THE STATE OF EUROPE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TURIN, Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1860.

Among the Latin races, Sunday is regarded as the day most appropriate for elections. On a Sunday, Napoleon was elected President; on a Sunday, he ordered the vote to be taken first for the Presidency for life, and later for the Empire; on a Sunday, the Emilia and Tuscany decided, by universal suffrage, their annexation to Upper Italy; on a Sunday, Nice and Savoy were annexed to France; the day before yesterday, all Naples and Sicily cast their vote for annexation and Victor Emanuel into the ballot-box; and on the 4th of November, the Marches and Umbria are called to follow their example. We have but few returns as yet, from the South; still, it seems that the general enthusiasm for Italian unity has not led to scenes of intimidation, for we find everywhere an insignificant minority of *Noes* recorded among the prevalent *Yeas*. As to the final result, nobody could doubt it, even for a moment; neither legitimist reactionaries nor federalist republicans could anywhere make a stand against Italian unity, and the principal complaint against Garibaldi's government, both in Sicily and at Naples, was always his delay in completing the annexation. But while in the south the enthusiastic population rush to the ballot-box, the warlike operations are not interrupted. On the 20th, Gen. Cialdini, with the vanguard of the Piedmontese troops, reached Isernia, and, meeting there a Neapolitan royalist column, he at once attacked and dispersed it. About 1,000 prisoners and a battery were the trophies of the day. Garibaldi, after having on the 15th reviewed the English volunteers, who on their arrival at Naples were at once sent to the Volturno, made on that occasion some important remarks; and, seeing there the Hungarian Legion, he turned to them, and, in a few warm words, expressed his thanks to the Hungarians. "It is our duty now to "take up their cause," he said, "as our own "cause; and when the hour of liberation strikes "for this our sister country, we must be ready "to assist her, and by the Almighty we shall "do it. Hurrah for Hungary!" This sentence was spoken with a prophetic feeling, for it seems that Austria is meditating an attack upon the Legations within the next few weeks, which must lead to an outbreak in Hungary. She knows her danger, and, therefore, as we are informed by telegraph on the 21st ult., granted concessions and a constitution to Hungary. We do not as yet know the details of this new comedy, but Hungary wants not *a* constitution; she wants *her* constitution, and, well aware that Austria never can grant it, she wants a complete separation from that ill-assorted empire. It must have cost a great sacrifice to Francis Joseph to yield to the proud Hungarians, whom twelve years of oppression could not break. Still, he made the sacrifice, and himself reversed the policy by which from the beginning of his reign he has undertaken to coerce the resisting provinces, and fuse them into a unitary empire. All Italy is fully convinced that these concessions augur war for them, that Francis Joseph wishes to get the good will of Hungary, without which he cannot even think of succeeding against Italy. Still, we may, from our knowledge of the Hungarian nation, safely foretell the complete failure of the reconciliation, though we do not yet know the extent of the concessions. As in Naples, they fall upon an ungrateful ground: they will increase the confusion, but not the good will of the nation.

On the 22d, the two Emperors of Austria and Russia met most cordially at Warsaw, and in a few days we may hear of the results of this portentous meeting. It seems to wear an Austrian appearance, for it was preceded by the formal withdrawal of the Russian Embassador from Turin, while Prince Gorchakoff, the enemy of the Austrian Alliance, seems not to have accompanied his Imperial master. On the other hand, the Prince Regent of Prussia, after the interview with the Queen of England at Coblenz, became less friendly to Austria than before, and though the Baron Schleinitz wrote a very strong *doctrinaire* diplomatic note to the Turin Cabinet, blaming the disregard of international law and the conclusions drawn by Count Cavour from the principles of nationality and universal suffrage, he does not go beyond a formal recognition of Austria's right to Venetia, and in the same breath acknowledges the principle of non-intervention as regards all the other parts of Italy. Since we know that England fears a European conflagration originating in a Venetian war, but that she sympathizes otherwise with Italy, and desires to see Victor Emanuel at the head of a strong European power, we clearly see in Baron Schleinitz's diplomatic note, the influence of Lord John Russell. More important is, perhaps, the interview of Lord Palmerston with the Emperor Napoleon, at Compiègne, which took the world by surprise, since it came unawares, but beyond a meager telegram, we do not know anything about it. It looks like a warning to the meeting at Warsaw, that the revival of the Holy Alliance will only cement the Anglo-French Alliance more strongly.

Count Cavour is preparing with the greatest energy for a sudden Austrian attack. He has no time to lose, for Austrian troops are pouring day after day into Venetia. Benedek has got the chief command of the Italian army, and the Prince of Modena is busily engaged in reorganizing *his* army, reviewing the Austrian troops, and preparing for a campaign.

As to Napoleon, he continues his mysterious policy. He scolds Italy, but prevents the foreign powers from interfering. He occupies Viterbo for the Pope, and allows the French Bishops to denounce Victor Emanuel, and also himself indirectly. He ignores the plans of the Warsaw conspirators, while he puts his army on a still more efficient footing. He reaps the fruit of his Italian policy, which made him the most feared monarch in Europe, while in France the opposition against him has considerably abated. He sits now really like Æolus at the cave of the winds; if he opens the gates, the storm rages throughout the continent; if he shuts the winds up, peace remains unimpaired.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR IN PRUSSIA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BERLIN, Oct. 23, 1860.

The anger and the dread felt by our Liberals at the Prince Regent's participation in the Warsaw Congress, find, as is usual with the grievances of genuine Prussian Liberals, their vent in bitter aspersions of Austria and its new-fangled Constitution. In the first place, Francis Joseph will never be forgiven, for having bereft these gentlemen of their greatest consolation, and the standing topic of their verbose self-righteousness, viz., the contrast between "constitutional" Prussia and "absolutist" Austria. The Austrian patent, of course, is open, not only to cavils, but to serious misgivings of every kind. The circumstances under which and the hands by which the gift is bestowed, stamp it with the character of a shift, rather than a sincere concession. Once before on the 4th of May, 1849, Francis Joseph promulgated the outlines of a constitution, only to cancel them the following year, after the fortune of war had declared on his side. But, then, there exists no instance on the records of history of princes having ever curtailed their own privileges, and yielded to popular claims, except under a heavy pressure from without, and there exists no instance of their having kept faith whenever they could dare to break their oaths and their pledges with impunity. The old Hungarian Constitution has not been restored in its integrity, since the two most important rights of voting the ways and means, and the levies of troops, are transferred from the Diet at Pesth to the Central Imperial Council at Vienna, which latter being intended to form the States General of the whole empire, finds itself invested with attributes likely to become permanent sources of strife between itself and the different national or provincial Diets. The Constitutions of the German Slavonic provinces, being limited to the most general and vague outlines, may be made nothing or everything of. The greatest fault found with the patent on the part of the Magyars is the separation of Croatia and Servia and Transylvania from Hungary, and the grant to those provinces of different independent Diets; but if the events of 1848-49 be recalled to mind, it may be justly doubted whether the Croats, Slavonians, Serbs, and Wallachians will be inclined to share in this Magyar grievance, and back it by their support. The Vienna statesmen, in this instance, seem rather to have played a clever trick upon the principle of nationality, and turned it to their own account.

But, as for the general Diet of the whole empire, under the name of the Imperial Council, seated at Vienna and composed of the respective delegates appointed by the different Diets of Galicia, Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, Servia, Venetia, and the German provinces, being placed beyond the pale of allegiance to the Diet of the German Confederation, will it not cut asunder the relations that have hitherto obtained between German Austria and the German Confederation? This is the great theme now harped upon by official Prussian Liberalism, which will never stand in want of arguments for its pet idea, the exclusion of Austrian Germany from the German Confederation. But all this reasoning proceeds from a false premises in clinging to the letter of Francis Joseph's patent. While the latter must be considered, on the part of the Austrian dynasty, as a clever device, it affords to the various peoples crushed under Hapsburg sway a precious handle for working out their own destinies and reopening the era of revolutions. For the present, the Austrian Constitution will have done much good in humbling the Pharisean pride of the Prussian mock-Liberals, and stripping the Hohenzollern dynasty of the only advantage it could boast over its rival, that of carrying on the old concern of the bureaucrat and the soldier under the more respectable form of constitutionalism. To give you an insight into the real state of this much-vaunted, "regenerated" Prussia, it will be necessary to recur to the changes that have lately taken place in the organization of the Prussian army. You will remember that the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, while lacking on the one side the courage to affront public opinion by an open sanction of the Government proposals for the reorganization of the army, and lacking on the other side the courage to make a decided stand against the martinet leanings of the Prince Regent, hit upon the usual expedient of weakness—a middle course, neither fish nor flesh. It refused to pass the Government plan for the reorganization of the army, but voted $9,500,000 for putting the army into a state fit to encounter the dangers apprehended from without. In other words, the Prussian Deputies voted the ways and means wanted by the Government for carrying out its plan, but voted them on false pretexts. Hardly had the Prussian Parliament been adjourned when the Ministry, openly breaking through the conditions on which the grant was obtained, began, without further ado, to introduce the changes in the organization of the army willed by the Prince Regent and rejected by the so-called representatives. During the recess of the Parliament, the standing army has been *doubled*, being raised from 40 regiments to 72 regiments of the line and 9 regiments of the guard. The permanent annual expenses for the military budget have thus, by the supreme will of the Prince Regent, and in open violation, not only of the will of the people, but of the vote of its mock Representatives, been raised by 100 per cent. But do not fancy the Prince of Hohenzollern or any of his colleagues risks the fate of Strafford. There will be some low grumbling, pickled with fervent assertions of dynastic loyalty, and unbounded confidence in the Cabinet, and this will be all. Now, considering that even the old army organization, founded as it was upon a merely agricultural population, had become an intolerable drawback upon the resources and the productive activity of a people which in the course of time had engaged in manufactures, it will be easily understood how the army, now doubled in numbers, must grind down the best energies of the masses, and drain the springs of national wealth. The Prussian army may now boast of being the largest in Europe in proportion to population and national resources.

You know that a Hohenzollern ruler, when speaking of himself, or when spoken of by his cabinet and his officials, goes by the name of *Kriegsherr*, that is to say, "Lord of War." Now this, of course, does not mean that Prussian kings and regents lord it over the chances of war. Their great anxiety to keep peace, and their known propensity for being thrashed in the open field show better. By that title of "Lord of War," so dearly cherished by Hohenzollern rulers, it is rather understood that the true prop of their kingly power must be sought for, not in the people, but in a portion of the people, separated from the mass, opposed to it, distinguished by certain badges, trained to passive obedience, drilled into a mere instrument of the dynasty which owns it as its property and uses it according to its caprice. A Prussian king would, therefore, rather abdicate than allow his army to swear obedience to the Constitution. Hence a Hohenzollern ruler, being the king of his people only as far as he is the "Lord of War," in other words, the proprietor of the army, must, before all things, dote on it, fondle it, flatter it, and feed it with always increasing morsels of the national wealth. This great aim has been obtained by the new military organization. The number of officers has been doubled, and the rapid promotion to higher grades in the French, Austrian, and Russian armies, which the Prussian officers had cast longingly anxious eyes upon, has been secured to them without exposing their lives and limbs to the least hazard. Hence there is just now prevailing, not among the common soldiers, but among the officers of the Prussian army, a vast amount of enthusiasm for the Prince Regent and his "liberal" Ministers. At the same time the aristocratic fox-hunters, grumbling at the liberal phrases of the new régime, have been quite conciliated by the new occasion afforded them for fastening their younger sons on the purse of the country. There is one drawback to all this, even from the dynastic standpoint. Prussia has now concentrated all its available forces into one standing army. That army once beaten, there will be no reserve to fall back upon.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Oct. 26, 1860.

The Warsaw Conference is not a success. I mean, of course, as seen from Paris, where it is indeed one of the standing topics of talk, but is not talked about very earnestly, nor even conjectured about very much in the newspapers. And yet nothing whatever is known about its doings—ignorance, the first condition of conjecture, is complete in the case. The truth of it is that people do not care much about that meeting of the three Northern Powers; we have ceased to believe an offensive alliance against France among its possible results, and doubt whether any alliance will come of it. The three Northern Heads, lying together with their helping ministers lying about them, will probably come to a conclusion that revolutions in Italy and that sort of thing are highly improper, and must be protested against as a violation of the three varieties (Catholic, heretic Protestant and schismatic Greek) of Divine right represented by their thrones, and of international right or law of Nations, and of rights of (their) family and (their) property. Having come to this virtuous conclusion at Warsaw, they will leave it there and go home. Nothing worse than paper bullets, discharged from diplomatic brains, will come of it. And diplomacy has lost its prestige; people are coming to see, what history has so long been telling them, that the world is governed by *faits accomplis*, and not by diplomatic phrases; so that there is hardly any one hereabouts, except those who go not by sight but by faith in the old formulas, who does not regard Naples and the Marches as definitively acquired to Italy; although the acquisition has been made in openest defiance of the law of nations, and all the Ducal, Papal and Royal protests against the performances of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel are quite correct, legal, logical and dead letters.

Before leaving this Warsaw Conference, which, you recollect, Louis Napoleon did not want to attend by any means, I must mention that Czar Alexander has sent him, beside the four horses of the Orloff breed some weeks ago, a recent autograph letter. I have not seen the contents of it; but it is easy to guess that they consist of glittering generalities of a personally complimentary and politically conservative sort. Alexander does not want a fight with Louis, nor does Louis with Alexander: each, for the moment—what with emancipation of the serfs and shortness of funds and alarmingly pressing need of administrative reforms on one side, and the setting well under way of the new system of politico-economical reform and internal improvements on the other side—has enough to do peacefully at home: and as for Constantinople and the Rhenish frontier, doubtless each one knows that pears ripen and drop with time.

Suppose that those two men are doing their utmost to prevent, at least stave off, the general European war that seems to many so imminent any time the past seven months? There is considerable likelihood at the base of this hypothesis, and a rational chance for the success of the secondary of the two purposes. That Austria and Italy are both preparing for war is certain. But if Austria gets no promise of backing from its Russian and Prussian friends (?) and Victor Emanuel is told *plainly* that France will not back an attack upon Venetia, then is the war staved off for six months. The only thoroughly honest man whose action is gravely important in the case, Garibaldi, is not only not a rash fighting adventurer, but he is a humanitarian and a man of eminent common sense. Let him be *plainly* told that an attack upon Venetia will not be backed by the Government of Italy and he will not attempt it; let him be persuaded that this Government is in earnest, by unrelaxed efforts to obtain liberty for Venetia with any chance of success, and he will not desire to attempt it. On the whole, so far as your correspondent can survey that largish field of conjecture, and despite the numerous contrary indications prominent upon its surface, the Austro-Italian war does not seem to him so crowdingly imminent, nor the general European war its necessary consequence.

I cry you patience for reiterating, that Napoleon's interest for the present is European peace. I have never visited his heart, and so am not in condition to deny that he is the wickedest of living men, as Robespierre was one of the most incorruptible, and the late King Bomba one of the most amiable family, and the present Kaiser Franz Joseph one of the most friendly, good-natured men in Europe: while Victor Emanuel, and even Garibaldi are, in the matter of personal morals, but spotted snow-drops. All but the insanest Reds and ultra-retrogrades now admit Napoleon's ability as a politician. An ability so manifolded by the material power of France, which it and accident have brought into his hands, that he has become, or made himself, the controlling power of the organized political powers of Europe; an ability so great that he never forgets that he is not omnipotent; a remarkable toughness of purpose and a yet more remarkable faculty of quietly changing his purpose at the imperious order of the spirit of the time; a singular talent of waiting and awaiting. The man's face is the typical representation of the political: a wonderful absence of expression, a "never-letting on" of what is passing in the chambers of the brain behind a physiognomical façade, whose only characterizing feature is a great nose. Such a scent as he has!

The town has been occupied, and, as the French say, preoccupied, since Wednesday morning, with an article in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper of that date. As a general rule, the editorials of the *Constitutionnel* are greatly overrated, for their significance, by Frenchmen, and extravagantly so by foreign correspondents. Consult, in proof, the sensation articles of its basely self-degraded editors for the past eight years, and compare them with the acts of Government and facts of history in that time. Understand, the editors of the sub-semi-official papers here are not fools; they are worse—sufficiently cultivated writing machines, utterly without soul and self-respect, journal prostitutes, street courtesans of the Power that is, accepting their daily wages and shame as an honor, and signing their names in full, as the law directs, to their fulsome adulations and noisy defenses of their Imperial Keeper; meekly, shamelessly accepting the brutal reproofs and denials, to which they are so often exposed, when the Power that uses them sees reason for asserting its respectability and independence of them through the columns of the *Moniteur*; and, in revenge, flaunting their favored superiority of position in the face of decent publicists faithful to principles of any sort.

The article of Wednesday's *Constitutionnel* deserves, as it has attracted, more than ordinary attention, for several reasons, one of which is that it is not written by any one of the superserviceable editors of that sheet. It was sent in to them apparently from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It sets forth the Italian policy of the Emperor as he wishes it to be understood for the day. The text of it will have reached you by the Adriatic, but, in view of the legitimate sensation it has created here and indeed throughout Europe, I make no apology for paragraphing upon it. Note that its essential importance springs from the fact that it is not an ordinary editorial. It opens with a remarkably bold *résumé* of the arguments of the retrograde and advanced parties against the Emperor's Italian policy; bold in that it gives not only the strongest but the most offensive, *i. e.* the most disrespectful, (to L. N. B.) arguments of the advocates of Austria and the Pope, and of the advocates of the national Italian cause. Then follows the defense of the Imperial policy. To enforce the Villafranca stipulations by military power would have been to substitute French for Austrian supremacy in Italy, to the discontent of all Italy, of England, and of the general European sentiment, for the advantage of Austria and of other powers who would not, in return for such sacrifice, grant their sympathy or confidence to France. On the other hand, to accept and encourage the Italian movement that was, in a sort, a "*consequent*" of the Villafranca treaty, would have excited general distrust. Hence the course followed by Piedmont (which has run so rapidly from Garibaldi and Sicily to Victor Emanuel and Naples) has been censured rather than approved. To interfere in favor of Piedmont would be to provoke a general war; to intervene against Piedmont would be a self-contradiction (in view of the late French campaign in Italy); to let Austria intervene in Italy would be to suffer an offensive return toward a past and definitively lost situation; to join with Sardinia would be to defy Europe and league with revolution. As the moderator of revolution and dynastic ruler, Napoleon is opposed to Sardinia; but as the child of revolution and representative of the popular will, he is a friend to the Italian movement; earnestly desiring peace—not fearing war. His position makes him the almost natural pacificator of Europe, the arbiter of the stirring questions that at present keep the never balanced equilibrium of Europe in an alarmingly febrile state of dance-à-diddleum! The upshot of the article is, Let us have a Congress. On the whole, and with acceptance of necessarily qualifying circumstances, this article is very clever; not the less clever that in more than one respect it is very illogical. It has been a constant defect of French politicians and policies that they were too logical. The best parts of the world's work hitherto in its slow, bungling progress, have been made, by instinctive movements, unanalyzed by logic. Hence, this passage in the article mentioned is not so absurd, as at first glance it might seem to a thin, formalized reader: "As for France, faithful to the "interests it has defended, tied to no one by engage-"ments, it will benefit in a Congress by the reserve "which it has been reproached with, and by the "moderation that it has been able to preserve. "Better than another, perhaps, it will be in a posi-"tion to indicate the compromises among diver-"gent claims. After having freed Italy, sustained "the Pope at Rome, censured the invasion of the "Roman States and of the Two Sicilies, secured "respect for the principle of non-intervention by re-"specting it herself, she cannot be regarded with "suspicion by Italy, or by the Papacy, or by Eu-"rope." They all *do* regard her with uncommonly wide-awake suspicion, of course. Here is something still better: An organized and powerful Italy is henceforth a European interest, and Europe, in consecrating it in such conditions by a solemn Congressional act, would show as much prudent foresight as justice!

The article of the *Constitutionel* is accepted here by all shades of liberal opinion with great pain. The lurid-red Ultramontagnards do not relish it at all. Meantime, they raise a loud and eager cry again for more Peter's pence. The King of Rome's treasury is dreadfully in want of funds; the Kingdom not of this world is pressingly urgent for worldly dollars and cents. Napoleon's troops are down there now in abundance to protect the Patrimony which St. Peter died without ever suspecting to be his. It is hard to tell whom he is protecting it for. There are folks hereabout, as there are in the clique that surrounds poor, amiable, inefficient, *non possumus* Pius IX., who doubt extremely whether he is saving it for St. Peter's Apostolic heir as a permanency.

The political clerical party here continue their quite logical, but thoroughly practical bungle of hostility to the Emperor; one of the latest results of which is the suppression, by the Imperial power, of their ablest provincial journal, the *Gazette de Lyon*. It requires a moral effort on the part of a rational friend of the liberty of the press to feel sorry for this their grave misfortune. The *Gazette de Lyon*, like all other of the ultra clerical journals was, from 1851 up to the outbreak of the Italian war, urgently favorable to the iniquitous law on the press, and to all measures for the suppression of liberty of thought. Its only complaint of them was that they were not *thorough* enough.

By the way, or out of the way, it is queerish, what Napoleon's purpose is with that enlarged French-Roman garrison. The article already so frequently referred to, condemns, in strong terms, the system of French garrisons in Italy. The French force, as lately increased, is far greater than is possibly needful for defense of Rome. Some folks, casting about for explanations in the case, have fallen upon this: that these numerous troops are sent there to be ready for the possible outbreak of the Austro-Italian war! They would not fight on the Austrian side.

Herr Hubner, who used to be Austrian Embassador at Paris before the Italian campaign, came on here two weeks ago; and thereupon a London correspondent of a Paris journal wrote that his mission was to find out whether or not L. N. B. would make common cause with V. E., in case J. F. crossed the Mincio, and that he had not succeeded in obtaining a satisfactorily clear answer. Whereupon the unauthorized hand-organs of officious journalism declared with their solemnest cries that *they* had no reason to believe that M. Hubner came to Paris for any such a thing. Hereupon pretty much everybody came to think that he did come for just that thing; and have since rightly or wrongly made an intimate connection between the answer he didn't get and the consequent granting by F. Joseph of national constitutions to the nations composing the Austrian Empire, which, on condition that F. J. was in earnest in granting them, and that the nations are persuaded that he is in earnest, may help to take the wind out of the sails of revolution in those nations, always excepting Venetia.

A new play by Octave Feuillet, was lately brought out at the Vaudeville Theater. Its title is "Redemption." The title of this successful dramatist's last piece was "Tentation." Like it and his "Jeune Homme Pauvre," this is an elegantly written, very theatrical, fashionable, morbid, false, drama, or sentimental comedy. With its effective situations and its gentlemanly (sinking often enough to the pitiful genteel) literary style, and admirable acting, it is destined to a great success. Like his other pieces, it is worked up from a previously published dramatic story. The object of the first act is to show the public that John and Maurice, two cousins, became great friends, because Maurice was not a scoundrel. The object of the second act is to show that Madeleine, a courtesan and theatrical star at Vienna, is not happy, and that her only way to become so, pointed out by a holy priest, is to really fall in real love with some one. The object of the remaining three acts is to show that if a common courtesan does get disgusted with mere animal enjoyment, and then tries to poison herself, she is a quite unexceptionable companion for a fine young man, who has proved himself to be not a scoundrel, and that, being accepted by this nice young man (who knows and has branded as it deserves all the infamy of her previous life), she is redeemed; that is the easy "Redemption" of the improper female, hight Madeleine; whose latter-day virtue is to have the same brilliant success with the same intelligent public, who, for a hundred nights together, have applauded, in front of the same stage, the equally stagy virtues of the Poor Young Man, and of the heroine of the "Tentation" (who was really a virtuous woman, by happy accident), and the punishment of the unvirtuous Dahla.

They do say again that Mayerbeer's *Africanus* is to be brought at this season, after Wagner's *Tannhauser*, at the Grand Opera. The piece this time is to be called *Vasco de Gama*, the African woman being its principal character, and improperly related in love with that celebrated navigator, V. de G., in the course of his voyage having met with other loves, the colored female intervenes as a sort of female Othello. The music is laid out to meet her jealous passions. This opera was originally composed before the *Prophete*. Like the *Prophete*, and particularly like Mayerbeer, all of his operas, it is to be brought out with the carefullest attention to auxiliary scenic effects. There is to be, for instance, a rarely-applauded tableau, representing a vertical section of V. de G.'s ship; on deck is a picturesquely-arranged musical row; in the cabin an entrancing tenor and soprano love scene; in the hold, illuminated by the foot-lights, and played up to by the orchestra, a finely-measured raving, distracted outburst of black African jealousy.

THE PRINCE'S NEW-YORK RECEPTION.

Special correspondence of The London Times.

NEW-YORK, October 11.

The Prince of Wales has entered New-York. These few words tell of such an ovation as has seldom been offered to any monarch in ancient or modern times. It was not a reception; it was the grand, impressive welcome of a mighty people. It was such a mingling of fervent, intense enthusiasm, of perfect good order, of warmth and yet kind respect, that I am fairly at a loss how to convey in words to English readers any adequate idea of this most memorable event. I have had rather a considerable experience of Royal progresses, both at home and abroad, and until yesterday's demonstration, believed that there could be very little that was new in such displays. In the welcome to New-York, however, I found that I had much to learn. There was no pomp or pageantry attempted of any kind, no grand liveries or gilded coaches.

There was a military procession, but that was only an item in the great features of the day, which was the welcome of the people. It was such a welcome as only a whole people and a free people could give, and in the details of its enthusiasm and its good order there was much, strange as it may seem, that made such a reception possible only in New-York. In Paris it would have been a Government affair of soldiers and *gendarmes*; in London it would have been a mob, with an immense police force to control it. Here it was simply the people turning out in hundreds of thousands. A huge sea of decorous, but most enthusiastic spectators, who, even at the spots where they were densest were yet so quiet, so impressive in their majesty of good order, that at no one place did they seem to have a single element in common with what we call a mob. It seemed more a gigantic meeting of the citizens of New-York, convened for some great and solemn rejoicing along the whole length of the city than the mere chance mustering of its busy, and excitable population. It was such a grand display of popular enthusiasm, there was such a dignity in the calm reliance felt by every one in the preservation of order, such a perfect warmth and geniality of kindness evinced from highest to lowest toward the young visitor, as made the whole demonstration, perhaps, one of the most remarkable of it kind that has ever taken place. Quiet and demure as are the English people, there are yet few Englishmen who can realize the fact of the whole inhabitants of an immense city turning out to witness a spectacle and give a cordial welcome, intrusted at the same time with the duty of keeping order among themselves. Yet this was actually the case at New-York; and along three miles of road, thronged with half a million or more of spectators, there were not 50 policemen, and even these were only stationed at intersecting streets to stop carts and vehicles from entering in the line of route. Yet description does not easily convey the idea of such a multitude—the strict, the rigid good order and good humor that prevailed. This, too, was not for an hour, or only while the Prince was passing. It was the unvarying demeanor of the whole concourse from 10 in the day till past 6 at night.

* * * As the royal steamer came in view the guns from the batteries peuled forth their royal salutes with slow, dignified regularity, shrouding the town in huge masses of white smoke that drifted over the city in a thin veil of cloud, like the mist of a Winter's morn. Gradually objects grew more and more distinct; the Battery was seen, a glittering mass of regiments, the walls, the windows, the roofs of the houses along shore; the masts and yards of all the vessels in the harbor; the quays, and wharves, the trees, and every spot or post from which a glimpse could be obtained was one dense sultry-looking mass of human beings, all seemingly in motion, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, cheering and clapping their hands. All the air seemed filled with a hoarse, undulating roar, as from the waves of an angry sea. The landing place was at Castle Garden, the spot where emigrants are received and housed by the State of New York on the first days of their arrival. Mr. Mayor Wood, and the aldermen of the city, were in attendance here, and here the *alias* of Baron Renfrew was entirely dropped, as indeed it has been now for some days past—all invitations to *fêtes* and public notices of reception being given in the name of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The members of the Corporotion and Gen. Sandford, commanding the militia of New-York, having been presented to the Prince, the Royal party proceeded at once to the office of the Emigration Commissioners. Here the Prince changed his walking dress for the uniform of a Colonel. The Duke of Newcastle wore his uniform of Lord Lieutenant, Gen. Bruce, Col. Grey, and Major Teesdale also assumed their uniforms and orders. The horses which each of the party rode during the Canadian tour had, with delicate thoughtfulness, been purchased for their use on this occasion, and, mounted on these, and accompanied by the principal American officers, the party issued from Castle Garden toward the Battery. A long, deep, tremendous, sustained cheer greeted the Prince, whose appearance astonished every one. Slight and almost boyish in his appearance in morning dress, in uniform and on horseback he looks a young nobleman, of whom, apart from his exalted position, any Englishman might be proud to see acknowledged as a representative of his nation. He sits on a horse as only Englishmen can, and receives his homage of welcome with the easy grace of one to the manor born. Certainly, as he cantered down to the Battery, his horse rearing and prancing with timidity at the tumult of cheers around, he looked even worthy of the great welcome that awaited him; and more than this it would be difficult to say. In the Battery were drawn up in successive lines, five brigades of the New-York militia—mustering in all some 6,000 or 7,000 men. Taken as a type of the volunteers of this country, they certainly were splendid specimens. In the 3d Brigade were the 7th Regiment, the pride and admiration of New-York. They are, undoubtedly, a most perfect body of soldiers, equal in all the minute technicalities of discipline to our very best regiments. I must own, however, I cannot share in the feeling here which awards all praise to the 7th, and I cannot pay the militia of New-York a higher compliment than to say that, to my unprejudiced eyes, there were several other regiments there almost, if not quite, as good as the famous 7th. The 4th Brigade, to use Lord John Russell's simile, was "conspicuous for the absence" of the 69th Regiment. Col. Corcoran and his officers and men refused to turn out to welcome the Prince. No national slight is implied here. The 69th Regiment is almost entirely composed of Orangemen, many of whom do not blush to avow their sympathy even with the Kingston fanatics. They refused, therefore, to parade, and with this last impotent display of wrath from a disappointed turbulent faction, let us hope we have done with the subject.

The insult, however, will not be passed over so lightly in New York. Col. Corcoran will, it is said, be tried by court martial and dismissed for refusing to obey orders, and the whole regiment itself may probably be disbanded, for the feeling is strong against it. The inspection of the militia merely consisted in riding slowly along the front of each corps. Every regiment drooped colors and presented arms as the Prince approached them, surveying with open admiration the handsome uniforms, the erect, steady, military aspect of every company, regiment, and brigade on the ground. As a volunteer militia they certainly formed a body of men of whom any nation might feel proud. Our own Volunteers will arrive at the same perfection in time, but they are yet too young to fairly bear comparison with these picked corps of New-York. Let our regiments, however, look to it in time, for when next His Royal Highness sees them reviewed he will judge of them by the high standard he has seen here. The inspection took a very long time, almost too long for the patience of the multitudes in Broadway, who had been waiting and waiting for long weary hours.

From 10 o'clock in the morning the immense concourse had been slowly collecting. Before 12 all were in their places, and here it was past 4 o'clock, and no Prince in sight. At last the long inspection terminated, and a carriage drove by six coal-black horses, came into the Battery for the Prince, with a train of other vehicles for the rest of the suite. The open barouche for his Royal Highness was plain, but excessively handsome. It had been built expressly for the occasion, and cost the city more than $1,000. The Prince sat with Mayor Wood on his right, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons facing. Amid the most tumultuous cheers the carriage went in from the Battery toward the inclosure, called the City Hall Park—a park not by any means as large as the recent inclosure at Camberwell, which has been honored with that title. Here the visitors caught a full view of Broadway, and it was one of the grandest and most impressive sights which his Royal Highness is ever likely to witness.

It is impossible to describe the route from this point. The impression left was grand, but vague and undefinable, as that of the ocean in a storm. Flags and banners were across the road, but they seemed as solid as masonry compared with the endless flutter of handkerchiefs—a flutter that seemed to make the whole avenue glimmer and flicker—that rippled out over the fronts of massive distant buildings like flakes of snow that formed a perfect fringe above the huge black crowd of heads. Hats went into the air, and handkerchiefs, too, at last, and there were cries of "God save the Queen!" with "You're welcome to New-York!" and cheers and shoutings, even gestures, of kindly feeling and delight, such as carried even the coldest away with the headlong torrent of enthusiasm. In vain you sought to catch a glimpse of anything definite—the vague immensity of the whole impressed you too much. There seemed to be no details, such as usually belong to a vast assemblage of people of all ranks—no quiet here, and outbursts of vociferation at another spot. It was one continued unanimous welcome that can neither be told nor forgotten. At one Church—the Mother Church, as it is called—the chimes were ringing prettily "God save the Queen. Yet from that edifice some 80 years ago Dr. Irving (in later times Bishop of Nova Scotia) was expelled for reading prayers for George III. after the Declaration of Independence. Here it was now chiming the national anthem and all New-York mad with exultation and delight, welcoming the great-grandson of that same George's descendant who had only a few days before been to the tomb of Washington bareheaded and planted a tree to shade the place of sepulchre of that great man. Who can ever believe in the permanence of hereditary antipathies after this? What antipathy, rather, can be hereditary between such empires as England and America? If the West is ever so bad it owes its faults to England; if Americans ever think lightly of England, let them remember they are the inheritors of our every vice and virtue. Our kith and kin meet us in every city, town, and village out here—exaggerating our national character—both for good and ill, but with the grand type of the Anglo-Saxon predominating over all.

At the City Park his Royal Highness and suite left their carriages, and stood in the middle of the inclosure to see the regiments from the Battery march past. This was rather a hitch in the day's programme, for it took a long, long time to accomplish, and the day waned and dusk came, and nine-tenths of the people were still waiting for the Royal visitor. Apparently enough, however, saw this meagre ceremonial of marching past to have satisfied all America. Even the houses round the square seemed to have turned into component parts of the crowd, so dense were the clustering masses that thronged at every window, over the copings, filling the balconies, and huddling together on roofs a hundred feet from the ground. And the enthusiasm seemed boundless, inexhaustible. If the Prince only turned his head they cheered; if he didn't, they cheered louder still. In fact, the Prince had come, the people were glad to see him, and testified it by never stopping cheering while he remained in view, no matter what he did. It was past dusk and getting very dark as his Royal Highness again entered his carriage and resumed his triumphant progress down the Broadway. Up to this time there had been round the carriage an escort of light cavalry, including in their ranks some of the fattest men in New-York. But, at the request of the Prince, they fell back so as to let him see and be seen by the cordial people who had waited for his coming so long and quietly.

At every point from this time, it was one long, cordial greeting. It was such a mixture of enthusiasm and good manners, of the most vociferous welcome, yet the most profound respect, as no other visitor that ever entered this city has been welcomed with. No matter what the excitement, it never tempted the people to break their self-formed and self-kept line. They seemed to feel that it might be indecorous and misconstrued to press upon the royal cortege, and the onus was rigorously maintained open till the Prince had passed at least a mile. In this manner his Royal Highness journeyed down the Broadway of New-York, and at last, at nearly 7 o'clock, arrived at that palace of all American hotels—the Hotel of the Fifth Avenue.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL—THE SLEPNEY MURDER.

HOW MURDERERS ARE CONVICTED IN ENGLAND.

From The London Times, Oct. 2.

No surprise will be felt by any one on learning that the trial at the Old Bailey terminated yesterday with the conviction of the prisoner Mullins, who received sentence of death. Although the case was one of circumstantial evidence, the guilt of this man was proved beyond all reasonable doubt. The last few months have been unusually prolific in murders of the worst kind; were it not so the Stepney crime would, probably, have obtained even a larger share of public attention, for the manner in which the nefarious cunning of the murderer led to his own detection is almost new in the annals of crime. Never, in our recollection, has a prisoner more deservedly received sentence of death than this wicked old man. The murder for which he is to die was in the highest degree coldblooded and cruel; but even the guilt of this is perhaps surpassed by that which he meditated when he laid his plot for the ruin of Emma. To commit a crime and then to pocket the reward offered for the discovery by falsely denouncing another man, is a refinement of villany which almost borders on romance.

The story is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary that has ever been told in a Court of Justice. As the murder and the first steps toward detection took place in the early Autumn, while a large portion of the public was far distant from anything like an English newspaper, we may epitomize in a few lines the main facts of the case as detailed at the various examinations, and at the trial which has just concluded. The murdered person, Mary Emsley, was a widow, about 70 years of age, of very miserly habits. She lived entirely alone, in the neighborhood of Mile-End, not only performing all domestic duties for herself, but going out to collect her rents, for she possessed considerable property in houses. Every Monday she went on this errand, and would bring home some £30, £40, or £50. She was last seen alive about 7 o'clock on the evening of Monday, the 13th of August. On the ensuing Friday, the 17th, a man named Emm, who had been occasionally employed by the deceased, communicated with a Mr. Faith, who had married a daughter of the deceased, and the result was that the house was entered, and Mrs. Emsley was found murdered in a lumber-room. Many people had knocked at the door of the house during the preceding three days, but could make no one hear, and it cannot be doubted that she had been murdered in the night between Monday and Tuesday. A reward was offered, first £100, then of £300, and on the 8th of September a communication was made to the police by a man named Mullins, the subsequent accused. He denounced Emm as the murderer, and said that he had been watching Emm's cottage, and had seen him go out into a brickfield and hide a parcel. Mullins conducted the police to the spot, and, of course, was the one to put his hand on the parcel, which, sure enough, contained property belonging to the deceased. The parcel was tied round with a dirty apron string. There was an enclosure bound with waxed cord. The property consisted of spoons and other articles, together with a check for £10, drawn by a firm who were tenants of Mrs. Emsley, and paid by them to her on the very day she was murdered. Whoever, then possessed this check, and put it into the parcel, may be fairly looked upon as the murderer. The whole gist of the case for the prosecution was to show that not Emm, but Mullins himself, made up the parcel, and hid it in the spot whither he afterward conducted the police.

The evidence, though entirely circumstantial, comes from many different quarters, and the combined effect is to leave no doubt that Mullins, and no one else, had possession of the deceased's