THE SOUTH.

Reports of the Special Correspondents of the Herald.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN VIRGINIA.

Affairs in South Carolina and Alabama.

SCENES IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

VIRGINIA.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

The Labor Element of Virginia—Value of the Negro—The Importance of Retaining Him in the State—Disproportion of Laborers to the Extent of Soil—The White Cavaliers at the Plow—A Love of Labor Being Gradually Diffused.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 7, 1867.

Among other interesting subjects outside of politics, of which, indeed, there has been more of patient watchfulness than any attempt at active participation in by the people of this State, the question of agricultural labor engrosses considerable attention from the farmers and planters in Virginia. The sudden revulsion from forced or slave to that of voluntary and unfettered labor was well calculated to bewilder the two races whom it affected, and in fact, when a little reflection is bestowed upon the nature of the change, so abrupt and unprovided for as it was, it seems astounding how well and peaceably the result was accomplished. The negro has done better than his best well wishers might have anticipated, and his former white master has treated him with as much consideration as it was proper to expect. But is negro labor the only kind Virginia can ever hope to secure, and if that be affirmatively settled, to what extent do we find this labor diffused and how long is it likely to last? These questions, and others that suggest themselves in the same connection, are given consideration to by many thinking men of the State. It may be safely assumed that, for years to come, Virginia will have to depend upon the negro to perform field labor. European emigration cannot be diverted this way from the well worn channels that direct it to the West; and if for no other reason, the one simple fact is enough, that the negroes are so numerous here that white men cannot be induced to come among them. Farmers are conscious of this, and however much the project may be fostered of importing foreigners as mere laborers, those of any experience know well that the negro is, and must remain, the chief resource, unless the theory be realized that he is bound in the lapse of time to disappear from the arena of social industry and trouble the oratory of ambitious politicians no more.

However, one thing is generally conceded, that a black man makes a most valuable field hand; he has an aptitude for everything pertaining to agricultural operations, and being docile, tractable and affectionate, is managed easily by a trifling use of kindness. Farmers and planters appreciate the worth of the negro, and with them it has become a serious question "How shall we act so as to retain in our midst this valuable element of labor?" By conciliation and liberality, and by making it an object to educate and elevate the negroes, draw them nearer on a friendly level, and by moulding them into an intelligent and devoted peasantry the whites will do more towards neutralizing the noxious influence of radical demagogues, whose only skill seems to consist in disseminating incendiary teachings. To show the great disproportion of laborers to the extent of soil in Virginia, and the loss that would result from any further diminution of the number, a few statistics will suffice. The area of improved land in the State is 9,650,000 acres, and of unimproved 11,250,000. The number of male laborers between twelve and sixty years of age is 105 000, which leaves an apportionment of one laborer to every ninety acres of improved, or to every one hundred and ninety-seven of both improved and unimproved land. This clearly shows that Virginia needs more hands to till her soil, and can ill afford to spare a single one of what she has. But that many have left, and are still leaving, for more remunerative wages in Ohio and Pennsylvania, there is no doubt. Money was never so much needed in Virginia to carry on agricultural operations, while under the altered state of things the labor of the freedman must be paid for, and white men will certainly stay away from where no money is in circulation. In some counties farmers find it more convenient, if not economical, to give the negroes a share in the crops; but this plan is objected to by many, who say it fills their heads with fanciful ideas of extravagant profits that are never realized, and when these undue expectations are disappointed the negro is demoralized for work. However, where there is no money some such resource as this has to be adopted; and it is doubtful if it be not the most satisfactory under the circumstances. Many of the large tobacco planters have brought the matter of employing labor on a methodical business system. Board and lodging are furnished on the plantation to the hands, and at certain stated times they receive their wages, from which the cost of subsistence is regularly deducted. The large planters see the necessity of not alone dealing justly and liberally with the negro, but also of placing within his reach the means of education; and I doubt not the theory will hold good, as well with the black as with the white man that education will make him a more efficient and reliable member of society. As labor has become the common lot of all since slavery has disappeared, and as the great resources of this State have at last received recognition from its people, the young men of Virginia whose lives before the war were spent in ease and idleness, are applying themselves to the task of repairing their wasted estates and developing the riches of the soil.

Many a gallant cavalier with hands unused to toil may now be seen at the plow handle or the hoe, and the example thus set is being extensively imitated. Virginians are fast becoming a practical people. Politics are left aside for the discussion of mining or agriculture, and the classic lore of colleges is discarded for the science of husbandry. In this way it is thought the youth of the State will work out the material destiny of Virginia and place her foremost among the prosperous and progressive states of the Union.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

The Removal of General Sickles—Diversity of Opinions as to the Policy—Favorable Impression Made by General Canby—Registration—A Daily Radical Paper to be Established—The Crops Better than were Expected.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 7, 1867.

General Sickles took his departure for New York on board the steamship Manhattan to-day. A large crowd, composed mostly of negroes, assembled on the wharf to give him a parting salute, and, as the steamer moved off, gave the retiring commander three times three cheers. A banquet was given to the General, by his former staff officers, at the Mills House, Friday night. The mass of citizens have exhibited the utmost indifference to the change of commanders. In fact, no military commander, whatever his disposition, can expect popularity under present circumstances. The majority throughout the State were grateful to the General for his issue of Order No. 10, affording relief from the grasping creditor; but in the city this was more than counterbalanced by the hatred of Order No. 32, closing restaurants and barrooms, depriving a large body of citizens of their only means of living and the City Treasury of its chief source of income in the issue of tavern licenses.

The Sisters of Mercy, and the poor of the city generally, by the removal of General Sickles lose one of their warmest and best friends. The general was especially kind to the orphans under the charge of the former. His parting interview with the Sisters and the orphan children is said to have been truly affecting. By the extreme wing of the radicals here he was denounced for yielding too much to Governor Orr and his "no party party;" by others for too much leaning to the side of the radicals, and by the envious for driving his dashing coach and four and holding his head too high. The *Mercury* looks to the political effect, and hopes from the recent action of the President an opportunity will now offer of fairly testing the constitutionality of the reconstruction measures of Congress. On the other hand a large and respectable class of citizens are thoroughly disgusted with the present state of affairs and President Johnson's policy. His interference at this late day they regard as an affliction which will only embitter the party in power and originate confiscation or worse.

I learn that on his arrival in New York General Sickles will demand a court of inquiry to settle what appears to be a question of veracity between him and President Johnson. The former denies that he has ever disobeyed an order from the latter, as appears to be charged in the recent published orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

General Canby's modest bearing and plain soldier like appearance has created a very favorable impression. He rides to and from the citadel to the Mills House in the street cars, and is extremely affable and sociable in his demeanor and intercourse with the citizens.

Registration is progressing quietly, the blacks in the city having kept up this far a majority of a little over two thousand.

The radicals are making strenuous efforts to establish a daily paper in the interests of their party. They have appointed a committee of fifteen to canvass the State and also to make an appeal to the party North.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the caterpillar on some of the Sea Island plantations, the cotton crop throughout the State promises to be much larger than was generally expected.

ALABAMA.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

The Whites Determined to Physic Radicalism with Negro Officials—Colored Men Running for Office—The Anti-Reconstruction Party—Sketches of Its Leaders.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 4, 1867.

Conversing to-day with a former large slaveowner, who opposes reconstruction under the military bills, he contended that the white minority of the South should esteem it their duty to give the most unquestionable proof of their submission to the new order of things by giving their humble votes to the embodiment of Union principles and of the revolution which is now going on at the South and must yet reach the North also—the black man. He contended that there are enough of this class—natives of Alabama or of contiguous States—men of unquestioned African descent, some of them well educated, intelligent and shrewd men, who, whether they be radicals or republicans, or not, have a life interest in the happiness and prosperity of Alabama, who will not be apt, after their pockets are filled, to glide away to build their homes among the rocks of New England. Even the natives of New England, he said, are not always "loyal;" but by supporting loyal black men for office we will not only be on the safe side as to "obstruction," but will keep all the power, official patronage and the profits made from our heavy taxation.

The republicans do not favor the election of blacks to offices which they are incompetent to fill on account of lack of education and acquaintance with public affairs, and as a general thing the blacks are not pressing their claims for such positions; but a number of conservatives declare that if they must choose between white and black radicals, they infinitely prefer the latter. Consequently they advocate the election of blacks as members of Congress, in order that the radicals may reap the reward of their humiliation of the South by the enactment of negro suffrage. In Perry county, where the blacks outnumber the whites four to one, an old and respectable colored man, named Lennox Calhoun, is a candidate for the Reconstruction State Convention, on the basis of impartial suffrage and universal amnesty and the restoration of harmonious relations between the white and black races. The conservative papers in the county oppose a convention, but say if there must be one they greatly prefer Lennox Calhoun as a delegate to any of the republican nominees. The republicans charge that Calhoun has been brought up by the anti-reconstructionists.

The number of United States bondholders is estimated at less than half a million. This is somewhere about the number of slaveowners before the war. Eventually the negro vote will be added to the labor vote in other sections of the Union. The same appeal that has been successfully made against the few who hold property in slaves will probably be made against the few who hold property in the public debt. There is not a disposition in the majority to confiscate the property of the minority; but the tax laid on labor to pay capital will organize the former interest to protect itself by a readjustment of the public burdens. It is in this sense that the colored power will make itself manifest. A short time will satisfy that power of the extent to which its political and social rights are to be established. These issues will then pass away, and will be succeeded by others in which the interests of the negro laborers will be involved. These interests are identical in a great measure with those of the whites among whom he resides. The two races can harmonize on this subject. The negro nominee may be a radical, but he will vote to reduce the tax on cotton and other articles of home production. He will favor the payment of the public debt and interest in greenbacks, and will prefer to impose the federal tax on vested capital. The end of this revolution in suffrage is not yet. Before the war the negro representative power was in the hands of the capitalist, his master. Then it was directed for the preservation of the capital interest, and so practically sided with the capital interest elsewhere. Now that power is nearly doubled in its suffrage ratio, and is directed by itself—that is, by the labor interest. It is a newly developed power, and when the philanthropist has done with it practical men will assign it a permanent place in the politics of the nation. What that will be I have indicated. With the identity of interest between the white and colored voters, it is highly possible that the first proposal to remove the disabilities of franchise will come from those who need the white suffrage of the South to aid in relieving the labor interest of a taxation equally oppressive to black and white.

As the blacks become acquainted with the subject, they oppose taxation of all kinds. They oppose the cotton tax because at last it all comes out of the sweat of their brow and the labor of their hands. They oppose the revenue tax on spirits and many other articles, of which they are large consumers. They declare in favor of the repeal of the State poll tax, and "establishing, as a rule, that the tax paid by every man shall be exactly in proportion to the value of his property, and none other." It is very much to be doubted whether the blacks can be bribed by the promise of forty acres of confiscated broom straw to renounce their right to review the federal tax laws, so obnoxious to the laboring interest. It is contended, therefore, that as soon as the blacks clearly understand the subject of national taxation, the enormous bonded debt, the bonus paid to the national banks, &c., they will advocate the repudiation of the bonds in the hands of capitalists in order to get rid of the onerous burden of federal taxation on their productive industry.

The following calculation shows how the cotton tax operates against the interests of the freedmen. A farmer has a plantation on which, with fifty hands, he makes two hundred bales of cotton of five hundred pounds each, equal to one hundred thousand pounds cotton, and give his hands one-fourth of the crop after paying expenses. The tax on the crop at two and one-half cents a pound would be $2,500, to meet which requires ten thousand pounds of cotton at twenty-five cents a pound. But the fifty hands doing the labor, and of course paying the entire tax, each pay fifty dollars towards the support of the national government and the factoring of New England cotton manufactories.

Among the strongest advocates on the stump of the anti-reconstruction policy is Mr. Michael J. Bulger, of Tallapoosa county. Previous to the late war, Mr. Bulger was a member of the State Legislature for a considerable period. He was always a democrat, and strongly advocated Mr. Douglas' claims to the Presidency in 1860. He was elected as a co-operative Union delegate to the State Convention of 1861, and in that body opposed the passage of the ordinance of secession, and refused to sign it. He, however, declared, on its passage, "that if an attempt was made to invade the State, although he was advanced beyond the ordinary age of a soldier, he would seek some humble position in the army of defence, where he could render some service in support of the rights, interests and honor of his country. In 1862 Mr. Bulger raised a regiment (the Forty-seventh Alabama) for the Confederate army, and was made its colonel. He was distinguished for courage and endurance, participated in some of the severest struggles of the war, was several times dangerously wounded, shot through the body at Gettysburg and left on the field, remained in federal prisons for some time and recovered. He was a Senator of the last State Legislature, to which position he was elected without opposition, and voted against the constitutional amendment. He was a candidate for Governor of the State in 1865 against Governor Patton and Mr. William R. Smith (formerly a member of the United States House of Representatives), and received about 15,300 votes, Mr. Patton beating both his opponents over four thousand votes. Mr. Bulger is men of considerable force of character, possessing a strong, combative Andrew Jackson way of facing difficulties, is a forcible debater, and exerts considerable influence in the hill or large white voting counties. He may be regarded as one of the most influential and prominent opponents of reconstruction in the State, having mixed more with and being better known to the people in those sections of the State where the anti-reconstruction vote will be greater than either General Clanton or Mr. John Forsyth.

General Clanton, who, it will be remembered, replied to Senator Wilson in this city, was a brigadier general of cavalry in the Confederate army. He is a lawyer by profession, and distinguished for his zeal in advocating the cause of his clients. He was an old line whig of the Henry Clay school, and endorsed Mr. Clay's celebrated emancipation letter. Mr. Clanton advocated the election of Bell and Everett in 1860, and was opposed to secession. He is the acknowledged leader of the anti-reconstruction movement, and an orator of considerable ability.

Mr. John Forsyth, editor of the Mobile *Advertiser and Register*, is one of the ablest opponents of reconstruction in the State, and is more widely known than the other gentlemen who are prominently connected with the anti-reconstruction movement. Previous to the war he was a member of the State Legislature for several sessions. He was Minister to Mexico under Mr. Buchanan. Resigning that position, in consequence of some disagreement with the President, he came home and enlisted earnestly in the advocacy of Mr. Douglas' claims to the Presidency, and never wavered in his support of that gentleman. He served during a part of the war on the staff of General Bragg, and his paper rendered more service in upholding the Southern cause than any other journal outside of Richmond. He wields a trenchant pen, is well versed in political history and diplomacy, and, if perhaps one or two exceptions are made, he may be said to possess the "brains" of the anti-reconstruction party.

The ablest orator in the conservative party in this State is Mr. William H. Barnes, of Chambers county. Mr. Barnes was an old line Union whig, and a Bell elector in 1860. He was a secession member of the secession convention of 1861. He was a member of the Legislature during the period embraced by the war, and during the sessions of 1865 and 1866 was chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and acknowledged as the first debater in the Assembly. His oratory is very much after the style of that of the late William L. Yancey. Few men can be found in the State or in the South who equal him in compressing the same amount of solid logic within a given number of words. He seldom calls to his aid the mere flowers of rhetoric, and never attempts declamatory flights of fancy. As a stump orator, his solid, compact logic and aptness for keen repartee render him one of the most formidable men in the State. He is a native of Georgia, forty-two years of age, and has a more massive Websterian head and imposing physique than any prominent politician in the State.

TEXAS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Sights and Scenes in San Antonio—Mexican Cock Fighting on Sunday—Visit to the Old Catholic Missions in San Antonio Valley and Description of Them—Monte Banks and Colt's Revolver Trumps—A Spanish Fandango in Full and Resplendent Blaze of Glory—Sources of the San Pedro and San Antonio Rivers—The Original Burial Place of General Worth—Moonlight Picnic—A Tooth and Other Bones of a Mastodon Found Near San Antonio—Club Rooms of the City—Indian Depredations and Anticipated Trouble in the Future—A Blatant Rebel Yielding to the Moral Suasion of a Six Shooter—The Removal of General Sheridan—Ujchazy, Ex-Governor of Buda.

SAN ANTONIO, August 23, 1867.

My recent letter from this place, though I intended it as final at the time, and for that reason extended it to the length I did, was by no means exhaustive of the town and its surroundings. As amid the statues and pictures and ruins of Rome the artist feels a deep and absorbing interest growing up within him, as its narrow and crooked streets and ancient churches and the grand old structures of the old days of the Republic and its palaces and hovels open daily new fields of wonder, as the Flavius Tiberius, the river of classic story, and the Appian Way, as widely famed in legendary lore, take now and a stronger hold on his heart and imagination, so this quaint old city and its mongrel population and queer streets, and queer houses, and queer bridges, and cock fights, and mountebanks, and fandangos, present a field for observation and study that, if not exciting the entire homage of the soul, at least for a time dispels weariness and lassitude in the exploration of their deeply marked and curious phases. Two circumstances have combined to prolong my stay longer than I intended, and I am taking advantage of this delay to write this latter description of some of the scenes and places where, as a true and faithful "chiel," I have been "taking notes" meanwhile. First, I booked myself in the stage for Austin just a week ago, but as I went to take my seat, found five seats occupied by this number of stout, very black, very oleaginous and very shiny looking negro soldiers and one of like stalwart build, ebony hue and greasy, epidermic sheen, seated by the driver. I did not go in that stage. Next there came a rain storm, swelling the Colorado several feet above its usual height and interrupting stage travel, and I have not been able to take the stage since. And now to my notes of intermediate sight seeing, which I should not have taken or had occasion to write out had it not been for the two circumstances described.

Not a grand moral spectacle, and particularly on Sunday, is a cock fight, but to visit the cock fight amphitheatre just beyond what is called Mexico, the name given to that part of the city lying across the San Pedro from its being inhabited exclusively by Mexicans, was set down in the programme of last Sunday afternoon. Two carriage loads went from the hotel. It was an intensely hot day. The hot glare of the sun and the plaza fronting the hotel and the walls of the limestone houses did not invite to the excursion and the very quietude of the air proclaimed against such sacrilegious infringement of the day. But it will be remembered this cock fighting is a Sunday institution, and as sight seeing was our object, if we did not see it now, we might not see it all. And again the fighting would go on whether we were there or not, so these whisperings of opposing conscience availed not, and if a remorseful thought did cross any mind, it was quickly banished by a preliminary round of drinks, replenishing our pocket flasks of whiskey, laying in a good supply of segars and the excitement of the ride as we went whirling over the main bridge crossing the San Antonio, and thence on through main street, made our way across the main and military plazas, and after that going over the San Pedro and through Mexico, took a detour to the left for half a mile to our place of destination. The thoroughfare through which we made our way was lined with people bound to the same locality—tawny Mexicans, wearing immense sombreros and smoking corn husk cigarettos, and broad shouldered Mexican women and young Mexican girls, wearing the inevitable shawl over their heads despite the broiling sun. Many of these senoritas are quite pretty, their features regular, and splendidly dark, languishing eyes. The absence of hoops showed off to advantage their charmingly lithe and yet inviting robustness and roundness of figure. All were dressed in their Sunday clothes, or more properly speaking, their clothes were clean. Some of the young Mexicans were clothes, gorgeously decorated with gilt buttons, extending down the outside seams, and nearly all, though on foot, wore Mexican spurs, which kept up a lively, clanking jingle as they walked. The shawls of some of the women were most elaborately embroidered, showing most skilful taste in this branch of feminine industry. The road was all alive with their laughter and conversation, the latter carried on wholly in the Spanish patois prevailing here. At intervals we saw among the crowd gamecocks, running sign boards that we were on the right road, the champions and victims of the coming contests. As we descended from our carriages and advanced to the amphitheatre, seats were most obligingly vacated for our accommodation. Spaciousness or elegance forms no feature of this cockpit. It has this extent and no more—a circular area some twenty-five feet in diameter, enclosed by a rough board fence two feet high, and outside of this rude wooden benches, without backs, for seats. The enclosure is sacred to the cocks, pitters, stake holders and umpires. Over all, as a protection against the blazing sun, is a booth of mezquita branches. Adjacent are two Mexican hots, having booths in front, and underneath them tables and benches. Here are furnished Mexican dishes and drinks, done up in the most approved style, to those who like them. I might write a column and more of the cock fights which shortly began and lasted till sundown, but even giving the bare skeleton will leave it to the reader's imagination to fill up the picture. Everybody seemed to know every cock, their pedigree and fighting qualities, and nearly all put up stakes on their favorites, varying from ten cents to as many dollars. To keep an eye on the varying progress of the fight, the large crowd of those standing up kept rushing back and forth in frantic segments of circles seeking by encouraging words and signs to cheer on to victory their favorites. It was a Babel confusion on a small scale, and far more exciting. When victory was declared the excitement knew no bounds. Next to the luxury of seeing a cock fight, the highest luxury to a Mexican is to win his bet. I have seldom seen a more excitable crowd than during the progress of one of those fights, and I certainly have seen far tamer pictures than their easy attitudes and picturesque groupings in the intervals of the fighting. Some of the cocks were fought with slashes, a razor-like blade, two and a half inches long and sharp as a razor, and some with their own spurs. These slashes are a monstrosity of cruelty. A good hit with one in a vital part is sure death. In the second fight the two cocks made one mutual dash, gave a mutual thrust with their slashes and both fell dead. This, of course, was a draw. One fight with spurs lasted one hour and thirty-five minutes, and at the last final blow each killed the other, making this likewise a draw. Seventeen fights were fought altogether, and of the contestants twenty-one died on the field, bathed in glory and blood. I had never seen cock fighting before, and I do not care to see a repetition of this Sunday's scene.

As soon should one visit the British metropolis without seeing the Tower of London or Westminster Abbey, or go to Stratford-on-Avon without looking at the tomb of Shakspeare, or make a month's sojourn in the gay French capital without a stroll along the Boulevards or on the Champs Elysées as come to San Antonio and not visit the old Missions. As I stated in my last letter, there are twelve of these old churches in the San Antonio valley, some of them are two hundred years old, and all but three at present are merest piles of irremediable ruins. There were two carriage loads, besides one of Uncle Samuel's four horse ambulances making up the party of visitors. The excursion was gotten up for the benefit of several army officers just ordered here and newly arrived, and though I say it, who perhaps should not, for my gratification as well. The officers to whom I refer are—Major Burbank, the new post paymaster; Captain Porter, the new depot quartermaster; Lieutenant Garretson, of General Griffin's staff; Major Smith, Lieutenant Wolf and Surgeon Jackson. Major Moses, not now of the army, but who will be rembered as the adjutant General of the Third corps during the war, and who came on from Galveston to buy the Confederate tannery, was also one of the party. The rest was made up of officers who have long been on duty here, Colonel Lee, Post Quartermaster, was the pioneer and caterer of the expedition, and his talents, that shine so excellently well in his special line of duty, gave out a very brilliant lustre on this occasion. Our trip embraced a visit to three missions, the Conception, San Jose and San Juan, making a ride altogether of some twenty miles, and with the cool and delicious breeze with which we were sedden early favored and the lively sparkle of wit and gayety that pervaded the party, to say nothing of intermediate champagne on ice, buffalo tongue sandwiches, and all that, was a most enjoyable one. Antiquarians in search of advanced stages of dilapidation, to whom crumbling archways, moss-covered roofs and the whirring of bats and scampering of mice are rich food for thought, will find in these missions a choice variety of that peculiar pabulum they so delightedly affect. A composite order of architecture, but looking more like the old Moorish castles of Spain than anything else, is their predominant characteristic. They were pretentious edifices in their time, and even yet, with their massive walls, grained ceilings, lofty arches and turreted towers, look imposingly grand and, what is more, vary but little from modern notions of church building and comfort. The Conception, which is still used as a church, although built in 1734, from the pains that has been taken to put it in repair, is in a good state of preservation, and with the same care continued bids fair to last a century or two longer. All the paraphernalia of modern Catholic churches—statuettes of Christ on the cross, the Virgin Mary and the saints, scriptural paintings (mere daubs, though, and none originals from the old masters), vases of flowers, candlesticks with wax candles, an elevated pulpit, a confessional in one corner, a baptismal font and place for depositing contributions—are to be seen. An old priest of very monkish dress and look, but with benevolence beaming broadcast from every lineament of his ruddy countenance, acted as our guide and showed us about with great seeming cheerfulness—a cheerfulness, no doubt, intensified by the liberal deposits cast into the contribution box. San Jose is put down at two hundred and fifty-four years old, connecting with the main church edifice are the foundation walls of a Jesuitical college laid long years ago. A Mexican and his family occupy a wing of the establishment. The *pater familias* was our chaperon, and it was amusing to witness his astonishment on looking from one of the towers at San Antonio through a spyglass which one of our party brought along, and finding the city at his feet, as he expressed it. There is a good deal of old splendor about this place yet—

Deserted rooms of luxury and state
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnished.

Over the altar are three old paintings, that as far as appearances go may have been painted as far back as Ferdinand and Isabella's time. The carvings and panelings of the doors are delicately elaborate, and so are the cappings, cornices, pilasters and arches. You examine them as you would antique relics, while the life size statues on either side and also the main entrance carry one back to the mediæval ages. Nothing that time has destroyed has been replaced for years. Moss and flowers grow on the roof. Only half the very bell remains. Ruin and decay stare one in the face on every side most forcibly at San Juan. Here scorpions, lizards, bats and spiders are the sole occupants. We did not stay here long. With keen appetites for a lunch there was no time for moralizing. We had been enjoying the bare and unsatisfactory interest of living in the past. We now came down to the tangible present with a satisfactory bound. Long in the recollection of all of us will live the memory of our lunch on the mossy banks of the blue San Antonio, and the speeches and toasts and songs that kept us lingering, loth to part, until the last rays of the setting sun were touching with golden beauty the solitary spire of the San Juan.

Monte banks and fandangos, the sources of the San Antonio and San Pedro rivers, and a moonlight picnic, may not seem to have much connection, but for all that I shall affiliate them in one paragraph. Playing at monte used to be much more of an institution here than it is now, but to one not inordinately curious on the subject there is enough of it at present. There are several of these places in the city and they are all called monte banks, though faro, roulette and other games of cards and chance are played in them. I visited two and found both well patronized and doubloons and Mexican dollars changing hands with marked activity. That hardened, cast iron, grasping group of faces to be seen at all gambling is to be seen here, with the same intermingling of smiles and frowns according as fortune is favorable or adverse. For the players there are free drinks, and that serious difficulties are of common occurrence is not to be wondered at. A little scene at the second place I visited convinced me that I had carried my sight-seeing in this specialty far enough. A dispute arose between the dealer and one of the betters as to the turn of a card, one claiming that it was fair and the other that it was not, when the latter suddenly out with a six-shooter and blazed away at the game keeper, making a clean hole through his body. I am frank to confess that I did not tarry for results. I subsequently learned that the man shot is in a fair way to die, and that the one shooting him is in a fair way to go unwhipped of justice, he having immediately made good his escape and not having been seen since. As usual, there was no policeman in the neighborhood, and no one else dared undertake to detain him, as it was known he was a desperate case, and would doubtless kill any one attempting it. Women deal at some of these games, and are also heavy betters. Fandangos are now very frequent now on account of the hot weather, but I had the good fortune to strike on one. So dimly lighted was the room, so dusky hued the Mexican men and women, and so indescribably villainous the drink dispensed from the bar, that it seemed to me a base imitation of Pete Williams' old place in the Sixth ward. But the music was good and the dancing lively and animated, and after the usual style of this class of Terpsichorean entertainments. My ambitious pursuit for information was perfectly satisfied, however, in half an hour. Mexican lungs may breathe with impunity such close air, and the Mexicans' power of endurance cope successfully with the heat of the room and exercise, but I had too much regard for my breathing apparatus and dread of syncope to put myself any farther to the test. The Mexicans, notwithstanding their natural indolence, go mad when a dance is on the *tapis*—at least, so my half hour looking on convinced me; but how they can stand it to dance several consecutive mortal hours, with the thermometer at ninety degrees Fahrenheit, is above my comprehension. I had much rather hereafter be "a toker on in Venice." The sources of the San Pedro and San Antonio rivers, as is well known, are near the city—that of the former being about a mile and a half from town, and the latter three miles distant. The head waters of the San Pedro are under a huge rock, and come bubbling from the fountain head as clear as crystal. A very substantial German has built a summer resort here, with a good dancing room and tables for beer. Here the German population are very much given to spending their Sundays, there being no Sunday law here to restrain them from keeping up the old habits of spending the day contracted in Fatherland. There is a large and beautiful grove near, which greatly add to the attractiveness of the place. A great curiosity to me was a century plant which was in bloom a few months ago. The main stem grew fourteen feet in six weeks, and when in full bloom had on it thirteen hundred and twenty-six flowers. I will not undertake to describe the beautiful cove where the San Antonio takes its rise, and the perfect charms of the water gushing forth from its cavernous depths into a flowing and impetuous river. It is in a precipitous bank, and directly under a tree shooting out from the bank, so that one can stand on the tree and look into the cave beneath. The sides of the cave glisten with silver, amber, purple, topaz turquois and every imaginable color of the precious stones—the palace bower, as one would fancy it, of nymphs, naiads and sea goddesses. Had a smiling sea nymph—and who ever knew them to do otherwise than smile on mortal?—come forth with golden locks and bearing in her hand a golden goblet, said to me "drink, mortal, of this fountain of youth and beauty," I know I should have drank it in full faith, and, wiser than Narcissus, made straightway for a looking glass and a tailor. On the bank and only a low steps distant, under the shadow of a pecan tree, peacefully reposes, in that "sleep that knows no waking," the infant daughter of General Worth. Only the name "Minnie" and date of birth and death appear on the monument placed over the remains—a broken pyramidal shaft, with a recumbent lamb on top, beautifully emblematic of childhood and innocence. The remains of General Worth, who, it will be remembered, died here in 1849, while in command of the military post at this place, after resting here for years, were removed to New York and over them erected the splendid monument at the junction of Fifth avenue and Broadway. Careth he little for that monument, and could no care to the din and turmoil, and pride and wretchedness, and grasping selfishness and avarice of a great city, he would, I know, have preferred to have been left here, his only monument these grand trees and the overarched sky, and his perpetual requiem the carol of birds, the murmurings of the breeze and the music of these waters. As I have referred to the moonlight picnic, I will prolong the reference by a few lines. It was a magnificent affair, got up by the army officers and largely participated in by their wives and lady acquaintances, and by other gentlemen and their wives and lady acquaintances of the city. The scene of the picnic was five miles out of town, and reached by carriages. Such brilliant moonlight, such lovely evening air, with no danger of cold or chills, such a collation, such an abundance of champagne, and such a good time generally, are not among the describable things. When youth and beauty meet—and so on to the end of any amount of quoted poetry.

Cutting one's eyeteeth is an infantile physical occurrence quite general, and an adolescent educational experience not unfrequent; but seeing the veritable tooth of a mastodon is not an every day event. I had this last pleasure on visiting the hospital of Dr. Sharp, post surgeon. It was found a few miles out of town, embedded several feet in the earth. Some other bones, including part of a rib, were found in the vicinity. This tooth weighs ten pounds and is thirteen inches long with a base seven inches in length by four wide. The enamel is in a fine state of preservation. The size of the tooth and its peculiar construction are certain evidence of its having belonged to a mastodon. The doctor has the thirteenth well authenticated skull of David Crockett, killed at the Alamo.

During my stay I have visited the club rooms of the city. There are two clubs, one the exclusive members of which are Germans, called the Casino, and the other made up almost entirely of the older residents, known as the Commercial Club. The Germans have occasional theatrical entertainments at their place, dances every Saturday evening, and continual billiards, bagatelle and lager beer. Colonel Stockton, a graduate of West Point and twelve years in the United States army before the war, but during the war in the Confederate service, introduced me to the latter club. He said I would find the members Confederates still, but gentlemen for all that. Their political learnings were not developed in their conversation, but I certainly found them gentlemen. They have a billiard table here, facilities for drinking and lunch, and on the tables are to be found nearly all the leading newspapers and magazines in the country.

Every day or so brings in accounts of Indian depredations. Some Indians are reported as having been seen within seven miles of the city. Colonel McLean, who was educated at West Point, but lacked a week of graduation on account of being expelled for some misdemeanor, is said to be at the head of them, and it is also rumored that Quantrell and Dick Taylor are with them on the war path. The rumor of disaster to the troops at Buffalo Springs is now authoritatively denied by late positive advices from them. It is the confident expectation and belief that there will be a good deal of trouble within the next few months along the Texan frontier, unless the garrisons at the different posts are materially strengthened and the number of posts increased.

A very summary and judicious way of treating with rebels came under my observation to-day. Stepping into a drinking saloon with Major Smith, on duty at Fort Seguin, but temporarily here on official business, one of three men, who were drinking, seeing the Major, and doubtless knowing him, offered as a toast, "Here's to the United States flag—may she trail in the dust; and here's to all Yankees serving under it—may they bite the dust."

"Do you know me and who you are insulting?" asked the Major. "I am a United States officer."

"Well, who cares a damn who you are," still more insultingly the man responded.

"I'll see whether you care a damn," said the Major, pulling out his revolver and giving the man an opportunity to look into the muzzle of it. "Hand over that six-shooter of yours and go with me."

The man was completely cowed down, and with lamb like submission, but companions making no show of coming to his rescue, handed over his pistol and was taken to the guardhouse, where he is now, doubtless firmly seated on the stool of repentance.

The removal of General Sheridan causes here no surprise. It has been an event too long foreshadowed. Of course, while some regret his deposition, others are greatly jubilant. One of the city papers, for instance, headed its article on the subject "Removal of the Great Remover." The appointment of General Thomas to the command of the District is eminently gratifying to the radical element, for it is believed he will essentially carry out the line of policy adopted by General Sheridan, and even if he does not do this fully, there is the utmost confidence in his comprehension, loyalty, broad and impartial judgment and high abilities and purpose to administer justly the trust reposed in him. Thus far I have heard but little expression of opinion from the rebel side. It is well known they have long hated General Sheridan with an intensity too deep for utterance. In their view any change of commanders could not be otherwise than for the best. As it is, they are holding back their views regarding General Thomas until after he shall get the reins of power in his hands and do something positively pleasing or displeasing.

Ujchazy, who was Governor of Buda during the rebellion under Kossuth, and who came with Kossuth to this country, is now living in quiet retirement on a farm a few miles out of the city. A little farther away Mr. Kendall, the veteran editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, is sheep raising. He is said to have one of the largest and finest flocks of sheep in the State.

ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Bill to Provide for Vacancy in the Presidency or Vice Presidency—Proposed Removal of the Capital—Anxiety in Buenos Ayres as to the Result of Caxias' Strategy—No Battle Fought Yet.

BUENOS AYRES, July 14, 1867.

At the last mail from the city the Vice President Doctor Don Marcos Paz had just resigned and the Republic was in trouble as to his successor. Various statesmen were named and it seemed impossible to avoid trouble in the future, with any change whatever. The two houses of Congress in joint session refused to accept the resignation, and Doctor Paz was urged to withdraw it. This he did greatly to the relief of many.

A bill has since passed both houses making the president of the Senate and speaker of the house in their order, ex officio, Vice President and if need be President. This will prevent any sudden election from disturbing affairs as well nigh happened last week.

A project is now before Congress for the removal of the national capital from this city to Rosario. This is a city on the river Paraná, about ninety leagues above Buenos Ayres, and contains now about 15,000 inhabitants. It is not intended to remove for two years.

From the seat of war we have dates up to the 5th of July. The preparations were all made for a removal or an advance. Ammunition was given out to each soldier, sutlers had their goods packed up, draught oxen were taken to the camp and every sign of progress, or at least of change, could be seen. All the wounded and sick have been removed and new beds provided at the front. The fleet will proceed at all hazard to bombard the fort of Humaitá so as to divert attention. Balloons are used to reconnoitre, and they reveal a battery very near the allies at an unexpected point, endangering even the tent of the commander-in-chief. A regiment of wild Indians from the Chaco has just been added to the allies, having received arms, clothing and horses; but what they will do with these things remains to be seen.

The combined plan of Marshal Caxias is the following:—The Argentines cross into the Gran Chaco and march round till they get above Humaitá. The iron-clads, without firing a shot, push up to Humaitá, cut the chains across the river, and ferry over the Argentines from the Chaco to Paraguayan territory. The Brazilians march off to the right of the Tuyuty lines in the direction taken by Flores on the day of Curupaity; and the Third imperial army corps under Osorio will cross the Paraná at Itapiru and overtake Caxias. The only forces left to defend the camp of Tuyuty will be a body of five thousand Brazilians and one thousand Argentines, whose flank will be protected by the wooden gunboats. In this way we shall take Lopez in flank, divide his forces and certainly annihilate his army. The Argentines have already begun crossing into the Gran Chaco.

The real news of the splitting up of the allied army, the march of the Argentines into the Chaco and the advance of Caxias on the Paraná has caused a profound impression and much apprehension.

There was a report yesterday that a great battle had been fought and the allies were victorious. The newspapers going by this mail may so report. It is not true. A battle is imminent, but to occur.

Quiet is not yet fully restored in the provinces.

The expulsion of Dr. O'Camino, a member of Congress from the Province of Entre Rios, has produced a powerful excitement in Paraná, his residence. It adds another to the complications of the present state of things.

The newspapers may give you a report of a revolution in Cordoba. It was not a revolution, but an effort to release a large number of political prisoners by violence. Some eight or ten were killed and some prisoners escaped, but the ringleaders from within were shot in the fray, and the chief man from without was arrested. There is a report that the two chief leaders of revolutions in the interior are in Chile, and have fallen out so as to benefit the world by mutual destruction. Says the *Standard* of July 13:—Some travellers from Chile have brought the news of a terrible duel fought or about to be fought between Saa and Videla. If both parties fall in the encounter, the Argentine Republic have little cause to bewail the result.

General Goyo Suarez and his three Colonels, arrested for complicity in the gunpowder