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THE DAILY BEE.

New Orleans, July 20th, 1855.

THE NORTHERN MAIL came through yesterday with the usual dates.

A REFORMER.

CHARLES DICKENS through all his works has ever evinced an earnest desire for social and political reform. He has assailed the hoary and inveterate abuses of Great Britain with unfailing vigor, and in a form most suitable for popular apprehension. He has been steadfast, persevering, lynx-eyed and fearless. From his exposure of the vices of the workhouse system of charity, to his denunciation of the atrocities of Yorkshire schools, and the mingled rapacity and impotence of chancery courts, Mr. DICKENS has never swerved from the mission of reform. We are therefore not surprised at perceiving that in these days of serious agitation of high questions affecting the political institutions of Great Britain, the author of Pickwick has been induced for once to abandon the pen of the *littérateur*, and to appear in the arena of popular oratory, as an advocate of those rights for which he has invariably contended. DICKENS' speech before the Administration Reform meeting at Drury Lane Theatre, is a model of its kind. It is terse, epigrammatic, simple and earnest in diction, racy in thought, singularly frank and out spoken, and abounding in the playful humor and keen wit characteristic of the man. While regretting that our limits do not allow us to publish it in full, we cannot resist the temptation to extract a few of the more striking passages. Dickens thus explains his motives for joining the association:

When the Times newspaper proved its then almost incredible ease in reference to the ghost story of the Cock Lane delusion, I felt that men and misdirected things which had met England unable to find on the face of the earth an enemy one twentieth part so potent to effect the misery and ruin of her noble defenders as she has been herself. I believe that the people had been exhibited to them in a false light, and that the darkest aspect in which a free people had been exhibited for many years.—[Hear, hear.] With blame and indignation bearing among all classes of society, and this new element of discord piled on the heaving basis of ignorance, poverty and crime—which is always ready to fire—with little adequate expression of the general mind in Parliament, with the majority of the Government and the Legislature going round and round, and the people falling from it as a standing aloof, as if they felt it to be a place remaining fabulous and destructive herself—when it achieved this, the destruction of a church that was dear to them. I did and do believe that the only wholesome turn affairs ever took (all possibly going wrong was the sickness of the people, the outpouring of the pent up, the uprising of the Government and the Legislature) was the quiet, peaceful, constitutional change in the administration of their own affairs. [Cheers.] A sight so great that association arose; at such a time I plead it. Impossible to further cause a further case could possibly be needed—that what is everybody's business is nobody's business; that there should be a government in our Zoophis has well as in other things and that it is a law in nature that there must be a centre of attraction for particles to fly to before any aeriform mass can be brought into existence. This association has arisen, and we belong to it.

With what admirable and caustic humor he alludes to the short-comings of the British parliament!

I mean, that it is proposed by this association to exercise an influence through the constituencies on the House of Commons. I have the least hesitation in saying that I have the smallest amount of faith in the House. [Hear, hear, and laughter.] I have the least faith in it, and I consider the exercise of such influence if it is necessary to the welfare and honor of this country. [Cheers.] I was reading a little book yesterday, the book of Mr. Percy which is rather a favorite of mine, in which twenty years ago, writing of the House of Commons, he said:

My country Rover Peppy tells me that it is not true to the greatest artist to him to the world the world will be put upon the test of being a Parrot all man, because he is supposed to be that he can see out of any trick and sincerity but more envy and dragon.

Now, I can confess it to pass that after 200 years, and twenty years after Sir Robert Peel, the House of Commons is as little a card as it was twenty to quite. I will not ask how it happens that this which cramp and worry the people and restrict their scant enjoyments are so easily passed. [Cheers.] and how it happens that measures of their real interests are always difficult to be got through Parliament—[Cheers.] I will not analyze the confident air of the lobby, to reduce to their primitive basis the elements of those statements which were made by honorable gentlemen who were on the candidates for your and my independent vote and interest. I will not ask what is the Secretaries Bure full of blackbottomers, stand in the one thousand, with its finger on the fire. I will not ask how it comes that those persons statements, involving all the remove and deft of the Secretaries of State are so retarded—so cautious—so quiet—so moderate—the reply chorus—the report valiant—the counterfeit quarrelsome—the intemperance and the tie in the—have of immeasurably greater interest in the House of Commons than the health, the taxation, and the education of a whole people. [Hear, hear.] I will not penetrate to the mystery of that sect of chamber in which the Blue beard of the party keeps his strangled public questions, and with regard to which, in given to the keys to wherever he comes—he gives by charges her on no account to open the door [Laughter.] I will merely put it to the expert how it everybody knows that the Houses of Commons is not occasionally a little hard to bear—a little sick of sight, a little slow in understanding, and whether, in short, it is not a subject of individual state to require close washing, and an occasional application of sharp stimulants and whether it is not capable of and ripe for improvement. [Cheers.] I do not think it right to preserve it in a state of perfection as the independence, the people have by very wrightful and very jealous of it. I have a dream that I have seen a member of the House of Commons, and it happens to have taken too much [Laughter.] I hold that no power can deprive me of the right to administer our functions as a body to express decision from all parts of the country, associated together because their country is dearer to them than anyway tread—[Cheers.]

Here is another illustration of the evils of routine, which is in DICKENS' happiest vein:

Ages ago, a serious mode of keeping accounts on another sticks was introduced into the Court of Exchequer, and the accounts were kept much as Robinson Crusoe kept his calendar on the desert island. [Laughter.] In the course of considerable revolutions of time the celebrated CUCKER was born and died. [Laughter.] Wakefulness, of the Tyler's Assistant, was twice in heaven; was also born, and died—a multitude of accountants, book-keepers, and actuaries were born, and died. But the system routine included in these notched sticks, as if they were pillars of the Constitution, and still the Exchequer accounts continued to be kept on certain notched sticks. [Hear and laughter.] In the reign of GEORGE III an inquiry was made by some revolutionary spirit whether pen, ink and paper, and slates and pencils be not in existence, that obstinate adherence to an obsolete custom ought to be construed, and whether a change ought not to be effected. All the red tape in the country grew redder at the bare mention of the bold and original conception, and it took till 1826 to get these sticks abolished. [Laughter.] In 1834 it was found that there was a considerable accumulation of them, and the question then arose, what was to be done with such worn out, worm eaten, rotten pieces of wood? I don't say there was a vast amount of mistaking, in consequence, and dispatch being on the nearly spot. The sticks were boxed at Westminster, and it would naturally occur to any intelligent person that nothing could be easier than to order them to be carried away for burning by the university people who live in that neighborhood. However, they never had been wanted, and official routine required that they never should be, and so the order went to work that they were to be privately and confidentially burnt. [Laughter and cheers.] It came to pass that they were burnt in a stove in the House of Lords. The stove overheated, and the flues, and the fire took to the woodwork, and the House of Commons is a little crazed, I suppose, with these preparatory strokes, set fire to the panelling, the panelling set fire to the House of Lords, the Houses of Lords set fire to the House of Commons; the two Houses were reduced to ashes, architects were called in to build others; we are now of the second million of the same thing; the national pig is not a silly over the side yet, and the little old woman in Britannia hasn't got home to sight. [Loud laughter and cheers.] Now, I think we may reasonably remark, in conclusion, that that old sticks and reference to rubbish which the time has long outlived is certain to have in the end of it more or less that is preposterous and destructive, and that will some day set fire to something or other, which, if it gives holding to the whole, would have been harmless, but which absolutely ruined in its absence. [Cheers.]

Finally, the peroration is in a genuine, unadorned and manly strain of eloquence, in splendid contrast to the current servility and flunkeyism of the day:

Said the noble lord at the head of the Government, when Mr LAYARD asked him for a day for his motion, "Let the Hon. gentleman fix a day for his motion." [Cheers.]

"Name! the name of the great at such."
"Name! the name of the great at such."
"Name! the name of the great at such."