

New Brunswick Baptist,

AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick Baptist Associated Churches.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

VOLUME XV.

ST. JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1862.

NO. 25

Poetry.

A Glorious Thing.

"I can pray, and that is a glorious thing."
Among the last words of John Foster.

I cannot seek the busy scenes of life,
To act my part amid its toil and strife;
Yet in my narrow sphere God gives me power—
So sweet it brightens even the darkest hour—
To offer up to him my earnest prayer,
And lay before him every cross and care.

I cannot leave my still, secluded room,
Where shadows cast their quiet, chattering gloom;
I cannot rise, or walk, or freely move,
To do kind offices for those I love;
Yet, while I suffer lie, the cross is there,
And at my Saviour's feet I pour my prayer.

And, oh, it matters not how weak the heart
Whence prayer ascends, if it hath loving part
In Christ, the Way; faith elapses the precious word
And e'en the holy air of heaven is stirred;
God's ear is moved, and blessing rich come down,
The waiting heart's wide sphere of prayer to crown.

Oh, wondrous, glorious privilege of prayer!
Grief's healing balm, sure refuge from despair;
Strength for the weak, and for the weary rest;
For every sin-tossed soul a haven blest,
Tarry, my soul, safe in this haven air,
Till on the heavenly shore shall end thy prayer.

This sonnet, very far beyond the range of most
modern poetry, is from a little volume of poems by
Miss Rosetti, lately published in London.

AFTER DEATH.

"The curtains were half drawn; the floor was
swept
And strewn with rushes; rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay.
When through the lattice ivy shadows crept,
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept.
And could not hear him; but I heard him say;
"Poor child, poor child; and as he turned away,
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept."

"He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his;
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head;
He did not love me living; but, once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold."

Miscellaneous.

The International Exhibition.

No. II.—THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

Whatever faults may be discovered or
imagined in other parts of the Exhibition,
the picture galleries are, by general
consent, pronounced faultless. "The source
of criticism," says the *Athenaeum*, probably
referring to itself under this epithet, "will
find it hard to deny the merits of ample
space and excellent proportions to the pic-
ture galleries. For lighting they are per-
fect; and by judicious breaks in their
length, keeping one vast saloon as an ef-
fective and simple hall, the designer has
relieved the tedium of pacing in front of
walls hung with pictures for many hundred
feet. On entering, the airy beauty of the
great saloons containing the pictures will
strike every beholder with delight. Nor
are our foreign guests less nobly lodged."
When so censorious a critic speaks in terms
of such high eulogium, what wonder that
others should wax enthusiastic in their
praises! The grand gallery is 1,150 feet
in length, 50 feet wide, and 50 feet high.
The two smaller galleries are together 1,
200 feet long; by 25 feet wide, and 30 feet
high. In these stately saloons are hung
about 6,000 pictures, exclusive of statu-
ary, of which half are by English artists,
and half by foreigners. France contribut-
ing 500.

If we may point with pride to our su-
premaccy in other parts of the Exhibition,
we need not blush for our country here.
English artists hold no second place in this
great International Picture Gallery. Our
English school of painting was altogether
ignored by the people of the Continent till
the *Exposition des Beaux Arts* at Paris in
1856. Our contributions to that Exhibi-
tion took them by surprise. A young
Italian painter, studying his art in Paris,
said to us on that occasion, "Monsieur,
your paintings have burst upon us like a
bombshell; we supposed that you were
willing to pay enormous prices for pictures
by ancient masters or continental artists
because you had no art of your own. Now
we find that in every department you are
respectable, and in some supreme." The
French, Italian, and German art critics
gave expression to similar feelings in the
public journals. But that collection was
very inferior both in extent and value to
this. It is impossible for the most in-
terrate hater of *perfidious Albion* to speak in
other terms than those of respect for the
productions of British art, of which some
masterpieces adorn this gallery.

It is to be remarked on a general sur-
vey of our portion of the Exhibition, that
we are strongest just in those branches of
art in which our national characteristics ap-
pear. We are above all things a domestic
people; home is a word peculiar to our
language; the fireside, with its affections
and incidents, is the Englishman's centre;

hence our pre-eminence in *genre* painting; Bird, Wilkie, Leslie Mulready, Webster and Ford, may stand as our representa-
tives in this department—painting, as they
do, the incidents of common life in a style
half-humorous, half-sentimental, with su-
preme excellence. Scarcely less marked
is our love of nature in all its forms and
moods. The quiet, tranquil beauty of the
country, with its rural sights and sounds,
where a Frenchman finds only tedium and
ennui, and from which he flies to the *cafes*
of the Boulevard, has to the Englishman a
peculiar charm. Hence the greatness of
our school of landscape painters, of whom
we may name Gainsborough, Crome, Bon-
ington, Turner, Muller, Constable, Cres-
wick, and Linnell. Closely connected
with our natural love of the country is our
liking for animals—dogs, horses, and cattle.
Our leading statesmen are as proud of win-
ning a race, or getting a prize at a cattle-
show, as of carrying a division in Parliam-
ent, or receiving the Garter. Hence the
excellence of our animal painters. Of un-
equal merit, yet of signal excellence, we
may name in this branch of art Ward,
Landseer, Ansdell, and Herring. But the
sea is the Englishman's glory.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her home is on the mountain waves,
Her march is on the deep."

It would be strange if we had not pro-
duced some of the greatest marine painters
the world has yet seen; and we may claim
that place for Turner, Danby, Stanfield,
and Hook. In adding these names as
illustrative of our national greatness in
genre, landscape, animal, and marine paint-
ing, let us not be understood as meaning
that these are all or even the greatest
artists in each department. We only men-
tion them in passing as those which occur
to us in thinking over the contents of the
Exhibition.

Gentle reader, let us walk round the
galleries, and chat as we do so. We begin
at the beginning, and, as is most fit, salute
our bluff, blunt, honest English humorist.
No. 1, Hogarth, "Portrait of himself at
his easel." What a bold, shrewd, honest,
face looks out from the canvas! One sees
at a glance that here is the very man who
could hit such hard blows at our national
follies and vices, and who, whilst he held
up to detestation or contempt whatever
amongst his fellow-countrymen deserved it,
could nevertheless thank God every day
of his life that he was an Englishman.
Never was such truthful, pungent satire as
in this wonderful collection of Hogarth's
masterpieces. As Mr. Palgrave says,
"He brought the canvas down from my-
thology and pagantry, and made it tell the
story of common life—its pathos, its mean-
ness, fashions, humors, tears, laughter, tri-
umphs, and depths of degradation. Clowns,
fops, lords, rebels, politicians, gamblers,
labourers, soldiers, brides, mistresses,
spendthrifts, poets, musicians, mad-men—
nay, the very wigs and queues and walking
sticks of the age—all move and live on the
stage of his marvellous theatre." With
wonderful power and manipulative skill, he
only needed the sense of beauty to perfect
his artistic greatness. His pictures pos-
sess a marvellous and inexhaustible fund
of meaning which demands and will repay
protracted study—but grace and beauty
are wanting.

The colours of Sir Joshua Reynolds
have proved so fading and evanescent, that
polito pass his pictures without admira-
tion, and ascribe the raptures of connois-
surs to affectation. Yet even the most
unpractised eye and uncoloured taste can-
not be insensible to the wondrous grace
and beauty of his portraits. Never mind
his "Infant Samuel" (88), or his "Heads
of Angels" (23), or his awkward "Graces
decorating a figure of Hymen" (59). Let
us sit down before "Lady Galway and her
son, pickaback" (63), or "Kitty Fisher"
(65), or any of these portraits. Let us
especially look at those children, which he
painted so naturally and yet with faces so
angelic. What deep blue or arch grey
eyes! He could not paint "high art"—
and he knew it; in ordinary portraiture he
was very great, but not unrivalled in his
greatness; in painting children he stands
alone. His great rival, Gainsborough, is
equally a favourite with the art-critic and
the ordinary lover of art. He was equal-
ly great in portraiture and in landscape.
"The Cottage-door" (95), and "Land-
scape with cattle" (118), may serve to il-
lustrate the fine artistic feeling and the
truthfulness with which he painted nature.
His "Nancy Parsons" (48), "Girl with
a pitcher" (73), or his ever welcome
"Blue boy" (81), will show his excellence
in portraits.

Poor drunken, disreputable Morland is
well represented here. His "Gipsies" (109), "Sea Shore" (114), and "Sheep"

(143) are homely, but picturesque and
truthful. Stately Sir Thomas Lawrence
would almost rise from his grave at the in-
dignity of being placed in the same para-
graph with this upping painter of pigsties.
But "necessity knows no law," and the
company of princes must come side by
side with clowns. Sir Thomas' portraits,
however popular in their day, are weak
and flimsy. "Pius VII." (141), painted
by him, looks little like the Vicar of Christ,
as he claimed to be; his face has a half
idiotic smile, with an underlying look of
cunning, which was not improbably char-
acteristic of the man. We must pass
hastily the contributions of Wilson, Crome,
Hofland, and Chalou, not because they are
undeserving of study, but because our space
and time are limited, and pause for a little
while before Hilton's great painting of the
"Crucifixion" (200). This is one of the
few pictures aspiring to high art in which
our English school has been successful.
The figure of our Lord is very fine and ex-
pressive. The cross has a light of its own,
whilst all the rest is in gloomy shadow.
The woman weeping at the foot of the
cross are admirably painted. The whole
composition is grand and noble. Observe
too the wings of the triptych, which are
full of power. There are few if any more
impressive sacred pictures in the gallery
than this.

Hurrying on, one of the next pictures
which attracts and fixes the eye is a "Wild
Sea Shore" (230), by Danby. Wild in-
deed it is. The sun is setting after a storm,
red and lurid amid masses of clouds.
The waves rush fiercely into a deep bay,
and dash into foam against the rocks, or
lose themselves on the long, low beach
which is blood-red in the slanting sun-
beams. Just out to sea lies impaled on
rocks or embedded in sand the skeleton of
a ship, wrecked there years ago. The red
sun glares angrily through its naked ribs,
which stand up gaunt and bare amid the
desolation, and give a human interest to
the scene. Gazing upon it, the crowd of
passers-by is forgotten, and the spectator feels
himself alone in the wild and savage soli-
tude of the scene. Seldom have the ter-
rors of the deep been more effectively and
more poetically depicted. Very different
in treatment, yet not altogether dissimilar
in its effect upon the mind, is a picture on
the opposite wall, by Stanfield, "The
Abandoned" (377). A dismantled hull,
whose crew have been swept from the rig-
ging or have taken to the boats and per-
ished, lies a log upon the waters. A huge
swelling wave, which tells of recent storm,
as yet scarce subsided, comes rolling heav-
ily on, heaving the abandoned vessel with
it. The sky is a dull leaden grey, the at-
mosphere saturated with mist and vapour,
the sea heaving restlessly. What a tremen-
dous sense of power is given in the
onward rush of the mountain wave, and
what a tale of hopeless struggle against
elemental forces in the dismantled and
deserted barque!

The sea under other and more cheerful
aspects is painted to perfection by Hook,
who is admirably represented on these
walls. Nothing can be more true to na-
ture than his "Staud Clear!" (476),
"Whose bread is on the waters" (599),
and "Luff, boy!" (614). The first of
these has always been a special favourite
of ours. A fishing-boat is just drawing
up the beach, and slightly falls over as it
does so. Under the keel a bright clear
ripple of green crystal water curves and
curls round the boat. Here and there a
tangle of sea-weed floats into view. On
the gunwale a bare-legged sailor-boy bal-
ances himself as only a sailor can, ready
to drop off the moment the keel touches
the shingle. His calm expectancy is in
admirable contrast with the action of his
comrade furling the sail. The other pic-
tures we have named (599, 614), are per-
haps more general favourites than the one
we have noticed. They all possess an in-
describable charm, in their vigorous, health-
ful, truthful tone, and in their freedom
from all cant and affectation. We cannot
wonder at their universal popularity.

A little further on are some of Holman
Hunt's master-pieces. His "Light of the
world" (580) is here, a picture of which
one never wearies, and whose meaning one
has never exhausted. How divine, yet
how human, is that sad, pale face! With
what majesty, yet with what ineffable pity,
does He "stand at the door and knock!"
The door shut so close, bolted so fast, the
briars and thorns growing up around it in
such tangled profusion! Mark, too, the
contrasted lights, each with its own sym-
bolical meaning, as indeed have all the ac-
cessories of the picture. These symbolisms,
however, have been so eloquently ex-
pounded by Mr. Ruskin, that it would be
supererogation and impertinence on our part
to follow in the same track. Very differ-

ent in style—no two pictures could well
be more dissimilar—is his "Lantern-
maker's courtship" (581), yet it too is a
wonderful piece of work. It represents a
street in Cairo, painted with photographic
minuteness and accuracy. A young lan-
tern-maker sees his betrothed coming to-
ward him; as she approaches, he roguish-
ly draws down her veil that he may catch
a glimpse of her face. The action of the
picture is slight and trivial, and the size is
small, so that it might be easily overlooked,
but it is a gem in its way.

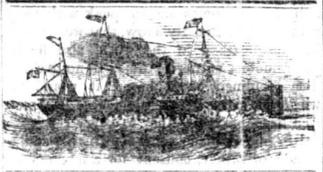
At Dyce's "Pegwell Bay" (613), and
Naishe's "Kynance Cove" (621), we can
only glance in passing, though coast scen-
ery has seldom been more finely painted.
So, too, must we hurry past Linnell's glo-
rious landscapes, with their wonderful dis-
tances and rich sunsets and glowing col-
ours, and deep sense of the divinity which
reveals itself in nature. The touching
paths of Faed and J. Clark must detain
us only a moment or two. But let us
make a short pause before Ego's powerful
but painful triptych. Its title can only
give a hint of the terrible tragedy it un-
folds. We read in the catalogue as fol-
lows (638):—"August the 4th.—Have just
heard that B— has been dead more than
a fortnight, so his poor children have now
lost both parents. I hear she was seen on
Friday last evidently without a place to lay
her head." In the centre picture we have
a husband seated at a table, with an open
letter in his hand, from which he has just
discovered the infidelity of his wife. His
face has an expression of horror and per-
plexity; his countenance has changed to
an ashen grey; his eyes look out of the
canvas with a fixed, stony stare. At his
feet the guilty woman has fallen prostrate
in an agony of remorse and shame. At
one side of the room two children, as yet
unconscious of sorrow, are building a house
of cards, which is just falling—sad symbol
of the afflicted family. All the access-
ories are touching and suggestive. In the
picture on the right is the guilty woman,
cast off by her husband, deserted by the
partner of her guilt, in a mean, poor gar-
ret, her face pinched with want, and hag-
gard with sorrow, at her knee a little child
is kneeling in its evening prayer. On the
left hand is the closing scene in the dry
arches of the Adelphi—the miserable
starving wretch has crawled there to seek
a shelter for the night, and to die. Through
the open arch the river is seen just waking
up to the light in the busy morning—upon
her, clasping the child to her breast, the
dark night of death is closing. "The
way of transgressors is hard." May God
be more merciful to the sinful woman than
man has been!

No visitor to the gallery will overlook
the wonderful series of pictures from scenes
in the French Revolution by Elmore and
Ward. Their merits are so great, their
meaning so obvious, that they need no
words of ours to call attention to or ex-
pound them. Here is one, however, by
an artist less known to fame, whose soli-
tary contributions might be overlooked.
"The Last Day in the Old Home," by
Martineau (727). The spendthrift heir of
an old family has squandered his inheri-
tance upon the turf. The bailiffs are in
possession, and the sale by auction is to
be to-morrow. In a room, the furniture
of which is ticketed for sale, with assumed
gaiety and nonchalance upon his hard,
shameless face, the wretched man, still
young, is drinking to the future. His son,
a lad of eight or ten, stands at his knee,
an apt pupil, doing the same. The wife,
a beauty rather the worse for the wear, is
seated at a side table, writing to secure
lodgings, to which they may retire, and
turns to beckon the boy away. The old
steward, with tearful eyes and trembling
hand, brings his keys and accounts to ren-
der up his stewardship into the hands of
the widowed mother of the prodigal spend-
thrift. Each figure tells its tale and sug-
gests its moral—a moral which each who
reads it may well lay to heart.

One of more than 3,000 masterpieces
of the English school, we have but glanced
at a dozen. Of the whole number here
collected, there are few which would not
repay study fully as well as those we have
noticed. Turner (very poorly represented
here), Mulready, Landseer, Macise, Lee,
Frita, and a host of others, await recogni-
tion which our space forbids. And in ad-
dition to the 3,000 by English artists,
there are as many by foreigners, which
should not be overlooked. France, Ger-
many, Spain, Italy, Greece, Russia, Nor-
way, Sweden, Denmark, and America,
send their contributions, and our catalogue
is thickly scored with marks of admiration
affixed to pictures in each department and
contributed by each nation. For art
speaks a universal language, and knows
nothing of national jealousy and exclusive-

ness. The true artist addresses himself to
humanity in a tongue to be understood of
all.

One remark only can we make in con-
clusion. It is commonly said that Protes-
tantism is fatal to artistic development,
and that Catholicism is the only religion
which fosters art. The charge is frequent-
ly brought against the purer faith which
we profess, and may be glanced at here.
The reply is twofold. First,—If so, what
then? Truth is a greater thing than beau-
ty; religion is worthier than art. Let it
be granted that our choice lies between a
sensual, superstitious ritual with a devel-
opment of art, or a pure unsensual creed
whose severe spirituality is unfavourable
to the pursuit of beauty and grace—then
give us truth, and let beauty go! Let
Italy keep her art, if it can only be ac-
quired at the price of our religion. But,
secondly, bring the assertion to the test
and touch-stone of fact. The Art of Euro-
pe hangs in its masterpieces on these
walls. France must go out of the account,
for French artists, whatever else they may
be, are not Catholics—save perhaps in
name. What has Spain to show, or Italy,
or Austria?—Norway and Sweden send
contributions far more original in concep-
tion healthy in tone, and perfect in per-
formance, than those lands of the sunny
South. Protestant Germany is at least
equal to Catholic Germany. And Eng-
land, the metropolis of Protestantism, is
second to no country on earth in the extent
and excellence of her pictorial produc-
tions. The true statement we believe
to be this,—The people who seek beauty
first, to the neglect of truth, ultimately
lose both truth and beauty. Seek truth
first, and beauty will follow in her train.
As is the handmaid of religion. Put the
handmaid in the place of the mistress; the
one, dishonoured and slighted, will indign-
antly withdraw; and the other, placed in
a false position, will fade away and die be-
fore her deluded votaries.



Later from England!

CAPE RACE, 5th July, 1862.

The "Hibernian," from Liverpool, June
27th, and Derry 27th, was intercepted off
Cape Race, at 8 o'clock this, Saturday 6 morn-
ing.

Parliamentary news to 25th inst., unim-
portant. House of Commons engaged upon
a bill relative to Inns of Court. The case
of Edwin James was incidentally alluded to;
it transpired that James refused to have even
his friends with him at the investigation of
his case, so that it is impossible for him to
make just complaint of secrecy of the Tribu-
nal which cond-mned him.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The *Morning Herald*, finds it impossible
to account for inactivity of McClellan; "possi-
bly, (it says) after battle of Fair Oaks and
the breaking up of Beauregard's army in the
West, McClellan does not see his way clearly;
he may feel himself outnumbered by the ene-
my in a position which is impregnable, and
from which that enemy may fall upon his
lines and work at pleasure. If so all is likely
to meet with disaster, which may change the
whole aspect of the war—for reverse to Mc-
Clellan involves ruin of his army and the
hopes of the Federal Government."

A meeting at London relative to African
Slave trade was presided over by Lord
Brougham.

FRANCE.

Corps Legislatif voted the whole extraor-
dinary budget, and with slight modifications
the whole of the ordinary budget. Bourse
heavy at 68.40.

The "Presse" in speaking of the departure
of Admiral for Mexico, says his plans have
been entirely approved, and his presence will
have a favorable result for solution of ques-
tion. It is asserted that henceforth there is
to be no question of establishing a monarchy
or supporting candidature of Almonte or any
other; but simply to protect the interests of
Frenchmen.

ITALY.

Rattazzi has given notice of intention of
making integral appropriation of clause budget
by chamber of Deputies a question of
confidence in the ministry. In response to
question of re-ent enrolling, Rattazzi says
Government were endeavoring to discover
authority.

TURKEY.

The special Commissioners despatched by
the Porte to enquire into the recent distur-
bances in Belgrade, arrived there. Prince
Serbia demands the evacuation of all the For-
treses.

LATEST.

The news by th "Persia" just received.
An important Mexican debate has taken
place in French corps Legislatif. Jules
Have censured the expedition, recommended

Government to treat with Mexico and with-
draw. Billaut defended the course of the
Government, and repudiated negotiations.
French honor was engaged, and insults must
be avenged.

London *Herald* maintains that it is time
that France and England should take decided
action in American affairs.

MARKETS.

Cotton excited, advanced 1d.
Breadstuffs steady, firm.
Provisions very dull.
Consols 91 3/4th a 7.8ths.
Bullion in the Bank of England increased
£641,000.

Arrival of the "Europa."

TWO DAYS LATER.

ST. JOHN'S N. F., July 7.

Europa from Liverpool 28th and Queens-
town 29th intercepted off Cape Race at mid-
night on Sunday.

The Times editorial says that the telegrams
by the Persia, if they come substantially
from the Northern Government, do credit to
its veracity, inasmuch as they proclaim that
any decisive advantage over the Confederates
must be postponed until great addition is
made to the Federal army. The latest dates
are June 18th, which may be considered the
beginning of summer heats. Although prob-
ably both armies will keep the field, yet there
can be little doubt that the spirit of the
campaign must languish until fall, when cool
weather and reinforcements on both sides
allow the struggle to be renewed. Last news
represents what may be looked upon as the
closing scenes of the Spring campaign. Though
Federals have so many more men, and such
a vast army and greatest resources, they in-
variably describe themselves as outnumbered
by the Confederates. Halleck and McClellan
both utter same complaints. Food and
powder must have been the cry of the Con-
federate forces, which, numbering one hundred
and twenty thousand at Corinth, and being
equal, if not superior, to forces opposed to
them, was yet obliged to retreat Southward,
and are now posted in decreased numbers at
Grenada, Kentuckians and Tennesseans
might argue that since their own States have
been abandoned and fallen under the yoke of
the Federals, they had no further interest in
defending the Cotton States, to which they
were bound by the tie of allegiance, but dis-
missing army must have been mainly caused
by difficulty of procuring food.

The Times adds: The superior number and
resources of the North we look upon as cer-
tain in the end to prevail, but who can see the
resolution evinced by the South, the immense
army it puts in the field, and the tenacity
with which it disputes every position, without
feeling that the war is likely to drench the
territory of the Union with much more blood.
It winds up by hoping that some means may
be devised for bringing the unnatural conflict
to a close.

The *Morning Herald* in an editorial contends
that the restoration of the Union would be a
calamity not only for Europe and England in
particular, but for the North, and declares
that the Union had become a nuisance among
nations. Secession is so favourable to Eng-
land that self-interest would have justified in-
terference in her behalf, had not international
morality forbid it. Even now if there was
any hope of an early settlement, no one would
dream of interfering. As it is, however, the
Herald thinks it time some decided action
should be taken by France and England on
behalf of justice and humanity, as well as for
the protection of their half ruined manufac-
tories and hungry operatives. Such action
must be taken at last, as it is impossible that
things can be long allowed to remain as at
present, and most improbable that any change
in the aspect of American affairs will bring up
any relief, and if we are to act let us act at
once with gentleness and courtesy, but with
immovable firmness of purpose.

In the House of Lords Chelmsford asked if
Edwin James be allowed to retain his patent
as Queen's Counsel. The Lord Chancellor
said that James gave notice of appeal to
Judges from decision of Benchers, but as he
had taken no steps to carry it out, he deemed
it was not desirable he should longer enjoy any
honor under the Crown, and would order his
patent to be cancelled.

Sir J. Bruce, Governor to the Prince of
Wales, and a brother of Lord Elgin, died in
London on the 27th, of the effects of fever
contracted at Constantinople, while travelling
with the Prince.

FRANCE.

In the French Chamber of Deputies Jules
Favre censured the Expedition to Mexico, and
demanded explanations. After arguing a-
gainst the French policy in the past, he said
that things had reached a point in which it
was necessary the resolution taken should be
explained. He considered the sole course to
take compatible with the interests and honor
of the country was to treat with Mexico and
withdraw. He denied that there was any de-
fect to be avenged, eulogised the conduct of the
troops, and protested against the enterprise.
Billaut, in response defended the course of
France. He censured the negotiations from
which it was impossible to obtain any result.
He stated that the Emperor was compelled to
disavow the Convention of Soledad as con-
trary to the honor of France. He explained
that notwithstanding the momentary disagree-
ment between the three Governments they re-
mained on good terms.

He energetically expelled the idea of treat-
ing with the Juarez Government, saying the
course of France was engaged, and she must
avenger the insults offered. The Emperor
would leave the people entirely free, when the