AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The Fourth of July in Prussia.

OUR BERLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, July 9, 1861.

Grand American Demonstration on Independence Day—The Crisis of the Union and No Secession—Speeches of the Retiring and New United States Ministers—The Army, Navy and General Scott Toasted, &c.

The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which has always been duly honored by the American citizens resident at Berlin, was kept this year under circumstances very different from those that signalized it on former occasions—circumstances of a painfully and profoundly serious nature, but interesting and soul-stirring in the highest degree.

It was the first American meeting that had been held there since the unhappy secession that has split the Union into two unequal parts. A few months ago, on the natal day of the great founder of the republic, the mutterings of the approaching tempest were already heard from the other side of the Atlantic; but it had not yet burst forth in its fury; visions of conciliation were still indulged in, and the representatives of Virginia and Georgia, of South Carolina and Louisiana, took their seats at the festive board in apparent harmony and good fellowship with the citizens of New England and New York, and of the free and far expanding West. Now, however, all this was changed; the South kept sullenly aloof from the national festival, and the ranks of the North were thinned by the absence of many who had hastened home to take their share in the great conflict between order and anarchy, between rational liberty and senseless despotism.

The meeting held at Armin's Hotel, "under the linden," was therefore much less numerous than on former occasions, but its interest was enhanced by its affording the American residents an opportunity of taking a public farewell of their late respected Minister, Gov. Wright, and of *being introduced to his successor*, the Hon. Norman B. Judd. Besides the two ambassadors we noticed Mr. Kreisman, the Secretary of Legation; Mr. Arnold, Consul General at St. Petersburg; Mr. Schilen, Consul at Stettin; Bishop Janes, of the American Methodist church, &c.; and of German friends, Professor Von Holtzendorff, Dr. Kossak, one of the most distinguished Berlin litterateurs; M. Sturz, Consul General of Brazil; Rev. Mr. Jacoby, of Bremen, and others.

The company met at seven P. M., and after passing half an hour in animated conversation adjourned to the dining hall, which was fitted up in a very appropriate manner.

Governor Wright acted as chairman, having Mr. Judd on his right and Bishop Janes on his left hand; behind them were two gigantic American banners, one on each side, supporting between their ample folds the likeness of Washington, and under it the inscription—

1776—1861.
LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER,
ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

The whole saloon was adorned with garlands of flowers and presented a very beautiful and pleasing appearance.

After a prayer by Bishop Janes, exhorting to humility, *charity and fortitude in the terrible visitation of internecine* warfare that now afflicted a country on which Providence had so long lavished its choicest gifts, the Chairman offered a toast to the "Union, one and inseparable, in the spirit of Washington and by the constitution of the United States *in its primitive purity*," which was drunk with enthusiastic cheers.

A gentleman from Wisconsin then proposed, "the day we celebrate and the President of the United States," expressing a firm hope that, even though at the cost of an arduous struggle, he would restore peace and unity to the country, and enforce obedience to the laws, without which true liberty could not exist.

Mr. Judd, who was introduced to the company by Governor Wright, said that he rose with extreme diffidence to reply to this toast. He found himself surrounded by strange faces, himself a stranger in a foreign land, and called upon to speak in the name of his country in times of unprecedented danger and difficulty. The day they had met to celebrate had assumed a new character in his eyes, and he believed in the eyes of every one present. As long as he could remember, he, like all of the present generation of Americans, had only looked upon the Fourth of July as a holiday, a season for firing off squibs and crackers, and producing general confusion, without considering the great principle involved in it, and its political significance; it was a popular Saturnalia, devoted to "fast and youthful jollity," with which no one but those contemporaneous with the struggle by which it was attained connected any serious thought; but now it had assumed a very different character. It had become the expression of a principle and symbol of the Union. It recalled the era in which the grandest, the most sublime commonwealth ever known in ancient or modern history had been inaugurated—a commonwealth composed of free and independent States indeed, but yet forming a compact whole, one and indivisible, and which a party now are blindly and patiently endeavoring to overthrow and to reduce to its pristine elements. That party wanted to erase the Fourth of July from the annals of the American people; but they would not succeed, and he was convinced that if they lived to meet again on the next Fourth of July, they would find the flames of rebellion extinguished, and the Union rising triumphant like a phœnix from its ashes, more glorious, more resplendent, and more honored, both at home and abroad, than in any previous period of its existence. He was encouraged in this belief by what he knew of the character of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, whose progress he had watched for years with interest and admiration. Abraham Lincoln was one of the representative men of America, and the same intellect and energy that had enabled him, alone and unaided, to supply the deficiencies of early education, to work his way in the world through every difficulty and under every discouragement, and finally to raise himself from the flatboat to the Presidential chair, would assist him in surmounting the obstacles he had to encounter in his present station, and to conduct the vessel of State unharmed through the breakers that surrounded it. But Mr. Lincoln was not only distinguished for energy and determination; he was a man of the purest principles, upright in all his dealings with his fellow men; he would be just to the South as to the North, and in the moment of victory none of his former antagonists should have to complain that he had injured or wronged them. The four years of his Presidential term would be years of revolution, years of trial and probation, but the country would emerge from them stronger and more prosperous than ever, and offer to the successful pilot the gratitude of a generous people.

When the cheers that greeted this speech had subsided, Governor Wright proposed "the health of the King and royal family of Prussia," adding some complimentary remarks on the government and institutions of the monarchy, which, he said, were constantly progressing in a liberal direction. *The progress might be slow, too slow for* many who wished things to move a little more rapidly, but it was sure; and now when he (Governor Wright) was about to leave Berlin, after a four years' residence, and contrasted the actual state of the country with that in which he had found it, he could appreciate the progress made and express his appreciation without suspicion of flattery.

Professor Holtzendorff responded, and Dr. Abbot then proposed Joseph A. Wright, whose administration had so greatly endeared him to his countrymen and gained the respect and good will of the people among whom he resided.

Governor Wright acknowledged the compliment in a speech full of real emotion, and which at times affected his auditors and excited in them the liveliest enthusiasm. He offered his thanks to those who, by their sympathy and cordial friendship, had facilitated the performance of his duties; who had taken him by the hand when he arrived here, five thousand miles from his native land, his house and his children, and to whom, though returning to all that was near and dear to him, he was now reluctant to bid farewell. Referring to and comparing the political situation of Germany and the United States, he denounced the doctrine propounded by separatists and seceders, that allegiance to your native State or province takes precedence of that due to the country at large, and concluded by expressing a fervent wish that the Germans might succeed in obtaining that union which Americans would never give up, even if its maintenance could only be purchased by the lives of half their population and the whole of their property—a sentiment which was received with deafening applause.

Mr. Kreisman delivered an eloquent and animated address in the name of the adopted citizens of America.

Mr. Judd proposed "the American flag and its standard-bearer, Washington," and toasts were offered to "General Scott," "the army and navy," and those who had already fallen for liberty, Union and the rights of men.

Allusions, the reverse of flattery, were also made to England, or rather to the policy of the English statesmen who had stopped up their ears so tight with cotton that they could not listen to the voice of humanity and civilization. The ball, with which these festivals usually concluded, was omitted in consideration of the gravity of the circumstances under which the meeting took place, and the company separated at about twelve o'clock, after a most gratifying display of patriotic feeling and confidence in the ultimate triumph of the good cause.

On the 1st inst. Governor Wright had a private audience of the King to present his letters of recall, and at the same time Mr. Judd delivered his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States. I shall give some particulars of these interviews, which are understood to have been highly satisfactory to both the American diplomatists, in my next.

Our St. Petersburg Correspondence.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 29, 1861.

Arrival of the Czar from Moscow—Reasons for his Sojourn in the Ancient Capital—The Emancipation Agitation—The "Sick Man's" Death not of Immediate Importance to the Statesmen of the Empire—How the Eastern Question is Shelved for a Time—Return of the Tartar Emigrants from Turkey to the Crimea, &c.

The Emperor returned from Moscow a few days ago, after remaining in the ancient capital of the empire until the agitation produced by the Emancipation act had began to subside. The opponents of that measure prophesied all along that it would lead to nothing less than a servile revolution, while its adherents ridiculed their fears and consider it the height of absurdity to believe that the peasants who had borne the yoke of bondage with most exemplary patience, will break out into insurrection at the very moment when they were relieved from it; but, unfortunately, the event has shown that if the sinister predictions of the former were not verified to their full extent, they were founded on a more correct appreciation of the real state of feeling among the lower classes than the optimists had given them credit for. As I anticipated on the promulgation of the imperial *ukase*, the intermediary period that is to intervene before its provisions are actually carried out has been the chief cause of all these difficulties, and although it was next to impossible to effect so great a change without some previous preparation, it would almost have been better to have tried it than to expose the country to the perilous probation which it is now passing through. The peasants do not understand how the relations that existed hitherto between them and the *seigneurs* can be prolonged for two years after the publication of the imperial manifesto, declaring them to be free, and as they have great faith in the Emperor and very little in the nobility and the *chiroviks*, they naturally suspect the benevolent intentions of their Batushka Tsar to have been misinterpreted and vitiated by the subordinate authorities. To this must be added, that many of them imagine the land they now cultivate would become their own property without any indemnity to the former proprietors, and they are disappointed to find that they have either to purchase it, though at extremely moderate rates, or to pay an annual rent for the use of it. But, after all, these feelings are by no means universal; the great majority are content to be enfranchised on any terms, or bear their disappointment in silence, and when we recollect that the number of serfs amounts to twenty-three millions, the troubles that have occurred, though serious enough in all conscience, fall somewhat short of the "servile revolution" predicted by the alarmists. Except in the provinces of Koza and Perza they have not been attended with bloodshed, and there they were mixed up with religious elements, particularly through the Malakons, a sect which has some resemblance to your Mormons, and has numerous followers in the whole region between the Volga and the Oural.

The most extensive disturbances took place in Podolia, where over 140 villages, with 70,000 inhabitants, rose at once in open rebellion which was the more dangerous, as in that province the nobility and the peasantry are divided both by race and religion, the former being chiefly Poles and Roman Catholics, and the latter, Russians, attached to the national church; but notwithstanding the formidable nature of this insurrection, the officer despatched to the scene of action by the Emperor (Baron Koeff) succeeded, by his tact and firmness, in suppressing it without resorting to armed force. In Riagen, Kalonga, Smolensk, and here in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, similar results were obtained. Indeed, in my opinion, the agitation would never have risen to such a height if the local authorities had in all cases been equal to the duties imposed upon them, for when he is properly managed there is not a more ductile king on earth than the Russian *moujik*; but whether from stupidity or malevolence, not a few of the officials seem to have done everything in their power to exasperate the people and drive them to extremities, instead of treating them with the forbearance due to the novel situation in which they were placed. Gen. Milutin, the acting Minister of War, has taken his measures remarkably well. Whenever troops were wanted they were always at hand, which cannot have been an easy task, considering that they had to be disposed over a territory reaching from the Kawe to the Dnester, about half as large as all Europe. For the present, things appear to have settled down again, and the peasants are returning to their agricultural labors; but it would be a mistake to flatter ourselves that the ferment is entirely allayed. On the contrary, we may calculate upon these scenes being repeated from time to time in different parts of the empire, until the period of transition is past and the new relations between the landholders and the rural population are generally understood and clearly defined.

The death of the Sultan is not considered by our statesmen as likely to have any immediate effect upon the developement of the Oriental question, which all parties have agreed to shelve for this year. England, because she would like to maintain the *status quo* in the East as long as possible; France, because she wants a little more breathing time after the Italian war, and Russia, because she has quite enough on her hands at home just now, without embroiling herself in foreign politics. Abdool Aziz is said to be a man of capacity and resolution, the very antipodes of his unfortunate brother; but these qualities, which a century ago might have restored the Ottoman Empire to its ancient splendor, can no longer be expected to assist in retarding its fall. It may even be affirmed that in the present circumstances an energetic ruler will be more dangerous to the stability of the Turkish throne than a worn out voluptuary like Abdool Medjed, for he will be less apt to submit to the tutelage of the Western Powers, and by asserting his independence may incur their displeasure and forfeit their support. It is still doubtful, however, whether he will be permitted to enjoy the succession peaceably. Mehemed Mourad, the son of the late Padisch, has a large party in his favor, especially among the younger generation, who have been brought up in European ideas and think that the son ought to succeed the father, like in Christian and civilized countries, and not the eldest of the race, as prescribed by the traditions of the house of Othman. The pachas and officers of the seraglio, too, who have amassed vast riches under the reign of Abdool Medjed, are afraid of being forced to disgorge their booty by the new Sultan, who has a reputation for strict integrity and stern virtue which disposes him to show little mercy to the unworthy favorites of his predecessor, particularly as he must know that they have been moving heaven and earth to prevent his accession. We may look out for squalls at Constantinople, therefore, and the commander of our Mediterranean station, Admiral Shestakoff, has already received orders to despatch one of his heavy frigates, the General Admiral or the Olga, to the entrance of the Dardanelles to watch the course of events and cooperate with the squadrons of the other Powers in protecting the Christians in case of an *emeute* in the Turkish metropolis.

From the Chinese we have advices that the Tartars who emigrated last year to Turkey are returning in swarms, and petition to be reinstalled in their former habitations. It appears they have been wofully deceived in their expectations; the *kaganat* in holy war against the infidels, which was announced to be close at hand, and in which they were to take a share, had been put off for an indefinite period, and in the meantime they were exposed to great privations among a population akin to them in faith, but strange in language and customs, and with nothing prepared for their reception. No wonder that they soon began to sigh for the fleshpots of Egypt, and were anxious to return to the country in which their forefathers had dwelt for so many centuries in peace and affluence. The Turkish authorities are naturally loath to be deprived of so desirable a *reinforcement to the Mahomedan* element of the population, which is daily diminishing in face of the Christians, and in some instances have gone so far as to forbid their embarking on board the vessels in which they had taken their passage for the Crimea; but the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, Prince Labanoff Rostoffsky, remonstrated in the strongest term against this measure, urging that they were still Russian subjects, and that if the Russian government had not opposed their emigration, Turkey had clearly no right to oppose their return, and the prohibition was accordingly withdrawn, though evidently with the utmost reluctance. Large numbers of Bulgarians *are also removing to the Crimea from the Dobrudja* and from these parts of Bessarabia that were ceded to Moldavia in 1856, and if this movement continues the peninsula which a short time since was almost deserted, will soon be more populous than it ever was before.

Accounts from the Amoor state that a line of telegraph is to be established from Nikolayevsk to Khabouïka, which is subsequently to be extended along the coast of Manchoria to the Chinese frontier. It will be constructed by Captain Romanoff, who was sent to the United States to study the telegraphic system adopted there in newly colonized and sparsely inhabited regions. The telegraph from Kazan to Ourat, in Siberia, will be finished this summer; next year it will be continued to Irkortsh, and in 1863 from thence to Blagoveshtchensk on the Amoor, and we shall then have an uninterrupted telegraphic communication from the western extremity of the Empire to the shores of the Pacific.

THE AMERICAN REBELLION.

Our Paris Correspondence.

PARIS, July 12, 1861.

Effect of the War on American Trade and Finance—Stampede of City Notabilities to the Watering Places—A Closer Alliance of Napoleon with Russia—England's Danger—The Emperor at Vichy and Eugenie at the Head of the Council of State, &c.

American houses in Paris are complaining sadly of the interruption to everything like business the present state of domestic strife is causing. Bankers, merchants and commissioners, whether of Northern or Southern sympathy, are all singing the same dirgeful note. The only appearance of life in their various bureaus is that caused by the loud, not to say vociferous and passionate, discussions as to the respective rights of the two parties, which continually assail the ear. Sometimes the principals of the various establishments are compelled to interfere and to insist on the peace being kept in France, if nowhere else.

If this were not, as it is, the season when all our leading spirits are afield—when Vichy, Olombourg, Baden, Dieppe and Boulogne have fairly extracted the heart of Paris—still I fear I should have nothing to tell you at all commensurate with the stirring domestic incidents of your time.

We have many subjects interesting enough on the *tapis*—the Mires' prosecution; the new Sultan's economic reforms; the unmistakeable desire of Russia to draw closer to France; the counter revolution in process at Naples; the civic plan of recreating the Parthenon of Athens on the summit of Mont Martre—but all fall into utter insignificance beside the absorbing anxiety with which the civil strife of America is watched and criticised.

How thankfully would the best friends of America see all this noble era devoted to a cause of common patriotism.

Apropos of a still closer alliance between France and Russia: at that Warsaw conference, which will be still fresh in the remembrance of your readers, a memorandum was drawn up by a Russian functionary, whose name has not yet transpired, showing, after an elaborate comparison of the various interests and powers of other countries, the solid benefit which must accrue to Russia from the French alliance, founded alike on the common interests of France and the peculiar character of Napoleon III. Twenty-five copies of this memorandum were sent to the various chanceries, but the thing was no sooner done than the impolicy of the act became apparent, and an attempt was made, when too late, to recall them. The *Presse* has had the good fortune to obtain one of them, and the boldness to publish it. It is long, but the gist may be reduced to a few words. The French revolution, it remarks, was an absolute necessity, in order to make of Franks, with their federal tendencies, Romans with their monarchical, and the Gauls with their republican bias, a French society. Universal suffrage, the great national lever of modern France, is not unknown to Russia, whose Emperor was in the beginning the result of it. Now Russia desires "complete, absolute freedom in the Black Sea, on the Danube and in the Dardanelles. The Carpathians for her southwestern frontiers," &c., &c.

As any assistance towards such an object, Austria and Prussia are regarded as *nil*. England, with all her vivacious strength, is on the eve of a great transformation. Her great statesmen are fast going off, and their successors belong to a totally different school from the policy of Pitt and Castlereagh, and her interests are decidedly opposed to those of Russia. But with France this is different: her interests and those of Russia are identical in the East, in Asia, on the Danube, in Germany, in the Baltic, and even in Italy. "The French alliance is, therefore, the only possible political combination Russia can adopt." Venetia wrested from Austria, Hungary would soon follow, and the Austrian empire collapse. In the place of Austria we should have a federation of the Danubian United States, a friendly instead of an absolute and perfidious power. Russia would receive Moldavia, or, in any case, that portion of Bessarabia taken from her in 1856—the absolute freedom of the Danube and the Black Sea; and Gallicia, which Hungary would hand over to her, would give her the Carpathians for her natural frontier. Lastly, the wishes of the national party in Hungary are already expressed in Hungary to bestow the crown on a prince of the Russian family, his Highness the Grand Duke de Leuchtenberg—the same Grand Duke being a member of the Beauharnois or Napoleon family.

The Emperor is at Vichy surrounded by an enthusiastic population.

The Empress, in the interval of his absence, presides over Cabinet councils at Fontainebleau. Much interest is felt here regarding the visit of Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde to the United States. M. Mires' case is so far terminated that it merely awaits the decision of the Judge. On the whole popular sympathy is more in favor of than against him. The impulsive character of the man is so different to the cool villany of an ordinary speculator, that there is certainly a disposition to be lenient with him. Indeed it is strongly suspected that there are others whose names are kept behind who are far more guilty than himself.

Mr. Russell's Letters to the London Times.

GEOGRAPHICAL, AGRICULTURAL, SOCIAL AND ETHNOLOGICAL SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH—RESOURCES AND SPIRIT OF THE REBELS—HOMINY, HOGS, SLAVE PLANTATION AND OLD NEGROES, ETC., ETC.

NATCHEZ, Miss., June 15, 1861.

RURAL SCENES FROM A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

On the morning of the 24 of June I left New Orleans in one of the steamers proceeding up the Mississippi, along that fertile but uninteresting region of reclaimed swamp lands, called "the coast," which extends along both banks for one hundred and twenty miles above the city. It is so called from the name given to it, "la Cote," by the early French settlers. Here is the favored land—what it is a fever land, too!—of sugar cane and Indian corn. To those who have very magnificent conceptions of the Mississippi, founded on mere arithmetical computation of leagues or vague geographical *data*, it may be astonishing, but it is nevertheless true, the Mississippi is artificial for many hundreds of miles. Nature has, of course, poured out the waters, but man has made the banks. By a vast *system* of raised embankments, called levees, the river is constrained to abstain from overflowing the swamps, now drained and green with wealth producing crops. At the present moment the surface of the river is several feet higher than the land at each side, and the steamer moves on a level with the upper stories, or even the roofs of the houses, reminding one of such scenery as could be witnessed in the old days of treckschuyt in Holland. The river is not broader than the Thames at Gravesend, and is quite as richly colored. But then it is 180 feet deep, and four hundred miles of it has not less than 100 feet of water. Thus deeply has it scooped in the rich clay and marl in its course, but as it flows out to join the sea it throws down the vast precipitates which render the bars so shifting and difficult, and bring the mighty river to such a *poor* exit.

A few miles above the wharfs and large levees of the city the country really appears to be a sea of light green, with shores of forest in the distance, about two miles away from the bank. This forest is the uncleared land, extending for a considerable way back, which each planter hopes to take into culture one day or other, and which he now uses to provide timber for his farm. Near the banks are houses of wood, with porticoes, pillars, verandahs, and sunshades, generally painted white and green. There is a great uniformity of style, but the local aimed at seems to be that of the old French chateau, with the addition of a colonnade round the ground story. These dwellings are generally in the midst of small gardens, rich in semi-tropical vegetation, with gorgeous magnolias, now in full bloom, rising in their midst, and groves of live oak interspersed. The levee is as hard and dry as the bank of a canal. Here and there it is propped up by wooden revetments. Between it and the uniform line of palings which guards the river face of the plantations *there is a carriage road*. In the enclosure near each residence there is a row of small wooden huts, whitewashed, in which live the negroes attached to the service of the family. Outside the negroes who labor in the fields are quartered in similar constructions, which are like the small single huts, called "Maltese," which were plentiful in the Crimea.

They are rarely furnished with window, a wooden slide or a grated space admits such light and air as they want.

JUVENILE SOLDIERS AND SAD BUT HONEST SLAVES.

One of the most striking features of the landscape is its utter want of life. There were a few horsemen exercising in a field, some gigs and buggies along the levee roads, and little groups at the numerous landing places, generally containing a few children in tow foul coloreds, as Zouaves, Chasseurs, or some sort of infantry, but the slaves who were there had come down to look after luggage or their masters. There were no merry, laughing, chattering gatherings of black faces and white teeth such as we hear about. Indeed the negroes are not allowed boatbouts to stir out of their respective plantations, or to go along the road without passes from their owners.

CREOLES ON A TRIP.

The steamer J. L. Cotten—which was not the less popular, perhaps, because she had the words "low pressure" conspicuous on her public boxes—carried a fair load of passengers, most of whom were members of creole families living on the coast. The proper meaning of the word "creole" is very different from that which we attach to it. It signifies a person of Spanish or French descent born in Louisiana or in the Southern and tropical countries. The great majority of the planters here are French Creoles, and it is said they are kinder and better masters than Americans or Scotch, the latter being considered the most severe. Intelligent on most subjects, they are resolute in the belief that bagasse must take their cotton or perish. Even the keenest of their financiers, Mr. Forstall, an Irish Creole, who is representative of the house of Baring, seemed inclined to this faith, though he is prepared with many ingenious propositions, which would rejoice Mr. Gladstone's utmost heart, to raise money for the Southern confederacy and make them rich exceedingly. One thing has rather puzzled him M. Baroche, who is in New Orleans, either as a looker on or as an accredited employe of his father, or of the French government, suggested to him that it would not be possible for all the disposable mercantile marine of England and France together to carry the cotton crop, which hitherto gave employment to a great number of American vessels, now tabooed by the South, and the calculations seem to bear out the truth of the remark. Be that as it may, Mr. Forstall is quite prepared to show that the South can raise a prodigious revenue by a small direct taxation, for which the machinery already exists in every parish of the State, and that the North must be prodigiously damaged commercially in the struggle, if not ruined outright. One great source of strength in the South is its readiness—at least, its professed alacrity—to yield anything that it is asked.

UNDIMINISHED CONFIDENCE IN JEFFERSON DAVIS.

There is unbounded confidence in Mr. Jefferson Davis. Wherever I go, the same question is asked, "Well, sir, what do you think of our President? Does he not strike you as being a very able man?" In finance he is trusted as much as in war. When he sent orders to the New Orleans banks, some time ago, to suspend specie payment, he exercised a power which could not be justified by any reading of the Southern constitution. All men applauded. The President of the United States is far from receiving any such support or confidence, and it need not be said any act of his of the same nature as that of Mr. Davis would have created an immense outcry against him.

But the South has all the unanimity of a conspiracy, and its unanimity is not greater than its confidence. One is rather tired of endless questions, "Who can conquer such men?" But the question should be, "Can the North conquer us?" Of the fustian about dying in their tracks and fighting till every man, woman and child is exterminated, there is a great deal too much, but they really believe that the fate which Poland could not avert, to which France as well as the nations she overran bowed the head, can never reach them. With their faithful negroes to raise their corn, sugar and cotton while they are at the wars, and England and France to take the latter and pay them for it, they believe they can meet the American world in arms. A glorious future opens before them. In limitable fields tilled by multitudinous negroes open on their vision, and prostrate at the base of the mountain of cotton from which they rule the kings of the earth, the empires of Europe shall lie, with all their gold, their manufactures and their industry, crying out, "Pray give us more cotton! All we ask is more!"

EX-GOVERNOR ROMAN, OF LOUISIANA—HIS FORTUNE, POSITION, AND PRESENT HOME.

But here is the boat stopping opposite Mr. Roman's, Ex-Governor of the State of Louisiana and Ex-Commissioner from the Confederate government at Montgomery to the government of the United States at Washington. Not very long ago he could boast of a very handsome garden—the French creoles love gardens—Americans and English do not much affect them; but when the Mississippi was low one fine day, levee and garden and all slid down the bank into the maw of the river, and were carried off. This is what is called the "caving in" of a bank; when the levee is broken through at high water it is said that a "crevasse" has taken place. The Governor, as he is called—once a captain always a captain—has still a handsome garden, however, though his house has been brought unpleasantly near the river. His mansion and the out offices stand in the shade of magnolias, green oaks and other Southern trees. To the last Governor Roman was a Unionist, but when his State went he followed her, and now he is a secessionist for life and for death, not extravagant in his hopes, but calm and resolute, and fully persuaded that in the end the South must win. As he does not raise any cotton, the consequences for him will be extremely serious should sugar be greatly depreciated; but the consumption of that article in America is very large, and, though the markets in the North and West are cut off, it is hoped, as no exported sugar can find its way into the States, that the South will consume all its own produce at a fair rate. The Governor is a very good type of the race, which is giving way a little before the encroachments of the Anglo-Saxons, and he possesses all the ease, candid manner, and suavity of the old French gentleman—of that school in which there are now few masters or scholars. He invited me to visit the negro quarters. "Go where you like, do what please, ask any questions. There is nothing we desire to conceal." As we passed the house, two or three young women flitted past in snow white dresses, with pink sashes, and no doubtful crinolines, but their beauticases were not *en regle*—handkerchiefs of a gray color. These were slaves going off to a dance at the sugar house; but they were indoor servants, and therefore better off in the way of clothes than their fellow slaves who labor in the field.

SUNDAY ON A WELL MANAGED PLANTATION—A VISIT TO THE SLAVE HUTS.

On approaching a high paling at the rear of the house the scraping of fiddles was audible. It was Sunday, and Mr. Roman informed me that he gave his negroes leave to have a dance on that day. The planters who are not Catholics rarely give any such indulgence to their slaves, though they do not always make them work on that day, and sometimes let them enjoy themselves on the Saturday afternoon.

Entering a wicket gate, a triangular enclosure, lined with negro huts lay before us. The bare ground was covered with litter of various kinds, amid which pigs and poultry were pasturing. Dogs, puppies and curs of low degree scampered about on all sides; and deep in a pond, swinking the sun, stood some thirty or forty mules, enjoying their day of rest. The huts of the negroes belonging to the personal service of the house were separated from the negroes engaged in field labor by a close wooden paling; but there was no difference in the shape and size of their dwellings, which consisted generally of one large room, divided by a partition occasionally into two bedrooms. Outside the whitewash gave them a cheaply appearance; inside they were dingy and squalid—no glass in the windows, swarms of flies, some clothes hanging on nails in the boards, dressers with broken crockery, a bedstead of rough carpentry; a fireplace in which, hot as was the day, a *big* lay *in* embers; a *couple* of tin cooking utensils; in the obscure, the occupant, male or female, awkward and shy before strangers, and silent till spoken to. Of course there were no books, for the slaves do not read. They all seemed respectful to their master.

We saw very old men and very old women, who were the cankerworms of the estate, and were dozing away into eternity mindful only of hominy, and pig and molasses. Two negro fiddlers were working their bows with energy in front of one of the huts, and a crowd of little children were listening to the music, and a few grown up persons of color—some of them from the adjoining plantations. The children are generally dressed in a little sack of coarse calico, which answers all reasonable purposes, even if it be not very clean. It might be an interesting subject of inquiry to the natural philosophers who follow crinology to determine why it is that the hair of the infant negro, or of the child up to six or seven years of age, is generally a fine red russet, or even gamboge color, and gradually darkens into dull ebon. These little bodies were mostly large stomached, well fed, and not less happy than free born children, although much more valuable—for once they get over juvenile dangers, and advance towards nine or ten years of age, they rise in value to $100 or more, even in times when the market is low and money scarce. The women were not very well favored, except one yellow girl, whose child was quite white, with fair hair and light eyes; and the men were disguised in such strangely cut clothes, their hats and shoes and coats were so wonderfully made, that one could not tell what they were like. On all faces there was a gravity which must be the index to supreme contentment and perfect comfort, for those who ought to know best declare they are the happiest race in the world. It struck me more and more, as I examined the expression of the faces of the slaves all over the South, that deep dejection is the prevailing, if not universal, characteristic of the race. Let a physiognomist go and see. Here there were abundant evidences that they were well treated, for they had good clothing of its kind, good food, and a master who wittingly could do them no injustice, as he is, I am sure, incapable of it. Still, they all looked exceedingly sad, and even the old woman who boasted that she had held her old master in her arms when he was an infant, did not look cheerful, as the nurse at home would have done, at the sight of her ancient charge. The precincts of the huts were not clean, and the enclosure was full of weeds, in which poultry—the perquisites of the slaves—were in full possession.

The negroes rear domestic birds of all kinds, and sell eggs and poultry to their masters. The money they spend in purchasing tobacco, molasses, clothes and flour—whiskey, their great delight they must not have. Some seventy or eighty hands were quartered in this part of the estate. The silence which reigned in the huts as soon as the fiddlers had gone off to the sugar house was profound. Before leaving the quarter I was taken to the hospital, which was in charge of an old negress. The medical rooms contained several flock beds on rough stands, and five patients, three of whom were women. They sat listlessly on the beds looking out into space; no books to amuse them, no conversation—nothing but their own dull thoughts, if they had any. They were suffering from pneumonia and swellings of the glands of the neck; one man had fever. Their medical attendant visits them regularly, and each plantation has a practitioner, who is engaged, by the term for his services. Negroes have now only a nominal value in the market—that is, the price of a good field hand is as high as ever, but there is no one to buy him at present, and no money to pay for him, and the trade of the slave-dealers is very bad. The managers of the gentlemen who advertise "Virginia negroes constantly on sale, money advanced on all descriptions of property," &c., must be full—their pockets empty. This question of price is introduced incidentally in reference to the treatment of negroes. It has often been said to me that no one will ill use a creature worth $900 or $400, but that is *not a universal rule. Much depends on temper*, and many a hunting field could show that if value be a guarantee for good usage, the slave is more fortunate than his fellow chattel, the horse. If the growth of sugar cane, cotton and corn be the great end of man's mission on earth, and if all masters were like Governor Roman, slavery might be defended as a natural and innocuous institution. Sugar and cotton are, assuredly, two great agencies in this latter world. The other gin on well enough without them.

A PEEP INTO A SUGAR HOUSE.

The scraping of the fiddles attracted us to the sugar house, a large brick building with a factory looking chimney, where the juice of the cane is expressed, boiled, granulated and prepared for the refiner. In a space of the floor unencumbered by machinery some fifteen women and as many men were assembled, and four couples were dancing a kind of Irish jig to the music of the negro musicians—a double shuffle and a dumping sweep, with bent elbows, pendulous paws and ungainly knees, heads thrown back, and backs arched invariably gazed eye, intense solemnity of mien, worthy of the minuet in "Don Giovanni." At this time of year there is no work done in the sugar house, but when the crushing and boiling are going on the labor is fabulous, and all the hands work in gangs night and day; and, if the heat of the fires be superadded to the temperature in September, it may be conceived that nothing but involuntary servitude could go through the toil and suffering required to produce sugar for us. This is not the place for an account of the processes and machinery used in the manufacture, which is a scientific operation, greatly improved by recent discoveries and apparatus.

THE MORALS OF THE MARTIAL LAW.

In the afternoon the Governor's son came in from the company which he commands. He has been camping out with them, to accustom them to the duties of actual war, and he told me that all his men were most zealous and exceedingly proficient. They are all of the best families around—planters, large and small, their sons and relatives, and a few of the creole population, who are engaged as hoopers and stave makers. One of the latter had just stained his hands with blood. He had reason to believe a culpable intimacy existed between his wife and his foreman. A circumstance occurred which seemed to confirm the worst suspicions. He took out his flintlock, and, meeting the man, he shot him dead without uttering a word, and then delivered himself up to the authorities.

It is probable his punishment will be exceedingly light, as divorce suits and actions for damages are not in favor in this part of the world. Although the people are Roman Catholics, it is by no means unusual to permit relations within the degrees of consanguinity forbidden by the Church to intermarry, and the elastic nature of the rules which are laid down by the priesthood in that respect would greatly astonish the orthodox in Ireland or Bavaria.

A GENERAL ARMING.

The whole of the planters and their dependents along "the coast" are in arms. There is but one sentiment, as far I could see, among them, and that is, "We will never submit to the North." In the evening several officers of M. Alfred Roman's company and neighbors came in, and out under the shade of the trees, in the twilight, illuminated by the dashing *mollies*, politics were discussed—all on one side, of course, with general conversation of a more agreeable character. The customary language of the creoles is French, and several newspapers in French are published in the districts around us; but they speak English fluently.

RIDING OVER THE PLANTATION.

Next morning, early, the Governor was in the saddle and took me round to see his plantation. We rode through alleys formed by the tall stalks of the maize out to the wide, unbroken fields—hedgeless, unwalled, where the green cane was just learning to wave its long shoots in the wind. Along the margin in the distance there is an unbroken boundary of forest extending all along the swamp lands, and two miles in depth.

From the river to the forest there is about a mile and a half or more of land of the very highest quality—unfathomable, and producing from one to one and a half hogsheads an acre. Away in the midst of the crops were white looking masses, reminding me of sepoys and sowars as seen in Indian fields in the morning sun on many a march. As we rode towards them we overtook a cart with a large cask, a number of tin vessels, a bucket of molasses, a pail of milk, and a tub full of hominy or boiled Indian corn. The cask contained water for the use of the negroes, and the other vessels held the materials for their breakfast, in addition to which they generally have each a dried fish. The food looked ample and wholesome, such as any laboring man would be well content with every day. There were three gangs at work in the fields. One of men, with twenty mules and ploughs, was engaged in running through the furrows between the canes, cutting up the weeds and clearing away the grass, which is the enemy of the growing shoot. The mules are of a fine, large, good tempered kind, and understand their work almost as well as the drivers, who are usually the more intelligent hands on the plantation. The overseer, a sharp looking creole, on a lanky pony, whip in hand, superintended their labors, and after a few directions and a salutation to the Governor, rode off to another part of the farm. The negroes when spoken to saluted us and came forward to shake hands—a civility which must not be refused. With the exception of crying to their mules, however, they kept silence when at work. Another gang consisted of forty men, who were hoeing out the grass in Indian corn—easy work enough. The third gang was of thirty-six or thirty-seven women, who were engaged in hoeing out cane.

Their clothing seemed heavy for the climate, their shoes ponderous and all-made, so as to wear away the feet of their thick stockings. Coarse straw hats and bright cotton handkerchiefs protected their heads from the sun. The silence which I have already alluded to prevailed among these gangs also—not a sound could be heard but the blows of the hoe on the heavy clods. In the rear of each gang stood a black overseer, with a heavy-thonged whip over his shoulder. If Alcibiade or Pompey were called out he came with outstretched hand to ask "how do you do," and then returned to his labor; but the ladies were coy, and scarcely looked up from under their flapping *chapeaux de paille* at their visiters. These who are mothers leave their children in the charge of certain old women, unfit for anything else, and "suckers," as they are called, are permitted to go home to give the infants the breast at appointed periods in the day. I returned home *multa necum ridens*. After breakfast, in spite of a very fine sun, which was not unworthy of a January noon in Cawnpore, we drove forth to visit some planter friends of M. Roman, a few miles down the river. The levee road is dusty, but the gardens, white railings and neat houses of the planters looked fresh and clean enough. There is a great difference in the appearance of the slaves' quarters. Some are neat, others are dilapidated and mean. As a general rule, it might be said that the goodness of the cottages was in proportion to the breadth of the frontage of each plantation towards the river, which is a fair index to the size of the estate wherever the river bank is straight. The lines of the estates are drawn perpendicularly to the banks, so that the convexity or concavity of the bends determines the frontage of the plantation.

The absence of human beings in the fields and on the roads was remarkable. The gangs at work were hidden in the deep corn, and not a soul met us on the road for many miles except one planter in his gig. At one place we visited a very handsome garden, laid out with hothouses and conservatories, ponds full of magnificent Victoria Regia in flower, orange trees, and many tropical plants, native and foreign, date and other palms. The proprietor owns an extensive sugar refinery. We visited his factory and mills, but the heat from the boilers, which seem ed too much even for the all but naked negroes who were at work, did not tempt us to make a very long sojourn inside. The ebony faces and polished black backs of the slaves were streaming with perspiration as they toiled over boiler, vat and centrifugal driers. The good refiner was not gaining much at present, for sugar has been falling rapidly in New Orleans, and the 300,000 barrels produced annually in the South will fall short in the yield of profit, which on an average may be taken at £11 a hogshead, without counting the molasses for