FROM LONDON.

The New Reform Bill—'32 and '66—Past and Present—General Acceptation of the Measure and Expectation of Its Becoming Law—Why More was not Attempted or Demanded—Details of the Night of Its Introduction—Mr. Gladstone—Bob Lowe Again and the Castigation Inflicted upon Him and other Turncoats by John Bright in the House of Commons—How they Looked while Undergoing It—The Bill and its Character—The Queen's Visit to Aldershot—Colenso and the Bishops—Items.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, March 17, 1866.

This week we have talked all but exclusively about the new Reform bill. There has not been much excitement, properly so called, but a great deal of very strong and genuine political interest, which increased in proportion as the conviction gained ground that Mr. Gladstone's impenetrable secresy shrouded a real intention *to do something*—that the bill, whatever its merits and shortcomings might prove, was to be a verity, and no humbug. One had heard plenty of predictions to the contrary, indeed so many that I think the friends and advocates of reform were rendered extremely apprehensive, while its enemies talked cynical indifference, easy-going skepticism, and asked where was the demand or the necessity. You see there have been so many political miscarriages of the kind, and whatever might be the extent of the desire for a success out-of doors, there was little clamor for it—little of that great grand swell generally required in this country to bring such ventures into port. Contrasted with the awful welter of 1832, the waves were ridiculously tranquil. Then ricks were flaring nocturnally throughout the country under the incendiary torch of "Capt. Swing." Birmingham was getting ready to march on London, mobs paraded the streets of the metropolis with the "bludgeons and brick-bats" recommended by *The Times*, smashed the Duke of Wellington's windows, yelled at him as "Nosey" and "Old Slaughter" whenever he appeared in public, and all England seethed and whirled with excitement. Old people delight to speak of those times now; to tell how *The Times* came out with perhaps the most stirring and effective leader that ever appeared in its columns, in this one sentence: "The Bill is lost; the Queen has done it all;" how, whithersoever the mail-bags conveyed that newspaper throughout the kingdom, they were torn open and the sentence read aloud to half-frantic mobs, ready for anything; how, ultimately, Henry Brougham with Earl Grey, carrying a list of 80 names in his pocket, to swamp the House of Lords with that number of new peers, if those noblemen had not preferred to stay at home and let the great act pass, *sub silentio*. Now how different! how decorous! *The Times* blows hot and cold, with an insidious preference for the latter; *The Daily News*, *The Star*, *The Telegraph*, and other liberal organs, advocate the business in hand warmly, but always with moderation; the Reform League agitates peacefully, and that is all. The country is mainly prosperous; the old party questions which divided it are nearly settled, and the new ones that threaten future differences have hardly assumed definite shape and proportion. Great Britain is passing through a period of transition, and the liberal sentiments of the nation have been so confused by the insane outcry against the cause of free labor and free thought in which too many of the recognized leaders of the Liberal party were mad enough to join during our civil war that one cannot look for any overwhelming demonstration of popular feeling in behalf of any measure which—however the fact may be concealed—is obviously, as far as it goes, of a democratic character. Thus so subtily are the great interests of humanity linked together, all the world over, that already England has paid a portion of her predestined penalty for her lukewarmness and selfishness during our great Rebellion, in a partial and mutilated Reform bill, compared to what she might and ought to have obtained.

It is accepted very good humoredly, however—almost gratefully. "We will take what we can get, and then sue for the rest," said Dan. O'Connell on a similar occasion, and this, I think, sums up the feeling of the more ardent Reformers. The many scarcely expected to come off so well; they knew the Ministry was shaky; the people not so much in earnest as they should be; the prospect of bettering Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone's bid but dubious. A bird in the hand, they argue (if, indeed, he be so secured), is better than two in the bush. It would be idle to pretend that the Reform bill proposed by the Government is altogether satisfactory, or likely to effect any permanent settlement of the electoral question. On the other hand, it is by no means clear that, if the proffered installment be refused on the ground of inadequacy, that Englishmen are certain of getting as much for some time to come. Hence, the general indorsement of the bill by the Liberal party and press, and their felicitations, which are really in excess of the occasion.

It is generally taken for granted that the bill will pass. Its reception by the House and the country argues as much; successive Ministries and six Queen's speeches have recognised the necessity; and the opposition, as yet, has surprised people agreeably by its paltriness and spite. Even Tories seem prepared to grin and bear it; to eat their leek and congratulate themselves that it is no bigger, and that the act of deglutition is accompanied by a cudgelling in no higher quarter than that administered by John Bright to three of the dirtiest of political camp-followers that ever abandoned their colors and went over to the enemy on the eve of an engagement. They, indeed, have supplied a new illustration to the "art of sinking," in the estimation of everybody. Before speaking of the bill and what it comprises, as well as omits, allow me a little detail on its introduction, as well as that magnificent chastisement, the rather because political London enjoyed it intensely.

The night of the introduction involved nothing remarkable beyond an altogether unusual throng of notables and nobodies to the Houses of Parliament. People were waiting for admission to the strangers' and Speaker's galleries as early as eight in the morning. (Apropos of the latter gentleman, whose place was supplied by his deputy, in consequence of his "barking his shin" badly last week, folks say he is dangerously ill of erysipelas.) Before three all the members had assembled. The Prince of Wales and other "noble swells" appeared in the peers' seats; the Princess was present and invisible in the ladies' gallery. When Mr. Gladstone spoke, it was gravely, in a deep baritone voice, and a hard, curt, methodical manner, sometimes, though rarely, rising into eloquence. He looked rather uncomfortable, as if impelled to an ungrateful task which might seem a grateful duty, if there were no such things as treachery and selfishness extant; as if he wished to disarm opposition by proposing only an installment of justice to the people, a timed but honest measure. One could not but feel for him. The House hummed and buzzed and chatted, after its wont, till toward the conclusion, being exceptionally attentive here and there, and an asinine M. P. named Marsh (one of the three castigated subsequently by Mr. Bright) beginning to bray on his pet subject, political depravity and dodgeocracy at the antipodes, set the members off to dinner in a perfect stampede, "Wales" heading the begira. He and the rest were better entertained on the following night, when the real battle came off, and Lowe the objectionable got the richly-deserved flaying he has been bidding for ever since the assembling of the new Parliament.

I have written of this person frequently in recent letters, and there is no need of repetition. Take, however, this digest of his speech by *The Telegraph*, remembering that it is written of one of our worst and most unscrupulous enemies on the editorial staff of *The Times*: He set himself to tear the new Reform bill to tatters, and to fling the fragments away in gusts of bitter laughter. The man who, of all the audience, most enjoyed the oration was, beyond doubt, he who delivered it. He mouthed his acid satire as he uttered it, and rolled every savory morsel of elegant insult and long-hoarded vengeance between his lips, as they poured forth contempt for the people of England, and hatred for their friends; fondly hoping that the diatribe might convey a caution and a chastisement to the Ministry, which, while reconstructing a Liberal Cabinet, had dared to leave Robert Lowe on the back benches. It is probable that the present generation has listened to no more uncompromising philippic within the walls of Parliament. * * * * * * * Mr. Lowe's denunciation of any and all Reform was urged home with spur and whip to boot, by detestation of "the common herd," by the influence of the personal resentment and personal purposes which pointed every menace made of the Treasury Bench, and every lash approach which he ventured toward the favor of the Opposition. Entirely from that side came the applause which accompanied his periods, although both divisions of the House necessarily admitted the extreme art and acuity of his great and disastrous achievement. The Tories cheered him to the echo, and from this time forward, wherever he may sit, Mr. Lowe of course belongs to them.

As for his arguments, there ran through them a pervading and universal fallacy, which exonerates us from the otherwise necessary duty of paying his intellect the compliment of refutation in detail. He founded all he said upon the theory that Parliament is a machine for the government of the people, and not a Representative Government of them by *them*. Of course his doctrine is our very old and not respected Tory friend, "Everything for the people, and nothing by them." The Constitution and the Customs of England, with Dr. Lowe, not Lowe, for their interpreter, present an entirely opposite view as to the origin and genius of the Assembly which her Majesty's Government now seek to expand in accordance with the expansion of the nation. Mr. Lowe's idea is completely his own, and not that of history or of the country. * * * * * * * The bill will not be arrested for an hour by the purblind crotchets which a disappointed man may hold upon the function of Parliament; it will not be modified by the insults hissed by Mr. Lowe upon a class which he does not know—a class which has had patience enough—albeit "brutal"—to stare in silence, and intelligence enough—albeit "stolid and stupid"—to follow this speech line by line, and lay a finger on all its falsities.

And this estimate of the man who, perhaps, has his prototype in American politics—only they abhor only human beings wearing a different colored cuticle than their own:

We all know what is the matter with Mr. Robert Lowe's politics. *He hates the people.* It is a malady of the heart and brain like many others, but differs from others, being incurable. A vast number of intellectual and distinguished people of all ages could be cited as sufferers from the same cruel affliction. It is endemic among ultra-Tories; but, of course, where there is not much brain there can't be much brain-disease; so in their case it has usually broken out in eruptive declarations about the "trail of a six-pounder gun" and prescriptions of "currypowder and hot water" for starving peasants. Mr. Lowe caught it in Australia, though the mental leprosy has only just appeared; and thence, and thence only, springs his real hatred of Reform. If he ever wanted to be received into healthy Liberal society again, he should have kept his miserable secret close; but now he has cried aloud, "Unclean, unclean," and the gateways of any wholesome human Government must be slammed for ever in his face. He did not hesitate to tell the House of Commons, with regard to the commonalty of England, that below the middle class all was vile, ignorant, base, and brutal. He said that six millions of his countrymen and countrywomen were too filthy—metaphorically—for the skirts of Saint Councillors to touch. He said it with emphasis—he said it with deliberation—he said it with the gleam of a cunning complacency at his own slander, that people had been afraid to tell a truth which he would publish, namely, that the working people of England were not fit to be trusted with so much as a voice in the realm where they labored, and that that realm was only safe while they were kept to their incessant tasks, their coarse food, and their vulgar existence like beasts which it is better to tether than to trust. "*If you want venality—if you want ignorance—if you want drunkenness—if you want to be intimidated—if you want an impulsive, unreflective, violent people*—go to the unrepresented class." Such is the insult which Mr. Lowe flung into the face of this most patient population; those are the words which an Englishman did not scruple to use of Englishmen in bidding their House of Commons deny to them their rights, longs due.

But justice, swift and heavy, overtook this spadassin and his allies on the very night of their attack. Before it closed, Lowe, Horsman and Marsh, were crushed, jumped upon, demolished, laughed out of Court by John Bright in one of the best speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons. He quoted the election address of the head turn-coat, hinted deliciously at his disappointment and venality, told him that "notwithstanding the ideas people had of his (Mr. Bright's) influence with Earl Russell he feared he was not able to offer Mr. Lowe any arguments calculated to convince *him*, ventilated his position as a Lord's nominee in the rotton borough of Calne"—a village in the west of England—"the sham representative of 174 men, seven of whom are working-men," compared Lowe and Horsman to a Scotch terrier, so covered with hair that you couldn't say which was head and which was tail, chaffed the latter on the political cave of Adullam to which he had retired—a rendezvous for all malcontents—and Marsh on his Botany Bay view of his countrymen! It was admirable throughout, and nobody laughed louder than the country squires at the discomfiture of their volunteer bootblacks. Only Lowe and Horsman were serious, dismally serious—resembling, indeed, the bedlam statues of raving and melancholy madness. Horsman "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," like a clam with the toothache; Lowe hung his head after the fashion of a whipped cur. The lightning of John Bright's sarcasm seemed to penetrate his very marrow. Never was there a wholesomer or more intensely relished flogging administered within the walls of Parliament!

To dismiss the bill with a few remarks. Its main provisions are eminently simple. Owners of a house, or of a house and land, to the value of £14 and upward, will henceforth be permitted to vote at county elections. So, also, will the occupiers of leasehold property within boroughs, of that amount of rental. In boroughs the franchise is to be reduced from £10 to £7. The former reduction is really more important than the latter. By the introduction of a new class of small householders, and of the holders of property within boroughs into county constituencies, the monopoly of representation hitherto enjoyed by the great landholders will be virtually destroyed. To be sure, the new electors will not belong to the working-classes, but to a generally independent and intelligent portion of the community. In the boroughs some 200,000 electors will be added to the electoral body by the proposed reduction. As probably nine-tenths of this number will be allotted to the metropolitan boroughs and the great manufacturing towns, where the working-classes are not very inadequately represented, one doubts whether the grievance of which they really and justly complain—the insignificance of their influence on the constitution of Parliament—will be materially modified. However, the addition is a good thing in itself, and can only be regarded as the first step toward a much larger reduction of the franchise. As people expected, rather than feared, the question of a redistribution of seats is indefinitely postponed. In this respect the Government has certainly disappointed the minority of advanced reformers throughout the country. Thus its great and crying evil is only indirectly assailed after all.

There is now a certainty of the abolition of party parliamentary oaths, the Opposition having practically conceded the question.

The Queen went to Aldershot on Wednesday, the 14th, and inspected the troops there encamped, being accompanied by the Princess Helena and others. It was a bitterly cold day, and snowed. The proceedings amounted to a rather picturesque review, tempting a good many Londoners out to see it, on one of the bleakest and drearest spots in all England. Her Majesty has recently instituted a new royal decoration to be bestowed on those who incur peril in saving or endeavoring to save the lives of others at sea. It is a medal, with the inevitable Albert's head on it, etc., the appropriateness lying, according to *Punch*, in the fact that his defunct royal highness always exhibited great courage in going to sea, because he knew it made him dreadfully sick. Indeed this is the only reason suggested for the selection. The Queen, also, held another Court at Buckingham Palace on Thursday afternoon. "Wales" has experienced a slight fall while hunting with the South Oxfordshire hounds—which you will, doubtless, consider important. He wasn't hurt, however.

The Owl tells us that the archbishops and bishops concur, privately and unofficially, in "excommunicating" Colenso, and in supporting the estimable Gray, who, in the true spirit of clerical intolerance, would willingly burn his Episcopal brother with green fagots, as Calvin did Servetus, if he had the opportunity. Accordingly the prelates above-mentioned are going to "run" another Bishop of Natal, who shall believe in the sun's standing still in Exodus and elsewhere, and when they get *him* started, to repudiate Colenso. Very good, my Episcopal swells, do as you please; we laymen shall accept your decision as a matter of course.

The Rinderpest is happily declining—whether permanently or not nobody knows. Over 60,000 *cows* (I italicize them in contradistinction to oxen) must have died within the last few months, and there should be a deficiency of about 700,000 quarts of milk every day in the supply of this metropolis, yet is there plenty to be had at 5½d. per quart. Where does it come from? The chemists and milkmen know.

Shall I vouchsafe any more English echoes of American affairs appropos of the dead-lock between Congress and Andrew Johnson? I think not. All our worst and most persistent enemies continue to applaud the latter. He is *quite* as popular here as Lee or "Stonewall" Jackson.

T. B. G.

MILITARY LAWS.

A Man Sentenced to be Hanged for Murder, and Released on Account of Informality in his Trial.

The following orders illustrate a very happy facility in military law in the department of Virginia:

HEAD'QRS. DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA. RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 29, 1865.

General Court-Martial Orders, No. 101.—I. Before a Military Commission which convened at Lynchburg, Va., November 2, 1865, pursuant to special orders No. 63, dated Headquarters District of South-Western Virginia, Lynchburg, Va., November 1, 1865, and of which Major M. A. Pruyn, Fourth New-York Provisional Cavalry, is President, was arraigned and tried:

GILBERT HAYTHE, Civilian.

Charge—Murder.

Pleading—"Not Guilty."

Pleading—"Guilty of Murder in the first degree."

And the Commission do therefore sentence him, Gilbert Haythe, civilian, "To be hanged by the neck until he be dead, at such time and place as the Commanding General may direct, two-thirds of the members concurring therein."

II. The proceedings, findings and sentence of the Military Commission in the foregoing case, having been approved by the authority which convened the Commission, and forwarded for the action of the Department Commander, are approved; but in consideration of the mitigating circumstances disclosed by the evidence, the sentence is commuted to imprisonment for the term of eighteen (18) years in the Penitentiary of Virginia, at Richmond.

By Command of Maj.-General A. H. TERRY.

ED. W. SMITH, Assistant Adj't.-General.

[Official.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJ. GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1866.

GENERAL COURT MARTIAL ORDER NO. 20.—In the case of Gilbert Haythe, citizen, sentenced by a Military Commission "to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, at such time and place as the commanding General may direct; two-thirds of the Court concurring in the above sentence," which sentence was commuted by the Department Commander "to imprisonment for the term of eighteen (18) years in the Penitentiary of Virginia, at Richmond," as promulgated in General Court Martial Orders No. 101, Headquarters Department of Virginia, Richmond, Va., Nov. 29, 1865, the record as committed by the Commission to the reviewing authority, did not show that two-thirds of the members concurred in the death sentence, and was corrected without reassembling the Commission. The officers composing the Commission having been mustered out of service, the record cannot be remanded.

This defect is fatal to the validity of the proceedings, and renders the sentence inoperative.

The guilt of the prisoner was clearly established, and it is to be deplored that an aggravated crime escapes punishment in consequence, solely, of the lack of the Judge-Advocate who tried the case.

The prisoner will be discharged from military custody.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Asst. Adjutant-General.

Affairs in New-Orleans.

NEW-ORLEANS, Thursday, March 29, 1866.

Cotton easier; sales 3,700 bales; receipts 340 bales; low Middling 37@38c. Sugar—Fair to fully Fair, 13@14c. Molasses—Prime 80@82c. Gold 125¾. Sterling Exchange 133¼. New-York checks 7-16 discount. Business lively. Western produce active.

Crowds of people are constantly arriving here.

The banks will be closed on Good Friday.

The steamer Mexico sails for Vera Cruz on Saturday.

The detective police system has been abolished.

TEXAS AFFAIRS.

Fearful Demoralization of Society—Murder in Galveston, and Rescue of the Murderer—Attack upon a Returning Regiment—The Rev. Mr. Welch of Philadelphia—The Texas Press—Despondency of Loyal Men.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

AUSTIN, Texas, March 9, 1866.

When, in 1864, the late Gov. Murrah of Texas made his last Message to the Legislature of the Rebel State, he invoked that body to seek some means to restore law and order, and thus officially presented the terrible state of society:

"Imperative duty requires of me to call your attention to the fearful demoralization and crimes prevailing throughout the State. In some sections, society is almost disorganized—the voice of the law is hushed, and its authority seldom asserted. It is a dead letter—an unhonored thing upon the unread pages of the statutes. Murder, robbery, theft, outrages of every kind against property—against human life—against everything sacred to a civilized people—are frequent and general. Whole communities are under a reign of terror; and they utter their dreadful apprehensions, and their agonizing cries of distress, in vain. The rule of the mob—the banditti—of unbridled passions—rides over the solemn ordinances of the Government. Foul crime is committed; and the criminal, steeped in guilt, and branded by his own dark deeds with eternal infamy, goes unwhipped of justice. Not even a warrant is issued for him—no effort made by the sworn officers of the law, or by the community, to bring him to punishment. Too often, the deed is excused—the community is divided in opinion as to the guilt, and the criminal is screened from justice—unless his offending chances to touch some particular influence, or prevailing notions—and then, without trial and without the forms of law, he is hanged by a mob."

True in the last days of Rebel rule, this statement is true to-day. The lawlessness of the people is expressed in their hostility to Union men—to the refugees who have returned—to Federal soldiers, and to Northern men generally. In every part of the State Union men are persecuted, robbed and murdered, privately assassinated, or hung by a Rebel mob. A few days ago application was made from a neighboring county for troops to protect loyal citizens, but none could be had, and yesterday we received the news that an attack had been made upon an unarmed disbanded regiment on its way home, and that a severe fight had ensued. To-day we have information that the few troops at Lockhart, 18 or 20 miles from here, are constantly annoyed by hostile citizens, being fired upon at night, or when unable to retaliate. Last week a Rebel, in a speech in Wetherford, the county seat of Parker County, said there were 90 "Sons of the South" (a Rebel organization) in that place, who were determined "that no Yankee laws should be enforced there, and that no Yankee usurpers should tyrannize over them," and in consequence, some of the loyal men come here in vain for assistance.

Gov. Hamilton has received the resignation of a number of Sheriffs whom he had appointed, all of them testifying that the people resist their authority, and having no force at their command, they are powerless.

SOLDIER MURDERED IN GALVESTON, AND THE MURDERER RESCUED BY A MOB.

A few days ago a shocking affair occurred at Galveston in connection with the colored troops, which for three or four months past had been stationed there. They are veterans, finely drilled, and under the most perfect discipline. During a month's residence in Galveston, I strictly observed the conduct of these men, and never saw the least impropriety either in camp or in the town; no breaches of the peace were committed by them—none were intoxicated or disorderly. But the citizens hated them, and determined, if possible, to have them removed. Stories of their bad conduct were set afloat. One man, claiming to be a respectable citizen, declared in *The Bulletin* that he had been pushed off the sidewalk; and others asserted that they were the most impudent niggers ever seen in Texas. A few weeks ago, a little newspaper was printed in Galveston, ridiculing and burlesquing negroes generally and the Freedmen's Bureau in particular. It was sold in large numbers at 15 cents per copy, and greatly influenced the hostile feelings of the townspeople. At last, a citizen, without the least provocation, entered a store where he saw three or four colored soldiers trading, and, without a word, shot and instantly killed one of them, and then made his escape. He was pursued and overtaken by the police, but was rescued by citizens, and again escaped. A file of soldiers was then sent after him, and he was finally arrested and confined in a gunboat, where he now is. To preserve the peace—which was now seriously threatened, for both citizens and negroes were greatly excited—the military authorities quietly took possession of the town. A large number of armed soldiers patrolled the streets, and these preserved order.

ATTACK UPON AN UNARMED REGIMENT.

The following extract of a letter from Col. Thos. M. Browne of the 7th Indiana Regiment, to a member of the Texas Convention, will farther illustrate the *loyalty* of the people of Texas:

"GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 27, 1866.

"We had a regular fight at Round Top, 26 miles from Brenham. We turned over our arms at Austin, except a few that were retained by the men. These they did not carry, but put them in the wagons for transportation. Several officers, and among them myself, arrived at Round Top in advance of the train. Not one of us were armed. We thought we had nothing to apprehend from the people so long as we conducted ourselves with propriety, which we did. We called for dinner, and while we were eating it, some 10 or 12 of the "chivalry" rode into town armed to the teeth, and notified our landlord that feeding Yankees would insure the loss of his life and property. We saw them and thought it prudent, under the circumstances, to retire, which we did after dinner. Our camp was near the town, and to it we repaired, to await the arrival of our arms and ammunition. While we were thus in camp, two privates, unarmed, went into the town to buy something to eat. These ruffians drove them out, firing at them as they left. Just as our train was coming, but before we had time to procure any guns, these scoundrels charged rapidly through our camp, firing into our men, right and left, without our being able to return a shot. Fortunately no one was hurt, although one man was fired at twice at a distance not to exceed six paces. At the rear of the train, some 400 yards, they met Major Chitwood's servant leading his pony. They fired two shots at him, putting one bullet through his coat. They robbed him, cut the buttons off his clothes, took the rig off his pony and turned him loose. After charging through our camp, they flanked it on the west and returned to town, firing their pistols and yelling like devils as they went. By this time our arms had arrived, and I armed 20 men with four officers and sent them to town prepared to *kill* the rascals. They soon found them, but it was dark and the shots on each side were fired at random. Quite a number of shots were fired on each side, but with no material results. We drove the enemy speedily from town, taking one prisoner with his arms and equipments. My men were intensely excited and would have killed him on the spot (a fate he richly deserved) if I had not sternly prevented it, as he was a *prisoner* and as such entitled to protection.

"Other instances of flagrant and infamous indignities were shown us, but they were too uniform and universal to mention.

"People may talk as they choose of the condition and feeling of the people in Northern Texas, but this trip has taught me that they are angels of light compared with the 'imps of hell' that infest this section. Judging by my experience in Texas, I think Thad. Stevens is much too *Conservative*. I don't want to be *Radical*, but if this war is not over, let's have it out and be done with it."

THE REV. MR. WELCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

This gentleman, having been transferred to the Mississippi Mission Conference of the Northern Church, and sent here as presiding Elder of Texas, was in Austin a few days ago, to reorganize Methodist church matters here, and to cause a union of the Northern and Southern church, to which the colored people heartily respond. *The Austin State Gazette* of to-day notices the arrival of Mr. Welch, and says "he must not expect a very cordial reception."

Mr. Welch will proceed in the performance of his duty, at the risk of ropes and revolvers. This is another indication of public sentiment.

THE TEXAS PRESS.

Almost the entire press of Texas is disloyal. It seeks to keep alive sectional hatred, and ennobles treason by presenting historical recollections of the glory and valor of those who fought, and the heroism of the honored dead. It embraces every opportunity of giving currency to exaggerated reports of wrongs committed by Union soldiers or by Government officials.

In addition to this, *The New-York Day Book*, Chauncy Burr's *Old Guard*, and Ben. Wood's *News*, are circulated broadcast over the State—Wood using his franking privilege to an enormous extent. Loyal Northern newspapers are seldom seen. I have been a month in Austin, and have not seen one. I do not know that they could reach here by mail, and no letter to THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE sent from this place would reach even Galveston. A few days ago a member of the Convention stated that he had recently been in a part of the State where the people boasted that they had no mails; for no man or woman *would* or *should* take the oath required of a postmaster. He "thought Uncle Sam could stand it as long as they could."

The late news from Washington, together with the settled and increasing hostility of the Rebel element here, has almost disheartened the loyal men of the State. They know not what to do, nor what to expect; but if, through ambitious designs or mistaken policy, the Secessionists are restored to power, and the military removed, no loyal white man can live in Texas, and they will either leave the State or protect and defend themselves by an organized resistance.

In view of the present aspect of affairs, we implore Congress to be firm, to make no compromises, to give *all* the citizens of Texas their rights, and, for some time to come, a provisional or territorial government, or permit a division of the State, and all will be well. There are loyal men enough here to take the State back into the Union, and to preserve it from all harm, but they must have their rights and be protected in them, or be overpowered by the enemies of liberty.

TEXAS.

Trade in Galveston—New Railroad Enterprise.

GALVESTON, Tuesday, March 27, 1866.

The city is dull, and trade is generally falling off; but the cattle business is quite lively, and steamers are engaged many trips ahead.

The newspapers are largely advertising the Texas and Kansas Railroad, which will place St. Louis within 30 hours' travel of Galveston.

From the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, Thursday, March 29, 1866.

Our Ministers in Japan and China were handsomely entertained at a dinner to-day by Mr. Brooks, the Commercial Agent for Japan here.

Prospects of the South.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I have just returned from a tour through six of the former Slave States—Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, and it was my fortune to converse with many planters and professional men, and from what I could gather there will not be more than one-half a crop of any kind planted. Although the freedmen are willing to work, they have so strayed about it is difficult for many of the planters to get such help as they need; many live on islands, away from regular communication, and entirely without means to get there, and the freedman knows nothing about promises; but give him bacon or corn and he will work; but give him a piece of paper, promising to pay, and he does not understand it, and the planter has to give him support, which he has, in most cases, only sufficient for himself.

There is another evil, that if he hires one or more he is obliged to have his (the freedman's) family or families, which entails expense on the planter, and as a general thing many cannot earn enough for their own support, and when their time has expired which they hired for, they are in debt for their services.

I found some in Florida that will not have a freedman to work for them; they have white men, and say they will do as much as they can with them, and trust to another year's yield; others feel very sore, and are as much Rebel at heart as ever; they say they are whipped but not conquered, but at present are powerless. I saw in yesterday's issue of *The Brooklyn Eagle* that John Van Buren had returned from Charleston, and if there were any Rebels there "he could not find them." I can only say, that if he had been with me he could have found many, and of the most rabid kind, "whipped but not conquered."

Now this question of labor is a very *knotty* question, and it wants wise counsel and men of rare capacity to manage, and with all these will be fault found with the management of the Bureau; and from what I heard and saw, it will not do to withdraw the troops from any of these States. I have nothing to say about the heads of the Freedmen's Bureau, but if some of the minor officers were more capable, I think the interest of the Department would be benefited.

The desolation of the sea-board of these States is fearful to contemplate; beginning with Charleston all through to Washington, such a total destruction of property looks sacrilegious. No fences at all, and very few houses left standing. In Florida the merciless hand of war has not been felt so much, but still everything going to waste for want of industry and order. It seems as though there had been no one to take care of anything for years, and it can be hardly contemplated that the short space of four years should accomplish so much destruction. If ever there was a people punished it is these of the Southern States. D. S. S.

New-York, March 28, 1866.

The Cheese Trade.

The "American Dairymen's Association," whose headquarters are in the central part of this State, are much exercised over the question of sending an agent to Europe in the interest of dairymen, or more particularly, of the cheese factories, and the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. J. A. Shearman, is out in a letter complaining of the slow contributions for this purpose. Now, although THE TRIBUNE claims to be foremost in the real interests of the dairymen, it is not going to advise any useless expenditures in this direction. Without at all impugning their motives or hinting that any individual would be delighted to "make the tour of Europe" at the expense of the Association, we claim that most of the Factories of our country are already ahead of anything in England, which they are willing to admit, allowing that in color, meat, and flavor, the best American cheese cannot be beaten. There are no Associated Factories in England, such as are so abundant in this country, and what is to be learned of the manufacture must be learned from private sources. Beside, numerous individuals have been to Europe from time to time for this very purpose, and about all that can be learned has already been found out. Our advice is for them to stay at home and make all the really *good* cheese they can, and what the home trade—now much better than the foreign market—does not take at good prices, shippers, who keep run of the English markets much better than any Factory or Association even can, are always ready to buy cheese the moment it will pay. If a good stock of cheese is in the hands of commission merchants in this city, or in the hands of an agent of the Association even, shippers will not be slow to send it abroad whenever the foreign market will warrant, and ten to one, the producers will be better paid than if they send a man abroad, learn all they can, and then ship all the cheese on their own account, ignoring the home trade. It is not uncommon for a line of cheese to have twenty competitors before it arrives, and we have known sales of $65,000 worth of cheese at one time, not a single one of which had been seen, only it was from —— Factory, which was enough, and a greater recommendation than any agent could give, after spending months in England.

PLANTS IN THE KITCHEN.—The warm, dry, confined air of heated rooms is not congenial to plants, hence the failures of parlor gardening. By providing intervening sashes between the living room and the place assigned to plants—a bay window for instance—the plant-room may be more thoroughly ventilated, kept moist and cool, and in this condition they thrive well. The heat is obtained by opening the windows directly into the living room. In such a place, in addition to the pots of flowers, tomatoes, cabbages, lettuce, egg-plants, etc., may be successfully grown in boxes and finally transplanted into the open ground. They may be grown without such provision, but require more care. Provide long, narrow boxes to sit on a shelf in the window and sow the seeds, covering lightly and pressing down the soil. Warmth and moderate moisture will soon bring them up; after which they must receive as much air as possible on warm days; watering frequently, but not enough to keep the soil damp on top. A frequent sprinkling of the foliage is beneficial. Guard against the extremes of great heat by day and cold by night. After growing two inches in hight it is well to transplant into other boxes, leaving them at such a distance apart that each plant may be taken out separately with earth attached to the roots. In this manner plants may be raised without a hot bed. Dug out turnips are sometimes used, set in boxes of earth, and when transplanted into the open soil, the turnip with its one or two plants is set in the ground. It soon decays and the roots push through the sides. From the middle of March until the first of April is a suitable time for sowing the seeds.

A recent attempt was made at Etna Green, Ind., by a man named Jeremiah Albertson to poison his wife, so that he could better enjoy the company of a Miss Mary Ann Loyd of that place. This Miss Loyd was his assistant in the poisoning, and a Dr. Kline was taken into their confidence, for a large sum of money giving them the poison. The latter exposed the villainous scheme before the poison was administered, and the guilty couple are now in jail at Wabash.

A man named Myers was shot dead last week while crossing a stream near Kelly Mills, Madison County, Ala., by Samuel Carter, who subsequently conveyed the body to a livery stable, after which he was arrested. No cause was assigned for the murder. The men had been on friendly terms. At the time of the tragedy they were on a hunting expedition.

The National Unitarian Conference will be held in Buffalo, commencing on the 13th of April, and the Rev. Dr. Hedge of Brookline will preach the opening sermon.

Markets—*Reported by Telegraph.*

ST. LOUIS, March 29.—Cotton firm at 35c. for Middling. Flour and Wheat more active but unchanged. Corn active and higher; sales at 67@70c. Oats unchanged. Pork firmer but unchanged. Bacon quiet at 14½c. for City Shoulders, and 16½c. for Clear sides. Lard steady at 18@19c. Whisky heavy at $2 22½.

CINCINNATI, March 29.—Flour and Wheat unchanged. Whisky dull at $2 23@$2 24. Mess Pork in good demand at $25@$25 25. Lard, 18c. Gold, 127.

CHICAGO, March 29.—Flour firm. Wheat dull at $1 24@$1 24½ for No. 1, and 86½c. for No. 2. Corn active at 42½@43c for No. 1. Oats firm at 23½c. for No. 1. Highwines dull at $2 20@$2 22. Provisions dull. Mess Pork, $25 50@$25 75. Lard, 13c. Dressed Hogs, $10 50@$10 75; live, $9@$9 75. Receipts—4,000 bbls. Flour, 1,600 bush. Wheat, 8,500 bush. Corn, 6,000 bush. Oats, 2,500 hogs. Shipments—2,300 bbls. Flour, 7,000 bush. Wheat, 1,300 bush. Corn, 6,000 bush. Oats.

PHILADELPHIA, March 29. Petroleum firmer and unchanged. Flour very dull; sales unimportant. Wheat quiet; sales of Spring at $1 72; Choice Red $2 25@$2 40. Corn firm; sales of 4,000 bush. of Yellow at 70@71c. Provisions have an advancing tendency. Whisky dull; sales of Pennsylvania at $2 25; Ohio at $2 26.

The New-York Semi-Weekly Tribune,

Ready this morning, contains:

NEWS SUMMARY—Military, Naval, News from Washington, New-York, New-England, the Middle States, the Southern Atlantic States, the Gulf States, Kentucky, and Tennessee, the Western States, the Pacific Coast, the Territories; Political, Domestic, Miscellany, Foreign News.

XXXIXTH CONGRESS—The Proceedings on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in Full.

NEW-YORK LEGISLATURE—Abstract of the proceedings on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

THE TRIAL OF THE SALISBURY PRISON-KEEPER—Abstract of the Evidence.

THE FENIANS—The Canadian Excitement; Effect of the Scare; The Confederation movement.

RECONSTRUCTION EVIDENCE—Testimony before the Committee of Fifteen; Gens. Robert E. Lee and Terry Examined; A Historical Episode.

VETO OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL—The President's Message; He Objects to the Bill in Toto.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH—Special Correspondence from New-Orleans.

MISSOURI (Fourth Paper)—Manufactures.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' STATE CONVENTION.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS—An Every-Day Story. By Mrs. Gaskell. Chapter LI.; "Troubles Never Come Alone."

FROM THE MISSOURI TO THE PACIFIC—(Thirty-First Letter)—From Our Special Correspondent—Final Word About Idaho Mining; Colorado; From Boise, Idaho, to Portland, Oregon: An Election on the Desert; Burnt River Cañon; A Coach Robbery; Baker City; Uniontown; Grand Round Prairie; A Philosophical Driver; The Blue Mountains; An Emigrant in Trouble; Umatilla; The Dalles; Sunday Law; Magnificent Scenery of Columbia River; Iron in Oregon; Gold and Silver; Roses in Winter; A Narrow Escape; Mrs. Victor's Poem.

RECONSTRUCTION—Equal Rights for All; Address of Horace Greeley before the C. S. Spencer Campaign Club.

THE LUNAR ECLIPSE—Illustration.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS—American Institute Farmers' Club, March 13: A Slippery Question; Improved Hickory Nuts; Sulphur for Grape Leaf Mildew; The Seed Distribution; Persimmons; Grafting Grape Vines; Celery; Apple for a Name; Sainfoin; Hay—When to Purchase; Petroleum for Insects; Steam Plowing; Trout Ponds and Other Matters; The Farmer's Greatest Plague; Sheep Disease; In-and-in-breeding; Pork and Pork Disease; Information for Emigrants; Iowa—Its Greatest Want is Building Materials; Corn for the Paris Exhibition; Wooden Underdrains; Water-Witching.

LONG WOOLS.

EDITORIALS.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

LITERARY ITEMS.

CATTLE MARKETS—New-York, Boston and Philadelphia.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

LATEST DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS—The Latest Stock and Gold Quotations.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, contains all the Editorial articles, not merely local in character; Literary Reviews and Art Criticisms; Letters from our large corps of correspondents; Foreign and Domestic Letters; Special and Associated Press Telegraphic Dispatches; a careful and complete Summary of Foreign and Domestic News; Exclusive Reports of the Proceedings of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute; Talks about Fruit, and other Horticultural and Agricultural Information; Stock, Financial, Cattle, Dry Goods and General Market Reports, which are published in THE DAILY TRIBUNE. THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE also gives, in the course of a year, three or four of the