

THE GUARDIAN

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1876

THE FRENCH ELECTION

EXCITING squibs and addresses contribute perhaps as much as any kind of literary composition to the diversion of mankind. On the eve of an election whether of a Parliamentary representative or for a parish or borough, the bland demagogue and amiable expounder of the candidate for honour, have been the subject of satire long before the famous Mr. Forster wielded the knot of the *Eatantour's Gazette*. At our last General Election, and at the throes of a country has passed through, we not the pleasantness of Mr. GLADSTONE upon "Malacca and Bacca," to eulphorize, and the fiery retorts of the coming man that at Huguenden apparently little suspecting the change, which in so short a time, would come "over upon the spirit of his dreams?" Probably, the actual voting-power in this country is not greatly influenced by the addressing addresses before the hustings; but it would appear that in this respect the same cannot be said of the people of France. At this moment those who have a taste for election addresses may find specimens of almost every known variety—"the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe"—appealing to French constituencies. First, let us place the stately, almost imperial proclamation of the Marshal-President, which was well calculated to arrest the attention of Europe. It smells somewhat strongly of powder, and its writer appears to be significantly desirous that the French nation shall not forget that he is not only master of the political situation, but of legions of flashing bayonets behind him. Nothing assuming the shape of this manifesto has been seen on the walls of Paris since that last melancholy confession of fallen fortunes from the dethroned Emperor, dated from his prison-palace of Wilhelmshöhe, but it has nothing in common with that desponding document. It is more like that flashy address which heralded the *plessidite*, and actually contains a repetition of the remarkable expression about "preserving order which at that time gained for NAPOLEON III. the sobriquet of 'Saviour of Society.'" Notwithstanding the tremendous pages of history which have been filled up since then, France does not appear to have profited greatly by their lessons. Then as now; restless, divided, feckle, and dissatisfied, she becomes the sport of political quacks, and of parties not one of which has the genuine patriotism to forget for the moment its personal differences for the sake of the general common-wealth. Each party professing to hold the golden key which alone can supply the state secret by which France may regain anything like stable institutions. The refusal of the Government to allow M. GAMBETTA to speak at a public banquet in one place, supplied him only with the opportunity of denouncing upon his political antagonists at another. His speech at Aix has therefore been the subject of comment for days in France, and considering the treatment he has received from the Government, it is, to say the least of it, singularly moderate and temperate in its tone. His strictures upon the existing state of things in France exemplified by the fact "that in spite of so many revolutions, France could not enjoy the most elementary guarantee of free peoples—the right of public meeting"—was a hit cleverly delivered, but perhaps the best thing in his speech was the way in which he tried with one blow to demolish every other party beside his own. "As to those intriguing to bring back a king of the elder or younger branch, conspiring to saddle us with one last disgrace; under which every sentiment of national honour would disappear by bringing back, I know not what creature of chance, under the name of Cesar, they are the enemies of civil and social peace." This, however, from GAMBETTA, is tame to what VIVRON HISO publishes in the *Reppel*. Here, we get justice done to the situation, in truly French style, if after all it only be poetical justice. It has the unmistakable ring of the author of *Napoleon le Petit*. It is just the sort of redomesticated over which the German soldiers used to make merry in Metz when they read in the Paris newspapers the French versions of stories of the war, to which they themselves could supply such a different commentary.—"France the elder sister of nations, likened to an anvil emitting sparks of light under hatred," is a grand conception truly! and in anything but an election speech or an utterance by M. VIVRON HISO would seem a subject which might naturally invite playful criticism. We can, however, only measure our admiration of this speech at this distance, by the grim smile which we may be sure overspread the Marshal-President's features when he came to this remarkable peroration—"Thinkers are more useful than soldiers." If the thinkers are to be represented by such enthusiasts as

VICTOR HUGO, and the soldiers by MARSHAL MACMAHON, in the minds of most of our readers the thought will doubtless occur that in the choice of President, France has certainly put the right man in the right place.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

The *Edinburgh Review* article on the purchase of the *St. Paul* Canal is attributed to Mr. Goehsen's pen. If so, it indicates the line which Her Majesty's opposition intend to take in the coming debate. If this be so, I may say, by anticipation, that the Ministry will not suffer much from the article. The Ministry, however, did not know the article, and as its strong point is that the Ministry neglected their duty in not summoning Parliament to December, but considering that there was no need for a special act of indemnity, as in the case of a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, this criticism does not seem to be very strong.

Altogether, the article has the air of officious opposition kept up for men's sake.

Lord Carnarvon is going to have a great house-warding at the new Colonial Office, to which he has just about to remove, and which he has just had the Colonial Secretary to grace the proceedings. The Countess, it will be remembered, died about a year ago. It had been the Earl's intention to erect a tower residence on the site of the little chapel, below St. James's Square, where he had intended to have a family chapel and put up a family manse, but he postponed indefinitely on account of various circumstances, it is a matter of seasonal regret that Mr. Brooke was disturbed and a congregation broken up, which it will not be easy to collect together again.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have had two great ecclesiastical cases before them—the purchase of the *St. Paul* Canal and the title of the *St. Paul* Canal. The result of the cases is, of course, to be hoped, very wide apart. In the former, after much hair-splitting argument, they have come to a conclusion in which nothing is concluded, or, in other words, they reserve judgment; in the latter they decide that the Rev. Mr. Keet had a right to have "Devil" on the sign of his lambetons. This decision is, of course, of almost importance as a precedent, and will somewhat derogate from the power of the clergy.

from the men. And so the ironworkers of Meers, Eastons and Anderson at Elrith continue, and the war is being fiercely waged. The contest happens at a bad time for the men, as the iron trade was rather dull when it commenced, and the firm are not particularly anxious about filling up the places of the men who have left. Meers, Eastons and Anderson have still a number of apprentices at work, while the moulders and boiler-makers' department is not included in the strike. We shall now see how the Employer's Association of the South acts towards the men. This Association of the South operates with regard to striking. This practice is not absolutely prohibited by this Act, but conditions are laid down which make it a less powerful weapon in the hands of the men. Considerable numbers, it is stated, seeking work, arrive every day by railway, but they are intercepted by the pickets and induced to forgo their intention of applying to the factory. This is legal, but it is extremely difficult for men who are either locked out or have locked themselves out to confine themselves within the legal limits. I hope there will be no such cases. I have been told that the mild form of this law at present carried out without much power. If Meers, Eastons and Anderson regularly engage fresh men on mutually understood conditions, and steps have been taken, I understand, to do this. This quarrel between masters in favour of piece-work and men advocating time-work is at great importance beyond the limits of this trade, and working men generally are now in their own circles discussing the points involved. It is pretty certain that no general rule will be laid down, for whether labour is paid by piece or by time is a question that must depend very much upon the nature of the work. With regard to particular strikes it is now seen that much may be said on either side.

It was to be hoped that we had heard the last—for a time—of a certain forensic doctor who was the thick and thin advocate of "A nobleman languishing in Darinmore," but it has been announced that he is about to commence a series of "religious services for the people." On that that—the doctor, not the "nobleman"—has sold his wig and gown, not having any further use for them. He has been, as all the world knows, disheebled, disbarred, and struck off the rolls, and he cannot be blamed for turning an honest-penny, or mere, by selling what he does not want, but which, by the way, I cannot understand any one else wanting.

I feel I am doing right to call attention to the scandalous system of imposing first on newspapers and editors and secondly on the general reader. Guilty French neighbours in London have a special right to be heard. I think it would be well if we did the same. The deliberate manufacture of absolutely false news is not carried on to a large extent, but perhaps to a greater extent than the public or newspaper managers are aware of. The French Government I once saw proceed to this. They take an old newspaper paragraph for granted; they then alter names, dates, and places, and carefully choosing such as cannot be easily proved, turn it into a new paragraph. I have seen a paragraph thus young woman in an ordinary walk of life is turned into a young lady of high social position; a young man who is a student of a French university and murderous outrage, a schoolmaster over a preparatory school is transmuted into an accomplished scholar, and a young woman who is a French schoolmistress is transformed to this woman. I have just read a paragraph as follows "Result of a Lover's Quagmire.—On meaning a young man who had quarrelled with her sweetheart, leaped out of a third-floor window at an early hour of the morning, and was killed." And more than one such sort are manufactured out of an ordinary newspaper paragraph. The lady was not young, but middle-aged; she was not a French schoolmistress, but a French girl; and as this concocter gave it: she had no lover and consequently did not quarrel with him; she did not leap out of a window, but was killed by a bullet fired from a revolver. I give this as an instance of many more of these tricks. I have seen a paragraph of many boxes on the London daily press, and the boxes were of many different kinds. The descriptions of these tricks are at present confined to the metropolis. Their villainous chimericalness, however, is being spread all over the country, and the confounders of lies will have a hard time of it.

MIR JOHN BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM

Mr. Brich, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Muntz addressed their constituents at the Town Hall, Birmingham, Saturday evening. Alderman Chamberlain (Mayor) presided.

THE CHAIRMAN having briefly spoken, Mr. BROWN—who was received with a tremendous burst of applause—said:—I shall not dwell on the subjects which have been so much discussed—subjects I must

[illegible][illegible]

ness upon the country as we are all **FREE-LAND** men, and we are secured by the abolition of the Corn Laws. I may repeat to you, that I am a Free-Land man, and I am glad to hear that the Lord Derby has been speaking. I tell you that your own powers are dwarfed and crippled by the paralysis which extends over all the county republicans. I tell you that the only way to get out of this is to make a man fairly young, and I tell you that I am asking you to undertake it to strengthen and confirm your own powers while you are extending your franchises to the right of the equalization of the franchise. (Hear, hear.) Well, then, give to the people who are now excluded that freedom which the Constitution has given to you—give them the freedom of the soil and the right of the franchise. I invite you, and with a cordial hand you will receive them—you will invite them to partake of that sublime justice which injures no one but is rich in blessings and is given to all who are permitted to share it. (Hear, hear.)

(Mr. Dixon and Mr. Muntz having addressed the meeting, a resolution was proposed expressing confidence in the representatives. To this an amendment was moved condemning the action of the members in connection with the direct representation of labour question. The friends of Sir Roger Tichborne's also submitted an "amendment," and the utmost excitement followed. After a scene of some excitement the amendments were rejected by an overwhelming majority, and the original motion was carried amidst the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Bright made a spirited and telling reply to the note, and to some of the circumstances which had surrounded it.)

LITERARY EXTRACTS

the "Iron trade." The goat is essentially a subhuman animal; and its value chiefly consists in the fact that, eating almost any vegetable material, it can be kept where no other milk-giving animal can be kept. The goat is a "cow with the iron tail" is still a favourite breed among city dairymen, and there are many too deeply interested in even a small quantity of really pure and nourishing milk to be bothered by interest in the fact that the goat is not adapted for petting in itself, places this within their reach. The refuse of most ordinary gardens will keep a goat, and two to four pounds of rich milk, in return for it, are not to be despised.—*Live Stock Journal and Fancier's*

CAMPBELL AND LEYDEN.—When Thomas Campbell came to Edinburgh, about the beginning of this century, to complete and publish his famous poem, Leyden, as he got acquainted, and for a time were good enough friends. But before long they fell out, and parted. "Hope had a quarrel, and ceased to meet each other. Scott, who had been originally introduced to Campbell by Leyden, tells an amusing story about the estrangement between Leyden and his estranged friends. "While the quarrel lasted, I repeated 'Hobbesland' to Leyden," says Scott. "I told the fellow," Leyden said, "that I hate him; but he has never minded it, and that I shall have him in five years. At last, I did mind mine errand as faithful as one of Homer's messengers, and told him so. 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his approbation, and I am afraid he will not be in the way of my errand up.'—Leyden

SLOW BOATS—There is a marvellous difference in boats, of course. For a long time I was on a boat that was a real "slow boat," and I was not at all disappointed in it. In fact, I was in good luck, for it was a good port in. But of course this was at rare intervals. Ferry boats used to slow valuable trips because their cargo was so bulky. But now, with the motor boats, this was at still rarer intervals. I had the discomfort for these occurrences, but through carelessness they were not a real trouble. This boat, the John J., will go slow that when she finally sank in Madrid Bend, it was five years before the owners heard of it. That was always a comforting thought. The boat, the John J., will go slow that when she finally sank in Madrid Bend, it was five years before the owners heard of it. That was always a comforting thought. The boat, the John J., will go slow that when she finally sank in Madrid Bend, it was five years before the owners heard of it. That was always a comforting thought.

GENEALOGY.—The tall, graceful few swept away, and two seconds afterwards the young man heard Lady Ann's voice in the drawing-room laughingly give the word of command, "Come, my dear, and see the men of the North;" whereupon Forsyth made inwardly some very wide generalisations on the character of women, and then, as he followed her into the room, her eyes full of tears, and every gesture expressing the strongest emotion; she crossed the floor of the hall, and, with a look of intense solicitude, turned to him and her son with some ridiculous anecdote! What fickle changeable creatures women are, on that point," said Forsyth, to himself, as he sat down on his way to the dining room. "Yes; she came here to spend the day with me, and I have not even been able to get that we have to go away." "Where is Leighton?" asked Forsyth, in a tone which conveyed just a hint of the same thought. "He is in the study," said Mrs. Williams was equal to the occasion. The way in which she said "I don't know" was sufficiently expressive of her feelings, and Forsyth, without waiting for that they talked about the weather. But this interesting topic was not engrossing enough to prevent Forsyth from observing that Mrs. Williams was not equal to the occasion. "She must be thoroughly bad," he thought; "I suppose she married poor Leighton for his money, secured a good income, and then, when she found that he was afterwards, without troubling herself even to know, secured her husband's life." (She thereupon formed some rapid generalisations as to the character of women.) "What was called moral sense was, so far as the female mind was concerned, a pure conventionalism. After all, he concluded, the physical and intellectual inferiority of women should be accompanied by a corresponding moral inferiority."—*Just Doubtless.* By Mrs. F. A. M.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.—Dr. John Leyden, whose memory is to be honoured by a centenary demonstration in his native county of Northburgh, earnestly commends to the notice of the members of the Society, a man who, in his intercourse with the qualities of a scholar and a man of genius. He was a true poet and a brilliant linguist. He was a man of great energy and of a high moral standard, admired by Walter Scott and a host of well-known contemporaries; but, though he wrote enough to gain a name for himself, he did not devote his life to the study of his work worthy of his extraordinary powers. So, however, was the force of Leyden's character, that his name has always been popularly dear to his countrymen, especially to the people of the county of Northburgh. He was born on the 8th September, 1775, at the village of Denbigh, in the parish of Cavers, Northburghshire. Cavers lies some miles to the east of the town of Northburgh, and is a village on the southern bank of the river Tweed. It has more than one claim to a place in literary history. Mr. Douglas, a Scotchman, who was a resident in the village, was a leading proprietor in the parish, published about half a century ago various religious works of a philosophical cast, and remained for some years in the village in a literary style. He was succeeded by Thomas Chalmers, who was a friend of Leyden, commencing his career as a preacher in the village of Cavers, and then as the minister of the parish of Northburgh. Lord upon the banks of a classic Scottish river, and surrounded from infancy with exquisite scenery, he lived in the village of Cavers, the seat of his native race, and lived to commemorate time's beauties in glowing lines, which Scotland and the world have read with admiration. He was a true poet, and to which his "heart, untravelled, always fondly turned during all his wanderings, but still amidst scenes which he had never seen before." He was a true scholar, and Leyden expired while his powers were yet vigorous and his hopes ardent. Lord Minto, surrounded with a number of the ablest British statesmen, and surrounded by his remains as they were deposited in the grave of Bannockburn.—*Leisure Hour.*

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until the entire bald place is covered with fine short hair, the growth of which will be most rapid, and will present the colour and appearance of youth.

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From J. C. M—, A—, Febnd 1876.

Some time ago I purchased a packet of your
PILOSAGINE, and I can only say that I cultivated
Imperial in three weeks. Now send me another
Previous to this I had carefully tried both—
preparations FRANKLIN'S and GILBERT'S

so PILOSAGINE is really a most efficient and speed preparation for the hair. You may give my real address to any inquirer for reference, if necessary.

From Mr. John Bell, Plumstead-road, Plumstead.
30th Jan., 1878.

Please send me another packet of PILOSAGINE
The last has made the hair grow on the head.

LONDON, 16th January, 1876.

Allow me to state that the PILOSAGINE I had you a short time ago has been attended with marvellous effects; I have now a moderate-sized Moustache at Whiskers. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this, as it will perhaps induce others to try.

BEDMINSTER, BRISTOL, 6th January, 1875
I received your PILOSAGINE and applied it to my face, but for a fortnight could not see any difference and was beginning to despair when I observed a lot of little hairs beginning to shoot out, and I followed it up and they are now getting quite strong. I am recom-

menting it to my friends.
Yours truly,
T. BURSTON.
ROYAL ARTILLERY, CORNHILL FORT,
January 4th, 1875.
I find your PILOSAGINE answers my purpose, and
have recommended it to my comrades.

Yours truly,
GUNNER S. BAKER, R. A.

RODSTOCK, NEAR DATH, JANUARY 4TH, 1875.
Having used one Bottle, new hair has made
appearance.

JACOB SEYMOUR

TRANSMER BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1875.

The last you sent me works well, and I shall take the pleasure of introducing it to others.

E. D. GRIGGS.

1, LA MOTTE STREET, JERSEY,

December 28th, 1874.

Enclosed I forward Eighteen Stamps. Please send me a packet of your PILSODINE. I have been

had some three weeks since, which I find is improving the growth of my hair.

GEO. MARETT.

AYR, SCOTLAND, 11th December, 1874.

The PILOSAGINE improved the growth of Whiskers.

W. CREAM

SOUTH SHIELDS, Nov. 5, 1874.

The PILOSAGINE I received from you I was very much satisfied with. My upper-lip had not the semblance of a hair before I received it. I only used half the bottle and now I have a fair show of hair on my upper lip. My age is sixteen years.

Yours respectfully,

J. D. HACKWORTH.

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