

others. Mr. Wodehouse was informed by the Foreign Office of the Bureau that the supplementary list of persons anxious to leave had been accepted, and would be sent in, but it is not at all certain that the French Government will permit them to leave. This will be the last batch. The list contains about 100 names or so. The Vossalis people were much excited because some British subjects brought out Paris newspapers. That was certainly contrary to the implied promise made on the American passport, which all must take, and the act subjects them to martial law. When I speak of Paris as a city about to be bombarded I mean that the measure is a necessary *ultima ratio regis*. Another measure that can be adopted is another matter. There are arrays of guns on their crissages very much like the bottles in the advertising placards of somebody's patent wine pack. When and where General Hindenburg will put them is known only to himself and his Engineer chief. The neglect of ordinary roads is a matter which, perhaps, Crimean souvenirs lead me to regard as criminal, whereas it is really only venial; but I cannot help thinking the Germans will rue that neglect if they have to sit down till next year outside the mud-ruts around Paris which would engulf a thousand Corti.

Nov. 15.

After a night of storm and rain, which revived the memories of the great tempest of November 14, in 1864, it has turned out beautifully fine and sunny. Mr. Worth has been sent off to Meudon there to be tried by court-martial. How glad was I to hear that he had no *crimes* *revendits*, and no means of communicating knowledge, and no military requirements, and no national object? I am assured that any application at Head-Quarters on behalf of the British Government would at once have secured his release on parole. All is quiet this morning. I see a few battalions with new flags marching towards Valdicien, and there are a few squadrons of horse on the plains of Courbevoie. No news from Toury. The French have lost their chance, if they had not taken the step they adopted this evening on "policy, which has never, that I know of, been very successful. Another balloon captured! Is that an echo of the report I have already mentioned? Paris papers of the 12th were captured, and many bags of letters!

THE FRENCH PRISONERS AT COBLENZ.

The following letter, addressed to Countess Bernstorff, has been forwarded to us for publication :—

"Madam,—I avail myself of my return to Coblenz of your Excellency's permission to send you a few lines on the subject of the French prisoners in this garrison, and I think my brief recall will awaken your interest and sympathy. When I left Coblenz a few weeks ago the number of prisoners did not exceed 13,000, and I am sorry to find that encampment on the Rharthausen. On my return I find the number exceeds the ordinary population of the entire town. As to the treatment by the Prussians of the captives, the subject may be dismissed in a few words—it is worthy of a great and generous nation. Of course my experience is confined to Coblenz, but I presume the same system prevails elsewhere, and I believe I may assert with confidence that, if there is any difference in the treatment of their own soldiers and of the prisoners of war, it is in favour of the latter. After all, I regret I have heard nothing but a general expression of contentment on the part of the captives, and I believe their condition evokes only a feeling of deep commiseration on the part of their captors.

"A touching scene was enacted a few days ago, when a detachment of prisoners from Metz was landed from the Moselle, and on their way to their caserne had to pass through one of the most squalid streets of the town, occupied by a class who at the best of times find it a hard matter to supply their own wants. The prisoners were in an exhausted condition—an eye-witness describes their state as pitiable. From each door in this narrow thoroughfare poured forth such poor courtiers as the most wretched pinches were wont to command; and, as if this were not already given and eagerly accepted, and many a poor German man went without his *abendessen*, that the cravings of the prisoners might be assuaged."

"On my departure from Coblenz a few weeks ago the prisoners were housed in tents. As the weather has become inclement, these tents have been superseded by substantial huts, erected at immense expense. The prisoners have, of course, to submit to the coarse fare of the soldiers, and to the same discipline. They are, however, well maintained among such vast numbers by the observance of the strictest discipline, but I think I may safely hazard the opinion that the prisoners who arrived here during the earlier period of the campaign, say down to the capitulation of Sedan, are in a condition which will bear very good comparison with those who were taken during the corresponding period of the Crimean war. Sickness and suffering doubtless prevail, and deaths occur, but in no excessive ratio, and generally I may assert, have no especial predictions, and being desirous only of giving an honest and unbiased opinion, that the treatment of the French prisoners is in every respect humane and honorable, and that the whole into whose hands they have fallen."

"Having drawn this favourable picture of the condition of the prisoners who were taken in the earlier period of the war, I regret to say I have a more gloomy tale to relate of the unfortunate men who, by the surrender of Metz, have been suddenly thrown upon the resources of this country. Their plight almost beggars description, but the Germans are as little responsible for this unhappy state of affairs as we find it difficult to grapple with such a sudden emergency. The

number of French prisoners in Germany may be roughly estimated at 330,000; of this vast multitude about 30,000 have fallen to the lot of Coblenz and its immediate near-neighborhood, and that portion of them who have recently arrived from Mainz and Cologne are in a state of extreme exhaustion from the want of the benevolent. Many of them are reduced to a state of positive inanition by privation and exposure; so weak are they that they are unable to receive into their hands the nourishment which is offered them. They are afflicted with various mouth; dysentery and typhus are decimating them. A humane and experienced doctor who visited a few days of the casernes at Osterstein, where 2,000 were collected, found me that eating some tea move his convalescent and that he had seen 1000 of them die in the last 2 years of four weary long death. From the same source I learnt that 40 were expected to die; while the conditions of the majority is harrowing to the last degree. Every thing a generous and tender-hearted person can do is being done. There is no less a conspicuous effort in this town from the Prussian Government, and the French Government, to relieve the suffering. The French are ferocious. Their own sick and wounded involve lutes and sacrifices, the magnitude of which it is difficult to estimate, and this sudden intrusion of starving, unclothed, perishing creatures may well perplex the strongest mind. It is the utmost an organization which is seldom known to feel.

MR. CARLYLE ON THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—It is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and conquered nations, and the consequent sense of danger, and misguiding feeling, as applied to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine by France to her German conquerors, and argues, on the part of England, a most profound ignorance as to the mutual history of France and Germany, and the long centuries back, *“The question for the Germans, in this crisis, is not one of ‘magnanimity,’ of ‘heroic pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe,’ but of solid prudence and practical consideration what the fallen foe will, in all likelihood, do when once on his feet again.*” Written on her memory, and in her name, the English people have had the experience of 400 years on this point; of which on the English memory, if it ever was recorded there, there is now little or no trace visible.

"Does any of us know, for instance, with the least precision, or in fact know at all, the reciprocal procedures, the mutual history, as we call it, of emblematic art? I mean, how did the emblem come to be put down, in chivalrous, allegorical, or emblematic style, a wonderful record of these things, the *Weiss König* ("White King," as he called himself - "Red King," or perhaps "Black King," being the other two) which has been dug up from the gravings by the best artist of his time : for the sake of these prints, here and there an English collector may possess a copy of the book ; but I doubt if any Englishman has ever read it, or could even want to do so, because the subject is too obscure to be part of it. Old Louis's quarrel with the Chief of Germany at that time was not unlike this last one of a younger Louis : "You accused Head of Germany, you have been prospering in the world lately, and are now getting rich, and you are my enemy." But it ended more successfully for old Louis and his French than I hope the present quarrel will. The end, at that time, was that opulent, noble Burgundy did not get re-imbued to her old Teutonic mother, and she remained a French step-daughter, and remains French to this day.

Max's grandfather and successor, Charles V., was hardly luckier than Max in his road-companions and contemporary French King, Francis I., not content with France for a kingdom, began by trying to conquer Germany; he was wounded, and died completely, digest his disappointment in that fine enterprise. He smoothed his young face, however, swore eternal friendship with the young Charles, who had beaten him; and, a few months after, had egged on the poor little Duke of Bouillon, the Reich's and Charles's vassal, to refuse homage in that quarter, where he was wont to pay it.

The earthy existence was a perpetual haggle of broken treaties, and ever-recurring war and injury with Charles V.—a series, withal, of intrusive interferences with Germany, and every German trouble that arose, to the worsening and widening of them all, not to the closing or healing any one. A terrible journey those two took together, and a terrible time they made out for Germany between them, and for France too, though not by any means in a like degree. The exact deserts of his most Christian Majesty Francis I. in covenanting with Sultana Osman—that is to say, in letting loose the quasi-infernal roving-lion of Tunis upon the Christians of the Mediterranean—was another thing.

Two more things, Richard II. traded again with the world: first, what everybody must acknowledge was a great and legitimate one, that of coercing and drilling into obedience to their own Sovereign, the vassals of the Crown of France; and secondly, that of plundering, weakening, thwarting, and in all ways tormenting the German Empire.

For protection against the English, Yes, he sent steady protectors his own Huguenots, embarrased his own Rochelle, and in Germany kept up a 30-years' war, cherishing diligently the last enemies of it till Germany was burnt to utter ruin; no nation ever nearer absolute ruin than unhappy Germany then was. An un-blessed Richelieu for France, and a blessed one for Germany! But let us look to the ulterior issues, and distinguish the solid from the specious in the fortune of nations. No French ruler, not even Napoleon I., was a feller or crueller enemy to Germany, or half so pernicious to it (to its very soul as well as to its body); and Germany had done him no harm, that I know of, except the existing bad sign him.

OF Louis XIV.'s four grand plunderings and encroachments of Europe—for no real reason but his own ambition and desire to snatch his neighbour's goods—of all this we of this age have now, if any thing, a more just and more justifiable opinion than our feelings on it differ greatly from those that animated our poor forefathers in the time of William III. and Queen Anne. Of Belshazzar and Little King, 's fine scheme to set Germany into four little kingdoms, and to swallow up the rest of Europe in himself, I cannot do not speak; for to France herself this latter idle scheme brought its own reward: loss of America, loss of India, disgrace and discomfiture in all quarters of the world—added, in time, of the French Revolution, embarking the whole of Europe in a whirl, and on which all France still drifts and tumbles.

The Revolution and Napoleon I., and their treatment of Germany, are still in the memory of most men and newspapers ; but that was not by any means, a noble men and newspapers as to this. The Revolution and Napoleon I. in France it was the last of a very long series of such—the last but one, let us rather say ; and hope that *this* now going on in "Siege of Paris," as wide-spread empire of blood, shock, anarchy, delirium, and mendacity, the fruits of which are *not* the last of a very long series of such—the last but one. No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last 400 years, in all manner of ways ; insolent, rapacious, insupportable, and unprovoked. And now, furthermore, in all history there is no insolent, unjust neighbour that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smothering down as France has been for the last 20 years. And now, furthermore, in all history there is no fortune, from that neighbour, has had at last the great happiness to see its enemy fairly down in the manner of Germany. I do clearly believe, would be a foolish nation that has the fortune to have such a neighbour, that it should have the chance.

There is no law of nature that I know of, and Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods when the owners they were wrangled from have an opportunity upon them. To nobody, except to France herself for the moment, can it be credible that there is such a law of nature. Alsace and Lorraine were not given either of them, in so divine a manner as to render that a probability. The coming of Richelieu, the grandiose long-sword of Louis XIV., these are the

him in their extreme need—as we may say, in the way of pledge. Heuri entered there with banners and spread and drums beating, “solely in defence of German liberty, as God shall witness;” did nothing for Protestantism or Protestantism like liberty (German liberty) managing rapidly to help itself in this incident. Heuri, like the other, was a man of no small awnbrooker, refused to give the places back,—had no common rights over them, extremely indubitable to him, and could not get them back. And never yet, by any pressure or persuasion, would. The great Charles V., Protestantism itself now supporting, endeavoured, with his utmost energy and to the detriment of his heart, to compel him, but Heuri could not. The presence of the Emperor, the modest and pacific man in comparison, could and would not. I believe it to be perfectly just, rational, and wise that Germany should take these countries home with her from her unexampled campaign, and by well fortifying her own old *Wasgau* (“Vogses”), Hunderick (*Dog’s-back*), Three Bishops’ and other military strengths, secure her

in time coming against French visits. The French complain dreadfully of threatened "le grand honneur" and lamentable bystanders plead "le grand honneur." Don't dishonour France, they fear. "France's" honour bright." But will it save the *honour* of France to refuse paying for the glass she has voluntarily broken in her neighbour's windows? The attack upon the windows was her dishonour. Signally disgraceful to any nation was her intention to dishonour her neighbour by the dishonouring of its execution on the part of France. The honour of France can be saved only by the deep repentance of France, and by the serious determination never to do so again—to do the reverse of so far ever hereafter. In that way may France be saved, and the gratitude of the world to the height of its old splendour far beyond the First Napoleonism, much more the *Third*, or any recent Napoleonism, and offer again to our *Voluntary* and *grateful* estimation all the fine and *graceful* qualities Nature has implanted in the French. For the present, I must say, France looks more and more like a *fallen* nation, and a *fallen* nation is contemptible. She refuses to see the facts that are lying palpable before her face, and the penalties also has brought upon herself. A France scattered into insular ruin, without recognizable head; head, or chief, indistinguishable from *fee*, or rabble; Ministers of the *Government* of France, and Ministers of outrageous public lies, proclamations of victories that were creatures of the fancy; a Government subsisting altogether on mendacity, willing that horrid bloodshed should continue and increase rather than that *they*, beautiful Republican creatures, should cease to have a guidance of the knowledge of the facts that were there; a Government governing itself with *dishonour*; if, among this multitude of sympathetic bystanders, France have any true friend, his advice to France would be, "To abandon all that, and never to resume it more. France really ought to know that the refugees of lies were long ago dead, and that there was no reality in the *Death Eternal*, and to be addressed to all creatures!—that the one hope for France is to recognize the facts which have come to her, and that they came withal by invitation of her own: how she—a mass of guiled, proudly varnished anarchy—has willfully deceived herself, and how she might have been saved, and still in a quietly human, sober, and governed state, and has prospered accordingly.

Prosper as an array of sanguinary mountbanks
versus a Macedonian phalanx must needs do,—and
now lies smitten down into hideous wreck and
impotence testifying to gods and men what
a madman is he who would make a nation
ness lay in her. That the inexorable fact is,
as has left herself without resource or power of
resisting the victorious Germans; and that her
wisdom will be to take that fact into her astonished
bosom, and to make the fiercest battle she can
inexorable, and will have to be complied with,—
the sooner at the expensature. It is a hard lesson
to vainglorious France; but France, we hope, has
still in it veracity and probity enough to accept
of the lesson, and to make the fiercest battle she
can not brook resistance without penalty, and is un-
alterable by the very gods.

The quantity of conscious mendacity that France, official and other, has perpetrated latterly, especially since July last, is something wonderful. It is not only the mendacity of the French compared to the self-delusion and unconscious mendacity long prevalent among the French, which is of still fatter and more poisonous quality, though unrecognized for poison. To me, at times, there is a certain amount of unconscious mendacity in "man of genius," its highest literary expression, who should be prophets and seers to it, make at present, and, indeed, for a generation back have been making. It is evidently their belief that the power of the imagination is a power that can be used for the other overhauled nations; that France is the new Mount Zion of the universe; and that all this sad, sordid, semi-delirious, and in good part, infernal stuff which French Literature has produced is the product of a power that is not to be taken into Gospel out of Heaven pregnant with blessedness for all the sons of man. Many of our people understand that France made her *Graie Revolution* uttered her tremendous doom's voice against a world of human shams, prostrating, and, in the process, she would have been should be the

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and German matters—at all? Had not set his heart
on this very object, and had fully prospects of
achieving it, had not our poor dear Duke of Newcastle
suddenly peddled him out of it, and evicted
him from the college of statesmen, and left too
much of time (withal, says Walpole), and hath total
oblivion by his ritual, which, except Oathman, has
none such to remember. That Bismark, and Ger-
many along with him, should now at this propitious
moment have been so suddenly recalled to mind,
after much provocation, and after such a victory,
the resolution does seem rational, just, and even mod-
est; and considering all that has occurred since that memo-
rable catastrophe at Sedan, I could reckon it creditable
to the sense and moderation of Count Bismark,
that he should have been so far from regarding nothing
more, resolute to take nothing less, and advancing
with a slow calmness towards it by the eligiblest
roads. The "Siege of Paris," which looks like the
greatest and most hideous farce-tragedy ever played
under this sun, Bismark evidently hopes will never
be repeated; and he would have been glad to avail
hisself of the opportunity to make a new and un-
folded threat by hunger, or the kindling of Paris
and its carpenteries and asphalt streets by shells and
red-hot balls into a sea of fire. Diligent, day by
day, seem those Prussians, never resting nor too
much sleeping; well knowing the proverb, "Slow fire
makes sweet meat." Well might they give it as a rule
to the vanguard of Lorraine; and likewise
what it will do him, us, and all the world, and
even France itself by and by, a great deal of good.
The anarchic France gets her first stern lesson there (a
terribly drastic dose of physis to sick France); and
well will it be for her as she takes it, and
will another: Jesuit the lesson must be,

Considerable misconception as to Herr von Bismark is still prevalent in England. The English newspapers, nearly all of them, seem to me to be still getting towards a true knowledge of Bismark, and they yet get so many things wrong, that I can hardly circulate anywhere ten years ago, of denouncing Bismark and the little King to Stratford and Charles, *versus* our Long Parliament (as like as Macedon to Monmouth, and not liker) has now vanished from the earth, no whisper of it ever to be heard of again. The English people are not so violently of her children (which were stolen children, and were dreadfully ill-served by Niobe (Denmark), is also nearly gone, and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. The English people are not so violently of her children, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleon; shows an invincible "lust of territory," nor is tormented with "vulgar ambition," etc.; but has aims very far beyond that sphere; and in fact seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, unobtrusive means, to make Germany a power, not a benefactor to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vain-glorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, and meddling, is a prospect that I think the most hopeful public fact that has occurred in my time.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,
 Chelsea, Nov. 11, 1844. T. CARLYLE.

AND HYDROLYSIS OF LACTAMIDES

Sir,—Your criticism upon Mr. Ayrton's speech at the People's Hall will doubtless receive from him the attention it merits; but I ask in justice to the Alliance and its friends that you will publish some explanations on the general question you have dismissed.

1 Your intuition that members of Parliament are
 2 struggling with the subject of the Persuasive Bill is one with
 3 which hon. gentlemen must severally deal. We are satisfied
 4 with their assurances of support and their presence in
 5 the division lobby with Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Our oppo-
 6 sition must at any rate consist of such loyal support as
 7 we can give. I am sure that the Government and pair
 8 will be able to carry the Bill, and the adverse majority is so far dimi-
 9 nishing that only 31 votes stand between the second read-
 10 ing and its rejection. It is also worth observing that of the
 11 occupants of the Treasury benches a considerable majority
 12 of those who voted at all voted in favour of the Bill. For
 13 ourselves we are content to take the official action of hon.
 14 members as the most credible evidence of their sincerity,
 15 and I am sure that the Government will judge accordingly
 16 what steps to take.

active insurance.

Dr. Van der Veer might convey the impression that total abstinents are the only portion of the public who support the Permissive Bill; this would be an erroneous conception. The temperance party no doubt feel that the measure is one worthy of their special support; but other persons, in considerable numbers, see in it an honest attempt to lay public sentiment, legally enforced, alongside of a great national evil; and they, therefore, cordially espouse the cause of the Alliance. Besides, whoever may be the active promoters of the Bill, its passage would only be carried out by the vote of the general public. When the bill is passed it does not *per se* close drinking-shops, nor permit tectotalitars to close them, but it would permit the local electors to decide the question in which they are collectively and most painfully concerned.

3. You candidly admit that if intoxicating liquors are harmless or injurious, not only would a Permissive Bill be justified, but a measure of preempory prohibition. This is really to allow that if experience and science are on the side of total abstinence, legislation ought also to be in harmony with it. The admission is encouraging to the temperance party, for they know, by millionfold experience and the most careful scientific experiments, that alcohol, if in any case useful and necessary, is so in a medicinal sense alone, and, therefore, that no reason exists for the promiscuous sale of distilled and fermented liquors. But it is not an admission to the argument that the sale of alcohol is poison, because human life is perpetually dealing with, cases where a balance of public good or evil is made the controlling consideration.

It is true you allege, that legislation has hitherto practically aimed at regulating the sale of strong drink, and not at the prohibition. But the principle underlying all licensing laws has been that this sale, if permitted, must be made consistent with social interests; and for this purpose a great variety of restrictions have been imposed. The same principle has been applied to the sale of opium and other noxious and intolerable articles, and to other commercial affairs. The licensing system is restrictive on the ground that restrictions are necessary; and if present restrictions do not affect their object, consistency requires that they should be carried further, until the object is attained. It is not necessary to suppose that this object is regulated and restricted so as to be harmless. We know this to be false; and we claim also that those who license shall be made responsible for the consequences of licensing, or that the people shall be empowered to elect a body to whom the power shall be given.

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towards a true knowledge of Bismarck, got to it. The standing likeness, everywhere ten years ago, of demoted his ditto King to Strassburg and Oberweiler Parliaments (as like as Macedon, and not likely) has now vanished in, no whisper of it ever to be heard pathetic. Niobe of Denmark, reft her children (which were stolen were dreadfully ill-assured by Niobe also nearly gone, and will go alto- as knowledge of the matter is had, read him, is not a person of "Napoleon of ideas quite superior to Napoleon" no invincible "lust of territory" with "vulgar ambition," &c., but has beyond that sphere; and in fact seefits arriving with strong faculty, by patient, successful steps, towards the objects of his mind and all other men. That

DAWSON BURN.
 rydom Alliance, 23, King William-street,
 Charing-cross, W.C., Nov. 17.

CAMBRIDGEHIRE.—A most destructive
 upon the fair premises of Mr. Kirby, of Con-
 dingsheke, on Tuesday night last, destroying
 a quantity of property, with the farmhouse, &c.
 the fire is unknown at present.

[illegible]

derived their power from the people, are
 or such use of it, as shall make the law, in
 her social affairs, the mediator and conservator
 good.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,
 DAWSON DUBNA,
 Jordan Alliance, 23, King William-street,
 Charing-cross, W.C., Nov. 11.

CAMBRIDGEHIRE.—A violent destructive
 fire broke out at 12, St. John's, of Con-
 stablegate, on Tuesday night last, destroying
 a amount of property, with the farmhouse, &c.
 the fire is unknown at present.