

of one of the journals. The judge declared, as a principle of law, that no journal could be condemned for a libel which had not been issued to the public. This must look very like a conundrum to the English reader; but it must be borne in mind that a Spanish newspaper is not always sure of reaching the public. It is sometimes intercepted by the authorities. The circulation is often limited to the censor, whose business it is to see what it contains beforehand, and decide whether it shall be published or not. If he does not like its contents, he takes possession of the whole edition himself.

Under such circumstances the judge declared that the editor could not be punished for a libel. It was necessary that the paper should be published to constitute the offence of libel. Up to this point, therefore, the press is free. A journalist may write whatever he pleases, and print it too, with impunity—provided only that he puts it into the fire.

The Spanish newspapers have made a great glorification of this affair. They announce the decision of the judge as something gained to the cause of freedom, something forced from the hands of despotism; and the people gave a dinner to the editor to celebrate this triumph of the liberty of the press!

We may herein see how far the Spaniards have advanced towards a state of freedom in matters of opinion. They have gained the clear right of doing every thing with their opinions, except making them public. They may put their opinions into prose or verse—But they must not let them be seen. It is giving a pretty woman the privilege of consulting her looking-glass only in the dark.

It is regarded as a great boon to the newspaper, that after it shall have been absolutely confiscated, and its profits totally cut off, its editors cannot be condemned for libels. A man is first deprived of his means of subsistence, and then he is desired to be very grateful, and to esteem it as a proof of the freedom of the institutions under which he lives that he is not also fined, ironed and imprisoned.

But is it a grand thing for the Spaniards, looking to all the circumstances of their situation, that the government kindly allows them to think. It does not appear that the Minister has yet openly interfered with their thoughts. Nobody has had his thoughts stopped half-way; although the bulk of the people have been so confounded and perplexed that they don't know what to think.

When we hear of the seizure of newspapers in Spain, we are apt to suspect there is a little exaggeration in the matter. We can hardly understand the phenomenon of a sheet spotted over with white blanks, left by the purifying hand of the censor. We can never believe these things up to the full extremity. We are subject to a generous incredulity which is apt to measure distant facts by our own immediate experience, and which can no more realise the spectacle of a newspaper office in the hands of the police.

We have good reason, too, for our incredulity. In all other parts of civilised Europe the press is free—at least to take the consequences of its own acts. In Spain alone it is paralysed on the threshold of publication. We believe Louis Philippe has attempted some freaks of this kind, and we know that he has dealt perfidiously with the press; but even for all this, the French Newspaper enjoys sufficient liberty of utterance for all general and ordinary ends. It may denounce the policy of the Executive; it may even caricature the sensuous jowl of Louis Philippe. In Spain alone it is speechless, unless it speak under permission of the authorities.

We beg leave to suggest a remedy for the editorial distresses of Spain. As editors have left to them the right of thinking, and may exhibit that right by any pantomimic process that does not involve publication, they may easily communicate their mental impressions to the world without resorting to any printed impressions whatever. The thing is done at once by a telegraph. *El Eco* can make signs to *El Espectador*, and *Heraldo* can open its mind without reserve to *El Tiempo*. The dumb gesticulation and silent eloquence of the editorial telegraph would answer all purposes of intercommunication of ideas. To be sure it would be attended with one inconvenience—there would be some outlay and no returns. The telegraph could not be circulated—there would be no subscribers. But Spanish patriotism has shown that it is capable of submitting to worse sacrifices than that. *It has submitted to the Montpensier marriage.*

Lady Anne Hamilton, the faithful friend and follower of Queen Caroline, died at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. She was seized with her last fatal illness on the preceding Friday, and we believe remained unconscious from the time of the attack to the period of her decease. Lady Anne Hamilton was one of the Princess of Wales' (afterwards Queen Caroline,) ladies in waiting. When the Princess of Wales went abroad in 1841, Lady Anne did not accompany her with her other ladies; but when she became Queen Caroline, and was on her return to this country, Lady Anne joined her on her way back to Flanders, and she entered London in the same carriage with the Queen. After Queen Caroline's death, Lady Anne Hamilton retired once more into private life, and in course of time her means of a comfortable existence were greatly reduced. After several changes of residence, she at last retired to a small house in White Lion Street, Islington, where she ended her days. Lady Anne Hamilton was the eldest daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton. She was born on the 16th of March, 1766, and was consequently in the eighty first year of her age.

FRANCE.—The King, by an ordinance of the 6th instant, pardoned upwards of a hundred prisoners on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier. Among those whose penalties were commuted are five of the accomplices of Quinsset, who was sentenced to death by the Court of Peers in 1841, for an attempt against the lives of the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and Aumale. These are—Brazier, who was also capitally convicted; Jarasse, Petit, Malet, and Boucheron. Eight other political offenders, implicated in the insurrectionary movements of La Vendée, in 1834 and 1835; four others, condemned for participation in the plot of Marseilles, in 1841; and nine galley-slaves, confined in the *bâgnes* of Rochefort, Brest, and Toulon, whose good behaviour was made known to His Majesty, had also experienced the royal clemency. Agreeably to the desire of the King, the amnestied were apprised of their pardon on the 10th instant, the day of the marriage of the Prince.

CHANGES ON THE ROAD.—Human life was never so aptly compared to a voyage as at the present day, when all classes exist in the tumult of change, and those best who foresee and accommodate themselves to new circumstances. In politics, in divinity, in the arts, and in trade, this is at once the spectacle of social existence.

Of all the features of external life, railroad travelling is the most extraordinary. Great wars have been waged in support of the picturesque beauties of England, but the chivalry of country gentlemen in defence of their parks being exhausted, and the land destined to be one universal gridiron, it is well to acquiesce, and to make the best of it. Rapidity of transit is of undoubted merchantile advantage; but to the leisurely traveller for health or pleasure a more questionable benefit. We grant that it serves the object of sudden remoteness and seclusion to engage the tremendous horse, Steam, who never tires, who comes snorting, panting, and shrieking from his stable full of exuberant power, which tons of dead weight at his back cannot tame or subdue, and who, if he once gets loose from his tackle, cuts away heaven knows where. If the monster goes well, all is well; and in the interval between breakfast and dinner, we are transferred from Cockneydom to the cathedral city, seated in monastic quiet amidst its closes, its glebes, and historical associations—a most surprising change; if ill—somebody pays, and everybody is thankful but the sufferers. The "chances and changes of life" it is true, were wont to be exhibited at times on the old coach road; and the many caped driver assumed the reigns with a more than ordinary resolution, when at a certain stage, a skittish kicking mare happened to be put to. Which of the outsiders, if upset, was to exchange the home prospect for the road side inn and the surgeon, was undecided; each devoutly hoped it might not be himself.

The public have great complacency in the perusal of accidents, and so extraordinary is the individual trust in destiny, that they neglect to profit by experience; precautions for safety are consequently the slowest in the march of improvement. The gentleman who, in walking to his suburban residence, was knocked down and robbed every night for three weeks, and then moved because he could stand it no longer—illustrates the characteristic inertness of John Bull. On comparing the general amount of accidents with the constant activity of trains throughout the kingdom, there is certainly favourable testimony to their management; but still collisions do occur, ordinarily much softened down in newspaper paragraphs, though little to the passengers. If it is a mere case of contusing, shaking, or laming, nobody is hurt—though, on these occasions, there is often "that within which passeth show;" for death outright, however, there is no palliative. That is as stubborn a fact as the Arabian tailor and his wife had to deal with in the story of the *Hunchback*. We know what follows, General Pasley runs down, and the inquest over, things proceed as before.

When safety and cheapness are combined with regularity, the railroad will be in higher favor with the leisurely traveller, who has no occasion to pursue pleasure by express, or take a special train for a sentimental journey. Since money and business will be first served in this country, it is to be hoped that recreation and enjoyment may follow. Towards the advancement of intelligence and sociality, the train, it must be confessed, opens a hopeful prospect.

Meanwhile, with our beautiful country intersected in straight lines, and built up in mounds, embankments, and tunnels, with the engine smoking and fuming away through the very heart of its verdure, it is impossible not to recollect the good old coach days without a sigh. The village inn, with its array of punch bowls and lemons, its elm tree, its white curtained bed room, and gouty landlord, awakened benevolence. A hundred associations with the old novels and with past times consecrated it; an honest poet, like Goldsmith, who relished its hospitality, could transfuse the impression into verse. But when the great caravan turns out to refresh at such stations as Rugby or Swindon, we do not know what suggests itself to the imagination except an American scene of selfishness and scramble. There the rapid eating, the swilling from glasses doubtfully clean, the debate about being served, and the contest about what is to pay, convey a lively idea of transatlantic manners. In such a crowd our country solitude commences, and on all sides the poetry of the thing is dim and dreadful. The profound darkness into which we plunge, the scream of the guide, and the roar of passing trains, awaken the feelings for which pleasure should compensate. That all this is an improvement there can be no doubt, and that its advantage is yet to be extended; but