OUR HIDDEN WEALTH.

THE WHITE PINE SILVER MINES.....V.

THE EBERHARDT MINE, ITS OWNERS AND YIELD —DOWN THE SHAFTS—SILVER ORE IN THE MINES RICHER THAN COIN—TREASURE CITY.

TREASURE CITY, White Pine County, Nevada, Aug. 10.—The Eberhardt is not the only rich mine in White Pine District, but up to this time it has yielded more bullion than any half dozen others, and as it has millions still in sight, it may be considered the representative mine of the district. The Hidden Treasure, Aurora South, Aurora Consolidated, Chloride Consolidated, Poganip and Othello, Virginia, and others, show immense bodies of ore, and in time may—some of them—come to rival the Eberhardt; the Hidden Treasure ought to do it soon; but at present the Eberhardt is the marvel of the world, and "as rich as the Eberhardt" is an expression common over the whole Pacific Coast as the strongest compliment the language admits of. The owners of the Eberhardt, or a majority of them, worked in the Monte Cristo Mill, on the western side of White Pine Mountain, on wages a litt' than a year ago. The mine, as it more now stands, consists of two claims—the Keystone and Eberhardt Consolidated. They were originally located as portions of a vein cropping out along the eastern edge of the mountain at the southern end of the peak, and running north and south, but it was subsequently discovered that the ledge ran east and west directly into the hill; and the Court, before which a suit involving the title to a portion of the ground was being tried, allowed the owners to swing the claim around and run along the vein, as is customary in mining countries. The first locaters or a portion of them, sold out for a mere song before its value was ascertained. The Eberhardt is now an incorporated stock company with a nominal capital of $12,000,000; but the stock has never been placed on the market, and is all owned by the following named gentlemen: Messrs. Drake, Applegarth, Sproule, Barras, Crawford, Willard and Turner. The first five own two millions each of the stock; Dr. Willard and his adopted son—still a minor—holding one million each. All were poor men 18 months ago. Thirteen months ago—July 1, 1868—the Keystone—not then incorporated with the Eberhardt—commenced crushing rock at the Centenary Mill at Newark, about 40 miles from here, and the first bar of bullion was shipped early in that month. Since that time the mine—the two claims consolidated—has yielded in bullion over $1,250,000, and the ore on hand, the rich specimens reserved or given away, etc., and that uncovered ready to take out and ship to the mills will swell the total yield to about $1,800,000 in coin. During the greater part of this thirteen months the Company owned a single little ten-stamp mill, and could not keep more than half a dozen men at work taking out ore, for want of a place to store it. For months not a ton of rock was taken out, as the mill was overstocked and the ore-house filled to bursting. Eighty men will soon be set at work, and the mines for the next twelve months will yield at least a million perhaps two millions dollars. Not a dollar has been levied by way of assessment on the stock, and the dividends have made all the owners rich already. They have nearly all invested largely in real estate in San Francisco and farms in the adjacent counties. The mine is an anomaly every way and its history is unprecedented. For the benefit of the lady readers of THE TRIBUNE I will here mention in strict confidence that Capt. Frank Drake is the best looking man in White Pine District and unmarried, and "Johnny Turner" is still under 20, and fancy, free.

DOWN THE DEFIANCE SHAFT—FABULOUS WEALTH.

Entering the shed, I found, by great good luck, Capt. Drake, and the Superintendent, John Bicknell, inside, and they courteously showed me through the mine. Stepping into a bucket hanging from a rude windlass over what is called the "Defiance Shaft," we were lowered forty feet into the darkness, and found ourselves standing in a great irregular chamber, from 10 to 30 feet in width, 183 feet in length, and 10 to 20 feet in hight. From this dark cavern has been taken nearly all the wealth yet yielded by the mine—say $1,250,000 at least. Everything around was dry and dull colored. As we crept up to the sides of the cavern, and held our candles toward the walls, we saw great masses of what looked like very dry blue clay, which crumbled at the touch. Capt. Drake drove a pickax into this, and as it rolled down among the debris under our feet, picked up a handfull of it. It was as heavy as plumbago. He took a half dollar, and, pounding it against the mass with a hammer, showed the impression of the Goddess of Liberty on the wall as you might produce it on a bar of lead by the same means. This is the pure chloride of silver, worth $10 or $12 50 per pound in coin—say $20,000 or $25,000 per ton. There were tuns on tuns of it piled up before our eyes, and not a tun of it belonged to me. There is a million dollars worth of ore exposed in the chamber, according to general estimate, and no end has been reached as yet. Much of the ore is hard black rock, unlike the rich chloride, but is found, on close examination, to be filled with layers of "horn silver," which you can whittle like lead with your knife. It is estimated that $100,000 worth of ore has been carried away from this chamber as "specimens" by visitors, within a year. So great has been the drain in this manner, that the owners were finally compelled to forbid visitors entering the works except by special permission from the Superintendent, and even that only partially stopped the leak. At each end of the chamber, on the north and the south, are the walls of the vein. They are of white spar, running east and west 183 feet apart, and standing nearly perpendicular. Sides and roof and floor of this chamber are silver; the gray dust which covered our boots, as we came out, was silver as pure as "the coin of the realm." We ascended once more to the regions of daylight, and proceeded to the Keystone Shaft, on the northern side of the mine.

THE KEYSTONE SHAFT—THE BLUE-BELL SHAFT.

Down this shaft we descended 85 feet, and then walked through a chamber or "level" along by the side of an almost perpendicular wall of white spar, as smooth as the plastered wall of a dwelling-house, for 240 feet. This north wall bound the companies' grounds in that direction, and is the limit of the ore on that side. The chamber of 240 feet on this level is all in ore of higher or lower grade, the average being over $100 per tun for the entire distance. How much further west the ore continues is unknown, but it may be presumed that the general belief is that it continues a long distance from the fact that the western extension of the Eberhardt is held—I believe it has recently been sold—at one million dollars. The ore here is not as fine as a rule as that in the Defiance Shaft upper level, but it would be considered very rich in any other district than White Pine. From this level, a second shaft 85 feet deep runs down along the north wall all the, way in fair ore, making 170 feet in depth reached in this deposit without touching bottom. Again at the surface we went to the "Blue Bell" Shaft on the south, which runs down along side the southern wall, and at one point passes through it as the wall dips northward enough to cross it about 100 feet. From this shaft a year ago a party took $85,000 worth of almost pure silver ore, which could be chopped with an ax or cut with a saw, in a few days, and then compromised with the company, surrendering the shaft and being allowed to keep the ore. This shaft is down 195 feet, the lowest point yet reached in White Pine District, and from the bottom a drift running northward, through the wall again penetrates the vein in fair ore. I have told you all that any one can see of this wonderful mine. It is as great a wonder as Niagara or the Yosemite, and, with all my love of nature and the beautiful, I confess I would rather own it than both.

OTHER MINES.

From the Eberhardt southward toward "Eberhardt City," a mile down the steep face of the mountain, there is a series of fine mines being opened, which will soon yield considerable amounts of bullion. Northward for a mile, and westward for half a mile, the western slope of the hill is a complete network of mines, and at some points, as in the Chloride Flat Consolidated Company and Aurora Consolidated Company's claims the ground is so honeycombed to a depth of 40 or 50 feet, that you may walk around under ground for hours and see silver until your eyes ache. With the exception of the Eberhardt most of the mines have done more "surface work" than "deep digging," and some of the richest, like the Hidden Treasure, have got out all, or nearly all their ore thus far by removing or "stripping" off the overlying slate formation, and quarrying out the rich rock as you would limestone in a quarry. It will be seen that the work done in this district thus far has not been carried deep enough to show conclusively whether the mines are to be permanent, like those of the Comstock and other well known quartz veins, or merely superficial. The general impression is, I must confess, against the idea of permanency. Nevertheless, the limestone formation in which they are found is said to resemble closely that at Chancarcillo, South America, from which millions on millions have been taken, and the deposits not yet exhausted. There is enough in sight to render it certain that these mines must be productive for at least three years; after that, *Quien sabe?* The White Pine discovery has caused the whole country within 200 miles around to be well prospected, and the result is the discovery of district after district which will yield greater or less amounts of bullion for years to come, and some of which may rival White Pine itself eventually. Among these districts are the Pinto, Eureka, Diamond, Kern, Cortez, White Cloud, Robinson, Grant, Tem-Piute, Eli, Belmont, and a dozen others, which a year ago did not yield a dollar of bullion. All these will yield more or less next year, and some of the new mills which are now being erected will turn out immense amounts. I think it safe to say that the bullion yield of the country within a radius of 150 miles around White Pine, including much of White Pine and Nye counties, and of course the White Pine district, for 1870, will not fall short of $12,000,000 in silver, and it may exceed that sum by 50 per cent. The vield of White Pine District alone will hardly fall short of $100,000 per week in 1870, and it is fast approximating that figure now.

Treasure City is a little larger than Shermantown, and perhaps half the size of Hamilton, but being built among the clouds, 1,500 feet above any spring, or other supply of water, and exposed to the full sweep o the winds in Winter, it is not likely to increase in population. The houses are scattered around among the mining shafts, the mines running all about under them, and the flying rocks from the miners' blasts have riddled the canvas roofs of the houses until the town looks as if it had been bombarded by hostile artillery. Pleasant place to live!

As I came out of the Eberhardt mine, I met a party of Chinamen packing water in casks on little Spanish jackasses, up the mountain. "*Buenos dias Caballero!*" I said to the foremost Chinaman. John, with a broad grin, replied: "Me no shabbe Mexican! Me Chinee." He knew, as well as I did, that I did not mistake him for a Mexican cavalier, but it flattered him nevertheless. I have seen Americans flattered immensely by being addressed as "Milor," or as Russians, while in Europe, and John is not alone in his susceptibility to gammon.

FAREWELL TO WHITE PINE.

Sitting on the broad piazza in front of the Recorder's Office, in Treasure City, as the day was drawing to a close, I looked down on one of the grandest scenes the eye of man ever rested upon. The landscape was a rolling sea of mountain ranges and valleys stretching away to the horizon on every side. Southward a flat valley stretched out toward the Colorado, almost to the limit of vision. Northward the valley swept away from the feet of White Pine and Moke-e-Moke Mountains toward the Humboldt, as far as the eye could reach, a white line running straight out like a ribbon, for fifty miles, marking the line of the stage road to Elko. In the dim distance a great white alkali incrusted plain in Mirage Valley shimmered in the light of the declining sun, the grim ghost of a dead sea, of whose history living man hath no tradition. Mauve and pale straw-color and silver-gray were all the nearer mountains, dark shadows crept along the valleys stealthily as the sun went down, while a soft purple haze mellowed and beautified the jagged and naked rock-ribbed ranges fifty and a hundred miles away. In the south-west a storm cloud sweeping along on a level with the hight where I sat poured down its flood into the desert plain, and the descending shower, lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, trailed like a great crimson curtain across the valley. The western sky glowed as if lighted up by the fires of a great volcano. The detonations of the miners' blasts, which all day long had awakened the mountain echoes like the roar of artillery in battle, had ceased, and night and silence crept hand in hand over the landscape. As the light died out and the shadows deepened, I rode away from that city 'hight, down the steep mountain, homeward bound. "Everything goes" in this country. I go to-morrow morning, and so to the readers of THE TRIBUNE and w White Pine reluctantly say, Good Night!

MAINE.

ITS MANUFACTURING CAPACITY AND PROSPECTS.

AUGUSTA, Me., Aug. 14.—One of the most important enterprises ever undertaken by a State for the development of its resources is the exploration of its water-power, inaugurated in 1867 by the State of Maine. The report of the Superintendent of the Survey, Walter Wells, esq., will be printed in about two months. It will be a volume of 600 pages, illustrated with engravings of many important water-powers, and with a map of the principal river basins. The manufacturing resources of Maine, as exhibited in this work, are truly extraordinary. The gross power of its rivers is estimated at 2,656,000 horse-power, or equivalent to the force of 34,000,000 men working without cessation. If concentrated into the ordinary per diem working hours in manufactories the power would equal that of 6,600,000 horses. More than 3,100 different privileges are enumerated and briefly described, half of which remain entirely unimproved, while but very few of those nominally improved are fully developed. More than 1,650 natural reservoirs in the form of large lakes and ponds, covering an aggregate surface of 2,400 square miles, are tributary to these powers, and upon improvement for storage, will impart to them the steadiness of steam and making water dearths and freshets comparatively unknown in Maine. The great storage basins are, many of them, situated at the head of the rivers and at a remarkable elevation. Thus Moosehead Lake, containing 120 square miles of surface, is 1,023 feet above the tide, and can hold a reserve of ten feet depth on its entire area, all of which can be made tributary to the Kennebec River in the season of low water. The Umbagog Lakes holding in reserve a volume of eleven feet depth, over 77 square miles of area, find a ready outlet through the Androscoggin River, by a fall of 1,256 feet. The great lakes at the head of the Penobscot are 900 feet above sea level, and will hold ten feet of water. The significance of these facts will appear when it is remembered that Lake Winnepisiogee, the grand feeder of the Merrimac, is only 501 feet above the sea, and has an average depth of only 40 inches. The rivers also offer almost incomparable advantages for the establishment of dams and mills, and for the construction of canals, flumes and raceways. The falls almost universally are over ledges, and the channels being rock-bottomed and rock-sided, improvements once made will stand forever; the caving in of banks at the shifting of river courses is almost unknown.

So far as ease of access to the commercial centers of the country and of the world is concerned, Maine is not surpassed. The great steamship track from the United States to Europe leads along her shores. Hundreds of unrivaled harbors tempt the mariner, and scores of rivers of first-class magnitude precipitate their waters directly into the sea. The eastern end of its transcontinental railway, let the rest of it run where it may, must pass through Maine. Railroads are already constructed, or are constructing, that will open up available power equivalent to that of 20,000 horses on the Saco, 25,000 on the Presumpsoot, 85,000 on the Androscoggin, 100,000 on the Kennebec, and 60,000 on the Penobscot—in their lower sections alone. It is useless to talk of steam in this connection. With coal at $6 a tun steam-power costs $70 a year for each horse-power. We can furnish water-power for $6 a year for each horse-power on our water privileges. If coal and cotton were side by side near the great cotton ports, New-Orleans, Mobile, etc., and the coal worth only $3 per tun, we could still bring the cotton to our water falls and manufacture it and carry the goods back cheaper than it could be manufactured at those points by steam. There being so great a surplus of power it can be purchased at prices merely nominal as compared with the cost in other districts. The State allows towns to exempt from taxation, for the period of ten years, all manufacturing capital invested therein, and the towns gladly avail themselves of the privilege. The towns, moreover, are adopting the practice of subscribing in their corporate capacity to the stock of manufacturing enterprises. This water power is sure soon to be taken up. In the year 1860, 86 per cent of all the manufactured articles produced in the United States were made in the district of water falls, and only 14 per cent were produced outside; $470,000,000 in the water fall section, and only $73,000,000 in all other parts of the country. In 1850 the total manufactures of the coast region of water falls were valued at $720,000,000, the capital invested being $400,000,000. In 1860 the capital was $686,000,000, and the product $1,480,000,000, an increase of 75 per cent. By 1875 the capital will be $1,100,000,000, and the product $2,500,000,000. No where else can that capital be invested in manufactures to so good advantage as in Maine. Superintendent Wells's report is intended for distribution to public libraries and the employers of mechanical power, and will doubtless be sent free of cost to applicants.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT TWO YANKEE SCHOOL-MISTRESSES SAW IN EUROPE.

A MORNING AMONG THE LAKES

AMBLESIDE, July 28.—Of course "the Lake country" is a familiar sound to your ears. Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, Mrs. Hemans, and Miss Martineau, are names any one of which would immortalize the most obscure region of our Western land. Either would be a star of sufficient magnitude to illuminate the local firmament in which it might chance to be set, but all are here united in a constellation, the fame of whose brilliancy has made these meres, fells, tarns, and ghylls, celebrated wherever Anglo-Saxon poetry is read and loved. But there are other things beside poetical associations which assist in rendering this village of Ambleside a lovely little resting place amid the fatigues of a European tour, and to those the value of whose minutes is not measured by a New-York price current, can recommend nothing more thoroughly useful and enjoyable than a three week's sojourn among the Westmoreland Hills. So, at least, we decided; we, two independent damsels—Yankee school-teachers, if we must confess it—who are on what Dickens would call an "out," seeking recreation, strength, and ideas, amid the scenes and memories of the Old World. For 25 long, weary days, had we tossed on the great, restless, monotonous ocean, having been advised by those whose opinions we valued to cross in a sailing packet; and though, like all who "go down to the sea in ships," we had seen many of "the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep," we had experienced too much of the rest of David's matchless description, and were too nearly "at our wits' ends" not to rejoice inexpressibly in finding our feet once more upon the rocks, and our field of vision bounded by "the strength of the hills."

Liverpool was visited, its lions seen, and then, on the hottest day this country side has ever known, we were whirled through Prescott, Lancaster, and Kendall, to the ivy-embowered village of Windermere, whence a stage brought us past "Dove's Rest," Mrs. Hemans's home, along the shore of the placid little twelve-mile-long lake to this most retired of quiet little towns, being at the same time the most fashionable of Summer resorts for English tourists. And now behold us, on the first morning after our arrival—not "the three maiden ladies in green veils and blue spectacles" of which our guide-book so irreverently speaks, but two American girls clad *en regle* in short linen walking-dresses, thick boots, and broad-brimmed hats, more than 3,000 miles away from home, setting forth for our first ramble on English ground.

Our steps were turned first to the Post-Office. What in nature, art, science, or literature can stand for a moment in competition with the barest possibility of home letters, so, although we *know* that steamers only arrive twice a week, the thought that there *may* be a letter is the load-stone that ever draws our feet first to that temple of delight or disappointment, as it may prove. It proved the latter in this case, and then we were free to wander "at our own sweet will." Where were we going? Nowhere in particular, but there is a magnetism whose settings are unaccountable, and, drawn by its magic, we soon found ourselves in a green field opposite to "The Knoll," Miss Martineau's house. It is embosomed, as usual, in ivy, has its trim little lawn, and bright flower garden, with a lovely view across the green meadows to the new church, but it is in no way distinguishable from the many other stone houses around it. Miss Martineau is now, at the close of her life, resting from her labors, as a confirmed invalid. She sees no one but her maid; even her friends are denied admittance, and of course we did not seek it. After a walk of some two miles, and a lovely little noontide rest by some square blocks of limestone, placed for the purpose of crossing, what, in our American gauge of things, we called a bright little brook, but which a forward proved to be the Rothay River, we found ourselves in the little village of Rydal, and, being at a loss how to proceed, I bethought me of calling to our aid that Yankee tongue brought from the soil of freedom, and with it accosted a pleasant-looking old gentleman, armed with a basket, inquiring of him the way to Rydal Mount. In answer, throwing his basket over the stone wall, he volunteered to be our guide, and from that moment devoted himself and the residue of his morning to our entertainment. He first led us through a curious turn-stile over a rustic bridge, to an open oak glade in the center of which sleeps Rydal Mere, a pretty little pond, with a green hevnery in the center, and Loughrigg rising abruptly to the south-west. It is, in Winter, the great skating pond of these regions, and I have no doubt the Westmoreland boys and girls here enjoy the "outer edge" and Dutch Roll, as well as our New-Yorkers. Our old gentleman, a connection of the Wordsworth family, offered to show us Rydal Mount, which is not usually open to strangers, and we soon found ourselves before an old plastered house, from whose lawn one may see Windermere in one direction, and Rydal lake in the other, with all the hills which surround both. We paced the old-fashioned terrace, the poet's favorite evening walk, sat a moment in the Summer-house, curiously lined with fir-cones, where many of his poems were composed, passed through a gate—not "the Wishing gate," that is further on—into the road-walk, which was his way to the church at Grasmere, and, retiring through his garden, helped ourselves to memento toes from the hedge, or, as my friend remarked, "appropriated Wordsworth's laurels." The whole estate is not more than three acres, but so arranged as to give an impression of much greater size, and quite embowered in evergreens. It seems as if Wordsworth would have been unpardonable not to have been a poet, living for fifty or sixty years with such surroundings; to me the wonder is that his poems are so much more philosophical than imaginative. Of course you know that he is the "*genius loci*" of these regions. Grasmere is hallowed by his last sleep in its quiet churchyard, but in a beautiful new church at Ambleside is a whole chapel called by his name. Two memorial windows commemorate his wife and daughter, while under that more particularly dedicated to himself is this inscription, sweet to our eyes: "*Poetæ Anglo Americani.*" The American contribution to this joint monument was brought to this country by Prof. Reed of Philadelphia, who visited our kind cicerone while here, but was unhappily lost on his homeward voyage. There is also a fine stone building called the Wordsworth Library, with a grammar school attached; it stands near the church, and is a fine tribute to him both as poet and scholar. Our kind friend entertained us with anecdotes of the poet's home life, and other local legends, while he led us over two of the beautiful stone bridges which add so greatly to the charms of this lovely lake scenery, and along the green shores of the Rothay, to Fox How, the sylvan home of Dr. Arnold, and seeing its beauties one cannot wonder at his deep love for it. We at least were able to appreciate what a delightful resting place it must have been to him after the fatigues of his labor at Rugby, dear as these were to his heart.

MEXICO.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE NORTHERN PART—DIFFICULTY BETWEEN BROWNSVILLE AND MATAMORAS.

BROWNSVILLE, Texas, Aug. 12.—The announcement recently made that the revolution in Tamaulipas had terminated, is just about as trustworthy as guesses in relation to unknown matters usually are. Desertions from one party or the other, lack of ammunition, or other transient impediment to active hostilities, may have led to a temporary suspension of operations, and even to propositions for a compromise between the belligerents, but a permanent peace, based upon voluntary obedience to law and respect for the rights of property, is something that the people of Tamaulipas neither venture to anticipate nor to hope for under the present social and political organization of Mexico. If the contending forces under Vargas and Canales, as the leaders of the revolutionary party, and Escobedo and Cortina, on behalf of the Government, made a truce in the best of faith, and removed their forces from the late theater of war, that circumstance will not prevent any other "patriot" who has (as all Mexican patriots have) an honest hatred of work and a most dishonest love for their neighbors' property, from raising the standard of revolt on the flimsiest pretext, or without any pretext whatever. Hence foreigners are constantly puzzled to understand the meaning or objects of the endless series of "revolutions" in Mexico. The matter is really very simple. What your Courts punish by imprisonment at hard labor, as burglary, highway robbery, and murder, is, in Mexico, known under the convenient euphemism of "revolution." The series of raids and robberies that have broken the peace and ruined the commercial and industrial prospects of Tamaulipas for the past year are no exception to this general rule. The meaning of that revolution, so far as it can be said to have a meaning or object apart from the love of plunder, may be thus briefly stated. The law of Mexico in regard to elections require that the successful candidate shall receive an absolute majority of all the votes cast. At the last Gubernatorial election in Tamaulipas there were three candidates, Garza, Saldaña and Treviño. Garza received the required majority and assumed the office of Governor accordingly. The patriots who have been keeping up the revolution in that State for a year past allege that the majority he received was a fictitious one, obtained by a process known in our own country as "stuffing the ballot-boxes," aided by a false registration of voters. Whether these allegations are true or false in this case makes not the slightest difference to the patriots, who are determined to live by making raids on the ranches of their neighbors, and appropriating the fruits of their neighbors' industry. A new pretext will not be long wanting in case the question arising out of the Gubernatorial election has really been settled. Quite a little excitement has recently arisen between the proprietors of lots fronting the Rio Grande in Brownsville, and the Mexican owners of lands on the other side, touching an alleged interruption of the free navigation of the river. As this petty question is likely to become a subject of diplomatic discussion between the two governments, the real facts in the case may be interesting. The river makes a bend just as it reaches the populous part of Brownsville. The point on the Mexican side opposite this bend has been yearly growing by accretions, which were in the first place, and, indeed, continuously, induced by planting obstructions of a light and temporary character in front of the point by the Mexican owners. As the point grew on the other side the river continued to undermine and carry away the banks on this, until, during the recent overflow which is now subsiding, a whole street, with dwellings and warehouses, was endangered. To prevent this catastrophe the Levee Company, who had constructed a wharf at an expense of $30,000, erected a small wooden jetty above the threatened point to break the force of the current. This jetty, which does not reach the center of the river by several hundred feet, is alleged to be an interruption of the free navigation of the river, and in violation of article seven of the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo. The subject has been very fully discussed by the *Ranchero* on the one side and the Matamoras *Observador* on the other. The whole matter turns upon a simple question of *fact*, viz.: Is the work an interruption to the free navigation of the river? The "better opinion," as Chancellor Kent would say, "seems to be," that it is not. At least Gen. H. B. Clitz, commanding post at Brownville, to whom complaint was first made, takes that view of the matter, and declined to interfere with the work. So do all steamboatmen engaged in the navigation of the river. But the Mexican Consul at this point thinks differently, and has made a formal protest, which will doubtless be laid before our Government in due time.

HAYTI.

THE STATE OF SIEGE AT PORT AU PRINCE—TROUBLES WITH THE CATHOLIC CLERGY—SALNAVE'S POSITION CRITICAL.

PORT AU PRINCE, Aug. 7.—There is no improvement in the state of affairs here. The difficulties of the Government are on the increase, and the absence of President Salnave from his Capital weakens the administration, and gives encouragement to his enemies in Port au Prince to plot against him. The recent disturbances in the city were without doubt the result of a conspiracy, and but for the prompt action of Gen. Vel Subin in suppressing the disorders, the consequences might have been very lamentable. Rigid measures have since been adopted by the authorities to preserve the peace of the city. All private citizens have been required to report themselves, in order that they might be enrolled in select companies for military service; all meetings, of whatever kind, without the permission of the authorities, are strictly forbidden, whether by day or by night; no person is allowed to move about the streets, and the suburbs of the city after 9 o'clock at night, or before 5 in the morning; the cafes, taverns, public gambling houses—for they are tolerated in Port au Prince—and all other places in Port au Prince where people are in the habit of assembling, except the markets, have been closed for the present; the circulation of political papers, whether printed or in manuscript, and all conversation on political subjects, have been expressly interdicted; and all persons found contravening any of these regulations is to be immediately arrested and lodged in prison to be summarily dealt with. Port au Prince has been under martial law for the last two years, but never until now have its people known from experience what is meant by a state of siege. These extreme measures show how imminent is the danger to the Government. The authorities know much more than the people are acquainted with of the machinations of Salnave's enemies and their strength, and the present rigor would seem to indicate that the Government can no longer trust the people of Port-au-Prince. When it comes to this, Salnave's retention of power becomes a very dubious matter. The fall of Aux Cayes, which is imminent, might probably restore some of the President's prestige, but his affairs are by no means in a promising state.

Beside the necessity for adopting the rigorous measures enunciated above, there are some other bad signs. The paper money with which the country has been flooded having become all but valueless, merchants and the people generally are refusing to take it any longer. The Government has consequently issued a notice, charging the police specially with the duty of arresting and bringing before the competent tribunals all persons who might be found refusing the paper money issued by the Government. It is also ordered that all officers of the Government, whether belonging to the administrative, or the judicial department, shall denounce offenders, and that the notice shall be carried out with a strong hand. What effect a step like this can have upon the rapidly declining trade of the country can be easily imagined. It will assuredly help to hasten the crisis which now cannot be very far off. Another unfavorable sign is the failure of President Salnave to get a meeting of the Legislature, the members not responding to his repeated calls in sufficient numbers to form a quorum, the consequence being that a decree has just been issued creating a legislative council to assist the President in difficult conunctures. This seems to be just an expedient for giving an air of legality to unconstitutional measures and proceedings, and cannot do Salnave any good.

There are other troubles, coming from an unexpected quarter, calculated to weaken seriously the hands of the Government. In my last I referred to a decree recently issued pronouncing the removal from office of the Archbishop of Port au-Prince for prolonged absence from Hayti without leave. This act of the Government in removing the delinquent dignitary, has given great offense to the Catholic clergy here, who have not been backward in arraigning the Executive in very strong language for their treatment of the Archbishop. The result is that a circular has just been addressed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the Justices of the Peace and the Commissaires of the Government throughout the republic, directing them to cause to be brought before the different tribunals all those ministers of religion and their adherents, who, contrary to their duty, and in an abuse of their legitimate rights as citizens, take advantage of the sacred mantle of religion to spread disaffection against the Government. The issuing of this circular has been another unfortunate step, for it cannot fail of driving the clergy to throw the whole weight of their influence against Salnave. All these extreme measures look as though the Government were getting desperate. We must hope for the best, but you must not be surprised if you receive news ere long that Salnave has met the same fate as Soulouque, Geffard, Boyer, and other exiled Haytian Presidents.

AUSTRALIA.

THE LAND QUESTION—DISCOVERY OF NEW GOLD FIELDS—FAILURE OF SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD FIELDS—SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS—TROUBLE ABOUT PRINCE ALFRED'S PRESENTS.

MELBOURNE, June 19.—Among public questions here, the one at present engaging the largest share of attention is the agricultural settlement of the colony. As the licenses, by virtue of which the tenants of the Crown occupy their land, will cease and determine, fresh legislation has become imperatively necessary. A new land bill was accordingly introduced into the Legislative Assembly, by the Minister of Lands, on the 25th ult., and a motion for its second reading was made on the 8th inst., giving rise to an animated debate which has not yet terminated. The measure is liberal in its leading principle, as it proposes to extend the system of free selection all over the colony to the extent of 640 acres to one individual, subject to certain reservations for public purposes. The selector will hold under license for three years, during which period he must reside on the land continuously, paying a yearly rent of 2s. per acre. Having made the required improvements the rent, at the expiration of that time, will cease, and the occupier will acquire an interest in the fee-simple, being allowed to purchase his holding at the rate of £1 per acre by installments of 2s. per acre per annum, without interest. The squatters, who have given so much trouble, are to be left as they are, annual licenses being issued to them by the Board of Land and Works. At the present moment there are no fewer than 1,040 of these pastoral tenants of the Crown, as they are called, owning 6,500,000 sheep among them, the value of the sheep being not less than 10s. per head. To dispossess where numbers are so large and interest so considerable would be a troublesome business, and so the squatters are to be left alone for the present; it may be for the time to come.

The intelligence from the gold-fields continues to be cheering, several important discoveries of quartz veins and alluvial gold having been made within the last few weeks. In fact, another great gold-field in the North has been proclaimed, to which a rush has already set in from the other gold-fields. Some idea of the auriferous richness of the newly-discovered regions may be formed from the fact that, at a place called Beechworth, three banks last week dispatched for Melbourne no less than 13,000 ounces of gold. The gold-diggers who were induced to emigrate hence to Natal by the glowing descriptions given of the extent and richness of the gold-fields of South Africa, are gradually returning to this country, sorely disappointed. The Nightingale, which left Melbourne in February last with a number of diggers desirous of testing the Natal gold-fields, returned to this port a few days ago, with about 90 passengers, who give anything but an encouraging report of the prospects of the place they left. So little faith, it seems, have the people of Natal themselves in the existence of auriferous wealth in their territory, that they positively refused to cooperate, in the way of pecuniary assistance, to the enterprise, with a number of experienced Victorian diggers, who proposed to prospect the country and settle the question at once of the existence or not of the reputed gold fields. Up to the time the Nightingale's party left, no payable gold had been opened up.

A discovery of a startling character has recently been made in these parts, confirmatory of the reported existence of the slave trade in certain groups of the South Sea Islands. That the trade, in a qualified form, was being carried on to a limited extent, has been for some time past more than suspected; but we have now evidence placing it beyond doubt that the odious system, in its worst form, exists, and on a large scale. At one of the islands of the Fiji group, named Seruka, a vessel has been seized by Her Majesty's steamer Rosario, under circumstances leaving no room for doubt as to her being a slaver. She had on board, when seized, 100 natives of the island of Tanna, the unfortunate creatures being all found huddled together like pigs, entirely naked, and having no interpreter with them. The vessel's hold does not exceed 50 feet in length, is less than 17 in breadth, and 7½ feet in depth, and in this narrow space 100 human beings were stowed away. Other facts are coming to light, going to show that the slave traffic is becoming quite lively in the South Pacific. The captain of the ship Young Australia, which was employed, according to the statements of the crew, in kidnapping islanders on the New-Hebrides, has been tried at Sydney for murdering three Polynesians, forcibly taken by him on board his ship, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

A very marked sensation has been created in the community by the news from England, to the effect that the House of Commons had been asked to vote the sum of £3,500 for the presents made by Prince Alfred during his Australian tour. Of course everybody thought at the time the presents were made that they were private gifts from the Prince, in acknowledgment of the generous and splendid hospitality which he received while here, and it has wounded the *amour propre* of the Australians, and awakened their indignation, that the British people should be called upon to pay for presents received under such circumstances. A member of the Legislative Council has given notice, the announcement provoking "cheers and laughter from all sides of the House," says the report, for the appointment of a Select Committee "to inquire into and report on the value of the presents, and when, and to whom made, by His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, while in Victoria, with the view that the House should resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole to consider the propriety of voting a sum of money to recoup the Imperial Government the amount expended in Victoria by His Royal Highness in the making of presents." The matter will certainly form the subject of discussion in the Assembly, and the public may look for some spicy revelations as to the doings of the Prince while in this colony, especially as to the presents he received, and the pecuniary obligations he left others to discharge for him after he had departed.

From Sydney we have news of the loss of the ship Blue Jacket, homeward bound, from Lyttleton. She was burned off the Falkland Islands, and about 30 of the passengers and crew are supposed to be lost. Twenty persons were rescued by a passing vessel, three of whom died from exhaustion. The cargo was worth £130,000.

Legal proceedings have been instituted against two ritualistic clergymen of the city of Adelaide.

NEW-ZEALAND

THE MAORI WAR—ANOTHER BRITISH REVERSE—GREAT FALLING OFF IN IMMIGRATION—THE VISIT OF PRINCE ALF

AUCKLAND, June 9.—There is no sign of improvement in the affairs of the Colony. Although field operations have been partially suspended, owing to cold weather, the war still continues, without any prospect of an early restoration of peace. The British forces recently made an advance into the hostile territory on the East Coast, but were so roughly handled by the Maoris that they were compelled to retreat, having suffered much and accomplished nothing. So bitterly do the disaffected natives hate the English that there seems to be no prospect of a permanent peace, and there is now a large party in New-Zealand clamorous for the extermination of the Maoris. The war expenditure is ruinous to the Colony. Previous war loans have all been exhausted during the past twelve months, and the Governor has just called upon the Assembly now in session to pass a bill authorizing the raising of another loan of one million pounds sterling, for which the mother country is to be asked, as "the last prayer of the Colony" to her, to give a guarantee.

Nothing more strikingly shows the decadence of the colony in consequence of this disastrous war, than the immigration statistics for the year 1868. Four or five years ago New-Zealand was receiving immigrants from the mother county and Australia at the rate of 24,000 souls per annum, against which number not more than 8,000 could be set as leaving the colony, so that there was an addition of 16,000 to the population every year from this source. In 1868, the total immigration from all parts was 8,723, while the number leaving the colony amounted to 7,863, thus showing a clean gain of only 860 for the year. More than one-half the arrivals were from the Australian colonies.

laThe Duke of Edinburgh, after a brief stay in New-Zealand, sailed from these shores on the 1st inst. His reception here was by no means enthusiastic. While in Auckland the Governor took advantage of his presence to try and bring about a reconciliation between the Government and the native King. The Maori King, however, declined to meet the Prince who, after a good deal of humiliating negotiations on the part of the colonial authorities, was compelled to leave the island without seeing his dark-skinned and haughty majesty.

GENERAL NOTES.

The Macon branch of the National Freedmen's Savings' and Trust Company has now on deposit $13,000 belonging to 300 depositors.

An American steamboat has been put upon the Rhine, and astonishes the natives. For years the only steamers on that much traveled river have been some little, narrow, slow boats, with sub-aquean cabins, which disgrace all of the German rivers.

The present issue of the fractional currency now being printed is the fourth series since 1863. Of the first, second, and third series, more than $20,000,000 is now outstanding, about $8,000,000 of which is of the first and second issue, and it is estimated that six or seven millions of this amount will never be presented for redemption, hence there is an actual deduction of that amount from the public debt, although the books of the Department do not show any such decrease.

A few days ago Mrs. Denny, a resident of Princeton, Ky., purchased a lot of duck eggs, carried them home, and, for convenient use, placed them in her bureau drawer, where they remained undisturbed until Friday, when her attention was called to the bureau by an unusual noise therein. Upon pulling out the drawer, to her utter astonishment, she found three young ducks hatched out and scrabbling around for freedom.

Among the usual agricultural implements now manufactured in Great Britain are large numbers of elephant plows, which are forwarded by way of the Mediterranean, the Isthmus of Suez, and the Red Sea and Indian ocean, to the place of their destination. Every morning, at sunrise, the elephant takes his mahout by the wrist belt, places him on his back, and starts into the field. Two assistants guide the plow-handles, and as long as the sun is above the horizon the elephant marches along, throwing up a huge ridge behind him, the furrow having a breadth of four and a half feet and a depth of three.

The Bristol (Tenn.) *News* says of the curious statement made in Pollard's "Life of Jefferson Davis" of the secreting of important Confederate documents—a statement which was at first dismissed as sensational, but now recurs with an appearance of truth: "It is very certain that but little of this correspondence ever fell into the hands of the Federals, and neither they nor Mr. Pollard have ever been permitted to examine it; for the writer of this saw that which is probably most valuable, sealed and placed within the vaults of a Montreal bank not two years ago, and unless it has been removed within twelve months, it yet remains there, secure against every intruder."

A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* tells the following anecdote: "Four years ago a tanner of Dijon, who had affirmed that the French budget represented in bank notes the hight of the steeple of St. Benigne, was cited before the Correctional Police on a charge of seditious language. In court, however, he maintained his assertion with vigor, and was acquitted. The judges, in fact, evinced some shrewdness on the occasion, and admitted implicitly that the accused was not in error. A thousand notes of 1,000 francs piled up have exactly 10 centimetres (four inches) in hight. Taking the budget in round numbers at 1,000,000 of the notes in question superposed would att