EUROPE.

Election Prospects in France---Imperialism and Socialism.

North German, Italian and Austrian Royal Visits to the Sultan.

Magnificent Reception of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

American Honor to the Pope and English Review of the Church Councils.

By mail from Europe we have the following varied and highly interesting special correspondence in detail of our Atlantic cable telegrams to the 9th of November.

FRANCE.

Elections in Paris—The Situation—Prospect of the Contest—Attitude of the Government—The Candidates—Rochefort's Return—Socialism Rampant—Meetings and Electioneering.

PARIS, Nov. 6, 1869.

Paris is in the turmoil of another election. Four of the Deputies elected to the Corps Législatif from the first, third, fourth and eighth districts of this city were at the same time elected in four of the rural districts. They chose, or "opted," to represent their rural constituents being thoroughly convinced that the vacant seats thus created in Paris would inevitably be filled by candidates of their own party, whom the opposition has long been eager to bring forward. In consequence of this option the government has convoked the electors in the several districts mentioned for the 21st and 22d inst., and the new Deputies are to be chosen on those dates just in time to take their places in the Legislature which meets on the 29th. In view of these facts, and of the immense changes that have occurred in various ways throughout the empire since the general elections in May and the Emperor's message in July, politics, candidates, electors and newspapers are just now all huddled into one pot, a seething cauldron at that. Nothing else is thought, talked or heard of save "the elections." War with Prussia and the mighty Bismarck, Father Hyacinthe and the Ecumenical Council, Spain and the coming King from Genoa, even that favorite topic, the Emperor's health, are all cast into the background by the incessant bustle and uproar made over the elections. To speak truth, this is not all merely owing to the fussiness of the candidates and aspirants on the scenes. The entire French public regard the pending elections with an eager and unusually significant eye. There is no doubt but that public opinion in the rural regions, as well as in the capital, has undergone a rapid change since the late grants made from the throne. It has been rendered more bold and exacting than it has ever dared to be before under the second empire, and this boldness and exaction has been entirely inspired by the press, particularly by the metropolitan press, which, as a matter of course, wields the cleverest pens to be found in French journalism. Exciting philippics and pungent diatribes have not been lacking in its columns to stir up the population to its lowest depths.

To exhibit the change thus brought about, let me, employing the party terms current here, remark only this:—In May the opposition candidates were called "irreconcilables," and their electors were dubbed "liberal;" in November the same candidates are styled the "unoathed" (all who refuse to take any oath of allegiance to the Emperor and his dynasty), while the electors have become "irreconcilables." In May Messrs. Gambetta, Bancel, Ernest Picard and Jules Simon, in the four districts from which they now retire, received 99,310 votes; the government or official candidates received only 31,805 votes. As things now stand, the system of official candidacies having been abandoned, the government has put up no candidates, for it is conceded by the official sheets that it could not draw off 500 votes from the "unoathed" and "irreconcilables." Hence the opposition candidates, of whatever feather or color, are having things all their own way. It is true they are fighting a little among themselves, but it is generally allowed that they will come out all right by the 21st, when the cable will be able to inform you of the winning names. Of course, if the "unoathed" (*"inassermentés"*) are returned, Napoleon III. will not allow them to take their seats, and Paris will have four empty chairs in the Corps Legislatif. It is about this little item or the practicability of taking or not taking the required oath of allegiance that organs and candidates are now scuffling. The more reasonable of the party claim that it will never do to lose four seats. The fire-eaters pretend that four seats filled would count for nothing, while four empty chairs, upheld as they would be by 100,000 Parisian electors, would go a great way in breaking up the present state of things—in fact, would shake their empty backs at the Emperor until he should fall to pieces through mere fright. So waxes the contest, although it is more than probable that the candidates who will be elected, rather than forego the honor of sitting in the Palais Bourbon among the chosen few, will be disposed to swallow any oath or oaths propounded to them. If there is a country in the world where a hankering exists after office and the pomps, big and little vanities adherent thereto, that country is under the government and control of his Majesty, Napoleon III. The candidates are numerous, and nightly meetings are held in in each district to carry on their canvass. In these "reunions" the discussions are various and amusing; scenes occurring not unfrequently that are simply ludicrous. The French *furia* is as yet unused to public speaking, meetings and the like; whether it will ever adopt that ready facility and becoming gravity of Anglo-Saxon political life, is a question yet to be solved. In the meantime M. Laboulaye, in the *Temps*, has drawn for all concerned a list of gestures, tones, attitudes and other necessary items for the guidance of the new speakers and debaters in the public meetings now taking place. It is a very good cookery book on eloquence, or "how Cicero acted in the forum."

Among the candidates running, the most prominent is the famous Rochefort. There is no doubt that the editor of the *Lanterne* wields an immense influence over the people of Paris. They look upon him as having been the first to speak out bold utterances to the rulers that be, even before the demonstration over Baudin's tomb last November, when the public agitation in the empire and about the empire assumed a tangible and threatening aspect. His wit, his points and his thrusts since have afforded no little amusement and are counted as so many scores to his credit; his election is conceded over all his competitors. He has this very day arrived in Paris from Brussels in order to place himself at the command of the people, as he says, either to take his seat quietly or to bear his breast to cannon balls. His entrance on French territory was at first contested by the police, who ceremoniously arrested him, but who released him on the express order of the Emperor, who was also clement enough to furnish him with a safe conduct during the election period, as he is under a sentence of imprisonment passed by the ordinary tribunals. Rochefort re-enters his capital, then, amid the hurrahs of the populace and the excitement of the boulevardists. I had barely time to catch a glimpse of him as his friends hurried him through the crowd into a hack at the railway station. The secret history of the ups and downs attending his short, but very magic-lantern career, during the past eighteen months, must contain incidents of a rather piquant character. *Nous verrons*. The query of the hour is, will he be as ready on the stump as with the pen? The announcement of his arrest, first made to one of the political clubs in session last night, made "the people" howl with rage; true, it was an assembly hotly and closely packed with his friends and admirers, gotten up expressly to see the lion of the day and to hear him roar. Most of the candidates that have presented their names are lawyers and editors. They have all come out in naming red addresses to their followers. L. Simonin is an aspirant for one of the vacant seats, and is a writer in the *Liberté*. His articles often contain very wise counsels addressed to his countrymen. He claims to tell them how things are done in America; how individual rights are respected and communes planted in the far West; what rapid progress is and can be made under republican institutions of the American model; and he advises Frenchmen of the Latin race to go and do likewise. "I have been," he says in his circular address, "long a traveller in the United States, England and in the South American republics. I have compared life in those countries with what it is among us, and my motto is 'No more Robespierres or Cæsars!'" M. Allon, a prominent lawyer, is a candidate for another of the seats and the wages attached to it, or 12,000 francs per annum.

M. Laurier, another prominent lawyer, has just withdrawn his candidacy in favor of his competitor, Rochefort, in view of the arrest of the latter by the government, although the arrest lasted only two hours.

M. Glais-Bizoin, an ex-deputy, is also running in one of the districts; M. Emmanuel Arago in another.

These are the more prominent personages, but some are now uppermost that were never before heard of by the public at large. The candidates of this class belong to "the people," and they are very anxious to serve "the people." In other words, they have all the pushing arrogance and callousness of a true representative of *sans-culottism;* they would prove just as unscrupulous and cruel in power as were the men of 1789-93, while their ignorance is unprecedentedly gross and palpable. Their aspirations are laughable, for they are based on nothing but the most bestial desires. Their efforts to obtain success in the electoral field are incessant, and their noisy utterances are numberless in behalf of "radical socialism"—that is, of the right of everybody to work, right of children, of women to the earth that they cultivate, or whoever does cultivate it." Their underground intrigues against each other are amusing. One of them calls a meeting and, rents a public hall for the holding thereof; his rival gets vent of the affair and attempts to oust the whole assemblage, speaker and all the invited, into the streets by obtaining a prior lease of the building, &c. The commissaries of the police, who by law are compelled to be present at every meeting, have as yet dissolved none, but the intriguers do not scruple to call on them to interfere for the gratification of their rival pretensions.

One of the class described is particularly noticeable at present—M. Jules Allix. This is the gentleman who styles himself "a radical socialist" of the deepest dye. He goes in for everything or nothing, and wants the Corps Législatif dissolved, as he said the other night, "because we would then arrive to something else." He is one of the exiles of December, although he has been back in France for a long time. He is an ignorant intriguer, seeking the realization of his selfish dreams, but without the ghost of a chance of ever being elected. Withal, M. Jules Allix has something of the Gavroche element in his constitution; he is to be seen darting about all over Paris, and travelling around *sergents de ville*, troops of the line and the public buildings, as if he had it in his power to smite and overturn them all with a wave of his hand. M. Jules Allix, in a word, pits himself against the Tuileries; he desires to tear down that palace and regenerate the human race with his philosophical code of socialism. He has one set speech on his school of politics, which he spouts on all occasions. It would be useless to recapitulate all his peculiar views upon society contained in that set speech, which I only mention as a descriptive item of the individual under remark. Wishing to hear this and other would-be representatives of the people, I have attended several of these gentlemen in their respective localities of resort; and, having thus mingled with them, have had the opportunity to ascertain that these demagogues now rampant here, with the bible of socialism in one hand, would as readily play the same old game of havoc as did their fathers in 1789. The same blood-thirsty scenes which occurred under the "Terror" might occur here again in this covetous age and luxurious capital were it not for the wholesome restraint of King Chassepot. I went the other day to visit M. Jules Allix, at his residence. He lives in a fashionable quarter, since his house is only four or five doors from the Champs Elysees, although it is by no means a palatial-looking one and he is not at all in wealthy circumstances. He was out at the time electioneering. His lady was at home, and, after a moment's hesitation, received me with all the high flown air of a lady of the Parisian working classes, whose liege lord is an aspirant for a seat in the Corps Legislatif by the side of Thiers and Favre. Said Madame:—"He is the busiest mortal in Paris just at present; never at home since the electors have been convoked in his conscription (she meant 'circonscription'). You see, sir, he comes and says:—'Quick; breakfast,' knocking his fists on the table so (and Madame knocks in imitation), and then he is off in a trice," &c. Meanwhile all this agitation and postponement from date to date of some vaguely threatened manifestation, or *émeute*, in the streets, have occasioned serious embarrassment to the trade and commercial prospects of the city, and losses are beginning to be felt. The threatened dates on the calendar are now put off for the 21st inst., the day of the elections; the 29th inst., the day of the Corps Législatif opening by the Emperor, and the 3d of December, the anniversary of Baudin's death.

The high prelates of the Church are flocking to Rome from all quarters. Several American bishops are now here, *en route* to the Council, which meets, as your readers doubtless recollect, on the 8th of next month.

The Satsuma of Japan Sued in a Paris Court.

[From Galignani's Messenger of Paris, Nov. 9.]

A suit in which the Prince of Satzuma, one of the most powerful Daimios of Japan, was the defendant, has just been decided before the Imperial Court of Paris. In prevision of the late civil war in that country, made by several of the most powerful chiefs, against the Tycoon for the purpose of restoring the authority of the Mikado, each of the parties obtained improved firearms from Europe, and among other supporters of the latter was the Prince in question, who commissioned the Count de Montblanc, an officer of the French navy, and Ivashita Sagiyemouth, a Japanese sent to France for the purpose, to make purchases of 5,000 Chassepot rifles and four batteries of artillery. In March, 1867, the two agents of the Prince employed in his name M. Lissignol, a French engineer, to inspect the delivery of the arms and to perform other missions, but in the following August informed him that his aid was no longer required, and called on him to give an account of the sum of 14,832f. which he had received, at the same time offering him 4,000f. as payment for his services. M. Lissignol then put forward a claim for 25,592f. for different matters, including plans for the reconstruction of the Japanese navy, &c., and brought an action before the Civil Court to obtain payment. The evidence, however, showed that he had never received instructions to prepare any such project, and the judges, considering that the 4,000f. was sufficient remuneration for what he had done, non-suited him.

The plaintiff then appealed to the Imperial Court, which has now confirmed the former judgment.

TURKEY.

The Royal Visits to the Sultan—Italy and Germany Represented—An Exodus to Egypt—The Emperor of Austria at Court and Before the People—A Steam Fleet to the Mouth of the Bosphorus—Franz Joseph in Uniform—His Reception by the Sultan—To Greece and Jerusalem—Imperial Relation to the Viceroy.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 1, 1869.

Since the departure of the Empress of France the Sultan has received visits from the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Italian Prince Duke d'Aosta (an Admiral of the Italian Marine) and the Prince of Hesse, son-in-law of Queen Victoria. These have been lodged by the Sultan in his palaces on the Bosphorus and treated with a hospitality which calls to mind those of the older Caliphs of Arabia—even of Haroun al Raschid himself. They visited all of the more interesting points on the Bosphorus and the curiosities in Stamboul, the main arsenal and the splendid ordnance depot of Tophamb and its workshops, now in excellent condition, under the charge of his Excellency Halil Pacha. They had an opportunity in the latter of examining the Springfield rifles lately purchased in the United States, with which the Pacha is extremely well satisfied.

These have now all taken their departure for Egypt, to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal. The only guest with the Sultan is Francis Joseph Hapsburg, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, who, with a large suite, resides in the Sultan's own palace of Dolma Baktcha, on the European side of the Bosphorus. The arrival of the Emperor has been expected here with more than ordinary interest. Princes have been so plentiful of late as to attract small attention among the people of Stamboul; but an Emperor has never been seen here except this one—Padishah Abdul Aziz. The fact that the latter has received him in his own palace, in return, it is supposed, for the attention of a similar character bestowed upon him at Schönbrun during the tour of the Sultan, in 1867, has rendered him of more than ordinary importance in the sight of the "Faithful." Some of the less tolerant, however, look upon him as the great Nemtcha Ghiaour, or the "Austrian Infidel," of whom they have so often heard, and who figures in that character in the novel of "Hadji Baba." The Empress arrived yesterday via the Danube, the Bastchook and Varna Railroad. The Austrian Ambassador of this place, Baron Prokesh Osten; his Highness Ali Pacha, the Grand Vizier, and Omar Pacha, the veteran Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman army, met her Imperial Majesty at Bustchook, and from thence escorted him by railroad to Varna, where he embarked in the Sultan's largest yacht, the Sultanawich, for the Bosphorus and Stamboul.

Seven large steamers of the Austrian Lloyd's gave free accommodation to all those who wished to go in them and visit the mouth of the Bosphorus when the Emperor entered. About 3,000 persons profited of this civility. Beside those several other steamers, large and small, joined in the affair, all full of people, so that the cortége consisted of some twenty steamers other than those of the Sultan placed at the disposal of the Emperor. Admiral Tegetoff had gone to Varna to meet his sovereign with two steam corvettes, but as these proved to be slower than the Sultanawich they did not reach the mouth of the Straits until long after the Emperor had disembarked at the Sultan's palace. The spectacle of the *entrée* of the Emperor was very fine. All of the steamers were dressed out in flags of every hue and size, while the Sultanawich only had on her mainmasthead the imperial colors of Austria, and on the two others the standard of the Padishah. So soon as the Emperor entered the mouth of the Bosphorus and passed by the famous "Cyanean Rocks," the main batteries opened a running fire of cannon. This roared terribly, and was re-echoed far and near among the cliffs and valleys of the Bosphorus. No such cannonade has been heard among the diplomats of Beunnnnnnun and Therassia since the salutes of the allied naval forces of England, France, Turkey and Italy, on their way out to attack Sebastopol. All the merchant ships at anchor were more or less decorated with flags, and as the weather was very fine his imperial Majesty could not but have been much pleased with the kindly welcome offered him by every one.

The Emperor, in full Austrian uniform, sat on the bridge of the paddle boxes, surrounded by a large suite of Turks, Austrians and Hungarians. Among the latter was Count Andrassi, once the agent of Kossuth and an officer of Gorgey's army. He was burned in effigy in Pesth after the fall of the civil war of Hungary, and for some years did not venture to return to his own home. He remained at large an exile in Paris and London, until the amnesty of the Emperor allowed him to return to his estates. But all things have an end, and even revolutions are forgotten in the bitter and more fearful times which succeed them. Even the greatest rebels regain their "lost estate," and become faithful subjects or citizens. Such has been the lot of Count Andrassi, now President of the Hungarian Diet and the brave companion of the Emperor Francis Joseph. This is the more remarkable, as it is understood that he is said to come here as a return visit of the Sultan to Pesth in 1867, when all of the magnates turned out to compliment him for the valuable protection offered to Kossuth and his *confreres*, who sought a shelter from the vindictive arms of Austria and Russia after being compelled to fly from Hungary.

As soon as the Sultanwich cast anchor before the Sultan's palace, the Sultan drew alongside of her, in one of his finest state bayes. They embraced each other as brothers, such being the custom of those sovereigns, who have been placed over the people, by direct divine interposition. Then, leaving the yachts, preceded by all the suite of the Empress, the two sovereigns were rowed ashore to the palace. The ships of war again belched forth volumns of smoke and put the thunders of the sky to blush by this uproar. The troops everywhere cheered, and so did the motley assemblies in the escorting steamers. Later in the day the Empress made a short excursion in the harbor and along the valley of Stamboul in a small steamer of war, and returned in time to dine with the Sultan. To-day, as the latter went to mosque, at noon, the gala was even more splendid than that during the visit of the Empress of France.

The local papers make considerable noise over the visit of the Empress, and seem to attach to it an object of a political character. However, he will proceed hence to Greece and Jerusalem before going down into Egypt, where he has been frequently invited by Ismail Pacha, the Viceroy. Some suppose that the course of events has laid the destinies of Austria and Italy more or less together; that the Pansiavism of Russia threatens both empires alike, and an *entente* between the two sovereigns has become a necessity. As a theme for an argument this not far from correct. But as governments have no hearts, though great heads in abundance, to imagine any other effective or friendly alliance between the two sovereigns and people, so distinct are these in nature, religion and even habits than others of mutual protection against a common enemy, is preposterous. Both may now be considered as Eastern empires, full of varied elements of discord and disunion, all growing out of the several seminationalities and even different religions, which, when least expected, may indulge in dreams of independence and separation from the parent stock.

It is still a matter of conjecture whether or not the Sultan will go in person to Egypt and attend the opening of the great canal. The Turks say that their Sultan has not been invited by his vassal, the Pacha, and cannot, therefore, go. Some, on the other hand, state that he needs no such invitation, inasmuch as Egypt is his own property and Ismail Pacha a governor general, like many others of the empire. The higher classes, those in office, regard the position of things too serious for the Sultan to do so much honor to the *quasi* rebel Pacha; but others desire, in view of settling the difficulty, *à l'aimable*, that he should put aside all other considerations and take the shine out of Ismail Pacha, and come down on him when he least expects it. Some say that France does not wish him to be there, so as not to lessen the position of the Viceroy, and this is possible; though against this it has been asserted that the Empress had requested the Grand Vizier to settle the whole affair before her arrival here, and that this not having been done she rather showed him the "cold shoulder" during her visit. The most humorous of the *on dits* is that the Sultan is deeply in love with the fair Empress and is strongly desirous of going down into Egypt only so as to see her again. Perhaps the Emperor of Austria will exert an influence in the matter and bring about a solution, though he might be a dangerous rival to the lovesick Sultan in Egypt.

ENGLAND.

Feeling Towards Rome and the Ecumenical Council—Previous Catholic Hierachical Assemblages—The General Councils of the Church—What Has Been Declared, Defined and Accomplished.

LONDON, Nov. 8, 1869.

The Ecumenical Council, which will assemble this day month at Rome, is to be called "The First Council of the Vatican," and will be the nineteenth general council of the Catholic Church according to the opinion of the leading, or I might say of all, the authorities of that Church, both living and dead. As I proposed in a former letter on this subject it may not be uninteresting to give a short account of these eighteen councils that have preceded the one now about to meet and to note down briefly what each one has done towards affirming, defining or condemning doctrines, and that has been the result of each such assembly upon the Church over which its decisions have ruled. And first I will give you a nominal list of these General Councils, dividing them, or rather classifying them, afterwards in such a manner as may make their workings all the more easy to understand. Let me only remind you once more that in writing of historical facts concerning the Catholic Church I have consulted almost entirely Catholic historians and writers, just as I would if engaged upon a history of your great republic go to American, and not to British or French, writers for the data upon which to write.

According, then, to the universally received opinion among Catholic writers on the subject, the eighteen general councils of the Church that have been held up to this time are—

First—The first Council of Nice, held in the year 325.
Second—The first Council of Constantinople, held in 381.
Third—The Council of Ephesus, held in 431.
Fourth—The Council of Chalcedon, held in 451.
Fifth—The second Council of Constantinople, held in 553.
Sixth—The third Council of Constantinople, held in 680.
Seventh—The second Council of Nice, held in 787.
Eighth—The fourth Council of Constantinople, held in 869.
Ninth—The first Council of Lateran, held in 1125.
Tenth—The second Council of Lateran, held in 1139.
Eleventh—The third Council of Lateran, held in 1179.
Twelfth—The fourth Council of Lateran, held in 1215.
Thirteenth—The first Council of Lyons, held in 1245.
Fourteenth—The second Council of Lyons, held in 1274.
Fifteenth—The Council of Vienne, held in 1311.
Sixteenth—The Council of Florence, held in 1439.
Seventeenth—The fifth Council of Lateran, held in 1512.
Eighteenth—The Council of Trent, held in 1545.
And nineteenth, the first Council of the Vatican, to be opened December 8, 1869.

These eighteen Ecumenical Councils may be classed under the following four heads:—

First—The first of these includes the eight councils which head my list, all of which were held in the East.

Second—The second comprises the four councils held in the Basilica or Church of St. John Lateran, at Rome, and termed respectively the First, Second, Third and Fourth Councils of Lateran, which extended over the years from 1124 to 1215, both inclusive.

Third—The third group, so to speak, of General Councils includes the First and Second Councils of Lyons, that of Vienne and that of Florence, and the Fifth Council of Lateran—five councils, extending from 1245 to 1512.

Fourth—The fourth classification includes only that of Trent, held in 1545.

Of the first group it may be said that the work of those eight was chiefly that of defining theological dogmas. As I said before, the eight Councils were all held in the East, and those mostly interested respecting them were Greeks; for they took place before the separation between the Eastern and the Western Churches. The Greeks were always more or less speculative in their ideas, and during the first ages of the Church they rebelled against the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Incarnation and of the Divinity of our Saviour. The famous Arian, a Greek by birth, but a priest of Alexandria by occupation, was the founder of what is called in the Catholic Church the Arian heresy. He proclaimed boldly that Jesus Christ was not equal to God the Father, and was, in fact, but a man, although with a sinless nature. This heresy spread all over the East with a rapidity that nothing could stop, and was accepted by patriarchs, bishops, priests and laymen throughout the various Churches in Africa and Asia. It was to combat this doctrine that the first Ecumenical Council was called together at Nice, in the year 325, and there 330 bishops decided and proclaimed that God the Son is equal and consubstantial with God the Father. There, also, it was that the "Nicene Creed," which is an enlargement, or development of that which is called the "Apostle's Creed," was drawn up, and is to this day used as the Roman Catholic Missal, as well as the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

About fifty or sixty years after the Council of Nice another heresy sprung into existence, the author of which was Macedonius, patriarch of Constantinople. The chief feature of this doctrine was to deny the divinity of the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Holy Trinity. This error, or heresy, was also very popular, indeed, throughout the East, and numerous Arians, who had not received the teaching of the Council of Nice, also joined it. At the same time another heresy, the exact contrary of Arianism, appeared, and has to the present day never been fully eradicated from the Eastern Churches. It was termed Manicheism, and pronounced that our Saviour had no human body, or human nature, but was in all respects divine, and only divine. The Church was at this period very much divided, indeed, for throughout the East the Episcopal authority was almost entirely in the hands of the Arian bishops, the lay people having embraced Manicheism as an antidote to it, and the lower clergy alone holding that would now be termed the true doctrine on these points. For this reason, and also on account of the great laxity of morals which had become prevalent in the East, the first Council of Constantinople, which is the second on the list I have given above, was held, and decided the principles of Christian faith which had been attacked. This Council met in the year 381, and reaffirmed that which the Council of Nice had proclaimed, namely, that God the Son is consubstantial and coequal with God the Father; and also that our Saviour had a human as well as a divine nature, or that he was "perfect God and perfect man." Hardly, however, had the first Council of Constantinople closed its sittings and pronounced its decisions (decisions which, by the way, were confirmed by the Pope of Rome before they were promulgated), when a new heresy, speculative, of course, as coming from the Easterns, broke out, and to combat it the Council of Ephesus, the third upon my list, was convoked in 431. The Council of Nice and the First Council of Constantinople had effectually set at rest the questions respecting the divine nature of God the Son, and had also spoken out and proclaimed the opinion that Jesus Christ had no human nature to be erroneous. But as yet the Church had not officially, so to speak, defined in what manner or how Christ was the Son of God.

About the year A. D. 410 or 415, Nestorius, an archpriest in Constantinople, began to teach that there were in Jesus Christ two persons united, that the Son of God being one of these persons, had wholly sanctified the other, or human person, but that the former had never died, had never suffered, and had not been born of the Virgin Mary. Consequently that He was born at Bethlehem, and who suffered and died on the cross, was the human nature and human form; but that He who had ascended into heaven was the divine nature of the same being. To combat this doctrine, which seems to us Westerns a kind of word playing almost upon sacred subjects, the Council of Ephesus was called together, and affirmed that Christ had a divine and a human nature, and that both were united in the divine person; that it must be said of Christ, and therefore of God, that He was born of the Virgin Mary, suffered, died, arose again and in the same divine person ascended into heaven. The proceedings of the Council of Ephesus were confirmed at Rome, and Nestorius was condemned. But the heresy exists still in the East, and is professed by a very large body of people called the Nestorians, who reside chiefly in the province near the site of the ancient Ninevah.

But before the Council of Ephesus had terminated its sitting another heresy (also speculative and also from among the Greeks) had appeared. This was the peculiar doctrine of Eutychus, head of a monastery at Constantinople. Nestorius had denied the unity of the person of Jesus Christ; Eutychus denied the duality of His natures. Here those who held with the majority were defeated. The Council was held to be of no effect as regards its latter decisions, and the bishops appealed to another general council, which was held at Chalcedon in A. D. 451, and affirmed that "Christ was consubstantial with God the Father as regarded His divinity, and consubstantial with man as regarded His humanity; perfect in His humanity, perfect in His divinity; true God and true Man, without confusion or change of either nature; not divided, but united, or one only Son of God—the word made flesh."

I have brought you down to the end of the Council of Chalcedon, the fourth general council of the Church, and have thus disposed of the first half of the first group of councils, after which comes the second Council of Constantinople, of which I will treat in my next, as it would take up too much space to finish it in this letter.

Criminal Reminiscences—Hare, the Alleged Accomplice of Burke, the Murderer, Begging in London.

The London *Echo* of November 8 publishes the following extraordinary revelation:—

A venerable old man is now perambulating Regent street and its vicinity soliciting those ready alms which an enlightened English public is ever disposed to drop into the extended palm of age and indigence. The features of this interesting mendicant have probably been somewhat altered during the forty years which have elapsed since he adorned a public station (in the dock, at Edinburg), or he must have been more generally recognized by the thousands who have beheld his effigy at Mme. Tussaud's. In that famous Chamber of Horrors, which has been so wickedly called England's Walhalla, and which certainly holds out the most formidable threat of earthly immortality with which we are acquainted, there stand in an obscure corner two mean little dwarfish figures, represented as if in eager consultation. The visitors, on turning to his catalogue, finds that they are respectively the likenesses of the notorious Burke and Hare—the former of whom was hanged at Edinburg on the 28th of January, 1829. If the visitor be not old enough to remember the public excitement of that distant period, when even single murders were rarities and the slaughtering of Panun and Horner undreamed of—or, should we say, unreported?—he will further read that the two miscreants were convicted of suffocating people for the sake of selling their bodies for dissection. Burke's crime was then deemed so portentous that he had the honor of actually adding a word to the English language, and the verb, "to burke," even yet survives as a convenient metaphor applicable to violently suppressed projects, as the guillotine records for all generations the benevolent invention of the abbe whose name it bears. Such was the fate of Burke—himself "burked" by the Calcraft of the period, but made immortal in waxwork and in slang. But what of Hare? His penalty, it seems, must have been more like that of the Wandering Jew; for, as we have said, there he is to this day, begging in Regent street.

The secret of his identity has oozed out, and as it is feared by the fraternity to which he now belongs that it may injure the trade, one of them some time since took measures to vindicate his character. A beggar, whose age and appearance might cause him to be mistaken for the ex-convict, wore a placard on his breast stating that he was "not Hare."

ROME.

A Californian Nugget for the Pope—Eight Soldiers Carrying in a Lump of Silver Ore—An Abbe from Italy—Pio Nono on Musical Unities and Governmental Harmonies—Royalty and Fashion—Catholic Adhesion from Canada—Foreign Diplomacy.

ROME, Nov. 3, 1869.

Yesterday morning the Pope received in private audience at the Vatican Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Oliver, of San Francisco, with their children. Mr. Oliver presented to his Holiness on this occasion one of the finest specimens of virgin silver ever extracted from the mines of California. This precious mass of ore, whose progressive number was 6,032, was conveyed from San Francisco to Paris, whence the case was safely transmitted to the Eternal City, bearing on it the inscription, "D. J. Oliver, wife and children, to Pius IX." Its weight is 3,885 ounces and its degree of fineness is expressed by 998-1000, being two degrees less of natural alloy than any silver yet received at the Vatican mint, where the finest specimens have hitherto not surpassed 996. The value of the lump is $5,013 78, and although the Pope has doubtless received offerings worth much more money, he has certainly never received a more interesting specimen of the natural riches of the earth. Whether it will ultimately find its way to the mint or whether it will form a precious addition to the mineralogical museum remains to be seen.

Eight able-bodied soldiers bore the mass up the Scala Regia, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and their family, into the Pope's presence—for his Holiness was in expectation of their arrival and the benevolent affability with which he received the donors, conversing at length with them, imparting his benediction with great warmth, and taking especial notice of the children, showed how pleased he was with the splendor of the gift.

Before the conclusion of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver's audience the Pope presented to the latter a very beautiful stone cameo, set with pearls, representing our Saviour.

The ex-Abbé, now Commander Bertinati, who has been indicated by general report as a special agent from the Italian government, and has been residing some weeks at the Palazzo di Firenze, has just left Rome, after having had an audience of the Pope and an interview with Cardinal Antonelli. As a good Catholic the quondam abbe deplored the existing rupture between the two governments, assurred his Holiness that the best dispositions prevailed at Florence for the restoration of harmony, to obtain which only a few mutual concessions were necessary, so as to loosen a little the tightly drawn strings of the present situation. Pio Nono could not lose the opportunity of saying a *bon mot*, so he replied that he had always heard that to produce harmony musicians were accustomed not to loosen but to tighten the strings of their instruments. Cardinal Antonelli was more serious with Abbé Bertinati, assuring him that Rome was quite disposed to treat, but that Italy must first prove the sincerity of her intentions by making reparation on several points, such as the insufficient provision for monks and nuns dismissed from their convents, the infliction of the eight per cent tax on the transferred pontifical stock, &c. On this latter point it appears that the Italian government is determined not to give way. Negotiations on the subject will commence forthwith, as the French ambassador returned to Rome last night, and the French commissary, M. Tneureux, is expected to-day; so that Signor Mancardi, the Italian commissary, who has been waiting their arrival here for three weeks, can enter into communication with them officially without further delay.

Count D'Arnim, the Prussian Minister, has also returned to Rome. The Duke of Parma has taken the Spada Palace for the winter, near the family residence of the Neapolitan Bourbons, Palazzo Farnese.

The Archbishop of Malines is lodged at the Quirinal as one of the Pope's most honored guests.

A sudden rising of the Tiber, in consequence of heavy rains and snow in the mountains, has washed away Baron Visconte's new quay at the Emporium, but has inflicted no damage on the more solid constructions of the old republican and imperial Romans.

The Canon Moreau, almoner of the Canadian Zouaves, has brought to Rome some characteristic offerings from the Indian inhabitants of those provinces, consisting in pearls worked in arabasque designs upon velvet, stuffed beavers, tobacco, cigars, maple sugar and liquors. These curiosities have been distributed among the officers and soldiers of the corps, while a fine stuffed beaver (the emblem of Canada) adorns the zouaves' clubroom.

His Holiness has received in audience the last batch of Canadian volunteers, amounting to nearly a hundred, who were presented by General de Courter and Lieutenant Colonel de Charette, of the Zouaves.

A good understanding seems to prevail between the French and Papal troops, judging from the fact that the French commander-in-chief, General Dumont, accepted a dinner offered him the other day by the Zouaves.

The French General Guillième, commanding at Viterbo, is now in Rome, and has been received by the Pope.

The report that Bavaria, in concert with Austria, has proposed to France to withdraw her troops from the Roman States during the Council, to remove all suspicion of foreign pressure, obtains no credit here.

Dr. Macfarland, Bishop of Hartford, Conn., has arrived for the Council.

SCOTLAND.

Public Education and Nationality.

At a dinner of the directors of the Edinburg Philosophical Institution on Saturday evening november 6, Lord Moncreiff (Lord Justice Clerk) made the following remarks in regard to the education question:—

I do not think the difficulties in the way of the settlement of the education question are ecclesiastical difficulties. I believe the ecclesiastical difficulties to be mere phantoms. The religious question does not stand in the way of Scottish education; there is no such difficulty presenting itself in this country. There are no mountains in the path; there are only molehills. But a great many molehills are as bad as one mountain, or rather a great deal worse. If you find the old accustomed road that you travel full of those little risings they are apt to trip your horse. If it were a mountain you could tunnel it, or make your road round it. It was over a molehill, I think, that William III.'s horse stumbled and brought that great potentate to his end. We manage the mountain well enough; it is levelled—there is a railroad carried over it; and if the molehills can only be levelled also, there is nothing to impede the career of Scottish education. I have only one mortification in leaving public life. It is not that I have not succeeded in carrying a measure of education for this country, though that, no doubt, would have been a great and glorious achievement, which I should have been proud to have had my name connected with. It is that, with no difficulties to speak of in our way, we are going to let England get the precedence of us. I am sorry that such should be the case. I trust, however, that in other hands that cause may succeed, and that after all we shall be able, not to follow, but to set the example to the sister country in the question of education.

LITERATURE.

Reviews of New Books.

THE PARKS, PROMENADES AND GARDENS OF PARIS. Described and considered in relation to the wants of our own cities and of public and private gardens. By W. Robinson, F. L. S. With upwards of 400 illustrations. London: John Murray. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

In 1867 the author of this work, an English horticulturist of some reputation, though but little known in the United States, was sent to Paris by the London *Times* as correspondent for the horticultural department of the great exhibition. While in France he devoted much time to visiting and inspecting the numerous gardens in and around Paris and to investigating the French system of horticulture. The result of his research we have before us in one of the most interesting and instructive of books that have been written and published on the same subject. It is admirably printed, illustrated and bound, there being nothing in the mechanical execution with which to find fault.

It is not unlikely that a majority of our readers have either visited many of the places described here or have read descriptions of them. It is doubtful, though, if either the ordinary tourists or the readers have seen or read anything which gives so clear and vivid an idea as this book does of the wonderful progress the French have made in horticultural science. Mr. Robinson's descriptions are those of the artist. He leaves nothing unsaid and exaggerates nothing. The picture he draws of the Champs Elysées and the gardens of the Louvre and the Tuileries are not less natural than graphic, and the same can be said of his descriptions of the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Parc Monceau, the Parc des Buttes Chaumont, the Jardin des Plantes and the Luxembourg gardens, the squares des Batignolles, de Montrouge, du Temple, des Arts et Metiers and several others of minor importance, the church gardens and cemeteries, the boulevards and the Jardin Fleuriste and other public nurseries of the city of Paris. He gives due praise to all these places of note, and at the same time judiciously criticises such features in them as, in his opinion, are susceptible of improvement. But perfection in any earthly work is so nearly akin to the impossible that we can readily forgive any shortcomings apparent in the details, while indulging in the liveliest admiration of the beauty of the whole.

To the present Emperor France is indebted to a considerable extent for her rapid advancement in the science of horticulture. But little in other parts of Europe and nothing in America can compare with the gardens of Paris. The book before us opens with a brief account of the Place de la Concorde, from whence we are conducted up the avenue des Champs Elysées, with its borders of elms, chestnuts and other rees, to the noble gardens of the same name. Here the scene is grand. Although but nine years have passed since these gardens were laid out, they "look an ancient affair, have many respectable specimens, conifers, magnolias, &c., numerous large and well made banks and beds of rhododendrons, azaleas, hollies, and the best shrubs and trees generally, with abundant room for planting summer flowers." Amid "fountains, weeping willows and not less beautiful weeping saphoras," we are led to a garden devoted to music—"The Concert of the Champs Elysées, conducted by Musard," with which we are all familiar. After describing all the features of these gardens Mr. Robinson sketches the Place du Carrousel and then goes into a description of the gardens of the Louvre and the Tuileries, with their diversity of flowers and numerous works of art.

The Bois de Boulogne is, of course, the great feature among the noted sights of Paris. In 1852 it was a forest, wild, in artistic, ugly. After Napoleon became Emperor he transformed it into a combination of wildwood and pleasure garden, making it fairly magnificent. Its lakes, waterfalls and cascades; its islands, its Garden of Acclimatization, filled with an almost endless variety of animals and plants, and the thousand and one other features which distinguish this noblest of modern works of the kind, form subjects for delightful reading even to those who have had the good fortune to be eye-witnesses to the scenes described.

It would, of course, be impossible for us to follow Mr. Robinson over the entire field of his observation. To do so would be to demand an amount of space not obtainable in a paper like the HERALD, with its vast variety of news. To the gardens, squares, &c., already mentioned as described, we will add Versailles, Fontainebleau and the Gladiolus grounds of M. Souchet, the gardens of St. Cloud, Meudon, the peach gardens of Montreuil and the market gardens of Paris. There are numerous others to which we must refer the reader.

Not least in importance are those parts of the book which enter upon a professional and critical review of the French system of horticulture. Upon the whole Mr. Robinson concludes that it is superior to the English system, and we have no doubt of its superiority to the American. Indeed, it seems as if our restless energy is incapable, or at least, unwilling, to devote itself to a high development of horticultural science. The excuse that we are a young nation is the lamest of apologies in this age of progress. How absurd it does appear for a people that have invented the telegraph and the steamboat to apologize for backwardness in the development of the beautiful on the ground of youth! Why can we not have nurseries in New York like the Jardin Fleuriste of Paris? And, for the matter of that, why have we not had, for the past quarter of a century, a system of horticulture excelling that of France, which has really been perfected only since the *coup d'état?*

We have not read a page of this book without mentally contrasting New York with Paris. Excepting Central Park, which is far removed from completion, we have not really a fine place of public resort in this city. Union square, Madison square, Washington and Tompkins squares, Stuyvesant park, and the few other squares and parks which we own are wofully neglected. Why should not Union square be the equal of the Parc Monceau, which Mr. Robinson thinks the most beautiful garden in Paris? Again, the opportunity is ample for making Madison square a garden of surpassing beauty. In point of ornamentation everything has to be done here. Our works of art are few; the subjects for them are in profusion everywhere, awaiting the chisel of the sculptor. If we must wait through many long years before we can have such another garden as that of Versailles, we need not delay equalling the gardens of the Louvre and the Tuileries.

It is not our purpose to draw an invidious comparison between the Bois de Boulogne and Central Park. We have nothing but praise for the latter. It is a noble work and one destined to become celebrated. There has, undoubtedly, been less of public spirit manifested in it than we desired to see. The donations which have been made to it by citizens have been comparatively small, while the yearly appropriations by government have been limited. Under these circumstances it must be admitted that the commissioners have done well. But years are likely to pass before we possess such a garden of acclimatization as is to be found in the Bois de Boulogne, the establishment of which, by the way, does not date many years back from the laying out of Central Park.

We know very well that some shrivelled up soul, unable to discover beauty in any other thing than money, and hopelessly blind to the utility of beauty, will remind us that if the people of Paris have had their city so improved as to stand to-day unrivalled in point of magnificence by any other existing city of the world, they have had to pay dearly for their whistle. So they have. But is it not a consolation to them that the toy is of incomparable grandeur? Does not the Parisian, sitting in the garden of the Champs Elysées, listening to Musard's delightful music, or strolling amid the charming scenery of the Bois de Boulogne, feel amply recompensed for the heavy taxes he pays yearly? And, for the matter of that, do not we, in this good city of New York, pay a frightful price for our whistle? Alas, what a poor, cracked bauble we do get for the money! In seventeen years Paris has paid a vast sum, but—when we consider the relative sizes of the two cities—hardly greater than we have paid in the same period. We see what has been done for the Parisians' money. What has been done for ours? Ask the politicians! Can one enter Madison or Union square on a summer evening, and seating ourselves, lean backwards, and inhale to languor the fragrance of a thousand flowers, even as do the Parisians in their numerous parks? Alas! no. His languor arises from the sultriness of the weather, and he sits snuffing the parched dust, till a burly policeman, seizing him by the collar, drags him to the nearest station on a charge of drunkenness.

Are there many refined persons in New York, persons with æsthetic tastes, who do not sometimes sigh for an American Haussmann to play the part of dictator and embellish in a becoming manner the greatest city of the New World?

Returning to Mr. Robinson and his book, we take up his descriptions of the Jardin Fleuriste and other public nurseries of the city of Paris. These are necessary for the proper adornment of the parks. The propagation of plants here is carried on to an enormous extent and with surprising success. In winter tender plants are stored away in caves under the Jardin Fleuriste. Attached to this garden is what we might term a college of horticulture, to which students of all nations are admitted. The botanical library is extensive and admirably arranged.

At Petit Bry, near Nogent-sur-Marne, is located the nursery for trees for the boulevards; the nursery for shrubs is in the Bois de Boulogne, near the race course of Longchamps, and that for herbaceous plants is in the Bois do Vincennes. We need hardly say that these nurseries are as perfect as science can now make them. Following in regular order we have an interesting chapter on trees for city parks, avenues, gardens, streets, &c.; then one on subtropical plants for the flower garden, and another on hardy plants for the subtropical garden, the two last named being most interesting and instructive chapters, containing among other things lists of subtropical and hardy herbaceous and annual plants suited to the climate of England. How far they would suit our American climate we must leave it to the horticulturists to decide. With some of them we are familiar; with others we are not. The thirteenth chapter is devoted to the plant decoration of apartments, reform in the conservatories, palms and the ivy and its uses in Parisian gardens. The last named subject we commend as being especially worthy of a careful perusal.

The fourteenth to the nineteenth chapters are devoted to fruit culture. The improvement, or, rather, advancement, in this branch of horticulture is almost wonderful. Numerous wood cuts illustrate the manner in which the peach and pear are grown and trained. We have but little or nothing of the like in the United States. But few of our fruit gardens are cultivated scientifically—something greatly to be regretted, for the growth and yield of the trees are not only benefited by scientific treatment, but they are also made to combine art and beauty with pecuniary profit. Every intelligent fruit grower in this country should study from this book how cordons of the most perfect and artistic character are formed of the pear and peach. We have here descriptions of the spiral, the oblique, the vertical, the horizontal and other kinds of cordons formed by these trees, all of which are very beautiful. In what we suppose is called "fancy" growing here are illustrations of the famous Napoleon peach tree, grown to spell the name of the French Emperor; the Lepere trees, grown in the same manner; and fruit trees grown in the vase form. Next to the Napoleon, which is really a wonderful triumph of science, is the "pear tree shown at the Paris Exposition of 1867 by M. Creux, of Sceaux," an engraving of which is in the book. The illustrations of both these trees must be seen to be properly appreciated.

Of curious interest, though perhaps not quite so useful to this country, is the account of the mushroom culture in France. If we are not mistaken a description of the same was given not long ago in *Harper's Monthly* and may have been taken from these pages. The remaining chapters of the book are devoted to the culture of salads, asparagus, carrot, cauliflower, sweet potatoes and the numerous other vegetables of the kitchen garden. There is also a description of "showing roses in France" and "forcing the white lilac," which is interesting. The chapter relating to horticultural machines, implements, appliances, &c., is quite entertaining and instructive, as is also the closing chapter, descriptive of a horticultural tour through parts of France. Our space, however, will not permit a review of these things, so that we must leave them to the reader to be enjoyed even as we have enjoyed them.

We have no hesitation in recommending this book to all refined, educated persons. It is valuable to literature for the sake of the admirable style in which it is written. If it had nothing else to recommend it than its graphic description of "the parks, promenades and gardens of Paris," it would still deserve to rank high among recent literary productions. But it has an additional merit. As a horticultural work it will be found of great service to all who feel the slightest interest in the flower garden, and of inestimable benefit to the grower of fruits and vegetables. We are not sufficiently versed in horticulture to criticise adversely those of Mr. Robinson's conclusions with which we are inclined to disagree. Such criticism we leave to the professional horticulturist. But we feel assured that in general excellence the contents of the volume call for the highest praise. That they will have something more than an ephemeral existence we have no doubt. As an incentive to a closer attention to horticulture the volume is so peculiarly applicable to this country that we repeat our recommendation of its extensive and careful perusal.

THE GREAT FRAUDS IN NEW ORLEANS.

Attempting to Bond a Million's Worth of Sugars—Perry Fuller to be Brought to Trial at Once—Senator Kellogg Cleared—Anticipated Racy Disclosures in the Alexander Case.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 16, 1869.

This morning, in the United States Court, before Judge Durell, an attempt was made to bond $180,000 worth of the million or so of sugar seized by the government officials in New Orleans for alleged infractions of the revenue laws.

United States District Attorney P. H. Morgan (who, at the request of the Attorney General, has withdrawn his resignation) strenuously opposed the motion, stating that the government wished to have the thing itself in court, so that, whether the government gained or lost the case, the litigation might be brought to a climax at once.

Mr. E. C. Billings, on behalf of the claimants, said whatever might be the wishes of the government, it was not probable that the case would be brought to a final disposition inside of five years, for the parties were determined to exhaust every legal remedy.

Judge Durell remarked that after four months' delay the motion to bond made at the instant that the government was prepared to go to trial certainly came at a most suspicious time.

Mr. Billings explained that the delay had been caused by the difficulty in getting the sugars released from the attachments of creditors.

Judge Durell said he would hear what the sureties had to say and decide upon the case afterwards.

Two leading sugar factors were offered as sureties, one swearing to $75,000 of unencumbered property and the other to $300,000. The Court agreed to accept one of them for $25,000 and the other for $50,000.

At this rate of progression the bonds are not likely to be found till after the case has been decided.

Meanwhile the District Attorney purposes bringing the suits for trial within a week.

The criminal indictments against Perry Fuller are in preparation and will be laid before the Grand Jury as soon as it is empanelled.

United States Senator and ex-Collector Kellogg has returned to Washington jubilant, declaring that the closest investigation has failed to attach any criminality to his administration of the New Orleans Custom House.

Mr. Boone, an ex-deputy collector, from the interior of Texas, has been arrested in this city, by United States Marshal Pack, and charged with frauds to the extent it is said of $100,000.

J. H. Alexander, ex-colonel of a negro cavalry regiment, *soi-disant* brother-in-law of Vice President Colfax (which statement Alexander perpetually reiterates and Mr. Colfax as perpetually denies), whose arrest on a charge of blackmailing as a bogus revenue officer and his subsequent escape and pretended suicide have already been reported in the HERALD, still eludes the vigilance of the officers of justice. The officials believe him to be still in the city, but kept out of the way by those whom his disclosures might seriously compromise. Much has been written about Colonel Alexander, his cotton operations, his diamonds and his house in Fifth avenue, New York, but little that is authentic. Your correspondent will probably be able in a few days to give some highly interesting extracts from correspondence found in his possession, which correspondence is of a peculiar character, as affecting certain public men. It is curious that men of both political parties seem unusually anxious that Alexander should be kept out of the way, and for every dollar reward offered for his arrest five are forthcoming from the other side to prevent it.