

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

Paris, March 12.—An extremely well-written and sensible article in the Revue des Deux Mondes, 'England in 1865,' by M. Xavier Raymond, who is already well known for his writings on the French and English navies, will repay perusal. It would be a great compliment to M. Raymond to say that his knowledge of England, of English institutions, and of English habits is above that of the generality of his countrymen; for even some of the more enlightened among them fall sometimes into strange errors about them. As for Ireland I scarcely ever yet met a Frenchman who does not believe it as still prostrate in the dust before English tyranny. Even the Bishop of Orleans, who for intelligence, erudition and eloquence ranks first among the French Episcopacy, in one of his late sermons spoke of Ireland and Poland as if there were no difference in the manner of England ruling one, and Russia the other.

M. Raymond is struck at the little enthusiasm excited by Reform in England:—'Outside Parliament the great majority of the nation, those even whom it most concerns, do not appear to attach a preponderating importance to it.—Five months have passed since every body was aware that the Ministry would present a plan of Reform—five months since the few persons who have made it their own private business have done their best to rouse public opinion by all the means that liberty allows in England, and for five months they have been unsuccessful in seriously moving the public.—Some meetings, assembled with much pains, are all they have been able to obtain; and as if to show that the indifference of the greater number is not owing to apathy of public spirit, but to the little value they set upon the Reform, the events in Jamaica all at once provoked manifestations ardent and numerous—meetings, deputations, addresses to Ministers, &c. No; the liberal spirit of England does not slumber, but it seems for the moment to care very little for electoral reform. A Ministry is always in a dangerous situation that has to make a Cabinet question of a subject which excites so passionate interest among the public. It is always exposed to be entangled in the snares of colonies and Parliamentary manoeuvres, to which a Chamber consisting of so many new members is disposed.'

The Memorial Diplomatique declares the statement that the French Government had consented to prolong the Extradition Treaty to be without foundation.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN FRANCE.—We have no doubt that distress does exist among the French farmers, and we suspect, indeed, that though it may have been accidentally aggravated by the low prices following an abundant harvest, much of the evil is rather permanent than temporary. A good picture was given in the debates of the French 'land question.' The subdivision of estates had been increasing so rapidly in France that the landowners of the country were nearly 8,000,000 in number, and of these proprietors more than one-third were exempted from personal taxation on account of their poverty. As a matter of course land was heavily mortgaged, and the expenses of transfers were prodigious. The sale of a piece of land worth £400 would be charged with £100 duty; and where the property was very small indeed the duty might amount to cent per cent. Is it any wonder that such agriculturists were 'short of capital,' that they 'could not borrow money like tradesmen and manufacturers,' or that their signatures were unknown at the Bank of France? Nevertheless, the representatives of the Finance Companies in the Chambers were at the pains of apologizing and explaining that if their advances were made rather to manufacturers or contractors than to agriculturists the preference was given in the natural course of business, and in the interest of depositors, and ought not to be charged against them as an offence.

The other day we heard Americans arguing that a country suffered a dead loss by buying from foreigners anything that it could be made, however artificially, to produce for itself. We now find Frenchmen maintaining that cheap corn is a public calamity because corn growers would be richer if it were dear; but the French mistake is more excusable than the American. It is perfectly natural that the owner of one acre of land with a heavy mortgage on it should object to cheap wheat, although at the same time he is clamorous for cheap money. But the French system of inheritance is at the bottom of the difficulty. We have learnt within the last few years what the business of farming really means,—how it calls for capital, energy, and skill, and how, with these aids, it will yield good returns. But what place has such a practice in a system of small holdings uniformly mortgaged? The 'immense majority' of French landowners, it was said, were small proprietors; could they be expected to compete with the corn growers of Russia or Poland? The truth is such holdings are little more than squattings. A rood of ground might, in primitive times, have maintained its man, but in these days it would only do so as a similar plot in Jamaica maintains its negro.—Small allotments are luxuries or comforts in the shape of gardens, but they yield only a miserable subsistence in the shape of farms. The French farmers cry out, with justice enough, no doubt, that they cannot get money to carry on their business with; the money-lenders explain, with equal reason, how impossible it is, according to the true principles of banking, to advance money to farmers. We see the full force of the dilemma, but the escape from it, we can assure our neighbors, will not be found in a tax upon bread.

On the occasion of the Conference which is shortly to be held in Paris, to endeavor to arrange the affairs of the Danubian Principalities, it is understood that the Italian Government will suggest a method of settling the Venetian difficulty by the cession of Venetia to Italy, while Austria would be compensated by the annexation of the Danubian Principalities. This scheme looks pretty on a map, but will raise, especially from Russia, powerful, if not overwhelming opposition. The German crisis (to which we called attention last week) is now imminent.—The Prussian Government have despatched to Vienna a summons in respect to Holstein which is as peremptory in its tone as in its demands.—The Owl.

FATHER FELIX AT NOTRE DAME.—Father Felix is drawing immense crowds to the cathedral of Notre Dame. Père Felix belongs to the company of Jesuits. He is a Doctor of Canon Law, and a consummate theologian, and is endowed with remarkable talent, both as a writer and an orator. No pulpit orator I have ever listened to can throw before the eyes of his dazzled auditory with so much elegance the bunches of similes and bouquets of metaphors he dispenses so liberally. While he is preaching, necks are outstretched, eyes are fixed, and the silence is so profound that a pin may be heard to drop. Father Felix's subject this year is 'Political economy from a Christian point of view,' and amongst his audience a considerable number of eminent writers and politicians may be seen wrapped in the most absorbed attention.—Paris correspondent of the Cosmopolitan.

Monsieur Plaxier, Bishop of Nîmes, is about to produce a pamphlet entitled, 'Plus IX., Defender and Avenger of Civilization.' It is to be divided into eleven sections: 'Plus IX., and Truth'; 'Plus IX., and Authority'; 'Plus IX., and Liberty'; 'Plus IX., and Science'; 'Plus IX., and Arts'; 'Plus IX., and Charity'; 'Plus IX., and Finance'; 'Plus IX., and the dignity of his character'; 'Plus IX., and the general dignity of the Church'; 'Justificative documents.'—Paris correspondent of the Cosmopolitan.

RE-APPEARANCE OF CHOLERA.—Marseilles, March 15.—The journals of this city confirm the intelligence that a quarantine of one month was established at Malta last Monday for all arrivals from Alexandria.

They do not, however, explain the cause of this measure, although a statement is made that cholera has re-appeared in Egypt. The latest Alexandria papers received here, bearing date the 8th inst., only mention a total of 16 deaths.

MR. JOHN MITCHELL UPON IRELAND.—The Opinion Nationale contains a long letter from John Mitchell, which is meant to be a reply to a statement of M. E. Forcade, in the Revue des Deux Mondes of the 1st of February, that Ireland had been admitted to all the liberties which England enjoys. After noticing the habit of certain French publicists to derive their information of Irish affairs from English sources, Mr. Mitchell quotes a long extract from the programme of the National Association of Ireland for the purpose of showing that Ireland has distinct and peculiar grounds of complaint. He then goes on to say that if the Irish people had the same power which is enjoyed by the people of England of electing delegates and meeting in convention, their first act would be a declaration of independence; that if the Irish people were allowed, like the people of England, to unite and arm as Volunteers, they would support such a declaration by force of arms; that, in point of fact, such an army of Volunteers proclaimed the independence and sovereignty of the nation and maintained that independence for 18 years; that if the Irish people were allowed, like the people of England, to possess arms and to learn the use of them, the first thing they would do would be to exterminate the English garrisons; that if the Irish people had the right to be judged, like the people of England, by 12 of their peers and neighbours selected impartially and according to law, it would be impossible for the English Government to procure a conviction for an offence against the Queen and Government of England—that is to say, that the rule of that Government in Ireland would no longer exist. 'Such,' says Mr. Mitchell, 'in conclusion, is the imperative necessity under which the English find themselves obliged, in order to preserve the British empire, to maintain and perpetuate in Ireland this exceptional rule, the morality and justice of which I shall not now discuss. I only desire that in France its existence should not be denied.'

BELGIUM.

Brussels, March 13, 1866. Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure, I can assure you, I not only begin to see, but to be convinced, that the despotic sway of ultra liberalism and masonic solidarity is on the decline; its days are being numbered, and ere long it will figure as one of the things that were; as a dissolving view it will pass away and leave a salutary warning to posterity of folly and impiety; *fallit illium* will be its motto, and Plutarch and Heclaute with the ensign of their dismal abode its armorial bearings. In the debates of the chambers, the loquacious, quarrelsome, aggressive, warfare between the so-called clerical and liberal, has, since the young King's accession, ceased. This shows what a King can do, though in the most liberal constitutional country in the world, when determined to walk in the paths of strict moral bearing, honour, justice, and truth. The present Belgian court, unlike its predecessor, which resembled very much that of George IV., is an edifying example of moral, religious, Catholic principle reduced to practice without any fear of what the world will say. Royalty here is not as in England, Italy, Spain, or Portugal, a mere cipher, a gilded machine. Its moral influence and power sway the Government and public opinion, and irresistibly force ultra-radicalism and revolution to bend the knee before the attractions and loveliness of public virtue uncompromising religious sentiment.

The Nord states that the rinderpest rages with such intensity among the horned cattle in the district of Merxem, near Antwerp, that the Belgian Government has found it expedient to send there two veterinary surgeons from Brussels, who ordered that 26 diseased animals belonging to one herd should be immediately slaughtered. The population of Merxem assembled the same night, opened the trenches in which the diseased cattle were buried, and carried off the carcasses. A guard of soldiers was sent from Antwerp to prevent a repetition of the act.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—Florence, March 15.—The Superior Council of Public Health has ordered a quarantine of seven days for all vessels arriving at Italian ports from Egypt.

OUTRAGE AGAINST THE JESUITS.—The Podesta of Verona, with a view to please the liberals, determined to deprive the Jesuits of the college and church of San-Sebastiano, which belonged to them before the revolution, and the usufruct of which was secured to them for ever, six and twenty years ago, by a contract made between them and the town. Since 1848 the Jesuits have been represented by a religious who acts as guardian of the place, and who has been formally recognized as such by the municipal authorities. They gave this religious notice to quit, without alleging any reason whatever. He protested, of course, and referred them to his superiors, but that was not what the Podesta wanted, so he caused the place to be broken into, and the doors to be barricaded during the absence of the religious, the latter, thinking that thieves had been there, got in by the window. A watch was then set over the place; he was starved out in two days, and the Podesta declared the college and the church to have become the property of the commune.—Bien Public.

Rome.—The paragraphs of the Marquis de Boissy's speech allusive to the question Romaine have enraged the Liberal party here. Each day their hopes of annexation to Italy are lessened by the evident determination of the contradicting parties to carry out the Convention of the 15th September—a determination which, if carried out to the letter, will leave them no hopes of the intervention of the Italian Government—an intervention this party relied upon upon for the overthrow of the Pontifical Government. The efforts made by the French Government to relieve the Holy See from the load of debt belonging to the provinces wrenched from the patrimony of St. Peter, and to create for it an army numerically strong enough to defend it from aggression after the departure of the French troops, is another thorn in the side of the Liberals.—Roman Corr. of Weekly Register.

The Roman correspondent of the Cosmopolitan writes as follows to that journal:—The party here, denominated la parti liberal d'action, are hard at work, endeavouring to counteract the reactionary movement. Their chief aim is to throw discredit on the Papal army, and represent it as composed of men more fitted to wield the knife of the midnight assassin than the sword of the soldier. To prove this, their agents are continually sowing dissensions between the Pontifical and the French soldiery. The encounters that have lately taken place between soldiers of the two nationalities may all be traced to the same source; but the result is that the blame is invariably laid by the public on the Papal troops, who thus lose the prestige that should constitute their chief strength. The more moderate of the party assert that these feuds are fomented by the Clerical Bourbon Committee—whose very existence no one can assert—that this committee is preparing a tremendous collision between the French and Pontifical troops, and that in order to ensure the triumph of the latter it will not take place until the eve of the final departure of the French, who, weakened by the successive removals of the several corps, will fall an easy prey.

A correspondent writes from Rome to the Union:—The Pontifical army is nearly made up, and the battalion of Zouaves, which was to have contained 1200 men, numbers now over 1400, while the other corps also have got their complement. Accordingly no more volunteers will be enlisted than will be required to fill such vacancies as may occur. The army will do its duty, but it would be impossible for it to resist a Piedmontese invasion. It will scarcely

have to guard nearly the whole of the territory which yet remains to the Holy See, for as I have mentioned before, two more regiments of the army of occupation will return to France next April. The residue of the French army will hold only Rome and Civita Vecchia. Two other regiments will be recalled in the course of the summer, and it is said that the last regiment will leave in December. There is apparently some uncertainty as to the manner in which this final evacuation will be managed. Some are for retaining a French garrison in Rome until the army of occupation is actually gone; others are of opinion that Rome should be left to herself, and that the French troops should be concentrated at Civita Vecchia so as allow the Pontifical Government time to establish itself on a firm footing by means of the moral force which the French flag would afford. This would be, in my opinion, a useless measure, for the word has been passed for the Unity-party neither to act nor show itself as long as a single French soldier remains on Roman ground. It is, however, working in the dark, preparing and ordering everything against the favorable moment. Cardinal Antonelli states for certain, in his diplomatic note of last November, that revolutionary agents are actually in Rome, busily employed in paving the way and collecting the necessary elements for a rising in favor of Italian unity. For my part, I have heard it said by various persons that they have recognized among the strangers at Rome several officers of the Piedmontese troops who are now quartered in the usurped provinces, where, indeed, my informants usually reside.

THE PONTIFICAL ARMY.—We read in the Courier de la Meuse, 'As soon as the Pope heard of the arrival of a fresh batch of volunteers from Holland, he expressed a strong desire to see them; so they were summoned to the Vatican, and brought into his presence. Some of them had brought specimens of their workmanship, such as linen, &c., as offerings to the Holy Father, and availed themselves of this opportunity to present them in person. The Pope showed his appreciation of their zeal and self-devotion by his inimitable affability, and ordered them a collation in his own palace. The young men, who were at first rather abashed at the majestic presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, soon recovered themselves, being reassured by his easy cordiality. He asked them various questions, and was amused at some of their answers. For instance, when he said that they had come rather late, and they appeared to have reserved themselves for the last extremity, one of them bluntly replied, 'True, Holy Father, Holland is very slow to stir; but you will see that, when she does stir, it will be to some purpose.' One of them gave the Pope a letter from his father; the Pope opened it at once. 'His son,' wrote the father, 'was his sole support; but he was going to take willingly to work again in his old age, that he might send his son to the aid of the Holy Father. The Pope was moved to tears by these noble words, and all who were present were deeply affected. The youthful soldiers quitted the Vatican, their faces beaming with delight.'

AUSTRIA.

Alarming war rumors continued to prevail at Vienna but the news is conflicting. The recruiting of Austrian volunteers for Mexico was about to commence. The draught of the Concordat drawn up at Rome on the bases agreed to by the Emperor Maximilian has been forwarded to Mexico.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—General von Manteuffel, Governor of Schleswig Holstein, has published a decree of the King of Prussia, by which any attempt to establish by forcible means any other authority in the Duchies than that of His Majesty and the Emperor of Austria is made punishable by imprisonment with hard labour for a period of from five to ten years. All acts that may be considered as directed to such an object, any endeavours to establish relations with foreign Powers for the purpose of causing their intervention, and any abuse of official authority committed in order to prepare a change of government, and, finally, the enlistment or drilling of men, are punishable by imprisonment with hard labour for from two to five years. The decree further states that any instigation to rebellion by word or writing, or the designation of any other person than the King of Prussia or the Emperor of Austria as the rightful sovereign of the country, will be punished by imprisonment for a period of from three months to five years.

THE ABBE DE ST. P. ERRE'S

Amidst the numerous domains of Normandy in the seventeenth century, one named Motteville was remarkable, although it only contained a few rods of land. The river, shaded by willows, formed a peninsula, in the centre of which the late proprietor had laid out a small garden, an exact model of Versailles.

The same thickets, the same statues, and all in keeping, cut in the stone of the country instead of bronze and marble; thus the reputation of Motteville extended throughout Normandy, and parties came many miles to see it. Country gentlemen, who had been through it, declared that after such a visit, seeing Versailles was useless.

On the death of the Marquis, the Chevalier de Coste and the Viscount de Villars were the nearest relatives and coheirs to the estate. They hastened to take possession, each bringing writers and lawyers to assist in settling the division of the property. They found at the Villa one of their relatives, l'Abbe de St. Pierre, who had come to visit the late Marquis, and had unexpectedly been present at his death. The two cousins knew the Abbe, and were both anxious he should remain with them.

Frénic de Saint Rein was one of those men one cannot see without admiration. He spoke little, but his mind was always engaged in plans for the happiness of others; and he well deserved the praise bestowed on him by D'Alembert. His whole history was contained in two words: Give and Forgive.

The Chevalier and the Viscount agreed very well as long as there was question only of farms, woods or houses, as they were put in lots to suit and then divided, but when it came to Motteville, both declared they would have it at any price. Motteville was really the ornament of the estate; the other parts were only the profit. Whoever possessed it would really pass for the real inheritor of the Marquis. With Motteville, one would acquire a kind of celebrity, sure to be spoken of—to receive visits from the nobility of Normandy. Without Motteville, you were simply a rich man.

Either of the cousins would have been perfectly satisfied a month before with such a condition; but prosperity rendered them exacting, and each persisted in his pretensions. The discussions first became bitter, then from reproaches extended to threats; and finally the two adversaries, excited by contradiction, declared they would go to law all their lives rather than give up Motteville.

The Abbe saw this state of things with sorrow; he tried to make peace, but advice from a venerable man has the same effect as water thrown on red-hot iron; it generally becomes warm and adds to the heat. The Abbe soon found that words were useless. And he, who hoped for peace among all nations, found it impossible to establish union between his own cousins.

These had really commenced hostilities by putting their business into the hands of lawyers. There were conferences, meetings and expenses of every kind, to defray and to meet which, the cousins were forced to borrow money at heavy interest, both spending rapidly their fortune before they had received it.

However, from some remains of good sense and good taste, they had decided to let the lawyers fight for them, and not to allow any ill will to appear in their usual intercourse. They continued to occupy the villa, and to see each other daily, while their men of business kept up a bitter warfare. The Abbe St. Pierre, being neutral in the contro-

versy, received the confidences and complaints of each in turn. On one occasion in particular, he heard from each in turn, complaints of want of funds; both declaring that they would never give up, as they were determined not to lose the large sums they had already spent. The Abbe did not object; he seemed on the contrary, to enter into the hopes of each, and having 'put them in' a good humor with him begged them to listen to a story he had lately written, of which he desired to have their opinion. They consented, and at the hour appointed he read the following:—

THE ABBE'S STORY.

Amidst the numerous islands of the Mississippi, there are two of small extent but of wonderful fertility. Wild grain grows there in abundance and without culture. The trees are laden with fruits known as sand plums.

This fertility attracts wild goats and other animals, which afford constant sport for the hunter. The numerous small bays which surround the islands are filled with fish, which can be caught without difficulty.

Each of these favored isles had only a single inhabitant. That of the Green Isle was Maki, and he of the Round Isle was called Barko. As their properties were close together, they visited each other in their canoes, and lived like brothers. Maki was the better hunter, and Brake the more expert fisher. By exchanging the fruits of their sport, they lived in great abundance. Their tastes were the same, their riches equal; both lived on what their islands produced, each in a hut constructed by his own hands, and they were perfectly satisfied.

One unfortunate day, Barko, in cleaning a fish which he had just caught, found in its entrails a half-circle of gold, enriched with stones of various colors. A man in civilized life would have known it was the ornament of a Spanish lady's comb, but our friend had never seen anything like it. He yelled and jumped for joy; then tried this wonderful ornament as a collar, a head dress, an ornament for his nose, and finally decided his ear was the proper place. He hung it there, fixing it firmly, and letting it touch his shoulder, in order that it might be seen from a greater distance.

His next great care was to visit his neighbor, in order to get some person to share his joy. Maki was lost in admiration at the sight of the wonderful ornament of Barko. He had never seen, never dreamed of such magnificence. The new dress of Barko made him look like a god.

But admiration soon became jealousy. Maki let this take possession of him without at first perceiving it, then indulged and cherished it. Why should his friend have found such a treasure instead of him? Was he handsome, stronger, or more courageous? Did not the fish belong more to him than to Barko? Was it not caught near his island?

These reflections soon became words, Barko answered proudly, his recent good fortune having raised him in his own esteem. The fish was caught in the middle of the stream, the golden crescent belonged to him, and he knew how to defend it.

They separated in anger. Left alone, Maki could think of nothing but the golden crescent which hung from his neighbor's ear. He remembered his insolence, and determined to stop it.

The next day an occasion presented itself. Barko saw a buffalo swimming the river, followed in his canoe, caught it near the Green Island, and killed it. Maki hastened down, and said the animal belonged to him. The argument became warm, and from words came to blows. Barko was wounded and took refuge in his canoe, swearing to be revenged.

The inhabitant of the Green Island did not require this caution in order to be prepared. He knew what he had to fear from a neighbor brave, vigilant and revengeful. He determined to be beforehand, and going over quietly in the night to the Round Island, he set fire to Barko's hut, which he found empty.—On his return he saw flames issuing from the trees that shaded his own home. The neighbors had passed each other on the same strand of vengeance, and were both without shelter.

This was only a declaration of war. From that time they abandoned every pursuit to gratify their passions, and annoy each other. Their only amusement was in setting snares for each other; their only care to avoid them. They hardly dared to leave their hiding places to procure the necessary nourishment; they feared to sleep, and their hatred increased in proportion to the misery each inflicted on the other.

They fought several times without serious result. Maki felt jealousy increase with his anger every time he perceived Barko from a distance with his ear-ornament shining. What to Maki were the wounds, the cold the hunger suffered by Barko, so long as he had not the precious treasure?

He could no longer support life; he must either have the ornament for his ear or die. He approached his enemy determined to strike a decisive blow.—Arming himself with his hatchet; he swam to his neighbor's island (for both canoes were long since destroyed). Here, Barko prepared to defend himself, a long and bloody struggle ensued, and at length Barko lay dead before him. Drank with pride and joy, Maki took the ornament from the ear of the corpse. At last it was his; his own, after so much suffering—so many privations; all his battles were fully recompensed. He held up with triumph what would, for the future, be the emblem of his victory.

After having examined it with a savage laugh, he parted his gory locks to suspend it as he had seen it worn. But horror! Barko's blows had taken effect—his ears were both gone! The so much coveted jewel was henceforth without employment!

Maki raised himself up and looked around him with despair; he saw only ruin—their land torn up, their dwellings in ashes, their canoes wrecked, and the dead body of his only friend.

The Abbe having finished his story, wished his friends good night. Their eyes had often met during the reading, and the cousins parted without speaking. But when the Abbe came down to breakfast next morning, he found his friends burning papers. They told him they had been commenting on his story and saw, if they continued their lawsuit, they would undoubtedly be like Maki, in having a house without support. They had drawn for Motteville; the Chevalier had won it, and that they should always remember Maki, the Indian, who lost both his ears in trying to get an ornament for one.

Two Beds.—The highest and the lowest in Ireland are now, thanks to the Poor Law, placed on an equality. The rich man has his bed of down, and so has the poor man his bed of down—in the gutter.

The Old Guard.—After the treaty of peace of Tilsit the most friendly intercourse existed between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia and they were often seen riding or walking together with an escort. On one occasion the two emperors were leaving the palace arm in arm, Alexander's attention was attracted by the appearance of a grenadier of the Old Guard who stood sentry at the gate. This war-worn veteran had his face literally divided by the scar of a sabre-cut extending from above the left eye brow to the right side of the chin. Noticing Alexander's look of surprise, Napoleon remarked:—'What do you think, brother, of soldiers who survive such wounds?'

'And you brother,' replied the Russian Emperor, 'what do you think of the soldiers who inflicted those wounds?'

Before Napoleon could find a suitable answer to this home thrust the old soldier who stood at present arms as stiff as a statue, growled audibly from under his grizzled mustache and without moving a muscle:—'They are dead, those!'

'Ah! brother,' said Alexander, laughing, 'here again the victory is yours!'

Daniel Webster was right when he remarked of the press, 'Small is the sum required, to patronise a newspaper; amply rewarded its patron, I care not how humble or unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a printed sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price.'

NEW YORK FIFTY YEARS SINCE.—The New York Times lately published a curious contribution—a journeyman printer's recollections of that city half a century ago. 'New York,' he writes, 'was at that time a compact city. Brooklyn was an inconsiderable village; the only mode of crossing was by row-boats. Jersey city was 'no where.' There were no omnibus lines, no railways, and I believe no hacks. We took our time in those days; nobody was fast. The City Hotel was the only first-class house in that line of business. Hotel fare was substantial, but plain. There was a general prejudice against French cooking. Port and brown sherry (pals sherry rarely seen) were good, and Madeira delicious. Champagne was just coming in, and comparatively little known; it was warmed before drinking! The customs and habits of New York were much more simple than they are now; there was infinitely less wealth less luxury, less cultivation, and less refinement. There were comparatively few temptations. There were no 'hells, no gin palaces, no saloons, no clubs. Men lived at home. The Park Theatre and Souther's Museum were the only places of amusement. In the Park Theatre the staple of the audience was furnished year after year by the same families; in the same boxes the same faces would be ever present. Contoiti's Garden had just been opened. A public garden with lights, seats, lemonade, and ice cream was new. Even 'porter houses,' as now constituted, were almost unknown. It was at a porter house at the corner of Fulton-street that the first introduction of newspapers for general reading took place. New York was a more economically governed city than it is now; there was a much higher sense of official responsibility, and municipal honours were conferred on men of high standing and character. The standard has been lowered by universal suffrage. 'It may interest the 'craft,' to know something of the condition of the press half a century ago. My first employment here as a journeyman commenced in May, 1815, with Van Winkle and Wiley, who printed Corbett's Weekly Register. I contrived to take proof sheets to that great English Radical, and got up a somewhat familiar acquaintance with the gray eyed and always gray-dressed man, and learnt from him much about the leading statesmen of England. I was afterwards with Jonathan Seymour, and was employed on the then great enterprise of publishing Scott's Family Bible; on that work I had James Harper, now the senior of the great publishing house, as my partner. Nothing was known in these days of ten or eight hours' system; we worked 13 hours a day. An incident will show the capacity of leading houses at that time. William Mercien, for whom I worked in 1817, had an order to reprint with all haste Lullu Rookh, of which a single copy had been received in advance by a ship from London. All was astir. The 'casses' were manned night and day; presses running constantly; binders were reinforced, and for once, strong Methodist as he was, Mr. Mercien ignored the Sabbath. And on the tenth day Lullu Rookh in boards made its appearance. This was regarded as an achievement. The Harpers would do it in 24 hours. Wonderful changes have been wrought in daily journals. There were then two morning papers, the Gazette and the Mercantile. The Gazette rarely contained more than a column and a half of reading matter, and the Mercantile was not much better; both were stupid and barren of all interest except for their ship news and advertisements. The two evening papers, the Post and Commercial, were edited with ability. The Columbian was semi-weekly. The Mercantile had the largest circulation, which I think was less than 2,500. There was not in the whole city as much press power and capacity as is now operating surreptitiously beneath the side walk in front of the Times office, while thousands pass over it unconsciously of its whereabouts. Of all who were connected with the daily press of that time I believe the only survivor is Mr. Francis Hall, of the Commercial, with half a dozen of the then journeyman. For myself I always had good situations, was habitually industrious, drank no beer, and earned from \$10 to \$12 a week, most of which, after paying board, went for tickets at the Park Theatre, Mechanics, clerks, &c., paid \$3 a week for board.'

UNITED STATES.

The 'ague plant' has recently been discovered.—not the plant that cures ague, but the one that causes it. Here is one plant, at least, that we can notice without being overwhelmed with applications for seed. To be sure it is a little thing, and takes a good eye, aided by a good microscope, to find it, but when found, it cannot be said it is no great shakes, for it is the genuine Shaker seedling itself. Doct. I. H. Salisbury of Cleveland, Ohio, announces in the American Journal of Medical Sciences, that fever and ague is caused by a minute plant, which is found where stagnant water has just dried away. The spores, or reproductive dust of this microscopic plant, are diffused through the night damps, and being taken into the system by breathing, are the cause of that wide spread scourge the ague. The habits of these minute plants completely accord with what was before known of the occurrence of miasm, and that they are the real cause of it has been shown by taking boxes of earth containing them, to places where an ague was never known to occur. In about two weeks after the ague plant was taken there, well marked cases of the disease appeared. This discovery does not as yet increase our knowledge of the means of ridding ourselves of the plant, but it will probably lead to that—just as one if he can only find out 'how he got such a cold' is already half cured. The spores only rise in the night, and then to a height varying with the locality, of from thirty to one hundred feet. This explains why night air brings on ague, and why elevated localities are free from it. After the ague seed is taken into the system, the plant is propagated there, and the patient becomes a sort of animated hot-bed.—American Agriculturist.

The Detroit Free Press says that several of the 17th U. S. regulars have arrived in that city to be assigned to stations there and elsewhere along the lakes. It is reported that a portion of them will relieve the detachment of the 4th infantry at Fort Wayne, that one company will be sent to old Fort Brady, at the Sault St. Marie, and two will be stationed at Fort Gratiot, just above Port Huron.

CAPACITY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.—The people have not the capacity for self-government. Let the power of the States be centered at Washington; let the functions of the municipalities be absorbed by the State Legislature at Albany. Such is the doctrine of the Republican party. Yet what is the party that thus preaches and practices? 'You have a President,' said Mr. Williams of Buffalo, in his recent speech in the Assembly, 'whom you have with so much bitterness, that the holder among you do not hesitate to hint at the assassin's knife as a desirable means of relief. You have a cabinet divided in its councils. You have a Congress and Executive opposed to each other on the most vital principle of reconstruction. You have a Governor detested by one faction of your party, and mistrusted by another. You have a Senate that despises your Assembly, and an Assembly that brands your Senators as political idiots.—Albany Argus.

The Boston Traveller says.—If the Irish should invade Canada, they will fall in with some of their old foes, the native Americans, as many Indians have tendered their services to the Canadian Government. Irishmen mostly have good heads of hair, their skulls being providentially well thatched; and Indians are, as partial to scalps now as they were in days of yore.