

PARIS TO LONDON.

Editorial Correspondence of The Tribune. London, Tuesday, July 22, 1851.

The quickest and most usual route from Paris to London is that by way of Calais and Dover, but as I had traversed that once, and part of it twice, I resolved to try another for my return, and chose the cheapest and most direct of all—that by way of Rouen, Dieppe, New-Haven and the Brighton Railroad—which is 22 miles shorter than the Calais route, but involves four times as long a water passage, and so is spun out to more than twice the length of the other. We left Paris at 8 yesterday morning; halted at the fine old town of Rouen before noon; were in Dieppe at 2 P. M.; but there we waited for a boat till after 6; then were eight hours crossing the Channel; had to wait at New-Haven till after 6 this morning before the Custom-House scrutiny of our baggage was begun; so that only a few were enabled to take the first train thence for London at a quarter past 8. I was not among the lucky ones, but had to hold on for the second train at a quarter past 8, and so did not reach this city till after 10, or twenty-six hours from Paris, though with a little enterprise and a decent boat on the Channel, the trip could easily be made in 14 hours—for the French side, six for the Channel, two for the English side and two for Custom-House delay and leeway of all kinds. If Commodore Vanderbilt or Mr. Newton would only take compassion on the ignorance and barbarism prevailing throughout Europe in the matter of steamboat-building, and establish a branch of his business on this side of the Atlantic, he would do the cause of Human Progress a service, and signally contribute to the diminution of the sum of mortal misery.

The night was mild and fair; the wind light; the sea consequently smooth; and I suffered less, and repented my choice of a route less, than I had expected to; but consider the facts: Here was the most direct route by Railroad and Steamboat between the two great Capitals of Europe—a route constantly traveled by multitudes from all parts of the world—yet the only boats provided for the liquid portion of the way are a little black, cobbling concerns, each perhaps seventy feet long by fifteen wide, with no deck above the water line, and not a single berth for even a lady passenger, though making one passage each night. Who could suppose that two tolerably civilized nations would endure this in the middle of 1851!

We were nearly two hundred passengers, and the boat just about decently held us, but had no sitting-room for all, above and under the deck. But as about half, being "second class," had no right to enter the main cabin, those who had that right were enabled to sit and yawn, and try to cheat themselves into the notion that they would coax sleep to their aid after a while. Occasionally, one or two having left for a turn on the deck, some drowsy mortal would stretch himself on a settee at full length, but the remonstrances of others needing seats would soon compel him to resume a half-upright posture. And so the passage wore away, and between 2 and 3 this morning we reached New Haven, (a petty seaport at the mouth of the little river Ouse,) where we were permitted promptly to land, minus our baggage, and repair to a convenient inn. Here I, with several others, invested two shillings in a chance to sleep, but the venture (at least in my case) proved a losing one. It was daylight when we went to bed, and the incessant tramping, ringing of bells, &c., kept us for the most part awake and called us up at very early hours, to fidget uselessly for the recovery of our baggage, and lose the early train at last.

The country stretching north-westward from Paris to Dieppe (225 miles) is less thoroughly cultivated than in any other I have seen in Europe out of Italy. I saw more wheat and tim Rye and ragged Wheat than I had seen elsewhere. Grass is the chief staple, after leaving the garden covered vicinity of Paris, though Wheat, Rye and Oats are extensively cultivated. The Root crops prosper poorly. Indian Corn is hardly seen, though the Vine is considerably grown. This region is generally well wooded, but in a straggling, accidental way, which has the effect neither of Lombard meety of plantation, nor of the natural luxuriance of genuine forests. Fruit is not abundant. Irrigation is considerably practiced. The dwellings of the majority have an antiquated, rumsy, tumble-down aspect, such as I have observed nowhere else this side of Lower Italy. On the whole, I doubt whether this portion of France has improved much within the last fifty years.

Rouen, the capital of ancient Normandy, is the fifth city of France, only Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and Bordeaux having more inhabitants. Here the Railroad for Havre diverges from that to Dieppe, which we adhered to. Rouen is interesting for its antiquities, including several venerable and richly adorned Churches which I had no time to visit. Dieppe, on the Channel, has a small harbor, completely landlocked, and 17,000 inhabitants. It is considerably resorted to for sea-bathing, but seems to have very little trade. I judge that the Railroads now being extended through France, are likely to arrest the growth or hasten the decline of most of the smaller cities and towns by facilitating and cheapening access to the capital, where nearly every Frenchman would live if he could, and where the genius of people and government (no matter under what constitution) conspires to concentrate all the intellectual and artistic life of the Nation.

The Railroad from New Haven to London passes through no considerable town, though not far from Brighton and Tunbridge. The country is undulating and beautiful, mainly devoted to Grass, Wheat and Wood, and in the very highest condition. It is now toward the end of Harvest, and the Wheat is just beginning to ripen, though that of Central Italy was mainly harvested a full month ago. But the English Wheat covers the ground thickly and evenly, and promises a large average crop, especially if the present fine weather should continue through the next two weeks.

Noble herds of Cattle and flocks of Sheep overspread the spacious grounds devoted to Pasturage, especially near the Channel, where most of the land is Grass. English Agriculture has a thorough and cleanly aspect which I have rarely observed elsewhere. Belgium is as careful and as productive, but its alternations of tillage or grass with woodland are by no means so frequent nor so picturesque as I see here. The sturdy, hospitable trees of an English park or lawn are not rivalled, so far as I have seen, on the Continent. I have rarely seen a reach of country better disposed for effect than that from a point ten miles this side of New-Haven to within some ten miles of this city, where Market Gardening supplants regular Farming. Women work in the fields at this season in England, but not more than one woman to five men were visible in the hay-fields we passed this morning—it may have been otherwise in the afternoon. As to beggars, none were visible, begging being disallowed.

Crossing the Channel shifts the boot very decidedly with respect to language. Those who were gazing in the dark a few hours ago are now in the brightest sunshine, while the oracles of yesterday are the meekest disciples to-day. I rode from New-Haven to London in the same car with three Frenchmen and two Frenchwomen, coming up to the Exhibition, with a scant half-alliance of English among them, and their efforts to understand the signs, &c., were interesting. "London Stoot," displayed in three-foot letters across the front of a drinking-house, arrested their attention: "Stoot? Stoot?" queried one of them; but the rest were as much in the dark as he, and I was as deficient in French as they in English. The baggage-man pulled out his dictionary and read over and over all the French synonyms of "Stoot," but this only increased his perplexity. "Stoot" signified "robust," "hearty," "vigorous," "resolute," &c., but what then could "London Stoot" be? He closed his book at length in despair and resigned his observations.

LONDON AT MIDNIGHT. London is given to late hours. At 6 A. M. though the sun has long been up, there are few stirring in the principal streets; occasionally you meet a cab hurrying with some passenger to take an early train; but few shutters are down at 7, and scarcely an omnibus is to be seen till after 8. The aristocratic dinner hour is 3 P. M. though I trust few are so unmerciful to themselves as to postpone their chief meal to that late hour when they have no company. The morning to sleep, the afternoon to business and the evening to enjoyment, seems the usual routine with the favored classes.

Walking home from a source at the West-end through Regent-st., Haymarket and the Strand once at midnight, I was struck, though accustomed to all manner of late hours in New-York, with the relative activity and wide-awake aspect of London at that hour. It seemed the High 'Change of revelry and pleasure-seeking. The taverns, the clubs and drinking-shops betrayed no symptoms of drowsiness; the theaters were barely beginning to emit their jaded multitudes; the cabs and private carriages were more plentiful than by day, and were briskly wheeling hundreds from party to party; even the omnibuses rattled down the wide streets as freshly and almost as numerously as at midday. The policemen were alert on nearly every corner, sharper and suspicious characters stepped nimbly about the cross-streets in quest of prey, and innumerable wrecks of Womanhood, God pity them! shed a deeper darkness over the shaded and dusky lanes and byways whence they momentarily emerged to salute the passer-by. Beneath the shelter of night, Misery stole forth from its squalid lair, no longer awed by the Police, to beseech the compassion of the stranger and pour its tale of woe and suffering into the rarely willing ear. Serene and silvery in the clear night-air rose the nearly full moon over Southwark, shedding a soft and mellow light on pillar and edifice, column and spire, and enduring the placid bosom of the Thames with a tranquil and spiritual beauty. Such was one glimpse of London at midnight: I have not seen it so impressive by day.

AUSTRIA.

Conclusion of Mr. Brace's Narrative. Correspondence of The New-York Tribune. AUGSBURG, BAVARIA, Friday, July 25, 1851.

I had felt very curious to know whom the Austrian authorities would give me for an escort on my journey from Grosswarden to Pesth. I was quite sure that almost any Hungarian I could "corrupt," if I chose, and I concluded they would send a Bohemian, as they themselves, nearly all, were Bohemians. But I saw immediately that they had chosen their man with their usual skill. A Hungarian, but one who had served in the Austrian army for fifteen years, until almost every free idea was worked out of him. A brawny fellow, of iron nerve, used now as chief of mounted police, to scour the country for robbers, and dependent on Government for his bread. I was as safe under him as I would have been with an escort of a regiment of dragoons. As we rattled along through the dark woods, or over the plains under the bright starlight, he commenced the conversation by a series of stories calculated to impress my mind, of terrible combats he had had with robbers in such places. How they had shaken with fear, till their pistols dropped from their hands, at merely hearing his name! How he had penetrated into their hiding-places in the woods, and shot their chiefs, in the midst of the gang! How many narrow escapes he himself had had, and the like, until he thought I was sufficiently awe-struck thereby. The conversation did connect itself very appropriately with the dark thickets through which we passed, and the uncertain, star-lit scene around us—and I could very readily have imagined, in many a gloomy covert, the robber-bands he was describing. However, I was more interested in other things, and commenced plying him soon on every side in political matters. He proved, for a long while, utterly insensible. He was interested to hear of America; thought it was a very good thing to be where there were "no passports," and "no political Police," and where "the boot-black could become President if he was intelligent enough"—still, "he didn't care"—it was good enough here, if they had only given him a rather better pension. It was a rich and beautiful land, with corn and wine plenty and cheap. He had enough! I sounded him about the present policy of the Government in Hungary. It did not trouble him any, except the tobacco-law, and that not so much him as the others, because he was a Government officer, besides, he thought it would be repealed.

I led him on to the Revolution. Oh! that was a fanciful, overstrained matter. It never could have succeeded—he always said so. They had liberty once before!—And then it broke up our splendid regiment of Hussars; they all went over to the Hungarians!

There was only one point on which he was open to attack, and that was his country, and the valor of his countrymen. Despite his being an "Imperial officer," he did relate, with a most evident gusto, how "his Imperial Majesty's soldiers" were scattered by the Hungarians, till nothing could be found of them on the Upper Danube; and it was a real delight to him to describe how the undisciplined army of ten thousand of his countrymen held a tried Russian host of fifty thousand a whole day at bay, near Debreczin. Then his own Hussars, what terrible fellows they were! How they stormed Ofen on foot, when they could not use their horses! How they loved the battle, and how they broke their swords and shot their horses and themselves, when they heard of the laying down of the arms at Vilagos!

He is a true servant of the Emperor; he has everything to bind him to his service, but who supposes, when the cry of "The Country!" echoes once more through the land, and his old comrades have struck some bold blow, that he can stand aloof! I have related the conversation, as illustrating

a most prominent trait in Hungarian character—a trait, as I hope to show hereafter, destined exceedingly to affect the destiny of the nation.

Our conversation gradually dropped as the night came on, and my companion nodded in his seat. I had no inclination to sleep, however. There was too much in these past days to think of, and too much to hope for, and too sudden a contrast of feelings, to allow me in any way to rest. I had been a criminal behind iron bars and stone walls, with the chance always hanging over me of being suddenly summoned before the court-martial and shot as a spy. All I could see of the other men, was among my fellow-prisoners, and the only sight of the world, which never seemed so beautiful as then, was through the chink in the closed dungeon-door, to be treated in some degree, as an honorable man again, to know that I was hastening on towards those who trusted and loved me, and that I was getting nearer the great routes of travel, where sudden deeds of dark injustice could not so easily be done—all this filled me with such exhilarating feelings as one can never have a second time in his life. However, I did not feel inclined to leave the prison, for the shadow of confidence in the honor of the officers of the Austrian authorities. The prison had revealed too many an iniquitous deed. And it struck me as remarkable, that we had started off just at the edge of evening—though, as I have since thought, the reason probably was, that they feared a demonstration, or a rescue in Grosswarden, where the excitement was very great about the matter. I resolved, if any deed of mine should be reported, to do it in the village, which had so interested me in my other travels. At length we stopped at our second station, in the early morning, and lay down on some benches for an hour's sleep.

All that day, till late in the evening, with a new *Vespern* in every village, behind those fine-lined, little Hungarian horses, so rough-looking, but so fleet, we rattled on over the wide *Puszta*, toward the Theiss. It was curious to see how wide the report of my affair had spread. Every tavern-keeper knew of the circumstances, and the short night was over, and the morning light glimmering around us. We soon began to meet, however, the indefatigable *Bauer* going out to their work, and within a short time the roads were full of heavy wagons and the market-women, with their huge baskets, and could not begin to see those most originally becoming Hungarian villages, which had so interested me in my other travels. At length we stopped at our second station, in the early morning, and lay down on some benches for an hour's sleep.

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It was a very great secret satisfaction to me to see how my "imperial officer" was treated among them. He had an "open order" from Government that "no one should delay him on railroad or highway for an hour," and every village was bound immediately to furnish him his *Wagon*—that is, a wagon with four horses. Besides, he could have imprisoned any of them a fortnight for insulting him. But he could do nothing else. The sturdy Hungarian farmers on the road—the *Bauer*—met him grimly and roughly, or they stood by in silence, looking out sternly at him from under their dark eyebrows. He offered money freely, and he stormed, but it was long before he could get horses, or even accommodation in the inns. One rough old Cumanian inn-keeper he would certainly have sent to the fortress, if it had not been for his solicitation. He was obliged to summon the village squire for his *Wagon*, and tall, noble-looking peasants they were, wrapped in their huge sheep-skins. But, *Bauer* as they were, they met him with a bearing even more proud and dignified than his own. They did not answer his threats, and they obeyed his commands, but there was not a trace of fear or of respect in them. I could not but be struck by the contrast in my own treatment, when I traveled a few weeks ago among another part of the same race as an "American." They no doubt could be too quick to serve me. Horses were offered more than I could use, and no money would be taken. Every house was open to me, and hospitality was poured upon me, more than I could possibly accept. The eyes of strong men filled with tears as they spoke of the noble generosity of our nation to the poor exiles from Hungary, and the generous sympathy we had shown their countrymen, and how could not be so to welcome the American!

Traveling on, in this way, through the long June days, it was toward the middle of the third day before we began to approach the neighborhood of Szolnok, where the railroad from Pesth terminates. Here, in an out-of-the-way place, as good luck would have it, we chanced suddenly on two of my friends, whom, of all others in Hungary, I wished most to see. They had been examined, I knew, in my case, and they had now returned, and were waiting extremely to tell my own story to them. I had feared I should be sent out of Hungary without ever having had an opportunity of giving my version of the affair.

It was a great surprise to all of us, meeting, but before my Hussar knew exactly what to do, I was out of the wagon grasping hands with them, and half through my account of the trial, I spoke in a loud voice, and stood right before the side of the inn, and would not venture to interrupt us. They heard with great interest, though they had understood it all from the beginning. And as I related how long Mr. McCurdy had demanded, and how long my release was delayed, I could see that, despite their sympathy, their eyes sparkled with a sweet satisfaction. In reply, they told me of a proceeding of the Grosswarden Court, which, better than anything else, will show to the world the character of these Austrian Courts. They had received a letter, before the examination, from the little attorney who was Gen. Buxarion himself, stating that I had confessed I was an emissary of Liberty, and exhorting them, if they expected any mercy, to confess all they knew of me.

This, he remembered, was a letter to prominent men in Hungary, signed with the name of the General second in command in the land. If this does not show unprincipled villainy on the part of Austrian Courts, it is difficult to say what would do it. Finding this singular, on that day, how many of my acquaintances were traveling. Every carriage on the railroad had some man I knew. And though I was strictly watched by my escort, I contrived to spread it through all, that I was on the point of being liberated. One of our party was a needy-looking Notary, who took occasion in private to express his sympathy with my case, and his hopes of what it would show of the Austrian system. I thought, from his whole manner, he was trying to "pass" me, and I answered him in a general abuse of the Austrian Court in Grosswarden, which I shall be very glad if he carries back faithfully to his employers, as, from all I have since heard, he was probably a spy upon me. After reaching Pesth, I made the attempt to write a letter, but the Hussar informed me that he was instructed to forbid that. And it appears that, in general, he had no stricter orders about me than he had executed. Finding this was the state of things, I insisted on going to the Commissary of Police. There I had another specimen of this unequalled, skillful, diplomatic politeness of the Austrian police—a kind of politeness which carries the point before one thinks of it, and quite makes it impossible for one to ask downright questions, and begs one utterly.

"O, Sir," said the Clerk, "we regret that we cannot give you better quarters; we are only travelers' ourselves, now. But the hotels are so shockingly dear now, that it will please you far better—and then they are so dirty!" "But am I at liberty, Sir?" "Oh, Sir, we cannot lay down positive restrictions. We advise you not to visit your friends till your case is decided; and, as you may at any time be summoned, we recommend you to be near by. We leave you at your own honor. And I assure you, we do extremely regret the mistake which has occurred," &c. &c. All said in the blandest, sweetest manner, and I got to my quarters, conscious that something had been left to my honor, and utterly uncertain

how much I have pledged myself to, and what I am to do.

In Grosswarden, there had been no question of honor, and I had taken every allowable advantage. But here, for a day or more, I was a prisoner in the house of the Commissary, than I had been in the fortress. However, at length, I succeeded in getting an audience with the Chief, and requiring a distinct answer as to my position, and after this I went about free, on my parole, and returned to the house in the evening. I was asked about the result of my interview with the Chief, and I replied in the usual befogging expressions: "Die Verhältnisse—die Umstände," &c. &c. "The circumstances, Sir, the arrangements, the forms of law, the going to this Auditor and that General," &c. &c.

I could make nothing of it, and told him so. "It was remarkable, I thought, that the Court in Grosswarden could have hung me at once, but could not do so, but must be sent to Pesth for that. And the arrest was within six weeks after the suspicion, but it needed six weeks for the actual trial!" He shrugged his shoulders, and remarked on the peculiarity of the forms of law in Austria, &c. The truth was, as he well knew, the whole matter was intentional; and the only thing I had to congratulate myself on, was, that I was freed at all.

It may be imagined with what eagerness I hurried out to see my friends—the generous and true-hearted men, who had been risking and working so much for me. I found that they had indeed done everything—telegraphed to Vienna, sent men and letters wherever help could be gained; notice had even been forwarded by them to Berlin, to Mr. Barnard, and he had, with great friendliness, presented a most thorough and efficient statement to the Austrian Ministry as to my objects and character. However, even the most pleasant meetings, and this friendly conversation, must hasten to detail my last experience with the Austrian police. I appeared for ten or fifteen minutes before the Court in Pesth, was told by the Auditor that nothing was found against me, and the usual regrets were expressed, and, with the assurance from the Commissary that I was entirely free, I started with my own passport for Vienna.

The offensive books were forwarded to the post, and I was permitted to re-enter the city, the Commissary said, as they were probably not forbidden there. My first steps, naturally, after getting my letters, were to Mr. McCurdy, and, of course, there was much to talk of, and to read over, after this long affair. When this correspondence is finally published, I am very much indebted to Mr. McCurdy's notes, so spirited and vigorous, do not contrast very favorably with the long-winded, indelicate epistles of the Austrians. They are strong and direct, and are worthy of a Representative American.

That I owe everything to him, in this affair, I need not say. If he had not been a genuine man, and had not dared to address the Austrian Cabinet as the representative of twenty-five millions of men, should address it, I would have been still in Austrian dungeons, or have been shot before now, by a court-martial, as a spy. I had scarcely returned home from my visit, when I found an order from the police to appear before the Director. They had probably followed me to the city, and I was to appear, or otherwise they could not have found my lodgings so easily. The Director stated at once, on my meeting him, that I was to leave the Austrian dominions in three days. I asked, "Why I have been adjudged innocent of the charges—why is this?" He replied by abusing me for "mingling in politics," and was going on in an ungentlemanly way, when I told him I would have nothing further to say on the matter. That had been decided by others, I would only speak with him on his own business. "Will you take the responsibility of this order?" This rather staggered him, and he hesitated, and said he had orders from above. I told him, then, I would lay the matter before our Ambassador. Mr. McCurdy accordingly wrote a short note to the Ministry, stating that I had remained here, acquitted of the charges, and expecting at least courtesy after such a treatment, and inquiring, "if anything new had occurred to cause this order, or whether it was part of the proceedings." "This is rather a dilemma for them, and they dropped the matter, and I stayed in Vienna eight days." At the end of that time came the sentence, dated the day before I left Pesth, though obviously hashed up since, to the effect that I was acquitted of the charges, but, on account of my expression, at the end of my report to others, and my unqualified support of the Hungarian party, and the "no unfounded suspicion that I still cherished it," I was banished from Hungary!

I became more and more anxious to leave Vienna. I knew that every step was watched; that I was only there in safety, from the protection which my nation could give me, and I had constantly hanging over me the vague dread of some calamity yet. Accordingly, as they refused me a *pass* to Italy, I applied for the *pass* to Munich. The police-Director was as good as he had before, but unwilling to do anything of course—and he would send on my books—these terrible things!—to the frontiers, with my passport, and I could reclaim them there.

"But why not give me my passport here? Am I under suspicion yet?" "No! no! not a particle, Sir—it is our way—you have been arrested in Grosswarden—the order for your leaving the Austrian Empire is still over you." I inquired whether it was always "their way," in Austria, to treat men acquitted as if they were guilty? "O, no, Sir—but I give this receipt of acquittal, and you may go to any other country, of course, I saw how the case was." The result was, that in Linz I was detained a day for the passport, and then came under police inspection and espionage again.

"Your best and pleasantest route," said the Director in Linz, handing me the books, "will be through Ratisbon. I will give your *pass* directly, and this officer will hand it you, on the boat."

"What do you mean?" said I. "I have had enough of this—I am the best judge of my route. I desire to go another way. Speak out plainly! Am I sent out of Austria, or not?" "Well, Sir, we regret, &c., &c., but our instructions are, that you must go by the quickest road from the Austrian dominions!" He remembered that the Vienna Director, in the politest manner, had promised that no kind of difficulties should meet me in Linz, and that I would there be entirely free; but yet, as soon as I was beyond the protection of the Embassy, all the little attorneys were thrown upon me, and I was embarked on the Danube above Linz, and I began half to hope all further difficulties were over. Perhaps my experience had made me un-naturally observant, but we had not proceeded far before I noticed a man in a half-military green dress, watching me very closely, though every time I turned to him he appeared occupied in something else. At length, when we reached the village on the frontiers, I jumped ashore to get something to eat, and before I had made a half-dozen steps, it did not surprise me at all that the man in the green suit was at my elbow, touching me on the shoulder. "What do you want?" said I, turning quickly on him. "You will go with me, if you please, to this police office!" "Who are you?"

At this moment the Captain of the boat came up, and said the man had been commanded at Linz to see that my passport was used, and that I was to go to the office. Accordingly, we all went together to the office. The Commissary asked me why I was there. "I am an American and a Republican," said I. "That is reason enough. Suspicion is the rule in Austria!" He shrugged his shoulders, and the passport, took down a minute description of me, wished us "Good morning," and I was handed over into Bavaria. This ended a strange experience for me, and a curious exposure of the Austrian police.

The explanation of the whole I conceive to be this: When I applied at first for admission into Hungary, the Chief of Police objected, on the ground that "the Americans had made such shameful descriptions of Austria, and had interfered so much in her internal politics." I pressed the matter, showed a recommendation from our Ambassador, told him that he knew my acquaintances, and asked him how he could object. He then yielded, and gave me the requisite order. Of course from this he knew my general route. Waiting till I was well within the country, (300 miles from Vienna,) where my arrest would never probably be heard of without, he, or more probably the Ministry, sent in an order to Field Marshal LEDEBER, at Pesth, and he forwarded it to Gen. BRATXNER, in Grosswarden, to arrest me. These facts I have almost directly from the

brother-in-law of Gen. Lederer, one of the gentlemen to whom I was especially introduced in Hungary. The pretext for my arrest was found in my words in the hotel.

They had probably never expected any noise would be made about the arrest of a solitary American traveler, so far from all aid, and they had perhaps hoped to make an example of me before the facts could be known. But, God be before the facts could be known, and my own thanks, my friends were true, and my own trouble, my friends prevented any case being made out against me before the whole affair was abroad. All this petty persecution after I was acquitted, is in perfect consistency with the whole Austrian system. No man is so dangerous in the Austrian empire as the man they have unjustly treated. He is a living accusation, all the while, against their policy. He has known too much!

It need not be said, that I step at last into another land, with a sensation of infinite relief. I am on firm ground again, after long wandering in a treacherous morass. It is like leaving the dungeon for a mountain side. I wonder, as I think of it, that a government so false, so supported on espionage and deception, so crushing to manhood and independence in its whole system, could ever have existed so long among men. But, God be thanked, its days are numbered! And, if all this suffering and annoyance of mine can in any way tend to show its hollowness and injustice to the world, I shall not regret it.

REVELATIONS OF JAPAN.

Science, Industry and Agriculture of the Japanese.

The scientific knowledge of the Japanese evidently came originally from China, and gradually spread itself over all the islands. Later, Japan took her share of the further culture which China received from Hindostan, and felt the influence of Buddhism, which was not confined entirely to the continent. A thirst for knowledge always characterized the Japanese, and they have always endeavored to profit by their intercourse with the Chinese and Dutch. Chinese writings, printed at the instance of the Christian missionaries in China, have found their way to Japan, and many scientific works which appeared in the Netherlands have been translated into Japanese by native scholars. Since the beginning of the thirteenth century, the art of printing has been carried on in Japan by means of wooden blocks, (xylography,) and in this manner works are still multiplied in the chief cities of Jeddo and Miako. The Japanese exhibit a great partiality for the natural sciences, medicine, mathematics and astronomy. In all studies and mental exercises, they give evidence of great patience and perseverance. Instruction in reading and writing is universal—which is a favorable token of the culture of the entire nation.

They have attained much skill in the art of painting, which appears to be a favorite employment with them. The walls and ceilings of their rooms are generally adorned with paintings on paper. The pictures, though brilliant in color, are careful copies of nature, representing flowers, birds, landscapes, still-life, or domestic occurrences. Their great fault is a total want of perspective, and an absence of proportion between the different objects represented. No matter how splendid in color or how well drawn a single object may be, as soon as other objects are introduced, all idea of proportion vanishes; and for this reason alone, their pictures are unpleasant to a civilized eye.

The Japanese method of lacquering is deservedly celebrated; their varnish surpasses every other. The Japanese porcelain, so remarkable for its fineness and transparency, was formerly in great demand in Europe. In the preparation of leather the inhabitants are also skilled. The silken stuffs, with their manifold embroidery of flowers and the astonishing fineness and regularity of the thread, attest to what a high degree of skill they have brought the arts of spinning, weaving and dyeing. The beautiful baskets and mats which they weave also show that they have by no means remained stationary since their first intercourse with Europeans, but have made important advances in industry. In fact, the whole population of thirty millions possesses such a universal and varied knowledge of all branches of art, that it is not to be wondered at that their trade with Holland and China has not been resumed of late years.

The mines furnish gold, iron, copper, argentiferous copper ore, and also coal, arsenic and some few precious stones, though the latter are not used as ornaments, the Japanese wearing no costly rings, bracelets or necklaces. Porcelain clay, alum and brimstone are also found in the neighborhood of the volcanoes. Silver is very scarce, and zinc, tin and lead almost unknown. In regard to the knowledge of mines and mining operations, as well as the smelting of the ores, the Japanese are far behind the Europeans. The copper mines yield about 60,000 cwt. of copper annually, one-third of which is made into Chinese iron copper bars, which the Dutch and Chinese purchase in trade. The iron is used in foundries, and in the manufacture of arms. The weapons made by the Japanese are of remarkable excellence, but cannot be exported.

Since the Japanese have so readily seized upon all opportunities for improving their skill in all industrial arts, their deficient knowledge of mining must be attributed to the ignorance of the Dutch, who have no mines in their own country. Several natives of Holland, at the request of the Japanese Government, remained some time at Jeddo, in order to instruct the Japanese in the use of fire-arms, the manufacture of powder, and the making of muskets. The Japanese, in their thirst for knowledge, have never failed to draw profit out of all their imitations of European art.

Among their means of subsistence are the flesh of wild and tame fowls, deer, wild and domestic swine, &c. Oxen, which are so useful to the Japanese farmer, are held in high honor and never slaughtered for food. This is in fact prohibited upon religious (Buddhist) grounds. Nearly all the products of the sea are used as food. Sea-grass and other kinds of marine plants are brought on the table, and, with shell-fish, crabs and fishes, form the delicacies of the Japanese feast. Fish is one of the principal articles of food, not excepting whales, and even the bones are grated or chopped into fine pieces and used as a salad-dish. The ordinary daily dishes are made of rice and flour. In agriculture even the smallest piece of soil is used, and the industrious farmer cannot relax his labors, since in Japan everything is done at regular times, without regard to the state of the weather. The Japanese have brought the cultivation of vegetables and flowers to a pitch of art which is not dreamed of in Europe, and would be considered fabulous. The number of vegetables is small, but they are so nurtured that some kinds—onions and radishes, for instance—attain the most astonishing size.

The plum-tree, which is a great favorite, is so trained and cultivated that the blossoms are as large as those of dahlias. In regard to flowers also, the Japanese gardeners display the most astonishing art. Their great triumph is, to bring both plants and trees into the compass of the

little garden attached to houses in the cities. With this view, they have gradually succeeded in dwarfing the fig, plum and cherry trees, and the vine, to such a diminutive stature as a European would scarcely credit; and yet these dwarf trees are covered with green leaves and produce blossoms. Some of the gardens resemble pictures in which nature is skillfully modelled in miniature—but it is living nature! Meylan, whose work on Japan was published at Amsterdam in 1830, states that in 1826 the Dutch agent of commerce at Nagasaki was offered "a stuff box, one inch in thickness and three inches high, in which grew a fig-tree, a bamboo and a plum-tree in bloom."

Since the Japanese have been prohibited to leave their own country, they have made no progress in ship-building. Formerly, with the help of foreigners, they built large sea-worthy vessels. The most exact rules are laid down for the carpenter who undertakes the building of a ship; the length, breadth and outline are strictly specified, and on the least departure from the proportion, the builder and his family must suffer death. The large junks, which ply on the open sea between Kinsin and the Great Lien-Kien, do not appear to be subject to these rules, and for their sailing qualities are preferred to the Chinese.

In their architecture the Japanese have followed no foreign model, and thence distinguish themselves from the Chinese. Their castles and fortresses only are constructed in a durable manner, neither their temples nor their dwelling-houses are imposing structures of stone or brick. The Shinto temples—those of the old and original religion of the people—are plain wooden buildings with cane roofs. All the temples, whose number is very large, stand outside of the cities in the midst of beautiful gardens, and are adorned, outwardly and inwardly, with sculptures and carvings, gold and lacquer-work. The houses are built with boards, and never more than thirty feet in height; they have mostly one habitable story, or if there is an upper story, it is kept for extraordinary or distinguished guests. In the houses of the nobility, the residence is in the upper story. The roofs are either of cane or burnt tiles. The interior partitions of the houses are made of lattice-work, covered with painted paper, and frequently consist of sliding-screens, whereby the rooms may be enlarged or diminished at pleasure.

The houses of the nobility are generally surrounded with a low wall of heavy stone. Within, there are two suites of apartments, one of which is especially for women, and no masculine visitor is admitted. There is the greatest cleanliness everywhere, with no lack of ornaments or conveniences of all kinds, but one would seek in vain for chairs and tables, beds and bedsteads. Chimneys and hearths are quite scarce; but in the middle of the chamber is a small plaster basin, in which charcoal is kindled in cold weather. Usually, however, a dish with burning coals is used, in the same manner as braziers in the south of Europe. Inside of the houses the Japanese go barefooted, the floors being covered with thick mats, which are the same size throughout the whole empire, measuring six feet long and three broad. In the houses of the wealthy there are also carpets of hair, which are sometimes richly embroidered and ornamented.

Houses of this kind take fire easily, the flames sweep everything before them, and in a short time hundreds of buildings are in ashes. In order to secure their most precious articles, all rich or important persons have a fire-proof chamber of masonry, secured with copper doors, on the outside of their dwellings. Here all rare or valuable things are kept, and only the most intimate friends are permitted to see the interior.

Conflagrations are naturally not uncommon in Japan, and the devastation which they occasion is often terrible. During the last century Jeddo was five times ravaged by fire. Since the Dutch first carried on their trade with the islands, the *Dairi* or Palace of the Emperor at Miako has been four times laid in ashes: in 1615, 1661, 1733 and 1788.

Acquittal of Cabot.

Correspondence of The New-York Tribune. Paris, Monday, July 28, 1851.

After the departure of M. Cabot for America, Dec. 13, 1848, when he came to resign his Italian Colony, now established at Naxos, the Government took advantage of his absence to accuse him of fraud in his relations with his Colony, as if the enterprise had been only a swindling operation. This accusation was evidently a mere pretext, and the whole suit nothing but an act of political persecution. All the reactionary journals joined with each other in venting calumny and abuse against M. Cabot, who was at the same time slandered by some of the wittinesses, and even condemned to two years' imprisonment by the Criminal Court. This took place during his absence, and by default.

As soon as M. Cabot believed that the prosperous state of his Italian Colony would permit him to leave passage at New York, the 21st of May, in the steamer *Arctic*. It is an uncommon spectacle to see a man accused of swindling go three thousand miles to confront his accusers.

M. Cabot had always declared that he would appear before his judges at the earliest moment, and he has kept his word. He had always declared that he would triumph over calumny, and his prediction is now fulfilled.

The trial continued for four days, from the 23d to the 27th, before a great multitude of spectators, who crowded the hall. The Attorney-General called a dozen witnesses, while M. Cabot called a great number, was content with only three.

A lawyer among his friends, M. Henry Chérel, presented the legal question with great ability, and Cabot thought that it would be impossible to sustain the accusation, but the Attorney-General perjured M. Cabot had saved himself, at the time of the February Revolution, by urging the victorious people not to abandon themselves to vengeance.

The persistence of the public prosecutor aimed the friends of M. Cabot, and it was generally thought that political influence had made his condemnation certain. But M. Cabot replied himself to the Attorney-General, speaking about four hours, and explaining principally the moral aspect of his experience of colonization in America. He said that he wished the whole population of Paris and of France were present to bear his reply to the calumnies of his absence. His defense, which was pronounced with energy and a tone of earnest conviction, produced a deep impression on the audience, on a great number of the women who were present, on the members of the bar who had thought to hear the trial, and even on the Magistrates themselves, several of whom could not conceal their emotion.