fleers, who occasionally commanded such ships, must have felt at this method some of their Confederate brethren had of living at other people's expense.

SCENES IN WILMINGTON.

Wilmington, during that period, swarmed with foreigners, Jews and Gentiles. In fact, going down the main street or along the river, you might well imagine you were journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho. As to the falling among thieves we will make no mention. The beggars at the gangways of the newly-arrived steamers were as thick as those in Egypt, crying "back-sheesh." At every turn you "met up," as our tar-heel friends say, with young Englishmen dressed like grooms and jockeys, or with a peculiar coachman-like look, seeming in a foreign land, away from their mothers, to indulge for the outer and extravagant in dress to the utmost. These youngsters had money, lived like fighting cocks, and astonished the natives by their pranks, and the way they flung the Confederate "stuff" about. Of course they were deeply interested in the Confederate cause, and at the same time wanted cotton. The Liverpool house of Alexander Collie & Co. had quite a regiment of these youngsters in their employ. Fine-looking fellows, with turned-up noses, blue eyes wide apart, and their fluffy, straw-colored, mutton-chop whiskers floating in the wind, to the great admiration of their *chères amies*, the handsome quadroon washer-women, on whose mantle-pieces and in whose albums were frequently to be found photographs strikingly resembling the aforesaid young foreigners. They occupied a large flaring yellow house, like a military hospital, at the upper end of Water Street, and which belonged to a Mr. Wright. There these youngsters kept open house, and spent their pa's and the Company's money while it lasted. There they fought cocks on Sundays, until the neighbors remonstrated and threatened prosecution. A stranger passing the house at night, and seeing it illuminated with every gas-jet lit (the expense, no doubt, charged to the ship), and hearing the sound of music, would ask if a ball was going on. Oh, no! it was only these young English Sybarites enjoying the luxury of a band of negro minstrels after dinner. They entertained any and everybody, from Beauregard and Whiting, or Lawley, the voluminous correspondent of the London *Times*, down to such "bummers" as Vivielly or the most insufferable sponge or snob who forced his society upon them.

But alas! there came a day when these Masters Primrose, with brandy-flushed faces, faded away, and scattered like their namesakes before a chilling northeast wind, and Wilmington knew them no more. We doubt that the population of Wilmington, both white and colored, miss and mourn them sadly.

THE TRESS OF BENJAMIN.

The tribe of Benjamin was very well represented at Wilmington, as you may imagine, the unctuous and oleaginous Confederate Secretary of State having well provided for his people. A great many gentlemen of strongly Jewish physiognomy were to be met with on the street, in very delicate health, and with papers in their pockets, to keep them out of the army, from the Secretary of State, but still in hot pursuit of the "moniah." When the conscript officer became too zealous and pressing, they fled away to Nassau and Bermuda. We recollect, upon one occasion, when a very distinguished naval officer in the Confederate service was going to run the blockade, three men, representing themselves as being intended for the crew of a Confederate cruiser abroad, presented themselves with notes from a high Government official, requesting that passage be furnished them to Nassau. Lieut. J——, told them:—"Gentlemen, if I take you under these circumstances, you cannot go as passengers; you will have to go in the forecastle as common sailors." "Very well," said they, "any way will do." So they went out with the nominal purpose of joining the crew of the cruiser that was being fitted out in Europe. When the vessel got to Nassau, in a few days one of the party had his sign up as a practicing physician; the other had gone into business in a store; the third came to Lieut. J——, and begged him to take him as his steward. "Why," said the officer, "you are a gentleman by birth and education; you are not fitted to be a steward—a waiter." "Never mind," replied the unhappy impecunious individual; "I am out of money and must do something." There were many other such instances of refugees from conscription. In Richmond they used to get through the lines in coffins. At Wilmington other steamers went out without many "stowaways," whom it was not always possible to smoke out, or without some weak-kneed individual who, by hook or crook, in some mysterious way managed to get a passport and escape the conscript officer.

CONFEDERATE AGENTS.

The Confederate Government used to send some queer agents abroad at the expense of the people. A Mrs. Grinnell was sent out by the Surgeon-General—so she stated—to get bandages, etc., which nobody else, we suppose, but Mrs. Grinnell could get. She was an English woman, of that class and with those manners which any man, if he has travelled much, has often seen. She gave herself out as a daughter of an English baronet, and first came to New York several years prior to the war. Then there was Belle Boyd, who represented herself, we believe, as an agent sent out by Mr. Benjamin. She was captured, with our friend George Baer, in the *Greyhound*. Another was a Mrs. Baxley, of Baltimore. She represented herself, we believe, as an agent of old Mr. Memminger—that compeer of Gallatin and Necker—who, by the way, ever since the surrender, has been hiding away somewhere up in the mountain fastnesses of South Carolina, in mortal terror; and who, whenever he hears of even a barren agent in the shape of a chaplain being in the neighborhood, immediately hies himself off to his retreat, not to reappear till the representative of the United States has departed the vicinity. The fact is, the United States ought to send old Mr. Memminger a free pardon and grant him a pension. He did about as much as any other man we know of to break down the Confederacy. Mallory should be taken care of for life. And as for Benjamin, the United States can never pay the debt of gratitude it owes him for having, by his unfortunate counsels, assisted it in the destruction of "the rebellion." They should send a public ship to bring Benjamin back to his sorrowing country, which so deeply mourns his loss.

THE PORT HARDLY EVER CLOSED.

We have often wondered why the port was not more effectually closed. To tell the truth, it was hardly closed at all. Many of the blockade-runners continued their career till the fall of Fisher. An experienced captain and good engineer invariably brought a ship safe by the blockading squadron. Wilkinson and Carter never failed—good sailors, cool, cautious and resolute, they ran in and out without difficulty many times. The great danger was from the exterior line of the blockaders, some forty or fifty miles out.

THE WRECK OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

The wreck of the blockade-runners not unfrequently occurred by being stranded or beached, and highly diverting skirmishes would occur between the blockaders and the garrisons of the forts for the possession. The fleet, however, never liked the Whitworth guns that we had, which shot almost with the accuracy of a rifle and with a tremendous range. The soldiers generally managed to wreck the stranded vessels successfully, though sometimes with great peril and hardship. It mattered very little to the owners then who got her, as they did not see much of what was recovered—the soldiers thinking they were entitled to what they got at the risk of their lives. But the wreck was a most demoralizing affair—the whole garrison generally got drunk and staid drunk for a week or so afterward. Brandy and fine wines flowed like water; and it was a month, perhaps, before matters could be got straight. Many accumulated snug little sums from the misfortunes of the blockade-runners, who generally denounced such pillage as piracy; but it could not be helped.

DEATH OF MRS. GREENHOW.

Seldom, however, was there any loss of life attending these wrecks. But there was one notable case of the drowning of a famous woman, celebrated for her beauty and powers of fascination. We allude to the death of Mrs. Greenhow, so well known for many years in Washington circles. Before she even crossed the Confederate lines she had undoubtedly rendered valuable service to the authorities at Richmond, and was in consequence imprisoned by the Federal authorities in Washington. After coming to Richmond, and laboring in the hospitals there for some time she sailed for Europe from Wilmington, and it was on her return trip that she was drowned, just as she reached the shores of the South. She had lived past her beauty's prime, had drank deep of fashion and folly's stream of pleasure, had received the admiration and adulation of hundreds of her fellow mortals, and had reached that point in life when those things no longer please but palL on the senses. Her time had come. The small boat in which she was coming from the vessel, which was beached just a short distance above Fisher, upset, and Mrs. Greenhow, after sinking several times, was brought to shore but soon after reaching it died. It was said that the gold she had sewed up and concealed about her person had borne her down and was the cause of her death; that had it not been for that weight she would have been saved. Her body was brought to Wilmington and laid out in the Sailor's Church, where we saw her. She was beautiful even in death. After her funeral her wardrobe and a great many articles that she had brought over for sale, and which had been rescued from the wreck, were sold at auction in Wilmington. It was very splendid, and she "ventured" she had brought in for sale was most costly. It was said that an English countess or duchess had an interest in this venture, and was to have shared the profits of the speculation.

But the storm was soon to rain on our devoted heads. Those white painted steamers, clipping the waves so nimbly, with the British and Confederate flags flying, with their brandies and wines, their silks and calicoes, their bananas and oranges, and gladdening the hearts of the dwellers on the bank of the Cape Fear, were soon to disappear from its waters, and the glory of Wilmington to depart.

WHO OWNS THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Some little discussion having arisen as to who are the actual owners of the Atlantic Telegraph, we give below a correct list of the proprietors:—

The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, London, England, subscribed,	£100,000
Danl. Gooch, M. P., England,	10,000
Henry F. Bracely,	10,000
Thos. Brassy,	10,000
A. H. Compbell, M P,	10,000
George Elliot,	10,000
Richard A Glass,	10,000
John Pender. M P,	10,000
John Smith,	10,000
Henry Bewley,	10,000
Cyrus W. Field, U S,	10,000
Thos Bolton & Sons, England,	5,000
A friend of D. Gooch, M P, "	5,000
James Horsefall, "	5,000
J & E Wright, "	5,000
John Wilkes & Sons, "	2,000
C M Sampson, "	2,000
J Morrison, "	2,000
Ebenezer Pike, "	2,000
Edwd Cropper, "	1,000
Joseph Robinson, "	1,000
Making in all	£280,000

The following names comprise the present board of control:

DIRECTORS.

Francis A Bevan, Esq., 54 Lombard street.
Henry Bewley., Willow Park Dublin.
Edward Cropper, Esq., Swaylands, Penshurst.
Richard Atwood Glass, Esq., Ashurst Dorking.
Daniel Gooch, Esq., M. P., Clewer Park, Windsor.
Captain A. T. Hamilton, 12 Bolton Row, Piccadilly.
J. R. McLean, Esq., C. E., 23 Great George Street, Westminster.
George Peabody, Esq., 22 Old Broad street.
Charles E. Stewart, Esq., 109, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.
Cyrus W. Field Esq., New York.

BANKERS.

Messrs. Bracely, Bevan, Tritton, Twells and Co, 54 Lombard Street, E. C.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Bircham, Dalrymple, Drake and Ward, London.
Messrs. Baxter, Rose Norton and Co., London.
SECRETARY.—J. C Dean, Esq.

Thus £218,500 out of the £280,000 was subscribed by Englishmen, Cyrus W. Field being the only American who subscribed a large amount. That this gentleman has persevered nobly and contributed largely to the success of the enterprise cannot be denied, but Messrs Gooch and Glass and Elliot and others are each entitled to equal credit.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR.

The tour of the President, commenced on Tuesday, Aug. 28th, was undertaken primarily for the purpose of attending and participating in the laying of the corner stone of the Douglass monument at Chicago, the 6th September; but it has been made the occasion for paying unusual honors to the People's President at every point on the journey.—Cities and towns have vied with each other in the demonstration of respect to the Chief Magistrate and the man whom they have feared. Philadelphia, alone, has gained the bad pre-eminence of a studied disrespect to the President. The city authorities made no demonstration whatever, but this slight was amply atoned for by the spontaneous uprising of the people to do him honor.

The journey of the Presidential party will be extended to Milwaukie, St. Louis and Louisville, and Cincinnati, Pittsburg, &c., will be taken on the route back. A particular feature of this journey which, however, excites the severe animadversions of the radicals, is the plain and familiar style of speech which the President indulges in. He does right to defend himself and his policy against the rude and brutal attacks of the radical Congress, press and mob. He talks plainly to the people, and they understand him. Figuratively, when he speaks, thirty millions of people listen. Single handed and alone, with truth, sincere love for the Union, a reverence for the Constitution, and determination to enforce the laws, he can meet and overturn his enimies. We are thankful that he has seen fit to take this course and entertain the firm belief that the results of the Presidential tour will operate for substantial good.—*Boston Pilot.*

NAPOLEON OUTWITTED.

The people of France are furious with the Emperor, and abuse him without stint, for allowing himself to be outwitted and defeated by Bismark, for Bismark has not only defeated Austria and the German Confederation—he has outwitted all the rest of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon included, and Bismark has become for the Emperor a sort of *bete noir*, whom he fears more than any man he has yet had the fortune to meet in diplomacy. When the war in Germany commenced, the Emperor Napoleon supposed that both parties were going to exhaust themselves to such an extent that, at the end of the war, he would be strong enough to demand the Rhine and receive it, but the war has terminated contrary to all expectations, and, to the profound astonishment of everybody, in an easy and rapid triumph for Prussia, and in a situation of affairs which renders any concessions to France on the Rhine an impossibility. More than that, Germany is now so nearly united under the powerful impulsion of Prussia, that Napoleon could not probably conquer the Rhenish Provinces, or, if at all, only with a costly and protracted war. It is even said that Bismark desires such a war, for all Germany is so united on this subject of the Rhine and in hatred of Napoleon, that by it he would hope to drag all Germany, even to that German portion of Austria, into the arms of Prussia; so that the *beau rôle* which Napoleon was supposed to be playing in the commencement of the war, turns out to be no *role* at all, and disappointment and rage pervade all ranks of French society. As at present constituted, however, with a much less population than that of France, Prussia is not a menace to France, nor can Napoleon pretend that Prussia has become so large as to make it necessary for him to demand a compensation. Prussia probably will become large enough to warrant Napoleon in making such a demand, but by that time Prussia will have so consolidated German power as to be able to resist successfully the demand. So that in any light in which one looks at the matter, Napoleon comes off with nothing in a question in which it was supposed he was to gain everything, and the dissatisfaction is in proportion to the great disappointment.—*Paris Cor. of N. Y. Times.*

NAPOLEON II.

[Paris correspondence of N. Y. Times, Aug. 14.]

Since the recent mediation of the Emperor of the French, which has perhaps saved Austria from total annihilation, there is reason to believe that the desire of France to possess the ashes of the young Prince who was for a few hours Napoleon II., has been acceded to by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and that the mortal remains of the King of Rome will soon be placed beneath the dome of the Invalides, side by side with those of his illustrious father. Thus the great Napoleon and his son, separated by destiny in life, will at last be united in death. Both died in the land of exile, and neither will have found repose upon the soil of France until after many years sleep far from her shores—one upon a rock-bound island in a distant ocean, and the other in the funeral vault of an Austrian palace! Little is generally known in America of the last years of Napoleon II., and the present moment seems opportune to give a sketch of his brief and sad melancholy career. Joseph Charles Francis Napoleon, King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt, was born at Paris on the 20th March, 1811. All the good fairies seemed to have assembled around his cradle, and all appeared to predict for him honors, riches and power; not one intimated a doubt of his future grandeur and lustre! Yet, despite the happy prestiges which accompanied his birth, scarcely three years after he came into the world as the heir of Napoleon, the young Prince left France on the 2d of May, 1814, never to return during life. On arriving in the dominions of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, his title was suppressed, the name he bore proscribed, every fact in history which recalled the glory of his father, and the humiliation of his enemies, was carefully concealed from the child's knowledge, and at seven years of age the son of Napoleon became the Duke of Reichstadt. An imperial decree, promulgated July 22, 1818—the 22d of July was also the date of his death—conferred upon him the title of an Austrian Duke, fixed his rank at the Court of Vienna, the arms he was to bear, the honors to which he was to be entitled, and the position he was to occupy as a member of the Imperial family of Austria. No trace of Napoleon was left, and the name itself was formally suppressed by the decree. Afterwards, as he grew up, and learned what a hero had been his father, he suddenly awoke as from a long slumber. When he read in secret the story of Napoleon's immortal campaigns, and comprehended the glory and power to which the genius of his father had attained, it seemed to him that he had all at once entered another world, illuminated by the history of gigantic exploits. Then, despite those who surrounded him, despite the incessant watch kept over him, he determined to know all. He obtained and eagerly devoured every work in which Napoleon's name was mentioned, and finally, when he realized how great his father had been, what humiliations had been heaped upon him, how he had died a tortured prisoner, the young Prince was filled with an immense hatred of those who had accomplished the hundred soldier's long martyrdom. His indignation was also excited against the decree, which deprived him of the name which he justly regarded as the most glorious of those he bore, and he immediately and resolutely signified his intention to be called Napoleon. Like his father, he was fond of the profession of arms, but his frail, thin body could not withstand the arduous exercises to which he attempted to school himself. Appointed Colonel of the Gustavus Vasa Regiment, he assumed the active command, took part in every fatiguing ceremony, in all weather, and no matter how ill he was, or how much his physicians remonstrated, his dreams were of glory. He studied the art of war in the numberless descriptions of his father's battles, either reading them or inducing others to recount them to him, with the map of Europe beneath his eyes. He would never consent to lie down, except when his feeblenss absolutely forced him to do so. He well knew that he must soon die, but he had only one regret in leaving the world, and that was, to have done so little to prove himself worthy to bear the name of Napoleon. I remember having often seen in America an engraving representing him grasping his father's sword, and lamenting his powerlessness to wield the weapon which had so long "made all Europe tremble." The phrase attributed to him may be apocryphal, as regards the strict letter of the expression, but that such were, in reality, his feelings, cannot be doubted for an instant. His mother, a woman whose heart seemed insensible to any ennobling emotion, and who had not the dignity to remain the widow of Napoleon, wept at his bedside when the fatal moment drew near. "Mother! mother!" he whispered, "I am dying!" It was the 22d of July, 1832, and these were the last words of Napoleon II., expiring in a murmur upon his lips, with his last breath. Thus died the son of the Great Captain, at the age of twenty-one years. Six days after his death, on the 28th, a post mortem examination of the remains was made at Schonbrunn. The following is an extract of the medical report:—"The body completely emaciated; the chest, in proportion of the body, long and narrow; the sternum flattened; the neck wasted." He was interred at Schonbrunn with princely honors, and visitors to his tomb, at the present day, will see upon it a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

To the eternal memory
Of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt;
Son of Napoleon, Empere. of the French,
And of Maria Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria;
Born at Paris the 20th of March, 1811,
Died at Schonbrunn, July 22, 1832.

He had himself written an epitaph, which he wished placed upon his tomb, but which was rejected. It was brief, and to the purpose:

Here lies the son of Great Napoleon!
He was born King of Rome;
He died an Austrian Colonel!

HEALTH OF EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.

For some time past we have had various accounts of the ill health of the Emperor of France, who has been compelled to leave the cares of state for a while, and seek rest at Vichy. It is stated that he is suffering from an attack of internal constriction, to which he has been long subject, and which compels him to give up business which is not of urgent necessity. The court name for the malady is rheumatism. The Emperor is not naturally a bad patient, but there are some circumstances which make his case more than one of ordinary difficulty.

Napoleon's death would be one of the most important events in the modern history of Europe. During the last ten or fifteen years, he has exercised a greater influence on the destinies of the continental nations than any other man. His policy, so inscrutable, could never be fathomed by his rivals; his power of deception and dissimulation have been equalled by none. After a short period of probation, after he became Emperor, he not only made himself to be recognized by the crowned heads of Europe as an equal, but in all the mysteries of king craft showed himself to be infinitely their superior. To be deprived of his leadership would lessen the importance of France; and it is said that in order to provide for such a contingency, and to accustom the nation to the influence and direction of the Empress Eugenie during a possible regency, the Emperor has recently been bringing her more prominently before the public in allowing her to participate in the councils of state. Meanwhile, he is also bringing the young Prince before the public on every possible occasion, and training him as fast as possible for the duties which are apparently to devolve upon him sooner or later.

THE TRIP OF THE MINIATURE SHIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The fairy little craft of a ship, christened the *Red, White and Blue*, that left New York on the morning of the 9th of July, arrived in London on the 16th of August, rounding the passage in 38 days. The New York *World* gives the following history of this curious venture:

In the recent fair of the American Institute in New York, a gold medal was awarded to O. R. Ingersoll, Esq., for his improved metallic life-boat, now in such general use. The boat that took that prize passed up the Thames two days ago amid the wonder and cheers of thousands of John Bulls, who, when they sent us over their big ship, never thought we would send them in return the smallest craft that ever lived in a sea.

Early last spring, Mr. Ingersoll was waited on by a little, natty sort of a man, five feet two in his boots, with light sandy hair, red whiskers, open features, and an eye that looked right straight ahead from its depths of deep blue. He said: "I want to rig that boat into a full three-masted ship, go over in her to Europe, and enter her for the Paris Exposition. If I fail, I fail; if I don't, I'll make my fortune. I know what I'm about, so does another man I'll take with me. We've been wrecked three times, and don't believe we were born to be drowned. Besides, a life-boat isn't a life-boat that can't cross the ocean. Will you let me have her?" "Yes" sealed the bargain.

The boat, already air and water tight, was furnished with three masts, sixteen feet high; a full set of sails, amounting to sixty-five yards of canvass in all; was cargoed with enough for two men for eighty days, including the rations of a poodle dog, that was to be taken for company, and to be used as a mop now and then to clean decks. The bold men, whom all thought fools, and whom success has shown as skilful as adventurous, are Capt. John N. Hudson and Capt. Francis Edward Fitch, both of whom "ran away to sea" in youth, and were cuffed up from cabin boys to commanders by rapid progression, the one being 42, the other 28 years of age. We described their departure on July 9, and can never forget the anguish with which friends and kin bade them good bye, as they cheerfully cut loose from us beyond the light ship.

Till the log of that memorable voyage is published, it will be difficult to know the vicissitudes and the adventures through which they passed in their 38 days of solitariness. Alone, thousands of miles from land, the port of destination thousands of miles yet distant, in the midst of the ocean, that might suddenly break over them in mountainous fury, in what was scarcely larger than, and exactly the shape of a tray, the like of which has never ventured to sea before; stigmatized as fools by all who mourned what they believed to be their certain self-destruction; their life bound up in their boat; giving barely any sleep, and compelled to constant watching; these two men have finally safely reached the other side, and are beginning to receive the acknowledgments of their courage, of their seamanship, as well as of their tireless vigils and unequalled nautical intrepidity.

How well they must have come to know each other,
How peril and hope must have bound them together!

From London to New York is, in round terms, 3,500 miles, and the thirty-eight days of their passage would rate their daily going at 92 3-19 miles, or some 3 9-10 miles on an average every hour. This appears slow.—Remember, however, the changes and chances of weather, and that, as a purely sailing vessel, the *Red, White and Blue* was exposed to them all, and the calms and adverse winds, and their progress is much faster than most sailing ships of 1,500 tons burden, which seldom are not less than forty-five, and often more than sixty days *en route*.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF JAMAICA.

At a privy Council held on the 11th of July, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, the new constitution, as formed by the Imperial Government, was presented and read.

The Government is to consist of a council of thirteen, the Governor and twelve members—six official and six non-official.

The official members to consist of the following:—Governor—Sir James Peter Grant, late Governor of Bengal.

Official members.—1. The General Commanding the Forces in Jamaica. 2. The Colonial Secretary. 3. The Attorney General. 4. The Minister of Finance. 5. The Minister of Roads. 6. The Collector of Customs.

The non-official members have not yet been nominated.

The New Governor, Sir J. P. Grant, K. C. B., has served for several years in various offices in India, the highest being that of Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, from 1859 to 1862. It is said that the salary of the Governor, under the new constitution, will be £10,000 a year.

The office of Financial Secretary to be created under the new constitution, it is said, will do away with that of Receiver-General.

It is rumored that gentlemen will be sent out from England to fill the offices of Attorney General, Colonial Secretary and Collector of Customs.

Correspondence.

FROM OHIO.

THE CHOLERA—POLITICS—NEW SLAVE TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

MOUNT GILEAD, OHIO, Aug. 27.

The cholera is amongst us doing its work. Many people flattered themselves that it would hardly effect a lodgment in the United States this summer, but it is appearing in almost every city between the Atlantic and Mississippi. It is committing terrible ravages in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. In the last named city as many as eighty-six deaths from cholera have occurred in one day! It is, however, reasonable to believe that it will soon disappear, for the weather is getting cool, and the number of deaths officially reported during the last week is smaller than usual.

Politics appear to command the attention of the American people at present more than cholera. The Convention held at Philadelphia some weeks ago, is in the mouth of every body, and is terrifying the "Radical" party—the one of which the present Congress is composed. Well do the leaders of this band of Jacobins know that the tables will soon be turned—that the Philadelphia Convention has paved the way for a new political party, that, ere long, will consign "Radicalism" to a dishonorable grave. But they are going to struggle desperately before they give up the ghost. To secure support at the next Presidential election, they are improving every opportunity to excite the prejudices of the people. They slander and misrepresent our noble chief Executive; they cry aloud for a war of extermination with the white population of the South; they instigate such riots as have recently disgraced New Orleans and Memphis, and then endeavor to make it appear that the bloody work is the doings of "pardoned rebels." Negro suffrage, too, is seized upon by these demagogues, and used to good advantage. They say that the white people of the South are as hostile to the government as they were in 1861, and that the negroes are "loyal," and must be allowed to vote. One of our leading statesmen, a short time ago, went so far as to say that the white population of the Southern States *has even forfeited the right to live*. But the people are not going to be deceived. They know that such men are only working for fat offices; that they could see poor cuffy in perdition providing he can be used no longer as a stepping-stone to notoriety and power.

The abolition of negro slavery throughout the United States being one of the issues of the late war, the American people have almost forgotten that they are subjected to any grievances at all. Indeed a good many of them are in eternal bliss if they can listen once a week to a "preacher man" who has mastered the art of preaching politics—who can, in his sermons, by way of peroration, indulge in a little bit of a fling at those "rebels" who have owned slaves. Yet, after all their chuckling, *human beings are brought to the auction block to be disposed of*. It is true that the negro is no longer seen in a New Orleans or a Charleston slave-market; but that is no proof that Irish Catholic children are not brought to the State of Ohio and sold to the highest bidder. In Boston, "the hub of the universe," there is a Unitarian institution, the avowed object of which is to provide homes for orphan children—that is, sending its victims to the Western States to be sold "in numbers to suit purchasers." How long, or to what extent speculation in this kind of "stock" has been carried on is not known; but we have reason to believe that it will soon be stopped, for a Catholic clergyman, Father O'Donahoe, some time ago, in an affidavit, exposed the whole affair. He says that a number of children were offered for sale in Piqua, Ohio, last spring, and he bought two of them for twenty dollars each. A Catholic gentleman of Eaton, Preble County, Ohio, shows that children were brought to that town last winter and sold. *O tempora! O mores!*

Yours truly, ARGO.

The Herald.

Wednesday, September 12, 1866.

In our anxiety about local affairs, we often neglect to devote due attention to important events that transpire abroad—events that will prove of the utmost value to the future historian. Within six weeks of the present summer, a war, gigantic in its proportions, sanguinary in its character, and important in its results, has been commenced and ended. Prussia, poorer, and, in point of population, a weaker member of the German confederacy, and a second-class European Power, has succeeded in whipping Austria, the leading member of the Confederacy, and a first-class Power, strengthened moreover by the support of several of the minor German States. The influence, power and *prestige* of Austria have waned before the needle-gun, and the skill and vigor of the Prussians. Prussia has come out of the contest not only a victor, but, in all probability, the ruler of a reorganized Germany, powerful and extensive as that once swayed by Charles the Fifth. It is the colossal proportions thus so suddenly assumed by Prussia, which disturbs the Emperors of France and Russia, as well as the equilibrium of Europe. The treaties of Vienna, or those of 1815, which snaped the map of Europe for nearly forty years back, have been trampled in the dust, with a suddenness which amazes and alarms the majority of the continental Powers of Europe. The distinguished French Historian, M. Thiers, as far back as May last, in treating upon the position of affairs in Europe, and the probability of war, clearly foresaw the end which has since arrived. "It is certain," said he, that "Prussia will annex some of the northern German States, and will establish her influence over the others. She will then have one part of Germany under her direct authority, and under the new order of things Austria will be a 'protected' power. And then, allow me to tell you, there will be accomplished a grand phenomenon which events have been tending to for the last century. We shall see the German Empire revive—that Empire of Charles V., instead of being supported by Spain, as in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, will be supported by Italy." At the time these remarks were uttered they naturally created a great sensation in the French Chambers. The sensation amongst the public, now that they are repeated, and that events have proved their truth in, however, much greater, and Napoleon, becoming alarmed at the colossal proportions assumed by Prussia, is silently preparing to rectify the French boundaries, and to remodel the map of Europe in accordance with his recent demand upon Prussia. The Atlantic Cable, deep in its slimy bed beneath the stormy Atlantic, conveys to us, from the continent of Europe, intelligence of new diplomacy and new trouble. The petty State of Saxony, indignant at its desertion by Austria, still refuses to accede to the demands of Prussia to be incorporated with her and to pay a part of her war debt. As Saxony is only about twice the size of this Island, and weak in proportion, her obstinacy towards Prussia is surprising, and is accounted for on the supposition that Napoleon is behind the scenes, and encourages Saxony in her opposition. This supposition appears to be confirmed by late European despatches, which announce, in the first place, that Bismark is endeavoring to bring about an alliance between Prussia, Austria and Russia, and secondly, that the armistice between Prussia and Saxony has expired without any definite arrangement being concluded. War is thus likely to be renewed at any moment, and if the intelligence be true that Prussia has recalled her Minister from Paris, we at once have the clue to the combatants upon the new theatre of war. We feel certain that France never will consent to see Germany reorganized under Prussian auspices and protection. It would be equivalent to recognising, almost upon her own border, an Emptre sufficiently powerful and extensive to overshadow and overawe herself. No Frenchman will, and no French ruler dare, acquiesce in this state of affairs, unless through sheer inability to prevent it. Sooner or later, therefore, France and Prussia, or rather France and Northern Germany, will come into collision to define and settle their respective boundaries by the arbitrament of the sword or needle-gun.

Turning to the American Continent, we find the United States more determined than ever upon upholding the Monroe doctrine, or the extirpation from American soil of everything in the shape of Imperialism and monarchy. We always felt convinced that the Great Republic would never consent to see an Empire erected upon her border, either North or South. Hence by a species of active or hostile non-intervention, Mexico is kept in a constant state of turmoil, which, sooner or later, will eventuate in Maximilian's abdication in Mexico, and the annexation of that country to the United States. Napoleon, statesman and warrior though he be, and commanding vast naval and military forces, although possessed of the will, is not able, even with the assistance of Austria, to give stability to the throne of Maximilian; nor is there power in Europe to prevent the United States, whenever she pleases, from absorbing Mexico. Both France and Austria have been terrified by Secretary Seward from sending reinforcements to Mexico; and Maximilian himself is openly set at defiance by the American cabinet. The Emperor having recently issued a proclamation declaring certain Mexican ports to be in a state of blockade—a mere paper blockade by the way, as Maximilian possesses no war vessels to enforce his decree—President Johnson issued a counter proclamation setting the blockade at defiance, and, in consequence of this, the following order has been issued by the Navy Department at Washington:—

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—In accordance with the President's proclamation of the 17th inst., declaring null and void Maximilian's partial blockade of Matamoras and the other Mexican ports, the Navy Department has ordered two men-of-war to be stationed at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The commander of the Pacific squadron has also received orders to send two men-of-war to Massellana and Grespman, to protect U. S. Interests on the Pacific ocean.

Maximilian's throne was never very well established. On his first arrival in Mexico he alienated, by the folly of his acts, the sympathy and support of the Catholic Church—the only conservative body in Mexico, and the only power in that country that could give stability to his empire—and now that he is deserted by his friends in Europe, and thwarted in his own dominions by the hostility of the Americans and of local factions, nothing remains for him to do but to abdicate, if he does not wish to be forcibly driven to flight. So much for the Monroe doctrine at the South; and if we turn our attention North towards the British American Provinces, we shall see the same doctrine carried out, but in a more diplomatic manner than in the case of Mexico, but quite as effectually. As this, however, brings us to the consideration of Fenianism in its aggressive attitude towards Canada—a subject which requires to be discussed at some length, we shall reserve it for a special article in our next issue.