

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Rumors having been in circulation that the Government had prevented any speeches being delivered over the grave of General Cavaignac, the Patrie gives the following account of what took place on the occasion:—

"The Prefect of Police sent to the family of the General in order to regulate in concert with it the details of the ceremony, so that nothing should be done except in accordance with their wishes. It was asked what persons would deliver addresses at the grave, as it was desired to respect the wishes of the family, and prevent strangers from coming forward and speaking without their authorization. The answer given by M. de Foissy, cousin of the General, was that nothing had been decided on the subject, but that if any speech were delivered, it would be by either M. Dufaure or M. Senard. No objection was made to this arrangement. On the day of the funeral M. de Foissy informed the representatives of the Prefect that it had been decided that no address should be delivered, and expressed his satisfaction that the family had been allowed every latitude for the funeral. Before the funeral was concluded Madame Piscatory went to the Prefecture to thank the Prefect of Police, on the part of Madame Cavaignac, for all the consideration which had been shown her and her family."

It is pretty certain that the Emperor is much annoyed at the turn things are taking in the Danubian Principalities; perhaps he now regrets having allowed his political agents to excite the population and the Divans to the pitch they now are. He is angry with Austria, angry with Turkey, angry with those about him, angry with Redschid Pasha, and very angry with the Ministerial press, which has made matters worse, and those that inspire it. It is remarked that neither the Austrian nor Turkish Ambassador has as yet been invited to take part in the festivities of Compeigne.—Times Correspondent.

The Post's Paris correspondent reports that friendly communications have taken place lately between certain great continental powers regarding the reduction of their respective armies.—The government of France will certainly economize on this important item of public expenditure, and the Emperor of Austria, according to late despatches from Vienna, has agreed to a reduction of his military expenditure. The passing European crisis is the immediate cause of these measures.

The Archbishop of Paris, says the Gazette de France, is remarkable for his charity; but, although he can always find money when the necessities of the poor are in question, yet, when his valet represents to him that parts of his wardrobe require replenishing, he makes an excuse that the poor require assistance, and that it will be better to wait until bread becomes cheaper. A few days ago the valet, despairing of ever persuading his master that some new shirts were absolutely necessary for him, adopted an ingenious scheme to effect that purpose. He informed the Archbishop that a poor gentleman was in such distress that he could not purchase linen to make the respectable appearance he was required to do, and the Archbishop immediately gave him money for that purpose. On dressing, some days after, the Archbishop said that the shirt given him by his valet was a new one; and he asked where it had come from. The servant replied that it had been purchased with the money the Archbishop had given him—for that poor gentleman of whom he had spoken was his Eminence himself.

ITALY.

The Augsburg Gazette learns from its semi-official Milan correspondent that the reduction of the Austrian army has been resolved on by the Emperor. At the beginning of the "military year" (it began on the 1st of November), all the depot battalions of the regiments of the line will be done away with, and the third battalions will, in future, raise and drill the recruits. The companies of the infantry regiments, which will be composed of three battalions, will consist of 80 men, instead of 120, as they do at present. As the army in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom will, when so reduced, hardly be strong enough to perform the customary garrison duty, an infantry regiment will be sent as a reinforcement from one of the German provinces.—The reduction of the army in Italy alone will amount to 25,000 men, and no fewer than 30 Generals will be put on the pension list. The strength of the regiment in Ancona and Bologna will not be diminished. It is calculated that the above-mentioned reduction will lead to a saving of 50,000,000*fr.* a year, and it is not doubted here that the measure in question is in consequence of the meeting of the two Emperors at Weimar.

THE POPE AND THE INDIAN SUFFERERS.—We learn by a private letter from Rome that the Holy Father has sent 2,000 francs out of his private purse towards the fund for the relief of the sufferers in India.—Cork Examiner.

RUSSIA.

The Invulide Russe states that the object of the Emperor Alexander's journey to Stuttgart was to establish universal peace, and it exposes some defects of the Holy Alliance, which, it says, committed the fault of wishing to turn aside the decrees of Providence. It did not make war on Belgium, for having separated herself from Holland—it did not attack the revolution of July, and still less that of February. It was an illusory idea which had no political basis.—The Russian journalist remarks, in conclusion, that the Holy Alliance has left to posterity the conviction that sovereigns and nations do not require special alliances in order to live in peace and friendship, and proceed together in the path of civilization.

Some of the Russian journals have been discussing the advantages of trial by jury. The Wanderer, a journal of Vienna, states, on the authority of a letter from St. Petersburg, that four Mongol tribes, hitherto subjects of China, have recognised the sovereignty of Russia, which has granted them an exemption from

taxation for several years. In order to prevent the displeasure which China may feel at this act, the Russians are establishing a line of fortresses along the Chinese frontier. Colonies are also being founded, and the new tribes are being converted into a well organised frontier militia. At Moscow lately great curiosity was excited by an experiment being made with a new description of locomotive, running along the streets, and so constructed as to cause the wheels to lay down a sort of wooden rails as they advanced.—The locomotive dragged after it a number of carts heavily laden. The experiment, though the first made, had perfectly succeeded. The author of the invention is a trader of Moscow, named Prokhoroff.

SWEDEN.

The Swedish Diet (in strict conformity with the spirit and genius of Protestantism) has decided against any relaxation, however slight, of the law which imposes banishment on all who quit the established religion. The Clergy have been especially active in opposing any mitigation of the persecution.

TURKEY.

We (Weekly Register) announced a fortnight ago the dismissal of the Turkish Ministry. It is now stated to have been caused by the proposal of the late Ministers to concede the new claims of the Principalities. The French Ambassador still stands aloof from their successors. The Times of this week publishes a new instance of the hollowness of Turkish toleration. A Christian at Damascus, whose father had been induced to a pretended apostasy, has escaped death, as a Mussulman returning to Christianity, only by taking shelter under the British flag.—The result remains to be seen.

INDIA.

The Daily News makes the painful statement that the English army now or lately on its way to India is threatened with a repetition of the horrors of the Crimea on a more colossal scale. This statement is founded on a letter from Calcutta, showing that the local authorities have proved themselves incapable of forwarding the soldiers, intercepted on their way to China, with the requisite despatch to the interior, and that they had been equally unable to provide properly for them in Calcutta. Though the number of soldiers who had arrived was under 4,000, the greater part of them were, after many days' delay, still kept on board the overcrowded transports moored in the river, in the most unhealthy month of the year. Even the men of the 53rd—who had been for some time at Calcutta and Barrackpore—were, when on guard during the Mohurrum, left without food for forty-eight hours.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TALENT."

Dear Sir—As I feel confident that any communication from India will be interesting to your readers at the present moment, I send you the following:—

In Calcutta itself all is still quiet. Our volunteer cavalry and infantry, having been enrolled two months ago, are well nigh fit for active service, were such to be required of them; but, as the volunteers get no remuneration for their services, and as they are chiefly composed of civilians, merchants, &c., engaged in business, they stand little chance of being ordered away from Calcutta.

The Volunteer Infantry Guards were reviewed by Lord Ganning and Sir Colin Campbell on Tuesday, the 15th inst. All Calcutta turned out to witness the review. Armenians, Greeks, Chinese, Arabians, Persians, Hindus from Agra, Benares, Allahabad, and the Upper Provinces congregated in thousands to witness so novel a spectacle. In truth, there are few cities in the world which present a greater variety of nations to the eye of the beholder than does the City of Palaces.

The Volunteer Cavalry were engaged in keeping back the crowd, which was so great that the cavalry and police force could with difficulty restrain the pressure of the multitude.

The dress of the infantry is entirely white, the cap alone being skirted with a slight red fringe. The cavalry are clad in a blue jacket and waistcoat of the same color, and wear white trousers, which are almost entirely concealed by the long boots with which their legs are encased. The infantry are armed with muskets, and the cavalry with swords and pistols. Their numbers in all amount to about 1,000, of whom 700 are infantry. The Volunteer Infantry went through numerous evolutions in a highly satisfactory manner.

During the chief part of the review I had the good fortune to be near the great hero of the day, Sir Colin Campbell. While eyeing the veteran of a hundred fights, I could not but reflect upon the ejaculation of Pelissier, "that whenever he met the veteran Highlander he could scarce help embracing him."

The whole review passed off with great eclat, and the Governor-General made a short speech, wherein he expressed the great gratification which both Sir Colin Campbell and himself felt at the proficiency which the entire corps had made during the short time that had elapsed since they had first shouldered the musket. Lord Ganning also mentioned that he would shortly present the corps with the colors promised them. This announcement was received by the Volunteers with three British cheers.

The corps was then dismissed, and the motley crowd of spectators returned home apparently much pleased at the discipline exhibited by those who had undertaken to act as guardians over the City of Palaces, and to secure for them the personal welfare of its citizens.

I cannot but add that the preservation of Calcutta is almost entirely owing to the vigilance of the Volunteers. Night and day they cheerfully stood the inclemencies of the weather, though I must reluctantly add that many of them have fallen victims to their loyalty, as I heard but to-day from a medical man that several of those who were.

When at midnight nervous old India would start out of their beds with fright, and rush with frantic haste towards Fort William, they would meet a party of Volunteers, who would kindly assure them that the Sepoys had not yet reached Calcutta; and if, perchance, the sound of the cannon's roar alarmed any one at midnight, he had only to look into the street, and he would have seen the Volunteer Cavalry treating us to a second edition of the Derby races.

When the Mohurrum was at its height, and all Calcutta in a ferment; when sulky-looking Mahomedans went along the bylanes muttering maledictions against all Christians, and when innocent-looking but cunning Hindus would, with grave countenances, give you a "salam" (at the same time wishing you at the bottom of the Ganges), a strapping Volunteer—perchance one lately arrived from Oxford, or but newly imported from the Emerald Isle—would, with military air and fixed bayonet, go his rounds through the midst of some noisy bazaar, heedless of danger, anxious alone for the welfare of the city.

At present, however, all believe danger here to be at an end, more especially as troops have just arrived in Calcutta.

Among the regiments arrived is a portion of the

32nd Welsh Fusiliers, who won their spurs so gloriously at the Alma, as also 1,000 men of the gallant 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, who formed the thin red line at Balaklava. Could any of our countrymen at home, but have seen these stalwart men, fresh from Scotia's hills, marching on a tropical soil to the sound of the warlike bagpipe; could they have witnessed the bewildered appearance of the Lilliputian Hindus, who seemed almost to doubt whether these bronzed and imposing mountaineers were not, or should not be, worshipped as gods rather than be regarded as men; and if, in fine, they had beheld the sad countenances of the Sepoys, who appeared to have discovered that there existed others more soldier-like, aye, and more daring, than themselves; could any of them, after having witnessed all this, have still maintained that India, when defended by such gallant men, could be wrested from British power by weak-minded idolaters, they would be regarded here as farsighted indeed.

The news from up-country is very meagre. Delhi is still in the hands of the rebels, and is likely to remain so until our army is reinforced with several thousand men. At Lucknow our small but gallant force are holding out manfully against the mutineers; and as reports say that there is no lack of provisions in Lucknow, it is not expected that Jack Sepoy will live to worship Vishnu in the town yet awhile.

People here are continually alluding to the massacres of Cawnpore, Delhi, and Meerut. It is no uncommon thing to hear a lady or a gentleman say, "I lost three relatives at Cawnpore and several intimate friends at Delhi."

An occurrence which took place near Meerut will, no doubt, be interesting to your readers who rejoice in the good old faith. When the Sepoys had commenced the "reign of terror" in Meerut and the country around; when the British arms which had been made to defend India against its foes were being saturated with the blood of Christian children; when vultures and other birds of prey were glutting themselves upon the carcasses of European ladies, the good Nuns of Sirdanah had retired to their church, and, abandoning themselves to the God of Wars, had reconciled their minds to meet death in its sternest form. The holy and zealous Priest, Father Felix, was not, however, to be outdone in fervor by those "Saints upon earth." Unlike many of our modern Ministers (those especially most eloquent in Exeter Hall harangues), Father Felix advanced to meet what to him must have appeared certain death. He hastened to the Catholic church, and perceiving that the carnage was every moment increasing, he ordered the Nuns to proceed to the roof of the church, which was flat. The holy Nuns at once obeyed their Pastor. The good Priest then took the Blessed Sacrament from the altar, and, with the pix in his hand, he hastened to give the Nuns Communion. He had scarcely reached them when he perceived an infuriated mob rushing to the church. All around him was in a blaze. Death, that stern reality which was to hurry them into the presence of an awful Judge, seemed to be already at hand.

"Dies ira, dies illa  
Solvat seculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla."

Sepoys, with drawn swords reeking with the blood of the innocent, stood before the house of God.—They had seen the fugitives. Their cry was, "We must have the Priest, then the Nuns, then the children." The church door, however, had been barred within. This the blood-thirsty followers of Mahomet, and the rupee-loving children of Vishnu, attempt to batter down with clubs and axes. Already has the door sprung off its hinges. One second more, and the bounds are let loose—the Devil's children are thirsting for Christian blood—

"Salvos fac, servos tuos  
Deum semper sperantes in te."

Let us for one moment refer to the Nuns. When they had reached the dreadful crisis we have described, the children of God prostrated themselves on their knees to receive the Holy Viaticum; this Heavenly Food good Father Felix was about to administer to them. A thought, however, had passed through the Holy Father's mind. All hope of safety had not vanished. There still remained a never-failing source wherewith to fly to.

The inspired Psalmist said "In the day when I am in trouble incline thou to me." (Psalm 101.)—This Father Felix had not forgotten; but let the Reverend Father himself describe what followed. In a letter to a brother Clergyman he writes: "Making a hasty Act of Faith, and placing all my hopes and confidence in my Redeemer, I uttered the short ejaculation, 'O Lord, deliver not to beasts those who trust in Thee.'" "Scarcely," says the good Father, "had I uttered these words than the mob, one minute ago maddened with rage, now dispersed themselves. The Sepoys fled on every side, and shortly afterwards a small body of Europeans, from Meerut, sallied out and conveyed us all in safety thither."

A still more wonderful preservation is the following. Father Bernard writes to the Bengal Catholic Herald as follows:—

"The Nuns at Sealokte, in the Punjab, have had a very narrow escape. Several times the insurgents rushed, arms in hand, to their convent, and each time were met by the Priest, who, with kind words, disarmed their fury. At length the Sepoys took the whole establishment under their protection, saw them safe into the magazine, and then bolted to join their companions in crime."

I ask, are not such wonderful instances of God's mercies as these fit to grace the life of a St. Paul or a St. Francis Xavier? Surely they will at least tend to strengthen the faith of many negligent Catholics, both at home and abroad? But I must bring this already too long epistle to a conclusion.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Jesuits in Calcutta. Would that "ces soldats du Pape" would hasten to relieve our vigilant but small Catholic garrison. Bishop O'Leary and his small staff of Clergymen are doing wonders; but we want recruits here, not so much to convert Protestants or infidels, but to watch those who belong "to the one fold and to the one Shepherd."

As regards Protestants here, of a certainty their religion is seen here in its true light. It is customary for the children of Luther and Calvin to talk about the Papists' Sabbath. Would that you could see a Protestant Sabbath in Calcutta. I know for a certainty that scores of Protestant here, no matter whether Shakers or Quakers, carry on a thriving business on the Sunday. In regard to Protestant Clergymen here, I have heard Protestants remark that their Ministers would hardly be seen talking to the poor of their congregation, much less would they allow any poor persons to mix with them. As for Protestant Ministers converting the Hindus, I am firmly convinced that, instead of twelve individuals remaining Christians (as Lord Ellenborough remarks would be the case were the English to leave the country), not even one would be found who would stand firm. You can make here, within the space of half an hour, any number of Hindus become nominal Christians by treating them to a few rupees. But, as for Protestants converting the Hindus, no sensible Protestant here would believe such an assertion.

I will allow that Protestants can make the Hindus become Deists, but the Presbyterians and Episcopalians must there end the career of their conversions—and how different are the conversions to Catholicity.

On Sunday last I knelt at Mass in the midst of a number of native converts, descendants of those converted by St. Francis Xavier, and living witnesses of the Saint's Apostolic labors. Their demeanour in church was every way satisfactory and our zealous and revered Bishop spends much of his time in instructing them. As the mail is just going, and I have already extended my correspondence to a greater length than I had first intended, I conclude, ever yours,  
SOURCES.

The letter of a soldier written from Benares on the 15th of August, after describing the following atrocities:

says that he cannot enter into any more details of the cruelties, as they are "too heart-rending." "The natives (he writes) have been murdered many of our beloved countrymen, women, and children—yes, hundreds of them in one place. There was a poor lady, 20 years of age, nine months a wife, and within a few days of becoming a mother, who was taken by the rebel mob; and when they had satisfied their lustful desires they cut her belly open and took therefrom the yet unborn infant, and then tore it to pieces. The next who fell into their brutal hands were a minister and his wife—the eight months gone with child. She was taken and dishonored in front of her husband's eyes, and then murdered, after which they cut her open and took the infant from its dead mother's womb, and beat it about its father's head until it was quite dead. They then took the husband and stripped him naked, and marched him through the woods many miles torturing him all the way, and then brought him back to the still bleeding body of his murdered wife, and there put him to death. The brutes! The next who fell into their hands were two young ladies who were trying to make their escape to another place, but they caught them, and when they had done all they could think of with them they cruelly took and put them back to back and ran a sword through them and pinioned them together, and left them in that state to die. They next turned their steps towards a serjeant-major's house for the purpose of burning him and his family alive. The husband left the house and the two children followed him; but the wife stood at the door and said she would have the life of the first one who attempted to come into the house. And so she did, for she shot him dead; but of course they killed her, fired the house and then followed the little boy and girl, and brought them back weeping, and threw them screaming into the flames to their murdered mother, to travel with her to their eternal home."

X' writes to the Times, dating in India:—About three weeks ago, a conspiracy was detected at Jubbulpore, to murder the Europeans, and to plunder and destroy the cantonment and town. It was discovered that a few of the native chiefs and landholders, and some of the 52nd Bengal Native Infantry, were concerned in this. The deputy commissioner of the district, Lieutenant Clark, and his assistant, Lieutenant Baldwin, found that meetings were held at the house of the leader, Rajah Shunker Shah, and, consequently, they determined to surprise and capture them. This was admirably managed, and Rajah Shunker Shah, and his son, Rughonath Shah, together with some twenty more of the conspirators, were seized by these two officers, accompanied by a party of police. In the house of Shunker Shah, a bundle of seditious papers were found, and in his private purse, on his person, a small paper was discovered. This was a prayer, of which I send you a literal translation. It was written by the Rajah himself, in the Hindoo character, on the back of a proclamation issued by the commissioner, calling on the chiefs and others to remain staunch, and speaks for itself. Other and clearer evidence was found as to the guilt of these people—Shunker Shah and his son. They were tried by the commission under act 14 of 1857, and condemned to death, and both were blown away from guns. The guilty 52nd regiment were so alarmed at this, that, on the same night (the 18th), they all (except ten men) deserted with their arms and the ammunition they had in pouch, taking one of their officers, Lieutenant Macgregor, prisoner but doing no harm to anyone else; and they wrote to the Colonel of the regiment that they would give him in exchange for their ten men who had remained loyal, but their request could not, of course, be attended to. All the other officers of the regiment are safe, and measures have been taken for the release of Lieutenant Macgregor, which, it is hoped, may succeed. I also enclose a copy of a curious document, viz, the letter written by the men of the regiment to their Colonel after the mutiny. Unfortunately, there were no troops near Jubbulpore who could be sent in pursuit of the mutineers, and it is supposed they are now proceeding by jungle paths towards Nagode, to join the 50th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, which has also mutinied, and that they will proceed towards Oude along with the mutinous regiments from Dinapore.

Camp of the Nagpore Movable Column, Sept. 25.

TRANSLATION OF HINDOO VERSE.

Shut the mouth of slanderers, bite and eat up backbiters, trample down the sinners, you, 'Sutringharika' (one of the names of 'Devee'), implying here, destroyer of the enemy, kill the British, exterminate them, 'Machundee' (another of the names of the goddess 'Devee'); let not the enemy escape, nor the wives and children of such, oh! Singharika' (another of the goddess's names); show favour to Shunker; support your slaves; listen to the cry of religion. 'Mathalka' (another of the goddess's 'Devee's' names), eat up the unclean, make no delay, now devour them, and that quickly, 'Ghormakalika' (another of the goddess 'Devee's' names).

The following telegraph was received at the Foreign Office on the 11th inst.:

"The 'Hindustan' arrived at Suez from Calcutta on the 5th instant, with Calcutta dates of October the 9th.

MADRAS, 14th.—Delhi, which fell into our hands on the 20th September, was entirely occupied on the 21st, and the whole of the enemy expelled. In the assault of the 14th, 61 officers and 1188 men, being one-third of the storming force, were killed and wounded. On the 21st, the old King, said to be 70 years of age, surrendered to Captain Hodges and his cavalry, about 15 miles south of Delhi. He was accompanied by his chief wife. Their lives were spared. Two of his sons and a grandson were also captured by Capt. Hodgson about five miles from Delhi, and shot on the spot. Their bodies were brought to the city and exposed at the Police Office.

Two movable columns were despatched from Delhi on the 23rd in pursuit of the enemy. By accounts from Agra one column appear to have reached the neighborhood of Allypore, and the other that of Multra, on the 28th of September. General Havelock, with 2,500 men, crossed the Ganges from Cawnpore on Sept. 16, and relieved Lucknow on the 25th just as it was ready to be blown up by its besiegers. On the 20th the enemy's entrenchment were stormed and on the 29th a large part of the city was taken. 450 were killed and wounded. General Neill was killed. There has been a slight rising of the Rebels near Nasack, in the Bombay Presidency, in the suppression of which, Lieutenant Harvey, of the Police, was killed. Madras troops defeated the mutineers of the 52d Regiment near Kemplee, and killed 150. A native of Meer and a Sepoy, having been convicted of treason, were blown away from guns, at Bombay, on the 15th Oct. Predatory tribes in the Punjab, between Mooltan and Lahore, have given some trouble lately, and the disturbance seems to have been suppressed. The following despatch was received at the India House:—

ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 5.—The mutineers have gone towards Rohilcund and Multra, and some to Oude, being followed by our troops. Mr. Granthead, Commissioner of Delhi, died Sept. 19th of cholera, and General Nicholson died Sept. 23rd of wounds received in the assault.

The Times correspondent in China gives an interesting account of a voyage up the great Imperial canal, from which we make a few extracts:—

There is no lack of objects as we pass up towed by these hardy boatmen. The irrigation wheels are constantly going; men and women working under their awning of mats. The junks and boats are never ceasing—who shall number the vehicles for water-carriage which China possesses? The fisherman with his flock of fishing cormorants perched on his punt or swimming after him is passing up under the bank, and I notice that if a cormorant gets a large fish

which he cannot swallow he takes it to the punt and receives something which his master pushes into his mouth in return for it, but if he swallows it, small fish he tries to escape with it, and swallow it, and if he is beyond the reach of the fisherman's hook he generally does so. Near the towns the bank is lined at intervals of a few hundred yards with triumphal monuments in stone. This monument is of one type but not always of one pattern—two upright square pillars, two or three horizontal bars bearing inscriptions, and a pediment on the top like a section of the roof of a Chinese temple. They have erected six of these at Canton to celebrate the expulsion of the English. Here they commemorate the virtues of some defunct matron. There are graves also. Sometimes these are mounds, sometimes coffins placed upon the earth, and sometimes coffins 'cased over' with brickwork. Occasionally a beggar has made his home in the coffin, and comes forth from it to beg.

The only Chinese objects which to the eye of Western taste are really beautiful are the bridges that cross their canals at frequent intervals. The willow-pattern plate, so faithful in other matters, does not do them justice. Sometimes they consist of three arches, but generally of only one. In the latter case solid masonry of carefully faced granite or limestone advances into the water from either side. In the contrary springs a light and graceful arch—more than a semi-circle, quite half an oval; it springs 40 feet high, and the crown of the arch has not two feet of superstructure resting upon it. There is no keystone, but the thin coping stones are cut in the proper curve. The bridge itself is a terrace mounted by steps on either side at an angle of 45 degrees. The effect is very graceful and airy, and as no wheeled carriages are used in China (except wheelbarrows) they answer all practical purposes. A sunset on the Imperial canal, with the monuments on the banks, a vista of these bridges, and the mountains of Nghanwai in the far distance, is a sight I shall remember when I look again upon Claudes and Turner.

We are thankful that at last there are mountains in view; for this perpetual level, fat and fertile as it is, grows depressing.

It is our fifth day, and we are expecting to reach Hangchow, where all our difficulties of transit must be expected. While writing I have passed along five miles of rural district with banks all built up, like a Parisian quay, of wrought granite, and the towing-path carried over stone bridges, which cross the frequent branches of this immense artificial navigation. I despair of conveying the idea of cyclopean work, enormous traffic, patient industry, vast natural fertility, individual content, and peaceful prosperity with which this journey impresses me. The pagodas are in ruins, and where the quays have fallen there is no hand to repair them. The Imperial grain junks are rotting and the few forts are in decay. But these evidences of decrepitude in the rulers have not yet operated to affect the personal happiness which springs from fertile lands and industrious husbandmen.

At the end of one of the long straight lines of this highway we discern at last a far extending mass of houses, whose walls exult in bright whitewash and whose roofs are all of old gray tiles. These houses seem to extend far back and to overspread the plain that intervenes between the bank of the canal and the highlands that form the background of our present view.

This, seen through a mob of junks, moving and still, is Hangchow as it appears from the Imperial canal. All things indicate the capital of a great province. Our old friends the Imperial grain junks have been rotting in hundreds for the last ten miles, the canal has been of extending width, Mandarin passage boats, towed by strings of coolies, have gone by sounding their gongs and flaunting their banners, while the Mandarin looked out from his seat of honour, and from behind his fan eagerly eyed the strangers. The commercial navy of China (par saang—no schooners or lorchaes) were taking in paper, tea, rice, oil, bamboo, basket work, and a thousand other articles of produce. They are loading the tea here in its natural state in chests protected by matting.—It is all for Shanghai and the export-market. That is to say, it is all of that high-dried kind which will pass the sea. I counted 18 junks of about 200 tons each lying together ready-laden with this European necessity.

SUBURBS OF HANGCHOW, Aug. 11.—The irrigation wheel has now entirely given way to the wharf. The banks on either side are as the banks of Thames when the river reaches the city's eastern suburb. High above roofs and masts rise two lofty poles, whose cross bars show them to be ensigns of official authority. They stand before a large public edifice. In China all public edifices are of the same pattern; joss-houses and palaces and public offices might and very frequently do interchange their purposes without much alteration. The building before us has the usual double tier of shelving roofs with upturned corners, as though the original designer of this style had taken the prows of four Greek galleys and put them together, with their rostra facing to the four cardinal points. It also has a very extensive gallery, which comes out on piles into the canal, and is roofed and ornamented in proper official style, and crowded with Chinese officials. This building is the celebrated "Pain Kwan," or "Ta Kwan"—the "new" or the "great" Custom-house. This is the foe of Manchester and Leeds, and Nottingham and Sheffield. This is the first lock in the ascending water-way. Here British calicoes get their first lift, to be still further lifted at very short stages. There is no escape. Here the Imperial canal ends. There are small feeders which come down from places in the neighbourhood, but here the navigation ceases. There is a magnificent navigable river which rolls on the other side of the city, but with this the Imperial canal has no connexion. Such is the Imperial policy. Here at Hangchow everything must be transhipped.

We pulled up at the Custom-house, and I prepared for the rigorous search which must take place. I was determined to solve this mystery of the differential duties. I had a piece of printed calico and a packet of clasp knives, and also some of my Chinese clothing, not yet worn, on the table before me. I was fully resolved to have a considerable discussion over the payment for these things.

After a few moments, a man, something between the coolie and comprador class, and without even the small pyramidal official straw hat, put his head into the boat and said, as plain as unintelligible words and significant gesture could speak, "That will do; go on."

"But tell him," roared I to A'ya, "that I have duties to pay."

"He talks all right."

"Tell him these boxes are all full of salt, and the boat is full of contraband goods."

"He talks no mind."

"Tell him we haven't paid the boat toll."

"He talks bamboo boatman."

At this hint we were at once propelled from the shore, and I was left with my British produce to mourn over the fallibility of the best laid schemes. It was quite evident now that the officials were determined to ignore our presence. I knew there was a toll that would amount to nearly a dollar each on our boats; they refused, however, to take it from us. They allow us now to pass the Custom-house unquestioned. They are clearly treating the three Englishmen as Dogberry thought it best to treat rogues.—Now I began to make frantic inquiries from Chinamen about the matter I had intended to settle myself. I am told that at this "Ta Kwan" they take 15 cash, or about three-halfpence, for a piece of China cloth, and 400 cash, or 3*s.*, for English. A Chinaman will always give you an answer, and it will generally be the first phrase that comes into his head. I paid little attention to this assertion and should not have repeated it, but that it seems to accord with my subsequent experience. Shanghai is full of English goods; at Keabing and Keashoo I saw some English "domestics;" but after we had passed the "Ta Kwan" I never saw anything English exhibited for sale, ex-