

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

The *Times*' Paris correspondent writes:—The various rumors which have been circulated for the last few days about an attempt on the Emperor's person are, I am assured, totally unfounded. The only thing that is certain is the fact of several arrests having taken place in Paris and other departments, connected with the Secret Society.

A report to the French Emperor from the French Minister recommends the re-enactment of penalties (abolished after the Revolution of 1830) for the unwarranted assumption of titles. It is at first sight remarkable, that in France—a country more ruled than any other by ridicule and *bon mots*—such a legal provision should be found necessary, while an Englishman who thought fit to style himself a Duke or an Earl would simply be treated as a fool.

An act of severity, unworthy as impolitic, took place on the occasion of the funeral of Madame de Larochejacquelein a month or two ago. That funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people from Orleans, where she died, from the country which was the theatre of her former sufferings and her devotion to a family not very remarkable for gratitude to its adherents; and the remains of the venerable lady were followed to the grave by hundreds who never sympathized in the cause for which she underwent so many dangers and made so many sacrifices, and to whom the white cockade is but a tradition. They paid the tribute of their respect to one so worthy of it, and merely honored heroic courage and unchanged loyalty, without thinking of the cause for which they were exhibited. Among those who attended the funeral of Madame de Larochejacquelein were some functions or agents of the Government, whose devotion to it, we may presume, is sincere, as they receive its pay and wear its uniform. They had no notion that a mark of respect paid to one who, long before her death, had the rare advantage of becoming an historical personage, and whom all parties have long united in admiring, was an offence, or that such an act would be regarded as a demonstration in favor of Henry V. They were, it seems, mistaken.—Their conduct was viewed with displeasure by their superiors, and visited with punishment. Some, I believe, were dismissed from their employment, and others removed to a distant post—such removal, when it is not from promotion, being considered as equivalent to censure. The case was so hard that the Marquis de Larochejacquelein, the son of the deceased lady, took the matter up. The Marquis, who considers himself to have been badly treated by the persons in whose cause his family made so many sacrifices, and who was for so many years the political adversary of the Orleans regime, has, as you are doubtless aware, long since adhered to the Imperial Government, and accepted the functions of Senator. The Marquis, whom a severe attack of illness prevented from being present at the funeral of his mother, felt deeply the conduct of the authorities in punishing those whose only offence was to show her respect. He remonstrated, as he ought, and, I believe, tendered his resignation as Senator; he was not obliged, however, to go this length; his remonstrances were attended to, and the offending parties were restored to their places.—*Cor. Times*.

A letter from Genoa, of the 3rd April, states that discord has reached the highest pitch between the two branches of the house of Bourbon, and all attempts to accomplish a fusion have completely failed, particularly since the unfortunate letter written by the Count de Chambord to the widow of M. de Salvandy. Some members of the family are at present at Sesto-Ponente, for the purpose of concerting with the Duchess of Orleans and the Count de Paris the course to be pursued in the event of certain contingencies more or less remote.

The French Council of State has declared the Bishop of Moulins guilty of abuse of his Episcopal authority. The sentence, as published in the *Moniteur* of Tuesday, is as follows:—

1. In the conditions imposed by the Bishop of Moulins on several of the cures of his diocese.
2. In the interdiction of all recourse to the secular power under pain of excommunication, *ipso facto*, and without previous intimation, pronounced against all those who invoke the protection of the civil power on matters in which it has authority.
3. In the constitution of the Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Moulins, made in contravention of the law of the 18th Germinal, an 10, and of the Royal Ordinance of the 29th October, 1823.

All which acts, declared abusive, are and remain suppressed.

Those who like ourselves are well-wishers to the Imperial Government, cannot see this step without great regret. If the Emperor attempts to destroy the liberty of the Church, he will dash himself to pieces, like the first Napoleon, upon that Rock upon which whoever falls shall be broken, and on whomsoever it falls it will grind him to powder. We hope better things, however, and believe that this decree will remain mere empty breath. The Emperor no doubt was placed in a position of some difficulty. The laws by which the first Napoleon and the Bourbons vainly strove to make the Church their slave, have never been formally abolished, and, absolute as his power is, he could perhaps hardly venture openly to set them at naught. That the acts of the Bishop have been contrary to those laws, no one wishes to deny. The French Church has never recognised or obeyed them; and as the formal report laid before the Council of State in this very case distinctly declares, more than half the Bishops of France, to say the least have violated them as openly as the Bishop of Moulins. It is probable, therefore, that the matter will end with this empty protest, leaving with the Church the substantial victory. Here is the distinction between the French Church and the English Establishment, to which Anglicans are fond of comparing it. In France, as well as in England, there are laws inconsistent, although by no means in the same degree, with ecclesiastical liberty. But in France no Bishop,

however favorable to the Court, professes to obey those laws and to consider them binding; and they are in fact openly violated, while the State is obliged to content itself with empty protests. In England, every "Bishop" gives implicit obedience to every State decree, and even solemnly vows at the so-called consecration that he will do so. The Church Courts admit an Act of Parliament to be supreme and paramount to all other authorities, and the idle protests are issued, not by the State, but a few individual Clergymen and laity who dislike its decrees and judgments. The sentence against the Bishop of Moulins is idle breath: the judgment in the Gorham case admitted as law as much by Bishops and Ecclesiastical Courts as by Ministers and Parliaments.—*Weekly Register*.

The *Volksfreund*, which is publishing a series of articles entitled "Church and State in France," declares that the affair of the Bishop of Moulins is the prelude to the great battle which is about to be fought for the emancipation of the Church from the fetters of the organic articles.

A clerical correspondent writes as follows:—"On the 8th of March, in a village near Cherbourg, just across the Channel, six Frenchmen were seen going on a Sunday morning, at Mass time, to their work, with their tools on their shoulders, in contempt of the law of God, which commands us to keep the Sabbath holy, and to the great scandal of the good people who happened to meet them on their way to church; when all of a sudden the six unfortunate men fell on the road and expired instantly and simultaneously. The next day, the bodies of these six transgressors were buried together in one and the same grave, amidst the consternation of the inhabitants of the surrounding towns and villages, who could not help seeing the hand of God in this melancholy event. This dreadful visitation of God has created a deep sensation far and wide, and struck terror into the heart of many a Sabbath-breaker."—*Weekly Register*.

SPIRIT RAPPING AT THE COURT.—An American, named Hume, has been practising spirit-rapping with immense eclat at the court of Napoleon III. These unlawful practices have, of course, been denounced by the clergy, and the necromancer has departed. The Paris correspondent of the *Brussels Independence* writes:—"I can state upon authority that the sudden departure of Mr. Hume, the spirit-rapper, was in obedience to an order from the Emperor. The Empress was so much affected that her august consort dreaded the continuance of the diabolical scenes. The ladies of honor were not less excited than their sovereign. They could speak of nothing but the redoubtable conjuror. The Emperor made a wise revolution in the household, and the poor devil, who, though playing the part of a personage worth £40,000 a year, was really penniless, has left for the country of the rappers. A few days ago the Emperor met the learned physician, M. Begerel, and remarked, 'I want to consult you upon what I saw that trickster do; and his Majesty then told how Mr. Hume had made a table turn round without touching it, and caused it to be struck by an unseen hand. The Emperor received from the physician the very natural reply, 'Sire, I can say nothing upon facts which I have not witnessed.'"

AUSTRIA.

The murrain has appeared in Austria, about 100 miles from Vienna.

It is reported at Vienna that the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg has received a long leave of absence. This is said to be intended as a mark of displeasure at the attitude of the Russian minister at Turin.

The breach between Austria and Sardinia remains unclosed, but there seems little danger of its widening into an actual quarrel. Austria is only following the precedent set by England and France in their treatment of the King of Naples, and has probably just as little notion of coming to actual blows as we or our allies have.

During the last year much has been said and written against the abuse of "crinolines," but the inhabitants of this city have just had a proof that it may sometimes be of real service to the wearer. A young English girl, who was employed as governess in the family of an employe, was so dissatisfied with her lot that she resolved to put an end to her life by jumping from the ramparts into the dry moat. An officer who saw the poor girl put her suicidal design into execution states that "she looked like a balloon in the air." The height of the wall of the city at the spot where the attempt at *felo de se* was made may be about 45 feet, but the girl was so little hurt by her fall "that she walked away as if nothing had happened."—*Vienna Correspondent of the Times*.

SWITZERLAND.

The Neuchâtel difficulty is still unsettled, the conferences dragging on in a wearisome and unsatisfactory manner. However, the Emperor of the French is pledged to have it settled on terms satisfactory to Switzerland, and it is not doubted that he will ultimately redeem his word.

SPAIN.

A letter from Madrid of the 2nd April has the following:—"It is said that the Russian Government is employing all its influence to bring about a reconciliation between the members of the Royal family of Spain, and to cause the most influential Carlists to acknowledge the Queen's Government, so as to enable them to return to Spain and to obtain high places; but the Narvaiz Cabinet has nothing to do with these projects. Reforms in the tariffs are spoken of, but it appears that the Government will not undertake any without the co-operation of the Cortes."

ITALY.

It is stated that Louis Napoleon, the Head Pacifier of Europe, is taking up the Neapolitan question, with the view of bringing it to a speedy settlement.

CHINA.

The latest news from China is far from confirming the report set afloat last week, doubtless for electioneering purposes, that the Emperor had determined to make peace on terms of submission. On the contrary, he has, it appears, thanked Yeh for his obstinate resistance, and

exhorted him to exterminate the outer barbarians with all convenient speed. If the quarrel lasts till the troops now being sent out to the East arrive on the scene of action, it will probably by that time have swelled to the importance of a regular war. The termination of the Persian war will place a considerable force at disposal for operations in China, and should the Chinese continue obstinate, some serious blow will probably be struck without delay.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* publishes the following interesting details of the military organisation of the Chinese:—

"The military forces of China are estimated at more than 800,000 men. In their army rank is hereditary. A soldier can retire from the service only when his son is in a position to replace him; if he has no son of his own, he is at liberty to adopt one. It is allowable to enter the service at as early an age as fifteen. Gunpowder has been in use among the Chinese from time immemorial; nevertheless, the Chinese artillery is far from being as perfect as that of Europe. The balls originally used by the Chinese artillerymen were made of clay, dried and hardened. In times of peace the soldiers are dispersed over the whole empire, and, in addition to their pay, they are at liberty to cultivate the portions of land that are allotted to them. They are generally employed by the state in public works, or making roads, and in repairing the banks of rivers. Their arms consist of sabres, swords, pikes, muskets, bows and arrows. The Russian traveller Timbowski, who visited a large portion of the Chinese empire, states that the soldiers are clothed the same as the other inhabitants, with the exception of the tunic, which they wear over all, and which is always of the same color as that of the flag under which they serve—that is to say, yellow, red, or blue, with or without border. In times of war they receive helmets of iron, cuirasses that are quilted and wadded, and shields of bamboo wickerwork. From the very commencement of a campaign the Chinese endeavor to get possession of the hostile commanders, either by force or by stratagem. On-Tse, the author of a treatise translated by Amiot, recommends that the drums and the cymbals should be confided to the most valiant warriors that can be found. 'For the drums and the cymbals,' says he, 'have to speak to the ears, the flags and the standards to the eyes, recompenses and punishments to the hearts.'"

AUSTRALIA.

Everything tends to show that the colony is beginning to assume the character of a great agricultural country. One fact, however, which has been established by the remarkable diversity in the season is, that in this colony the farmer must not look to the produce of his farm merely as a means of subsistence. To be successful, the agriculturist must be sufficiently independent to be capable of occasionally hoarding the produce of one year for the market of the next. If he does not act thus, it is quiet evident that he will not be true to himself. Indeed, the interests of the country, not less than the interests of the individual, demand the exercise of some management of this sort. If the farmer sell his wheat one year for 4s a bushel, and the next year, when the price is 20s, has none to sell, it is evident that agriculture would soon come to a stand still.

Another fact which is now clearly demonstrated is, that New South Wales must eventually become an exporter of grain. If, with our defective internal communication, the competition of the gold fields, and various other drawbacks, we can already produce a superabundance of breadstuffs, what may we not do when we have railways intersecting every agricultural district in the colony, and when our population is doubled? When that period arrives, the colony, aided by such seasons as the present, will become a vast granary, as remarkable for her golden grain as she already is, for her golden fleece.—*Sydney paper*.

WINE-GROWING IN AUSTRALIA.—The homœopathic principle "*Similia similibus curantur*" receives a fresh illustration from the fact, which now seems tolerably authenticated, that to get a nation to drink plenty of wine is the surest way to cure that nation of drunkenness. Wine indeed, besides, besides making glad the heart of man, sometimes gives him the gout in the extremities, while it must be confessed that wine over night and sodawater in the morning occasionally stand towards one another in the relation of cause and effect. But though individuals do, nations never get drunk upon wine. Wordsworth, the poet described Tam o'Shanter as a "desperate and Scottish drunkard" making, as a critic remarked, the word Scottish a climax to the word desperate in matters of drunkenness. Now Scotland, besides being the hardest drinking, is one of the best educated countries in Christendom. Scotchmen moreover are constitutionally prudent, yet Scotland is always drunk because it has no wine—because you cannot graft grapes from thistles. Ireland probably—if its means were commensurate with its inclination—would drink as hard as Scotland. As it is, the people of the Emerald Isle are over fond of their native "dew" because they have no wine. In England John Bull enlarges his body and contracts his mind with floods of "heavy wet," because grapes cannot be persuaded to naturalize themselves among the fogs so as to grow larger than currants or sweeter than vinegar. America is at once a hard and a various drinker. The inventive energies of a new world have found a wide scope among slings, and juleps, and cocktails, and nogs, and the thousand-and-one artificial compounds upon which Columbia continuously inebriates herself. But when the stars upon his spangled banner begin to twinkle and multiply before the eyes of the young republican, give him plenty of wine and their number and outline become clear to him again directly. So at least affirms a Cincinnati authority that we quoted yesterday, and according to which it appears that wine and temperance are there coming into fashion together. To enlarge upon the sobriety of the French and German residents in wine-producing countries would be trite, but altogether it appears well established that wine is the best cure for drunkenness, and that vineyard associations beat teetotal societies hollow in promoting national temperance. Apart, then, from the question of development of resources, the encouragement of a new branch of industry, and the creation of a fresh export, the well-wishers to Australia will join us in the desire we have so often expressed to see the cultivation of the vine extended here. The present time appears a favorable one for re-urging this subject upon public attention. The testimony of the connoisseurs who were appointed judges of the wine sent to the Paris Exhibition has convinced thousands of persons who were quite incredulous as to the evidence of their own taste, that much of the produce of Australian vineyards is quite equal to that of the finest vineyards of Europe. The consequence has been that in New South Wales a demand for home-grown wine has sprung up which has surprised the growers almost as much as those who have hitherto regarded vine-culture as a kind of agricultural quixotism. Good vineyards have become valuable properties—the reputation of making good wine has become a remunerative possession, and the difficulty no longer is to find customers for the wine, but wine for the customers. For many years to come we believe that this state of things must continue, and that those who turn their attention to wine-growing will meet with a corresponding reward. The quantity that Australia at present produces is ridiculously small compared with the capacity of Australian consumption, putting out of consideration the certainty of a large export trade to be established hereafter. The *London Times*, speaking of Australian wines some time ago, said that, though we produced excellent samples, we seemed to confine ourselves to making "samples," and never ventured upon making wine in bulk. To a great extent this seems to be still the case. It is true that in New South Wales there are some vineyards yielding 15,000 or

20,000 gallons a-year each, several yielding 10,000; and a very considerable number, supplying from 500 to 5,000; yet it appears that the demand has exhausted the accumulation of previous years, and even presses upon the coming vintage. In fact, the habitual use of Australian wine is only checked by the fact that Australia will have drunk up all the wine she has made before she will have got fairly into the habit of drinking it at all. The demand, moreover, presses upon the supply to such an extent that Australian wine is still much too expensive to be of any considerable national benefit. We hope to see the time when pence will go almost as far as shillings do now in the purchase of Australian wine, and when growers on a large scale, producing their 400 or 500 gallons to the acre, will still find the cultivation highly profitable. In the meantime, however, those who are most active and prompt in planting vines will, of course, reap the richest harvest. It is a mistake to suppose that wine-making presents any extreme difficulties, or that only a few kinds of soil and situation are suitable to the culture of the vine. Some particular soils and situations may, indeed, be so favourable as to give a fantastic celebrity and value to the wine therein produced, but we believe that in the most various soils and over the greater part of these colonies the vine would so thrive as to yield a wholesome and merchantable wine that would be profitable to the grower and beneficial to the country. In almost all directions the owners of land would do well to take advantage of the growing taste for native wines; to begin making vineyards, and to increase them year by year, as can be done, if done gradually, at an expenditure of labour and money small in comparison with the certain return.—*Melbourne Argus*.

MERRIE ENGLAND.

(From the *London Times*.)

There is a Book in which we read that there was once a rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and that there lay at his gate a certain beggar, full of sores, who sought the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; and that the dogs came and licked his sores; and there follows then an awful revelation of the spiritual state of those two men and their eternal awards. The story is eminently picturesque. The rich man, in his gorgeous attire at his well-spread table, with his servants bustling about him and there, is seen in the same group with the wretched mendicant lying under his porch, with the rude attendance of street curs. But is not this a painter's licence, and the story itself, perhaps, a figure of speech? Was there ever such a rich man so indifferent to the spectacle of misery at his door? But let us only expand the narrative into something a thousand times more shocking. Take each particular, and let it grow to a worse variety and a colossal magnitude. Let the rich man be a company, a city of rich men, the richest, without hyperbole, on the earth, and commanding by their wealth the wealth of all the earth. Let them surpass all the world in the elaborate costliness of all that contributes to health and material enjoyment. Give them palaces, and furniture, and equipages, and jewels, and pictures, and food for a thousand finer tastes than those of the coarse voluptuary in the parable. Let the poor man be worse than poor, degraded, all sores in and out, vitiated in soul as in body. But let him be helpful and necessary to the rich man, building his palace, procuring his rich fare, and contributing, as foulness can do, to his purple and fine linen. So let there be more than a painter's juxtaposition. Let this bond, then, be utterly disregarded; and instead of the rich man at his board and the beggar a few steps off at his gate, let the rich man and his whole fraternity lie away before sunset every day to earthy paradises afar off, quite clear of diseased beggars or reeking laborers, so that their very crumbs shall not reach such miserable objects. Then let the poor be driven from the portals of the rich, even from their storehouses and their banks, and be cooped up in horrid lairs and dens. Let them lie there without even the natural separation of wild beasts, or that instinctive jealousy which makes the male protect the dam from intrusion, and guard his whelps from harm. Let the fact be such as parable could not describe, painters could not paint, and angels would not look upon. Let there be not even dogs to lick the poor man's sores, and when he dies let him hardly even be buried. Then let all his future be dark and hopeless. Let there be a vast crowd in this horrid state. Thus, every circumstance being aggravated, let the link between the two conditions be not simply a visible contrast, but a real obligation, known, but disregarded. When we have said all this, and could we add much more, we should only describe inadequately two actual classes and conditions in the city in which we dwell.

The city which we speak of is not that vast wilderness of streets and lanes that stretches out for many miles in every direction, but strictly the "City," the very nucleus of this metropolis, the fountain-head of earth's riches, the resort of all nations. It is no such vast place, and the lairs and dens we mention are only a few stones' throw from the great mart of trade, where millions daily pass from hand to hand. Here in narrow passages, but a step or two from the public thoroughfares, the Medical Officer of Health pursues his researches, not less perilous than those of the discoverer in Central Africa or the Arctic Seas. He describes not only the common and inevitable crowding of large families into one small room, but numbers of men and women, with children among them, herding together like the uncleanest brutes or the worst of savages, in heaps of dirt and moral villainy; "where all the offices of nature are performed in the most public and offensive manner, and where every instinct of decency and propriety is smothered." He describes men and women sleeping with their parents; grown-up brothers, sisters, cousins, and casual acquaintances, all on the same heap of rags and straw. He sees among them women in travail, new-born children, the fever-stricken, the dying, the dead—all horribly intermingled; not to mention instances of even more extreme debasement. These general statements he proves by figures. He enumerates 48 men, 73 women, and 59 children living in 34 rooms; and the distribution is even more vicious and abominable than the sum total would require. More and more instances of this kind present themselves, and as the back streets fall into decay they pass into the occupation of this outcast, reckless crowd. They are not the beggars, but the porters at our doors. To their dirt we owe our own cleanliness, and they are the scapegoats of a thousand pollutions. Yet there they fester, untended, unheeded, all but unknown. Happily, they are not quite unknown. Humanity struggles and protests. It sends out its missionaries, its officers of health. It publishes its reports. It forces on reluctant ears its sermons and its parables. It hunts out Lazarus in his alley, and follows Dives to his country seat. Thanks to Dr. Lethaby and those who seek him on his errand, at all events we have the opportunity of seeing the dreadful story, not in a church window, but in the columns of the press.

Is there no moral from this contrast? Is the modern Dives guiltless because he runs away, and the modern Lazarus to be left alone because he hides in a corner his misery and his sin? Yet there is no city in the world like the City of London for its religion and its charities. There is no English city so well churched, so well clerical, so well bishoped, so well tithed, so well rated, so well charitable, so well armed with all the staff of long-established piety and ostentatious benevolence. Poverty, disease, and crime in this city are the material out of which whole classes are enriched. We have Unions, to relieve them, hospitals to cure them, and clergy to convert them. So well secured are the higher influences that, when a parish disappears its church remains, and, if there be no flock to tithe, the very soil and bricks maintain the pastor. There is no city in the world

in which the aggregate expenditure for all public purposes—for government, for police, for charities, for schools, for churches, for clergy, for infirmaries and dispensaries—comes at all near that of the City of London. Yet the result is the existence, and even the fresh growth, in the heart of this metropolis, and within the favored borders of the "City," of these physical and moral plague-nests. In the whole world, far away from the preaching of missionaries, there is no such utter brutishness, such groveling and wallowing, as is discovered in the "Ward of Bishopsgate." Dives is indeed wise in his generation to fly o' nights from such a foul proximity. When Lazarus has done his day's work and betakes himself to his sty he is a very unwholesome brute. Where he, his companions, and his scum feed and litter, the dirt ferments, and the very air is envenomed. Dr. Lethaby has analyzed it, and found that it has lost its share of life-giving power, and that it is charged, not only with more than its share of sluggish elements, but also with the vapors of death, and the very principle of putrefaction. Nature, which kindly dissipates this horrid effluvia, and raises it from the lair where it is generated, diffuses it to the dwelling of the tradesman and the daily resorts of the merchant. They are made fearfully aware of a present pest; they hear with alarm the advance of fever; they investigate its source, and find out a sink of crime. This is the parable of our own city and our own times. If, as we believe, the case is worse, and the contrast more flagrant, than in the sacred page, the lesson is at least as plain and as fearful. Certainly there ought not to be such a state of things. Its existence is not only an evil—it is a crime; and the crime is shared by all who can do anything to abate it, and leave that undone.—*London Times*.

SCENE IN THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

On Friday last in the State Assembly the bill amending the revised statutes in relation to the duties of the executive department came up for a third reading.

Mr. H. Baker rose to a question of privilege. As one of the Committee of Nine who had ground out this bill, he desired to say that he had not recommended its passage. It was a fraud on its title, as it appropriated \$3,000 for furnishing the Executive Department, and fixed the salaries of the Governor and his Private Secretary. He charged unfair action on the committee, and declared the Governor's Private Secretary had influenced the committee in reporting the bill.

Mr. B. Owen vindicated the course of the committee and position of the Governor's Secretary. That gentleman had been requested by him (Owen), as Chairman of the Committee of Nine, to furnish the number and title of the bill, and he did so. The bill was considered favorably after the committee had heard ex-Governor Seymour in its favor.

A long and somewhat personal debate ensued, during which Mr. Beckwith of Washington, alluded to an article in the *Knickerbocker* denouncing Gov. King, and declared that its writer must have been a dirty political scoundrel.

After these remarks, Mr. Hastings, editor of the *Knickerbocker*, went to Mr. Beckwith's chair and told him that when he had closed his political term he (Hastings) would settle with him for the words he had spoken.

Mr. Beckwith, in the presence of the House, then struck Mr. Hastings a violent blow, which glanced off and hit Mr. Emerson, a member of the House.

The House was instantly the scene of intense excitement, which was increased considerably by a man in the gallery falling in a fit.

Mr. Beckwith, when order had been restored, appeared at the bar and apologized to the House.

A Committee of Investigation was appointed, after which the bill was recommitted.

After reading the above from the *New York Citizen*, one of the ablest of the weekly journals published in the United States, the following amusing article from *Punch* on "Transatlantic Legislation" seems to be hardly a caricature:—

TUESDAY.—On the motion for the second reading of the Old Hoss and Bunkum Railway Extension Bill.

Mr. Glaggs (Ga) stated that he should consider it a personal insult to himself and his colleague if the motion were put. The bill was the audacious spawn of a crawling scycophancy, which ought to be indignantly kicked to bottomless blazes.

Mr. Binckes (S. C.) concurred in what had fallen from the honorable speaker, and wished he had the same commanding eloquence in which to embody the unutterable disgust which he felt for the framers of the bill, and for all the despicable wretches who had dared to speak in its favor.

Mr. Samuel L. Sloddy (Pa) had not thought much of the bill, but was now convinced of its goodness when two such contemptible snags as Glaggs and Binckes howled against it.

Senator Binckes here crossed the floor, and taking off his coat, and throwing it on the table, began to whip Senator Sloddy some, but was felled to the dust by a ruler in the hand of that patriot, Orkwin of Mass. He was at first stunned, but having liquored, resumed his coat and seat.

Mr. Legume (Va) hoped the debate might be procrustinated until more specific information was before them. It was unworthy of the Majestic genius of America to slogloglog.

A Voice—Who's sloglogloging?

Another Voice—Greased snakes! Je-rusalem!

Mr. Hactaris (Penn)—The bill had been carefully discussed on a previous occasion, and there was no excuse for delay. He would not impute motives to its opponents, but would like to know where the Senator Glaggs obtained the dollars that paid his extravagant hotel-bill yesterday.

Mr. Glaggs—You are a mean, dastardly spy.

Mr. Hactaris—You are a liar.

The senator from Georgia here fired four shots at the honorable speaker, without any other casualty than killing Piskang, the silent senator from Columbia, who, being asleep, was unaware of the circumstance. Mr. Hactaris loudly protested against Mr. Glaggs shooting at him on a second reading, as being out of order, which, strictly speaking, may have been the case.

Mr. Wacklingbug (Va) thought they were discussing the bill with almost too much heat. The Railway was wanted.

Mr. Binckes would be darned if it was. Mr. Wacklingbug wanted it himself (laughter.) But, as it seemed to him, the only objection to the bill was, that the undertakers of the railroad were a parcel of boggary bankrupt loafers, who would never edify pile or a rail.

Mr. Branding (Ohio) was happy to be able to inform the honorable member that he was an infernal falsehoodmonger, and that amongst the promoters were men of the most impassioned intellect, and who sighed for the good of their great and glorious country with the most ardent aspiration.

A Voice—He means perspiration.

Mr. Branding knew that ribald threat, and dared its owner to stand up.

The gigantic Luke V. Black, of Delaware, here heaved his ponderous proportions into the air, but Senator Branding seemed to discover that he had something very engrossing to whisper to his next neighbor, and managed not to see the Delaware Hercules, who finally sat down, not much the worse for having accepted the defiance.

Mr. Spritle (Vi) said he was for business, and would clench the matter by registering his solemn oath, which he did in the face of eternal creation, that whoever tried to get that bill passed he would kick through yonder mahogany.

Mr. Sloddy was not to be bullied by a lopsided crawfish from the Green Mountains. He begged to move, with unmitigated disdain, that the Old Hoss and Bunkum Bill be read a second time.