the mother country, starving them out in the land they have devastated wherever it was not already a desert, until they surrendered at discretion.

As to the pecuniary means of war—the warfare being only on the seas with prospects of speedy solution—our improved trade, abundant harvest, with the income tax, a ready means, producing already a surplus, and admitting of an increased return, would enable us to defray the expense. The effort would be immediately compensated by our absorbing French

trade, and becoming once more the carriers of European trade.

If we make war at present, we will make the French disgorge their plunder and possessions surreptitiously acquired, and with so much duplicity, in Africa, and prevent their accumulating a power, in the Mediterranean, daily becoming more dangerous to our own trade and possessions in that quarter.

Such are the views we recommend to our French neighbours, hoping they will have their salutary effect on their councils; for we are not, as they are, callous to human suffering. As a Christian nation, we recoil from the enormities to which warfare invariably leads, and of all blessing to humanity we value most peace but it must be honourable and complete, and, doubting the intentions of France, it would require but little more to stir us up to punish condignly her ill-masked and daily-increasing aggression.

The conditions of peace are very simple. France must withdraw her troops within her boundary. Her assertions as regards Mogador cannot be trusted, because we have the example of her duplicity as regards Algiers to guide us. Besides, England, and many other nations of Europe, are tired of burthening their subjects with taxes to maintain armaments to watch the warlike vagaries of France.

From the same.

We wish not to undervalue the physical courage of any nation—least of all that of our petulant allies across the channel; but it is not for their prowess nor for their power that the French are to be feared. It is that in their headlong spirit of comparativeness they are not to be withheld even by thoughts of self-preservation. Like wasps, they seek to sting, although stinging they die—"vitamque in vulnere ponunt."

This ruling and never ceasing spirit of mad aggression it is highly important for those who rule this country constantly to bear in mind, and be prepared to meet, as the final outbreak will suddenly supervene. In 1840, whatever may have been the supineness and indifference of public opinion in this country, we were on the brink of war, which any accidental collision betwixt the British and the French navies would at once have brought to a crisis. In the opinion of some of the wisest of statesmen, we have been still nearer a rupture within the last month. Had the rash Prince who commands the French fleet off the coast of Morocco only seized an English pilot, as he did in the Gulf of Mexico, the resentment of a British naval officer might have led at once to a fatal catastrophe.

It is well known to most of our political men that the relations betwixt England and France have, for a long time past, become daily more and more embittered from constantly repeated disappointment on our side. The night the last budget was presented to the House of Commons our merchants connected with the French trade flocked to the House of Commons, expecting an announcement of some modifications of the tariff with regard to France, founded on equivalent concessions, such as the best informed adherents of Sir Robert Peel had announced as forthcoming. But alas! the tariff fever was, for once, in its cold fit—neither brandy nor wine, neither linen nor iron, nor any other article of export or import of any moment in our trade with France was alluded to. Up to less than a week before the budget speech the British Government still believed in the French ministers being ready to make those corresponding concessions to England of which M. Guizot had made open allusion in one of his harangues to the Chamber of Deputies.

We have presented here one instance taken at random, out of many of a similar nature that we could offer. We do not pretend to assert that the French ministers are wilfully deceiving their English contemporaries—far from it. It is remarkable that whilst every party out of power in France is forever goading the nation to war, the ministry in power for the time being, to whatever side of the question it may belong, is always solicitous beyond measure to maintain a good understanding—*une entente cordiale*—with England. But it is no less certain that none of them dare boldly and fully accomplish their intentions, and that they are driven into breaches of good faith and trust, and into inimical proceedings, for which, as the rolling government, they are answerable.

London Illustrated News, Aug. 24.

THE HARVEST.

August is drawing towards its end, and we are in the midst of Harvest—that season which, in all ages of the world, and

among all races of men, has been one of peculiar interest. The development of commerce—the tendency of which is to render nations less dependant on themselves for their supply of food, by commanding others to sow and reap for them—purchasing the product of their toil by the fabrics of the steam-engine and the loom—may have lessened the interest attached to the word harvest—made it less absorbing than it was in a less artificial state of society—but still it appeals to feelings and associations that are among the best of our nature. As long as a man shall be tiller of the soil, directing his skill and strength to that toil by which the "earth is blessed with increase," so long must the recurrence of the season that crowns the year with plenty be hailed with gratitude and welcomed by rejoicing. Hope and fear are passed, and certainty has taken their place—a relief which none can conceive save those whose stake on the chances of the seasons is a heavy one. That period passed, they can look forward to a time of comparative cessation from the never-ending, still-beginning, toils of rural life; while to the trader of the town and the artisan of the crowded city it is of no less vital importance—for on the result of the month, the termination of which is approaching, depends the prosperity of trade, the elasticity of commerce, and the consequent employment and wages on which the very subsistence of such multitudes depends. It is unnecessary to trace the action and reaction of good or bad harvests on the entire system of society, but it is experienced throughout the whole fabric. Every class feels the benefit of plenty, and none can altogether escape the evils of scarcity: they fall of course with the greatest severity on the most destitute, but, good or bad, the results of the harvest produce effects that are all-inclusive; each succeeding year is a confirmation of the text that tells us "The profit of the earth is for all; the King himself is served by the field."

There has been states wholly trading and commercial that depended entirely on the harvests of others, having neither fields nor granaries of their own. Venice was founded on a few islets in the midst of the sea, grew a rich and powerful republic, great in arts, arms, and commerce; she had no fertile plains to till, but she made the ocean her field, and the keels of her merchant ships were the ploughs that made it fruitful of all kinds of wealth to her. Holland, again, was a country almost rescued from the waters, and the people did not attempt that for which their soil was unfavourable; they grew but little grain, and imported it largely from others. But with these exceptions, the nations of Europe have in all times been compelled to engage in agriculture as the great means of procuring human support; the principal by which the division of labour takes place among individuals has not yet been established among nations; or we might, perhaps, see some countries devoted exclusively to the task of raising food for the others engaged wholly in manufactures; but the best conditions seems to be produced by a due blending of the two pursuits in every country. Nations exclusively agricultural are often found to possess but a low state of physical comfort. England is an example of the co-existence of agriculture and manufactures to an immense extent, the whole of our population being absorbed by one or other of these pursuits both making our land a scene of unexampled activity. Here, then, notwithstanding our crowded towns, our "torril mines, and noisy factories," our thousands who rarely see a green field; and to whom the processes of agriculture are perfect mysteries—who never see corn till it comes to them in the manufactured shape of bread, and who sometimes in that state see far to little of it—we have still among us the feelings of an agricultural people: many of those feelings and associations would be but ill exchanged for those of the life of the manufacturing system, which reduces each individual to a mere portion of the great machine, whirled on with it, with it broken, and with it cast aside.

Harvest and Harvest Home! How many and how beautiful are the associations connected with both! How frequently have they been taken by poetry for their themes! How fervently do we meet with them as illustration of Divine truths in the pages of Scripture? The ears of corn plucked on the Sabbath gave the occasion for the sublime rebuke to the over-righteous of the Pharisees. The parable of the sower is connected with one of the most interesting operations of husbandry, and the seed "sown in corruption," only fully exemplifies the great and glorious truth which the apostle preached, when it attains the fullness of Harvest! The "lilies of the field," who

"toil not, neither do they spin," are cited as things that reprove the vain glory of the world; the tares sown by the enemy among the wheat give another beautiful illustration drawn from the more simple life of the husbandman; the whole story of Joseph and his brethren—the vision of the wheat-sheaves—the dream of the ears of corn—of the fat and lean kine—the seven years of plenty—the store-houses with which the wisdom of the Hebrew youth provided the land of Egypt—the visit of his brethren—the cup found in the mouth of Benjamin's sack—are all portions of a history, the events of which could only have occurred when agriculture was the general occupation of mankind. A land fertile in all good things, a land "flowing with milk and honey," was the reward promised to the Children of Israel. Neither must we forget the touching story of Ruth, who

Stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Nor would it be amiss that all should remember the injunctions laid down in Holy Writ upon those whom Heaven has blessed with abundance, not to "muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn," not to deny the labourer his hire, not to turn back for the sheaf forgotten in the field, but to let it be left for the poor and the needy. At no time should the spirit of charity prompt us more strongly than when the fruits of the earth are gathered in. These precepts are not dead, though they may be sleeping. May some recollection of them be present at many an English Harvest Home!

When we reflect on the thousand ills that a bad or insufficient harvest entails on the country, we cannot be too thankful for plenty and abundance. It relieves the labourer from the necessity of expending the greater part of his earnings in food; it keeps at home large masses of capital that must otherwise be sent abroad for the purchase of the food of which the supply is deficient at home; and that capital, employed in a thousand branches of enterprise, gives an elasticity and stimulus to trade and occupation, which would otherwise languish, entailing want and deprivation on thousands. Politicians may differ as they please on modes and theories of Government; but our worst evils are social evils, and of these the one most to be deplored is a bad and deficient Harvest.

But beyond this there is another thing to be grateful for. Even the blessing of abundance may be marred by unpropitious weather at this critical period. Nothing is so much subjected to the "skiey influences" as the Harvest. A wet, inclement August has often destroyed the most cherished hopes of the husbandman. Few spectacles can be more desolate or disheartening than to see the produce of the year's labour blackening and rotting beneath continued rains. The present season has not been quite exempt from anxiety of this kind; but for the last few days the weather, though with a tendency to changeableness, has not been unfavourable, and the accounts from all parts of the country are gratifying. Amid the wars and rumours of wars, with which the world is at present rife, it is pleasing to be able to turn aside from them to the prospects held out by the pursuits of Peace, who, with a wreath of corn round her temples, and pouring abundance from her horn, is far more agreeable, either in allegory or in fact, than any warrior of any nation, however great, crowned with the laurels that only spring from blood and tears!

The French Press.

The *Journal des Debats* contains the following sensible answer to the warlike reports of the Bourse:—

"The Exchange was yesterday in a state of agitation—alarming reports were spread, and a considerable fall was the consequence. We are sensible of the gravity of the question which is pending between France and England; we feel that the emotion manifest in the two countries is very natural, and nothing can be a stronger proof, than this general inquietude, of the necessity of their being upon a good understanding. Relying, as we do, upon the wisdom of the two cabinets, we are still ignorant of the termination of this difference, and nothing in the world can induce us to fall to sleep public opinion during the existence of a serious danger. We are, nevertheless, bound to say that the greater part of the news which has been disseminated is incorrect, or at least premature. It is not true that our government has received the ultimatum of England. Hitherto there is nothing new, no alteration, in the relations between the two governments. Our own hopes still rest upon a pacific solution, which will restore the