MEMOIR OF THE LATE LORD HARDINGE.

It is with very sincere regret that we have to record the death of Field-Marshal Lord Hardinge, which took place on Wednesday, the 24th inst., at his country seat near Tunbridge Wells. Few officers have served so long and with so many opportunities of distinction, and of Lord Hardinge it must be said, that in the field he was ever found equal to the occasion. We do not claim for the gallant soldier who has just departed from amongst us the praise of military genius of the highest order. He was neither a Marlborough, a Napoleon, nor a Wellington, but the work which he had to do he always performed efficiently and well. From the lowest grade he rose to the very highest rank in the British army by his own deserts. He was not connected by birth with any noble family, nor with any influential clique in military circles; and yet he became Commander-in-Chief. Slender indeed was the chance that Henry Hardinge, the son of a clergyman in the north of England, who entered the army as ensign in the year 1798, should have attained the dignities of Governor-General of British India and of Commander-in Chief. It may be said, that the accidents of life were on his side, but they were no more so than in the case of a thousand others who have passed away, their names unknown. The very turning point of his career affords evidence that he was a man destined to conquer in the battle of life. Lord Hardinge used frequently to tell the story how after the Battle of Corunna, when the English troops were hurrying on board ship, a staff officer was anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the English fleet. The keen eye of Marshal Beresford, who was superintending the embarkation, detected the vigour and capacity of a young officer who was employing himself most zealously in the discharge of his duty. That young officer was Henry Hardinge, and from that moment his fortune was made. He was required to act in the place of the expeditious staff officer, and Lord Beresford never forgot his activity and zeal. At a subsequent period, when Beresford was charged with the important duty of preparing the Portuguese forces to take an active share in the contest with the veteran troops of Napoleon, he remembered the young officer who had done such good service on the beach at Corunna, and summoned him to his aid. He gave him a brigade in the Portuguese service "before he was 25," and after a time, his foreign grade was commuted for British rank. But for this fortunate "accident," as Lord Hardinge used to call it, his fate might have been, according to his own opinion, that of a hundred others. He might have died a colonel on half-pay, after thirty years of hard service in every corner of the British empire. We doubt if this would have been the case. For men of so energetic a stamp—so fitted by nature for the career on which they have entered—"accidents" are ever occurring which they are ever prepared to turn to account.

To give but a suggestion of the actions in which this brave soldier was engaged is to recall the leading events of the most glorious and successful war in which the British arms have been engaged since the days of Marlborough. During the whole of the Peninsular contest he acted as Deputy-Quartermaster-General of the Portuguese army. He was wounded at Vimiera; he was present at Roleia; we have already mentioned the distinction he obtained at Corunna. When Wellesley entered on the scene as acknowledged chief, we find him at the passage of the Douro, at the Battle of Busaco, and actively engaged in organising the defence behind the memorable lines of Torres Vedras. He was present at the three sieges and at the final capture of Badajoz, and at the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was, however, at the battle of Albuera that Lord Hardinge performed the chief feat of his military career. That battle, as is well known, was offerred to Soult by Beresford with more valour than discretion. During the progress of it Beresford, as ever, distinguished himself by the greatest personal courage; but the fortune of the day was turned by a happy manœuvre, executed by young Hardinge without orders, and on his own responsibility. The battle was one of the most bloody on record in proportion to the number of the combatants. As General Napier writes:—"The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill." It is thus that the historian of the Peninsular war describes the attack made by Hardinge during that fearful day upon a French division posted upon an eminence formidable for defence:—"Myers was killed; Cole himself and Colonels Ellis, Blackeney, and Hawkshawe fell, badly wounded, and the whole brigade, 'struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships.' Suddenly recovering, however, they closed on their terrible enemy; and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult by voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded column, sacrifice their lives to gain time and space for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground: their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the furthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, at length giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent." Hardinge fought at Salmanca; he was severely wounded at Vittoria; he was at Pampeluna; he crossed the Pyrenees with the conquering British army; he was at Nivelle, at Nive, at Orthes. After the return of Napoleon from Elba he again entered upon active service, and was attached as Commissioner to the Prussian army. He lost a hand under Blucher at Ligny, and this was his share in the Waterloo campaign. When peace was restored to the world, he did not retire into inactivity, but continued in one important post or another in the service of his country. We do not here pretend to give a catalogue of the successive offices which he held. He was successively Secretary at War, Secretary for Ireland, Master-General of the Ordnance, and, finally, in the year 1844 he was raised to the high dignity of Governor-General of India. The four years during which he held the reins of government in that distant region were memorable even in the eventful history of British India. The events of the Sikh campaign are too fresh in the public recollection to need recapitulation here. No one has forgotten, when the storm of war suddenly broke upon the north-western frontier of our Indian possessions, with what energy the brave old soldier hurried to the scene of action, with what disinterested feeling the Governor-General postponed all questions of dignity and acted as second in command during the fiery days of Moodkee, of Ferozeshah, and of Sobraon. Independently of these great military achievements, the Indian administration of Lord Hardinge was in other respects crowned with success. It was he who originated the policy with regard to the kingdom of Oude, which Lord Dalhousie, at a subsequent period, had the nerve and intelligence to carry out to its legimate fulfilment. In October, 1852, four years after the expiration of his Indian government, Lord Hardinge was raised to the highest post within the ambition of a military man—he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, to succeed the Duke of Wellington. This important post he held until a very recent period, and throughout the eventful epoch of the Russian War. Few men have actually seen war upon so great a scale, or been concerned in directing operations of such magnitude at home. It was not Lord Hardinge's fault, nor can it be imputed as blame to him, that he inherited the traditions and practices of a glorious period in the military annals of Great Britain, which had served their turn full well, but were no longer applicable to the exigencies of modern warfare.

There must have been some extraordinary qualities in a man who could rise to such eminent employments without ever having had—save in the memorable instance of Albuera—the chief direction of any great military achievement in the field. In the Peninsula, Lord Hardinge was always under command—in India he modestly took the second place under Lord Gough—in the recent conflict with Russia his office was rather one of selection than of direct participation, and in his selections he was not very fortunate. The qualities which seem to have recommended Lord Hardinge to honour and fame were, in the first place, unflinching courage in the most terrible trials or in the most unexpected turns of war. He was distinguished, moreover, by a buoyancy of spirit, by a cheerfulness, by a geniality which made him ever acceptable to those around him. Almost to the last, when the weight of years and of lengthened service was beginning to tell upon him, he was a ready and efficient man of business. A character and habits such as these, joined to unwearied zeal and to a neverfailing sense of duty, will be sufficient to account for the honours which he attained without insulting the memory of so gallant and deserving a man with fulsome and superfluous flattery.

TROUBLES AND DISCONTENT IN PARIS.

The condition of the operative classes in Paris has created a sensation; and, as the *Moniteur* is instructed to state, "the Emperor observes it with deep solicitude." No doubt of that. The Emperor has discovered that, in decreeing the erection of palaces, and substituting a street of mansions, two miles long, for houses of the poor in the inferior quarters of Paris, he has made large numbers of the population of Paris homeless. In London a similar error has been committed; but here the responsibility rests with private speculators. The theoretical philanthropy which concerns itself with the dwellings of the poor, would be more successful in its operations, if it were guided by those who are practically acquainted with the subject. Even a Napoleon cannot revel in sumptuous designs for the glorification of his capital, without falling under the inevitable laws of nature and political economy. He has built magnificent houses, having expelled the middle and poorer classes from their homes for that purpose, and now finds that there are not princes enough among his people to inhabit them. All classes are complaining of the exorbitant price of house-room. The poor are compelled to seek quarters on the outskirts of the town, and in places often the most inconveniently remote from their work. Numbers of persons of the middle classes, who left their apartments because they would not submit to an exorbitant augmentation of rent found, themselves in danger of having no house to sleep in. Instances of this are constantly occurring. One of the complaints is, that so many of the new houses are composed of apartments too spacious or on too expensive a scale for their elevation. Thus, in the new Rue de Rivoli, 10,000f. a-year are demanded for third floors, and of fourth and fifth floors, fitted up with gold mouldings and other costly decorations, which, if they were 30 or 40 feet nearer the ground, might suit opulent families; but which are now too high for these, and too high in price for others. The *Moniteur* says, "the rise in house rents has been aggravated by the dearness of provisions;" and here we are introduced to another cause of discontent. Paris has become one of the most expensive capitals in Europe. Formerly it was resorted to on account of its cheapness; but London is now a less expensive place to reside in; and Vienna is scarcely a dearer one. "Ten years ago," says the Paris correspondent of a morning paper, "everybody coming from England to Paris, and remaining here long enough to live otherwise than at an hotel, was struck by the low rate at which the necessaries of life, as well as its luxuries and amusements, were obtainable. The present time offers a striking contrast with the past. The commonest necessaries, bread and meat and wine, are exorbitantly dear, and as to house-rent, it is something fabulous." The Emperor has caused a detailed report to be presented to him on this state of things: but there scarcely seems to be a necessity for inquiry, the cause of exorbitant rents being obvious. The houses of the poor have been demolished, and the new houses are built in so grand a style, that persons of moderate means, who mean to pay, cannot inhabit them. The only remedy is the building of suitable habitations for the poor.

The French folly has extended to this country, as all French follies do. Costly mansions are built for tradesmen, that no moderate profits on an ordinary course of business could cover the rent of, leaving the tradesman a fair remuneration for his toil and outlay. And we all remember the delightful little model labourers' cottages which Field-marshal his Royal Highness Prince Albert caused to be erected in Hyde-park, in the Exhibition year; so nicely arranged for the comforts of working men, fitted up with many choice inventions, and which capitalists were expected to build; but which capitalists did not build, for the simple reason that no profit could be expected out of them: and in this commercial nations of ours, men do not lay out money without an expectation of profit. What is wanted is the application of a little common sense in building speculations for the middle and working classes. The article in the *Moniteur* expresses a hope, that the future will bring a remedy for the sufferings of the people of Paris; but this is all, and the operatives, probably, will not be very much benefited by his Majesty's solicitude. Nevertheless, the article verifies the misery of the people of the capital, and confirms the rumours which have been in circulation for some time, that great anxiety is felt in high places respecting the approaching term October 8), when a great number of operatives will be obliged to quit their dwellings, in consequence of having received notice from the proprietors that the rent will then be raised. "The vast changes and improvements the Emperor has carried out in Paris," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "and which, whatever be the fate of his dynasty, will certainly remain for ages a monument of his reign, have supplied employment to multitudes; but, as things now stand, with dear lodgings and dear bread, good wages do but just enable the working man to maintain his family, and that with no great comfort and with little more than the merest necessaries of life. It follows, that if the working man has not good wages, the merest necessaries of life are beyond his reach. The subject is a grave one: and we readily believe it occasions much anxiety to the Emperor, disturbing even the pleasures which his Majesty and the Empress appear to take in those horrible spectacles, the bull fights, one of which is described in our paper today.

NIAGARA ECLIPSED.—The river Shirhawati between Bombay and Cape Comorin, falls into the Gulf of Arabia. The river is about one-fourth of a mile in width, and in the rainy seasons, some thirty feet in depth. This immense body of water rushes down a rocky slope, three hundred feet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, at the bottom of which it makes a perpendicular plunge of eight hun dred and fifty feet, into a black and dismal abyss, with a noise like the loudest thunder. The whole descent is, therefore, eleven hundred and fifty feet or several times that of Niagara. The volume of water in the latter is somewhat larger than that of the former, but in depth of descent it will be seen there is no comparison between them. In the dry season the Shirhawati is a small stream, and divided into three cascades of surpassing beauty and grandeur. They are almost dissipated and dissovled into mist, before reaching the bed of the river below.

The famous California ballot-box has just been sold by the Vigilance Committee for the enormous sum of $3500. $500 in cash was paid down on delivery, the balance by note. The parties purchasing have gone into the mountains, to exhibit the box through the State, prior to fall elections.