

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

A great political event is the publication of a new edition, for the first time fifteen years, of M. Michelet's work, "Priests, Women and Families." This infamous book is of course in the "Index" at Rome, and was till lately esteemed an impious and revolutionary work in France. It was long out of print, and the few second-hand copies that might occasionally be met with were not seized by the French police. But it is quite certain that at no time during the six or seven first years of the empire bill stickers would have been allowed, as they are now, to placard the walls of Paris with announcements in letters 3 feet high, that there was a new edition of "La Pretre, La Femme, et La Famille." This placard is a sign of the times, which points the same way as the throwing out of Prince Murat at the masonic lodge.

The vicar of Availles, near Poitiers, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for an "offence against the Emperor's person and exciting hatred between citizens."

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on Monday last:—"I believe I can give you pretty nearly the rights of the great masonic quarrel. The Emperor, who in this, as in many other cases, likes to hold with the hare and run with the hounds, has countenanced the interference of the police, under circumstances which give a certain countenance to both parties. Murat, it seems, even if he had not disputed Prince Napoleon's election, would have remained Grand Master till October. The adjournment of the general meeting till that date, by the aid of the police in pursuance of his decree, is intended to be what the French call a *ficke de consolation* to him, and in a certain way a redemption of the Emperor's pledge, conveyed by the *Moniteur*, that he had not withdrawn his friendship from him. On the other hand, the Emperor has no intention of forcing Murat upon the Freemasons, who will not have him. Prince Napoleon's resignation merely means that he will not, against the Emperor's wishes, take advantage of an election, the formal validity of which is disputed. But in all probability he will be again elected in October, and by a much larger majority. M. Doumet, a member of the Corps Legislatif, is to be acting master of the Masons in the meanwhile. The only thing which may possibly stand in the way of Prince Napoleon's ultimate election is that some of the Emperor's advisers warn him that the considerable influence which the Grand Master exercises would be dangerous to entrust to his quondam republican cousin. His Majesty will think of this during the recess."—*Tablet*.

All accounts represent the Press in France as more effectually bridled than ever. The prosecution of the printer and publisher of the Duke of Aumale's pamphlet has struck terror into all and sundry. Another printer who had contracted to publish the speeches at the Mansion House has broken his contract, preferring to fall into the hands of the law rather than into those of Government. The publisher of a work on naval tactics, by the Prince of Joinville, has been stopped in the same manner. In neither of these cases is it supposed that the Government had interfered. The fear of their interference was enough; and thus the thraldom of the press is to be measured, not by the instances in which publishers are actually punished, but by those in which they abstain from a lawful use of their liberty from fear of punishment.—*Weekly Register*.

We did not require the strange proceedings of M. de Persigny to make us aware how entirely the Government of the Emperor assumes to itself the responsibility for everything which is published in France. The French Government are never weary of proving to us by the extraordinary severity of their proceedings that nothing can be circulated in France from which they withhold their approbation. Were it their object to protect the person and character of the Pope from criticism, and that the freest and most offensive it would be quite as easy for the Emperor to do so as it is for him to protect the person of the Sovereign Pontiff from the hands of his rebellious subjects. That is, however, manifestly no part of the policy of the Court of the Tuilleries. The attacks which M. About made with so much bitterness and so much success against the temporal power of the Pope are renewed, but in a different form, and evidently to suit a different and a less critical audience. Instead of a long and carefully-written volume, designed evidently for the use of men of education, the Pope is now attacked in small and popular sheets, evidently intended for circulation from hand to hand, and for the instruction of those to whom a more elaborate invective would be inaccessible or unintelligible. One of these publications, bearing the name of a printer in Paris, we publish elsewhere, and circulating as it does through the permission or connivance of the French Government, it affords a curious proof of the nature of the relations at this moment existing between the Church and her eldest Son.—*Times*.

Mrs. Charles Joseph Eugene de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, and founder of the Congregation for Foreign Missions, which, under the name of Oblates of Mary the Immaculate, has of late extended so widely and with such signal fruits, departed this life at Marseilles on the 22nd of May. He was in the 70th year of his age, and the 29th of his Episcopate.—*Tablet*.

THE FRENCH ARMY.—During recent debates in the House of Commons reference has been repeatedly made to the military and naval forces of France, as well as to their cost in comparison with the sums voted under the Army and Navy Estimates in England. On a late occasion Mr. Monsell stated that "the French Estimates for 400,000 men were £14,000,000; and, contrasting it with the strength and cost of the British land forces, drew a conclusion very unfavorable to the British taxpayer. But the hon. member for Limerick presented a very one-sided and altogether inaccurate view of the question; for, although he quoted the sum appropriated to the Minister of War in the French Budget for 1862, he omitted items of military expenditure which are included in votes for other Ministries—Finance, State, Colonies, Interior, and Public Works, and the counter-claims whereof are comprehended in the British Army Estimates. Evidently these ought not to have been left aside, and above all things there should have been taken into consideration the value of compulsory servitude in the army and navy of France—that is to say, the value between the market price of labour and the price paid for it by Government which represents a portion of the tax paid by the nation towards its defence—a tax which is emphatically and truthfully called *l'impôt du sang*."

The total land forces of France amount to 400,000 of all ranks, 85,705 horses, and 5,658 *enfants de troupe* independently of troops in French colonies (besides Algeria), whose numbers are not given, but whose cost is charged to the Navy and Colonial Budget, and of 2,894 men 663 horses, in the Garde de Paris. Classing all ranks, according to arms, in France and Algeria, and comparing them with a similar classification of the English forces, there will be:—

	France and Algeria.	England and Colonies.	and India.
Staff,	4,507	1,222	1,322
Infantry,	259,841	101,230	150,128
Cavalry,	76,903	13,104	18,210
Artillery,	37,873	22,339	28,720
Engineers,	6,284	4,535	4,535
Train,	5,646	1,009	1,700
Administrative Services,	8,737	1,561	1,561
Indian Depots in England,			6,688
Total,	400,000	146,044	212,773
Horses,	85,705	8,262	21,904

The most remarkable features resulting from the comparison of the above figures are the enormous proportionate superiority of the French in cavalry, staff, train, and administrative services. With only twice and a half the number of foot soldiers, they have, speaking in round numbers, five times as many in the administrative services—if we take as their equivalent our hospital and commissariat staff corps—three times as many in the train, four times as many in the staff, and six times the cavalry that we have, besides ten times as many horses, while they have but one-third more in the Engineers, and about one-half more in the Artillery. Again, in the French service, the proportion of officers to men is as 1 to 16, and in the English service as 1 to 19. It may be doubted if economy could be pushed further with prudence in this respect, for to reduce the number of officers would be to impair the efficiency and mobility of the army. They are the pivots on which the machine turns; while, whatever changes may be destined to take place in consequence of the introduction of Armstrong guns and Enfield rifles, there is no proof that cavalry will play a less important part in future wars than it has hitherto done. Such being the case, the propriety of a further reduction of cavalry, as was proposed in the House of Commons, may be reasonably questioned.

The number of men that will be required to be taken by conscription to keep up this force is 40,000—for the infantry, 22,180; for the cavalry, 2,300; for the Artillery, 6,720; for the Engineers, 1,400;—and for the Train, 1,500.

The Paris correspondent of the *Weekly Register* is of opinion that the French Emperor has determined to espouse the cause of Italian revolutionists, and to sacrifice the Holy Father. He says:—

"The Emperor is preparing France for it, by gradually exciting a popular feeling against the clergy; the war of the daily press, the violent attacks of the *Siecle* and the *Temps*, was not too enough for him; the propaganda is now beginning with the dispersion of the filthiest pamphlets and fly-sheets. The freshest of these is called 'Crimes and Scandals of the Clergy'; it is a reprint of some scandalous trials in which it is alleged clergymen have been compromised. This propaganda is one of the saddest signs of our epoch, and must lead to some horrible catastrophe. As for the Roman question, the last combination talked about is this:—The City is to be surrounded by Italian troops, who are to approach within four miles of its walls. Italy is to pay the Holy Father an annual sum for the expenses of his court; the Romanians are to have no political privileges within the Roman territory, but every where else in Italy; they are to be Italian citizens sojourning in Rome."

We have not talked much about Italy this week, however; all our conversation has turned upon the new duel that Plon-plon has escaped (we call him *Craint-plomb* now), on which I can give you the most authentic information. Murat wrote to his cousin that he was tired of the attacks upon him in the *Siecle* and *Opinion Nationale*, that he knew from whom they originated, and that in consequence two friends would wait upon him, one of whom was the Senator Heckeren. Plon-plon answered that if it must be so he would meet at the Park of Buzenval, and he choose Persigny for his second. Persigny gave notice to the Minister of the Interior who told the Emperor, and he commanded his dear cousins to be quiet. Murat would not be put off thus; he sent a second challenge through M. Heckeren, proposing to his cousin a trip across the frontier. "Knowing your cowardice," said he, "I intend to travel by the same train as you, so that I may not have my trouble for nothing." To this second challenge Plon-plon returned no answer. Last Sunday at the Tuilleries, the Emperor came up to Heckeren and asked him why he meddled with such a foolish affair. Heckeren answered at once—"Sire, your cousin is unendurable." This incident has done for Plon-plon. People ask why his portrait at the Exposition looks so and—"Because he has been exposed." He is now going to hide his head for a season in Canada.

ITALY.

We mentioned in our last the Piedmontese decree by which the nomination and revocation of Bishops in the dominions usurped by Victor Emmanuel were claimed by that sacrilegious robber as among the attributions of his royalty. And we quoted the terms in which the *Giornale di Roma*, and other Catholic organs, denounced this excess of schismatical audacity. The scandal seems to have been too great even for Count Cavour, and the official *Gazette* of Turin puts forth a lame apology, out of which the various telegrams have forged a contradiction. The official *Gazette* says: "It is true that we read in those decrees that there have been reserved to the King the nominations and revocations of many functionaries, amongst whom are enumerated irremovable magistrates, as well as Bishops and Archbishops; but even if no words are omitted, as we suppose to be the case, it would be self-evident that these revocations apply only to those to whom they are applicable, and that the decrees on the lieutenancies regulated their relations with the central Government, but did not change the condition of the governed, nor the laws which are still in force."

As the *Moniteur* observes with perfect reason, this article itself shows that in the decrees in question the Piedmontese Government did really attribute to itself the right of revoking bishops, and that the *Giornale di Roma* was right in denouncing this pretension, and in forcing M. de Cavour to withdraw it. The Chapter of Milan have disgraced themselves by deplorable pusillanimity before the Revolutionists, and by deplorable subservience to their spiritual Superior. The Archbishop of Milan is prevented from occupying the Chair of St. Ambrose by Victor Emmanuel, who refuses to recognize him, and Mgr. Gaccini, the Vicar-General, who lately in the discharge of his duty forbade the clergy to participate in the civil festivities in celebration of the infamous statute, and the usurpation of the Pope's territories (a proceeding on his part of which the legality has been formally recognized), has been subjected to outrage by the revolutionary mob which proceeded to plunder and destroy various buildings till they were repressed by force. It turns out that the Chapter not only protested against the Vicar-General's act, but after his departure put forth a document expressive of their willingness to do what they had been forbidden to do by their ecclesiastical Superior.

As far as the consciences of the faithful are concerned the question is set at rest by a decision of the Supreme Tribunal. The Holy See has been consulted whether it is lawful for the Clergy of the provinces of the Sardinian Kingdom to take part in the fete. The answer received is: "The Sacred Penitentiary, after having maturely considered the proposed doubt, replies in the negative."—*London Tablet*.

ROME.—A correspondent of the *Dublin Telegraph* writes:—

"There is a rumor, which I quite believe myself, to the effect that the negotiations for the evacuation of Rome involved a stipulation that Louis Napoleon should receive a substantial territorial indemnification for the removal of his troops, and that Sardinia was not inclined to accede to this arrangement, any more than to the other part of the proposed agreement. Many persons seem to fancy that a crisis is impending, and that further changes of some kind must soon take place. It is confidently stated that Cavour has been summoned (or will go) to the Tuilleries, and that both Rome and Venice will occupy a prominent place in the diplomatic discussion. There can be little doubt that he is a mere puppet in the hands of the hypocritical Louis of Paris, and that he has all along held the guiding strings of the Italian revolution. Poor Cavour has been much laughed at for his part in the comedy of the coins, and it said that the money will be restored to its owner. The Italian bishops, almost without exception, have given orders to their clergy to take no part in the

"national fete," and have incurred no little animosity in consequence. Tranquillity, however, has been restored at Milan. It is rumored that attempts to celebrate the revolutionary festival will even be made in Rome; but the authorities, both Papal and French, are too much on the alert for such a celebration to take place. Although French policy—which Louis Napoleon has acknowledged not to be a "disinterested" one—is undoubtedly favourable to the revolution on the whole, it would not do for this to be openly avowed, or made patent to the world, on account of the other character which Louis Napoleon wishes to maintain (a little longer at all events), and of the peculiar nature of his designs and tactics. How long is this organized hypocrisy to last?

The Holy Father visited the camp at Torre del Valle a few days ago, accompanied by Mgr. Merode and gave his blessing to the troops.

The Hungarians of Turin have given Kossuth a banquet, but the occasion was not marked by much harmony or unanimity of sentiment.

Dr. English, of the English college, has just started for England where he will probably remain some weeks. I hear that Archbishop English has not yet proceeded to the West Indies. His Grace has a sister at the Benedictine Convent, Hammersmith, which I hear highly spoken of as a place of education.

A friend tells me that the Sardinian Government, after all, likely to agree to the French terms for the evacuation of Rome if that object cannot otherwise be attained. They are evidently getting impatient for the possession of the city of the Caesars and the Popes, but I very much doubt whether it will continue to be honored and blessed by the presence of Pius IX. Imagine Rome without the Pope, and a mere revolutionary capital.

Monsieur Bedini, who was some time back sent on a confidential mission to the New World, has been made Bishop of Viterbo.—*Weekly Register*.

The Pope has sent the sum of one thousand crowns to the Bishop of Cotta Della Pieve, to be employed for the relief of the sufferers by the late earthquake.

NAPLES.—There is always a disposition in Italy and elsewhere to refer all popular movements to occult causes—to the secret whispers of emissaries, and the sinister influence of scraps of paper. Movements which are as natural as hunger and the sense of oppression can make them, are only to be accounted for by dark intrigues of influential persons or the subterranean plots of secret societies. Against those absurd reports the ex-King of Naples has issued a protest, some passages of which we translate. After declaring that it is at once against his interests and inclinations to foster those partial risings which must always fail, and bring destruction on their authors, and declaring that when the whole nation rises against its Piedmontese oppressors he will be ready to lend it, he asks whence these movements arise? and he attributes them to "the ever increasing exasperation of a great portion of the people, the general discontent, the love of independence, attachment to a dynasty overthrown by treachery, and the oppression, destruction, and misery which daily compel generous hearts to revolt against a foreign dominion." We have now in Southern Italy two parties, each of which see in the successes of their opponents only the triumph of intrigue and secret agency, while each recognizes in its own successes the usual action of general laws; after a time both parties may come to take a more philosophical view of matters; both may own themselves mistaken; both may see that their own misfortunes were not caused by the intrigues of their foes, but by their own oppression, by the hard measures which they thought it necessary to take against these fancied intrigues, and which really did the work which the intrigues were supposed to do. The Bourbon Government was suspicious and oppressive; and, unquestionably legitimate as it was, it was made the subject of outcry all over Europe. The Government of Victor Emmanuel, which has no right or prescription to boast, seems disposed to imitate those very faults, and to take as their victims not merely a privileged class, but a whole nation and its clergy. The Shaftesburys of Turin are now dining into his ears that his difficulties all come from "consumed bearers of inflammable matter," who are daily crossing Italy in every direction. Political suspicion like this has a direct tendency to create the evils which it suspects. Many a revolution which has begun with more peace and moderation than have ever been shown in Naples has ended in blood. So it was even with the great French Revolution itself. Who can say but that a "reign of terror" may now be impending over Southern Italy? Only the sword of Napoleon is always ready to cut the knot when he deems that the time is come; and intervention (if it takes place at Naples) will not be attempted, as it was in France, by a Duke of Brunswick.—*Weekly Register*.

AUSTRIA.

Great movement is still perceptible among the most distinguished Hungarian exiles. Kossuth, Klapka, Turr, and others, met the day before yesterday at Turin, and consulted about the line of operations it would be advisable for them to pursue. We have news to-day from very good authority, stating that the Austrian Government is awaiting the earliest opportunity to seize on the first pretext, however trifling, to dissolve the Hungarian Diet.

A rather mysterious telegram announced some days ago that the Austrian Emperor in Hungary and Transylvania had been placed by the Imperial Government under the jurisdiction of the military authorities. The explanation is that it was found necessary to withdraw them from the persecutions and vexations inflicted on them by the magistrates of the extreme Magyar party, who arrested them, and treated them as malefactors, for carrying out the orders of the government in collecting the taxes.

Thanks to the much abused Austrian Concordat, the Protestants of Austria are now more free than any religious monarchy in any country. In Prussia, the Catholics are two-fifths of the population, and in Great Britain and Ireland one-fourth—yet they are not on a footing of equality with Protestants;—but in Austria, the Protestants, who are less than one-thirteenth of the population, enjoy full equality with Catholics. The *Moniteur* points out that they have their proportional part in State Grants, and in local rates, and in institutions which are not Catholic foundations. They have the protection of the secular arm, and all the rights of their Pastors are recognized by the judges. All this is done while the much abused Concordat is in full vigor. Nay, they have an advantage which Catholics do not possess, for the possession and enjoyment of their ecclesiastical property is guaranteed to them by the Emperor at the very moment when the Liberal party in the Reichsrath is urging the confiscation of the Catholic Church property.

The *Historische Blätter*, of Munich, says well that if the revision of the Concordat is determined on in the Austrian Chambers, in deference to the outcries of infidels, liberals, and Jews, Cardinal Rauscher, instead of arguing with men whose minds are made up, need only say, "If you are resolved on rejecting the Concordat, give us the law of April 8. Give us the law that has been given to Protestants."

This would surely be no unreasonable demand, yet, as the *Moniteur* points out, it would be an excellent bargain for Catholics.—*Tablet*.

SPAIN.

MADRID, May 25.—The Court of Spain will maintain a representative near Francis II. so long as he remains in Italy.

RUSSIA.

The emancipation of the serfs has convulsed Russia. In twenty-two provinces the peasants have risen against their lords.

They refuse to work because they believe that the Emperor has promised them the land rent free, and that the lords have frustrated the execution of his benevolent designs. In many places troops have

been dispatched against them, and great numbers have been shot. Thousands of them have abandoned their homes, and carrying their landlords with them as hostages, march in strong bodies from village to village.

In other places where the nature of emancipation is more clearly understood by them, peasant refuses to be emancipated. Under the present system the land cannot be taken away from him, and his right of a livelihood out of it is secured to him. He is now told that he must purchase with his money or labour the land upon which he lives.

Many of them argue that the perpetual usufruct of the soil which they have got as it is, is a better thing than the ownership of the soil which they are required to purchase.

We grieve to add that the telegrams report a renewal of the conflicts between the police and the people of Warsaw. Order was re-established by the gendarmes.—*London Tablet*.

The Paris correspondent of the *Post* says that it is generally believed that the international condition of Russia is somewhat alarming. The Government does all it can to keep intelligence of this nature quiet.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says that the persons killed by the Russian troops near Kasan were peasants who refused to do any more work for their feudal lords. The number of peasants shot in the plain at Besnek was not 70, but 200. The serfs in the Governments of Perm, Pensa, Fambow, Seratow, and Konrose are difficult to manage, and it is feared they will refuse to till the soil unless they are paid for their labour.

CHINA.

A glorious piece of news, says the *Moniteur*, which will make all the Church rejoice, arrived from Tong King. At Soutay, the capital of the province of that name, at the end of 1860, M. Neron, a French missionary, had his head cut off for having preached the Christian religion. This new martyr was arrested in August, and was kept for several months heavily chained in a cage. On his first interrogation he was subjected to the torture but not a complaint escaped his lips. He walked to the place of execution, with his eyes downcast; and praying fervently, the executioner, not being accustomed to such executions, got nervous, and felt his arm tremble just as he was about to raise the sword. He offered money to different persons to replace him, but no one had the courage to accept. He struck twice and the head fell. Immediately the spectators, and even the executioner and his assistants, hurried round the body, and tearing the blood-stained garments into shreds, carried off the pieces as relics. Shortly after another French missionary, M. Venard, fell into the hands of the mandarins, was put in chains, confined in a cage and condemned to death. He is now waiting with joy the moment of sacrifice; perhaps even he has already been executed, and the Church of France possesses a martyr the more. M. Neron belonged to the Diocese of St. Claude, and M. Venard to that of Poitiers; both were members of the Congregation des Missions Etrangeres.

The following extract from the *London Times* "Special" Correspondent will prove interesting. He writes from Montgomery, the capital of the Confederate States, under date, 8th ult:—

The Southerners are firmly convinced that they have "kept the North going" by the prices they have paid for the protected articles of their manufacture, and they hold out to Sheffield, to Manchester, to Leeds, to Wolverhampton, to Dudley, to Paris, to Lyons, to Bordeaux, to all the centres of English manufacturing life, as of French taste and luxury, the tempting baits of new and eager and hungry markets. If their facts and statistics are accurate there can be no doubt of the justice of their deductions on many points; but they can scarcely be correct in assuming that they will bring the States to destruction by cutting off from Louisiana 600,000 bales of cotton which she usually consumes. One great fact, however, is unquestionable—the Government has in its hands the souls, the wealth, and the hearts of the people. They will give anything, money, labour, life itself, to carry out their theories. "Sir," said an ex-Governor of this State to me to-day, "Sooner than submit to the North we will all become subject to Great Britain again." The same gentleman is one of many who have given to the Government a large portion of their cotton crop every year as a free-will offering. In his instance his gift is one of 500 bales of cotton, or £5,000 per annum, and the papers teem with accounts of similar "patriotism" and devotion. The ladies are all making sashbags, cartridges, and uniforms, and, if possible, they are more fierce than the men. The time for meditation is past; if ever were at hand or present at all, and it is scarcely possible now to prevent the processes of phibotomization which are supposed to secure peace and repose.

Montgomery is on an undulating plain, and covers ground large enough for a city of 200,000 inhabitants, but its population is only 12,000. Indeed, the politicians here affect to dislike large cities, but the city designers certainly prepare to take them if they come. The lines of the streets run at right angles over this plain, and the houses are sparsely sown at the margins of the broad avenues, most of them with a little garden or enclosure, and trees around and in front of it, so that the city looks like a vast aggregate meeting of small country parsonages. The houses are of wood, painted white, or of red brick, many only one story in height. The churches are numerous, small, and rather eccentric in the character of the architecture. There is a large negro population, and a considerable number of a color which forces me to doubt the evidence of my senses rather than the statements made to me by some of my friends that the planters affect the character of parent in their moral relations merely with the negro race. A waiter at the hotel, a tall, handsome young fellow, with the least tinge of colour in his cheek, not as dark as the majority of Spaniards or Italians, astonished me in my ignorance to-day when, in reply to a question asked by one of our party, in consequence of a discussion on the point, he informed me he "was a slave." The man, as he said so, looked confused; his manner altered. He had been talking familiarly to us, but the moment he replied, "I am a slave, Sir," his loquacity disappeared, and he walked hurriedly and in silence out of the room. The river Alabama, on which the city rests, is a wide, deep stream, now a quarter of a mile in breadth, with a current of four miles an hour. It is navigable to Mobile, upwards of 400 miles, and steamers ascend its waters for many miles beyond this into the interior. The country around is well wooded, and is richly cultivated in broad fields of cotton and Indian corn, but the neighbourhood is not healthy, and deadly fevers are said to prevail at certain seasons of the year. There is not much animation in the streets, except when "there is a difficulty among the citizens," or in the eternal noise of the hotel steps and bars. I was told this morning by the hotel keeper that I was probably the only person in the house, or about it, who had not loaded revolvers in his pockets, and one is aware occasionally of an unnatural rigidity scarcely attributable to the osseous structure in the persons of those who pass one in the crowded passages.

To-day (May 6) I visited the Capitol, where the Provisional Congress is sitting. On leaving the hotel, which is like a small Willard's, so far as the crowd in the hall is concerned, my attention was attracted to a group of people to whom a man was holding forth in energetic sentences. The day was hot, but I pushed near to the spot, for I like to hear a stump speech or to pick up a stray morsel of divinity in the via sacra of strange cities, and it appeared as though the speaker was delivering an oration or a sermon. The crowd was small. Three or four idle men in rough, homespun, makeshift uniforms leant against the iron rails enclosing a small pond of foul, green-looking water, surrounded by

brickwork which decorates the space in front of the Exchange Hotel. The speaker stood on an empty deal package case. A man in a cart was listening with a look of lustre to the address. Some three or four others, in a sort of vehicle which might either be a hearse, or a piano van, had also drawn up for the benefit of the address. Five or six men in long black coats and high hats, some whittling sticks, and chewing tobacco, and discharging streams of discoloured saliva, completed the group. "N-i-s-h-un—n-ered and fifty dollars!" exclaimed the man in the tone of injured dignity, remonstrance, and surprise which can be instigated by all true auctioneers into the dullest numerical statements. "Will no one make any advance on nine hundred and fifty dollars?" A man near me opened his mouth, spat, and said, "Twenty-five." "Only nine hundred and seventy-five dollars offered for him. Why at's raskulous—only nine hundred and seventy-five dollars?" Will no one, &c. Beside the orator auctioneer stood a stout young man of five-and-twenty years of age, with a bundle in his hand. He was a muscular fellow, broad-shouldered, narrow-flanked, but rather small in stature; he had on a broad, greasy, old wide-awake, a blue jacket, a coarse cotton shirt, loose and rather ragged trousers, and broken shoes. The expression of his face was heavy and sad, but it was by no means disagreeable, in spite of his thick lips, broad nostrils, and high cheek-bones. On his head was wool instead of hair; his whiskers were little flocculent black tufts, and his skin was as dark as that of the late Mr. Dyer Sombre or of Sir Jung Bahadur himself. I am neither sentimentalist nor Black Republican, nor negro worshipper, but I confess the sight caused a strange thrill through my heart. I tried in vain to make myself familiar with the fact that I could, for the sum of \$975, become as absolutely the owner of that mass of blood, bones, sinew, flesh, and brains as of the horse which stood by my side. There was no sophistry which could persuade me that that man was not a man—he was, indeed, by no means, my brother, but assuredly he was a fellow-creature. I have seen slave-markets in the East, but somehow or other the Orientalism of the scene cast a colouring over the nature of the sales there which deprived them of the disagreeable harshness and matter-of-fact character of the transaction before me. For the Turk, or Smyrniote, or Egyptian, to buy and sell slaves seemed rather suited to the eternal fitness of things than otherwise. The turbaned, shawled, loose-trovered, pipe-smoking, merchants speaking an unknown tongue looked as if they were engaged in a legitimate business. One knew that their slaves would not be condemned to any hard labour, and that they would be in some sort inmates of the family and members of it. Here it grated on my ear to listen to the familiar tones of the English tongue as the medium by which the transfer was effected, and it was painful to see decent-looking men in European garb engaged in the work before me. Perhaps those impressions may wear off; I meet many English people who are the most strenuous advocates of the slave system, although it is true that their perceptions may be quickened to recognize its beauties by their participation in the profits. The negro was sold to one of the bystanders, and walked off with his bundle. God knows where. "Niggers is cheap" was the only remark of the bystanders. I continued my walk up a long, straight, or, more properly, an unpaved sandy road, lined with wooden houses on each side, and with trees by the side of the foot-path. The lower of the two stories is generally used as a shop, mostly of the miscellaneous store kind, in which all sorts of articles are to be had if there is any money to pay for them; and, in the present case, if any faith is to be attached to the conspicuous notices in the windows, credit is of no credit, and the only thing that can be accepted in exchange for the goods is "cash." The unfailing photographer, who may now be regarded as the pioneer of civilization, and who marches with his friendly sun, to the western desert, is of no use here; and so is the German confectioner, the jeweller, the Irish dry goodsman or wet goodsman, as the case may be; nor is the Birmingham gun trade quite unrepresented, nor are music and books without their "emporiums." At the end of this long street, on a moderate eminence, stands a whitewashed or painted edifice, with a gaunt, lean portico supported on lofty, lank pillars, and surmounted by a subdued and dejected-looking little cupola. Passing an unkempt lawn, through a very shabby little wooden gateway in a brick frame, and we ascend a flight of steps into a hall, from which a double staircase conducts us to the vestibule of the Chamber. Anything much more offensive to the eye, cannot well be imagined than the floor and stairs. They are stained deeply by tobacco juice, which has left its marks on the white stone steps and on the base of the pillars outside. In the hall which we have entered there are two tables, covered with hams, oranges, bread, and fruits for the refreshment of members and visitors, over which two sable goddesses, in portentous crinolines, preside. The door of the Chamber is open, and we are introduced into a lofty, well lighted, and commodious apartment, in which the Congress of the Confederate States holds its deliberations. A gallery runs half round the room and is half filled with visitors—country cousins and farmers of cotton and maize, and haply seekers of places great or small. A light and low semicircular screen separates the body of the House, where the members sit, from the space under the gallery which is appropriated to ladies and visitors. Inside this fence are rows of seats and desks disposed in semicircles, and there is a similar disposition of arm-chairs close to the table, at which sit the two or three official reporters and officers of the House. The clerk sits at a desk above this table, and on the platform behind him are the desk and chair of the presiding officer or Speaker of the Congress. Over his head hangs the unfailing portrait of Washington, and a small engraving in a black frame, of a gentleman unknown to me. So much for the brick and mortar part of the building. Of its living furniture one might have more to say than I have if he had fuller opportunities; but as far as I could judge, an assembly of more calm, determined, and judicial-looking men could not be found in any country in the world. No one who cast his eye over those grave heads, some massive and full, others keen, compact, energetic—could doubt that he was in the presence of men with a great work on hand and with great capabilities for the execution of their task. Seated in the midst of them at a senator's desk I was permitted to "assist" in the French sense, at the deliberations of the Congress. Mr. Howell Cobb took the chair, and a white-headed clergyman was called upon to say prayers, which he did upstanding, with outstretched hands and closed eyes, by the side of the Speaker. The prayer was long and sulphurous—one more pregnant with gunpowder I never heard, nor could ought like it have been heard since.

"Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic."

"Was beat with fist instead of stick." The rev. gentleman prayed that the Almighty might be pleased to inflict on the arms of the United States such a defeat that it might be the example of signal punishment for ever,—that this President might be blessed, and that the other President might be the other thing,—that the gallant, devoted young soldiers who were fighting for their country might not suffer from exposure to the weather or from the bullets of their enemies; and that the base mercenaries who were fighting on the other side might come to sure and swift destruction, and so on.

To Remove PUTTY AND PAINT FROM WINDOW GLASS.

Put saleratus in hot water, till very strong; saturate the putty or paint-daub with it; then rub it off hard with a woolen cloth; whitening is good to remove it. Saleratus water is good to remove putty while green on the glass.