

PRESIDENT FIGUERAS.

Spanish Politics and Prospects as Seen by the Republican Executive.

COMPOSITION OF THE NEW CORTES.

A Herald Correspondent's Talk with the Head of the New Republic.

ALFONSO OR POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

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PEACE AND ORDER UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

Sentiments of the European Sovereigns and Their Interest in Spanish Affairs.

AMERICA SPAIN'S BEST FRIEND.

A Message Through the Herald to Millions of American Citizens.

MADRID, May 15, 1873.

Last night, at six o'clock, the general elections throughout Spain were closed. The Assembly, which is to give a new constitution to this disturbed country, is now a reality and will assume a working shape before this letter can appear in the HERALD. Two weeks hence the 387 newly-elected Deputies will meet at the Congreso de los Diputados, in the Carrera St. Geronimo. It can be fairly said that nowhere and at no time have elections been marked by less excitement. The conservatives of all shades resolved to abstain from voting, and consequently, in Madrid itself, only one-fourth of all the electors exercised their rights. There were many provincial districts where a Deputy was returned by less than two hundred votes, and in one instance nine voters returned a representative. In fact, the federalists alone went to the ballot urns, and the natural result was that scarcely any except federalist Deputies were elected. A few distant conservative localities, not sufficiently influenced by the party leaders of Madrid, excepted themselves from the rule agreed upon by the main body of the conservatives, and returned some twenty-five Deputies of various retrograde shades—the only opposition elements the federalists are to find in the Assembly. To these may be added, as far as the government is concerned, some fifty ultra-socialists, called *intransigentes* (irreconcilables), which are likely to give some trouble to Señor Figueras and his Ministers. But, with some three hundred odd votes in an Assembly of not fully four hundred Deputies, any government might have considered itself all-powerful, except a Spanish one. At all events the President of the Spanish Republic, to judge from his own words, does not consider himself safe in any way whatever.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind that abstention from voting on the part of the various anti-republican factions means, in this case, much more than it means usually. It is a pure and simple refusal to acknowledge the legality of the elections, and this implies, of course, at some future date, an open revolt against the legislation of the Assembly. Various protests on the part of the anti-republican parties had been already published and some of the leaders of these parties, who had all fled after the events of April 23, intended to form juntas on French soil, passing resolutions and mustering forces on the safe side of the frontier.

THE MISTAKE OF THE REACTIONISTS.

President Figueras, on receiving me on Tuesday, said, with reference to this subject:—"The representatives of conservative opinions are acting in the most foolish and unpatriotic manner. They seem to have learned nothing from past experience. It was at all times the strategy of the conservative opposition in this country to create a vacuum around the existing power, and the inevitable result was that when the power fell it was not to make room for those who created the vacuum, but for the party still more advanced than that which was overthrown. By creating now a vacuum around us they will not open a road to themselves, but to the demagogues only; while, by accepting the existing fact of a Spanish Republic, and by setting at work on the opposition benches they would have balanced the forces and have done certainly more good to the country than they could, perhaps, themselves believe. They are almost sure to cause blood to be shed now, while then they would have been almost as sure to lead the country to order and national regeneration, had they courageously accepted the Republic."

Your correspondent asked the President whether he considered that the anti-republican party had many members whose services could be rendered available by the Republic?

"Certainly," answered the President, "though it is not particularly pleasant for a republican to make such an avowal; but I cannot deny the fact that the ablest statesmen Spain possesses are in the ranks of the conservatives and monarchists."

DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME.

Our party has still to try its forces and to

show its abilities. We have been as yet neither organized, nor have we even known each other. I know, for instance, the republicans of my province, Catalonia, and they know me, for we were the first to begin the republican agitation as far back as 1840. But we know scarcely anything about the republicans of other provinces, nor they about us. Consequently we have to make each other's acquaintance yet, and to try each other's abilities, for scarcely any of us had occasion to show them—practically, I mean, for in the sphere of theory our party has done something already. The best contemporary Spanish writers belong to our party; but the most experienced and skilful statesmen must be as yet acknowledged to be in the opposite camp."

"Did the President not think that the new Assembly would be very violent, and render the task of the government a rather difficult one?" was the next question put to him by your correspondent.

"Well, I think it will be somewhat violent," answered Señor Figueras, "or, at all events, noisy; but I lay great stress on the social law, in accordance with which a given number of violent men being brought together for deliberation are, as a rule, often cooled down and become moderate. The first sittings of the forthcoming Assembly will probably be very stormy, and perhaps appear somewhat wild or ridiculous to Americans and Englishmen, in whom the practices of Parliamentary debates are more sober. But that won't last long, I hope, and the Deputies will soon see the need of a more quiet way of transacting business. Besides, we shall not be the first to amuse you or call forth your disapprobation in that way, the present French Assembly having, I believe, given a fair example of the difficulty the representatives of the Latin race experience in deliberating quietly, without smashing everything around them. As to the difficulties in our way, they are, of course, incalculable, and I am not quite sure yet that they can be all vanquished. But the most serious of them are not those presented by the general state of the country or those you seem to anticipate from the violence of the new Deputies. To my mind the greatest difficulties must come from the monarchists' and conservatives' proceedings. They seem to have made up their minds to fight us to the bitter end."

THEY ARE CONSIDERING ALL BOUND.

Almost every well-to-do house is the centre of some sort of conspiracy at the present moment; and we have great difficulties in avoiding the danger of some of the government offices becoming similar centres as well. The bank, for instance, is quite unmanageable. It does its best to paralyze all the efforts of the government to restore the confidence of both Spaniards and foreigners in the financial resources of this country. Still more is the behaviour of some of the officers of the army. They are conspiring in broad daylight, notwithstanding all the changes that have been recently made in the personnel of various commands, and in this I apprehend one of our greatest dangers. I could not tell you all the sacrifices the government has made to avoid bloodshed; yet they are pushing us to it still. I know for certain that, in many cases,

SOLDIERS WILL SHOOT THEIR OWN OFFICERS.

at the next attempt similar to that of the 23d of April, and every one knows what must then follow. A final blow will be given to the discipline of the army, and no human efforts will be able to prevent the country falling into utter anarchy. And, supposing even that these officers had success and that their soldiers would obey them, how many men could they bring into the field? Certainly not enough to intimidate the republican battalions of the National Guards and of the militia. And if they are not intimidated, as were the eleven monarchical battalions on the 23d, they will fight desperately, and there will be an end either to them or to the army.

ARE THE MINISTERS DEMAGOGUES?

The conservatives call me a demagogue; but I can assure you that I am no more a demagogue than M. Thiers or Mr. Gladstone. I differ from them only in my firm belief that a federal republic is the best form of government for Spain. But I believe just as firmly that a federal republic can be established without any wild socialistic theories being brought forward. So far, indeed, am I and my colleagues from being demagogues that it was our sincere wish to bring a hundred or so conservative deputies into the Assembly, to form a sensible and powerful opposition. The question was deliberated in the Council of Ministers whether we would be right in encouraging some of the conservatives to come forward and in giving them such support as we could. And if we resolved not to do so it was only because of the attitude of the conservatives and of the obligations this attitude had compelled us to take towards their enemies."

CARLISM AND ALFONSIEM.

Your correspondent asked the President whether he made any distinction between the various branches of the conservative party, and, if so, which was that he would have thought more fit to help the country out of its difficulties.

"For me," said the President, "there is only one conservative party—that of Don Alfonso. It is the only one which has some real root in the country and which counts in its

ranks really able men. The Carlists look, of course, more active and more dangerous, and so they are, perhaps. But we know, if strangers do not, that Carlism means at the present moment Don Alfonso much more than it does Don Carlos. I would not be astonished at all if by and by the leading Alfonsoists—almost all of whom are now at and about Bayonne—would begin to tender actual help to the Carlists; and I know for certain that the leading men of the Carlist party, if they had been asked to express their innermost thoughts, would all declare themselves for Don Alfonso. Old Elio, for instance, knows better than any one how far Don Carlos is unfit for the throne, and if he still serves the Carlist cause it is simply out of chivalry and out of old-fashioned loyalty. He served Ferdinand VII and "Charles V.," and he considers himself bound to serve "Charles VII.," but had you asked him frankly to say whom he preferred to see on the throne of Spain, from the point of view of the country's welfare, he would certainly say Don Alfonso. About the same thing could be said of Dorregaray, Lizarraga, Olio and several other Carlist leaders. All of them were officers in Doña Isabella's army. All of them joined the Carlist party, not because they did not acknowledge her as their Queen, but because they did not wish either to serve the Republic or Amadeo. They would never have fought against Isabella, and would gladly accept her son. In fact, Carlism, properly so called, is strong with the populations of the northern provinces, and by no means with its leaders, who know only too well how little the debauched and weak-minded Don Carlos is fit to rule Spain, or even likely to be accepted by any portion of the population as soon as he becomes more known. You said Don Carlos spoke kindly of me and my colleagues when you saw him. I am, therefore, sorry to say such rude things of him, but I believe I am saying only what is true."

Your correspondent asked the President whether he meant to say that Carlist generals were purposely concealing their feelings at present, and were fighting apparently in the cause of Don Carlos, but in reality for the restoration of Don Alfonso.

"No, that I do not mean to say," answered the President. "They probably believe they are fighting for Don Carlos, but in reality they are simply fighting for a Spanish King against a Republic now, as they fought against an Italian King a few months ago. But as they have no objections whatever to the young Don Alfonso, and as, in fact, they must prefer him to Don Carlos, I would not be astonished at all if—should they be successful and the Republic overthrown—they would find themselves at the head of troops bringing to Madrid Don Alfonso instead of Don Carlos. The reproachment which I hear, is beginning between some of the Carlist and some of the Alfonsoist leaders, is an additional ground for my believing a combination of this sort not improbable."

"So that, practically, you admit the possibility of the Republic being overthrown?" asked your correspondent.

HOPES OF THE REPUBLIC.

"As things are going on now," answered the President, "I must say that I would not deny the possibility of such a thing, though I hope it will not happen. At all events there is this much achieved already, that only two forms of government have henceforth become possible in this country—either a federal republic or a constitutional monarchy with Don Alfonso. This is a great gain. A short time ago we had about a dozen combinations equally considered as possible. The thing has now become considerably simplified. Yet Don Alfonso, though his chances of coming to power are great, cannot last long. His reign would be merely a short adjournment of the Republic. In thinking this I do not lay stress alone on the progress which republican ideas are daily making in this country, but also on some of the unavoidable consequences of the Prince's coming to the throne. It will be impossible, for instance, to admit the Prince alone to Spain. If he should enter the country as its sovereign his family would naturally come with him, and in a few days after the ceremonies and festivities Madrid would have the Duke and his friends, a Regent or a Regency, with a party to it; Doña Isabel and her party, Doña Christina and her party, the Duke of Montpensier and his party, and so on. They would all endeavor to have the upper hand in the councils of the King, and all turn deadly enemies to each other, conspire against each other and equally contribute, each and all, to the overthrow of the King and a new general flight of all of them from Spain. The foreign Powers are now exchanging diplomatic despatches with reference to the Republic. They are, of course, anxious to see a monarchy re-established in this country, because they don't know anything about the real state of our parties and the condition of Spain. Insisting still on a monarchy, they do not, however, object as strongly as they did formerly to a republic, provided this republic is called conservative and is copied from what M. Thiers has established on the other side of the Pyrenees. The old gentleman has managed to reconcile the European potentates with this form of government and has made them understand that a republic is not necessarily anarchy, and that it can even be the rule of an uncrowned chief of the Executive as despotic as any crowned

monarch has ever exercised. But what they cannot make up their minds about is the word 'federal.' They don't know exactly what it means, but they think it must mean something very undesirable. They don't like the slightest notice when they are told that America and Switzerland are republican federations. They simply answer you, 'The cases are quite different there,' and they think they have said everything and refuted all arguments you may adduce."

SOLICITUDE OF THE CÉSARS.

"The other day the two Emperors paying each other compliments at St. Petersburg, did our Minister at that Court the honor of talking to him. They said they greatly desired safety and order should be restored in Spain and bloodshed ended. The Minister answered them that the Spanish government was doing its best to achieve these ends. But I said to my friend, Señor Castelar, on receiving the report of this conversation, that if I had been in the place of the Spanish Ambassador I would have answered their Majesties that we had as much safety and order as ever, and that we had had no bloodshed at all, even not so much as there was the other day in Frankfurt, or as there is always in Russia whenever a dozen people assemble to discuss any public grievance and whole regiments are sent out to 'restore order.'"

"My poor friend Señor Castelar, who is very impressionable, as you know, is getting quite nervous under the influence of the information he gets from our Ministers abroad. It looks as if we were going to receive some strong worded notes one of these days on the subject of the word 'federal' as compared with 'conservative,' and I am very glad that the Assembly will probably meet by the time we receive these documents."

Señor Figueras mentioned some of the measures already taken by the government of the Republic, and which ought to have inspired the foreign Powers with some confidence in the future of Spain as far as peace and order were concerned, and his incidentally mentioning the recent publication of the budget led the conversation to

THE QUESTION OF FINANCES.

"This is, I acknowledge," said the President, "our weakest point; and, assuming that I speak to you not as the President of the Spanish Republic, but simply as Señor Figueras, I would say that our financial position can certainly be much improved by ourselves, but that a complete financial regeneration of Spain is possible only with the aid of America. It would be too long now to explain to you my views on this question. The reception room at the *Presidencia* must be already full, and people must get impatient about my not coming; but if you call any evening we will have a quiet talk about this, as well as many other subjects. We all know in Spain that the only true friends we have are the Americans, and I know that talking to a *HERALD* representative is the same as talking to several millions of American citizens. So I shall always be glad to have a talk with you, for we don't want to conceal anything, and hope that the more Spain and the Spanish Republic are known the other side of the ocean the better it will be for everybody."

CUBA.

"But do not suppose that, when I say that American enterprise and American gold can alone regenerate the finances of Spain I mean in any way to allude to Cuba. That island must be left quite out of the question at the present moment. As both Carlist and Alfonsoist leaders told you, so must I tell you, too, that no government will dare, at the present moment, to propose any arrangement affecting in any way the integrity of Spanish territory; and this was one of the reasons for my having put so much 'territorial integrity,' as you said, in my official answer to General Sickles the other day. Our enemies were spreading rumors that we were arranging the sale of Cuba in an underhand manner, and I had to answer them. My private conviction is that Cuba is lost for us, and that in a quarter of a century every Spanish peasant will firmly believe that Cuba's joining the States was quite a natural thing, as he now believes it to be the most unpatriotic and criminal idea ever conceived. But my personal opinions on future events have nothing to do with the political opinions of the present President of the executive power of the Spanish Republic. When we meet again we may talk a little more on this subject; but now I must wish you goodbye, and if I add here our customary '*Esta casa está a su disposición de V.*' don't take it for a mere formal compliment."

It may be mentioned here that the President received your correspondent at his private house in the Calle del Salud at half-past six in the morning. Like M. Thiers, the President of the Spanish Republic is a very early riser, and his official hours of reception at the *Presidencia* are from seven to eleven A. M. He receives only very few visitors at his little private residence, which he has not changed since he became President for any of the numerous unoccupied government palaces. And the President's cabinet, where the interview took place, is as unpretentious and quiet a room as that of a German student of law or philosophy, whose parents are able to give him fifty thalers a month.

The St. Louis *Despatch* recently had a visit from Wm. L. Barry, of Nashville, who was born in Lunenburg county, Va., in 1780. He is now ninety-three years of age, and the *Despatch* says that up to one year ago he had worked at the printers' case since 1798, or a period of seventy-five years.

THE EVE OF THE DELUGE.

Choosing the New President of the French National Assembly.

FRANCE DANCING ON A VOLCANO.

Prudent Parisians Placing Their Treasures Beyond the Reach of Revolution.

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Party Leaders and Public Men, as Seen by the Way and in Their Seats.

IN THE PRESS LOGE.

Dropping the Balls Which Elect M. Buffet as Successor to M. Grey.

PARIS, May 21, 1873.

Forty-seven years ago, when Louis Philippe gave a magnificent ball at the Palais Royal, while political affairs, which so shortly found their vent in the Revolution of July, were almost at boiling point, witty M. Salvandy described the exact position in his phrase, *Nous dansons sur un volcan* (We are dancing on a volcano). If M. Salvandy could return to life he might repeat his witicism at this moment. Paris is full, the boulevards teem with busy, brilliant throngs. Every possible American intonation, from the high-pitched sing-song of the New Englander to the interminable drawl of the West, can be heard in the courtyard and the corridors of the Grand Hotel; crowds of the English men and women, alike conspicuous for the eccentricity of their toilets, hang about Meurice's and the Rue de Rivoli; even the hated Germans are once more to the fore, and some of the finest equipages and some of the loveliest, golden haired ladies to be seen in the Bois are, you will find on inquiry, the property of gentlemen of Teutonic origin. The theatres are doing well; Mabile and Ambre are looking forward to an excellent season, and the pavement outside the principal cafés is so beset during the evening that it is with the greatest difficulty, and only after squeezing in between the old Frenchman, *décoré* and reading the *Temps*, and the tall Briton, who orders "Quelque cognac-brandy, you know—on a bottle of soda water." Yet you can obtain a seat. Life is here in its gayest, brightest, most sensuous aspect. *En avant, mes amis! After tout, jours, la jeunesse.* Make hay while the sun shines—and yet—and yet—how about that volcano! Let us look at what commercial men call the "per cent" side of the ledger! Over to home life of Paris, not that expressed in taring boulevards or teeming hotels, but over the domestic hearth, the merchant's counting house, the sober citizen's home, hangs

THE LURID SHADOW OF THE RED FIEND, bearing in one hand a musket, in the other a torch. In the ears of thousands of men, prudent but not timid, provident but not terror-stricken, the first rumbling of the volcano, shell-filled and petroleum-charged, is already beginning to sound. If you can believe the rumors which greet you with informed circles, large sums of money and valuables of all kinds are being sent daily, for safe keeping, to Belgium and England; in many families preparations for the immediate transport of women and children to the same retreats are complete. The Bourse is agitated, merchants shake their heads, declining to look at big ventures, and a deputation of bankers has waited on M. Thiers, telling him that if there is the slightest interruption of order and tranquility it will be impossible to find that last milliard of indemnity money, the payment of which is to set the soil of France free from foreign occupation. If this expected tragedy is to take place, its last act, with all its dread accompaniments, will be played in the streets; meanwhile the scene of action now lies in the Assembly, at Versailles. Let us take a glance at it.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

It is twelve o'clock, Tuesday morning, and the station of the Versailles Railway (Rive Droite) is humming like a hive of bees. Private carriages, hired coupés and Victorias keep dashing up and depositing their occupants at the steps of the cars in the Rue St. Lazare. But few persons in the condition of him after whom the street is named are to be seen, but Dives is well represented. The foreign pleasure-seekers usually to be found here en route to Versailles or St. Cloud are quite swallowed up in the immense throng of Deputies, journalists, secretaries and interested men of politics, who surge restlessly hither and thither, ticket-taking, news-seeking, note-comparing. The train does not start till half-past twelve, but the knowing ones have gone early, some to secure good seats, others to get a comfortable stare at the celebrities. Here a party of interest, at last! The crowd converges and forms a little circle round two men, who have just exchanged salutations—two men of very different classes, apparently.

TWO PARTY LEADERS.

Who is this fat, gross man of middle height, with reddish-brown complexion and decidedly red nose, with a queer *louche*, or cock-eye, which gives him a half-jovial, half-sinister expression—this man with the curly-brimmed, grease-stained hat, the tortoise-shell double eyeglasses hanging loose round his neck, the shining coat and the full trousers, into the pockets of which his hands are thrust up to the wrists? This is Léon Gambetta, the terror of the Right, the hope of the Left, the one man who is supposed to be able to establish a real republic, unshaken by Orleansism, Bonapartism or priestcraft, in France. The gentleman with whom he is in conversation, the Duc d'Audiffert Pasquier, the leader of the Right, differs from Gambetta almost as much in appearance as in politics. He is a small, gentlemanly-looking man, neatly dressed, with well cut features and gray side whiskers. Fire and water are as likely to mingle well as these two men; but they are polite and even pleasant to each other, and, with a *Paillassé*-like leer upon his face, the ex-Dictator pays his opponent a compliment:—"Pour moi, M. le Duc," says he, "*si jamais je deviens quelque chose, je ne veux le devenir qu'avec vous!*" ("If ever I hold any position, Duke, I hope to have you in the same seat with me!") And those who hear the little speech laugh and applaud, and the doors are opened for the train, and the Duke takes the arm of M. Ségur and makes for a carriage. Ah! the charming influence of politics on domestic life! The Duke is the brother-in-law of M. Casimir Perrier, and lives in the same house with him; and, during the last few days, since M. Perrier has taken office under M. Thiers, the brothers-in-law have not spoken to each other.

NOTABILITIES AS SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

Well placed at last, *mon ami!* The railway journey to those who know it well is not amusing, and the long wait in that antichamber listening to the monotonous cry of the ushers—"Messieurs, s'il vous plaît, si vous n'avez pas de billets, dans la salle d'attente!"—became horribly wearisome. Though there were types of character to be seen even there—the fat French tradesman, probably *épiciers*, who neglects his business for politics; the old lady with the red face and strong, gray beard; the swarthy Gascon, who is probably a Gambetta sympathizer, and the trim-waisted dandy officers. However, we are out of that purgatory at last and comfortably seated in the loge appointed for the use of the gentlemen of the press, in the very centre of the second gallery of the grand theatre of the palace, in which the meetings of the Assembly are now held. The vast central space of the parterre is appropriated to the seats and desks of the Deputies, while the galleries, divided into boxes, are given up to privileged spectators. There are many ladies present, but, as is usually the case, the study of politics does not seem to find favor with the real belles. In the first be-

ony, just below us, is a group of officers in uniform—Count De Mousmont, brother-in-law to Marshal MacMahon; Admiral de La Motte, and Colonel Pavre. On the extreme left, and close to what we must call the stage, sits an old man in clerical costume, with a wrinkled benevolent face and white hair combed over his forehead. This is the celebrated Monsiegnor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. He is talking with an elderly gentleman who evidently makes the best fight he can against his age and feebleness. In a closely buttoned frock coat, a neat gray wig and smooth white mustaches, this man scarcely gives you the idea of having at one time wielded immense power and influence. He looks like some elderly *Amateur* of the Boulevards, not what he really is—General Chasagnier! Against our left-right (which is, of course, to the left of the tribune and the President's chair), immediately at the foot of one of the columns, is M. Ranc—a republican celebrity, just elected for Lyons where M. Barodet was returned for Paris—a grave man, with pale, bloodless face, thick dark hair, short grizzled beard. Just passing him by is little Louis Blanc, much bent and aged since we first knew him, an exile but a welcome guest in London saloons. In contrast to him is the imperialist, M. Rouher, tall and burly, with a certain amount of dignity and gentlemanly bearing. Gambetta is seated on one of the front benches, with his hands—in repose—on his stomach. When in conversation he flaps them here and there, like the fins of a turtle.

DROPPING THE BALLS.

While we have been looking around the Deputies have been called upon by the Vice President, M. Bonnet d'Azay, to proceed to the election of a president by ballot. The urns stand one on either end of the tribune. Each Deputy as he ascends the steps takes a balling ball from the clerk, drops it in one of the urns and descends the steps at the other end. The contest lies between M. Buffet, the conservative candidate, and M. Martel, who is openly supported by the ministry. Among the Deputies are two gentlemen of dark complexion, one with long, white hair; the other, an unmistakable "colored brother," grizzly wool, dark locks and all. These are from the colonies.

REPORTERS COMPARING NOTES.

While the tedious ceremony is going on there is much amusing talk in our reporters' gallery. The most noticeable occupant of which is a man, with a heavy face and an immense head of hair—this is a certain M. German case, formerly the favorite pupil of the Père Lacharrière, who indeed, addressed to him his celebrated "Lettres à un jeune homme." But M. Casso has forgotten his priestly instruction and cast aside his former faith, and is now one of the most noted contributors to such journals as the *Rappel* and the *Conservateur*. M. Casso, M. Robert Mitchell (a Frenchman, though with such an English name) and their colleagues have plenty of anecdotes to relate and persons to discuss. One declares that in his new electoral project M. Thiers decrees that no one shall be President who has not attained forty years of age. This is accepted as directly aimed at M. Gambetta, whose age is thirty-seven. Another has been talking with M. Emile de Girardin, and has heard that the great fault of all the French leaders, from M. Guizot to M. Thiers, had been that they occupied themselves entirely with the Assembly and gave no thought to the country; like actors, they provided the pit applauded them, care nothing for the storm which may be raging outside. The newly appointed Ministers receive their share of discussion. M. Branger, the new Minister of Public Works, is said to be an eminent lawyer, but quite strange to his official duties. M. Waddington, just created Minister of Education, is sixty-two years old, a philosopher and a professor in the Ecole Normale of the Collège de France. He is considered eminently unpractical, and has no authority in the University.

CHOICE OF M. PERRIER—POSTPONEMENT OF THE BUREAU.

Now the balloting is nearly at an end, curiously enough the last man to record his vote being the Minister, M. Casimir Perrier, who as he crosses the tribune is received with shouts of "Ah, bah! toujours en retard (always late) with *un Ministre d'Etat*!" The balloting urns are then handed over to the scrutineers, and speedily we learn that M. Buffet has been elected by a large majority. M. Dufaure then ascends the tribune, and on behalf of the Ministry adjourns the debate till Friday, so that we shall still forty-eight hours, during which to dance on our volcano. EDMUND YATES.

THE FLAMES RAGING.

Half a Dozen Serious Fires Yesterday in the City—A Loss of \$150,000 on Sullivan Street and Minor Amounts in Other Localities.

A fire broke out yesterday morning in the rear of Nos. 72, 74 and 76 Sullivan street that caused damage of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The building was totally destroyed, involving a loss of about fifteen thousand dollars on the construction.

The houses in the rear belong to the New York Pio Manufacturing Company, the loss upon them is estimated at \$6,000; insured. The flames caught the building No. 70 Sullivan street, a three story frame building, the property of Mr. Brooks, and caused a damage of \$300; insured. From there they travelled to No. 216, rear of the same number (216) in Spring street, and burned the property valued at \$300. A four story brick, owned by Dr. Gibbs, was injured to the extent of \$500. No. 25, belonging to the Corporation of Trinity Church, was damaged to the amount of \$300. No. 42 Sullivan street, a four story brick, owned by Mrs. Watson, sustained a supposed loss of \$200. The first floor of this house was occupied by Thomas Merritt, who lost his bakery, in which he insured for \$1,500 in the Exchange. Shortly after the fire broke out Superintendent Russell arrived on the ground and took charge of the police. He sent Captain McCullough and his squad of men, and the property that was saved. Of the thirty-seven houses that were in the street, the first three were out but seven were saved. The carcasses of the other animals were buried beneath the smouldering remains yesterday afternoon, and made the point of attraction of thousands of visitors during the day. Most of the horses were burned in the stalls, and the suffering of the poor creatures in the agonizing in the extreme. The number of them fell as they stood, and their skins were burned to leather before they died from the suffocating heat. The fire started in the bakery, the fire shortly after it broke out, and directed the movements of aids in obtaining the extent of the loss and insurance. The loss in the bakery, in which the fire broke out, was in the store on Sullivan street. An alleyway led from the street—the manufactory proper—and through this entrance at the wagon and conveyances of the establishment had to pass. It is very narrow, and great difficulty was at all times experienced in getting the carts out.

The public in the neighborhood denounce the Fire Department severely. It is said that owing to the non-extinguishing of the fire, the loss of the fire for some time after it broke out, and even then the engines were slow to arrive at the spot. One most distressing feature of the conflagration is that the most severe losers are the poor negro families living around the pie factory. Their rooms and furniture were injured by fire and water, and they are entirely uninsured. A most suspicious circumstance in regard to the fire came to the surface last night, but Fire Marshal Sheldon did not make any arrests. That the testimony he held was sufficient at any time to bring the proper parties into the case, he will open an investigation this morning. Captain McCullough has arrested a man, aged sixteen, Fifteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fourth precincts, was on duty during the fire, and protected the property from molestation.

Other Fires.

A fire was discovered in the dry goods store 66 Canal street, yesterday afternoon, that caused a damage of \$100; insured for \$5,000 in the People's or Pacific Insurance Company. The swelling at 75 Second street caused fire yesterday afternoon, and caused a loss of \$100. At twelve o'clock yesterday fire was discovered in the awning in front of 123 Liberty street. The damage done amounted to \$150. In the tenement house 452 West Twenty-seventh street a fire broke out yesterday afternoon that caused a damage of \$200. A fire broke out yesterday morning on the roof of No. 333 West Twenty-first street, occupied by Thomas Fitzmaurice, a very stable. Damage \$500. A fire broke out yesterday afternoon at No. 20 Amity street that caused a damage of \$300. At ten o'clock yesterday morning a fire broke out in the three story brick building No. 75 East Fifth street, that caused a damage of \$300. A fire occurred yesterday, at 10 East Eleventh street, that caused a damage of \$200. A fire broke out yesterday morning at No. 123 Maiden lane that caused a damage of \$4,000.