mains to this day, as it was when the following tribute was written by an emigrant for the California Star of 1846, the only intelligent and reliable work upon California ever published.

"The only journal on which the people at a distance can rely with any degree of certainty for facts and correct description is the plain but well written work of Capt. J. C. Fremont," &c.

And from a previous number of this same paper, over the signature of "Volunteer," we make the annexed extract, which will also carry us back to the thread of our narrative:

"The reports of Capt. Fremont exhibit the matured judgment and sound observations of the veteran tourist. I hazard nothing in saying that his appointment to be Governor of California in the present unsettled state of her affairs will be hailed with more satisfaction and confidence than the selection of any other individual."

And again in *The California Star* of Feb. 13, 1846:

"Gov. Fremont is very popular in the South with all classes of citizens, and it is confidently asserted that as long as he continues Governor there will not be another outbreak in that part of the territory."

Thus to all classes of our citizens—to the Californians themselves on account of his humane policy and liberal concessions, appointing a just representation of their wants and interests among the members of his Legislative Council—the choice of Fremont for our first Governor was a welcome event. His administration began to produce the most marked effects upon the country. The feuds between native and foreign citizens were reconciled, bitter factions in the ranks of the Californians, growing up out of the old Mexican disputes, each ever ready for a revolution, were quieted, and the first dawnings of a peace in which the whole country participated was visible when the order of Gen. Kearny, removing Fremont and appointing Mason, put an end to the harmony and prosperity that had begun to appear. The Americans in the country, even the "strangers of distinction" at Yerba Buena, as they announced themselves in the programme of Com. Stockton's grand reception and procession, were very much disconcerted and discouraged by this sudden and unexplained rejection of their choice. Among the Californians the change came near producing very serious consequences. Only the presence of Col. Cook's command near Los Angeles restrained a general uprising of the whole Southern population. The quarrel between Stockton and Kearny was understood, but why it should have extended to and involved their leader so unfortunately, and their own interests so disastrously, was not so well comprehended until Fremont had been hurried out of the country. The San Francisco press complained sorely of our military masters for a time. Under Gen. Mason there was soon a *complete* relapse to the condition of military law of former times, protected by the bayonets that had begun to arrive, against the revolutions to which those times were exposed. With Fremont's departure from the country there was an end to all hopes of civil law in California. As soon as it became known among the settlers that he had been ordered home, petitions were circulated throughout the country signed by nearly all the American emigrants, requesting President Polk to speedily appoint and send him back Governor of California. And why, when military vengeance was appeased, and the restoration of peace opened the question of a Territorial Government for California, was not some regard paid to the wishes of the settlers, if there was any room at all for Executive clemency toward John C. Fremont? Why was it that his name was never breathed at Washington in connection with these petitions? Another chapter will show.

THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

FUSION IN PROSPECT.

From The Courrier des Etats Unis.

A combination, the possibility of which we have hitherto doubted, appears to be seriously agitated in the councils of the Democracy. They talk of inducing Mr. Buchanan to surrender his candidacy in favor of Mr. Fillmore; the latter on his part to take Mr. Breckenridge for Vice-President, and the ticket so fused to reunite the collective force of the Democrats, the Know-Nothings and the Fossilized Whigs.

At the first glance the idea of such an alliance may appear impracticable, and we have all along so considered it. But necessity has its hard laws, to which the essential strength of parties consists in knowing how to submit. We are far from adopting the flattering illusions, which on the heels of the Cincinnati Convention promised Mr. Buchanan an easy and infallible victory. His partizans may still affect confidence and boast that they will certainly have a majority, but in their heart they know perfectly what turn the campaign is taking.

The total number of Presidential votes is 296, thus divided among the Northern and Southern States:

Sixteen Free States.	Votes.	*Fifteen Slave States.*	Votes.
Maine	8	Delaware	3
New-Hampshire	5	Maryland	8
Vermont	5	Virginia	15
Massachusetts	13	North Carolina	10
Rhode Island	4	South Carolina	8
Connecticut	6	Georgia	10
New-York	35	Florida	3
New-Jersey	7	Alabama	9
Pennsylvania	27	Louisiana	6
Ohio	2	Texas	4
Indiana	1	Tennessee	12
Illinois	11	Kentucky	12
Michigan	4	Missouri	9
Wisconsin	4	Arkansas	4
Iowa	4		
California	4	Total	129
Total	166		

As an election requires an absolute majority of votes, it follows that to occupy the White House a candidate should have at least 149 of them. In admitting then, that Mr. Buchanan can count upon the unanimous support of the South, he must still find at the North 29 votes. The State of New-York could furnish him that number; but the State of New-York is lost to him beyond redemption. Pennsylvania, without being secure, offers him greater chances; but it can give him at most 27 votes, and that will leave him in the rear of an absolute majority. But the calculations which attribute such and such other States, are more than doubtful, and the result is surrendered to all the hazards of a struggle.

These doubts become greater as we extend the investigation. The figures which we give are under the supposition that all the South will give a unanimous vote; but we must inquire whether this is justified by appearances. It may be that Kentucky and Maryland are safe for Mr. Fillmore, while Louisiana evidently leans to the same side. For such losses it would be necessary to find compensations in the North, and at this moment it seems certain that they will not be found.

We may affirm, consequently, that in the actual state of parties, the Democracy is in the face of an almost certain defeat. They cannot even mend matters by annulling the popular election and bringing the election of President before the House. In triangular duels of the kind nobody is sure of the issue; nothing is more common than to see one of the parties gain by divisions among the others. It is the old story of "the third thief" of Lafontaine.

But in the event of the fusion spoken of matters change their face. The collective force of the South is gained at once and certainly, and the united forces of the Democracy and Mr. Fillmore will carry not only Pennsylvania, but New-York and New-Jersey, and perhaps even some of the New-England States; every place where the friends of Mr. Fremont now count upon a relative majority, they will be suddenly reduced to a minority, and the triumph which they flatter themselves they can have over their two adversaries, will change into inevitable defeat, from the moment when these latter act as one.

This denouement, too, is much according to the desires as well as the common interests of the Democrats and the Fillmoreites, not to be purchased at the price of mutual sacrifices. Without doubt, the space which seperates the two parties is great and difficult to overlap. If, however, we truly look at political matters, we find that the population of the United States is purely and simply divided into two camps: that of the Conservatives, and that of the Revolutionists. The latter recognize as their leader Col. Fremont, the rest of the nation is united in the other, under different names, but with a common idea. It is this idea which now is said to be a question of rendering triumphant by a temporary renunciation of the secondary interests attached to it.

We should not, likewise, exaggerate the abnegation and sacrifices which are incumbent on the Democracy in case of fusion. They will abandon, it is true, their principal candidate and surrender the first place to the Allies which the force of circumstances imposes on them. But such concession would be harder in appearance than in reality. Once in power, Mr. Fillmore would have to carry out all his measures with the concurrence of the Senate, presided over by a Democrat, and having a Democratic majority. He would even be all the more bound to look there for support, for he could not find it in the House. This would be the equilibrium of powers realized under conditions the most practicable and sincere. Not only would the Democracy find therein an assured means of power and profit; but the nation would have, at the same time, a guaranty of one of the wisest and firmest Administrations which has yet presided over its destinies.

EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON.

The steamer Washington arrived here yesterday afternoon from Southampton and Bremen. She brings dates to the 16th inst. The leading points of the news had already been reported by the Kangaroo and Indian, but the subjoined extracts will be found highly entertaining.

ENGLAND.

BESSEMER'S IRON PROCESS.

Every innovation is looked upon with suspicion, the more so as it is important in its results but simple in its nature. This appears to be the case with respect to the invention of Mr. Bessemer—an invention or discovery toward which others have approached so closely that it is difficult to understand how they failed to arrive at his result. Doubts and suspicions seem to be gathering on all sides. One man doubts whether either iron or steel is made by Mr. Bessemer's process, but admits the result to be decarbonized iron; another, admitting the fact, claims the merit as his own; a third calls the process the oldest one practiced; a fourth appears to suspect that some trick is played with the crude iron before being melted, the quality and quantity of the original charge of metal being demanded; a fifth, seeing all other inquiries have been made, wants to know how much air Mr. Bessemer requires, fearing perhaps a deficiency. In fact, we have received innumerable letters containing inquiries on all points connected, either directly or indirectly, with the process, and we are sorry we cannot satisfactorily reply to them; indeed, Mr. Bessemer himself cannot do so. Experiment alone can determine some of the numerous questions which have grown so rapidly out of this subject. Whether air is the best thing, or a mixture of air and other gas or gases, is yet uncertain; so also whether it should be admitted gradually or otherwise. Whether the converting vessel or furnace should be at the side, at the bottom, or even at the top of the blast furnace, is not yet settled, or, indeed, whether there should be any separate furnace at all. What qualities or quantities of metal are best calculated to give good results is doubtful; what time the process should continue; also, whether the blast should be suddenly stopped after a certain time, or not; what quantity of metal should be operated upon at one time: what is the best pressure of the air. These and a thousand other questions which suggest themselves are yet unanswered. It should be recollected that Mr. Bessemer has only during a very short time become acquainted with the process upon which he is now rigorously examined in detail: and unless the British Association had happened to be holding its meeting when it did, we know that Mr. Bessemer would not for some time to come have made his invention public—feeling certain that he would be expected to have fully perfected his plans, which the lapse of time had rendered impossible. We are aware that numbers of persons, with perhaps the best intentions, or perhaps the worst, have requested ingots of the converted metal to be forwarded to them, offering to tear, roll, crush, and work it to death to prove its qualities, none of which operations they have presumed Mr. Bessemer could himself perform. These requests have been, and we think properly, refused, as no guaranty existed, in many cases at least, that anything like a fair trial would be made: and who knows but that some persons, whose interest the new process may effect, might profess to have experimented, and might publish results never arrived at? We are very glad to hear that a trial on a large scale, and carefully conducted, with every necessary precaution, is likely to be made very shortly at the extensive works of Samuel Beale & Co., of the Parkgate Iron Works, near Rotherham; and we trust that the results will quiet all unnecessary anxiety as to the quality of the metal produced, and the capability of the malleable iron being rolled, and the steel being made into knives, files, chisels, and many articles not yet anticipated. In the meantime a trial takes place at Baxter House, the result of which we shall give next week; but we may state that we have ourselves seen several specimens of the metal after being rolled, and which presented all the appearance of the best bar iron. As we noticed in our report of the first public trial, we believe that the improvement in iron-making cannot stop at the point now reached, inasmuch as a vast number of minds are certain of being set to work, determined to carry the principle of Mr. Bessemer's invention to its furthest extent, or at least to take up other parts of the manufacture, and with probably more or less success. We believe no branch of manufacture has stood so still as that of iron; the modes of operating being, to a great extent traditional, and, in some cases, incapable of being explained; so, also, the construction of the furnaces, the forms being according to ancient custom, and departed from only with the utmost caution. That which may well make the iron manufacture so attractive a subject of study is the vast interests involved in it; the only drawback being the difficulty of experimenting. Why should not our large iron masters have laboratories attached to their works, as is the case abroad, where the qualities of the ores and fuel, as also the iron produced, is accurately ascertained, and in which laboratories, or in the works themselves, experiments can be readily performed? We would suggest that for once those interested in the iron trade should put aside their jealousies and establish experimental works on an adequate scale, where the experiments made might be scientifically performed, and where any useful suggestion could be tested. Such an establishment would save many thousands of pounds in avoiding the necessity of independent trials, and its advantages might be reasonably open to all, in and out of the trade, upon adequate terms. If an experiment be suggested by any one, and it appeared feasible, let it be tried, under agreement that the result, if successful, should redound partly to the benefit of the originator of the idea. Until our manufactures are scientifically as well as practically studied, our progress must be slow, as accident alone in the one case leads to improvement, and deductive reasoning in the other. [The Engineer.

The South Staffordshire "our correspondent" of the same journal writes: It was a "long time ago" since there was such a buzz among the ironmasters of South Staffordshire as on Tuesday morning last. On the previous day a large number of them were at Baxter-house, witnessing another operation upon Bessemer's principle, and most of them had brought away small pieces of the purified iron as memorials of their visit. Several of these had been submitted to the action of the smith's fire, and then beaten out upon the anvil, and the tests demonstrated that the "clay colander" (as Mr. Adams has aptly termed Mr. Bessemer's furnace) had sent out as malleable iron that which, twenty minutes before, had entered it as Blaenavon pig-iron; but grave doubts were expressed as to its possessing the required fibre. Yesterday (Thursday) two of the largest pieces that were brought into the district were heated together in, we believe, the ordinary ball-furnace, and then passed beneath the rolls at a slow pace, making at least about four feet of "quarter round" iron. This, upon being broken up into several short lengths, confirmed previous opinions and former statements, as it demonstrated that the iron was what is well known as "red-short," and, therefore, not of the value of fibrous iron. The operation to which we have referred was conducted at the works of Messrs. Hickman at Tividale; and it was made principally at the suggestion of Mr. J. A. Shipton of Dudley. The rod was widely exhibited on 'Change at Birmingham yesterday, and its inspection was accompanied with many grave shakes of the head, indicative of the doubts of the inspectors as to the commercial value of the process. A portion of the rod was dispatched to Mr. Bessemer last night, and at the same time suggestions were made that he should send down two or three whole ingots to be rolled as this had been. Parallel with this announcement, we are glad to be able to state that, according to a statement which we cannot question, there has been produced at Woolwich, from Mr. Bessemer's process, iron as fibrous as could be desired. A specimen of such iron is now in this district.

While the prevailing impression is that the process has many practical difficulties to overcome, there is a strong desire to see it fairly tested in the district. This will be done in as short a time as possible. We are bound, however, to state that an ironmaster of enlarged experience in the Wolverhampton district, and one to whose opinion we customarily express much deference, has pronounced a very positive opinion as to the impracticability of working the system so as to make it compete successfully in a commercial aspect with the present method.

No little exertion, it is expected, will be required to procure the needed pressure of blast, the strongest blast in general use at the blast furnaces being now 4 or 4½ pounds to the inch. And this, notwithstanding a letter in *The Times* on Tuesday. There, Mr. A. M. Perkins, after claiming precedence of Mr. Nasmyth in the method of introducing heated steam and coal dust into a furnace for making raw iron, says that he has obtained a steam pressure for the purpose of his steam gun, we presume, which is practically 1,000 pounds to the square inch, which force he adds, "is more than "sufficient to dispense with the blowing machinery "altogether; and at no further cost then would be necessary to generate the steam."

The following bold statement in reference to Mr. Bessemer's process has been published by Mr. Charles Sanderson of Sheffield. After describing the process, that gentleman says: "The result is a metal not capable of being drawn under a hammer, or rolled into a "bar; and while I venture to state that the process "will not produce steel fit for any useful purpose, I "must also add that it will not produce the malleable "iron suited to our wants."

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

From The London Times, Sept. 8.

Gov. Reeder's main argument in his appeal to the New-York meeting is, of course, the moral one—the argument against Slavery as in itself an immoral institution, which involves the duty of preventing the extension of it, and, in the speaker's opinion, of fighting for such prevention. But it is worth observing that, besides the appeal to religious enthusiasm, another argument makes its appearance in the Governor's speech, and occupies a prominent place in it. It is an argument of the danger to free labor involved in the further extension of Slavery in the Union. Kansas, we are told, is itself but a limited Territory, it is but 200 miles wide and 500 miles long, but it is the passage to a boundless region extending from its Eastern borders to the shores of the Pacific, and containing space enough to make "six States as large as Pennsylvania." "Now," argues Gov. Reeder, "with Kansas a Slave State, I will thank any one to tell me "how he is going to save the second, the third, or the "fourth—each one farther and further out of your "reach—each one with more Slave States intervening. "Is it not obvious that, if we lose the State of Kansas, we lose that entire body of States at the Pacific "Ocean? . . . . The entire Territory will be "handed over to Slavery." In this state of things he observes, it is not Slavery alone which triumphs, but slave *labor* also triumphs with it, and the triumph of slave labor is the defeat of free labor. "Slave labor and free labor cannot exist together." That is given out as an axiom. What is the consequence, then, of delivering up this vast territory to Slavery? Why, that Northern labor is forever excluded from it. And the result of the exclusion of Northern labor from this field, its deprivation of this natural vent, is Northern repletion and suffocation. The tide of emigration is daily conveying fresh crowds to the great Northern cities, which, unless they have an unlimited outlet in the West to carry them off, will overstock the North with labor, and consequently with the expense of maintaining a large unemployed class. Gov. Reeder compares the North under such circumstances to Ireland without emigration. It will have a continually multiplying population, without the proper resources for disposing of it. "These Northern States "may be likened to a tub under a fountain, all the "while boiling over with a surplus of population, and "streaming over the vast West—a constant stream of "surplus population running westward like a vast "river. . . Well, then, supposing you dedicate one-"half of this continent to negro and to slave labor, "you shut off this entire stream of Northern emigration—you shut the gates of the whole vast West, "Kansas, Deseret, and New-Mexico to the North, and "turn back this human tide to throw itself back upon "States of the North and the North-west. Have the "laboring men of the North considered the import of "this question to them—the drayman, the hodman, "the mechanic, the day laborer?" It is worth noticing, this particular Anti-Slavery argument, because it has perhaps been too much taken for granted that the argument on that side has been exclusively a moral and religious one, as opposed to the slaveowners', which is simply a pecuniary argument. Whether or not Gov. Reeder knows his men, and knows that the New-Yorkers will not be less disposed to listen to him if he can prove a little hazard to their pockets, here is certainly, as a matter of fact, a distinct *argumentum ad crumenam*. The North is told that, simply as a commercial and pecuniary question, it will not do for it to let Slavery spread and let the slaveowner get hold of Kansas. The New-York capitalist is threatened with the rise of a pauper class created by the exclusion of Northern labor from its natural vent, and the cause of Slavery is coupled with visions of poor rates. The New-York artisan is threatened with the loss of his chance in the West should the home demand prove too little. Whatever truth there may be in such an argument, it is at any rate worth observing that the American even in his enthusiasm does not forget the main chance, and that so philanthropical a question as the Anti-Slavery one can be argued upon true commercial principles even in so enthusiastic an assembly as that which lately met at New-York, and on so enthusiastic an occasion as that of the relief of Kansas.

SWITZERLAND.

NEUFCHATEL INSURRECTION.

The *Suisse* of Berne, of the 3d inst., in announcing this Royalist movement, says:

"We learn that great events have taken place today at Neufchatel. A band of from 200 to 300 Royalists took possession of the castle, the seat of government, and arrested several members of the Council of State. A second column of insurgents marched against Chaux-de-Fonds. The Federal Council, being immediately informed of these facts, assembled this morning at an extraordinary sitting, and delegated Messrs. Fornerod and Frei-Herose to Neufchatel with a mission to restore order. The Council further ordered the occupation of Neufchatel by four battalions, commanded by Col. Bourgeois. In consequence, two Vaudois and two Bernese battalions will immediately march toward the Neufchatel frontier.

The *Suisse*, under date of Berne, Sept. 4, publishes the following:

"This morning the castle and the town of Neufchatel were still in the hands of the insurgents, when suddenly the report was spread that the town was surrounded by Republican troops. The Royalists first thought they had to deal with volunteers from Chaux-de-Fonds, but they were considerably surprised on finding themselves face to face with the Patriots of the Valley of Travers. Five hundred men, commanded by Colonel Denzler, had advanced during the night, and as they approached the town they were joined by reinforcements from all directions. They halted near Neufchatel, at the foot of the hills. A sanguinary engagement ensued, but it was soon decided, and the Republican colors were hoisted upon the castle.

"The Royalists lost 12 killed, 50 wounded, and more than 100 prisoners. We are not yet aware of the loss on the Republican side. One of the Counts Pourtales was taken prisoner; he is dangerously wounded; the death is even reported. Some of the leaders of the insurrection, including Col. de Meuron, have escaped. The Councilors of State, Piaget, Humbert, and Jeanneraud, are prisoners. The Government has resumed its functions, and the Prefect Matthey has returned to Neufchatel. Order is therefore reestablished.

"The Federal Council decided to-day that the persons compromised in this affair, and guilty of high treason, should be sent for trial before the Federal Courts. MM. Amiet, the Procureur-General, and Duplan Veillon, are charged with the prosecution.

"Although the Royalist insurrection at Neufchatel may be considered at an end, the canton of Neufchatel will nevertheless be occupied by Federal troops."

The two following proclamations were issued at Neufchatel:

"With God for the King and the Country.

"Citizens of Neufchatel: The hour of deliverance has struck at last. Let the shout of 'Long live the King!' be your rallying-cry. Call the faithful to arms. I declare the Principality in a state of siege. Each district must immediately provide a Committee to assume the authority in the name of the King, and must intimate its assumption of office to the authorities at the castle of Neufchatel.

"The Commander-in-Chief,

"Count FREDERICK DE POURTALES, Colonel."

The second Proclamation is as follows:

"LA SAGNE, Sept. 2.

"Long live the King! The flag of the King floats once more upon the castle of our princes. Citizens of Neufchatel, let us render thanks to Heaven!

"Let the faithful rally round me!

"Lieutenant-Colonel DE MEURON."

The Swiss Federal Council has issued the following circular to the Governments of the different Cantons:

"It is our painful duty to inform you that according to various dispatches we have received, the Royalist party in the Canton of Neufchatel made yesterday an armed attack upon the seat of Government, and arrested some of its members.

"Our line of conduct under the circumstances is so clearly traced by the 16th article of the Federal Constitution that we need not hesitate for one moment how to act; we have therefore commissioned our colleagues, the Federal Councilors Fornerod and Frei-Herose, to restore constitutional order in the Canton of Neufchatel, using force, if necessary, and to see the constitutional functionaries reinstated.

"We have placed Col. Bourgeois Doxat at Yverdun at the disposal of the Federal Commissioners as military chief.

"The Cantons of Berne and of Vaud have been requested to provide each two battalions, to be placed under the orders of the Federal Commissioners.

"*Berne*, Sept. 3. "STAEMPLI, President.

"SCHIESS, Chancellor."

The *Quotidienne de Bale*, of the 5th, says:

"The Federal Commissioners arrived at Neufchatel at 5 in the evening. They found the castle occupied by 400 or 500 insurgents. A first summons to surrender was not responded to. At about 7 in the evening a battalion of mountaineers from Chaux-de-Fonds arrived before Neufchatel, and surrounded the town. In the course of the night fresh detachments (Republicans and Independents) from Val-de-Travers, Val-de-Ruz and the mountains, arrived. Col. Denzler put himself at the head of the Republican troops. Yesterday, at half past 5 in the morning, the Republicans besieged the castle. The heroic courage of the Prussian cavaliers kept up the combat for half an hour, but at the end of that time the *canaille* went to the d—l (sic). On the side of the Royalists there were 15 killed, 15 wounded, and from 200 to 300 prisoners. The Republicans sustained no loss. Counts Pourtalès and Wesdehlen (the latter a Prussian) are among the prisoners. Meuron has escaped. The *Courrier du Commerce*—a journal usually well informed—is persuaded that this audacious outbreak had its origin at Berlin. According to this journal, several Prussian non-commissioned officers have latterly installed themselves in the houses of the Neufchatel aristocracy as coachmen, gardeners, &c. It affirms that Prussian officers have entered the canton under false names, that Prussia has had permanent agents at Neufchatel, and that the Royalist party kept up a regular official correspondence with Berlin. We can add that on Wednesday last, at about 9 in the morning, two individuals, whose Prussian uniform was observed through their disguise, took post at Pale for Neufchatel."

It is well observed by the *Presse*, that as the Republicans at Neufchatel succeeded in putting down the insurrection before the Federal troops came up, Prussia cannot say that the Cantonal Sovereignty has been overlaid by the Federal power.

A letter states that all the leaders of the insurrection, except the Counts Pourtalès and Wesdehlen, who are in custody, have taken flight, and that the prisoners will be sent for trial to the Federal assizes.

A Prussian journal, the *Elberfeld Gazette*, reputed to be the organ of Mr. van der Heydt, the Minister of Trade at Berlin, endeavors to explain the causes which led to the outbreak of the Royalists. It says:

"The intolerable oppression of the Republican Government, the enormous taxes, and the arbitrary acts of an kinds, have given the Royalists the courage to attempt a levy of bucklers in the midst of twenty republics. The sovereigns of Prussia have always respected the old institutions of the Principality. The movements of 1830 and 1848 caused the emigration to the Prussian capital of a great number of Royalists, among whom were the Counts Pourtalès, Wesedahlen, and the Chancellor Fewarger."

The Elberfeld Gazette does not hint in this at the split which had arisen in the canton among the Republicans themselves, on the line which was to be chosen for the Cantonal railway. One of the two parties, the inhabitants of the Val de Travers, had already voted in the Assembly with the Royalists for some time from sheer spite against their competitors. This the Royalists seem to have mistaken for an actual change of opinion, and to have founded their scheme, which else was very nonsensical, upon it. But the Republicans of the Val de Travers, when they saw the Constitution of 1848 in danger, at once made common cause with their rivals in the railway question, the Republicans of La Chaux de Fonds. The Royalist peasantry themselves seem not to have displayed great ardor in the enterprise, and the fight, when the castle was taken, as well as when it was retaken, was chiefly supported, as the *Revue Tagblatt* says, by the reckless courage of the romantic young cavaliers who had come from Berlin.

RUSSIA.

THE CORONATION CEREMONIES.

THE ENTRY OF THE EMPEROR INTO MOSCOW.

The special correspondent of the *London Times*, who witnessed this event on the 20th of August, says: The Emperor and Empress left St. Petersburg on Friday morning, and reached Petrovsky after dusk in the evening of the same day, having traveled 410 miles in 16 hours, which is regarded as a great feat in this part of the world. His Majesty's reception at the station was enthusiastic, and late as it was, thousands of people awaited his arrival, and cheered him with great energy. Wednesday and yesterday were spent in preparing for the great event, the procession of their Imperial Majesties from the Chateau of Petrovsky to the Kremlin, which took place to-day under the happiest auspices.

It would be as difficult to describe this dazzling pageant as it would be to give an accurate account of a grand spectacle at the theater. In all its component parts it was magnificent and effective. The wealth of a vast empire was poured out with a profuseness almost barbaric, and displayed with a taste founded on Oriental traditions and modified by European civilization. Instead of a narrow stage, the scene was laid in the ancient metropolis of the largest empire the world has ever seen; instead of tinsel and mock finery, gold and silver and diamonds flashed in the real sunlight. He who played the part of an Emperor was indeed an Emperor, and those who appeared as Empresses, marshals and soldiers were what they seemed to be; but, after all, when, amid the blare of trumpets, the clanging of bells, and the roar of the populace, the glorious pageant had passed away in a parti-colored blaze of light, what was left but the recollection of the transitory pleasure of the eye and of the indescribable excitement which the memory in vain endeavored to recall of all that had at the moment produced such irresistible effects!

THE APPEARANCE OF THE COSSACKS.

The whole breadth of the street was now occupied by a glittering mass of pennons, armor, plumes, steel and bright colors; the air was filled with the sounds of popular delight, the champing of bits and clinking of weapons, the flourishing of trumpets, and above all, the loud voices of the bells. Close behind the Circassian escort and the wild Bashkirs comes a squadron of the division of the Black Sea Cossacks of the Guard, in large flat black sheepskin caps, with red skull pieces, long lances, the shafts painted red, and pennons colored blue, white, and red; their jackets of scarlet, their horses small, handsome, and full of spirit.

The forest of red lance shafts through which one looked gave a most curious aspect to the gay cavalcade. A squadron of the regiment of Cossacks of the Guard, in blue follows. Except in the shape of the head-dress, which is like one of our shakos in the olden time, and the color of their uniform, these men resemble the Black Sea Cossacks.

Each squadron consists of about 200 men, and the men are by no means of that hairy, high-backed, *retrousse*-nosed and small-eyed kind identified in the popular mind with their name; and far different are they from the long-coated, round-headed lancers on scraggy ponies who so long kept watch and ward over us from Cannibet's Hill. These Cossacks are well mounted, and well clad, and would afford to the stranger a very imperfect notion of what the Cossacks are who plunder and burn in front of an advancing enemy, sweep away its supplies, and hover around it to do anything but fight, unless at some enormous vantage.

THE NOBLES AND DEPUTIES.

Suggesting some strange likenesses and comparisons, there follows after these 400 Cossacks a large body of the *haute noblesse* on horseback and in uniform, two and two, headed by the Marshal of the Nobility for the district of Moscow. Nearly all of these nobles are in military uniforms; those who are not wear the old Russian boyard's dress, a tunic glistening with precious stones, golden belts studded with diamonds, and high caps with *aigrettes* of brilliants. On their breasts are orders, stars, crosses, ribbons, innumerable. Menchikoffs, Rostopchins, Galitzins, Woronzoffs, Gorchakoffs, Stroganoffs, Chremetieffs, Platoffs, Tolstoys, and the bearers of many another name unknown in Western Europe before the last century, are there carrying whole fortunes on their backs, the rulers and masters of millions of their fellow-men; but brilliant as they are, the interest they excite soon passes away when the next gorgeous cavalcade approaches. This consists of the deputies of the various Asiatic *peuplades* or races which have submitted to Russia, all on horseback, two and two. Here may be seen the costume of every age at one view, and all as rich as wealth, old family treasures, hoarded plunder, and modern taste can make it. Bashkirs and Circassians, Tcherkess, Abassians, in coats of mail and surcoats of fine chain armor, Calmucks, Tartars of Kazan and the Crimea, Mingrahians, Karapapsecks, Daghistanis, Armenians, the people of Gouriel and Georgia, the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian, Kurds, people of Astrakan, Samoides, wild mountaineers from distant ranges to which the speculations of even the "Horticulture Incumbent" have never wandered, Chinese from the Siberian frontiers, Mongols, and strange beings like Caliban in Court dress. Some of them had their uncovered hair plaited curiously with gold coins; others wore on the head only a small flat piece of precious metal just over the forehead; others sheepskin head-dresses studded with jewels; old matchlocks that might have rung on the battle-fields of Ivan Vefki, battle axes, lances, and scimitars and daggers of every form were borne by this gaudy throng, whose mode of riding offered every possible variety in the way in which a man can sit on a horse. Some rode without stirrups, loose and graceful as the Greek warriors who live on the friezes of the Parthenon; others sat in a sort of legless arm-chair, with their knees drawn up after the manner of sartorial equestrians. Every sort of bit, bridle, saddle, and horse-trapping which has been used since horses were subjugated to man, could be seen here. Some of the saddlecloths and holsters were of surpassing richness and splendor. In the midst of all these cavaliers two attracted particular notice. One was a majestic-looking old Turk with an enormous beard and a towering turban, whose garments were of such a rich material and strange cut that one was reminded immediately of the figure of the High Priest in Rembrandt's picture, or of the old engravings of the Sultan in old books of travel. The other was a young deputy from Gouriel, with clustering hair flowing down in curls from beneath a small patch of gold and jewels fixed on the top of the head, whose face and figure were strikingly handsome, and who was dressed in a magnificent suit of blue velvet *caftan*, flashing with precious stones. He was a veritable Eastern Attiroas, and was well matched with his beautiful horse. This cavalcade of the "*peuplades soumises à la Russie*" was to strangers the most interesting part of the procession, but it passed too quickly by for the eye to decompose its ingredients. What stories of the greatness and magnificence of Russia will those people take back to their remote tribes! They went by, bright, shifting, and indistinct as a dream of the "Arabian Nights." The only objection one could make to this part of the procession was that it was over too soon, and that the eye wandered after it to the curve of the lines of soldiery which hid it from view.

THE CZAR.

The correspondent then describes the Court and official carriages. As the last of the train of carriages passes a noise like distant thunder rolling along the street announces the approach of the Czar. But his presence is grandly heralded. Immediately after the members of the Council of the Empire the Grand Marshal of the Court rides in an open phaeton, gilt like the rest, but bright as is he and all about him, there comes after that compared with the lustre of which he is as a mote in the sun. In gilt casques of beautiful form and workmanship, surmounted by crest eagles of silver or gold, in milk-white coats and gilded cuirasses and back-plates, approach the giants of the first squadron of the Chevalier Gardes of his Majesty the Emperor, each on a charger fit for a commander in the human race, and in stature they certainly exceed any troops I have ever seen. All their appointments are splendid, but it is said that they looked better in the days of the late Emperor when they wore buckskins and jackboots, than they do now in their long trowsers and jackboots, than they do now in their long trowsers. The squadron was probably 200 strong, and the effect of the polished helmets, crests and armor was dazzling. Their officers could scarcely be distinguished, except by their position and the extraordinary beauty and training of some of their horses, which slowly beat time, as it were, with their hoofs to the strains of the march. The first squadron of the *Garde à Cheval* follows.

"——All furnished—all in arms,
All planned like ostriches that wing the wind;
Rated like eagles having lately bathed,
Glittering in golden coats, like images."

So bright, so fine that one is puzzled to decide which—they or the chevaliers—are the bravest. But as we are debating the point, the tremendous cheering of the people and the measured hurrahs of the soldiers, the doffed hats, and the reverences of the crowd, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the clash of presenting arms, warn us that the "Czar of All the Russias, of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, "which are inseparable from them," is at hand, and Alexander Nicolaievitch is before us. His Majesty is tall and well formed, although he does not in stature or in grandeur of person come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas, but the worshipers of his deceased Majesty declare that it is wanting in the wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterized the father. His Majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite simply attired, after all the splendor which has gone past. He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange and dark cock's feathers, a close-fitting green tunic, with aiguillettes and orders, and red trowsers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the mad congratulations of the people, who really act as though the Deity were incarnate before them. It is said that several times his eyes ran over with tears. To all he gives the same acknowledgement—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him isolated, as he was when he quitted the palace of Petrovsky. Thus it happens that, before he reaches the spot where the spectator is placed, he is nearly lost amid the crowd behind him, and that the moment he passes his figure is swallowed up in the plumed suite who follow at his heels.

THE MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

It was ordered that the Emperor should be attended only by the Minister "*de sa maison*," the Minister of war, an Aide-de-Camp General, a General of the Suite, and the Aide-de-Camp of his Majesty on duty; but as he turned to speak to the Grand Dukes and to the foreign princes from time to time, this order was lost, and mingled with the officers indicated were their Imperial Highnesses the Cesarewitch Grand Duke Heritier Nicolas Alexandrovitch, the Grand Dukes Alexandre Alexandrovitch, Constantine Nicolaievitch, Nicolas Nicolaievitch, and Michel Nicolaievitch, the Prince Romanovsky, Duke de Leuchtenberg, Nicolas Maximilianovitch, the Prince Peter of Oldenburg, and other foreign Princes and their suites. Amid this crowd of great people we all search out the Grand Duke Constantine, whose keen stern eyes are piercing each window as he rides along. A countenance with more iron will, resolution and energy stamped upon it, one rarely sees, and the Russians are not unjustifiably proud of the ability and activity he displayed when the allied squadron was expected at Cronstadt. His features and form are cast in the Romanoff mould which the portraits of Alexander and Nicholas have made pretty well known among us. A very splendid staff follows the Princess. It consists of the Generals attached to his Majesty's person, the Aides-de-Camp General, the General Majors of the suite, and the Aides-de-Camp of the Emperor, and the Generals and Aides-de-Camp attached to the persons of their Imperial Highnesses on horseback in full uniform. Among the name many whose names are now of world-wide celebrity, but one could not find out which was Luders and which was Osten-Sacken, or Menchikoff, or Gorchakoff—all covered as they were with plumes and feathers and magnificent orders. The Empress Alexandra Feddowna, whose appearance excited the liveliest acclamations of the people, now passed before us, her feeble frame sustained by the part she had to play, so that she surprises those who know how weak and suffering she is when they see her *porte*, and the graceful and animated bearing with which she acknowledges the cheers of the multitude. "Ah!" say they who think of the old Court, "who "would ever imagine that she, who was as a "feather in the air, suspended by a breath, should live "to see this day, and that he—*son Dieu*—should have "died before her!" Her Majesty was right royally or imperially attired, but how I cannot say. A cloud of light drapery, through which diamonds shone like stars, floated around her, and on her head was a tiara of brilliants. The carriage in which she sat was a triumph of splendor—all gold and crimson velvet; and on the roof, which was composed of similar materials, was the likeness of an imperial crown. The eight horses, which were attached to the carriage by trappings and cords of gold, were the most beautiful in the imperial stables, and each was led with a golden bridle by a paletrenier in grand livery. To hide from her the coachman's back, perforce turned toward her Majesty's face, there was an array of little pages, who sat outside the coach on the rail, with their backs toward the coachman's, and their round visages *visages* that of the Empress. On the right of the carriage rode the Grand Ecuyer; on the left the Aide-de-Camp General attached to the person of the Empress. An officer of the imperial stable rode before it, and four Cossacks of the Chamber followed the Ecuyer and the General. Behind the carriage were six Pages of the Chamber, and two palefreniers on horseback. As the carriage passed amid the thunders of ten thousand voices another vehicle, if possible more magnificent, comes before us; and again the hurrahs of the troops and the people ring through the air. The Empress Marie Alexandrovna is seated in this carriage, and by her side the little Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrowitch, who is in full military uniform. Her Majesty seemed much affected as she bowed to the right and left and acknowledged the salutations of the people with vivacity and *empressement*. The boy seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and probably the Arch-Ducal mind was occupied by distracting thoughts of dinner. The equipment and attendance of the vehicle were the same