

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The French Government have just taken a step which all friends of peace cannot but view with equal alarm and regret. The colonels of the regiments of infantry have received orders to form a fourth battalion, a measure which is never taken but in time of war. The regiments at present consist of three battalions, one of which remains at the depot—the fourth battalion is to remain at the depot, and is to consist of the 5th and 6th companies of the three first battalions, and two new companies are to be created in each of the three battalions de guerre.—Such a step fully justifies the distrust which prevails of the sincerity of the French Government regarding the coming Congress, and its adoption during the presence of Count de Cavour in Paris is highly significant. It would be preposterous to deny that this measure is by far the most alarming that has been taken by France since the commencement of the year. It shows, however, pretty conclusively that France is in want of men, and confirms the information that reaches me from authentic sources, that were hostilities to break out to-morrow, France would be unable to bring into the field an army equal to that of Austria. But what can be said of such a measure being taken on the eve of the assembling of a Congress? The alarmists never circulated a report so threatening to the peace of Europe as this increase of the army by 600 companies, or 80,000 men. How can the public believe in the return of the government to pacific ideas with such a fact staring them in the face? There are other warlike symptoms, such as the return of troops from Algeria. Count Cavour has had ample opportunity of witnessing the dismay and consternation of which his ambitious folly is the main cause. He is said to have been greatly satisfied at the result of his trip. No doubt he is. It is said he intends paying a visit to London.—Paris Times Cor.

The Times says that France has objected to Aix-la-Chapelle as the seat of the Congress, as being within the territory of Prussia—one of the powers represented. The Times reports that England will be represented at the Congress by Lord Malmesbury, assisted as second commissioner by Lord Cowley; France, by Count Walewski, assisted by M. Drouyn de L'Huys.

On the invitation, it is said, of the Emperor of the French, Count Cavour has visited Paris;—been closeted with His Majesty, then closeted with the Prince Napoleon, feasted and patted, and, it is to be hoped, soothed. The result, as far as we know, is that if Austria consents, Piedmont, whose turbulent policy has given occasion to the Congress, will be admitted to take part in its deliberations. Prior to all this, Count Cavour, in compliance with the request of the British Government, has undertaken not to attack Austria vi et armis. But, not pledged to withhold the valor of his tongue or pen, the Count has written a despatch, in which, by the aid of assertions at variance with notorious facts, he proves that Austria, and not Piedmont, has been the aggressor in the present difficulty. The Count considers that, while Piedmont has a right to make treaties, and take what other steps may be available to propagate the doctrines of her Prime Minister, it is the duty of Austria to abstain from measures of a counteracting tendency. This is a bold and simplifying view of matters, which only requires Austria's assent to render the future of Italy what Count Cavour would have it be. Unluckily, Austria is not alive to the justice of this reasoning.

Accounts from Marseilles state that a second division of the army of Algeria is shortly expected to arrive at Marseilles. This division, commanded by General Bourbaki, who distinguished himself in the Crimea, is to be composed of the 45th and 65th regiments of the line, of the two regiments of foreigners, and of a regiment of native riflemen. The division, on arriving in Marseilles, is to proceed to Lyons.

A person lately arrived from Lyons says that there are 120,000 people assembled within 12 hours' march of that city. The forts and barracks round Lyons are overcrowded with soldiers.

Several French officers have been sent to Moldavia and Wallachia, to drill the descendants of the ancient Roumans.

Monsieur the Bishop of Nismes has addressed to M. L'Abbe Sisson, director of the Ami de la Religion, a letter of encouragement and sympathy, from which we take the following passages:—

"A great duty yet remains for you to fill up in the apostolate of the press. It is extraordinary that one finds errors equally outrageous, both against faith and good sense, in books the most famed, and in journals the most accredited of the time—upon liberty of conscience, upon duty, upon natural religion, what falsities, what illusion, what ravings! See how has arisen a new school of requirements, which, inspiring itself with an absurd rationalism, and lying philology, sets itself to translate our holy books after the fashion of the Germans, and laughs with an insulting compassion at the interpretations of the Church, to which, however, she owes all that she knew of eastern tongues. In history it is impossible to say what aberrations the most serious writers every day confide in. One does not know how to explain to oneself the giddiness which blinds them in Christian matters, so deep is it, so great are the dreams to which they give themselves up in their appreciations, and their relations are falsified with splendor, by the facts, the institutions and the movements, so that they seem to fall from another world, and are strangers to the labors already accomplished, to prove that which they shake, or to confound that which they affirm. Such is the wide career open to your activity, and I know you propose to yourself to travel over it sword in hand, to destroy all pride which lifts itself against the knowledge of God."

The Gazette de France announces that Mgr. Dupauloup, whose health requires great care and absolute repose, has been compelled to discontinue the Lenten Sermons, which he had begun in his Cathedral. They will be continued by the Rev. F. Malard, of the order of the Fathers of Mercy.

GERMANY.

The Gazette of Augsburg states that the foundation of a Catholic University in Austria, having its seat at Salzburg, has again been considered and definitely determined upon.

A Berlin correspondent intimates the probability of an early abdication on the part of the King of Prussia. It is supposed that a political amnesty, prepared for publication at the christening of the infant prince, will be published on the accession of Wilhelm I., the future title of the Prince Regent. The Prince and Princess Frederick William will be styled Crown Prince and Princess.

The Union publishes the following extract from a letter from Elberfeld in Prussia, the Leeds of that country:—"Singular occurrences are taking place here. All that had been long ago rejected as antiquated or Papistical is now insidiously reintroduced. If you go into the new orthodox Protestant oratories, you find an altar-table, adorned with a crucifix and candles; and people say that in that locality they have all the appearance of Catholic churches. If you ask what they preach, the answer is 'about the necessity of Confession and Absolution.' The clergy assert openly that they are invested with the power of remitting sins; they teach the faithful the manner of confessing, and exhort them to follow that practice. It is plain they mean Private Confession; and yet they say it differs from Auricular Confession. The pastor of Elberfeld attends at the church for this purpose. Till Confessionals can be erected, the faithful repair to a room near the oratory, where they sit upon a chair, and confess their sins.—Here, then, is Protestant Confession formally established in Elberfeld."

VIENNA, APRIL 3.—Things are nearly, if not quite as they were before this Government accepted the proposition of Russia. The fact that Sardinia refuses to disarm has not yet been made public, but the Viennese are aware that matters are not progressing favorably, and they have a presentiment that no Congress will meet. The assurance has been given me that the Emperor of Austria has expressed his resolution not to send a representative to Congress until Victor Emmanuel has solemnly promised to disarm, and a person who must needs be aware of what has recently passed states that the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour states that the latter has declared that Sardinia will not suspend her preparations for war unless Austria does so likewise. This Government desires to avoid an appeal to arms, but is likely to make a firmer stand than it has hitherto done. The public is dissatisfied with the policy of the Cabinet, and loudly declares that war would be far preferable to such prolonged suspense. The same language is also used in official circles, and more than one person of weight and influence in the Empire has expressed to me his astonishment that Count Buol should have agreed to a Congress, "the real object of which is the expulsion of Austria from Italy." A day or two ago the Turin Opinions declared that there could be no satisfactory settlement of the Italian question without great territorial changes, and several of the Paris papers have long told, and still tell, the very same story.—The Austrians are busily employed in removing their valuables from Milan, and not long ago many objects of value belonging to the Archduke Ferdinand Max, and to the Archduchess Charlotte, were sent from Monza to Verona. In a letter written by an officer of high rank to one of his comrades in this city, it is remarked that war is inevitable, "as Sardinia must sink into complete insignificance if she does not finish the hazardous game which she has begun." The prevailing impression in Lombardy is that a revolution will soon break out in Tuscany, and should such be the case an Austrian corps will, as a matter of course, be sent to the rescue. Within the last four days orders have been received at Trieste, to fetch three or four battalions of border troops from Zeug, with all possible speed. It has been remarked that there is a much more warlike spirit in the army now than there was four years ago, when it was the question of a war between Austria and Russia. The Austrians did not much like the idea of fighting with men with whom they had a short time before been on the most friendly terms, but they have no objection to measure their strength with the Sardinians and the French.—Times Cor.

Austria has sent a reply to the declaration of the Federal Council relative to the neutrality of Switzerland, and expresses satisfaction at the intention of that country to maintain her rights, and uphold existing treaties. Austria for her part will respect most scrupulously neutrality as long as it is observed by Switzerland.

VIENNA, APRIL 4.—The sincerity of the French Government is about to be put to the test, for this Government a day or two since proposed that there should be a general disarmament. If France accept the proposition, peace will probably be maintained; if she reject it, war is almost inevitable. Sardinia persists in refusing to disarm unless Austria does so likewise, but the latter cannot possibly suspend her preparations for war, as long as the Emperor of the French continues his armaments. As was remarked in my letter of the 2nd inst., it is not yet certain that the Congress will meet, but if it should, the great Powers alone will have seat and voice in it, as Sardinia stands on her dignity with the other Italian States; and Rome has formally announced its intention not to send a representative to an Assembly whose right to meddle in its internal affairs it cannot recognize.—Times Cor.

ITALY.

SARDINIA.—M. CAVOUR'S despatch to the Marquis d'Azeglio, the Piedmontese Minister in London, he lays much stress on the fact of Austria having concentrated imposing forces on the Sardinian frontier, and placed on a war footing her Italian army; and also that these "aggressive acts" preceded the action of the Sardinian Government:—"The Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Sardinian Parliament was only pronounced on the 10th of January, and yet on the 3d of the same month a new corps d'armee was suddenly sent to Austria Italy."

DOS M. CAVOUR imagine that people have lost their memory? It may have been so early as the 3d of January that Austrian troops were on their march to Italy; but the telegraph had on the 1st of the same month flashed to every part of the Austrian Empire, and to every Court of Europe, the ominous words addressed in the crowded saloons of the Tuilleries to the Ambassador of the Emperor Francis Joseph. What meaning these words were meant to convey subsequent events have shown.

It may be that it was as early as the 3d of January that the military preparations preceded the action of Sardinia; but it was early in the summer of last year that M. Cavour paid his visit to Plombieres, and that the rumors of impending war, only vague and uncertain before, became more consistent and more probable. Few will believe that the great armaments prepared by Austria were with a view to Piedmont alone. Brave as the Piedmontese are, it is no reproach that with numbers so disproportionate they are not a match for the Austrian troops who now swarm over the plains of Lombardy. It is against, I will not say a more noble, but, at all events a more powerful enemy, Austria well knew she had to prepare herself, and with the coldness of France, the hostility of the French Government press, the menace in full Court, the journey of Prince Napoleon to Warsaw, the near matrimonial alliance, and a few

other circumstances of equal moment, Austria must have been less provident than she is reputed not to take her precautions in time.

The truth is, this—Victor Emmanuel is desirous of reigning over a much larger territory than that to which he succeeded after the defeat of Novara, and he finds in his ambitious but not over scrupulous Minister the promoter of his design. M. Cavour attributes the hostility of Austria, to the liberal institutions that prevail in Piedmont, and which Austria would wish to see destroyed. But, if M. Cavour's sole object in carrying out his scheme of wresting Lombardy from Austria, and annexing it to Piedmont, be the establishing a powerful constitutional monarchy in the north of Italy, does he hope that his present powerful ally will sincerely promote his views? Are such institutions really more popular at the Tuilleries than at Vienna? Are a free outspoken press and an independent Parliament, like those of Turin, looked upon with more pleasure by the ruler of France than by him of Austria? And would any hardy critic in the Piedmontese, or regenerated Lombardian Chamber, give less offence or be more obnoxious by Napoleon III. than by Francis Joseph? We may doubt the efficacy of any co-operation of the Imperial Government of France in lending in creating a monarchy in Northern Italy with institutions as liberal as those now enjoyed by Piedmont, small as she is.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—Garibaldi will command a corps of 5,000 men, who are to be called Unciadori delle Alpi, or Alpine Chasseurs. He wishes to assimilate them as far as possible to the rest of the army, but on the breaking out of hostilities means to train them specially for guerilla warfare. Volunteers continue to arrive, but it is possible the notice given in the Monitor may deter many. In Lombardy the armaments are not slackened, but, on the contrary, carried on with greater energy every day.—Turin Letter.

GARIBALDI.—"Were he to see the entire world transformed into a republic, where the citizens wore red cloaks and brigand hats, he would die contented. Were he to cut off a yard of his hair, to trim his beard, and assume human attire, he would be a most favorable specimen of the captain in the merchant service, which is his real position in life.—What he did in Monte Video to justify the enormous reputation he possessed amongst the demagogues in 1848, I cannot say. This Monte Video is a country most favorable to the growth of cattle and Italian heroism. An Italian down in luck has only to depart for that favored clime and to reside there some few years, and he may safely return as colonel and the hero of a thousand fights. I suppose this military development is to be attributed to atmospheric causes; at least, I can offer no better interpretation of this mystery. The Italian colonels who eat cats' meat at la Pompadour in the gloomy banquets of Leicester-square, are of Monte Videoan growth; and they generally are great dabblers at cards, lansquenet, and such like accomplishments.—Turin Letter.

It appears that the attieho has been at work again in Italy. A Dr. Vandoni, of Ferrara, who was suspected of a leaning toward Austria, is the last victim of the assassins.

ROME.—The correspondent of the Times says:—"If I am rightly informed, the same desire to join what is called the national Army is displayed here as is shown in other parts of Italy. It is stated that a considerable number of the students of the Sapienza recently made an application to the police for passports to Genoa. They were informed that they would be granted, not for Genoa, but for perpetual exile. The young men failed in their courage, it is added, and refused the passports. In fact, the same uncalculating madness seems to prevail throughout the Peninsula as I remember to have prevailed in 1847. As the walls of Jericho fell before a blast of trumpets so it seems to be imagined that the serried ranks of Austria will yield before a sentiment of enthusiastic patriotism."

At Rome, on St. Patrick's Day, the Prince of Wales drove to visit the Irish Friars of St. Isidore, and the members of the Irish College at St. Agatha, between the hours of religious service, wearing a large bunch of shamrock in his button-hole, in commemoration of the National Festival.

The Times Roman correspondent contradicts the report that the Cardinal's hat was to be conferred on the Archbishop of Dublin, and says his Grace is staying at Rome merely for the benefit of his health.

NAPLES.—The Post correspondent says, "It is generally believed in Naples that war will take place within a couple of months. Naples is to steam 50,000 men at the disposal of Austria and four steers."—The Post also says, "that a letter received from Naples, dated March 16th, speaks of the illness of the King as being of such a nature as to lead to the expectation of its speedily terminating fatally. We, however, have received a letter from a correspondent at Naples, dated only a day previously, in which it is stated:—"The indisposition by which His Majesty has been afflicted is almost at end—His Majesty having been enabled to preside on the 12th instant at a Council of State."

To neutralise in some measure the apprehension in certain official quarters, we learn, on the other hand, that the contentment which M. Cavour expressed after his interview with the Emperor was anything but real. Indeed, it would appear that he left Paris in no very enviable frame of mind—disappointed, disheartened, and all but disgusted. To one of his intimates he is reported to have said that, as Piedmont was not to be admitted to the Congress, he had the satisfaction of knowing that on his return to Turin he could at any time apply the match to the pile, and force France to join him. Be this true or not, M. Cavour has probably the terrible elements of conflagration at his command, and there is little doubt that he can do much mischief. Yet he may overcalculate his strength. He counted to a certainty on an insurrection in Lombardy following the description and the change in the currency; and, if he is not much wronged, his friends did their best to promote it. He was disappointed then, as he may again be disappointed. So much deception has, however, been practised lately, that we may well doubt whether M. Cavour's satisfaction or discontent is not affected, whether he is not playing the hypocrite—a character which, from the original frankness of his nature, he probably plays more awkwardly than others to whom it is long habitual. What passed between him and the Emperor in their tele-a-tele interviews is known but to themselves.—Times Cor.

INDIA.

THE MILITARY FORCES IN INDIA.—A return has been issued of the actual strength of the forces under our command in the Presidencies of Bengal and Madras, and also in the Punjab. In Bengal we have 46,388 British troops; 5,644 native artillery, and 52,692 native cavalry and infantry—total in Bengal, 104,724. In the Punjab we have 27,711 native and English troops under the Chief Commissioner. In Madras the Queen's army forces amount to 11,726, and her Indian force to 72,964—total, 84,690. Altogether we have thus a force of 217,125, and those in the Bombay Presidency are not included.

LEPES IN LUCKNOW.—The return given for the week ending January 29 shows that the progress of the disarmament of this porcine province is proceeding rapidly, notwithstanding the passive resistance of the people and the difficulties of the police in the way of procuring information. Such news as there is will be found in all the details below. "It may be briefly summed up. Horsford marched into Nepal as soon as he received General Mansfield's dispatch on the morning of Feb. 9th, and took all the guns, 13 in number, and one mortar, which the enemy left in the valley, just a few miles inside the frontier.—They fired on our troops, discharged the guns, turned, fled, and escaped. Horsford is continuing his march in real or supposed concert with the columns of the Ghoorkas. Jung Bahadur has issued orders that no Nepalese subject shall leave the territory on any pretence for the present, and has suspended even religious pilgrimages. It is just possible he may aim

at making a wide sweep of his net, and catching the Nana, the Begum, Birjes Kundr, Memmo Khan, Debee Bux of Gonda, Bainsi Madhoo, and others, at one coup. Furthermore, it is reported that he has commanded the Ghoorkas to refuse all aid to the rebels, and to cut off all supplies from their camps.—If this be done, the Sepoys will soon be driven to surrender. As to Tania Topee, there is the good news of no news. He has at least rendered himself invisible. Our Generals are all waiting anxiously for his reappearance, as each is "sure of him this time." Even these gallant officers' forms are becoming indistinct to the gaze of the other world. Thus, by latest accounts Brigadier Bonner "is supposed to be near" Nagpore with his column; Brigadier Showers was "probably near or at Koochan"; in Joudpore, to-day, Colonel Homes has vanished "in the direction of Soojamghur"; but it is hoped that some of the many columns may precipitate Tania, now held in solution somewhere or other to the east of the Biknacer district and jungles, and kill him. As to "dispersing his followers" the most venturesome brigadier now seems to think he will not be credited if he says the deed is done. They have been utterly dispersed so often—they have so frequently thrown away their arms and hid in the jungles—may, they have been so often reduced to starvation, which has not affected their next appearance or much diminished their numbers, that till I see a telegram that contains the news "Tania Topee and his chiefs are killed or taken," I shall not be satisfied that we have put an end to his extraordinary career. As to despatches, "hoping to intercept him," or overtake him, or announcing that he and his are in hopeless plight—increditus odi. Lord Clyde has completely recovered from the indisposition under which he suffered for a fortnight, and now seems as active and almost as well as ever. The changes of destination which have been reported, from Simla to Calcutta, had no reference to his health. The Governor-General was anxious that the Commander-in-Chief should renovate his strength in the hills during the trying heats of summer, but Lord Clyde, feeling that his presence would be required at Calcutta during the discussions which must take place when the re-organization of the Indian arm is under consideration, has resolved to go down and take his seat at the Board as soon as the aspect of affairs may permit of his departure from Lucknow.

The disarmament, the dismantling of forts, the collection of revenue, go on satisfactorily. When Mr. Montgomery hands over Oude to his successor there will be little left to do but to give fair play to the working of the principles and establishments he founded, and which he did not remain to develop.

The horrors of the hot winds and the positive misery of the Indian summer are almost forgotten under the influence of such delightful weather as Lucknow enjoys at present. The only drawback to the pleasures of the breeze which sets in every morning is found in the clouds of dust, composed of powdered brick lime, and fine sand, which renders a single cloth tent intolerable and eyes a personal aggravation. If but one gentle shower would fall for a few hours we might have some comfort, but the tantalizing clouds gather overhead only to let down a few heavy drops, and then let in the sun, the power of which at noon is now so great as to make exercise on foot or horseback very disagreeable. The evenings and mornings, are delightful, but the interval between the diminution of the heat of the sun and the darkness is too short for a long ride or drive. Morning and evening the whole of the main streets and roads in and about Lucknow are sedulously watered by an army of beeshties, who scatter with their hands jets of water from the mouths of their water bags (or muscussus) with the regularity of machinery. "Society" then turns out in its buggy. It is small as yet in numbers, and a new face, particularly if it be feminine, makes a sensation. The buggy is the favorite vehicle—a sort of gig with a movable hood; but there phretons, carriages, and now then an aspiring subaltern flashes by in a quaint old-fashioned dogcart. In the good old times it was customary to put policemen at the end of the drives, to prevent natives going along the course in their hackeries or bullock-carts, and when the roads are completed here the same measure will probably be resorted to. As yet, our carriages may be counted on the fingers. There is the chief commissioner's open carriage with the official scarlet liveried servants, and the escort of a few armed troopers, the Rajah of Kupperthullah's, who often appears on the course with a retinue of servants after his gig or carriage, and is the only native to be seen in society except Moosnood Dowlah; the carriages of the various commissioners or deputy-commissioners, the buggies of the civil servants and of a few officers, and some half-dozen horsemen. Such is our drive. In former days I am told that Lucknow presented a very different spectacle. The streets were crowded with the processions of grandees going to Court or paying visits, each preceded by mace-bearers, and surrounded by swordsmen in livery, by richly accoutred elephants bearing nobles in golden or silver howdahs, by a thronging jostling mass of gaudy palanquins belonging to merchants, bankers, officers of State, and gentlemen, by continual processions of dancing girls, of musicians, of marriage parties, of religious ceremonies—in fact, by all the outward signs of one great perpetual fest, in which the giddy crowd swarmed, dressed, laughed, sang, and lived without a thought of aught but pleasure. The impress of that life is stamped on Lucknow yet, but it is like a masquerade attire on a corpse. The 'chuk', or principal street—narrow and tortuous—is filled from 2 o'clock till dusk with a sweltering swarm of human beings, through whom an elephant effects his passage with difficulty; but at the same time a seat on his back affords the best mode of seeing the city. So far as I can see, the traffic which attracts this enormous crowd consists principally of sugarcandy, sweets, pipe-stems, tobacco, rosewater, cakes, silver and gold lace, embroidered caps, and trifling finery. The shops occupy the ground-floor of the houses, which are rarely of more than two stories—the basement and one above—from which projects a wooden balcony, provided with lattices, and a broad overhanging pent for the sake of shade. On the shelving slab whereon the goods for sale are displayed sits patient and watchful "the spirited proprietor," either cross-legged or more generally in the posture which every native can assume and no European can manage without great pain and difficulty—namely, resting on his heels, with his knees at his chin. He does not assail the passers-by with the importunities in which the grave Turks of Constantinople have of late years not disdained to indulge, but, counting his beads or chatting with a neighbor, he waits for his customers. The bunniah, or shopkeepers, are mostly Hindoos—a sleek fat race, with sharp glistening eyes, and all moleskin smoothness and respectability of a bourgeoisie—dressed in snow-white tunics of the finest muslin, open so as to show the olive-colored breast at one side, shawls or scarfs round their waists, and white drawers, or chotics, which are made by drawing a piece of calico tightly round the hips, and then pulling up the end between the legs and tucking it in at the waist. The turban is seldom worn in the streets, but in lieu of it the natives put on skullcaps of very fine worked muslin, which are oftentimes richly embroidered with silks, or gold and silver lace, and there is a great abanlon affected by the younger in the angle at which the cap is perched on the head. The effect of all these white caps bedecked with lace, the dark faces, white tunics, and gay shawls, seen in endless perspective along the street, is very picturesque.

The various tradesmen and shopkeepers congregate together, as in all Eastern bazaars. Here are the money-changers with piles of rupees in bowls and in baskets, who make all their money by changing rupees for small copper and shells, and (more rarely) by reversing the operation. I am not going to launch into a disquisition on Indian currency just now, but may be permitted to observe that the late Company, as a governing power, greatly neglected an obvious duty to the people under their rule, when they took

no steps to supply a sufficient small coinage. If I wish to change a rupee for copper I must pay for it. There is always a difficulty about change in buying small articles. The copper coins of the Company were rarely to be seen here or in towns of the Company west, and little bits of copper, square and round, stamped in various native mints years ago, are in circulation to a limited extent, and form, with cowrie shells, the chief currency of the people, whose dealings are far more conversant with annas and pice than with rupees. However, here are our money-changers making money out of their money, as it is their pleasant wont to do. See, there is a little lad with one of them for some copper in exchange for a heap of cowries. He has collected these shells in the way of trade, by carrying his skin through the crowded streets, and announcing his presence by chinking a ring on his finger against a small metal basin. From him he receives a few cowries in exchange. There is a hard bargain going on, but the banker is inexorable. The rate of change has been fixed for the day; it is the same all along the bazaar, and capital is triumphant as usual. Beyond the money-changers are the jewellers and workers in gold, silver, and base metals, whose wares glitter brightly in the sun—bangles, armlets, lotos, rings, cooking dishes, buckles for belts, nose, and ear-rings, and trays of general use. Then there are sellers of pua and betel nuts, the dark red juice of which is spirited plentifully about the streets from the discolored teeth and mouths of its many consumers. Next are shops full of gaudy caps and shawls, colored calicoes, Indian muslin, hundreds of yards of shops displaying miles of embroidered hookah snakes and pipe-stems; bookstalls ready for smoking, which are presided over by women, surrounded by admirers and customers like so many dames du comptoir; shops full of china, old and new, of crockery, of idols, of very quaint engravings and paintings of the Indo pre-Raphaelite school, of sweets, from which rise clouds of flies ever attacking, ever flying from the horse-tail whisks of the proprietor, of sugar-like tobacco, and of tobacco like sugar, of attar and rice, and ghee. Then there are the cooks and bakers, who may be seen preparing food, cakes, chupatties, and bread in all their stages. There are old New-Comb-like shops filled with furniture of primitive forms and feeble constitutions, old mirrors and lamps, in tres which may have lighted up the halls of the Nawabs ere the merchant adventurer set foot on Indian soil, garden-benches, legless chairs, and ottomans, and leafless tables. Others are devoted to the diffusion of little wooden boxes turned and gaily painted. Between these stalls a stream of people slowly passes in dervish currents, twisting and turning to and fro, now divided by a string of camels carrying loads of leaves for fodder, which nearly sweep the balconies on each side of the way,—now by an elephant feeling his way delicately along with his trunk, and casting a wan, wicket, twinkling little eye at the sweetmeat shops; but deterred from any thievish act by the fear of the cruel iron rods which is sure to be dug into the fat at the base of his ear if his proboscis makes the gentlest inclination in the direction of the dainties; now a cow on his bony horse, carrying an order, with shoes and yells, makes his way through the clattering groups, who always stop to talk right in the middle of the narrow street, charges through the musicians who are tom-toming and fiddling in a fashion which makes one thankful for the tumult that nearly drowns their noise, overturns a beggar-woman, knocks down a dog or two, and so vanishes in a storm of abuse and howling. English soldiers, helmet on head, like so many miners, but in no other way resembling that goddess, carter, but in no other way, make their purchases or their jokes as they pass along, and seem on good enough terms with the population. I only saw one man misbehave himself the other day, and he was influenced more by bad liquor and good humour than any spirit of mischief. A big fat Hindoo, with his face oilyly painted and caste-marks freshly put on, was bargaining for some sweetmeats at a booth as the soldier came rolling along. The marks attracted the man's notice, and so with immense gravity he steadied himself, spit in his hand, and proceeded to rub the Hindoo's forehead. The rage of the native was frantic, but he knew too well that he dared not strike a soldier, and confined himself to loud lamentations. A crowd collected, but the soldier, with an exclamation of "I'll fight the whole lot on you," broke good-humoredly through them and laced up the street rejoicing. Above the main currents in the street there is a sort of noisy bank at each side of the way. The verandahs and balconies on the second story are filled with people. Jezabel, as of old, attires her head and paints her face, and looks out of a window. Fiddling, tom-toming, and nautching, reign supreme in this region, but now and then a group of respectable citizens enjoying their hookahs redeem the general character of the scene. The Jezabels are, as far as one can see, ugly, exceedingly sad, miserable creatures, with brass ornaments and bits of metal let into their noses, and faces deeply pitted with smallpox; hair plastered in bands across the forehead with grease, tawdry robes of bright gauzy material edged with silver or gold lace. There, sitting mournfully, chewing and spitting betel, they pass their lives, surrounded by what they have been and what they must become—little children playing happily in the balcony, and hideous, toothless, ragged old skeletons covered with baggy, tawny hides, which watch them over, to clutch their horrid gains. The man who may be seen in the same regions would really justify a wholesale execution if bad looks ever warranted hanging. On the whole, the "social evil" presents itself in the East in a form so revolting, so naked, so degraded and disgusting, that one can only wonder how it is an evil at all.

Generally the air of the people is exceedingly debauched, and Lucknow possibly deserves the bad reputation which it enjoys, even in the East. Its present population is estimated at 300,000, but it is believed that at the time of the annexation, and before the mutiny, the inhabitants exceeded 1,000,000, and some estimate their number at 1,200,000. The loss of property produced by the demolitions is roughly calculated at £1,100,000. Most of the mahajans and wealthy citizens lived near the Muechee Bhanwan.—When Sir James Outram resumed his post as Chief Commissioner he issued a notice to all the people that houses which were abandoned by their owners would be forfeited to the State, if they were not occupied by the proprietors within a certain period.—Colonel Abbott, the present Commissioner for the Lucknow district, who is conducting the improvements of the city with great taste and great assiduity, availing himself of that proclamation, has demanded a fine from each householder returning after the prescribed period ere he gives him permission to enter his premises; and by these "fines on renewal" he has got in a large sum of money, to be devoted to the city works, and at the same time he has barred any claims for compensation which may be made by houseowners who did not present themselves in the city in time for houses included in the area of the demolitions.

With the destruction of the Court, of the numerous members of the Royal house, of the regal establishment, and of the aristocracy, went the means of livelihood of many thousands of the people; and, as Lucknow has no trade or commerce, and has no great advantages of position, I see no prospect for the City of Palaces but slow and sure decay. What is to be done with the Eiserbargh? A more shell is all that now remains of rows of palaces. The wind whistles as it lists through unglazed windows and shattered verandahs—through doorless corridors and battered walls. The gardens still remain, but the fountains have ceased to play; the statues—marble and plaster—are all gone. The grand mausoleum of Saadat Ali, the last wise and good Nawab who reigned over Oude, is closed, and the ruin of cannon shot and shell is aggravated by the unroisted effects of